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THE WAVE

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JUDGE NOT LEST YE BE JUDGED.

The local sensation of the past week was undoubtedly the Doctor Brown episode. On the one hand is a minister of the Gospel procuring the arrest, and demanding the punishment, of a woman whom he declares to be a blackmailer; and whom he avers, under threats of exposure to dreadful charges, extorted from him the sum of five hundred dollars. On the other hand is a woman who admits having received the money, but claims to have acted throughout the matter as a friendly agent for the minister, and declares that her sole interest and concern in the affair was to protect him from a spying and money-hungry lodging-house keeper, who claimed to be in possession of facts of a nature highly compromising to the minister's good name. So far as impressions on the public mind go, there is, at this writing, a division of sentiment. People who are ever ready to harbor evil thoughts of their fellow-men, are, in scandals such as this, most willing to place the burden of guilt upon the individual involved who occupies the higher position; and so it is, among this class, the minister's reputation has received but slight consideration. For ourselves, we believe Dr. Brown's version of the affair. To a man of his calling, as with a judicial officer, honor and reputation are everything. Attach the slightest taint to either, and he may never again presume to follow his chosen profession. A scandal such as this, if true, would come stalking into his life like a gaunt and hungry wolf of destruction, devouring the substance and leaving behind a wrecked and ruined man, contemptible in the eyes of all humanity. It requires the courage of innocence for one of the cloth to take on bravery enough to initiate a controversy such as this. With a knowledge of the doubts, fears, and suspicions that will be implanted in the minds of the thoughtless, the ignorant, the vicious, and the evil-minded, even though innocent, a man of his gentle calling must naturally shrink from such an awful ordeal. He who enters a controversy such as this without thought of the false impressions that will take seed, and, in some minds, grow into a firm conviction, bargains without his host. Even from the cold standpoint of business, Dr. Brown could not afford to risk all that he has at stake for a few paltry dollars. This, however, is not the theory upon which we base our belief in his innocence. The past conduct of his daily life stands him in good stead at this most unfortunate period, and the reputation he has ever held among those intimately acquainted with him, should have a deciding weight with decent men. No unsupported assertion, emanating from whatever source it may, black as it might, for the moment, seem upon its face, should disturb in the least the faith of his congregation, or shake the confidence of the community, in his complete innocence. In common with other citizens, THE WAVE regrets the happening of the episode, affirms its belief in his integrity, and declares its full faith in his ability to so prove to the satisfaction of all men for whose judgment and good opinion he may care a farthing.

We cannot permit this opportunity to pass, however, without directing Doctor Brown's attention to his own scarcely excusable attitude towards our Supreme Court last summer. At that time, a Grand Jury, consisting, in the main, of irresponsible and unreliable material, in violation of every rule of decency and honor, filed a report which fairly bristled with political spite and unpardonable and malicious falsehoods. The report attacked the honor and the reputation of the members of the Supreme Court of this State, and for the moment gave dignity to the idle mouthings of the ignorant and the vicious lies of the wretch who hates the law. Upon that occasion, Doctor Brown, without stopping to inquire into its truth, without pausing to give to insulted honor an opportunity to refute the slanders, joined in the hue and cry, and added to the infernal and outrageous document the sanction of his clerical approval from the pulpit of a Christian church. Now, by the irony of fate, Dr. Brown's very honor is to be judged, and weighed in the scales by the men whom he attacked. He has been compelled to flee for refuge and for succor from the blackmailer to tribunal he traduced. To the individual members of that Court, honor and reputation are quite as dear, and of more importance to the State, than is Doctor Brown's reputation to-day. To discredit our judiciary is to destroy faith in the honor of the most important branch of our Government, and might easily lead to crimes and disturbances affecting the very integrity of the State. To acknowledge Doctor Brown's dereliction would only be to record the downfall of an individual minister of the Gospel, from which Christianity would not suffer in the least. Now that Doctor Brown is before the bar of public opinion, it would be as fair for the judges he then assailed to now denounce him as it was for him to join the rabble on the occasion referred to. Even after the venerable Chief Justice had, by the open and public records of the Court, demonstrated every charge made by the Grand Jury, with respect to the tribunal over which he presided, to be grossly false, Doctor Brown, with uncharitable zeal, maintained the attitude he had at first taken and lent a deaf ear to the unanswerable defense of the Court. THE WAVE at that time took occasion to say some sharp things of Doctor Brown. Now that he has learned what it is to be blackmailed, and, possibly, misrepresented, it is to be hoped that his future course may be dictated by a kindlier spirit, and that he will not judge quickly, and, therefore, harshly, of his fellow-men.

A FIELD FOR THE SON OF WEALTH.

At present Theodore Roosevelt of New York constitutes the only example in this country of an independently rich young man devoted to politics. And yet politics offers to such young men—young men of character and wealth—a broad, honorable, and almost wholly neglected field. Politics has been given over to the rabble; we, as a people living in cities, are ruled from the slums. The spectacle is a strange one, and is depressing.

There is a habit on the part of the respectable to stand without and lament over a condition that they do nothing to alleviate. On the contrary, they have been known to promote the very corruption at which they rail. Matters affecting the welfare of all citizens are left habitually to the attention of those known to be unworthy and incompetent. Into the hands of persons who have no incentive to be honest, are tossed such problems as public improvement, the disposition of vast sums, the fate of the schools; the rate of taxation being determined by the extent of the thefts. These persons consider politics an "easy graft." They do not hesitate to voice this opinion, nor to live up to it.

That the politics producing a Croker to fatten and to gather about him a greedy herd, needs the introduction of a potent element of reform, is a proposition too plain to be disputed. But what is this element to be? Where is available material? The young man who has brains and leisure, who has ambitions, directed, perhaps, into trivial channels, needs awakening. From beneath its burden of misrule his country calls to him. A grand opportunity awaits him to impress upon public life a new and admirable stamp. He can check the rising tide of corruption which threatens to permeate the fabric of our whole system, and can drive into private life the malodorous "boss," whose only response to admonition now is: "What are you going to do about it?"

Last week there was published in THE WAVE the intimation that a certain youthful millionaire of this city thought of entering the race for the Assembly. Yet the statement was corrected by him, not without a tinge of resentment. He did not intend to enter politics. His aim was to be a figure in the racing world. The possibility of entering politics he construed into a reflection upon himself. But to be a light of the turf, to own fast horses, to win unneeded purses, to stimulate the betting at the ring side—there was an ambition freely proclaimed. That something is wrong when, from the standpoint of an educated young millionaire, the two prospects are thus viewed, needs no telling.

It is not too much to say that a majority of our cities, where modern municipal charters have not been introduced, are controlled by iniquitous gangs, defiant of public opinion, neglectful of duty, purloining property, enriching themselves by contracts, selling positions, and heaping up expenses with entire disregard of right or necessity. In many legislative assemblies the tone is scarcely higher. Always, and not without avail, there appears the lobbyist with his suavity and his unclean coin, and bribery, the curse of politics, holds sway. The example of Roosevelt shows where lies the remedy. Assuming a station where crime has had unbroken reign, he stems the current like a rock. Idly the shafts of assault glance from him. He has nothing to fear. Nobody can promise to "turn him down," nor can "de push" be used to terrorize him. The secret is an open one. He does not depend upon his office for a livelihood. There is for him no consideration of bread and butter. The same circumstances that render him deaf to a hostile clamor of protest, place him above temptation.

But riches alone are not enough. There are other rich young men, such as William Waldorf Astor, who merit nothing but scorn. This Astor has forsaken his native land, affects to despise it, and only refers to it in terms of contempt, though from it he draws the funds to support himself among the titled people whose hands he licks, and who sneer at him as the snob that he is. With his mental equipment, his lack of natural gratitude, of patriotism, which is only a broad and unselfish affection, the best he

could do for his country was to leave it. Until he had done so he presented the anomaly of a native alien. It is not to men of his rare stripe that people look for relief, but to the Roosevelts and the Perry Belmonts, who are not exceptional types save in having acquired a wholesome and fitting publicity.

The citizen in ordinary circumstances cannot afford to indulge more actively in politics than to go to the polls. For him to be elected to office is a twofold calamity. To live up to its requirements means neglect of his private affairs, and often that to offset this he will use his position dishonestly, resort to the unscrupulous methods in vogue about him, become an unfaithful steward. The heavy business man, whose commercial interests receive his personal attention, can hardly be expected to turn their management over to substitutes while he attends to public needs. The fact becomes plain that people who engage in politics ought to make it the serious business of life. It is equally clear that only representatives of a leisure class can do this. There are two leisure classes. One is made up of the shiftless and the lawless. It easily graduates the rounder, who may develop into the boss. The other class has wealth. It has the advantage of education, of culture broadened by travel. Its young men of necessity have a knowledge of affairs; its old men are busy. The country needs these young men, and politics invites them. They would have no occasion to truckle to a low-browed master enthroned in a groggery. They could reject, and would from pride, if not from principle, the offer of the paid corruptionist. They could, in apportioning minor offices, be guided solely by the merits of applicants.

The objection that this plan would tend to create or to emphasize caste lines, falls to the ground before the facts. It must be remembered that such places as might be sought by wealthy young men are now rejected by men who are fit, and go perforce to men who usually are notoriously unfit. These sons of golden fortune surely owe this country something. They have a chance to pay in service, and the honors would not be small. The Supervisor or Assemblyman to take uniformly a bold stand for justice and honesty would not have to seek for higher place; a higher place would be thrust upon him. The good material embodied in the rich young men of the United States is going to waste. Abroad the wealthy think it no hardship to "stand for office," and oftentimes for an office in which the work is heavy and the compensation nominal or nothing. They take pride in a proper administration of government, even down to the details that here we are wont to turn over to rogues and ignoramuses.

Let our rich young men enter politics, give the calling dignity, a standing in public esteem, chase out the fattening interloper, and they will be doing much for themselves and for the country in whose debt they are, to an extent too great to be liquidated by chasing aniseed bags or by excellence in golf. Even the horse-racing business could prosper without them. They need to take an active part in life. Swelling the popular groan at prevalent misgovernment will do nothing to cure it.

OUR EXTRAVAGANT BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Probably from the days of primitive journalism it has been an editorial custom to grow boastful over public reforms which the editor may have instituted, or, in the securing of which, he may have participated. Following this custom and somewhat in the same spirit, we are minded to boast of the fact that THE WAVE was the first of all the San Francisco papers to direct attention to the wasteful and extravagant administration prevailing in our School Department. By keeping up a continual pounding upon the subject, a din was raised that attracted general attention. The present Board of Education was squandering the city's money, not only by shameful acts of extravagance, but by deliberate malversation of the funds entrusted to its care. It was a public duty to point out these facts, and a public necessity to check the extravagance. The late Grand Jury has probably put, at least, a temporary stop upon the waste, and has indorsed our every assertion in respect to the Board. As a rule, grand juries have outlived their usefulness, and are useless and wasteful institutions, performing no functions but what should and could be performed by other constituted officers of the law. The value of the utterances of such a body is to be measured only by the respectability of its personnel. That the majority of the last Grand Jury were respectable citizens is a matter upon which San Francisco may well be congratulated. In taking up and dealing fearlessly with the mismanagement of the Board of Education that body evinced courage and independence of boss control; and this is something of which all Grand Juries are not capable.

There are seven of the School Directors of this city whose resignation ought to be gladly accepted by the people, and who, in any less complacent community, would be forced to resign after such an arraignment as they recently received. THE WAVE especially invited the attention of the jury to the back-pay steal, which was one of the most inexcusable acts of the present administration. The Grand Jury, it appears, investigated this matter fully, and, as a result, transmitted a communication to the Board of Supervisors recommending that suit be instituted against the Directors to recover the money illegally paid. It is hardly probable that the Supervisors will act upon this suggestion. An option, resting with the Supervisors, will probably be exercised as a political pull on the Board of Education; and, doubtless, Supervisorial daughters, sisters, cousins and aunts, will be placed in the way of receiving remunerative positions in the School Department as a reward for Supervisorial silence. The School Directors have shown no disposition to attempt to secure a refunding of the money, illegally paid out, and certainly no one expects them to voluntarily contribute the amount. It will be well enough for the tax-payer to keep this matter in view.

The Grand Jury also finds that the expenses of the School Department have been unnecessarily increased over $6000 per month under the present administration.

Just now, of course, there is a loud demand within the Board for reform, and, as is usual, the loudest reformers are those who were heretofore most derelict. The leader of this reform movement is Clinton. It was Director Clinton who fathered and secured the passage of a resolution increasing the salary list nearly $50,000 per year, and even this was considerably less than the increase he attempted to pass. Director Clinton was a member of the last Board, and his first report, after his appointment as Chairman of the Salary Committee of the present Board, was a recommendation to increase the salary of his sister-in-law, a Principal of an evening school, $20 per month. His motion in this respect was adopted as a "courtesy" to a new member. Another reformer is Carew, who has secured for his daughter an important position in an evening school. Director Ambrose secured the election of his sister as a teacher of a department, under a suspension of the rules, dispensing with the competitive examination thereunder. Director McElroy, on coming into the Department, found his daughter a simple teacher; she now occupies a Principalship in a very important school. Her youth and inexperience were more than overbalanced by the influence of the Director. Hundreds of competent teachers who had been longer in the Department, and were better entitled to the promotion, were thereby taught the value of a political pull. Ex-Director Stone is now Deputy Superintendent, but, while in the Board, he forgot not his brother, who secured an appointment as bookkeeper. The office of School Director, under the law, has no pay attached to it, but it has its compensations nevertheless.

A Board of Education, elected as was the present Board, gave promise before election day of doing all that it has done. During the last campaign, some of the candidates canvassed from school to school, and from room to room, soliciting the influence and votes of the teachers. They were ready to promise almost anything in return for votes. It is a fact, a lamentable and disgraceful fact, that in some of the schools the teachers prepared little tickets and distributed them among the children, requesting them to ask their fathers and brothers to vote for certain candidates who could be relied upon as friends of the teachers. For two months, this Department, which, it is conceded on all sides, should be out of politics, was a hive of political workers; and about one-half of the teachers yielded more thought to the election of their favorite Directors than to the duties of the school-room. It would be doing violence to common sense to expect of such Directors more than we have received. It would be folly to suppose that they would care for the tax-payers, or for the children under their charge. Some of the School Directors have made an attempt to reply to the criticisms of the Grand Jury. It would be more profitable to the municipality if they would devote their time to obeying the suggestions rather than attempting to controvert them. Figures do not lie. One million dollars per year should be amply sufficient for the public schools at present. Half a million dollars could be profitably expended in the construction of new school houses; but it must be admitted that it would be unwise to entrust the expenditure of that amount to the present Board. If the members of that Board, as the Grand Jury well said, would display the same business spirit and ability in conducting the affairs of the School Department that they do in their own private business, there would be no deficit, nor would teachers be compelled to discount their salaries. It is to be regretted that such men as Murdock, Dodge, Scott, and Henderson, are forced to share with the others the odium of the present bad management. These four gentlemen would be glad to conduct the schools on business principles, and with the exception of a few mistakes made early in their term of office—which may be charged to inexperience—they have endeavored to limit expenses and maintain good school government. Director Henderson has fathered several excellent retrenchment measures, in which he has been uniformly supported by the other three; but they are in the minority. Probably popularity will not be theirs immediately, but respectability will eventually win. The people are beginning to realize the difference between the present Board and its predecessor. In any body of twelve men, there will always be a majority and a minority; and the community is fortunate if the majority band themselves together in the cause of good government. The minority in the preceding Board attempted by every possible means to hinder, embarrass and villify the majority. Minority has now become the majority, and its capacity for doing harm has been amply demonstrated by the record during the past twelve months, which probably is not paralleled in the history of municipal school government.

THE VALUE OF EXPERTS.

That evolution ever errs is not to be supposed, and yet, if called upon to account for some of its products, it can be imagined that evolution would be in an embarrassing position. For instance, there is the expert, to whom is paid deference that he falls short of meriting, and fees that he probably earns by the wear and tear of adjusting his opinions to fit the occasion. He is paid for knowledge that he frankly admits he possesses, and so apparent is his confidence in himself that it is infectious.

But are we to permit the expert to overrun us? Is he in his multiplicity to be as the plague of locusts? No profession is free of him. Let a new profession come into existence, and quick upon it follows its particular expert. He is an irresistible reminder, in the manner of his coming, of the parasite that ate into the first submarine cable. The creature had never been known before, but the cable, with its succulent coating of rubber, coaxed from the vasty deep an unorganized appetite and gave it form.

The arrival of the expert is always as timely as this. He comes with two opinions, that differ widely enough to appeal to either side of any pending controversy of which they may treat. The first side to bid high enough gets its opinion; the other opinion is retired for possible future use. Expert doctors lean towards insanity as affording a broad field. They are competent to prove that under a certain set of circumstances a certain man was crazy; or, to prove that under the same circumstances the same man was not only of sound mind, but a model of controlled intellectual force. Often there are experts enough to equip both sides for battle, and then the clash of conflict is confusing, and, in its way, instructive. Unhappily, the instruction seldom has anything to do with the case at issue. Such testimony has turned many a murder trial into travesty.

The assassin who advances the plea of insanity as his only excuse practically means this: "Yes, I am guilty. What are you going to do about it?" He has, of course, thoughtfully provided experts to sustain his claims to a desirable state of lunacy. If financially prepared, he may have secured them all, and by his monopoly he creates a doubt in the benefits of which the public gets no share. In such instances the expert rises above the level of the mere nuisance and assumes all the dignity of a peril to society.

But in considering the expert, the one who makes handwriting his hobby must not be overlooked. He is equally versatile, and his agility in adapting himself to the position most in consonance with a prospective fee cannot be excelled by the doctor. He can detect forgery where none exists, and, with the microscope and the camera glass see forgery where it is as plain to the naked eye as a sign-post. No matter which duty he undertakes, he does it cheerfully and earnestly, and his proofs are indisputable. When indisputable proofs stand in direct opposition, the mind of the jury is apt to lose some of the clarity that should be its characteristic. Thus the handwriting expert is most useful in the breaking of wills and the detection of uncommitted crime. But for him a will might often be permitted to stand just as testator intended that it should,

and except for his aid the stupidly bogus will would be without standing.

As a science, or even a fad, degeneracy has but lately been accepted, and has not had time to bring forth the practical expert. Its expert has not entered the courts, but he has paved a way to the door, and his knocking is heard at the portals. The trouble with him is that while he fairly bulges with thought, it is all after-thought. When a man has been convicted of a hideous offense, his brutal life exploited, and his unspeakable deeds laid bare, this expert steps briskly to the front, and demonstrates, by measurements, the droop of a lid, the imprint of a thumb, that the subject is a bad man, a worse man than he would have been had be been better; that he is, in fact, a degenerate. He might have scanned the police record and come more easily to the same conclusion. Now, if really aching for a reputation for skill, he should have read this story while the subject was still at large. He made a mistake in waiting. Let him pass upon a degenerate who has not lost his mask, and he will be received as genuine. To be sure, this would involve, perhaps, some conflict with the laws regulating slander, but no enthusiastic expert should pause, nor expect to win a name without taking chances. If in his pursuit of truth he neglect to think of himself as a possible degenerate, no matter; others will attend to this.

Among the ministers there are as yet no titular experts, but some there are who clearly deserve the distinction. Gradually this honored profession is furnishing itself with a requisite expert. If the holy man of the inmost council, where the motives and acts of others of his class are weighed, be not an expert, he is a pretense. He modestly makes affirmation of knowledge as to what other men ought to think and believe. With tender care he keeps the conscience of his brother, and the desire and intent of God he translates with the utmost assurance. No ordinary person could do this. Let him be called an expert, and herded with the rest of this growing class.

Withal, it would be unfair to make no distinctions. There are men in every profession who are not purchasable and whose opinions are sought for their real value. But these men are too busy practising to spend their time preaching. They are like those adept in the trades—the one wishing to excel applies himself to his tools; the one not capable of excelling becomes a walking delegate.

THE AMERICAN INTERDICTIVE SYSTEM.

Almost every reader now knows that the Monroe declaration as a political pronouncement was a consequence of the negotiation to determine the boundary between the territorial possessions of Russia and the United States on the northwest coast; of the attitude of the convention of monarchs at Paris, known as the Holy Alliance, and of the assemblage of crowned heads at Verona, to consult concerning putting down a rebellion in Spain, which had as its object the establishment of a Republic, and to assist Spain to defeat the revolution of its colonies in South America. The origin of the system involved in the declaration is, however, not so well known.

In 1803, when Spain ceded Louisiana and Florida to France, President Jefferson wrote a letter to Mr. Livingston, United States Minister to France, referring to the "cession as making a deep impression on his mind; that it completely reverses all the political relations of the United States, and will form a new epoch in our political course . . . that from the moment France shall take possession of New Orleans, we must turn our attention to a maritime force, and that the first cannon fired in Europe will place us in a state of war." "Every eye in the United States," he says, "is now fixed on the affairs of Louisiana. Perhaps nothing since the Revolutionary war has produced more uneasy sensations throughout the body of the nation."

It was then that, in the mind of Jefferson, the danger to the United States of European powers gaining possession of territory on this continent took form. On October 29, 1808, he wrote to the Governor of Louisiana, that "the patriots of Spain have no warmer friends than the administration of the United States; but it is our duty to say nothing and do nothing for or against either. If they succeed, we shall be well satisfied to see Cuba and Mexico remain in their present dependence, but very unwillingly to see them in that of either France or England politically or commercially. We consider their interests and ours the same, and that the object of both must be to exclude all European influence from this hemisphere." Here, in the language of President Jefferson, is outlined the political principle which he afterward expanded until the President of the United States gave expression to it in his message, declaring it a settled conviction of the people of the United States.

The wisdom of the declaration, after the lapse of seventy years, has received the almost unanimous sanction of the people in the diplomatic interpretation as applied to British conquest in Venezuela by the process of encroachment upon its territory.

On August 4, 1820, Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to our minister to Portugal, said, in conclusion: "The principles of society there and here, then, are radically different, and I hope no American patriot will ever lose sight of the essential policy of interdicting on the seas and territories of both Americas the ferocious and sanguinary contests of Europe. I wish to see this coalition begun." After Mr. Monroe became President, Jefferson wrote him: "I have ever deemed it fundamental for the United States never to take part in the quarrels of Europe."

In October, 1823, about one month prior to the declaration by President Monroe of the political relation which the United States would observe towards European powers concerning any intention to interfere in the affairs of American republics or to acquire by any means territory over which to extend the governmental authority of any such power Mr. Jefferson, in reply to a communication from the President scliciting his advice, replied as follows: "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to meddle with our cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own separate and apart from that of Europe.... The war in which the present proposition might engage us (the proposed interposition of the Holy Alliance), is not her war but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign powers and of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of other nations. It is to maintain our principle, not depart with it....I could honestly join you in the declaration proposed—that we aim not at the acquisition of any of those possessions....but will oppose with all means the forcible interposition of any other power as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form of pretext, and most especially their transfer to any power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way.

That statement of what the proposed declaration should assert as the "American system," covers all the methods of acquiring territory on this Continent by European nations with intent to exercise over it governmental authority. It was from correspondence with President Jefferson in 1803, concerning the cession of Louisiana and Florida to France, that Mr. Monroe, then Minister Extraordinary, imbibed the principle which he afterward made so potent through his declaration. The interpretation given to it by Secretary Olney is an indubitable sequence, but there is a lurking danger, nevertheless, in the undefined proposition touching arbitration, which the more experienced European diplomats will not be slow to avail themselves of, if it be left at all equivocal. So far from being doubtful, it should be made manifest at once and for all time, that the subject matter of any infringement, by any foreign power, of the Monroe declaration, is not referable for arbitration, but must be decided by the United States.

Therefore it is nothing but folly to make declaration of an intention to prevent acquisition of territory for governmental purpose by European Powers, which had not then acquired it, and for strictly limiting those in possession to their then boundaries, if alleged breaches are to be left for arbitrament to the very powers which we have deemed it essential to our peace and safety to interdict. There can, in reason, be no arbitration under the declaration concerning an act, which the United States consider dangerous to their peace or safety.

Suppose, for instance, when France was notified that the invasion of Mexico was in contravention of the Monroe declaration that that Power had said, "I do not admit the right you claim to protect Mexico against invasion by a European Power, but I am willing to refer the matter to the arbitrament of a disinterested nation." The answer would have been: "We are not claiming protectorship of Mexico, but we are deciding as to the probable danger to the United States, by reason of your contiguity to our territory. Of that danger we are the sole judge, and our decision is that you must either go or fight.

Should Mexico cede one or more of its States to Great Britain, can there be any doubt that the United States would serve notice on both Mexico and Great Britain that the negotiation was equivalent to a declaration of war, or that they would resent as an insult any proposition for arbitration of what they deemed essential to their safety? Or, suppose, under its assumed pretense of suzerainty over the Mosquito Coast, Great Britain, desiring to construct a waterway between the two oceans, had claimed and taken possession of the desired territory, or in event of failure to acquire it thereby, had induced Nicaragua to cede the necessary land for that purpose, would not the United States, for their own peace and safety, intervene and enforce a relinquishment of the coveted or ceded territory? What answer should there be to a proposition to refer such subjects to arbitration, but a resentful denial and a declaration that in every case growing out of infringement of the Monroe declaration, or, in other words, whenever by conquest or by cession, or otherwise, any foreign Power acquired territory on this continent over which its system of government was extended, and which the United States deemed dangerous to their safety, the decision of the United States as to the abandonment of such territory, left no alternative but compliance or war.

If the interdictive system of protection were made subject to arbitrament in a single instance, it would destroy its integrity. Hence, when the United States have decided that their peace or safety is threatened, there must be unconditional acquiescence. Because the United States require indisputable assent to this mode of defense, they are free from the expense and danger of maintaining a standing army, which would inevitably be necessary if their system were not founded upon their unrestricted interdiction and their ability to enforce it.

Happily for the United States, the overreaching arrogance of the British Premier has warned them of the irremediable error which the conceited dictator who has defied Congress and throughout his term has ignored the Constitution would assuredly, with his usual presumption, have committed. Let us, then, congratulate ourselves that British greed has forced the United States in the first contention, as a consequence of the Monroe declaration, between a European nation and an American republic, to act as sole judge of its infringement.

Had the judgment of Lord Salisbury not been obscured by that predatory instinct, which is a national vice, he would himself have proposed, as soon as the United States intervened, to refer the Venezuela boundary contention to some form of arbitration similar to that by which the Constitution was evaded and a fraudulent President installed through the agency of a joint commission. The English press is already suggesting a resort to some such measure in order by circumvention to influence or control the decision. It proposes a joint commission to ascertain and submit the facts to the United States and thus by indirection establish a precedent for participation in the decision of an infringement whenever it may occur. Already, with characteristic short-sightedness, the two leading Pacific Coast journals have adopted the suggestion of the Westminster Gazette to appoint a board of conciliation which is to propose a compromise upon which they can agree. Of course, any resort to arbitration or to any device in the nature of arbitration, which ingenuity could devise, would reduce the interdictive system of Jefferson and Monroe, the vital spark of which is the inhibited questioning of the United States alone to decide upon any infringement, to a thing of shreds and patches. That that will be its fate, there is little room for doubt when we consider that for fifty years in every diplomatic controversy between Great Britain and the United States the British diplomats have discredited the contention of the States and enforced their own.

In the present case, the pachydermatous British statesmen will, wisely, as is their wont, await the subsidence of popular effervescence in the United States. They will then inveigle the politicians into a more contemptible desertion of the Monroe declaration than that of the dwarfish statesman who negotiated the Clayton-Bulwer treaty which yet stands as a muniment of the inferiority of United States diplomacy and of the insensibility of the people to their shame in perpetuating it, through fear of offending Great Britain. The clear-headed and self-poised British statesmen will, in their own good time, settle, with the consent of the United States, the Venezuelan boundary controversy by conceding, in the way of compromise, and for the sake of peace and friendship, one-half of the stolen territory to the west of the Schomburg line; and the Venezuelans will then discover, when it is too late, that their well-meaning neighbors lack the low cunning and staying qualities for which British Ministers are noted throughout the world.

M. N. MAGINNIS.

The City Council of Birmingham, England, has protested against the presence of two nude cherubs in a piece of sculpture erected over the door of the Technical School. The sculptor, who is an accommodating fellow, has offered to settle the difficulty by converting his cherubs into mermaids.

When the President returned from his late trip to the Lower Chesapeake in quest of ducks, a minstrel accosted him with the following stanza:

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
A moment, not the people's slave.
I know what duties are undone,
But still I've got to have some fun;
So, calm and peaceful will I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
In a Government tug,
With a full, round jug,
And the waves a-thumping our keel kerchug;
Still calm and peaceful do I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

It does not often happen that gamblers are prayed for in the house of the Lord. But the keeper of a faro-bank at Dayton, O., lately dropped into a colored church in Florida, as a collection was being taken up for repairs to the sacred edifice. The pastor said that the Lord would be prayed to confer special blessings on contributors. One good brother put in a dime.

"A dime from Brudder Jones. De Lo'd bress Brudder Jones."

Then a quarter was received.

"Brudder Johnson a quatah. De Lo'd bress Brudder Johnson."

The collector reached the gambler, who had made a big winning the night before, and, flashing his roll, put a twenty-dollar bill in the hat.

The almost breathless collector said, "Wha's de name, sah?"

"Never mind the name. I'm a gambler from Ohio."

The pastor rolled his eyes up, and, raising his hands, said in a voice choking with emotion:

"Twenty dollars—gamblah from Ohio. May de good Lo'd bress and prospah de noble gamblah from Ohio."

A LEGAL LIGHT OF HAYTI.

BY MRS. J. GLADWYN JEBB.

The Attorney-General of the Haytian Republic was returning to that interesting country after a short visit to New York—a visit which he had enjoyed less than he had hoped to do. The reason for this disappointment might be summed up in Colonel Collin's remark to his secretary after the gentlemen from Hayti had taken his departure. "Our war was a just war," said the Colonel, "and I sympathize with the object of it; but when it comes to sitting down to dinner with those objects—No, sir!"

In the course of his final preparations, the Attorney-General inspected the vessel he had chosen for his journey, and engaged a magnificent suite of deck cabins. While doing this, he embraced the opportunity of endearing himself to the chief officer by explaining to that functionary how the ship ought to be navigated. He did not tender much advice to the Captain, but then the Captain was a Southerner, which accounted for several things.

When sailing day arrived, the Attorney-General went on board, attended by a retinue consisting of two small pages, black enough to serve as soap advertisements. Their apparel was largely made up of white teeth and silver buttons. Their master felt that his own taste in dress could scarcely be called in question, for he was arrayed in all the glory of a tall hat, a tightly buttoned frock coat, and a pair of yellow-kid gloves. He adhered to this costume, moreover, throughout the voyage, although in the Gulf of Mexico the weather might be described as decidedly warm.

He bore his sufferings with fortitude as a rule, still he used to retire occasionally to unfrequented portions of the ship, in order to mop his burning brow with a pink silk handkerchief; but he shot like a rocket into his hat and an attitude of military erectness the moment that he thought himself observed.

It cannot be denied that, in spite of his gorgeous appearance, he was by no means popular on board, and although hehimself attributed this fact to jealousy of his high position, and natural advantages, there were others who thought that his propensity for imparting instruction was to blame. In his desire to be all things to all men, he spoke words in season to the chaplain, and gave the doctor much useful information regarding drugs. In the intervals he perambulated the deck, smiling affably at the ladies, who, though doubtless charmed by these marks of condescension, forbore from saying so at the time.

The Captain, whose prejudices were really deplorable, confided to his favorite lady passenger that the sight of that darkey patronizing white people made him feel sick.

"Can't you throw the man overboard?" gently suggested the lady passenger.

"No, I cannot," returned the Captain; "Hayti might declare war upon us, and what would the United States do then? But all the same, if this sort of thing goes on, I may find myself sitting on his head one fine day in order to reduce the swelling,"

"'How will the heathen rage!'" misquoted the lady, with a smile.

"They never rage anything like the missionaries do when they quit work among the Attorney-General's near relations," said the Captain, "Why, I could tell you tales——"

"I wish you would," murmured his listener.

"Oh, Lord!" irrelevantly exclaimed the Captain; "there he is, forrard, teaching the mate how to take soundings! I must go and call him off, or there'll be murder done. The mate's apt to be hasty when the passengers cram too much instruction down him at once." Timely interference warded off serious consequences, on this, as on other occasions; but the skipper was heard to remark that he should be thankful when he reached the particular woodpile on which the Attorney-General was to be dumped.

They sighted that hallowed spot in due course, although not before the Haytian dignitary had estranged yet one more of the ship's officers, by mentioning to the chief engineer that the boiler was out of order. That gentleman was speehless at the time, but he went about for fifteen hours afterwards, enumerating the things that he might have said.

Almost before the anchor was down at Port-au-Prince, a tug was seen to put off from shore and make direct for the vessel. In the tug were seated several dusky figures, whose costumes varied between the simple grace of a strip of linen, and the attire considered suitable for a society wedding. As the visitors drew nearer to the ship, it became evident from their manner that they had stirring tidings to impart, and in their impatience to communicate with their distinguished countryman they begin to shout long before they came within speaking distance, When at length their words could be heard, there was a movement of excitement on deck, and a chastened joy stole over the faces of both passengers and crew. The effect upon the Attorney-General was different; his jauntiness momentarily lessened, the stiffness went out of his back, and he commenced slowly pulling off his gloves.

For the portentous news brought by the people in the boat was, that during the past week a revolution had taken place in Hayti. A fresh President and a different Cabinet now usurped magisterial functions in that turbulent island, while what was left over of the previous Executive after the revolution, had been carefully collected, and put away in a safe place.

"And is there another Attorney-General?" earnestly inquired the present representative of that rank.

"Oh, yes!" replied the deputation with a grin, "he's waiting for you now upon the beach."

"I will join him there at once," said the deposed official impressively, almost forgetting in his preoccupation to bid farewell to his assembled friends on deck, before stepping into the tug. But he recollected himself in time to shake hands affably with the Captain, while promising to favorably mention his name in a despatch to Washington.

"First time I've ever been assured of patronage by a darkey," remarked the Captain, as he looked reflectively at his hand. "I reckon it would do me good to recommend him to a warmer place than Washington!"

"He is on his way there now," said a passenger; "look!"

The Captain glanced landward, and his spirits rose. For, as the boat moved rapidly over the water, the dignity of the Attorney-General appeared to correspondingly diminish. He could be seen divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, and tie, delivering each article as he took it off into the care of a sympathetic compatriot. He next devoted a few moment's attention to his boots, beginning afterwards to grapple with the fastenings of his shirt. With a gentleman of the Attorney-General's distinction it is almost unnecessary to explain that these were composed of diamonds, and a feeling of hesitation seemed to take possession of him for the first time, when he contemplated handing them over to the friend who had charge of the rest of his apparel. He glanced alternately at each of his companions, and then decided not to risk it. So he compromised the matter by taking a piece of string from his trouser pocket, and tying the studs around his hat.

As the boat gradually increased the distance between the ship and herself, there was some difficulty in accurately following the different stages of the ex-Minister's toilet, but when, at the end of the trip, he stepped ashore, his form was clearly outlined upon the yellow sand, and the captain observed with ecstasy that a "chimney pot" and a strip of calico now formed the sole raiment of his late passenger. The moment that the Attorney-General left the tug he moved toward a gentleman of color who was standing near the water's edge, and, to judge from his gestures, invited him to mortal combat. "It's the new Attorney-General," muttered the Captain, delightedly, "and they're going to fight it out." That was just what they were not going to do, if the usurper could have his way; but unfortunately for himself he was cumbered by all the trappings regarded in Hayti as essential to high office, while his opponent, through being clad in little besides indignation, had a decided advantage from the start.

The proceedings began by the old representative of law and order skipping lightly round and round the new one, assailing him sometimes with blows, but more frequently with yells and grimaces, wherein the retinue of silver-buttoned pages joined with a will. The victim defended himself for several moments in a similar manner, except that owing to the superior agility of his enemies he was unable to get in a blow, and his best grimaces were often executed while they were all dancing round his back, and therefore, unimpressed by his efforts. Being a corpulent person, and unused to violent exercise, he soon began to give out, and to gasp requests to the spectators to fetch the army to the rescue. But so long as the fun lasted, not a single native could be induced to leave the scene of action for an instant. They stood about in little groups cheering on the combatants to further efforts, and it was not until the new Attorney-General showed signs of being on the verge of a complete collapse that a messenger went off to arouse the army from its midday nap. Shortly afterwards two figures in uniforms could be distinguished hurrying to the spot, and the Captain then laid down his glasses with a sigh of content. "The curtain is going to drop now," he said; "but it was a good play while it lasted."

[*From "Some Unconventional People."* Roberts Bros., publishers.]

CLERICAL SKETCHES.

No. 5. THE PRIESTLY FREE LANCE.

Throughout the department of San Demetrio every one had heard of Padre Larrañaga. Few, indeed, had seen the mysterious being, half priest, half savage chief, but nevertheless, or, perhaps, for that very reason, tales of the weirdest and most fantastic sort were rife, in which he figured most conspicuously. By chance I had an opportunity to see this strange man and to come as near knowing him as any one could.

The old Bishop of San Demetrio having fallen asleep with his fathers, one of my old college mates, the English-born son of a Mexican consul, was appointed to the position. He was no sooner invested with the mitre than he commenced insisting that I should visit him in his cathedral town. Years passed before I found myself able to take advantage of his repeated invitations, but at length an opportunity presented itself, and I lost no time in betaking myself to the palatial residence of my distant but faithful friend.

His predecessor had been unable to make head or tail out of Padre Larrañago. The younger prelate, however, was determined to use every effort to induce the strange old man to submit to the ecclesiastical authorities, whose very existence he had ignored for nearly half a century. When I arrived at San Demetrio the Bishop had made arrangements for a clergyman to visit Padre Larrañaga with a view to the establishment of some *modus vivendi* between that unique personage and himself. The priest thus deputed was about to start in a day or two, and, as I was anxious to see all I could of the country, I gladly acquiesced in the Bishop's suggestion that I form part of the expedition.

We left the town at twilight in the early part of August. All our traveling would have to be done by night, owing to the intense heat, and also for greater security from the wandering tribes of pagan Indians, which abound in those parts. Strange to say, these natives, while most ferocious by day, seldom or never fight at night unless attacked. Still, for safety's sake, we had an escort of four soldiers, who, with my attendant, and the priest, and his servant, made up quite a cavalcade.

After some privations and many interesting adventures, we had arrived at an Indian village about midway on our journey, when the priest, who was also a canon of my friend's cathedral, suddenly became ill. One of the insidious and debilitating malarial fevers, so common in Southern Mexico, had seized hold on him, and he could only wait until the disease might run through its appointed course probably for a number of weeks. Seeing that he was unable to carry out the Bishop's orders, he entrusted the rather delicate mission to me, though I felt somewhat dubious regarding my ability to conduct it successfully.

Shortly after dawn on the fifteenth of August, the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, I found myself and my little party before the gates of Linorca, the chief stronghold of Padre Larrañaga. Gray and frowning amid the soft radiance of early morning, the battered ramparts and crumbling towers of the ancient Spanish seat of government in Southern Mexico rose before me like grim reminders of a forgotten past. No sentry guarded the towering entrance gate, and the town seemed deserted. The sound of music, weird and long drawn out, however, indicated that the old, half-ruined town was not entirely abandoned. The voices proceeded from the church, a large structure of hewn stone, stern and imposing even in decay.

Lifting a curtain of tattered red silk, I entered the venerable edifice. From the doors to the high screen of wrought silver which stood before the altar, the ancient temple was filled with a crowd of nearly naked worshipers. Along the cold, gray walls hung many antique religious paintings, some apparently of considerable artistic merit. Looking upward, I could not help being struck by the unique adornment of the roof. Suspended from the vaults above were rows upon rows of angels carved in wood, with gilded wings. These images were so arranged that their wings overlapped, entirely hiding the ceiling, and giving the effect of a multitude of heavenly beings in the act of flying toward the main altar.

The altar itself was a marvel. Built in the first instance of stone, it was overlaid with a thick facing of beaten silver. Seen through the open gates of the graceful rood-screen, it presented a vista of quasi-Oriental splendor which reminded me of an old picture I had once seen of the church of Santa Sofia, at Constantinople, as it was before profaned by the Turks. Upon and about the altar stood a number of tall, silver candlesticks or torches, the light from which cast a strange radiance over the impressive scene. Like bronze statues, a couple of Indian youths occupied stations at either side of the chancel, their finely molded, graceful forms undraped save by a small girdle of scarlet cloth. Before the altar itself, apparently intent upon the solemn ceremonies of the mass which he was offering, stood the one I sought.

How can I describe the strange, semi-barbaric majesty which seemed to hedge about this priestly monarch of the desert? He was tall, over six feet in height, and built in magnificent proportion, without a trace of corpulency in his evidently healthy physique. A snowy, flowing beard and mane gave to his countenance an air of dignity which could but impress the beholder. Padre Larrañaga's face was of the purest Spanish type, and, in his youth, must have been strikingly handsome. From beneath a pair of classically arched brows his eyes, as yet undimmed by age, flashed forth in blackest brilliancy, while a nose, severely aquiline in contour, gave to the man an air entirely patrician.

He commenced preaching soon after I entered, and, though he used the peculiar, guttural language of the Mayas, his gestures were so vivid and expressive that I seemed almost able to follow his theme. The sermon over, the half-nude choir commenced to sing the Creed. Never have I heard Spanish ecclesiastical music of the sixteenth century type more artistically and impressively rendered. The singers, sixteen in number, were gathered about one immense parchment volume, evidently of great antiquity, and as their voices rose and fell to the accompaniment of the savage orchestra, the effect was indescribable.

When the service had ended I sought the old priest. He was in the robing-room removing the magnificent vestments of old brocade which, for nearly two centuries, had done duty in the same church. He gave me a piercing glance as I entered, but, in the most polished court Spanish, bade me welcome. Returning his courteous greeting, I handed Padre Larrañaga the packet of papers which the fever-stricken canon had entrusted to me. He gazed at the seal for a moment and muttered:

"Ah, from some Bishop. If I had never seen a Bishop, how much happier I would have been!"

After this remark he relapsed into silence. Having finished reading the prayers after Mass, he signed me to follow him, and in a few moments we were in his residence. A half-ruined monastery of rough-hewn stone, the quaint old edifice was a fit setting for its occupant. As we entered, a crowd of dusky servants commenced to bring on their master's breakfast, of which he cordially invited me to partake. Some of the viands were strange to me, but I made a good meal of some eggs, a cup of chocolate, and a number of cakes made of fine corn flour mixed with cane juice and plentifully sprinkled with savory pine-nuts.

During the repast, of which he seemed to think I could not eat enough, Padre Larrañaga, while an admirable host, eyed me narrowly. The servants as well, glanced at me with evident suspicion, while on the street I could see a number of stalwart Mayas pacing up and down and looking toward the building in a manner the reverse of friendly.

"They are afraid you and your soldiers have come to take me away," remarked the old priest with a sad smile. "Good, faithful fellows, at a word from me they would bind you all hand and foot and take you many leagues off with a warning never to return if you valued your lives."

With an involuntary shiver I proceeded to drown my fears in another cup of chocolate, while my host slowly broke the seal on the packet which I had given him, and commenced to peruse its contents. An occasional sigh interrupted his reading, and once, seeing that the servants were still in the room, though unable to understand our conversation, he motioned them away and closed the stout, nail-studded door. He made no comment on the papers until he had read them to the end.

"Here at last is a true Christian Bishop," he said in husky tones, and as I looked up at him I noticed his eyes were filled with tears. "Tell him," he continued, "that I submit—submit entirely and without reserve. For forty years the Bishops of San Demetrio have had nothing for me but reiterated excommunications. During all this time I have been regarded as a pariah by my brethren in the priesthood, an outcast from society, and a scandal to the church. And now comes this new Bishop with his words of kindness to soften my old heart, hardened and embittered by nearly half a century of injustice. He tells me I may stay here with my Indians until I die, and gives me all the rights of a parish priest. He raises any sentence of excommunication, or other ecclesiastical censure which may have been passed upon me, and says he wishes me many years of noble work as the Apostle of the Mayas"— The old man's voice broke, and for a moment his emotions seemed to overmaster him.

We talked for some time, then, about the Indians and the nomadic life of Padre Larrañaga. He told me he had amassed a considerable fortune during his life with the Mayas, who are by no means poor, and that if he were left in peace to die among them he would endow the church at Linorca with revenues sufficient to maintain several missionaries. All these and many other matters he embodied in a long letter to the Bishop, which he charged me to deliver into his Lordship's own hands. On my return I was warmly congratulated on the success of my unique mission, and in the ecclesiastical register at San Demetrio was inserted this entry:

"Pablo Hilario de Larrañaga, Tenth Marquis of Miraflores, and parish priest of Linorca."

I never again saw Padre Larrañaga. He must be dead by this time, but dead or living I can never forget my meeting with the priestly free lance of the Mayas. PETER PLYMPEY.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

New Year's day was more generally celebrated on Wednesday than it has been for years. This is matter of congratulation. It is well that there should be one day in the year when men tear themselves from their business to bask in women's smiles. For it is a fact which I desire to impress upon my misogynic friends, that much of the baseness and the cowardice and the meanness which we jointly deplore in the man of the period is due to his avoidance of female society. It is as true now as it ever was that association with refined and cultured women betters men's manners and gives tone to their morals; now, as in Thackeray's time, the company of some women is a liberal education.

* * *

It would be well if other old customs besides New Year's calls were revived at this memorial season. How cheering it would be to see Druid Sutro waiving a sprig of mistletoe over the head of Herod E. Huntington (he got the name Herod when the *Examiner* used to tell us day after day that his only joy was to slaughter babies with his electric cars; in point of fact, he is as good a fellow as lives, and wouldn't hurt a fly) and swearing before his country's gods that he would not use the opprobrious term "octopus" again until thebard Harrison had completed his great epic on the cromlechs of California. So touching a spectacle would probably induce the modern Herod to stay his appetite for the blood of the first born; and in that case, the *Examiner* would be in sore straits to find a vulnerable spot in the nephew of his uncle. It would, indeed, be a New Year's festival worth attending.

* * *

In Scotland, New Year's day is kept in a way becoming a nation which takes its pleasures seriously. The day begins at three or four A. M., and it is not good manners to be sober at the break of dawn. When the sun climbs over the tops of Auld Scotia's hills, the young men sally forth on a round of New Year's calls, and the nipping air imparts such vigor to their tongues that every man in the party utters a soliloquy of his own, which is at first embarrassing to the inmates of the houses they visit. But remembering that some may die during the new year, and that after death there is no drinking, the Scottish lads imbibe more of the best "whuskey" in Scotland, and by the time San Franciscans are breakfasting, they strew the heath and dream

> Of the stern strife and carnage drear
> Of Flodden's fatal field,
> When shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield.

* * *

A Presbyterian clergyman, who was a stanch adherent of the Republican party, had exhausted the patience of his congregation with a prayer which lasted an hour. At the close, having prayed for every sort and condition of men, he wound up with, "And, oh Lord, if it be possible, bestow Thy blessing on Grover Cleveland."

* * *

Many kinds of love letters have been handed down to posterity. Here is one from a college senior to the girl of his heart:

> MY DEAR AND ADORABLE POLLY:—As the heavens yield gloomy aspects, making null and void my timidical feelings, I sit down to promulgate to you, most holy and immaculate virgin, that I hold a kind of biennial reverence for your most sacred charms, but owing to the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere it has discomboborated my respiration like a ship tossed on the tumultuous ocean in sight of the delightful land and then tossed back again. Oh, if there is any tender pity within that snowy bosom delay my raging passion, or I shall doubtless pass out of this world in a hurricane of sighs to that sweet Elysian which gives dreams of consolation to heal love-sick hearts. Your fond adorer, etc.

* * *

The trouble with my friend Mr. Bierce is that he jumps at conclusions from imperfect premises. Having observed during his service in the Union army that raw militia were not always to be trusted in positions where steadiness was required, he remarks:

> Militia never fights. Back as far as our war of Independence the record of its worthlessness is almost unbroken: most of our defeats by King George's men were caused by defection of the Militia. In our Civil War, the militia, when put to battle, nearly always broke up and ran away.

This is very unjust to the intrepid militia of Tennessee and Kentucky, who won the battle of New Orleans, and it underrates the service rendered by the militia of New York and Pennsylvania, who, by their menacing stand in 1863, saved Washington and Philadelphia. A man is not necessarily a poltroon because he was not bred to arms, nor are examples wanting when panic overtook disciplined regulars.

* * *

That a Californian who was here during the railroad strike in 1893 should hold militia in light esteem, is no matter of wonder. In some countries, the officers who disgraced themselves and their commands at Sacramento would have been drummed out of the service. But no soldier of experience will attempt to suppress mobs with a force consisting of the same material as the mob. The National Guard of Paris has always proved worthless when called upon to operate against an uprising of the populace; but it fought bravely enough during the German siege.

* * *

It is not likely that war will come out of the Venezuelan dispute. At bottom, there is a good deal of common sense in John Bull. He is not more prone than other people to run his head against a stone wall. But if war should come, it is odds that a San Franciscan might say with the laureate:

> I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
> And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three decker out of the foam,
> That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from counter and till,
> And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home.

* * *

A little boy was taught at Sunday School to sing the well-known hymn, "For Jesus is a friend of mine." When he went home, he was asked what his teacher had taught him. He answered: "Why, mommer, he taught us a bully song, called "Me and Jesus is pals."

* * *

The following are a few lines from Mr. John Paul Bocock's poem on the "Bully of the World":

> How the victims of the Bully
> Will give thanks that Uncle Samuel
> Has awakened from his cat-nap,
> Burst the mouldy bands of red tape,
> And declared that by the Eternal
> He'll see justice done, or find out
> What's the reason why it isn't,
> On this continent Columbian!
>
> And the conquered Matabeles
> And the Fellaheen of Egypt
> And the plundered Indian rajahs
> And the poor black folk of Burmah
> And the harried tribes of Bushmen
> And the people of Ashantee
> And the slaves along the Congo
> And the mountaineers of Chitral
> And the still undaunted Afghans
> Will take heart to hear that somewhere
> There's a nation, a republic,
> That will never buckle under
> To the Bully of this planet.

* * *

The art of beautifying the face is thus explained by a professor. Never wash your face in water; water does not cleanse, and it irritates the skin. Steam your face by holding it for five minutes over a bowl filled with boiling water well dashed with tincture of benzoin. Then wipe it with a clean, soft towel, and apply some harmless vegetable balm which can be bought at the druggist's. Rub in the balm with careful upstrokes, in order to nourish the cuticle. Never touch vaseline or cold cream, or any grease containing lard. The face may then be wiped gently with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water, and, when it is dry, a little harmless face powder may be applied. This treatment will efface lines and wrinkles.

* * *

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart refuses to accept a nomination to the Assembly or State Senate, and says that he prefers horses to politics. The young gentleman is not aware that he writes himself down as one who would rather be a cumberor of the earth than one who realizes the duty of usefulness. Such men as he are needed in the Legislature. He is too rich to be approached by a lobby, too honest to take a bribe, too intelligent to be bamboozled. He would render yeoman service. For want of such men as himself, San Francisco sends to Sacramento men who go there "for what there is in it," men whose want of principle is only equaled by their ignorance and their stupidity. Yet what can we do if the Hobart class refuse to accept nominations?

* * *

There is another gentleman in this city whose incivism is the only blot on an otherwise admirable character. That is James D. Phelan. He is a man of the highest education, an authority in politics, art, letters, and science; he possesses a remarkable gift of oratory; his character stands so high that his motives could never be questioned. And yet when nominations have been offered him, he has contemptuously declined them, as though the State had no right to his services. It has never occurred to Mr. Phelan that the difference between him and the able-bodied citizen who refuses to shoulder a rifle at the approach of an enemy is one of degree merely. He has no more right to reserve the gifts with which he has been clothed for the gratification of his own tastes than a common laborer would have to refuse to help repel an invader on the ground that he preferred peace and quietness.

* * *

Mr. George W. Smalley, as London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, established an enviable reputation, which was only slightly stained by his habit of seeing everything through Tory spectacles. Returning to his native country as American correspondent of the *London Times*, he inaugurates his new function by informing the English public that, on sober second thought, Americans have reconsidered their support of Cleveland's Venezuelan policy, and are ashamed of the man and his message. Whether Smalley thus misrepresented the facts in obedience to the orders of his employers, or from pure cussedness, no one knows.

* * *

Thomas Hardy's new novel "Jude, the Obscure," is a very remarkable production, and its appearance in *Harper's Magazine* was more remarkable still. It is true that it was expurgated by the editor; but Mr. Hardy has restored all the objectionable passages in the book which has been published by the Harpers, and the marks of the pruning-knife draw attention to the points which called for its use. It is very singular, indeed, that such a book should have been written by the author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and "The Return of the Native."

* * *

It raises the question whether there is a demand for realism which is prurient, and naturalism which violates the canons of decency. It is probably true that in catering for the young person, the fiction of the first half of the Victorian era lost more in truth than it gained in propriety; but still there must be a limit even to truth, if the novel of the day is to be admitted to the family circle. All pictures of life are not fit subjects for art; there must be a cover to the mouth of the cloaca; our girls should know more than they do, and there are girls so sensible, so clear-headed and so high-principled that they can read everything, and that everything can be explained to them; but how about the average young person to whom the legend of the cabbage is a physiological fact? What could she make of a novel in which masochists and *demi vierges* are undraped for her study?

* * *

In the Rongon-Macquart series, Zola carried intrepid realism to an extreme, but the perfection of his art extenuated his daring. Readers were shocked by "La Terre"; but when judged from the standpoint of art, that work was found to be a most truthful and graphic picture of bucolic life in France. It was revolting, but so is the life. It commanded an enormous sale, but it left so bad a taste in the mouth that the directors of the municipal libraries of Paris have undertaken a crusade against the class of novels of which it is an example, and have begun by prescribing Flaubert's "Madame de Bovary." There is a marked decline in the production of French novels which rely upon their indecency for their success; French criticism is beginning to insist on limits to the expansion of realism.

* * *

It is an interesting question whether a fashion which is dying out in Paris is going to rage in London. It is just possible. With the advent of the New Woman, a disposition manifested itself among English novelists to stray into forbidden pastures. The acquisition of new liberties by the sex stimulated caterers for feminine taste to broach problems which would have taken away the breath of our mothers. "Jude the Obscure" presents some of these problems on the blackboard. The graduate of a fashionable finishing school will find the sphere of her knowledge considerably expanded by the time she solves them. Does the tendency of the day favor such an evolution of realism? The question may be put in a different shape. Is knowledge of all kinds beneficial to every one—female as well as male? Are we drifting toward an age in which the family dining-room of Crœsus will be frescoed with such pictures as adorned the banquet-hall of the patricians at Pompeii, and which the Roman virgins contemplated as they nibbled their cheese cakes?

* * *

Jules Massenet's new opera "La Navarraise" is running at the Opera House in Vienna under the title of "Das Madchen von Navarre." It was written for Calve, who is now in this country, and was first produced in London. It has proved as great a success at Vienna as at Paris. Another short opera, which, indeed, should be called an operetta, is "Das Model," which Suppé left unfinished when he died. The task of completing the unfinished work was confided to two young Viennese composers, Stern and Lamara, and they have proved worthy co-laborers with poor Suppé. The librettto is weak and silly, but the music is catching, and in the prevailing dearth of comic operas, it will prove a success. The plot turns on the love of a news dealer for a washerwoman, whose beauty of form induces an artist to hire her as a model, to the disgust of the newsdealer.

* * *

Chicago is in a wild turmoil over a separation between two noted millionaires and their wives. It seems that the ladies carried silver brandy flasks, and one day at a "social function" they both showed how potent the liquor was, and having quarreled, they fell to pulling each other's hair, and had to be separated by a policeman.

* * *

A popular orator, replying to attacks on Congress, for not doing anything to improve the condition of labor, has just uttered the neat reply that "the complaint was about as reasonable as it would be for a young couple, on returning from their honeymoon, to complain that they had not had twins."

* * *

Lady Aberdeen is known as a leveller, and is much berated by "the upper classes" in Canada in consequence. The story goes that she invited a lady of very high family indeed to dinner, and sent her into the dining-room on the arm of the butler. Her ladyship evened up things by going in herself on the arm of her second footman.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS.

IF AMBROSE BIERCE had failed to protest against the prevailing Christmas sentiment, one might well doubt the authenticity of the almanac's announcement. The Prattler is pleased to rail at the festival of turkey and gifts, and offers his annual literary exposure of the humbug and conventional good-will of the institution. Just because the pretensions of the holiday season offer a shining mark for the satirist, it must not be taken for granted that Bierce is not amenable to the influence of festivity. Indeed, those of us who know The Prattler as a kindly, amiable, and most entertaining companion, are accustomed to regard his railings in the spirit of his intention. He has established a right to be individual, and has never asked that all his expressions be taken as seriously as the Sunday utterances of Reverend C. O. Brown, for instance. He loves a joke almost as well as a controversy, and is happier in his Sabbath contribution when laughing at the world and poking fun at its pretenders, than pointing the most admirable morals imaginable. For all that, his anti-Christmas expressions once came near depriving Bierce of a welcome present. It was in his first year with the *Examiner*, and young Mr. Hearst, desiring to recognize the prevailing sentiment at its ripest moment, dispatched early on Christmas Eve two cases of fine Burgundy and Rhine wine to the address of his star contributor, who was then installed at Howell Mountain. The afternoon mail, however, brought in a budget of Prattle for the Christmas *Examiner*, attacking so vehemently the season, and all pertaining to it, that Hearst took fright at his temerity, and commenced telegraphing after the wine. When he found the gift too far gone on its way for recall, he sent an apologetic dispatch, expressing extreme regret, and asking forgiveness on the score of ignorance. Bierce replied that the wine and his intentions were better than the season, and that he proposed accepting both in the spirit of their offering. He says now he would not have missed that Burgundy even for the opportunity of making a new enemy.

* * *

THOUGH the McDonald family is not as prominently before the public as in bygone days, the investigation of the tangled affairs of the Pacific and Peoples' Home Bank, reveal many curious conditions. It may be remembered that Frank V. McDonald, who left San Francisco a little in advance of the failure, was suspected, and, indeed, accused, of having made away with some $80,000 of the Pacific's funds. The most careful scrutiny, however, failed to confirm the assumption, and it then was supposed the gentleman had succeeded in taking the coin out of the country. There is no doubt that this was his intention, but in the hue and cry over the terrific defalcation, he abandoned that design, and, instead, landed his treasure in the vault of one of the great safe deposit companies of New York, which, my informant failed to reveal. The by-laws of these institutions provide that a depositor shall, on hiring a box, appoint a deputy, empowered to open it in his absence; that otherwise he must come in person. In the hurry and confusion incident to the flight, Mr. McDonald omitted this precaution, and now being unable to withdraw it in person, the money is beyond his reach. Thinking to evade the regulations of the institution, Mrs. McDonald, who accompanied Frank V. to Chrysanthemum Land, was furnished with documents and credentials by her husband and dispatched to New York for the purpose of replenishing his funds. But not a cent could she obtain. Now the agents of the creditors have a watch set on the several important safe deposit institutions, and if Mr. McDonald dares brave the tempestuous conditions of this environment, he will surely be arrested and clapped beside the unfortunate Richard in the Broadway-street jail.

* * *

Apropos of the McDonalds, I learn that eminent and sanctified person, Dr. R. H. McDonald, is in British Columbia, ostensibly for his health, but, actually, to protect himself from service in the endless suits which are being brought against the defunct institution and its stockholders. Brother Richard, in the meantime, is gradually unloosening the coils which bind him, and, in the course of time, will doubtless be free. As he is generally regarded as more sinned against than sinning, his escape can hardly be regarded as a miscarriage of justice.

* * *

THE curious will of the late Mrs. Toland arouses the question why she left to her son Hugo so small a share of the estate, comparatively speaking. As her only son, and the sole descendant of the worthy physician, it was assumed he would be her sole heir and legatee. But while a handsome sum accrues to his account, it is not as much as he should reasonably have been willed. The fact seems to be that old Mrs. Toland never forgave her boy the stories which the dailies so widely circulated, announcing his marriage to May Irwin, the well-known actress. Though every form and condition of denial was afforded by both, the old lady firmly believed the fact was otherwise, and refused to be persuaded out of that contention. If the condition was as she supposed, it is a bit curious neither Miss Irwin nor Mr. Toland has announced the marriage. The sole bar to a union, if one was desired, or existed, has passed away, and both are at liberty to claim their happiness, if that is what is involved. There are liable to be interesting disclosures of family history, and other particulars, when the contest which Mrs. Foltz-Toland has commenced against the estate comes to trial. Mrs. Toland was a very kindly, gentle, and cheerful old lady, who loved nothing better than to talk of her poetry. She really believed her verse tinged with the glow of genius, and had it printed, illustrated, and bound in the most sumptuous style. Of course she sent presentation copies, properly inscribed, to her friends, and their compliments were as music to her ears. Though decidedly individual, she had a wide circle of friends, and it was really a pleasure to see her entering the dining-room of the Occidental of a night, beaming smiles on the assembled multitude, of whose constituents she rarely saw more than a face or two, for she was very blind. The estate is valued at about $100,000, much of it in country lands.

* * *

THE GALLAGHERS are determined to heap obligations on Congressman Maguire. Though he be at Washington attending to the business of the nation, they are here ready to speak for and about him on any occasion in which there seems profit to themselves. What opportunity would the advocate of the Single Tax have had of publicly expressing his hatred of Buckley but for the cleverness of Walter Gallagher, who proclaimed his kinsman a Lamb? He announced himself authorized to sign the Boss's roll for Maguire, and his action brought the great man a new access of publicity and a fresh chance of expressing himself about Superintendent Daggett. I cannot forget the other important occasion in which Brother Walter set the Congressman explaining. There was an important reform movement in the party, and Maguire took a prominent part. When it came to nominating, the eminent patriot announced he had but one request—it was the nomination of Judge Langdon for Police Judge. He was the type of man who would adorn the Bench by his many virtues, and confer a luster on that tribunal by the wisdom of his decisions. Of course the nomination was promised. The committee imagined Langdon was a light that had burned and blushed unseen in the darkened atmosphere of the City Hall. They were soon undeceived, as it soon transpired that Langdon was an amusing and unpretentious hanger-on of the Police Courts, with no imaginable capacity or standing for the place. Walter Gallagher, however, for reasons best known to himself, had inspired the Congressman to his pleading, and the episode kept him explaining for weeks after.

* * *

There is growing an impression among good Democrats that the distinction between patronage and patriotism is not as well marked in the mind of Congressman Maguire as the separate interests of the terms and high principle demand. No one has taken the trouble to deny that the basic dispute between our Congressman and the Superintendent of the Mint is the indifference of the latter to the former's demand for patronage. Think of this eminent citizen, this good and single-minded Single-taxer, seeking to pervert and prevent a reform movement in his own party because he cannot get a Gallagher into the Mint. For all that, Maguire has no reason to complain; he has one Gallagher quartered as stenographer in Judge Wallace's Court; a second is an assistant in City and County Attorney Creswell's office; a third is a Deputy United States Marshall under Barry Baldwin. How many more remain to be provided for I cannot guess, as the family has never been mobilized, and not even the Census Marshall knows its extent. Indeed, for the clan, the Congressman is better than a special providence, for it is by his interposition they are furnished with the luxuries of life. And yet Walter Gallagher, who has been called the Garber of the Police Bar, is now using the Maguire name on the rubber stamp principle, and signing it at his own sweet will and pleasure.

* * *

SO THE fickle goddess has at last taken to beaming on Will MacDonough. For many moons the light of her countenance has been averted from his undertakings, and he has dared, only to be done-up. It seems as though his future is to be as brilliant as his past has proved depressing, and it may not be long before he has recouped losses, and proved the validity of his judgment. Just how much Santa Bella has won him I do not know—his friends assert $20,000—the unprejudiced allege about two-thirds thereof. At all events he has made substantial gains, and from appearances the mare may prove another Firenzi. The hope of his stable, however, is the magnificent yearling, Orestes, a worthy son of the great Ormonde, and his counterpart in limb and build. Already has Mr. MacDonough had the pleasure of refusing $20,000 for this equine treasure, who may yet land his owner's colors winner of the Derby, for that is the extreme limit of a worthy ambition. Not only is Orestes in the field, but several fine mares are in foal to Ormonde. Indeed, the racing future of the young millionaire promises brilliancy enough to compensate for all his misfortunes.

* * *

MAJOR McLAUGHLIN was thoroughly disgusted at the erroneous reports of the dailies alleging his dismissal from the employ of the Feather River Syndicate. One of the conditions of the capitalists who invested in that enterprise was that he should take its management, and as he had many thousands of his own in the design, he readily complied, executed his plans, and served as Superintendent without compensation for his time or trouble. The scheme, as those who have visited Oroville know, is a tremendous undertaking, and has offered, en route, many problems of magnitude for solution. Though dividends have not been generous, expenses have been met and work is further advanced now than ever. Operations can now be carried on without the assistance of the Major, whose other interests are of too much importance to be neglected. His relations with the representatives of the Syndicate are of the most friendly character.

* * *

One individual, at least, has made a profit on the recent stock deal. I am told W. B. Bourne and a friend of his calculated that the President's Venezuela message would give a sharp shock to securities, and telegraphed to New York a big order to sell certain stocks short. By their forethought they made a splendid turn and are ahead about one hundred thousand dollars each. Mr. Bourne is building a beautiful mansion out on Jackson Street, and doubtless this unexpected windfall will enable him to provide it with an extra wing and more elaborate decorations. Not, indeed, that he previously lacked assets, for Mr. Bourne is a stockholder in the Empire mine, and only the other day sold a Market Street block to Claus Spreckels. He is to be congratulated.

* * *

The entrance of Dr. Marc Levingston and the Teachers into the Fair contest is variously interpreted. It undoubtedly means, among other things, distrust of the Fair outfit as captained by Reuben Lloyd, and the suspicion that his motive in fighting the validity of the famous trust clause was the design of withdrawing the Craven will. For some time past there has been an impression that the Fairs were ready to go to any lengths to obtain the control of the parental millions and rumor has had it that Executor Goodfellow was on the verge of withdrawal, or at least of complaisance. Of course the subsidence of the Craven will means the obliteration of Dr. Levingston and the teachers' bequest, both of which hinge on the acceptance of the latter document. That this may not be permitted without a struggle is evidenced by this latest move, which, indeed, puts a new phase on the contest, and may interfere materially with Mr. Lloyd's shrewd schemes.

* * *

The Christmas Jinks furnished Bohemia with seasonable amusement in the shape of papers and a minstrel show. Several of the stars contributed essays on the Christian festival—James V. Coleman, eloquently, explanatory, and complimentary; James D. Phelan, derisive of the holiday influences and the good-will of the occasion. Besides, there was Ned Townsend, who told of the genesis of "Chimmie Fadden," and Frank Coffin, who sang "Noel" with due expression. The minstrel show went off with much snap under the administration of Sire Harry Dimond; the specialties were excellent, and the jokes, though personal of course, were fairly good and reasonably new. I am inclined to think the honors of minstrelsy were Dave McLaughlin's. As an end-man he was very funny, and his dances and sallies elicited much fun. The cartoon by George Lyon, of the *Chronicle*, is one of the most successful a jinks has evoked this year. It represents the owl, with Horace Platt mounted on its back, winging a flight into the arms of Uncle George Bromley, who stands waiting to receive it. The likenesses, like most of Lyon's work, are capital.

THE WITNESS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY.

A CHICAGO EDITOR'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS MARRIAGE.

The impression derived from a reading of *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* is difficult to translate. It is an interesting, an important book; there is in it much more than the story of Rose. It is good deal of a document, representing observation, study, thought; it has passages of admirable writing; it is full of modern ideas, modern developments—indeed, it is as advanced as the *Arena* or the Woman's Congress. Yet, as Warren Mason and the heroine go off into the world together, the reader is half persuaded they are but the vehicles of a literary scheme to express certain thoughts, certain ideas, sentiments, and reforms. There remains in the mind a new conception of Chicago; no one has better conveyed the impression of its composite civilization and manifold activities. The graphic quality is certainly inherent in this style; one has the image of the great city rather than its statistics.

That this is an important book will be generally conceded. The evolution of the little farm girl, her development, the life of the Wisconsin country side, her progress from school to college, from college to the farm, are told with insight and feeling. One has the feeling of the reality of it all; there is the Coulé landscape, John Dutcher, and the little girl. The bluff from which she looks down, the valley, the winding river, the scenery, are all there. We look out of Rose's eyes at William de Lisle, the ideal of her girlhood; the circus is as clear as a photograph—in fact we live and move in the current of the girl's life. Yet one's admiration at a fine literary performance will not drown the question—does she live, this Rose? We assist at the growth of her limbs, the development of her body; we are present at her games, at her studies; we live her very life, and yet she does not convince as an entity as her father does, as Mary Compton does. She is an admirable, a beautiful figure; a fine, noble character, but with all her beauty and force, all her courage and insight, she is fashioned from the outside, she is a conception rather than a human entity. As for Warren Mason, the man Rose marries—a Chicago editor represented as a person of great individuality and enormous reserve force—he, too, is a conception, and not a being.

As for the tale—it is simply the story of Rose Dutcher, her bringing up by her father, her school days, her college life, her impatience of the farm and her exodus to Chicago. There her individuality gains her a place, she is courted by young millionaires for her beauty, but Warren Mason's personality prevails and they are married. Save the simple story of the girl's life, there is no plot, no complication, no drama, no play of exterior forces. It is very simple and very clear, yet the narrative is so rich in individuality and feeling that one is carried along with the current of this maiden's life—not irresistibly, perhaps, but with a pleasant fascination.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly is an American novel—as American as *Peter Stirling*, and it is certainly the highest achievement of Hamlin Garland. It is not reading for babes and sucklings, however; it is unnecessarily basic for that; there is rather more dwelling on the physical passions and desires of childhood than the occasion justifies—at least, in the present attitude of the English mind to sex problems. It is not indecent in its suggestiveness, nor is sex unduly prominent, but it has a conspicuous place and cannot be overlooked. The marriage problem obtains generous discussion. In the passage that follows abridged from the chapter "Mason Talks Again," is a curiously detailed statement of the attitude of a man to two women, both of whom love him. It is certainly a fin de siécle attitude and well worth consideration. Mason, the editor, talks, and the other is Doctor Sanborn, engaged to be married to a female doctor.

"Well, now, that brings me to the point. In the midst of all my other worriments, I am debating whether to marry a rich girl and escape work, or a poor girl and work harder, or to give the whole matter of marriage up forever."

"These are actual cases, not hypothetical, this time?"

Mason turned a slow eye upon him.

"I have no need to fly to hypothetical cases," he said, dryly. "In the first place, my hero—if you incline to-night to that theory of the case—my hero is equally interested in two young women. This is contrary to the story books, but then only an occasional novelist tells the truth. I'm to be that one."

He seemed to be going off upon some other line of thought, and Sanborn hauled him back by asking a pertinent question:

"You mean to say both of these young ladies have that glamor?"

"O, not at all! They did have, but it has faded in both cases, as in all previous cases, yet more seems to have remained, or else I am getting a little less exacting. In the case of the sculptress—she's the poor girl, of course—she's a genius. The first time I saw her she read a paper on 'The Modern in Sculpture' (it was good, too). She was dressed beautifully, in cheese-cloth, for all I know—I only know she put to shame her sculptured copies of Hope and Ariadne. The glamor was around her like rose-colored flame. It was about her still when I stepped up to her. She was tall, and strong as a young lioness. Her clean, sweet eyes were level with mine, and she made me ashamed of every mean thing I had uttered in my whole life."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Sanborn.

"She was flattered and exalted to think 'the editor' was pleased with her essay, and the rest was easy. I went to call on her a day or two later —"

"And the glamor—the glamor?"

Mason shook his head. "Faint! She was in her study, and the hard, cold light was merciless. She was handsome, even then, but her face had a pinched look, and there was a heavy droop to her lips. The color so beautiful that night when flushed with excitement had faded from her cheeks, and gathered in some unfortunate way about her eyes and nose. She was a fine woman, but—the glamor was gone. But this is only one phase of the matter. Like all spectators, you are informed of only one side of the banner. Let's look at the other.

"I manage to live here and support this fire, which is my only extravagance. I keep the establishment going, and a little more. I'll anticipate the usual arguments. Suppose, for a little while, it would not increase expenses. It would not do to bring a woman here, it would not be right. When children came—and I should hope for children—they should have a home in the suburbs; I don't believe in raising children in a flat. That would mean an establishment which would take every cent I could hook on to, and it would mean that the whole glittering fabric would be built upon my own personal palm."

"But she might earn something—you say she's a genius."

"She is, that's the reason she'll never make money. Holding the view I do, I could not require her to toil. I do not believe marriage confers any authority on the husband—you understand my position there?"

"Perfectly—and agree with it, to a limited extent, of course."

"Going back, therefore—I do not believe I can assume the risk involved. I'm not capable of twenty years' work at my present rate. I'd break down some fine day, and then my little home, upheld upon my Atlas palm, would tumble. No. I can't take the risk. I'm getting too foxy; I haven't the bounce I once had. Besides, her career is to be considered. I don't believe I can afford to let her marry me."

"That's mighty kind of you," Sanborn dryly remarked.

"Thank you. I think it is an error of judgment on her part. She is younger, and as her adviser I think I must interfere and save her from the power of a vivid imagination and abounding vitality. You see, there are a great many considerations involved."

"Real love, I must repeat, would not consider."

"I wish you wouldn't repeat it, it does you an injustice. The animal passion of youth would not consider. With youth, it is marry—marry, even if within the year you are picked up by the patrol wagon, a vagrant in the streets. The love of my time is not so heedless nor so selfish; it extends to the question of the other party to the transaction."

"I suppose that should be so, but as a physician I doubt it. My observations do not run that way. Age grows like a child again, thoroughly selfish."

"Then there is the question of the 'possible woman.'" Mason resumed, and his tone was cynically humorous again. "I can't give her up. There she stands in a radiant mist always just before me like the rainbow of our childhood. I can't promise any woman to love her till death. I don't know as it would be safe to promise it even to the woman with glamor. Another might come with a subtler glory, and a better fitting glamor, and then——"

"What then?"

"It would all be up with the first woman," he said, with a gravity of tone of which the words gave no hint.

"I'm afraid some one has already come to make pale the beauty of the sculptress. What about the other, the rich girl you set over against the sculptress at the beginning? Mind you, I believe the whole situation is fictitious, but I'll humor you in it."

"Well, Aurelia—we'll call her Aurelia—brings up a far-reaching train of reflections; and, if you've got a patient waiting, you'd better come again."

"I'm the only patient waiting."

Mason ignored the lame old pun and proceeded:

"Aurelia lives in Springfield. You know the kind of home the wealthy politician builds in a western town—combination of jail and courthouse. I attended a reception there last winter and saw Aurelia for the first time. She was as beautiful as an acrobat——"

"She looked as if she had been molded into her gown. The Parisian robe, and the hair piled high, were fast—undeniably theatric, but her little face was sweet and girlish, almost childish. Well, she had glamor, largely physical as you say. But like the heroes of E. P. Roe's novels, I aspired to awaken her soul. She was pleased with me apparently. I called soon after the reception—I always follow up each case of glamor. I knew she was rich, but I did not realize she commanded such an establishment.

"It was enormous. Her mother was a faded little hen of a woman, who had been a very humble person in youth, and who continued a very humble person in middle-life. The court-house in which she was forced to live continually over-awed her, but the girl used it, entertained in it as if she had a string of palace-dwelling ancestors straggling clear back to Charlemagne."

"That's the American id a, the power of adaptation. Our women have it better developed than——"

"Well, she came to the city last month; and I've been to see her a number of times; the last time I saw her she proposed to me."

Sanborn stared, with fallen jaw gaping, while Mason continued in easy flow.

"And I have the matter under consideration. I saw the coming storm in her eyes. Last night as we sat together at the piano she turned suddenly and faced me, very tense and very white.

"'Mr. Mason, why can't you—I mean—what do you think of me?'

"I couldn't tell her that night what I thought of her, for she had seemed more minutely commonplace than ever. She had trotted round her little, well-worn circle of graces and accomplishments, even to playing her favorite selection on the piano. I equivocated. I professed it was not very easy to say what I thought of her, and added:

"'I think you're a fine, wholesome girl,' as she is, of course.

"'But you don't think I'm beautiful?' That was a woman's question, wasn't it? 'Yes,' I said in reply, 'I think you are very attractive. Nature has been lavish with you.'

"Then she flamed red and stammered a little:

"'Then why don't you like me?'

"'I do,' I said.

"'You know what I mean,' she hurried on to say—'I want you to like me better than any other woman.'

"'That's impossible,' I replied. It was pitiful to see her sitting there like a beggar in the midst of all her splendor. 'I like you very much. I think you're very sweet and kind and girlish.'

"She seemed to react from her boldness. Her eyes filled with tears.

"'I know you think I'm *terrible* to say these things.'

"'No. I feel that I do not deserve such trust on your part.' Then she defended me. 'Yes, you do. I couldn't have spoken to any one else so. You're so kind and gentle.'"

"Did she say that of you?"

"She said that."

"I wish I could reach that phase of your character," sighed Sanborn. "What did you say in reply?"

Mason apparently showed deep feeling at last.

"I told her that I was like the average man. I was taking credit to myself for not devouring her like a wolf! She didn't listen to that. 'What can I do to make you like me?' she asked. She leaned toward me, her chin in her palm, thinking and suffering as her sweet little soul had never suffered before. 'I'm too simple,' she said, with a flash of startling insight. 'I don't know enough. I feel that. Can't I study and change that?'

"'You're changing that now,' I replied.

"She grew radiant for a moment.

"'O, you *do* like me a little-!'"

As he went on, Mason's tone grew sweet and solemn. It had singular power of suggestion. It developed more of his nature than he knew: his real gravity and tenderness and purity.

"There you have it," he ended. He struck the ashes out of his pipe and rose.

"I could marry her, but it wouldn't make her happy. It would make her suffer. It is not a light thing to decide. It is a very grave thing. As in the case of the sculptress, I thought it an error of judgment on her part, and on my own it would be criminal."

Mason resumed a moment later.

"Now we'll suppose I scrape a little money together for immediate use. The old railway Baron is kind. He tolerates me for the daughter's sake. I come in contact with the relatives; already I have had a touch of them! A girl like that is not like a pebble on the seashore; she's a thread in a web of cloth, a silken thread in a breadth of shoddy, maybe. You can't marry her and have her to yourself. You come into new relations with her people as her *fiance*. They cannot be escaped. They swarm around you. They question your motives and they comment on your person: 'He's getting bent and bald;' 'He's lazy;' 'What did she ever see in him?' They vulgarize everything they touch. They are as tiresome as the squeal of a pump, but there you are, you must meet them. The old gentleman is a man who deals in millions, reliable and conscientious. He talks to you about his business, till you say, 'business be damned.' He thereafter meets you in heavy silence. The mother is a timid soul, with an exaggerated idea of your importance as an editor. The aunts and uncles variously sniff and tremble before you."

"Meanwhile your wife has talked all she knows, and all she says thereafter has a familiar sound. She delights in stories with many repetitions in them. Her little brain travels from the pantry to the table, from the tea table to the children's bath tub; its widest circuit is the millinery store and the bargain counter. She gets fat, that's another distressing phase of my trouble, let me say. I seem to be gifted with a prophetic eye in the midst of my transports——"

"Think of you in a transport!"

"I am able to see just how each one will change, how this pretty plumpness will get fat, how this delicate slimness will get bony. I see how this beautiful alert face will get beakish. In other words, I am troubled about the future, when I should be involved only in the ecstasy of the present. In this latest case I see excessive plumpness and chatter in ten years. I see myself bored to death with her within ten months. She is at her best now; in striving to win me she is like a female bird, her plumage is at its best; she will grow dowdy when the incentive is gone.

"There are other considerations. Aurelia, too, has exaggerated notions of my power to earn money. She may expect me to maintain an expensive establishment. I can't ask anything of the political pirate, her father; I can only put my income into the treasury. If my power to earn money decreases, as it may, then I become an object of contempt on the part of the old savage, who considers money the measure of ability. Suppose at last I come to the point of borrowing money, of going to the old man humbly, twisting my hat in my hand: 'My dear sir, Aurelia, and the children'—Pah!"

He uttered a sound of disgust and anger and fell silent.

[Stone & Kimball, publishers.]

THE NEW LAUREATE.

SPECIMEN OF THE WRITINGS OF ALFRED AUSTIN.

So there is at last a Laureate—not Henley, nor Swinburne; not Wm. Watson; not even Sir Lewis Morris; but Alfred Austin. His name, it is true, has been among those offered, and rumor has had it that Lord Salisbury proposed recognizing in his elevation the power of the press. It seems that Austin and the Premier, then Robert Cecil, once occupied adjoining desks in a London editorial room, and the friendship which that proximity established, the years have nourished. Mr. Austin has written prose as well as poetry. His most ambitious flight, perhaps, is "The Human Tragedy." Here follow some examples of his muse, songs graceful enough, though hardly touched with the fire of Henley, Swinburne, or Watson. It cannot be said the new Laureate is a popular poet. Only the collectors are fortunate enough to have editions of his writings in their libraries. His name does not figure largely on the shelves of the book dealers. Nor yet is it familiar to current journalism. However, that is a condition the future will remedy, and, doubtless, after this, his signature may become as prominent as his competitors'.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Soul, heart, and body, we thus singly name,
Are not, in love, divisible and distinct,
But each with each inseparably linked.
One is not honor, and the other shame,
But burn as closely fused as fuel, heat, and flame.

They do not love who give the body and keep
The heart ungiven; nor they who yield the soul,
And guard the body. Love doth give the whole;
Its range being high as heaven, was ocean deep,
Wide as the realms of air or planet's curving sweep.

A WILD ROSE.

The first wild rose in wayside hedge
This year I wandering see;
I pluck and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first met thy gaze,
We were knee deep in June;
The nights were only dreamier days,
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple, and apart;
And, from that hour, thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And, ever since, when tendrils grace
Young copse or weathered bole
With rosebuds, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
Where, gazing down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear;
Bid her come swift and soon.
O would that She were always here,
It then were always June.

Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Embassador to Great Britain, who died recently, was neither a Turk nor a Mohammedan, but an Italian Catholic, born in Hamburg. He began life as an interpreter in the Turkish service, in which he rose to the highest posts. He had been the Sultan's Envoy to Italy, to the Vatican, to Russia, and Governor-General of the Lebanon, which he administered to the satisfaction of the European powers. He was seventy-five years old when appointed to the Court of St. James's, and eighty-three when he died.

Does advertising pay?
Mr. John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant says: "I would as soon do business without clerks as without advertising."
Does advertising pay?
The Royal Baking Powder Co. spent for advertising in '94, $650,000; expenditure increased in '95 to $700,000.
Does advertising pay?
The California Fig Syrup Co. spent $300,000 in advertising their business, which is rated to-day at $1,500,000.
The value of advertising is no longer disputed by modern business men. The question is simply "HOW shall I advertise?"
Special knowledge and special facilities make us specially competent to answer this question.
WILDER & CO.
Specialists in Advertising
621 Market Street San Francisco

HERO AND VALET.

THE MEMOIRS OF M. CONSTANT.

Though M. Constant, valet to Napoleon, found flaws in the character of his master, the concensus of his opinion is admiration. Possibly the Emperor failed to prove heroic to him, indeed it is difficult to revere a man one anoints every morning with eau-de-cologne—but there was such evidence of greatness thrust upon his intimate attendant that Constant bows his head with the rest. There are four volumes of Constant's memoirs, reprinted after some sixty-four years' oblivion, resuscitated from I know not where by the influence of the craze. The details given are personal, of course, told in an easy narrative strain, by some more accomplished pen, I feel sure, than the valet's. He tells of the Emperor's appearance, of his figure, his manner, his tastes in the matter of eating and drinking, and much more in the same vein. He writes, also, of certain of his great master's amours, which are by no means uninteresting and help out the general estimate of the man, as it is made up from the memoirs and reminiscences of the period.

One naturally desires to know about the social tendencies of the great man. According to this excellent authority:

Napoleon was by no means an epicure. For instance, he ate very fast, and hardly spent a dozen minutes at the table. When he had finished he would rise and pass into the family salon, but the Empress Josephine would remain, and made a sign to the guests to do the same. Sometimes, however, she followed His Majesty, and then the ladies of the palace indemnified themselves for their short commons in their apartments, where whatever they wished was served to them. One day when Prince Eugene rose from the table immediately after the Emperor, the latter, turning to him, said: "But you have not had time to dine, Eugene." "Pardon me," replied the Prince, "I dined in advance." Other guests found this no useless precaution. Usually Napoleon breakfasted alone on a little mahogany candle-stand with no cover. This meal, even shorter than the other, lasted only eight or ten minutes. Owing, doubtless, to his haste, the Emperor was by no means nice in his manner of eating; he was mediæval in his preference of his fingers to a fork or spoon. Much care would be taken to place within his reach the dish he liked; this he would pull toward him, and dip his bread in the sauce or gravy it contained, which incident would not prevent the dish from being handed round, or deter any one from eating of it. It seems that the Emperor's favorite dish was chicken fried in the way know as à la Marengo. He also ate with relish beans, lentils, cutlets, roast mutton, and roast chicken. As a rule, he liked best the simplest dishes, but he was fastidious in the article of bread.

For wine, Napoleon drank only Chambertin, and he had the bad taste to put water in it. His valet says he was a poor judge of wine, and recalls an incident at Boulogne where his Majesty, having Marshal Augereau at dinner, asked him how he liked a certain wine. The Marshal tasted it, sipped it critically, and finally replied, "There is better" in a tone which was unmistakable. Constant laughs at the assertion once current that Napoleon used great precautions against being poisoned. There is as much truth in this, he says, as in the other report, that the Emperor wore a cuirass proof against bullet and dagger. As a matter of fact, Napoleon carried the want of precaution too far. His breakfast was brought every day into an antechamber open to all to whom had been granted a private audience, and who sometimes waited there for several hours. Their Majesties' dinner, too, was carried from the kitchen to the upper rooms in covered hampers, and there was every opportunity of introducing poison.

Napoleon, Constant says, was born to be waited on. When only a General, he had three valets and was as luxurious as a Society belle. He put his hand to nothing, and, indeed, let himself be dressed like an infant. After shaving, the Emperor washed his face and hands and had his nails carefully cleaned. Then Constant took off his flannel vest and shirt and rubbed his whole bust with an extremely soft silk brush, finally drenching him with eau de cologne, of which a great quantity was used. It was in the East that Napoleon had acquired this custom. All these preparations ended, Constant put on him white silk stockings, the only kind he ever wore, and very fine linen or fustian drawers; sometimes knee breeches of white cassimere, with soft riding boots; sometimes tight-fitting pantaloons of the same stuff and color, with little, English half boots which came to the middle of the leg and were finished with small silver spurs. His valet then put on him a flannel vest and shirt, a neckcloth of very fine muslin, and over all a black silk stock; finally, a round waistcoat of white piqué, and either a chasseur's or grenadier's coat, usually the former. His toilet completed, his handkerchief, his tobacco-box, and a little shell box filled with aniseed and licorice ground fine were handed to him.

The amours of the Emperor occupy some space in these interesting memoirs. Though Napoleon was ever solicitous of appearances, he never hesitated to accept properly regulated feminine advances. But he used the utmost care to preserve his frailities from the public and his wife. Yet, in spite of these precautions, the Empress, who was a most jealous woman, was not always ignorant of what he did. A beautiful girl, Mme. Gazani, the daughter of an Italian ballerina, attracted his admiration in Genoa, and, returning after him to Paris, was quite often received in his private apartments. Having an appointment with her, on one occasion, he ordered Constant to remain in his room and to reply to whomever asked for him, even if it was her Majesty, the Empress herself, that he was engaged in his cabinet with a minister. The place of the interview was an apartment formerly occupied by a secretary, communicating by a staircase which opened on his Majesty's bedroom. This room had been arranged and decorated very plainly, and had a second exit on the staircase, known as the black staircase, because it was dark and badly lighted; it was through this back entrance that Mme. Gazani came, while the Emperor went in by the other door. They had been together only a few moments when the Empress entered the Emperor's room and asked his valet what her husband was doing. "Madame," was the answer, "the Emperor is very busy just now. He is working in his cabinet with a minister." "Constant, I wish to enter." "That is impossible, madame. I have received a formal order not to disturb his Majesty, not even for her Majesty, the Empress." Whereupon she went away dissatisfied aud irritated. That evening, on retiring, the Emperor said to Constant in a very severe tone that the Empress had informed him she had learned from his valet that at the time she came to inquire for him he was closeted with a lady. Constant replied that, of course, the Emperor could not believe that. "No," replied Napoleon, returning to his habitual friendly tone. "I know you well enough to be assured of your discretion. But woe to the idiots who have been gossiping if I get hold of them." The next night the Empress entered as the Emperor was retiring, and the latter said to her in the presence of his valet, "It is very bad to impute falsehood to poor M. Constant; he is not the man to make up such a tale as that you told me." The Empress, seated on the edge of the bed, began to laugh, and put her hand over her husband's mouth.

Another affair of more than passing interest was with a Mlle. E—— a tall, slender, well-made brunette whose beautiful black eyes and coquettish sprightly ways, made an impression on the Emperor. She was a reader in the household of the Princess Murat, and one of the Empress' enemies arranged a meeting between her and Napoleon. They had several meetings and the beautiful E——, becoming enceinte, the Emperor rented a house for her and she bore a fine boy, on whom an income of $6000 was settled at his birth. The affair did not last long for Mlle. E—— came one day with her mother to Fontainebleau, where the court then happened to be, went up to his Majesty's apartment, and asked Constant to announce her. Exceedingly displeased at this step, the Emperor directed his valet to say to Mlle. E—— that he forbade her to present herself before him again without his permission, and he ordered her not to remain a moment longer at Fontainebleau. In spite of this harshness to the mother the Emperor loved the son, who was often brought to him by Constant, on which occasions Napoleon would caress the child, give him a great many dainties, and show much amusement at his repartees, which evinced remarkable intelligence for his age. This child, that of the Polish beauty, Countess Walewska, and the King of Rome were the only children of the Emperor. He never had a daughter, and, according to the author of these memoirs, he desired none.

[Merriam Company, publishers.]

Among other lovers of Stevenson, I should like to learn the particulars of that splendid fragment, *The Great North Road*, several installments of which the *Cosmopolitan* has given, the whole appearing as the pièce de resistance of the *Illustrated London News'* Christmas number. It has the magic of the master, written in his finest vein, in English that is beyond the ken of rivalry, illuminated by inimitable passages of description and with passages of dialogue pregnant with thought and meaning. Four central figures are outlined on the narrow canvas: Nance Holdaway, a splendid young woman, so brave and fine; Lord Windermoor, depicted in darker shades—one of the writer's strong and rapid portraits; Mr. Archer, a contemplative, mysterious figure, whose purpose and intentions fascinate; and old Holdaway, custodian of the ancient Castle of Lord Windermoor, railing against fate, the conditions of poverty, and the usages of the world. What a lesson in story-telling this fragment of a romance is!—such drawing and painting no one else gives us; the situation in the first chapter enkindles the attention, infuses the provocation of a mystery, and furnishes the problem, for the unravelment of which the narrative must be followed. The scene at the brook where Archer, with Nance, puts his fate to the test would make the fortune of another story, as writing it is well up with his notable passages. What a story it would have made! yet it whets one's appetite for *St. Ives* and the *Weir of Hermiston*, the latter especially, which Colvinn declares to be the master's finest canvas.

Much to the regret of the publishers, that London institution, the literary broker, has invaded America. There are several gentlemen of the profession in New York who make it their business to act as go-between author and publisher—the accepted procedure being for the broker to place a MS. where he thinks it may find the highest cash appreciation, he arranging the financial details and charging commission for the service. It is his privilege to go from house to house soliciting bids, and it seems now only a matter of time until the successful author, having completed a book, will have it typewritten, and then submit manifold copies of it simultaneously to the important publishers, asking their bids thereon. It has been pointed out that a first book is quite often a loss to its publisher, and that the expense is undertaken for the purpose of making a reputation and profiting by future sales. A second book quickens, often, the sales of its predecessor, and it is to the advantage of a house making a speciality of a certain author, to maintain his name in its advertisements, gaining by his prominence. Besides, there is the system of uniform sets of a single writer, which is impossible if his books are issued by different printers. However, the literary broker has peculiar advantages for dealing with the syndicates that buy manuscript novels and retail them to the newspapers, and that is quite an important consideration when one considers successful authors now obtain more more for serial rights than for their book sales.

In the art of glamoring the commonplaces of life, and doing them up in flavored packages of alleged fiction for common beings of life to review, Capel Vane may pass with the general tide, perhaps not a wave higher than those who actually do nothing more than "desperately strive to novelize history," as the crabbed Hershel would say. Yet Capel Vane deserves greater distinction in a direction that Hershel would have found less cause to grumble at, for he has succeeded, in *The Desire of the Moth*, in accentuating the line between real fiction and history, with an original twist upon the package which his fiction goes to market in. Originality in that amazing jumble which the world accepts under the general head of Fiction, but which is mostly nothing more than a portrayal, and therefore merely a novelized commonplace, is the rare quality of impersonal application from the narrator which makes real fiction possible, and which gives the narrative a turn of not only romance, but ingenious dissimilarity to the turns of real life, which romance alone, as an essence, is powerless to transcend. *The Desire of the Moth* is rich in originality, without being particularly striking. It has no villain, no fool, no designing parent to provoke a drama of all the passions—but upon the doctrine of heredity, "even unto the third and fourth generation," it plays that same drama of love, betrayal, renunciation, and expatiation, which the stock villains and their stock accomplices in the hands of the average novelist have always played upon their little stock stages.

[D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Wm. Doxey.]

Amid "beetling crags" and large fastnesses of appropriate wildness *The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain* looms with an effect that presages many a thrill, but the thrill somehow merges into the strong background of the tale, and is lost to the expectant sense. This is a peculiarity of all of Miss Murfree's creations, they hold a uniform level of interest which never falters, yet never impresses with gain. They may be fairly described by likening them unto the big boy on the farm where you sometimes visit, who doesn't close your eyes with scintillations of wit, but keeps you wholesomely entertained with a train of observation on things which the very dullness in his fat face will convince you he knows all about, and knows with the full strength of his unassailable existence. *The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain* has just that self-reliance and completeness, after its own requirements to command respect from visitors to its wildwood scenes; and its uncouth characters tramping about among the crags and exchanging greetings in their strange dialect, seem just the right kind of beings to solve a mystery which needed first their superstition to thrive on.

[Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.]

NEW BOOKS.

In *The Lost Paradise* Marie Walsh hinges the fates of her heroes and heroines on a labor strike, wherein she also preaches the Debs doctrine of reform as her purpose. The heroine's father is owner of the factory in which the strike is called, and both parent and daughter remain obdurate in the face of the idle workmen's appeals until the destined hero appears in the shape of the factory superintendent, who, by winning the daughter's love, after a stormy courtship, gains a more gracious audience to his plea for the rights of labor, and, finally, makes the girl see the case with his own eyes. The father puts the affair in her hands, and, on the night of her betrothal, she sets the factory whistle to ringing in proclamation of capital's concession to labor's demands.

[The Mascot Publishing Company, New York.]

On the bright red cover is a picture of a necklace twined about a hypodermic syringe—a fit emblem of the manner in which Ouida has wreathed her usual passionate, glowing, Italian love tale about the world of science, which she presents in a new and rather astonishing light. She says, and this is the keynote of the book:

"The time is nigh at hand when there will be no priests and no kings but those of science, and beneath their feet the nations will grovel in terror and writhe in death."

The Italian countess of this story is courted by a young Italian prince and a young professor of physiology. Both love her, and the scientist, rather than resign her to his rival, kills him. This is achieved while the former is acting as the prince's physician during an attack of diphtheria. The invalid is recovering, when the scientist inoculates him with deadly toxin instead of with the saving serum, and he dies. The countess then marries the triumphant scientist, who has used his art to kill, not to save, a suffering human being.

[Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company. For sale at The Popular Bookstore.]

Eunice Quince, by Dave Conyanham, is a New England romance. Eunice, the heroine, has been reared to the belief that the Quince family is better than any other breed of humans in or about Queenstown, and, inspired therewith, she wears the airs that only provincial princesses dare to assume. Phillip Lester, an admirable young man, but deplorably common in point of ancestral repute, and therefore lacking a distinction fit to commend him to a lady of professed superiority in that splendid line, fails for a long time to gain the object of his desire—Miss Eunice Quince, to wit. But eventually success comes to the brave, and all goes happily ever after.

[Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.]

It is an interesting menu the *Century Magazine* offers its readers. Marion Crawford writes of Rome, in his own peculiarly easy, if verbose, style. Here is the second instalment of Hopkinson Smith's last character sketch; T. A. Janvier, whose narrative has a soft, poetic flow, describes a feast day on the Rhône. Here, too, is the third instalment of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Sir George Tressady." More Napoleon by W. M. Sloane—this time he is the dictator of Europe. There is a lovely little picture by Vibert "Patience"—full of feeling and delicacy. The illustrations are generally good—especially the fine studies of Rome and its environments, by Castaigne, and the reproductions of Napoleonic canvasses. This number contains also a series of letters from Wm. Wirt, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun, advising a young lawyer on the course of reading he should follow, which other young lawyers may read with interest.

Francis Thompson's capacity for extreme verbal contortions is very fully exemplified in certain passages of *Sister Songs*, his latest publication. Indeed, the involutions in which he indulges remind one of Burke's criticism of Young: "He has all the nodosities of the oak without the strength, and all the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration." Here is a verse that for obscurity defies the best efforts of the Delphic oracle:

> But if mine unappeased cicatrices
> Might get them lawful ease;
> Were any gentle passion hallowed me,
> Who must none other breath of passion feel
> Save such as winnows to the fledged heel
> The tremulous Paradisal plumages;
> The conscious sacramental trees
> Which ever be
> Shaken celestially,
> Consentient with enamoured wings, might know my love for thee.

One of the worst manuscripts that ever fell into the hands of a publisher was that of Miss Anna Catharine Green's "The Leavenworth case." It was not only written in apparent haste, but the author had used a lead pencil instead of a pen, and, altogether, it was very discouraging looking. But Mr George Haven Putnam had a sort of intuition that was like a singed cat—better than it looked—and he took it home and read it himself, believing—and no doubt correctly, that an ordinary "reader" would "turn it down."

LIBRARY NOTES.

The January *Atlantic* has a new story by Henry James—"Glasses." The feature of the magazine, however, is the Hawthorne notebook. It seems that one of the great romancer's unprinted notebooks, a small leathern volume marked on the cover "Scrap-Book, 1839," has just been discovered. At the time this notebook was written, Hawthorne was a weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-House, a position to which he was appointed by the late George Bancroft, the historian, at that time the Collector of the Port.

Though the Harpers have paid George Du Maurier $50,000 for "The Martians," it is probable Hall Caine will make as much, if not more, for his new novel. He is to have fifty cents for every book sold, and in England a sale of 60,000 copies is not an overestimate. There still remain serial rights for America, the American book rights, and Colonial rights, which should net altogether a very large sum.

The Appletons will publish Sarah Grand's new book which is not to be given us before spring. It is yet unnamed, and the author declines to afford us the pleasure of preliminary announcement. Out of the *Heavenly Twins* Madame Grand made more fame than money. The Cassells bought the rights from the London publisher for a small sum, and they would have been willing to pay a large sum for the new book, but not, I imagine, as large a sum as the Messrs. Appleton have paid.

Heavens! has it come to this? A London publisher offered to a distinguished novelist $1000 additional compensation for his work, in return for the privilege of presenting it under an assumed and feminine name.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose essay on "Books" is a classic, pronounces the original list which Sir John Lubbock made of the best hundred books, the best that has been put forward. He proceeds to object to the inclusion of Dryden, and suggests substituting Mr. John Morley's miscellaneous essays.

The editor of *The Atlantic* promises some notable features for the coming year. One of these is an unprinted *Note Book* of Nathaniel Hawthorne, written in 1839, and this is to be followed by *Some Memories of Hawthorne*, by his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. An exceedingly interesting correspondence between Emerson and Sterling will also appear during the year. These letters have been edited and annotated by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

Mr. W. D. Howells's forthcoming novel is to be entitled, *The Landlord of the Lion's Head*. It is a story of American summer hotel life, and is to appear as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel of the seventeenth century, *The Grey Man*, will also appear in the same weekly.

The latest *Chap Book* contains a poem by John Davidson, and offers a prize for the best literary paragraph based on the model of its editorial notes, which are devoted to late developments in the world of prose and verse.

One often hears of the impossibility of certain plots. Wilkie Collins once showed a friend a whole drawerful of cuttings that he would have liked to use but could not do so on account of their improbability. They were most of them selected from police-court and other cases.

Richard Harding Davis has written a new novelette, and has disposed of serial rights therein at a captivating figure. The story is brief—60,000 words.

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MAY IRWIN.

"We are all superstitious," said Miss Irwin, as a number of us sat around her fire, discussing the various fads and fancies of the hour. It was New Year's Eve. "We do not all acknowledge it," she continued, "but we each have an idea that certain objects ward off evil, or that some occurrences are harbingers of good or ill."

"I think you are right," I answered; "superstition is not confined to professional people, by long odds. In Society you find girls wearing charms of all sorts, night and day, for luck. They are not always in evidence, but they are there just the same. Some will not step upon a pin, if the point is toward them, nor fail to pick it up if it points the other way. For my part, I do not like to see a spider in the morning."

"Oh, I know," exclaimed one of the little group; "it's an old French proverb that says:

"Un arraigner le matin,
Nons apporte le chagrin."

And we all burst into peals of laughter, as each of us exposed some superstitious fancy.

"Well," I resumed, as our mood sank into quiet again, "some one has defined superstition as natural religion in its savage state; and I am inclined to believe that a fear of the supernatural has more to do with it than anything else. We find it in the heathen as well as in the Christian. Our deference to signs and omens is perhaps only another way of appealing for protection to the higher powers."

"That reminds me," said Miss Irwin. "I see they are playing "Ixion" here. When I was about fifteen years old, I figured as Mercury in the piece, and had to sail up and down on the back of an eagle. I remember how timid I felt about it. The eagle could not be suspended, the supports not being strong enough so it was made to descend to earth—*so*"—and Miss Irwin described an inclined plane, from ceiling to floor, with one tapering finger. "Well, the first time the eagle took its flight to earth, I lost my head some way, tumbled off its back, and came sailing down the inclined plane ahead of it, tearing a rent at the same time in my new blue silk tights. I flew to my mother in the wings, fell upon her neck and wept, whether with fright, or for my pretty new tights, I cannot tell; but I never got on that eagle again that I did not say all my little prayers, feeling they would protect me from harm."

"Well, did they?" some one asked.

"I suppose so; there were no more accidents."

"Was that at your first appearance in public, Miss Irwin?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied. "I sang duets with my sister as early as the age of eleven, in Buffalo. I then went to Tony Pastor's, and remained with him for seven years."

Subsequently Miss Irwin was with Augustin Daly's company for four years, then with Charley Frohman and Peter Dailey in turn. This is her first season as a star.

It was an informal little group that had gathered, quite early in the day, in Miss Irwin's room, at the Occidental Hotel. Our hostess was still in her morning negligée of pale pink crepe, with overgown of embroidered silk of the same shade, which vied with the tint of her cheeks; and the few of us present had met entirely without intention on our own part. But May Irwin is one of those genial souls, blessed with the sweetest of tempers, whose conversation is full of bright sallies, and whose cloudless, sunny, bubbling-over good-humor furnishes the give and take of the most gracious "camaraderie," and she is nearly always surrounded by hosts of friends. In the corner of the room in which we sat stood an old-fashioned étagére, almost lost under a collection of photographs—the absent family and friends, whom she sought to bring nearer by these representations. Some flowers decked the center-table, and at my left, drawn up to the fireside, was another table, groaning under the weight of many letters, piled high.

"You see what I have before me," said Miss Irwin, as she noticed my glance at the table—"a carload of letters to answer. That is the way I spend nearly all my leisure," she went on. "I plan to take a stroll, or I think I will do a few stitches of my fancy work, and then that tableful of letters stares me in the face accusingly," and the genial actress sank back in her chair with a sigh.

May Irwin was born in Canada and is of Scotch descent, and while she is to all intents and purposes a citizen of this country, in her days of leisure she flies to her pretty home on the St. Lawrence, and there, among the Thousand Islands, she spends happy days, fishing and boating to her heart's content, and returns to us, in the season, in renewed condition for further histrionic conquests. Miss Irwin is a much better looking woman *off* the stage than *on* it, and that is saying a great deal. At near range one sees all the exquisite natural coloring which the glare of the footlights and the necessities of make-up nearly always obliterate. She has sunny, red-gold hair, lying in short, curling locks of pretty disarray all over a well-shaped head, partially disclosing two tiny, dainty ears which are at pains to hide themselves behind the golden veil. Her eyes are *speaking* eyes—blue, frank, sincere, and twinkling with mischief, delightful to watch as she flings her merry repartees right and left. Both nose and mouth stamp her as sympathetic; the lines of the former indicating straightforward methods as characteristic, and the mouth, soft in line, sweet and mobile, with a droll little upward twitching of one corner whenever she is preparing to say something telling.

I cannot imagine Miss Irwin as anything but sunny-tempered and amiable. I do not mean by that, characterless. A just indignation is probably not unknown to her—but she has the reputation among her confreres of being a woman with never an ill-natured word to say of any one. A priceless quality—that; to be able to keep such tight rein of the "unruly little member." As far as my own experience goes, she is of catching good-humor, quick-witted, and delightfully entertaining. As an actress, her personality is of such unique and indescribably humorous quality, as to make it impossible of adequate expression to another, by word of mouth or pen. In order to properly understand her peculiar charm, one must see her act.

E. D. H.

When you are selecting a wedding present go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

MEDICAL CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

CIGARETTES AND INSANITY, ALCOHOL AND MURDER, DUST AND CONSUMPTION.

That familiar bugaboo, the cigarette, has had added to its responsibilities the credit of inducing insanity. Doctor Benjamin Blatchford announces that a careful examination of the history and condition of a number of young men incarcerated in asylums, leads him to conclude their madness the consequence of excess of cigarettes, In order to obtain the influence of inhalations on the throat and delicate tissues, he performed a variety of experiments, and announces: The inhaling of the smoke slightly inflames the tender mucous lining of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and the sensation thus caused is very like the stimulation produced by alcohol. But in every draught of cigarette smoke there must be a small quantity of nicotine, which is a very destructive poison. Depression, therefore, follows the inflammation. As the natural result of this depression the unfortunate subject is moved to take more stimulant in the form of cigarettes or alcohol. His nervous organization is apt to become more shattered by this cigarette habit than if he were addicted to alcoholic stimulants during that period, and will surely be the first to give way, and, of course, the first to suffer, especially during the period of puberty, with its strain on the nervous system.

The contagion of consumption is a subject of interest and study to the medical profession these latter days. The impression is general among those imperfectly acquainted with the subject that tuberculosis is directly infectious and that contact with a consumptive is apt to induce the disease in people without the slightest hereditary or other tendency. Yet it has been proved that the expired air from a patient afflicted with this disease is not infected. One expert had a woman cough into a closed box containing two guinea pigs. They survived the ordeal without inconvenience. The actual danger seems to lie in the carelessness displayed in disposing of the sputum or excretions thrown off from the lungs. After this sputum has dried and turned to dust it becomes dangerous, malevolently so, for demonstrations have amply confirmed that the bacillus will live for three years in dust forms and then be ready for active business. The fact is that dust is a great breeder of disease. In apartment houses, in country houses, whose hangings remain undisturbed year out and in, the dust gathers thick on pictures, in cornices, and if germs are in the air, there they find lodgment and live to do their deadly work. The remedy is cleanliness—plenty of water and brushing and rubbing—but above all, lots of sunlight.

The latest theory of murder is that it may be attributed to drunkenness. This is the announcement of a Liverpool physician who has made a special study of the effect of alcohol upon the brain. As the result of his experiments he states that in seventy-five cases out of a hundred it has been found that men who have committed an apparently uncalled for or unprovoked murder have been quiet and well-behaved citizens in their sober moments, but had been drinking to excess just before committing the crime. In the other cases the crimes could be attributed to some set motive. The motive which largely predominated was robbery. An analysis of the cases in which drunkenness has preceded the commission of murder seems to show that an excessive use of liquor produces a condition of nervous tensity. The drinker, no matter what his previous and normal temperament may have been, suddenly grows excessively irritable. He is annoyed to the pitch of desperation by trivial causes.

The latest investigations of the effects of alcohol on the human system scout the theory which is expressed in the old saying "in vino veritas." It is true it often excites natural propensities to a fever pitch; but the effect is most often the contrary. Rather a curious statement was recently made at a murder trial in England by a medical officer of experience. He said there were three depressions on the right side of the prisoner's head, and that persons having such depressions in their heads were more "susceptible to drink" than ordinary people. Whether this is true or not will bear investigation. If so, it would be interesting to know exactly what causes a connection between such depressions and a desire to drink.

The death, recently, of a well-known Oakland citizen from a prolonged attack of hiccoughing, should make the subject one of special study to the medical profession. A variety of remedies are used—all equally inefficacious—drinking a glass of water slowly, pressure on the stomach, the application of cloths dipped in cold water, a sudden emotion, pressure on the temples, etc. In cases of rebellious hiccoughing, M. Leloir, of Lille, recommends pressure on the phrenic nerves, which govern the diaphragm; it is sufficient to explain with care the position of the nerves above the collar-bone at the base of the sterno-cleido-mastoideus muscle, well known to sculptors and painters, on each side of the neck, to enable any person to bring pressure to bear on it and thus stop the convulsive spasm. Another process is that of pressing the thumb against the little finger of the same hand, which pressure should be energetic and on both hands at the same time. If recourse is had to this process at the first signs of hiccoughing, the author claims that the attack can be almost certainly stopped; but if it is only used later on, the result is less rapid and more uncertain. There is still another means, and an excellent one: to lie flat on the ground full length on one's back, with extended arms. It is rare to see an attack of hiccoughs resist this effort.

There is announced in London a new magazine, founded on the original *Yellow Book* lines. It is to be edited by Aubrey Beardsley and Arthur Symons, and is to be called *The Savoy*. Leonard Smithers is its publisher, and his prospectus presents a series of illustrious names as contributors. Among them are George Moore, Paul Verlaine, John Oliver Hobbes, Frank Harris, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Ceasare Lombroso, Frederic Wedmore; and among the artists, Degas, Rothenstein, Forain, and others. Here are some of the veritable decadents, but the list in spite of that leaning the list is strong, for the grace of words is in these men, and their matter cannot but be artistic.

Of Matthew Arnold as a correspondent, John Morley says, that writing did not come easily to him, nor was he of the class of men who would have cared to have extraordinary facility. On principle, Arnold always thought that the little notes and letters in which many people find such singular pleasure every day of their lives are a grievous waste of time, and a grievous dispersion of spirit.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

The doctors approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

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SPLASHES.

BURLINGAME was very gay over the New Year. The festival was ushered in with all the proper observances, and was the occasion for several big house parties, a ball in the Clubhouse New Year's Eve, and sports and races next day. To commence with, the ball—there must have been between 80 and 100 men and woman on the floor. The arrangements were capital—the porch and the floor canvased; hung with Christmas berries and foliage; good music and a fine supper. The pink coat fashion, which was set at Charles Baldwin's ball, has evidently obtained a real vogue in the polo set, and their attire gave quite a gay aspect to the room. Pretty girls were there in abundance. Among them, looking especially charming, were the Misses Williams, Miss Hobart, Miss Bhos, and the Misses Carolan. Among the young matrons present, Mrs. Perry Eyre and Mrs. Carolan were most conspicuous, and were certainly beautifully gowned. The Will Crockers elected to spend their New Year in town, and, much to the surprise of the habitués, did not come down. Nor was the Parrott contingent represented, because of sickness, mourning, and the other causes that effect the clan; but all the other San Mateoites—Howards, Bowies, Borels—were there. Joe Grant had at his villa a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Sir Charles Ross, Miss McKenna, and Miss McNutt. The Scotts had Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crockett; the Carolans had Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall and the Misses Carolan. The Tobins had Miss Bhos; the Willie Howards had Miss Mary Eyre, Will Heath, and H. Poett; and Walter Hobart entertained his sister, the Misses Williams, Gerald Rathbone, Doctor Tevis, and Harry Simpkins. They arrived at San Mateo on Saturday, and remained until Thursday morning.

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The Gymkana games were hardly as brilliant a success as the committee anticipated. This was due to the fact that the men whose participation was expected were all in for the polo game and were afraid of tiring themselves and their horses by heartily joining in the fun. The fact is that thread and needle, bending pole, and triangular races are good enough if you have nothing else to do, but are quite sufficient in themselves for a day's enjoyment. About fifty San Franciscans came down for the races, in which Major Rathbone and Joseph Crockett acted as judges. As usual, Walter Hobart's good luck and good riding were victorious. He won the quarter-mile on Brandy and also the triangular race, while Harry Simpkins carried off the bending pole contest with Jumping Jack. The Polo game was played with three on a side — only the best men participating. Hobart's team consisted of Lawson and Wheeler, and Dick Tobin led Baldwin and Simpkins. In spite of the exertions of Tobin, who played a fine game and was admirably backed by Baldwin, Hobart carried off the prize. Later on, the spectators repaired to the Clubhouse where an elaborate buffet luncheon was served. In the afternoon several coaching parties were organized—Grant and Hobart had out their four-in-hands—and, altogether, it was a memorable New Year at Burlingame.

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THE TERPSICHOREAN CLUB, which was formed about a year ago by a number of girls belonging to Miss West's School, gave its second annual party on Thursday evening. Certain of the younger maidens, desirous of emulating their older sisters, who had organized the West Sorosis, banded themselves together as the "Terpsichoreans," and last year engaged Lunt's Hall and sent out invitations for a dance which was a great success. This year, however, the club membership having been more than doubled, the young directors decided to give a big Cotillion in Odd Fellows' Hall. The hall had been decorated for the Friday Night Club, and was really beautiful with its draperies of pink, blue, and white. Ferns lined the walls and covered the platform, and incandescent lights, shaded with different colored globes, cast a soft light on the dancers. The Terpsichoreans are for the most part maidens whose school days are still in the present, but a number of the graduates were invited to the dance. Miss Ethel Keeney led with Mr. Greenway; she was prettily gowned in pink corded silk. Some of the girls looked remarkably pretty, and all were beautifully gowned. Miss Marie Wells, who is one of the most popular of the younger set, looked lovely in pale pink silk trimmed with chiffon. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood wore a smart-looking frock of white chiffon with spangled trimmings. Miss Mamie Polhemus wore a very handsome gown of figured blue silk with fichu of white chiffon. Miss Lilia Burton, a piquant-looking girl, with a very bright face, wore a pretty gown of white silk. Miss Edith Stubbs was in pale green silk covered with chiffon and pink roses. Miss Jessie Hobart wore a stylish-looking dress of figured silk with bertha of chiffon. Miss Hutchins, a tall girl quite on the Gibson order, was very handsomely gowned in blue corded silk with bertha of yellow chiffon. Miss Dorothy Stubbs looked charming in a very chic dress of pearl-colored silk trimmed with iridescent beads.

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One of the features of the Terpsichorean dances is the punch. The girls evidently fear the vigor of the brew, but the boys seem to enjoy its fascinations. The serpentine figure, which was danced before supper, was uncommonly pretty, and so arranged that all marched carrying their flags into the supper room. The favors were little mice, bats, fans, and paper umbrellas.

* * *

THE GENIUS of Christmas invaded Lunt's Hall and stripped from the walls and ceilings the dusty and musty old wreaths and foliage which so long have offered a gloomy background for the bright eyes and pink cheeks of the maidens of the Friday Fortnightly. Fresh evergreens edged the dado, and bordered the windows, and clustered in elaborate festoons over the proscenium-arch, making quite a gay and appropriate setting for the Christmas Cotillion. The spirit of the festive season was in the air and in the hearts of the dancers, whom I have never seen looking so charming, and who entered into the entertainment with the verve and vivacity of real youthfulness. However, the members by no means had the occasion to themselves, for a large contingent of the older girls shared the fun, among them Miss Hobart and Miss Goad. The latter was accompanied by a Miss Hyde, an Eastern girl, whom she is entertaining, and who was her classmate at Farmington. She is quite a different type to the Californian; wears her hair drawn back from her brows, has quite strongly marked features, and a good complexion.

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The cotillion was executed with dispatch, as one might expect, from the leadership of Mr. Greenway. His partner was Miss Kate Salisbury, who looked particularly handsome in a simple gown of black tulle. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Mamie Stubbs, who wore a pale blue silk frock, Miss Olive Holbrook, in white chiffon, and Miss Annie Voorhies in a white dotted Swiss, with bright ribbons. Miss Grimwood, an East Oakland girl of rather an unusual type, a tall blonde with a distingué air, was exquisitely dressed in cream gauze. Miss Kate Dillon, who wore cream silk covered with figured gauze, made her first appearance at the Fortnightlies. Miss Genevieve Goad was really lovely in a heavy white silk dress. Miss Clara Huntington looked exceedingly piquante in pink silk, covered with organdie. Miss Rose Hooper wore a quaint little gown of white Dresden silk, covered with pink roses. After the german some two score of the participants returned to the house of Miss Salisbury for supper, and spent an enjoyable hour under her roof rehearsing the incidents of the evening.

* * *

The debutantes' luncheon given on Tuesday by Misses Dorothy and Helen Stubbs in honor of Miss Blackmore was an especially pretty affair. The settings were all in a soft shade of pink; the La France roses, entwined with maidenhair fern, and tied with pink ribbons; the name cards, candies, ices, and candelabra all in this roseate shade. The favors were dainty little conceits and rather appropriate, being pink butterflies. The menu was generous and at the same time delicate, though as at most girls' luncheons the fare would by no means be despised by a coterie of clubmen. There were thirty girls invited, and all were beautifully gowned. Miss Mamie Stubbs looked charming in white silk. Miss Bhos, who is noted for her taste in dress, wore a green changeable silk, made with a large bow effect in front, and a perfect love of a hat in white lace and pink roses. Miss Helen Wagner looked very well in a blue and brown plaid with pink flowers. Miss Clara Huntington was most becomingly gowned in a Scotch plaid silk waist and hat; she is one of the most popular of the younger girls.

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There is hardly a body of girls in San Francisco so fertile in ideas as the members of the Sketch Club. They are always originating novel forms of entertainment, and their latest effort in this direction was a peasants' luncheon given on Tuesday. It was almost an impromptu affair, and the costumes, I am told, were flung together and fastened with nothing more secure than paste. Miss Helen Hyde is generally conceded to have been the most effectively gowned. She wore a short blue skirt and blouse with a Dutch black silk cap, a wimple of Mechlin lace over her head, and queer brass ornaments hanging over her ears. On her feet were veritable wooden shoes. Miss Nellie Treat made a splendid Egyptian fellah in brown, with the full trousers of the Orient, Egyptian ornaments, and a very striking head dress. Mrs. Sleeth made a fine-looking Roumanian peasant in a figured cotton dress, white guimpe and black velvet bodice, and Miss Chandler looked chic in her French peasant's costume of striped cotton with full blouse and short velvet bodice. The dishes were as diverse in nationality as were the costumes. Hot Frankfurters mingled their aroma with Dutch cheese and English plum pudding with French bouillon. The name cards were unique, being in burnt leather, illuminated kid, pen and ink sketches on rough paper or dainty water colors. In the center of the table was a tree laden with gifts, and each maiden received some appropriate token. They had a merry time; toasts were given, songs sung to the accompaniment of the clang of the wooden shoon.

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There is nothing more absolutely annoying than the announcement of a betrothal that exists merely in the imagination of the ever ubiquitous matchmaker. An engagement of this kind appeared in last Sunday's *Examiner*, and has been the cause of much annoyance and embarrassment to the young people whose names were thus prematurely coupled. On Sunday morning as Miss Cunningham was wending her way to church, one of her girl friends surprised her with congratulations, and the siege kept up all day. There is no truth in the story, for though the young people have been friends for years, the question of an engagement was never mooted between them. Miss Cunningham cannot understand how the rumor was started, except that on Saturday afternoon she went on a coaching party with a number of girls; they were discussing engagements and how they would fête their friends as soon as the announcement of their betrothal was made public. All participated in the jests, and sundry names were coupled. The girls promptly forgot all about the conversation, but evidently one of the number must have set some value on the gossip, and sent the announcement to the papers.

* * *

The fairy prince, in the shape of New Year's, touched the lips of the members of the Century Club and awakened them from their long repose. Yea, he hath done wonders, for has he not gained admittance for a poster bearing the retroussé nose and smiling lips of Yvette Guilbert, of whilom music-hall fame, within the sacred precincts of this most conservative club? The ladies, however, dropped their rigid rules for the nonce and kept open house in true old-time Knickerbocker fashion, with egg-nogg and the other accessories of by-gone days. Mrs. John Swift, assisted by Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Beaver, Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. Cornwall, and Mrs. Gibbons, received the guests, who wandered through the rooms and inspected the posters lent by Mr. Doxey, Mr. Bosqui, and the Bohemian Club. One of the interesting features of the affair was the "new woman" poster by Mrs. Neally O'Sullivan, who is at present on a visit to her mother. It passed in review a procession of new women, short and fat, tall and slim, with full skirts and tiny jackets, wearing top hats. Each bore a banner from which waved a blue stocking. The idea was original and well carried out.

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The Old Clothes party given by Miss Blanche Normand was a unique affair. The young people all came in costume—some very absurd, others quite clever. Miss Eloise Denzelburger represented the "Year 1" in a low-necked, narrow-skirted, small-sleeved frock, made without flounce or fur-below; Miss Normand appeared up to date as "Trilby," with the blonde wig and soldier costume; Miss Ida Monastes, a pretty girl with dark brown eyes, made a bewitching "Red Riding Hood," and Miss Barnard was dressed as "Little Bo Peep" and looked very quaint. Messrs. Gregg, Gedge, Piver, and Rosenkrans made quite a hit by their characterization of the shabby genteel. They wore very large old dress coats, with extra tails sewn on and braided; light trousers turned up at the bottoms, and tied with bale rope; old dirty shirts and cravats tied on one side. Instead of belts or suspenders, they were girthed with bale rope. Their shoes were also ridiculous, being very long and square-toed like those worn by the darkies on the stage. Miss Howell, who was dressed as a Spanish gitana, sang very well; she has a strong, high soprano voice. Mr. Melville recited and Mr. Roberts played. At midnight, the party tooted horns, rang bells, and clinked their glasses, ushering in the new year as noisily as possible.

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Mrs. S. Morley Jackson (née Miss Marie Williams) came from Tacoma to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents. Mrs. Jackson anticipates remaining here until the end of the season. She is to receive on Wednesdays at 722 Bay Street.

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Dinner giving is becoming epidemic among the smart set this year. There are small and select affairs without number, debutantes' dinners, and the larger married people's entertainments. On New Year's Day Mrs. E. B. Pond gave a progressive dinner to thirty young people in honor of Miss Belle Grant. It was an enjoyable entertainment and perfectly managed. The young people appeared to enter into the spirit of the festivity, and the ever varying partners, the change of places, removed even that soupçon of monotony usually inseparable from the formal dinner. Mrs. Samuel Hort also gave a very elaborate dinner party at the Richelieu on Wednesday evening. Thirty guests were invited, chiefly relatives—all the Boardman-Tompkins contingent being among the guests.

* * *

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Belle Grant and Mr. E. B. Pond, Jr. Miss Grant is small, piquante, and very bright; she is a cousin of Mrs. Colonel Fry, and, on her mother's side, of Spanish extraction. Mr. E. B. Pond, Jr., who is a son of ex-Mayor Pond, is a

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

splendid young fellow, quite good-looking, and possessed of excellent business ability. He is in the German Savings Bank. The marriage is to take place early in February.

* * *

And still the catalogue of dinners continues. One of the most elaborate and formal of these was given on Tuesday, by Mrs. Samuel Boardman. On Wednesday Mrs. H. J. Earle had a New Year's dinner, and Major and Mrs. Darling entertained about twenty married people at dinner on Thursday evening.

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How existence at the Presidio was sustained before the arrival there of Mrs. Major Darling, is a question that is asked in army Society oftener than it is answered. She has infused new life into the place, entertains a great deal, and is constantly arranging some plan for the amusement of the officers and their wives. Her card party on Tuesday last was a very jolly affair, and did not break up until the New Year had been heralded in the approved fashion. Miss Catherwood has also achieved a pleasing degree of popularity, and shares the honors of general favor with her mother. She is a very attractive girl, and her frank naturalness lends her an especial charm.

* * *

IT WOULD not be fair to pronounce the Concordia's New Year ball that institution's most important function, but it is its most representative affair. For many years past the two Clubs have celebrated the departure of the old year and the advent of the new with elaborate festivities, and their occurrence on the same night has engendered no little rivalry. This winter it is generally admitted the Concordia has had the better of the competition, for, though the supply of men fell just a little short of the demand, there was much more go and verve to the ball than the Verein can boast. Of course the fun really began at midnight. The signal for supper was sounded at 11:40, and the gathering was comfortably seated at the tables when the fateful moment of midnight arrived. The musicians, concealed behind a screen in the supper-room, sounded the chimes. At the same time, a flag suspended from the ceiling was drawn away, and on a "chute" of wire, in a boat manned by two cherubs bearing a banner marked 1895, Father Time commenced his descent into oblivion. As it passed out of sight, another boat, manned by a gay Cupid, began the slow ascent of the "chute," typifying the festival in an interesting and appropriate way. The spectacle was highly applauded, and caused much amusement.

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Otherwise the ball was completely successful, and the gowning was fine. Perhaps Mrs. Sigmund Stern was the most conspicuous of the younger married belles, though Mrs. Rothschild ran her a close race for the honors. Mrs. Stern wore a black and pink brocade; the skirt, which was cut wide and fell in voluminous folds, was of pink brocade, the bodice was in black, with large balloon sleeves of the pink—a most effective combination. Mrs. Tauzsky looked exceedingly handsome in her wedding dress, as did Mrs. Leon Stone (née Miss Sophie Eppinger). Mrs. Marcus Koshland was also much admired. Of the girls, Miss Birdie Hirschman looked exceedingly pretty; Miss Hilda Levy, a fine, tall girl, made what was, I believe, her first formal appearance at the Concordia; Miss Slessinger was charmingly gowned and looked her best; Miss Corinne Cook wore a very effective costume of nile-green silk; The Misses Irma and Alice Adler, who have recently returned from Europe, were most charmingly gowned in frocks that bore the cachet of the Parisian modiste.

* * *

The Verein Ball savored somewhat of a family gathering, and although it proved enjoyable, the attendance was not up to expectation. Here, too, the men were in the minority, which detracted somewhat from the spirit of the affair, but the girls were radiant in their new frocks. Miss Jennie Moore, Miss Alice Greenbaum, and Miss Olga Adlesdorffer shared the honors. Miss Greenbaum wore a pale pink silk gown veiled with mousseline de soie; Miss Adlesdorffer was in cream satin covered with chiffon. Miss Jennie Moore, a daughter of I. T. Moore, has recently returned from Europe, and is a fine-looking girl of the Spanish type; she was prettily gowned in yellow embroidered mousseline de soie trimmed with violets and gold bands. Miss Schwabacher wore a lovely Parisian gown of apricot-colored satin trimmed with chiffon and pearl garniture. Miss Alice Gerstle wore a yellow brocaded satin heavily embroidered and trimmed with pearls, and Miss Belle Gerstle was simply dressed in white mulle.

* * *

The fashion for private entertainments was never more pronounced than this season. Formerly the balls of the Concordia and Verein were the only important functions of the season, and invitations were sought with eagerness. Now, however, they are merely one out of a dozen big entertainments. Thus far we have had the Roth and the Lewis balls in the Maple Room, the Swabacher theater party, and countless minor festivities, with many more to come. There is another dance on the tapis to be given by Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Simon and Miss Anna Simon at their home on Pine and Franklin streets on Saturday, the 11th. The Simon house is a great, big, old-fashioned mansion, and is admirably adapted for entertainments of this sort.

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It seems probable that the big ballroom of the Concordia Club will be the scene of several important weddings this winter. Considering the legions of their friends and relations, it is probable the Mertif-Walter nuptials will have to be performed there, and the Napthalys have already decided that their daughter's marriage with Mr. Feigenbaum shall be celebrated beneath its roof. It is not improbable that the club may be the locale also of the Hirsch-Schweitzer wedding, as there is a large clan of Schweitzers and friends in general whose attendance must be bidden.

* * *

The Occidental hop went off splendidly on Christmas night. In spite of the festal occasion, there was a goodly gathering of girls and any number of men. Mrs. Hooper, assisted by Mrs. Jouett, who was prettily dressed in a Dresden silk waist trimmed with chiffon and lace, and a black satin skirt, received the young people. Miss Daisy Van Ness wore a white satin gown which was very well cut. Miss Emma Butler looked remarkably well in a white silk dress. Miss Ethel Tompkins wore a stunning costume of white figured gauze over pink silk.

* * *

Among the many entertainments for Miss Rose Neustadter prior to her departure for Europe was the reception given last Saturday evening by Miss Ida Son. Miss Rose Neustadter belongs to the younger set, who will be débutantes next season. There are several exceedingly pretty girls among them, notably Miss Amy Erhmann, who was dressed in pale pink, Miss Clara Hellman in white, Miss Esberg in yellow. Miss Emily Rosenstern and Miss Minnie Swabacher were the brightest and most attractive girls present.

* * *

Miss Lillian O'Connell is to give three lectures upon "Social Life in Colonial America," at the home of Mrs. Jewett, 931 Bush Street. The first, which is to take place next Saturday, is entitled "Puritan Pictures," and is to be given in costume illustrated by dramatic recitations. Miss O'Connell is young, attractive looking, and has a charming voice, sympathetic, and perfectly controlled.

* * *

The Bogart Song Recitals seem to have caught the popular fancy, judging from the appreciative audience which filled Maple Hall during the last series. Mr. Bogart announces a second series, and has taken Golden Gate Hall on Sutter Street for his next recital, which is to be given on Saturday afternoon. The program is an unusually interesting one. A scene from the new fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel" (Humperdinck), which caused such a furore in Europe, is to be given for the first time in California. The trio from Wagner's "Nibelunger," and the new trio by Brahms, with French horns accompaniment, are to be sung by Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder, Mrs. Melvin-Dewing, and Mrs. Alma Berylund. The song of "O Thou Sublime, Thou Evening Star," from the opera of "Tannhauser," is to be given by Mr. C. M. Robinson, and Mr. Bogart will render selections from Verdi's opera, "Otello."

* * *

The Oakland Friday Fortnightly Dancing Club gave its usual cotillion at Military Hall last week. These dances are becoming more enjoyable, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mrs. Selby, who introduces the young people to one another. Last time there was a large attendance, and all had a very good time. Mr. Paul Selby and Miss Adams led, and proved very efficient. Among the prettiest of the girls Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Chabot, and Miss Lohse may be mentioned. This Club is to give a Leap Year Cotillion on Valentine's Day, which ought to be good fun for every one concerned. Miss Pauline Fore and Mr. Harry Chickering have been selected to lead. It is curious that the patronesses have selected Mr. Chickering, as he is thought by the others to be a bit young for the undertaking, and he has had but little experience in managing germans. It must be admitted that a maiden effort is rarely attended by great success.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Holt gave a large tea on Saturday afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Grace Holt, one of this season's débutantes. There were over a hundred invitations issued, and some of the gowns worn were very elaborate. The girls who assisted in receiving were especially daintily dressed. Among them I noticed Miss Mollie Hind, Miss Stubbs, Miss Ritter, Miss Selby, Miss Lillian Strong, and Miss Crowell.

* * *

There is a new club in Oakland called the "Thirteen Club," the members of which are, for the most part, débutantes of this season, and belong to the Deux Temps set. They meet at the homes of the different maidens, and have very jolly times. Among the members are the Misses Crellin, Miss Grace Holt, Miss Lillian Strong, Miss Whitney, Miss Selby, Miss Ritter, Miss Converse, Miss Lohman, and Miss Knight. On New Year's eve Miss Ethel Kittridge gave a dance to the members of this Club, which was an unusually pretty affair. The decorations were of hollyberries, and everything suggested the holiday season.

* * *

The Misses Crellin, who are among the most popular girls in the younger set, will be debarred from participating in any of the festivities this season owing to the death of their uncle, Mr. John Crellin. They are exceedingly pretty girls, especially Miss Laura Crellin, who is a tall blonde, rather of the English type with fine coloring.

* * *

Certain young men who belong to the Deux Temps Club are again objects of carping criticism—this time at the hands of the girls. It appears that many of the maidens come to the german without having previously engaged partners and the lads, instead of dancing with them, prefer to remain in the halls smoking and gossiping. This has aroused the wrath of the girls who are now determined to boycott these young fellows who are in no sense an acquisition to the Club. The next meeting of the Deux Temps is to take place this evening. Miss Marguerite Jolliffe and Mr. Roger Friend are to lead the german.

* * *

Of the Christmas happenings, the only entertainment other than the regulation family gatherings was given by Mr. and Mrs. Dingee at their place near Piedmont. It was an immense affair for, besides the relatives and friends of the family, Mr. Dingee invited his employés, their wives, and little ones. A real old-fashioned Christmas party with a tree, Santa Claus and all the other accessories; it proved a most successful entertainment. Speeches were made by Mr. Frank Moffitt and W. F. Boardman and musical selections given by Messrs. Beattie, Hubbard, English, Carroll Cook and others. The supper which was served on round tables, was in the old English style—a large Christmas cake with a gold ring in the center, plumb pudding, mince pies, and all sorts of sweetmeats.

* * *

There were several minor New Year's Eve parties. Among the more elaborate entainments was Mrs. Tyson's big dance given at her home in Alameda.

* * *

Mrs. Orestes Pierce, assisted by Mrs. Watkinson, Miss Amy McKee, and others, kept open house on New Year's Day. Mrs. Pierce never has abandoned this custom, and every year has a number of pretty girls to assist her in receiving her guests.

* * *

In Berkeley everything was unusually quiet, as nearly all the boys went home for the vacation. Miss Juliet Garber gave a dinner to thirteen on Christmas Day. The decorations were in hollyberries and mistletoe. Among those invited were Miss Duff, Miss Marie Rose Dean, Miss Florence Green, etc.

* * *

Although the attendance at the last Saturday Fortnightly was hardly up to its predecessors, the dance proved a thoroughly jolly affair from start to finish. The german was managed splendidly, and Mr. Wm. Smith deserves commendation. The figures were pretty, and there was never a moment of confusion or dragging. The army was well represented and fairly had things its own way, as the girls seemed to have eyes only for the officers, much to their amusement and the discomfiture of the civilians who objected to playing second fiddle. Miss Jessie Cheever is one of the most popular of the girls in this class. She is rather pretty, exceedingly graceful, and dances very well. Miss Eloise Davis is also much admired. The handsomest girls are Miss Flora Deane, who was prettily gowned in white chiffon, and Miss Leontine Blakeman, who wore a striking dress of soft, white silk. Little Miss Wagner looked very fetching in a pale pink silk frock.

* * *

A rather novel idea has been originated by Mrs. S. M. Haylett of Alameda. She gives a New Year's party every year, and invariably invites the same people. Sometimes she may add another to the list, but those who three years ago received invitations have been entertained regularly ever since. It is a charming plan, and, if only from a basis of reminiscence, the affairs are invariably most successful.

THE GOSSIP.

HOW TO SERVE CHAMPAGNE.

Some Important Hints.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome once gave a dinner and discussed the matter of wine with the head-waiter—a kindly, fatherly old man—before the guests arrived. He was a man of experience and knowledge, and they went over the wine together.

"Well," said the waiter, "if you take my advice, you will give them a very good champagne to start with; let's say Deutz & Geldermann, 1889; and let that go round twice.

"After that, sir—well, here's a very good wine I always recommend, at five shillings per bottle. And then if I were you, sir, I would finish up with this." And he pointed to a modest little brand at three and six.

"And don't you think," said Jerome, "that they will notice the difference?"

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," said the man; "we generally do it that way. I wouldn't undertake to tell the difference myself between champagne at sixteen shillings and champagne at five after the first two glasses."

Adam's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market St.

STATEMENT OF CAPITAL STOCK

—OF—

The German Savings and Loan Society

A CORPORATION

Doing Business at No. 526 California Street.

DATED, DECEMBER 31, 1895

Capital Stock actually paid up in Gold Coin
$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund, actually paid up in Gold Coin
$715,000.00
B. A. BECKER, President of the German Savings and Loan Society
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary of the German Savings and Loan Society

Fifty-Sixth Half-Yearly Report

—OF THE—

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

SWORN STATEMENT

Of the condition and value of the Assets and Liabilities of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, a corporation doing business at No. 526 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and where said assets are situated, on December 31, 1895.

ASSETS.

1—		
$2,377,000 00	Miscellaneous First Mortgage Railroad Bonds of Eastern States, and State of California, and United States 4 per cent registered Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	$2,503,540 00
1,936,250 00	Miscellaneous Cable and Street Railway, Water, Light, and other Corporation First Mortgage Bonds, the actual value of which is..... All of said Bonds are kept in the vaults of the Corporation.	2,066,030 00
1,050,000 00	United States 4 per cent registered and Miscellaneous Railroad First Mortgage Bonds, the actual value of which is ..... These Bonds are kept in a box in the vaults of, and rented from the New York Stock Exchange Safe Deposit Company, in New York City.	1,145,000 00
$5,363,250 00	Standing on the books of the Corporation	$5,714,570 00
	2—Promissory notes secured by first mortgages on Real Estate, within this State, the States of Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and the Territory of Utah. The actual value of said promissory notes is.	5,447,537 69
	3—Miscellaneous Railroad, Cable and Street Railway, and other Corporation Bonds and Stock Certificates pledged to the Society for the amount of..... All said Notes, Bonds, and Certificates are held and kept by said Corporation in its own vaults.	24,140,040 03
	4—Bank Building and Lot, the actual value of which is.....	872,000 00
	5—Other Real Estate situated in the States of California and Oregon, the actual value of which is..	180,000 00
	6—Furniture in the Bank office of said Corporation.....	252,521 77
	7—Cash in United States Coin and Currency, the actual value of which is.	1,000 00
		1,735,804 25
	Total.....	$32,628,903 74

LIABILITIES.

	1—To Depositors: Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to, and the actual value of which is.....	$30,727,586 59
	2—To Stockholders: The amount of Capital Stock actually paid up, the value of which is ..... The condition of said liability to Stockholders is that no part of the amount can be paid to them, or in any way be withdrawn, except in payment of losses, during the existence of the Corporation, nor until all Depositors shall have been paid in full the amount of their Deposits and accrued Dividends.	1,000,000 00
	3—To Depositors and Stockholders: (a) The amount of the Reserve Fund, the actual value of which is..... Including the amount of matured but uncollected interest on loans and securities.	715,000 00
	(b) the amount of the Contingent Fund, the actual value of which is.. The condition of said funds is, that the same have been created for the purpose of additional security to Depositors against losses.	56,279 54
	4—State, City and County Taxes assessed by the Government, but not yet payable.....	130,037 61
	Total	$32,628,903 74

B. A. BECKER,
President of the German Savings and Loan Society.

GEO. TOURNY,
Secretary of the German Savings and Loan Society.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco. } ss.

B. A. BECKER and GEORGE TOURNY being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said B. A. BECKER is President, and that said GEORGE TOURNY is Secretary of THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

B. A. BECKER,
GEO. TOURNY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me the 31st day of December, 1895.

[SEAL] GEO. T. KNOX,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PUBLIC PEOPLE.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF LINCOLN, BISMARCK AND OTHERS.

Abraham Lincoln was remarkably keen and quick witted. Kate Roby, a friend of his, tells the following story, showing his proficiency in orthography and his inclination to lend a helping hand: "At an examination the word 'defied' had been given and was misspelled seven times. Abe stood on the other side of the room and was watching me. I said d—e—f—, and hesitated, not knowing whether 'y' or 'i' followed. As I looked up Lincoln was grinning and pointing his finger to his eye. I took the hint and passed the examination."

Prince Bismarck does not approve of the compulsory observance of Sunday in England. When visiting there he commenced whistling on the Sabbath and was solemnly reproved by a native. He immediately set sail for Edinburgh, for, he said, "I did not choose not to be able to whistle when I had a mind to." He also insinuates that Englishmen tamper with the clocks in order to accelerate the passage of time on the Lord's day.

The royal family of England cherish a deep devotion to the canine race. Queen Victoria is especially fond of Spitz dogs, and is usually surrounded by two or three; the Princess of Wales has a predilection for the "griffon" variety. The Queen of Belgium is also a dog worshiper, and has some splendid specimens. King Leopold, however, has a marked personal antipathy to dogs, and does not possess a solitary canine.

General Skobeleff, the famous Russian soldier, was notorious as an instance of how bad and unfilial a son may be. His father was also a general, and a thrifty man, while Skobeleff was a prodigal and a spendthrift. So long as the father was his son's superior in rank, all went well, but when young Skobeleff was promoted over the father's head there came a sad change. Whenever the old gentleman refused his son money, Skobeleff, Jr., threatened to put him under arrest, and occasionally executed his threat. After that he invariably had money.

Madame de Thebes, one of the protegées of Dumas, a celebrated palmist, says that a few months ago Dumas came to her and said: "What do you think of it? My line of life goes no further. Something is sure to happen before long." She said that the line of the head and heart stopped short at a conjunction, foretelling the sudden death of the author, and apoplexy cut short his career. He had the firmest faith in palmistry, and always consulted philosophical divination before embarking upon any new project. He had powerful hands, whose essential characteristics were almost the fac simile of those of Prince Bismarck.

The Marquis of Bute, who has recently been elected to the rectorship of St. Andrews University, in Scotland, is one of the most intensely respectable members of the English aristocracy. He figured as the original of Disraeli's *Lothair*, and was converted to Catholicism by Monsieur Capel in 1871. Lord Bute is no favorite at Court, and the Queen and he have a marked antipathy for each other. Years ago she was cruel to an aunt of his, Lady Flora Hastings, and he has never forgiven her, while she has frowned upon him since his conversion.

Miss Mary Kingsley, daughter of the Reverend Charles Kingsley, author of *Hypatia*, *Westward Ho* etc., has just returned from a long journey through Western Africa. She is a modest, unpretending little woman, and is quite astonished at finding herself famous. In England she is ranked with Livingstone, Stanley, Speke, etc., the greatest of explorers, but in reality stands higher than any of them, because she made her journey alone. She traveled through that part of West Africa from Old Calabar to N'Djole, a most dangerous country inhabited by savage cannibals.

The Duchess of Newcastle, who is an ardent Roman Catholic, is exceedingly desirous of finding husbands and wives for others of her own faith. She is giving a series of evening parties, with a view to bringing the young people together. Thus far she has merely succeeded in securing the detrimentals of both sexes, and prudent mothers think twice before allowing their daughters to go to the ducal entertainments.

Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, the stepmother of General Lew Wallace, author of *Ben Hur*, is a remarkable personage. She is a woman's suffragist and a temperance reformer, and yet a splendid housewife and mother. General Wallace is devoted to her, and on the publication of *Ben Hur* went immediately to ask her opinion of his work. "It is a grand book, my son, but where did you find that most beautiful character, the mother of Ben Hur?" "From you, mother. I thought of you as I wrote every line of it."

THE WHEEL.

THE LATEST ABOUT TIRES, OILS AND REPAIRS.

The latest tire is the invention of two young men who received from a big rubber company $100,000 for their patent. Its object is to give a flat tread, which is accomplished by solid and expansible edges and a flexible center. When deflated the center forms a groove round the wheel, and when expanded the surface is flat. This center is protected by an endless band of rubber, in which is embedded very thin strips of steel.

The new bicycle built by Tiffany, of New York, is composed entirely of silver, except the supporting rods and spokes, which are of steel. The handlebar is of plain silver, with burnished ivory handles. The other silver parts are finely engraved by hand, with repoussé etching of the Louis XVI. style. The sprocket wheel is of plain silver, and the upright rod supporting the heavy leather saddle is of steel, with a silver jacket. The saddle itself is studded with silver nails. The cost of the machine as it stands is $500. A silver lantern is being made to go with it, which will add from $100 to $200 to the price. The completed wheel weighs about twenty-six pounds. This wheel was built to supply a demand for a better and more expensive wheel than can be had on the market at present. There are millions of wheels in use at present, and they are sold so cheaply that the millionaire's groom can ride one as good as his employer's. The continued popularity of wheeling among our wealthiest set is likely to depend on the production of a wheel better than the ordinary.

Devotees of the bicycle will be glad to learn that it has received the hall-mark of respectability. The keeper of the morals of the British matron has adopted it—Mrs. Kendal rides a wheel. Her exploits in Birmingham last week were the talk of that town, and she had several bad falls. She does not don the bloomers, but wears a skirt.

A correspondent in the L. A. W. *Bulletin* presents the following formula as a proper mixture of oil for lamps. Take a bottle which will hold a pint, fill it two-thirds full of the best lard oil, and the balance with head light oil, also add a piece of gum camphor about the size of a small egg, which, being broken in small pieces, easily dissolves. This preparation gives a nice white light, does not char the wick, and will not jolt out. Smoking lamps are about the most annoying things cyclists have to deal with, and there are many reasons to blame for it. Those who have tried many ways of preventing smoking without avail, bore a hole or two in the bottom of the lamp, in order to allow more air to reach the flame.

Englishmen visiting this country are surprised at the condition of our roads. Some of them even go so far as to say that there is not a decent road in the country. Compared with English roads, their assertion is in a great measure true. Every street there, country or city, long or short, which comes under the control of the authorities is either paved, asphalted, or macadamized. Smoothness, hardness, neatness, and durability are its characteristics. Driving along through an English country town, an American is surprised to see gangs of men at work repairing what in America would be looked upon as an elegant piece of road. The least hollow is quickly filled, the least hump levelled, the first stone is carted away. This makes the country a cycler's paradise.

When a wheelman finds that his machine no longer runs with its accustomed facility, notwithstanding frequent lubrications with oil it is well to give the whole wheel an overhauling. This would seem a formidable affair but when understood is quite easy. First a stand must be improvised so that the wheel may be inverted and allowed to rest on handbar and handle. The vital parts of the cycle which are responsible for its running qualities, are the bearings of the wheels, the crank axle, pedals, and the chain. Take out the bearings of the front wheel by loosening the axle nut on the side opposite the adjusting cone, loosen other nuts and slide the wheel out of the frame. When out take off nuts and washers, putting them away from one another in order to prevent confusion in replacing. Lay a wide piece of cloth on the ground, unscrew the bearing cones, letting the balls drop on the cloth. In releasing the rear wheel, after loosening the nuts, slacken the chain by bringing the wheel towards the the sprocket. By throwing a link of the chain outside of a sprocket tooth the chain will be free and can be taken off with the wheel. Unscrew the pedals and take out the bearings by removing the adjusting cone. After the bearings are all free the balls and cones should be soaked in kerosene or coal oil and when free from grit should be thoroughly polished. The ball races should also be thoroughly cleaned before putting the parts together again. The chain should be allowed to remain in oil a day or two as it will cleanse it and greatly improve it. Some riders before putting the parts together, give the bearings a liberal bath in vaseline.

THE ÆOLIAN

The highly accomplished Queen of Italy calls it "the greatest musical invention of the century."

And that Queen of Song, Mme. Melba, says: "I could not understand how an instrument requiring no musical knowledge in the performer could be artistic from a musician's standpoint. I believe no one can understand it unless they do as I did—see it and hear it played."

Queen Victoria and Mrs. Grover Cleveland heard it—and bought it.

You can come and hear it—we invite every lover of music and harmony.

It costs no more than a piano—yet its possibilities are even greater. It is a Grand Parlor Orchestra, partly automatic, but with volume, speed and expression under the control of the player. It is the one and only instrument for those who have music in their souls, though not in their fingers. Come and hear it, no matter whether you can afford to buy it or not.

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28 O'FARRELL STREET
Descriptive Booklets Free.

FOR GRIPPE IT'S A DANDY

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THE MODERN OXYGEN CURE FOR DISEASE

WATSON & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents, 124 MARKET ST.
—SEND FOR CIRCULARS—

PERRIER-JOUET CHAMPAGNE EXTRA DRY "SPECIAL"

Also specially selected stock of Clarets and White Wines on hand.
W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent Pacific Coast
123 California Street

GOLDEN GATE HALL Saturday, Jan. 11, 1896 AT 3:15 P. M.

THREE SONG RECITALS BY—**Andrew Bogart**

Assisted by Mme. Anna Brune, Mrs. Melvin-Dewing, Miss Alma Bergland, Miss Christine Labarague, Sopranı; Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder, Contralto; Mr. J. M Robinson, Baritone; Mr. Frederic Maurer, Miss Constance Jordan, Accompanists; Mr. Ernest Schlott, Mr. Otto Schlott, French Horns.

Single Admission, 50 cents

J. H. DOHRMANN [28 years Organist St. Patrick's Church]
Will take a few Piano or Organ Pupils
In Oakland or San Francisco.
Only pupils willing to practice and anxious to advance desired.
Address care SHERMAN & CLAY, San Francisco

Racing! Racing! Racing!

California Jockey Club

WINTER MEETING
BEGINNING, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26th
BAY DISTRICT TRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Rain or Shine. Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P.M. sharp. McAllister and Geary street cars pass the gate.
R. B. Milroy, Secretary. Thos. H. Williams, Jr., Pres.

BALDWIN THEATRE AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.

Next Week, Monday, January 6th
Every evening, including Sunday, Matinee Saturday
Engagement limited to two weeks
The Distinguished Actress
MARIE WAINWRIGHT
Supported by a well-balanced and efficient company
Presenting for the first week the celebrated success
DAUGHTERS OF EVE
By A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus
A great play. Superbly acted. The dramatic treat of the New Year.
Second Week—The Love Chase, An Unequal Match, As You Like It, Camille.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE AL HAYMAN & CO. INCORP'D PROPS

Next Week—Monday, January 6th
Every evening including Sunday, Matinee Saturday
America's Representative Tragedian
MR. LOUIS JAMES
And his excellent supporting company, including Miss Alma Kruger, Miss Florence Everett, Mr. Wm. Harris, Mr. Guy Lindsley, Mr. Harry Langdon, and others, in the magnificent scenic productions—Monday, Tuesday and Sunday nights and Saturday Matinee, **Virginius**; Wednesday and Thursday nights, **Hamlet**; Friday and Saturday nights, **Macbeth**.
Second week—Marmion, Romeo and Juliet, and Othello

Columbia Theatre.
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Return of the Favorites
The Popular Frawley Company
The most perfect dramatic organization in America. Coming back in better form and stronger than ever
Commencing, Monday evening, January 6th
Presenting Henry C. DeMille's powerful drama
—THE LOST PARADISE—
Entire New Scenery and Costumes
Reserved Seats—15, 25, 50 and 75c.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
This Evening—The Spectacular Mythological Burlesque
IXION
Or, The Man of The Wheel
Next Week, Monday, January 6th
THE SECOND EDITION New Songs New Dances
Seats now on sale
Popular Prices — 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, - Sole Lessee and Manager
This evening at 8
Last performances of **The Runaway Wife**
Monday, January 6th
Tom Craven's World Famous Drama
..THE FUGITIVE..

ORPHEUM
O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Week of Monday, January 6th
More New Attractions to mark the opening of the New Year
MASON & HEALY
DELTORELLO BROS.
DUCROW & BUSH
MANHATTAN COMEDY FOUR
CLIFFORD & HUTH
And Our Great Vaudeville Company
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

GROVER'S ALCAZAR
Success of the season—Our Boarding House
Leonard Grover, Jr. and Leonard Grover, Sr. in their original roles
Matinees, Saturday and Sunday
Monday, January 6, 1896
MY PRECIOUS BABY
Matinee Prices—10, 15 and 25c.
Night Prices—10, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

MR. LESLEY MARTIN
. . PIANIST . .
Rooms 54-55, 14 Grant Avenue

DRAMATIC NOTES.

WHAT THE MUMMERS ARE AT.

Marie Wainwright opens on Monday, the 6th of January, at the Baldwin, and presents an entirely new play, entitled, "The Daughters of Eve," written by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus. Miss Wainwright's company includes some well-known and rather clever people. Among others, Barton Hill, Cecil Magnus, Geoffrey Stein, Hattie Russell, and Julia Ring.

"Ixion," the very successful spectacular performance at the Tivoli, which has been greeted by immense audiences during its second week, will be continued until further notice.

The Frawley Company, to which have been added two very competent members—Miss Kennark and Walter Bellows—since its last visit to this city, will begin a limited engagement at the Columbia, opening January 6th. Several new plays have been added to their repertoire: "Men and Women," Crane's new play "The Westerner," and "Lost Paradise." Strictly popular prices will prevail, 15, 25, 50, and 75 cents.

The California will be occupied by Louis James and his company next week, who will open in "Virginius." Guy Lindley is the leading man, and Miss Alma Kruger, leading lady. Several carloads of scenery and furniture accompany the organization to this Coast. Mr. James's repertory includes "Virginius," "Othello," "Macbeth." "Hamlet," and the new romantic play, "Marmion."

The Orpheum's bills for the last few weeks have been of such excellence that no one could find fault with them, and that of the last week has been no exception. The acrobats, Caron and Herbert and the De Bolien brothers, have been of the best, and no cleverer dialect singers have ever been seen here than Clifford and Huth. The Comedy Four is also a very good number.

The New York *World*, notwithstanding its scathing criticism of Yvette Guilbert's songs, their indecency and immorality, is still compelled to praise her art as Art. It says of her: "Yvette Guilbert is the fad of the hour. She has conquered by the force of her superlative art, by the irresistible fascination of her personality. Her supreme expositions of both expression and suggestion through the mediums of voice, facial play, and gesture, have been recognized and acclaimed. Yvette Guilbert is artistic. Yes. Let that be recorded. But that very fact makes her dangerous. She typifies the terrible prostitution of art, which is the striking feature of contemporary France."

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is to be put on at the St. James Theater, London.

"The Stag Party," a new musical travesty which A. M. Palmer has been at some considerable expense to stage, is pronounced flat, stale, and vulgar. It is almost impossible to believe that Paul Potter, who adapted "Trilby," can have aught to do with this new production, or that Bill Nye shared in its senselessness. Even the critics refuse to consider it seriously, saying that "while some very poor pieces have been known to draw the public, popular taste is improving.

A new musical comedy, "Paradise Alley," will begin a tour early in February.

The latest title applied to Maggie Cline is the "Irish Guilbert."

It is stated that A. M. Palmer will star Wilton Lackaye next season.

Neil Burgess has been playing Abigail Prue in the "County Fair" for many years, but he had a new experience in it recently. At the close of the first act, after closing the house, winding the clock, and raking the fire, he calls the cat: "Pussy, pussy—here, kitty, kitty. Now that cat knows enough to be at home by this time of night." In the play, no cat appears—but on this particular night, lo, the lean and lank stage cat of the Star Theater appeared, popping in through the window. Burgess was equal to the occasion: "Well, pussy," he said, "I've been calling you for over ten years, and it's about time you came home."

The new play at Morosco's, "The Runaway Wife," is full of dramatic situations, and as usual with all productions at this house, was thoroughly well staged. The cast was well drawn, Miss Hall putting more than usual care into her part of Lady Alice, and presenting a very graceful and pathetic ensemble. Fred Butler is constantly springing surprises on the public lately in the way of well acted character parts and did thoroughly well as Eastman. Julia Blanc gave some of her best work as Hester, and Florence Thropp also did very well.

"Our Boarding House" has been seen here several times, and more than once at the Alcazar. It is well acted, and all the absurd situations in it quite well fulfilled by Grover, Jr. Miss Gleason, who is a recent acquisition at this theater, did well as the young widow, and some of Slade Murray's descriptive songs helped to kill time between the acts.

On Monday night, the new play by Henry Arthur Jones, "Michael and His Lost Angel," will be produced by the Empire Stock Company. No inkling of the plot has yet reached the public although it has been for two weeks in active rehearsal.

The accepted oracle which makes genius an infinite capacity for taking pains is not true of dramatic work. The most successful plays which during recent years have been produced either in London or in Paris have literally been written *currente calamo*. For instance, M. de Curel's "L'Amour Brodé" was written in a fortnight. It was enthusiastically received at the Comédie Française, the first theater in the world.

Robert Sherrard tells in the January *Bookman* of the difficulty of penetrating the "ring" of writers for the Parisian stage. It was for the benefit of outsiders that Antoine founded the Théâter Libre; but it is only positive talent that there, even, is accorded immediate recognition. However Antoine is quick, and the case of François Curel proves his intelligence.

Being entirely what is called "an outsider," he did not dare approach Antoine as M. de Curel, and accordingly sent the three plays, each under a different pseudonym, to the Director of the Théâtre Libre, asking in each case for fair consideration to be given to each play. Within three weeks, M. de Curel received at the three different addresses given, addressed to the three different fictitious names, warm letters of acceptance, with invitations to call and arrange for the production of each play. He called and introduced himself successively as M. Untel, M. Chose and M. So-and-so. His three plays were played, one at the Théâtre Libre, one, on M. Antoine's recommendation, at the Variétés, and another, on the same recommendation, at the Theater Français. These pieces were: "L'Envers d'une Sainte," "L'Invitée," and "L'Amour Brodé." Besides the three plays named, M. de Curel, thanks to M. Antoine's influence was able to produce in the same year two other one-act pieces, "Les Fossiles" and "La Figurante."

A gaunt countryman went up to the box-office of the Herald Square Theater and asked, "Is Mrs. Carter in?" "Not at present—anything I can do for you?" said the treasurer. "Well," said the visitor, "I am not feeling very well, and I want to buy a box of her little liver pills."

Alexander Dumas, Jr., frequently disliked his father's friends. One of these, a literary man, said to him, "Look here, my dear friend, when I speak to the author of *The Three Musketeers* I use the familiar 'thou;' but when I address you I must stand on ceremony, and use the second person plural. Don't you think that's nonsense?" "Indeed I do," replied Alexander, "you should say 'you' to papa also."

A queer tale, rather bordering on the supernatural, is told by a nephew of the late Professor Blackie: "One day a well-known doctor was standing under the walls of the Edinburgh Infirmary when he heard a strange voice calling his name. He replied, 'I am coming,' and followed whence the sound proceeded. He had gone but a few steps when down came the wall with a crash. Had he stayed his life would have been forfeited. There was no one in sight or call."

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For the half year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 6-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1896.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

For the half year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six-hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five-hundredths (3-55) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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Dividend on term deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum for the half-year ending December 31, 1895, will be payable, free of taxes, on and after January 2, 1896.

S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

STUFFS AND TRIMMINGS.

Dame Fashion is resting on her laurels just now, and the couturières are chiefly engaged in turning out ball dresses. I am told that some very gorgeous frocks are worn at the cotillion, and shall describe some of them next week. In the meantime here are some smart-looking imported evening dresses which will make their début later:

A toilet of black tulle over black satin. The skirt is trimmed here and there over the tulle with a shower of sky-blue spangles. The corsage is of tulle covered in spangles, and the balloon sleeves reach to the elbow. The belt is of sky-blue satin ribbon, and is closed in front with a choux knot, part of which rises over the corsage. Another handsome gown is of mauve satin. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce of fringed tulle, with a border of satin on each side. The flounce has a heading of satin. On the sides are placed quilles of tulle flounces. The corsage is of mauve tulle, with insertions of narrow satin ribbon. The sleeves are formed of two fringed flounces. On the right side of the bodice is a knot of yellow satin ribbon entwined with green lilac leaves. In the center of the knot is placed a large marguerite. A rose satin gown has a plain, full skirt, and the bodice is of rose-colored velvet, with flowers in dim shades impressed upon it. The front of the waist is bordered with rose-colored tulle edged with silver. The sleeves are also of the velvet. An edging of swansdown descends from the shoulders and trims the sleeves. The belt of velvet falls in front, with long ends edged with silver.

There are some very swell wraps this year, especially in furs. One I liked which had quite a chic air, was of sable with a yoke of sealskin. It was in the form of a cape, with the yoke rising from a high reversible collar, that is a feature of all garments just now. Seal is very generally combined with sable. It is little used for small cols, pelerines, or dress trimmings; for these, sable and gray chinchilla remain the popular furs. I saw an exceedingly dressy wrap the other day, of seal with high flaring collar of chinchilla. The cape reached to the waist and had a slight ruffle on the shoulders of chinchilla, so fashioned that it formed a sort of V-shaped yoke of the seal. It is broad in the back widening at the shoulders, and then narrows at the waist line, descending in long tabs to the end of the skirt.

Another novelty in wraps is a rose-colored velvet cape lined with white satin. There is a broad collar and two broad bands down the front of sable fur. Under the collar is a double bertha of white lace, which narrows and disappears under the fur at the waist line.

The rage for fur trimming is on the increase, and now no garment is considered smart without it. It is, in fact, becoming rather ridiculous, for whole jackets and bodices are made of it, and it now is treated as a regular passementerie, and appears in all sorts of odd devices on the skirt.

The bertha effect for evening dresses is again coming in, and is ever so much more becoming than the fichu. It is so much easier to drape lace on a bodice in this wise, and the lace is simply flounced on without being cut. A lady who possesses a beautiful flounce of point d'Alençon lace had a dinner gown in yellow and pink brocaded silk trimmed with it. The bodice was cut pointed, with a short yoke of embroidered velvet. The bertha is carried about the shoulders, covering the corsage and elbow sleeves.

For dinner gowns black velvet is most popular, and this season is trimmed with real laces and sable fur. The fur of the chinchilla, which had fallen into disuse for a number of years, has again become fashionable and expensive. It is the rival of sable, and is used quite as extensively for trimming reception and evening gowns.

The jacket bodice is the rule for evening dress, and, consequently, large hips are once more desirable. At the Baldwin Ball a number of the girls wore padded and false hips, and in some cases they were put on too high; in others one was larger than the other, giving a rather ludicrous appearance.

I noticed a very pretty tailor-made frock on Kearny Street the other day, of blue serge strapped with silver, and a black Alpine hat, the crown encircled by a deep silver band. Another fetching frock was of deep mauve satin-faced cloth and chinchilla. The skirt was trimmed with Van Dyck points of chinchilla round the hem. The jacket, a Louis Seize, had deep collarette of the fur cut also in points.

Very beautiful are the baby clothes that have been made for the infant of the Countess Castellane. Everything is very sheer, fine, and simple; all the dresses are of French nainsook trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace. There are nearly a hundred slips for morning and night wear, and for each of these there is a cap. The yokes of the morning slips consist of tucks with lace insertion. The christening robe is a most elaborate affair of lace and embroidery. The cloak to be worn over this is of white cloth embroidered in seed pearls, and lined with swansdown.

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TWO SONGS.

BY FRANCES NICHOLSON.

I. OPHELIA.

Oh, tender night!
Lay thy head on my lap and dull me
With deep-drugged breath
Of sweet-lipped violet,
Or heavy woodbine wreath,
That I may soon forget
How hope no more may lull me
To dreams of light.

Oh, pitying earth!
Bid thy wandering streamle's tell me
Some place of rest
'Neath sedgy banks that yet
With yellow buds are drest,
That I may soon forget
Such sorrow erst befell me
In true love's dearth.

II. BEFORE THE DAWN.

In the weird stillness, just before the dawn,
Low sang the waves, like murmuring tones that bless,
Along the far, dim shore, by cape and ness,
And furtive winds blew soft across the lawn,
Touching with spirit-lips in faint caress
The virgin-lilies, white and motionless,
In the weird stillness, just before the dawn.

Was it a dream, or did you really come
'Twixt the wan glimmer of my casement, where
The sweet wind followed you? Did I not hear
Your low voice, passion-thrilled, I, speechless, dumb?
While in the tender gloom, near and more near,
Your fond lips drew to mine and rested there—
Was it a rapturous dream, or did you come?

—*The Yellow Book.*

AN ORCHARD LANE.

An orchard lane, white branches overhead,
Green turf beneath, yielding to every tread,
On either side, knarled trunks in reeling row.
And fragrance everywhere from winds that blow
Now here, now there. The world was dead,
And we were walking down a path that led
We knew not where. No single word we said,
Walking beneath white branches, bending low,
An orchard lane.

Upon her head the apple blossoms shed
A storm of petals, and I thought I read
In her sweet face a budding thought, to grow,
Perchance, when summer's ripening suns should glow,
To perfect love. What barren dreams bespread
An orchard lane!

—*Apples of Istakhar, by William Lindsey.*

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They now extend an invitation to the public to call and inspect the operation of discharging and refilling. This operation can be witnessed any evening, commencing at 10 o'clock, and for which no charge will be made by the Company.

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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STORYETTES.

A friend asked Baron Rothschild to advise him regarding a couple of financial transactions, one of which offered a very large rate of interest, the other a much smaller one. "Well," said the Baron, after reflecting a moment, "it is all a question of preference. If you would dine well accept the first, but if you would sleep well I'd certainly advise the second."

A well-known member of the House of Commons has a little daughter with a keen eye to the main chance. One morning he called her to him and said, "My dear, a man offered me this room full of gold if I would sell him your little brother. If I sell him I can buy you everything in this world you want. Shall I do it?" "No, papa," said the child; "keep him till he's bigger. He will be worth more then."

Numés, of the Gaieté Theater in Paris, played a trick on Roumain, a fellow actor, the other evening. It appears that in one of the scenes, Roumain, after standing a while in dumb despair, with his hands before his eyes, suddenly turns toward the audience showing a haggard, pallid face. To produce the pallor, Roumain carried a quantity of white face powder in his pocket, which he rubbed on the palms of his hands when the time arrived. Numés removed the powder, substituting charcoal dust. The result can be imagined. Roumain is vowing vengeance.

Edgar Pemberton, in his reminiscences of John Hare, says that a Scotchman once complained of Hare's rapacity in advancing prices. One night this canny gentleman came with his wife to the door of the pit, and found that the entrance fee was eighteen pence instead of the usual shilling. "Of course you did not go in," said the friend to whom this confidence was made. "Oh, yes, I went in," he replied, "but I sent my wife home, and so, through Mr. Hare's greed, put saxpence in my pocket."

Pemberton tells the following anecdote illustrating the thriftlessness of Ward, the original Baradas in "Richelieu." One night Ward met Elton on Wellington Street, in London, and, rushing up to him, said "Dear boy, I am penniless. I haven't had a bite for three days." Elton, who was rather out of funds, gave him his second half-sovereign. Ward pocketed it with a "thanks," and hailing a passing cab, drove off.

Cardinal Bonaparte, who died recently, was a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, and an idealized likeness of Napoleon—a Napoleon purified of his dross through the fires of purgatory. He was a very charitable man, and spent a fortune on the poor. During one of his illnesses a servant came to him remarking that a poor person at the door required alms. "Give him what money you will find in my purse," said the Cardinal.

"There is no money, Eminence."

"Well, then, give him a silver spoon."

"The silver spoons are all given away. We have now only spoons of Britannic metal," replied the servant.

Some years ago a German bishop urged Pope Leo XIII to grant him certain privileges. "I should like to please you," said the Pope, "but fear it is impossible." Again the bishop urged his request. "It is against the canonical law," said Leo XIII, mildly. The Bishop was dissatisfied and the Pope smilingly remarked, "There is only one thing left for you to do." "And that is?" said the Bishop, eagerly. "Go to America. There the Bishops are more privileged than the Pope himself."

The late Sir Henry Ponsonby, Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, was pastmaster of the art of evading indiscreet questions. An enterprising German journalist who was desirous of seeing the Indian or Durbar room, tackled Sir Henry on the Queen's intentions with regard to the marriage of one of her grandchildren. "Is it true that Princess Maud is going to marry Prince Charles?" asked the correspondent. "I have not seen the engagement announced," quietly remarked Sir Henry. "But I have heard it on excellent authority," said the German. "Ah! then you have no need of further information on the subject," said the Secretary, with crushing civility.

Sir William Harcourt is an enormously large man. Recently, while staying at the seaside, he visited a warship that was lying on the Hampshire Coast, and, after dinner, the weather proving rough, decided to remain on board. The captain, a very small man, gave up his cabin to Sir William. Next morning the sailor-servant who brought the captain his usual cup of coffee, not knowing of the change, knocked at Sir William's door. On receiving no reply he opened it, popped in his head and asked, "Don't you want your coffee this morning, sir?" The only reply was a growl, and the terrified sailor beheld a gigantic figure turning over under the bedclothes. He dropped the coffee, and rushed to the surgeon exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, sir, go to the captain at once. He is speechless, and swollen to ten times his natural size."

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ON TWO SIDES OF A LINE.

There is a natural delicacy in discussion of questions involving at the same time morals and sectarian beliefs—a feeling that we may be unwittingly treading on dangerous ground; that offense may be given, though no offense is intended. There is a respect for the sincere and consistent advocate of churchly dogmas even on the part of people who stand aloof from active support, but this cannot be permitted to hamper the consideration of truth or the sweeping aside of tradition. A line has been drawn between the people of the "church" and of the "world." It was drawn by the former. This line is vanishing. It is being eradicated by the trampling of feet. Are they the feet of those who deem it their right to be on one side of the line six days of the week, and on the other the seventh? If the line were being trampled out by a procession indicating that the world was growing better, all would be glad of the obliteration.

Worldly people recognize that there is no better rule than the Golden Rule. Its worth is acknowledged by those who, in their selfishness, never dream of being guided by it, who deplore, perhaps, the lack of strength of character such as would permit them to follow it. But even to these the exposure of hypocrisy on the part of others whom they supposed to stand on a loftier moral plane than themselves, comes as a shock. Only the coarsest nature can rejoice in the downfall of an individual, and there are individuals representing an ideal. Such an individual is the preacher, and such another is the member of his flock, who is esteemed as devoid of pretense. But, to-day, the precepts spoken from the pulpit do not carry the weight that once they carried. The preacher of modern times does not hesitate to take a political stand, to thunder imprecations against what he understands to be wrong in the administration of law, to single out officials and excoriate them. Mayhap he votes as he talks, but the people who listen do not, else the effect would be visible and mighty. The listeners may have slipped across the line only for the few hours that they wore Sunday garb.

Readers of current records must realize with sadness that membership in a church can no longer be accepted as a warrant of good character. Indeed, many crimes, particularly those based upon breach of trust, have been consummated under the ample drapery of religion's cloak. But every time a confidence is thus betrayed, a fresh pebble has been put in the sling of the scoffer, and every time, the hearts of thoughtful men have been saddened. When an idol lies in fragments, they observe the clay. The fact cannot be evaded that scandal racks one of the principal congregations of this city. Probably, and it is better so, the full details will never be known, despite the efforts of the daily press to tear away every vestige of concealment. Yet, enough has been brought to light to blight budding faith, which, after all, has human limitations, and, within and without the church, to cause sorrow and regret. In communications hazily shrouding a wicked and sinister purpose, the brood of ill-omened women concerned employed terms only adapted to sacred uses, terms taken from holy writ, borrowed from the lips of apostles. Nothing could well be more blasphemous than the verbiage with which they clothed their evil intent. The healthy mind withdraws in disgust from contemplation of their complacent iniquity, yet cannot forget that their unctions and prayerful fervor was a token of an environment where all is expected to be pure and elevating and good. It is not ours to speak of the guilt or innocence of those yet in the balance, but a blow has been struck. Idly will the minister thunder against vice, when the plots of the vicious are conceived among his most vociferous followers and have their birth and abiding place in the sanctuary.

If ministers expect to keep the dividing line distinct, they must see to it that the morals on one side are better than on the other. If they choose to enter into general public life they must consent to be measured by the common standard, and not, when accused, take refuge behind the cloth of their honored profession. When they denounce existing laws, can they suggest better? When they say officials are untrustworthy, can they from the ranks to whom they administer furnish those above reproach? When they assail amusements deemed innocent by others, can they name substitutes? And when they shudder at the sin in the world, can they be certain that the vilest sinner of all is not the one who listens with apparent reverence and loudest cries "Amen"? These are questions, not asked in the spirit of reproach, but because circumstances suggest them, and because in justice to persons on either side of this line that grows fainter an answer is due.

THE ADVANCE OF WOMEN.

Petitions for equal suffrage are being circulated among the voters of California, praying the California State Nominating Conventions of this year to incorporate in their party platforms a resolution favoring the amendment of Section I, Article II. of the State Constitution, so that the suffrage shall be extended to women. The petitions are being generally signed by the intelligent, though they do not command favor among the frequenters of barrooms, or in the class of conservatives who wish that the dashed railroads were done away with and that we got back to stage coaches again.

The year 1895 was a year of progress for women all along the line. There are now nearly four hundred colleges which confer degrees on women. The New York Medical College graduated last year one of the largest classes in its history, and the University Woman's Law School the largest in its history. The same remark may be made of the Woman's Medical and Dental Schools at Philadelphia. There are now some seven or eight hundred associations of alumnæ, which not only promote good scholarship, but help along poor students. Many women have made a success as authors, composers, and journalists. True, no woman rose in 1895 to the forefront rank of genius, but neither did any man. So many patents were taken out last year by women that an association of women inventors has been formed. Enormous crowds of women attended the Suffrage Association at Atlanta, Ga., the triennial meeting of the National Council at Washington, the Pacific Coast Women's Congress, the Mississippi Women's Congress, and several State Congresses. The demand for female suffrage, which was granted three years ago in Colorado, has been successful in New Zealand and has been conceded in Utah. It failed in Massachusetts, New York, and South Carolina, but the defeat was so close that it presages an early victory. The work for social purity accomplished by women in the great cities of the East has been prodigious and its results surprising. On the whole, the women are entitled to class 1895 as a banner year.

In many respects, women have improved upon their old-fashioned methods. It seems to be breaking upon their minds that their objects can only be gained by winning over the men to their side. Now men are such cursed sons of Belial that they are much more easily won by girls with smiling faces, and sweet voices, and rounded, graceful forms, than by women with corkscrew curls, and screechy voices, and red noses, and figures which look as if they had been built by the mile, and cut off in lengths to suit. There is a disposition to relegate the time-honored woman's rights oratress to the rear, and to bring forward ladies to whom no man with a heart in his bosom would be brute enough to deny anything she asked. That is good politics. There are bright, intelligent girls, even among those who dance the cotillion; if the petitions to the conventions be placed in their hands they will get ten signatures for one which will be secured by a gaunt female with thunders on her brow and a knife in her boot.

It is so vital—not for women only, but for Society at large—that woman should be placed in the position which she is entitled to occupy, that a loyal ally of the Women's movement must be permitted to express any doubts which he may feel regarding the wisdom of the procedure of its leaders. There is a marked disposition among many of the Associations of females to ally themselves with the churches. That appears to be a mistake. There is no connection between the elevation of women to the level of men and the salvation of the human soul. Religion is one thing; sexual equality is another. As a matter of fact, the churches have generally opposed women's rights. Women handicap themselves when they undertake to carry a church as well as a cause on their shoulders. They should let the churches take care of themselves. They are numerous enough, and the preachers are strong enough to fight their own battles. It will be time enough for women to draw the bodkin in their defense when some church has admitted the equality of women and men; that, even the Methodists refuse to do, to say nothing of the Catholics, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians; the only church in which women seem to run things is the one in which Doctor Brown lately officiated.

The same remark will apply to Women's Temperance associations. Every one admits that temperance is a good thing, and that the promotion of it should be encouraged by men and women alike. But the business in hand just now is not the promotion of temperance, but the recognition by men of the great truth that women should not be dis-

criminated against by reason of their sex. The whisky bottle is a bad thing, no doubt, but if women spend their energies in trying to break it, they may find, when they contemplate the fragments, that they have not accomplished much toward removing their own disabilities. One thing at a time, ladies.

Every reform must be fought on an issue, and the issue of suffrage will serve as well as any other. But ladies may as well understand now as later that the grant of the suffrage is only an entering wedge, and cannot be viewed as a finality in the great struggle of women for sexual equality. It has not been found that the condition of women in Colorado and New Zealand has been much improved by their acquisition of votes. What women want is independence—that is to say, financial independence of men. They can never be the equals of men so long as every dollar they spend comes to them from a man. So long as they have to beg from father or husband for a few coins to fill their purse, they will be slaves, bound to obey—and this though they voted early and often on election day, while the males in the family only voted once. Power goes with the purse. The woman who earns her own living is her own mistress, whether she votes or not. She has solved the problem of woman's rights. The ladies of California who are now preparing petitions to the nominating conventions, might, perhaps, accomplish their object more surely if they concentrated their energies on securing employment for every adult female in the State.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND.

There is no exact precedent by which England may be judged. Its future must be conjectured and the conjecture can only be based on the logic of human events. The history of the country is one of magnificent achievement. It can boast, and does, that the sun never sets on its possessions. It can glory in its title of Mistress of the Seas, for when it asserts the title none makes denial. Yet to-day England is without a friend. It is like the miser who has exacted toll from all, whose treasure chests are bursting, and who stands poised for a blow at the prospect of being looted. In the English blood there is nothing of the craven. There is no fear in the emergency. England has been aggressive, brutal, domineering, but it has never bred cowards. The nation is like the individual Englishman. In debating any national matter, he starts from the premise that England is always right and from this no amount of argument can shake him. Britain has a supreme confidence in itself.

There is much that is wonderful in English attainment, much that is admirable. The nation has ever reached out for territory and secured it, has touched distant lands, and their people have bowed in subjection. The English flag has been an ample and ready protection, for the country has always stood for what it considered the rights of its wards. That the enforcement of these rights has meant bitter wrong to others has been reckoned as nothing. It had its ships and its guns; and it had its way. It acquired vast domains in India and Africa and America. It absorbed the islands. But withal it made enemies, and its wards are ungrateful. They resent a guardianship that was unsought. So it is that to-day England stands alone, a splendid giant at bay sweeping the horizon with defiant eye, but seeing in every quarter a possible foe. It utters a sound of almost jubilant challenge but the close listener can detect beneath the ringing shout the note of a despair.

As all things are mutable, the British Empire cannot expect to stand forever. Sooner or later it must go down. It has reached the probable zenith of its power. If it can long sustain its position at this height its resources are greater than men know. For what is England? A dot on the map. With Ireland, Scotland, and Wales it could be placed in the center of Texas, one of forty-six States of the American Union, and then the border around it would contain an area far greater than the enclosed kingdom. But while America has been attending to its internal development, England has been developing outside its meager bounds. It has been extending its tentacles to the ends of the earth. Where it has found a land untenanted, it has claimed it; where it has found a weak people it has dispossessed them, set rulers over them, and demanded tribute. The primary result has been that its flag flies in every clime, that it has colonies each in extent far greater than itself. It has nations under unwilling control, and that it can keep them under control for an indefinite period, while other powers jealously watch, and while the colonies grow to an extent impossible to the parent, is a proposition beyond human belief. Rivals view with ill-concealed indignation every attempt to extend jurisdiction; and can a Canada that could swallow up the Empire a hundred times over, an Australia, in the fastnesses of which it could be lost again and again, ever remain in the lowly condition of dependencies? It must be remembered that these outposts are capable of incalculable growth. Except for a denser crowding of its hordes England has reached the limit; yet England assumes not only to dictate to its remote adjuncts; it would mould the policy of the world, fashion the diplomacy of other mighty nations, and dominate in finance, because it early took the role of the universal pawnbroker. There must be an end. It will come in the fullness of time. Perhaps the season has not yet arrived for the dictator to be unthroned, but the throne totters. With any one nation England could cope; with the nations all against her she would be helpless, and in the case of actual war one by one her colonies would be lopped from her by their own weight, a mere examplification of a recognized law in organic progress.

It would seem to behoove English statesmen to drop, in a measure, the arrogance that has characterized them, and recognize the truth that their great country is not the only great country, and that the day when the rule of their little island shall be recognized as something to be accepted without question is rapidly passing. If England is sincere in its clamor for war here and war there, it is clamoring for an impetus towards its own extinction.

THE FUNDING BILL.

Nonsense is one thing, idiocy another, and downright and intentional misrepresentation is still another. All of these factors, however, stand out prominently in the discussion of the plan to fund the railway debt. Obscure town trustees and bucolic mayors are invited to appear in print, and voice their hasty and ill-conceived conclusions upon a subject which requires the financial ability of a Hamilton, and the wisdom of a Plato to satisfactorily adjust and determine. The fact that they are ignorant of the barest details of the true situation cuts no figure with them. They understand what the newspapers want, and, mistaking the howl of penniless politicians, discharged railway employees, and greedy and envious knaves and socialists, for public opinion, they walk into the trap, and help to serve the ends of those who would blackmail the corporation into purchasing their silence. It is noticeable that whenever a discussion arises in California in which the railways are in the least involved, it is never considered that one may regard the subject under discussion from a fair and impartial point of view. Let any one, be he journalist or public man, express an opinion merely suggesting an investigation, and a fair determination upon the facts elicted, and the professional railroad-hater at once proceeds with vigorous haste to defame the author of such a beneficent method, to classify him as a railway hireling, and discredit in every imaginable way his utterances and his motives. As a matter of tactics, this method of procedure might answer in a ward club, but in solving a subject involving tens of millions of dollars, and, to a great extent, the future of the commercial, manufacturing, and fruit-raising industries of this State, it might be just as well to inject into the discussion of it a little common sense.

Our views on this question have been pretty well foreshadowed in articles preceding this. We have laid THE WAVE open to the attack of being a railway organ. It is not, within our knowledge, the custom of railway organs to print arguments against the railway side. We have offered to do this. We have heretofore personally tendered the use of these columns to gentlemen who were prominent in the anti-funding movement, and have expressed our willingness to print whatever arguments they might have to offer upon their side of the controversy. If there is any other sane, logical, reasonable side to this question, we would like to know it. We challenge any one of the Mayors, or the town Trustees who have telegraphed their views to the *Examiner*, to send us the argument which ought to be back of their expressed conclusions. They cannot do it; and, in not doing so, must admit that they have followed like sheep in answer to the old bell weather. They must admit that passion, prejudice, hatred, envy, and greed, actuate the promoters of this movement. We challenge any one of these gentlemen, or the *Examiner* itself, to take the negative of the proposition—that the true interests of the United States, and the State of California, demand that the Government refund the railway debt upon a fair, practical, and equitable basis. In so far as the bills now before Congress, we have no knowledge, but are willing to entrust their examination to the representatives elected by the several States. As an abstract proposition on the mere question of refunding the debt, every one having a knowledge of the truth and the interests of the State at heart must decide against the foreclosure. Socialists, of course, are anxious to secure to the Government all railroads and public utilities; and, in the present movement, they are among the noisest; slyly concealing, of course, the socialistic side of their clamor.

Take the memorial to Congress, which pretends to emanate from a Committee of Fifty, as best representing the contentions of the anti-funding advocates. It says:

> Our opposition to such schemes is not prompted by hostility to the debtors, but by consideration of the highest public importance.

This certainly is meant either as a joke or a deliberate lie. If Mr. Sutro, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Bassett, Mr. Davie, and the rest of these agitators, ex-railway employees, and the like, are not prompted by hostility to the Railway Company, what in God's name does prompt them and has prompted them to attack, cripple, and attempt to destroy this same institution over a series of years beyond which the memory of man runneth not?

The first ground upon which they base their objection to the Funding Bill is as follows:

> It is shown in the report of the Pacific Railway Commission that all the visible means and assets of these companies have been wrongfully appropriated to their own use by the original stockholders and managers.

We stamp the statement as another falsehood, incapable of proof. Whatever of dividends have been paid upon the Central Pacific stock has been in the broad, open light of day, with the full knowledge of Congress, and only after performing the obligations to the Government demanded by the contract. The memorial, continuing, says:

> The Corporation will have no means from which to pay the debt in question, except their capacity to earn money by transportation.
>
> The freights they carry Eastward consist of the products of our soil seeking a market abroad in competition with like commodities produced elsewhere.

This is the truth. The Pacific Railways carry Eastward the products of our soil and place them among sixty millions of people east of the Rocky Mountains in competition with the farmer there, who has heretofore dominated the markets of the East; and, before the fruit-raiser of California joins in the hue-and-cry for Government ownership of the transcontinental railroads, it might be well for him to consider whether or not the farmer of the East would vote to keep these rates low enough to permit the showier and more salable California fruit to come in competition with the products of the New England farm. Inevitably the sixty millions of people East would govern the operation of the road for the benefit of themselves, and against the interest of the two millions west of the Rocky Mountains.

Again, the memorial says:

> Those freights carried westward are Eastern or European products [They are *manufactured articles. "Products" is misleading*]. purchased in the same general markets for consumption here.

And here, may we direct the attention of our home manufacturers to the possible result of Government ownership upon our struggling local industries. It is distinctly to the interest of the home manufacturer to have rates maintained upon an article which he manufactures; and, similarly, is it to the interest of the laboring man, employed in local manufacturing, to have these rates maintained; else, as a consequence of the low wages and cheaper cost of production prevailing in the East, our local manufacturers would be obliterated from the face of the earth.

There is a specification in the memorial which runs to the misappropriation of funds provided by the Government for the building of these roads, but which it is claimed were converted to the use of Messrs. Stanford and associates. It would seem as though this old lie had been controverted so often that it would never be repeated. It has been variously estimated that the directors of the Central Pacific Railroad have made from one hundred to two hundred millions of dollars through the misappropriation of the money of the Government. It is impossible to discover what process of reasoning one could employ to come to the conclusion that the directors built the road, paid for it, and saved the sum of one hundred million dollars out of the twenty-seven million in depreciated bonds received from the United States. The report of the Commission on the cost of construction, to which the memorial so boastfully refers, gives the lie to this assertion.

Take the fifth clause of the memorial as another sample. It says:

All of the Southern Pacific Railroad south of Gilroy and Alcalde, belongs equitably to the Central Pacific Company. It was built distinctly with the credit of that Company, diverted by unfaithful directors to the construction of a rival road.

The California railroad managers have been, time and again, roundly abused for this "construction of a rival road." It has been referred to as a breach of faith that they constructed a line of railway paralleling the Central Pacific, as such construction impaired the value of the latter line. If this be a crime, and if it be true that the value of the pioneer line was thereby depreciated, what shall we say of Congress, who, taking advantage of its position, to the detriment of its creditor, not only incorporated and chartered two other competing lines of railway, but chartered the Texas & Pacific line which was intended to traverse the same territory now covered by the Southern Pacific line? If the construction of the Southern Pacific, and its ownership in the hands of the same men who owned and controlled the Central Pacific, was a detriment to that line, what would have been the construction and ownership of the identical line in the hands of men hostile to every interest of the Central Pacific?

With that slyness which misrepresents the truth and yet conveys facts, the memorial says:

> The United States advanced for the construction of the roads, in principal and interest which it has paid, is paying, and will pay up to maturity, in all $178,884,249.

Stated in this shape, it would appear that this amount had been advanced for the construction of the roads purely and simply. This is not true, and is a misleading statement. The memorial then says:

> The Government then donated over twenty-six millions of acres of land, worth at government prices over $65,000,000.

Over a quarter of a century has elapsed since this land was conferred on the corporation; but to-day, millions of acres to which it is justly entitled, and for which it has made application, in violation of the Government's sacred obligation, stands not only unpatented but *unsurveyed*. It is a historical fact and is embodied in the records before Congress that the Government did not observe a single obligation that was imposed upon it, according to the letter of the statute.

There is more to this question than mere buncombe, abuse, villification, and fault-finding. There is a grave and serious question here; and the citizen who rushes into print without giving the subject careful and deliberate study, without first mastering the facts and figures that it must take time and research to attain, simply writes himself down an ass.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The syndicate and its agents who, in 1894, negotiated a loan of $162,500,000 on the credit of the United States without an Act of Congress, therefor have again, by their machinations, imposed another loan, with its accompanying $100,000,000, of thirty-year gold bonds, under pretense of maintaining a reserve gold coin fund, for which no Act of Congress does now or ever did exist. The imaginary gold reserve fund is a device of the financial conspirators to establish gold monometallism; to enrich the class which designed it by fraudulently obtaining thereby gold coin bonds extending over a long term of years; for interest profit as well as for national banking profit; for substituting paper credit in place of coin, in the commercial and other business affairs of life; for especially depreciating silver coin in order to enhance the value of gold coin; for expelling silver coin from circulation to the extent of the paper substitutes, and for further neutralizing it by contracts for payment of the public debt in gold coin.

The United States are debtors for more than a billion of dollars, all of which Cleveland and Carlisle assume is payable in gold coin only. The demand for gold coin to pay this debt, which, by the statute, is payable in money of the United States, will make the productive classes indefinitely tributary to the syndicates. The United States receive their revenue from the various forms of taxation in paper and in silver which has been depreciated by unconstitutional legislation and by the action of the Executive Department. So long as the Executive Department is in collusion with the banking syndicate to plunder the people by paying the public debt with gold coin only, and with no other source than the banks from which to obtain gold coin, just so long will their periodical depletion of the treasury for bonds and extortionate profits continue. The vilest feature of the fraud is that the official theft is not done under even a color of law.

There is no Act which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to advertise for sealed proposals for a loan to the United States of specific gold coin only, nor can he lawfully reject a bid when the purchaser offers money of the United States in payment thereof. There is no Act of Congress authorizing the Secretary to advertise for proposals for a loan of any definite sum of money at any rate of interest, or for any specified period of time, and, therefore, every act of his, pursuant to such advertisement, is without authority of law, and void. The power to borrow money on the credit of the United States is vested by the Constitution in Congress, and Congress must by an Act provide for the amount of the loan, the rate of interest, the terms of payment, and whatever else is essential to the contract. A loan otherwise obtained on the credit of the United States, is void. Hence it is manifest that the loan of $162,500,000, obtained on the credit of the United States is, and the $100,000,000 now advertised for by the Secretary of the Treasury, will be as unlawful as if the janitor of the Treasury building had advertised for proposals, and made those contracts on the credit of the United States.

No one conversant with the proceedings of the convention which framed the Constitution will contend that the re-issued greenbacks have any greater validity than the Confederate notes. The only apology that can be offered for their original emission in violation of the denial to Congress of the power to emit them, is that they were emitted during war and that the unconstitutional act had the sanction of the legal maxim *inter armes silent leges*. The Supreme Court, however, has decided that such bills cannot be lawfully emitted in time of peace, and to evade that decision, the bills were made re-issuable after payment. The re-issue was in effect, a new issue, but the conspirators knew that a shadow of legality would serve to deceive the people and conceal their purpose to use them for plundering the treasury. In this they were not mistaken. The people had no representation but the parties who legislated were kept to the trough by the cohesive power of public plunder.

The Act of 1875, passed soon after silver coin was demonetized and for the resumption of specie payments in gold coin, was a device to withdraw the greenbacks from circulation for redemption in gold coin; to substitute national bank notes amounting to $35,304,057 therefor (which was done), and to issue bonds amounting to $346,681,016 for redemption and cancellation of the remaining outstanding notes. From the close of the war until the passage of that Act, no citizen of the United States not engaged in banking ever questioned the credit of the United States, or demanded urgency of redemption of the bills, or distrusted the integrity of the United States, or their ability to meet any and all of their obligations.

The object of the Act was not, then, to maintain the credit of the United States, but to get the $346,681,016 of greenbacks transformed into interest-bearing bonds, the Act providing that the Secretary of the Treasury should issue bonds to obtain coin for their redemption and retirement. The conspirators who were bent on augmenting their wealth, having obtained possession of the $346,681,016 of outstanding notes, the Secretary of the Treasury issued bonds amounting to $495,500,000, one year in advance of the time authorized by the Act of 1875, for the redemption of the notes, and this fraud having succeeded, an Act was passed prohibiting the further withdrawal and cancellation of the notes, and providing for their reissue after payment. By this jugglery the endless chain with the attachments of the syndicates was put in operation, and whenever they concluded that the occasion was favorable for urging the corrupt Executive department to an issue of more bonds, they relieved the Treasury of its fraudulent gold coin reserve, which was useless to the United States, but of untold value to its designers. Not satisfied with the inordinate profits obtained by collusion with the Executive department, in placing the funds on the market, and with their interest value, they also demand that that interest shall be paid them for thirty years, and thus it is that through the agency of the servants whom they had elected and paid to defend them, the powers delegated by the Constitution for the welfare of the people have been employed for their spoliation. Through this vile conspiracy the productive classes of the United States, and the coming generations have been made bondsmen, not of a heroic conqueror, but of a class whose vocation excited to violence the founder and teacher of christianity.

The people were at length aroused from their more than Beotian stupidity, but their enemy determined that there should be no cessation of loans until English gold monometallism had been substituted for the constitutional monetary system of the United States. They have, therefore, resorted to the trick of flattering them by offering to let them become the purchasers of their own bondage and degradation. Hence, those who have heretofore opposed the fraudulent increase of the public debt, merely to gorge the coffers of the money-changers, are now to be made participants in compassing their slavery by the very method they had denounced. Does not everyone above the grade of an idiot know that the bonds which the people purchase to-day will, to-morrow, or at some other day in the not remote future, inevitably come into possession of the money-power through some of the inexhaustible expedients in which that pernicious class is so fertile? Who shall be the purchasers of the bonds, whether the thieving syndicates which have planned the scheme, or whether individual bankers, capitalists, or speculators shall secure them, is not the burning question, but what reasonable, lawful, or actual need has there been since the close of the war for the loan of a single dollar or the issue of one single bond to maintain the credit of the most numerous, the most thriving, the most energetic, the most skillful, the most wealthy, and the most industry-creative of the civilized peoples of the earth? It would require the audacity of Sherman, Cleveland, and Carlisle, that trinity of discredited and thoroughly detested small politicians, to attempt to assign a reason for the pernicious methods which have been resorted to under pretense of maintaining a credit more unquestionable than that of any other nation.

It can never be too strongly impressed upon the producers of wealth that the change of method for procuring bonds is only a fraudulent device to which Cleveland and Carlisle have been driven to enforce gold monometallism by a further loan of money and issue of bonds. They know that every bond issued lengthens the road to be traversed in returning to the currency of the Constitution and they are aware that failure with them is political annihilation.

The office-holders of both parties, finding themselves in possession of the treasury and of the means of taxation, have transferred the surplus wealth of the productive class to that of the class which always has and always will be the beneficiary of crooked legislation. The majority of the people, however, is patriotic and virtuous; it is opposed to the foreign monetary system of gold monometallism; it is opposed to the factitious and fraudulent scheme of plunder known as the gold reserve fund, and is opposed to borrowing money on the credit of the United States for its further maintenance.

Under a constitutional administration of the United States, there has never been an hour during thirty-five years when they would have needed a dollar derived from any source but lawful taxation. That the people are opposed to the further enrichment of the robber classes by purchased legislation and increased bond debt is evident from the fact that, at every election since the last quadrennial, they have given the most indubitable proof of their hostility thereto by withdrawing their confidence from the party which they had honored with an election.

These manifestations of disfavor were almost exclusively due to the incapacity and cowardice of the party in not impeaching the President and Secretary for their unconstitutional act in borrowing money on the credit of the United States, and for the insult offered the people by their defiance of Congress in clandestinely negotiating a loan after it had refused to pass an Act for that purpose.

When the President first announced the power of Congress to borrow money on the credit of the United States, THE WAVE demonstrated the unconstitutionality of the Act, and, subsequently, when he defied Congress because of its refusal to exercise that power at his solicitation, THE WAVE insisted upon his impeachment for the atrocious insult and outrage, and predicted the political abandonment which would follow should Congress not depose the insolent dictator. Now that he and his tool have again assumed the power of borrowing money on the credit of the United States, and carried their persistent violation of the Constitution beyond the bounds of endurance by forestalling the action of Congress (which was providing by law for a loan), and advertising without a shadow of constitutional power for the purchase of $100,000,000 of United States four-per cent coupon or registered bonds, payable in thirty years, it remains to be seen whether the Republican party will follow the path of duty by an act of impeachment, or await in its turn indefinite political exile.

THE FAILURE OF DON FRANCISCO.

BY "BUCKEY" O'NEIL.

There is a railroad that runs through Southern Arizona from Tucson to Yuma, where in summer the heat is like the flames of a furnace. So hot is it, that in early days more than once Indians killed by white men have been hung by their necks to trees, to jump and dance in each passing breeze, until the rope broke for as the years passed the bodies would become dry and light like desiccated meat. A body that has been buried there for years can be recognized, so dry and light is the climate. Years ago, when this road was first surveyed, there came from the East as one of the engineers, a young, light-hearted fellow, with laughing blue eyes, and a face that made women forget themselves. His name was Charley Clark. It was he who ran the preliminary survey of this railroad. He did not run it through the entire distance. He ran it from Tucson west to near El Rancho del Carmen. Then another man took up his work and finished it. El Rancho del Carmen still stands with its brown adobe walls, as it stood in those days when Don Francisco Peralta was its master. A rich man was Don Francisco in his life, for he is dead now and puts no store by gold. In his day his ranges swept so far away on either side that you might travel for many miles without passing their limits, while the cattle that bore his brand grazed over untold leagues. After all, what is even such wealth when you come to women. But, here, too, was Don Francisco fortunate, for when his hand was almost trembling with age he had plucked for himself the fairest woman in Sonora. Men still tell of her beauty. Many had in vain sought her love before Don Francisco had come and asked her hand from her father, to receive it as matter of right, for Don Francisco with his wealth was not a man to be lightly refused as a son-in-law, even if he had grandchildren older than the girl whose hand he asked.

With such good fortune Don Francisco should have been happy. And so he was, until Charley Clark came, singing his merry airs as he figured out his levels.

A very handsome, dashing fellow was Charley, with only one anxiety—that the weekly mail should arrive regularly, and with a square envelope addressed to him in a woman's hand. When that came he would open it, and after reading it once he would read it again, and if no one was near he would kiss the pages once or twice or even more, and then place them, with the dry flowers they always contained, in the pocket of his flannel shirt—that pocket that is right over the heart.

After that, the happiest man in camp was Charley Clark until the survey led him to El Rancho del Carmen. There he met Dona Mercedes, wife of Don Francisco Peralta. After that he began to care little for anything, even the weekly mail, except being with her. Few Northern men are icebergs when they first meet the women in whose eyes burn the fires of untold generations born under southern suns, and Charley Clark was not one of them. When he had first seen Dona Mercedes he thought he had never seen a woman so beautiful. He never tired of feasting on the ivory-white neck that seemed so dazzling against the dark, heavy tresses, while her smile and voice never left his mind. He had never longed so to be able to speak Spanish as when he learned that she spoke no English, yet it was a pleasure to sit by her and listen to the music of her voice as he explained through an interpreter why the topography of the country made it impossible to bring the line of his survey right through that part of El Rancho del Carmen where the wheat and barley grew the best. And the old Don, not noting the young man's admiration for his wife, and how she seemed to return it, urged on the Americans to remain and partake of his hospitality in the hope that some argument might induce the change he desired in the proposed line of road. So Charley Clark stayed, and as he stayed love taught him and Dona Mercedes a language neither Spanish nor English, but which each knew so well as to need no interpreter. At last, though, the day came when he could find no further excuse to remain under the roof of Don Francisco, and leaving, he went forward to establish a new camp on the line of the railroad as it passed through where the wheat and the corn grew the best on the El Rancho del Carmen. When he rejoined his comrades in camp, though, it was a changed man. The weekly mail brought, as usual, the square little envelope, but now it was never kissed as it once had been, while the men wondered why Charley never talked of home and was not so eager to have the survey finished.

One day there came to the camp a peon who had spoken a few words to him, and Charley had taken the best horse and gone with him, saying nothing to any one as to when he would return.

When the next morning came, long before the sun was up, Charley Clark laid bound and tied so that he could do nothing but curse, and beside him laid a woman that men still say was in her day the most beautiful in Sonora, and over them stood Don Francisco and a peon. When it was light enough to see distinctly the peon left them, and when he returned he dragged behind him two hides still wet with the red blood of the steers from which they had been taken. As the peon began to spread the soft, pliable skins on the ground Don Francisco saw his brand on them, and, with a cruel curse, he called Mercedes by name and told her that, as he had already given her so much, he would give her and her lover these two hides as a last memento; and, then, with the aid of the peon, he placed one on the ground near where Charley Clark lay and rolled him in it tight and snug as a mother rolls a child in a blanket. When the hide was drawn as tight as possible he cut holes in the edges, and, inserting a piece of rawhide he had reserved, he drew it still tighter, lacing it as you would lace a shoe.

When he had done this he did the same with Mercedes, though she prayed and begged that he kill her outright. After he had finished, and while her cheeks were still wet with tears, he took and placed her opposite Charley Clark, and then with a laugh he and the peon left them.

When a hide is raw and fresh it is as soft and pliable as a lady's glove. This is only for a day, though. Then it dries and hardens and becomes like iron. Of old, such hides were used to cover shields, and stout was the arm that could drive a hole through them. At first the man and woman who lay swathed on the hill felt no discomfort. The man tried to make the woman understand that help would come from his comrades. Whether it was that she could not understand what he said or that she had lost all hope, she only shook her head mournfully and murmured through her tears the terms of endearment she had taught him in Spanish. Touched by her sorrow, the man rolled closer to her, and they kissed each other long and passionately. Then they lay facing each other, each silently thinking how it would all end. The hides were still pliable, so that they could slightly move their bodies. But this was not so long. As the burning sun arose, pouring its fierce rays down upon them, the hides began to shrink and dry, and the man and woman felt that they were incased in iron. Their tongues grew parched with feverish heat, while the sun in its intensity scorched their faces. How long the day seemed! They could only lie facing each other, the shadows made by their bodies the only indication of how time went. Once or twice they heard noises as if at a distance, and the man shouted himself hoarse to attract the attention of any chance person who might pass, and cursed when no response came. It was only the lowing of herds of cattle. After each failure he would smile at the woman and nod his head in the direction where the distant camp of his comrades lay, but she would only smile faintly at him and shake her head in the negative.

At last the sun, whose accursed rays had consumed them, sank in the west, and the breezes that always arise at night from the desert came to them, laden with coolness and the odor of flowers. How pleasant it had been in the evenings, when they had first known each other. Between the twilight and dark they heard a footstep, and the man, with a new hope in his heart, again shouted for help. As his voice died away the footsteps came nearer, and Don Francisco stood over them. As he saw how they had changed their positions, so as to be closer together, he scowled darkly, and stood watching them in silence. The woman began to speak passionately in Spanish, but Don Francisco, in the gathering darkness, stood as if not hearing her, until in utter weariness she quit, and then he turned and walked off into the night, followed by the curses of the man. When his footsteps could no longer be heard, the woman spoke to the man beside her, as if striving to tell him something, but he could not understand. What was it—a prayer or a curse? He had tried to understand what she had said to her husband, but without avail. She had only been praying for death for herself, and that her lover who lay beside her should be spared.

But succor would yet come. Alarmed at his unusual absence, the men in camp would trace him to where they lay. If they did, he would settle with Don Francisco. As for the woman who lay beside him, she could go where she pleased; he cared no more for her. Sometimes he would catch himself drifting into unconsciousness, and, with an effort, he would pull himself together again. He would keep his mind clear or else when relief came it would be too late. He tried to pray, but the words stuck in his throat, the eyes of the woman before him disconcerted him so. How red and bloodshot they were with the heat, while the dark, heavy tresses, disheveled by her struggles, looked matted and unkempt. Curse her, why could she not look elsewhere and quit calling to him in that accursed Spanish! He tried to turn from her, but he could not, and she, seeing his effort, called to him in the old love words. As the day wore on the periods of her delirium became more frequent. Sometimes with his name she mixed her cries for water, and sometimes she even laughed. He could feel that he, too, was becoming delirious at times, despite his efforts to remain calm. Had his comrades abandoned him to death? No; they were not the men to do that. They would come. They knew there was a wife and child depending on him, and they would not let him die there like a dog.

At last the evening again came. The vultures that through the day had so often darkened the sky disappeared. Several times during the day they had come so near that he had to cry out to frighten them off. As the air grew cooler the delirium seemed to leave the woman, and her eyes began to recognize him. He could tell by her face that death would soon release her, and rejoiced at it. It was her fault that he was here, and he hated her for it. What would become of the wife and child whom he would leave penniless, all on account of this woman? He closed his eyes to shut her face from his vision. When he opened them she was still looking at him, as if she had been waiting for him to awaken from a sleep. She called to him by the pet names of the old days. Her voice was strange and weak, hardly above a whisper, yet he would not answer. He closed his eyes again, so as not to see her, and she, thinking he was dying, inclined her head forward to kiss him. All his hatred burst out, and he cursed her in his anger, until she quailed before it and would have wept were it not that her parched eyes were too dry for tears. As he cursed a man's voice said in Spanish:

"Good! Good!"

Over them again stood Don Francisco. He did not need to understand much English to know how the man hated the woman. For a few minutes he stood watching them, and then he turned.

No, there would be no help now. The man and the woman began to both wonder how long it would be before death came. To pass away before another day was their only desire. In the cool of the night they no longer became delirious. The man could hear the breathing of the woman grow fainter and fainter, and by the bright moonlight he could see a pallor steal over her throat and face that the fierce burning of the sun could not hide. The pallor was whiter even than her throat had been when he first kissed it.

She looked toward him as if imploring his forgiveness, and tried to smile. But he remained silent, closing his eyes. Then she called his name softly once or twice, as if entreating him only to look at her, and then silence came, and when he looked he knew that she was dead.

The thought that he was alone made him wild, and in his rage and fear he gave way to passion, and cursed her for what she had caused him to do until he became exhausted. How still and quiet she lay! At least she was beyond suffering. After all, she had never reproached him, and had died with his name on her lips. Poor girl! It was, after all, his fault that she was here, and he cursed her while she lay dying. With the thought a new feeling came over him and he tried to pray. The old prayers of childhood rose to his lips again. He prayed for the wife and child in the home far away, who would never again see his face, and then he prayed for the woman who lay dead beside him, until a spirit of peace came into his heart, so that when Don Francisco came in the morning to look down on the two forms, there was a smile on the dead man's lips, as if he had died forgiving and forgiven. —*N. Y. Journal.*

HUNTINGTON AND THE LABORER.

HOW THE CAPITALIST WOULD LIVE IF A PAUPER, AND HOW THE LABORER WOULD SPEND A MILLION.

If some one left you a million, what would you do?

Nowadays it is not possible to enjoy supreme luxury with a mere million. The income averages but $50,000 per annum, which is a little over $4000 per month. Yes, you can have a yacht, but not a steam yacht. You may if you care to, build a mansion. You may indulge in a few pictures; but you cannot have both pictures and racehorses and steam yachts. With a million a certain modified self-denial is essential.

An interesting exposition of two widely separated conditions is made by the New York *Journal*, which interviews E. J. Davis, a brick cutter, who makes $1.75 per day, and C. P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific system. Mr. Davis is steady, hardworking, and has a family. Asked what he would do with a million, he explains it would mean—first, new clothes, a fine house, a stable, a yacht, and a country place. He would try to do good, would aid poor men, who wished to work, to find employment; would establish public reading-rooms, aid the laboring classes to enjoy outings to the country, and would certainly not spend his fortune on flowers or bouquets. He attributed his failure in life to improvidence. He failed to put aside a part of his earnings, and married before he had saved a cent, and found afterwards it was impossible to forge ahead.

The interview with C. P. Huntington which follows is as clear an exposition of the manner in which fortunes are acquired as we have ever read. It is the gospel of thrift, founded on common sense and expressed in the strong, direct manner which characterizes Mr. Huntington's mode of speech. It is worth reproducing, and should be in the scrap-book of every man, be he young or old, who has not learned the necessity of saving.

"What would I do if I were a laborer at $1 75 a day," repeated Mr. Huntington, "if I were in the place of this man Davis?"

"To begin with, I'd spend just a little less than I made If I only made fifty cents a day I wouldn't spend it all, no matter what my necessities were. That is the foundation on which every man's life should be built. I have never spent as much as I made. Even when I worked on a farm at wages aggregating little more in a month than this man you tell me of makes in a day, I didn't spend it all. I put by something. To-day it is the same, and if to-morrow I should lose every dollar I have in the world I'd begin on that basis again, and before very long I would be ahead again. Then I wouldn't give up at forty-two. I have lived about three-quarters of a century to-day, but if to-morrow I had to start all over again I shouldn't let myself feel that my age was a bar to success. That is the trouble with most men; they float with the tide, and after a time they get so strongly into the habit of doing this that they think they have no chance—they are too old! Nobody is ever too old to strive for success and independence.

"Of course," Mr. Huntington went on, "it is a difficult matter to put yourself in another man's place, but there are certain fundamental rules that I would follow whether I were making $1.75 a day or a thousand times that much. I would cut off my small vices. If I could not get the pleasure that I craved with my income I'd take what I could get. I'd live plainly; in fact, I do to-day live as plainly as any man can. I could live on fifty cents a day and not starve or feel the want of food.

"I would always hold on to one job until I saw another and a better one ahead, and I would do the best that I could wherever the place in which I found myself. I would never be content to remain anywhere except at the top or near it, but at the same time, I would keep my head steady and not run after shadows. It is not much money—$1.75 a day—but if a man is only constituted that way he may get as much satisfaction out of it as many men get out of millions. After all, money is not everything, though many people think otherwise. Money is the only thing that you can do nothing with by itself.

"I would seek to get as much contentment out of life on $1.75 a day as I do now. My pleasures would be in proportion. What they would be I cannot say. But, above all, I would never get out of work or out of money. In all my working life—and I started out very young and very poor—I have never known the want of money, because I have always had more than I spent, and I made it a rule not to want anything I could not afford. In that way I got a good deal of satisfaction out of life, and little worry—financial worry.

"Any man can succeed," insisted Mr. Huntington, "who makes up his mind to. This $1.75 workingman can succeed, even now, if he will go about it right, and I would go about it right were I in his place"

Mr. Huntington then told a story. It was to illustrate this point.

"Away back in '49," he said, "I knew a man who had every prospect of success. To-day he is a barkeeper in San Francisco, or he was when I was there last. We were pretty friendly, and I used to let him have $1000, then $2000, and up to $6000 a month to clear up his balances. After awhile, however, I got tired of that, and refused to let him have any more. He failed, as I felt he would sooner or later. Then he said to me:

"'How is it that I, who work as hard and perhaps harder than you, cannot succeed, while you are reputed to be worth millions?'

"'Well,' I said, 'I see you going into certain places where they sell wine at $10 or $20 a bottle. You take your customers there. Well, I don't do that sort of thing, and, moreover, I wouldn't have customers who did. I wouldn't trust them.'

'That man," continued Mr. Huntington, "didn't agree with me, and to-day he keeps bar. If I were in Mr. Davis's shoes, I'd do in my small way just as I advised the San Francisco man. I would lead a decent, straight, moral, honest life, do what was right—right in my own mind, and I'd soon stop chipping bricks."

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

A sermon on the text—What one man can do—might be preached apropos of the service now being rendered by Henry Norman. The bad temper exhibited by the London *Times* and other English papers over the President's Venezuela message arose mainly from ignorance of the view which Americans take of the question. Under the guidance of such false prophets as Smalley, the English formed the idea that the message was written for political effect, and that sensible Americans did not approve of it. This notion was confirmed by articles in the *New York World*, to whose opinions nobody ever pays attention, and in the *Evening Post*, which appears to be conducted on the principle of contradicting every body, and of denying every thing. Hence, the English fancied that if they only looked fierce, and spluttered, the President and Congress would back down.

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It has been Mr. Norman's privilege to dispel this delusion. As special Commissioner of the London *Chronicle*, he has made it his business to acquaint the English public with the true feeling of the American people, and to show that there was no brag or bluff in the President's attitude, but simply a quiet, temperate, but resolute purpose to insist on fair treatment for an American ally of this nation. It chances that these dispatches of Mr. Norman's were published in London just as the Emperor William of Germany was reminding Britannia that while she might rule the waves, she did not rule the earth; and Englishmen were quick to cry—"Oh! if that is the real state of the case, we are ready to take back our angry words, and to agree to anything our beloved brothers want." It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Norman has by his single pen, dispelled the danger of war with England. It seldom falls to the lot of a newspaper man to render so signal a service to humanity and civilization.

* * *

There is a Congressman at Washington whose first drink during this Congress will cost him $2000. This is Southwick of New York. He is young and poor; the expenses of his canvass were borne by a millionaire, who thought well of his ability, on the condition that if he took a single drink during his first Congress, he should forfeit $2000. Southwick may eye the "kettle" longingly as it goes round, but he hasn't yet entitled his friend to claim the $2000.

* * *

The revival of the legitimate at the California by Louis James suggests a thought or two on the present condition of the stage. The legitimate no longer draws in the cast; when Shakespeare's plays are produced in New York, they are performed to empty benches. It is only west of the Mississippi that the masterpieces of the English drama draw full houses. New York prefers such pieces as "The Gaiety Girl," "The Shop Girl," and "The Artist's Model," which cannot be relied upon to run a week in San Francisco, being, in fact, inane plays without humor, or wit, or exciting plot, or spectacular effects, or brisk dialogue, or good songs, or pretty dances, or even a twang of impropriety. They are not French, but English, and are imported from London.

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This is a matter for the consideration of the Jews. All over the country, the theaters are falling into the hands of the Chosen People. Of the Christian managers in New York, Daly is about the only one who survives; and he has just experienced a frost which may be killing. A. M. Palmer's company has been disbanded. Here, the three leading theaters are run by Jews. Now, there is no objection whatsoever to a monopoly of public entertainments by Hebrews, provided the entertainments are good—members of the Jewish race have attained the highest rank in many branches of art—but if the tendency of the theater is downward, and is demoralizing instead of elevating, it is but fair that the Jews who control it should be held responsible.

* * *

Audiences are, in a large degree, what managers make them. People must have amusement and recreation; and if they do not find what they would like at the theater, they must fain put up with what they can get. When managers are called to account for producing plays, compared to which Hoyt's farces are works of high art, they say that the plays draw the shekels, and that is what they are after. This is lowering the status of managers to a very low plane, and it is pretty sure to lead to a reaction, and to leave theatrical people stranded on the shore of public contempt. A revival of the comedies of Mrs. Aphra Behn would probably draw full houses to any modern theater, but the manager who resorted to that course to fill his cash drawer would hardly command a large measure of public respect.

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Marie Wainwright has reappeared at the Baldwin with a new piece called "The Daughters of Eve," which is said to be by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus. It appears to be of French origin, and has a flavor of Alexander Dumas the younger. The plot is, so far as I know, quite original and taking. Twin daughters are born to a man of wealth. One of them grows up to be the joy of his heart, and an ornament to society; the other becomes famous among the London demi-monde as a new Perdita. The girls are so alike that a portrait of the one is taken for a picture of the other. Thus a photo of Perdita is accepted by the fiancé of the virtuous sister as a counterfeit presentment of the love of his heart, and when his friends rally him for having engaged himself to a soiled-dove from the music-halls, the imbroglio may be conceived.

* * *

Miss Wainwright doubles the parts of the two sisters, and, if truth must be told, does not do it well. She is good enough as Rose Wicherley, though her acting of the sentimental scenes is rather tame; but she utterly fails to present the contrast which the divergence in their lives must have impressed on the two sisters. Rhoda Dentry, the diva of the music halls, must have acquired a desinvolture, and a rollicking style which those resorts of pleasure impart, whereas, in Miss Wainwright's hands, she is very nearly as ladylike as her sister. An actress of more versatility would have depicted the sisters as so different in manner and speech that it would not have been necessary to explain that one of them shone in heaven while the other reigned in hell. Miss Wainwright would improve her method if she availed herself of her first opportunity to study one of the great French actresses in such parts as Adrienne Lecouvreur or D'Aventuriere.

* * *

A temperance orator was accosted by a well-dressed man, who shook his hand.

"You don't remember me?" said the stranger to the orator. "No. I remember you, for to you I owe my present prosperity."

"Ah! how was that?" replied the orator, expecting to hear that his new-found acquaintance had been a drunkard and had been reformed through his eloquence.

"I heard you describe the poverty of the honest mechanic, and the wealth acquired by the ministers of Satan who sold liquor." And he paused. "And so," he added, "I went into the saloon business myself."

* * *

The Venezuelan and South African affairs are rousing the poets of the day to give England some pretty hard knocks. One of them sings of the Flag of England:

Where is the Flag of England?
Seek the lands where the natives rot;
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go! sear h for the once-glad islands,
Where diseases and death are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now battens on human life!

Where is the Flag of England?
Go! sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,
And beer, and Bibles, and rum;
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair;
And your question will find its answer,
For the Flag of England is there!

Mr. W. A. Croffut writes a stirring stanza or two on the doctrine of Colonel Monroe:

Good Johnny Bulldozer, it never will do.
Ere weaklings are rifled, we've rifles for you.
On the soil you would grab our judges shall go
And lay down the tape-line of Colonel Monroe.

Great Braggart of Nations! Your strength shall decay;
Your cheek is of brass, but your feet are of clay.
Halt! Right about face! and less covetous grow
As you study the lessons of Colonel Monroe.

Chorus:
O Phillip McCupp and Phillip McCann
And Yawcob and Hans, go enlist to a man,
To bring the world's bandit and plunderer low,
And teach him the morals of Mister Monroe.

* * *

"Mariposilla," by Mrs. Charles Stewart of Pasadena, is a new novel, which deserves, as it will doubtless attain, success. It is the story of a typical Mexico-Californian girl who falls in love almost before she has risen to the dignity of long skirts, and being jilted by her lover, takes poison and dies. In such a plot there is no originality, but the story is told with pathos, and the color of the background is glowing, dazzling, and true to nature. Mrs. Stewart possesses the rare gift of word-painting.

* * *

The time has come for a novel which shall do for California that which Hawthorne did for New England, and which Hamlin Garland is doing for the prairie country. The task will be easier for the Californian than it was for the Yankee, or than it is for the dweller in the river valleys, for here the atmosphere is redolent of poetic romance, while in the East life is normally prosaic, and sentiment can only be grafted upon it by a powerful effort of the will. Poetry is indigenous here. It is breathed by the landscape, the climate, the hill and valley, the exuberant splendor of the fields, the well-marked traces of an ancient past, and of the stupendous work of creation. On this background it was the sport of history to trace a foreground teeming with incident, in which every one lived a romance, whether he was planting the olive and the vine, or was wresting rich mesas from the Indian, or was leading a life of Spanish devotion to a medieval creed, or was making love with the passionate ardor of the Andalusian, or was reviving memories of old Pelayo in Castilian song.

* * *

Half the work of the California novelist is done for him The rest depends on his insight. Every mortal is born with the capacity to write one good book. Let him write his own experience, honestly, truthfully, graphically, concealing nothing for self praise, extenuating none of his wrong doings or meannesses, confessing the occasions on which he was deservedly chastised and brought to naught—just as Rousseau did in his Confessions—and, if he have the power of expressing thoughts in words, he will produce a novel which will thrill the world. The obstacle which stands in the way of the production of such a work is the melancholy fact that no one is brave enough to tell the truth about himself. Some people of candor will confess their crimes; but their meannesses, not one.

* * *

Colonel Yell, of Yellville—the patriot who declared that though his accounts might not balance, his heart beat warmly for his native land—is mustering a regiment for the invasion of Canada. All he wants is free transportation to the Canadian border, and two months rations for his men, and he guarantees to fly the Stars and Stripes over the citadel of Quebec.

* * *

A strong delegation from gay Paris has been spending the Christmas holidays at the Castle of Bonnelles, near Limours, where the leader of society, Madame d'Uzes, is entertaining in grand style. The rules of the house are strict. Every guest must attend mass. At eleven A. M. dejeuner is served, the hostess presiding in sporting costume. The afternoon is spent in the woods, in shooting, riding, and flirting. At seven dinner is served. After dinner the ladies repair to the music-room; the men to cardrooms, where poker is played. Madame d'Uzes owns a vineyard which produces a capital brand of champagne; but her guests prefer B. and S.

* * *

Yvette Guilbert is all the rage in New York Her opinions of this country are quaint and droll. She says New York is not like Paris; it is a German town. She considers American women more attractive and better dressed than English women, though perhaps not so beautiful. They have the feminine quality which enables a woman to attract a man, and hold him in her hands.

She has opinions of her own on the questions of the day. She sums them up tersely: "Marriage never, divorce always. Divorce would be the one perfect human institution, if it were not so closely connected with matrimony."

For herself, she says she will never marry because she never expects to find a man good enough for her. She adds: "I know the cleverest men in Paris, and can find enough in their society. A good-looking man is intolerable. I never liked one, and turn away on the street if I see one coming."

* * *

New York has set us an example which we might do well to follow. One Feldman, residing in Grand Street, threw a banana peel on the pavement. A policeman observing the act, forthwith arrested Feldman, and took him to a police court where he was required to give bail for his appearance. On his trial, he was admonished by the justice and fined. His offence is constantly committed in this city though an ordinance affixes a penalty for its commission. People throw pieces of orange peel or banana skin on the sidewalk, utterly careless of the limbs or even the life of the pedestrian who may tread on them. Who will make an example and stop the practise?

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt will shortly reappear at New York, in a new play which Sardou has written for her. Her opinion of Americans is not high, but she appreciates their dollars.

* * *

Tennyson's successor has at last been chosen. It is Alfred Austin, the author of some neat verses. He ought to bring out his poems in a new volume, for every one is asking, who is Alfred Austin?

* * *

It is often stated in books of natural history that elephants are afraid of mice. The statement has just been confirmed at the New York Central Park. The great elephant Mandrin long ago conceived a violent dislike for a keeper named Bates, and has more than once tried to kill him The other day as he was being led to water, Mandrin saw his enemy on a ladder leading to the top of a shed. The brute rushed at the ladder and smashed it; his head crashed like a pile driven against the shed, and his tusks buried themselves in the planking. Bates rolled off the roof, and ran for protection under the belly of another elephant near by. Mandrin attacked the protecting brute, and all the other elephants, roused by the sight, began to trumpet, and bellow, and tug at their chains. At that moment a little mouse, who had been disturbed by the noise, came creeping down on the scene. At the sight of the diminutive creature, Mandrin fell into a paroxysm of terror, and running into the ring mounted one of the pedestals used by dancing elephants. He held his trunk high in air, as elephants do when they are terrified, and he seemed to experience real relief when his keeper came up to his side and chained his legs. He was too scared to drink that day.

* * *

An American, whose name is concealed under the initial G, is said to have broken the bank at Monte Carlo. He is said to have won a million and a half of francs already.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS.

WHY WERE there no obituary notices of J. B. Fargo's demise? Those of us who don't read the death column were ignorant of his passing. He was sufficient of a figure for at least half a column, and yet his life, his manner, and his style go unrecorded. "Pops" Fargo, as they called him in the Pacific-Union Club, had not only a merry, but also a long life. He had passed the Psalmist's limit of years, and up to the last, preserved a fine capacity for the enjoyment of the good things of millionairedom. None knew better the hidden treasures of the Club's cellars, and about clarets or burgundies neither Baron von Schroeder nor W. B. Chapman disputed his dictums. I am sorry his authority on champagne was less definite. That, perhaps, was the sole blot on his 'scutcheon. He loved horses; never missed his daily drive in the park behind the spanking team we all knew so well. It might rain and storm, but the war of the elements never caused "Pops" to retire. He loved a good canvas-back as heartily as Herman Oelrichs, and he adored his nieces with the fondness and pride of a combined parent and uncle. As they were pretty and sunny-tempered girls, and certainly returned his devotion in kind, it cannot be said he erred in so doing. So when you come to consider things, it is an enviable life that is unrolled; a life that has few counterparts in these cold commercial days. But the sunniest and most kindly side of the nature of "Pops" Fargo was known to certain of his young friends in the Club, though for obvious reasons his princely generosity on especial occasions never became generally known.

* * *

The old gentleman had a circle of young fellows whose fathers or relatives he knew and cared for. They were under his especial protection; he liked to listen to their stories and loved to hear of their conquests and successes. But, if anything happened to his young friends; should he hear Brown telling Robinson, as they gossiped over their afternoon cocktails in the bay-window, that Freddy Smith was fifteen hundred behind in the poker game, and was having a hard time to settle, or that little Harry Jones was on the delinquent list, owed two or three hundred dollars, and had not been round for a day or more, "Pops" Fargo would cock his ears up; he might grow a shade redder as he quietly moved around, tactfully discovered the actual conditions, and it was eagles to eyelets that unhappy Freddy found in his mail next morning an envelope in the old man's handwriting, with a check inside, and a note, saying:

MY DEAR FREDDY:—Please accept the enclosed as a New Year's gift. Be careful next time. From
Your affectionate, POPS.

Or Harry would find in the envelope a receipted bill for the amount of his indebtedness. Not once or twice did it come his chance to act the part of Special Providence. He did it as often as his flock got into trouble and that is one of the reasons why the young men up there treated him with so much deference, and had for him so much devotion. He was of the old school, was "Pops" Fargo—the later generation of millionaires is not so kindly, so given to good Samaritanism at the cost of their father's hard-earned dollars. Just how much money the late millionaire had, I cannot for certain tell. He is variously rated from half a million up. He owned considerable real estate, and stocks and bonds of value. The assessor will doubtless announce that soon enough. The estate, I suppose, goes to his three nieces. It does not fall to the lot of The Witness to announce the death of an individual as something approaching a loss, but the material out of which such men as J. B. Fargo was made seems to be exhausted. It is the gradual passing away of his kind that may yet cause the collapse of the Pacific-Union Club.

* * *

THE FOUNDATION of the late John W. Coleman's fortune was laid by his association with James R. Keene. In the good days of Pine Street they were brokers for the Mackay-Flood combination, and, by speculation on their own account, grew very rich. Coleman was always a figure of some distinction. Under his supervision the big Stock Exchange was projected and erected; he was president of it several terms, besides being president of the old Union Club, and subsequently of the Pacific-Union. Indeed, he enjoyed a genuine popularity in the latter institution, and was a species of perpetual director. In the counsels of the Board his voice, which was always for conservatism, had great weight. He was very shrewd in his quiet way, and an excellent adviser. One of Coleman's few mistakes was investing with Milton T. Latham in the North Pacific Coast Railway, an enterprise which ruined its projector and lost fortunes for several other men. Coleman being in, with customary tenacity hung on, and, of the original owners, alone retired with the amount of his investment and something to boot. Besides, he had in the meantime acted as president of the corporation at a fair salary. When he finally sold out to J. B. Stetson, Mr. Coleman became interested in the Light and Power Company in Oakland, and, to some extent, went in for mining. He is associated with the Treadwells and E. B. Pond in the Corral Hollow coal property, and was the largest stockholder in the Bald Eagle Mine. That has proved a profitable property for all concerned. Though Coleman had none of the soaring commercial spirit, he was a shrewd investor in his quiet way. The direction of his ability was development. Give him a practical idea and he made the most of it, and he never troubled himself about exterior concerns while the process of evolution proceeded. No one could have been less sensational; he made no pretensions to humor, had tact in abundance, told few stories, and was devoted to his children. Indeed, the shock of his life was the death of young Ross Coleman, who died of a fever while stationed at Honolulu on the "Adams." He had just graduated from Annapolis, and was regarded as a most promising young man. The Coleman estate is reputed worth considerably over a million, and is invested in such a manner that its value is liable to increase rather than diminish.

* * *

WHILE the financial intelligence of the highly successful Alvinza Hayward is never questioned by those who know his income, there are mere outsiders who dare proclaim him, in mining, at least, as fallible as less gifted mortals. But these critics admit his defects balanced by "bull luck." Among the peculiarities of the old gentleman is a prejudice against cross-cutting. He works a mine straight down or across but only one way. A twenty-stamp mill has for years past pounded away, day and night, on the ore of the Consolidated Eureka. At the 1400-feet level the vein pinched, and Alvinza ordered the property abandoned. Arrangements were being made to sell the shaft and the workings for a nominal figure, when the superintendent, preparing for abandonment, knocked down a timber; a slip of earth resulted, and exposed a ledge running parallel with the old one, and as rich in gold-bearing quartz, if not richer. The consequence is, the mill stops where it is, though the base of operations is changed from the 1400-feet level to the surface; and, if indications figure not untruly, the twenty stamps will add several more millions to the Hayward-Hobart pile. By the way, the Consolidated Eureka is known, also, or better, as the Dead Horse Hill mine. An old-time prospector who was given to looking for gold on horseback, —a practice condemned by the experts—left his trusty steed on the hillside to exploit a projecting ore ledge. There were rattlesnakes about, and the consequence was the death of the horse, which occurred subsequently with the discovery of the mine.

* * *

JOURNALISM is so much in evidence these latter days that it may seem invidious to mention the dailies, when they are all speaking so loudly for themselves. Of course. I've been edified by the Yorke-Ross controversy, which, I am told, has added several thousand to the *Call's* circulation, besides making the Catholic champion the most popular man in his church. I am also full of admiration for the exhaustive manner in which the full details of the Brown-Overman-Davidson scandal have been hunted up and exposed for us. This admirable zeal for the public weal naturally fills with admiration and wonder those of us who watch with naked and disillusionized eyes the newspaper game. Of course, the matter is read—the vultures always gather round the carrion—but the theory that the public should have all it craves has been as often disproved as the old saying which made "vox populi, vox dei." If some beneficent Legislature would but protect us from the liberties of the press; they concern us far more than its liberty. However, all this does not apply to the *Bulletin*, which is being excellently and respectably handled, has trebled in circulation, increased its street sales ten-fold, and is, therefore, encouraged to continued well-doing. Its Saturday supplement represents good as opposed to flash journalism, and is one of the most readable Saturday papers issued in America, a dictum which is both sweeping and true.

* * *

The subject of the New Year's *Chronicle* is one to be approached in a spirit of reverence. It is a heavyweight paper, as ponderous as a reference library, and as valuable. I know none who has read it—indeed, it is not meant to be read—but to be kept for use. It is an encyclopædia of California, useful, eminently useful. Indeed, if you are in business, or in mining, or in agriculture, or in real estate—you've simply got to have it. Looking over its huge pages one cannot help thinking how much better the vast fund of information—creditable, authentic, authoritative information—would look packed in a shape more valuable, more portable, like a Whittaker's Almanac, for instance. Think what was in it: trade statistics, of course; then accurate accounts of the counties by a prominent citizen of each; notes of the progress of every important town; names of eminent citizens come to live among us, agricultural details, maps, pictures—an encyclopædia veritably, and reflecting the individuality of John P. Young, who has a genius for gathering and presenting in orderly sequence, facts and figures. As evidence the paper is unassailable, and if some one told Mr. Young it was not readable he might truly answer that the same objection holds good against both the dictionary and the encyclopædia.

* * *

EARLY in June next, the statutory three years will have elapsed, and the depositors who have failed to bring suit against the Pacific Bank's stockholders will be construed as acquiescing in the loss of their dollars. Judging by the contests being filed, the spirit of acquiescence is not as general as said stockholders might desire. In defense against these claims an ingenious contention is to be set up. It is that the Hunt *vs.* Ward decision is applicable to the cause in question on the basis that the statutory limit of liability commences when the deposit is made rather than at the moment of the Bank's failure. If this were true, deposits untouched in a bank for three years would become the property of the banker, inasmuch as the claims of the owner against the stockholder would then be outlawed. Some three hundred thousand dollars of the total indebtedness is thus affected, and the manipulators who are financing the wrecked institution, think they have found a loophole that may save and make them much money.

* * *

Rumor to the contrary, notwithstanding, I am told the alliance between the Wise family and Boss Buckley grows closer as the season progresses. Considering the affiliation of the Collector with the wool industry, it is not astonishing that now they have really come together, he and the leader of the "lambs" find much in common. Harry Wise, who is nothing if not practical, has cleverly suggested that the Occidental Club might be made a source of income, rather than of expense, to the Boss if he would but consent to his followers sharing the usual fate of sheep, and being sheared according to the approved methods of wool gathering. The Collector suggests that the product might prove rather coarse for commercial purposes, and the Boss believes the lambs more attuned to shearing than being shorn. Harry, however, is enthusiastic, and I solemnly warn the members of the Occidental Club that he has designs on their fleece.

* * *

THERE IS no denying the fact that the Gymkana races at Burlingame, New Year's Day, were a flat failure. It was impossible to induce the men to participate. The majority of those who excel in riding foresaw themselves in imagination, caricatured and guyed in the daily prints, and did not relish the possibility. Strange to say, however, the games were passed over without comment. Not a picture nor a diverting phrase even about Talbot Clifton, whose tall figure is generally the mark of journalistic shafts. The liberties of the press are, of course, the salient drawback of life in a city of the second-class. Gymkana races, chasing spoons, threading needles, etc, form really a very manly diversion, as they illustrate the proficiency of the participants on horseback. Every year there are races of this character at Westchester, at the Myopia, and at the several other country clubs attached to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. These affairs are reported, as a matter of course. Here it is different. The newspapers fancy it makes them subscribers south of Market Street to guy the aristocracy; then the young men who partake in the games are guyed down town on being "Society," which we are still provincial enough to consider a combination of distinction and reproach.

* * *

The gathering at Burlingame last Sunday was slim in comparison with preceding Sabbaths, due, I imagine, to the impression rain was due and might fall at any time. Among the visitors at lunch was Frank Newlands, whose spirited if bloody utterances on the British tyrant found response in so many a gallant breast. His stay here was a very brief one, and he left for the East almost immediately. Apropos of Burlingame, my paragraph about the absence of the Crockers, last week, was misleading. They came down on New Year's day and spent the holiday there.

THE WITNESS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE LEAP YEAR PROBLEM.

HOW FAR MAY A WOMAN GO TOWARDS ENCOURAGING A MAN TO PROPOSE.

"I wonder," said a lazy voice from the divan, "I wonder how far a woman ought to go towards proposing."

"Is this a question of ethics or merely one of expediency, Flo?" asked a tall girl, who was looking out the window at the slowly retreating fog.

"How should I know; I never went to college, thank heaven," said Flo, emerging from the cushions and trying to toss the top of a candy box into the fire.

"I am surprised to hear such a question from my dear sister"—this from the manipulator of a pair of curling tongs. "From my knowledge of her tactics, I supposed her to be wiser on this subject than there is any necessity—even for a Society girl."

"Wait till you've been out five years," returned Flo, with dangerous sweetness.

"I suppose," continued the manipulator, enforcing silence with her hot tongs, "I suppose you want to know when 'encouragement' ceases to be a proposal producer and becomes a nauseator. In other words, how large a dose of encouragement a man can stand?"

"No," said Flo, smiling demurely, "*I* found that out my first season; encouragement, which is recognized as such, is not the sort of thing which draws a proposal from the average man—some other man does that."

"Yes," said the manipulator, "that's what. Sitting in the same hammock is pretty effectual, too; and showing your rings without taking them off, and all that sort of thing."

"Don't say vulgar things, Beatrice."

"No, I'll only do them—when I've been out five winters," retorted Beatrice, whose temper was not improved by the accidental burning off of a lock of her hair.

"Of course," said Flo, after a pause, "I know that in the long run proposing outright would not work at all, that is if matrimony was the object. At first, a man might accept because he was rattled, but after a while it would be as useless as a pink coat in a San Francisco which had not a Charlie Baldwin. What I am trying to get at is if there is any moral objection to a woman being the first to tell her love."

"Then it is the ethical side of the question which troubles you," said the tall girl.

"No, oh, no," said Flo, "nothing really troubles me since I managed to get Beatrice partners for all the cotillions. You need not glare at me like that, Trix; it's more than some sisters could do."

'I don't see," said the tall girl, trying to look as if she had heard nothing, "I don't see, myself, why women shouldn't propose, though there are certain physiological indications that nature intended her to be sought. Indeed, I think it would be better for women to take the initiative. Owing to the fact that for ages women have been forced by men to hold their passions in check for the good of the family, we are less apt to be swept away by mere physical excitement, and are, therefore, more likely to make a wise choice."

"They take the initiative now," remarked Beatrice. "You just ought to see Flo——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the tall girl, "I know they do. They lead men on at a great rate, but it is done coquettishly and not on the square. It is not the right sort of encouragement."

"Polly, my child," said Flo to the tall girl; "so long as men remain what they now are the woman who encourages her admirers in what you consider the 'right way' will die an old maid—unless she is an heiress."

"It may be so," said Polly, "but I can't help hoping and believing that there are men who can be more attracted by frank and straightforward methods than by coquettish appeals to their senses, or by exciting in them the spirit of the chase."

Flo lifted her eyebrows. "My dear, it won't do. When you have lived a little longer you will know as I do that to make a man crazy enough over you to want to marry you he must first be made to believe you profoundly attracted by him; next, just a soupçon of doubt; then a suspicion that another man is getting ahead of him, and—voila—you have a proposal. He must never be too sure. It is so easy to renounce a love of which one is sure—unless, of course, it is that of an heiress."

"Heiresses certainly do alter cases," said Polly, reflectively. "Unless a woman was financially independent she, of course, would not like to ask a man to marry her, for it would be asking him to support her in return for what the world considers almost nothing. It seems to me, however, false pride and false modesty which keeps her from telling the man she loves that 'there's only one man in the world for me.'"

"How awfully queer," said an Oakland girl who had been busy in the next room trying to get a dress, six parcels, a pair of overshoes, and a mackintosh in a valise which had properly been considered full when it came across the bay around the dress alone. "How awfully queer; why, in Oakland we like one man almost as well as another; and I wouldn't tell a man I loved him for anything."

"No, I suppose you wouldn't. You are too truthful," said Polly from the doorway. "By-by, girls; I am going out to the Park with Mrs. A—— for a spin on our wheels."

"Do you suppose she will ever propose to a man?" asked the Oakland girl, as they heard the elastic step die away on the stairs.

"She! No!" exclaimed Beatrice. "She will never come half so near it as some other people I know."

"Meaning me," remarked Flo. "Well, I frankly confess I like to make men consider the question; even a useless proposal is worth something to me, as a torn foreign stamp is to a collector."

"A proposal collector would have a hard time across the bay," said the Oakland girl.

"Same here," said Flo. "It takes lots of encouragement, and of a peculiar kind, too; and, girls, this has been a very Leap-yearish pow-wow, but it has not changed any of my theories. I believe that the amount of encouragement which it is right for a woman to give a man is——just so much as she can without his twigging."

"I," said Beatrice, "think that women need go no farther towards proposing than they have always done, maybe not so far."

"With us," said the Oakland girl, "the amount of encouragement depends on how much it takes to produce a proposal, but we never discuss such matters at all. They are awfully interesting, but I must catch the twelve o'clock boat. I had a lovely time at the cotillion last night, Flo, and I do hope you'll come over to ours next week. You will meet all of your old set there. Good-by, dear, do come."

"Your old set, h'm," said Flo, when she returned from speeding the parting guest, "old set. Well, my complexion is fresher than hers is, even if she does belong to the young one."

"It's pinker," said Beatrice, "but you know it isn't safe to buy rouge in Oakland, for the druggists know everybody, and the girls haven't any maids to buy it for them."

B. H.

MARIE WAINWRIGHT.

THE ACTRESS TALKS BOOKS AND MUSIC AND HER CAREER.

What a world of welcome there is in a bright fire! I realized this, as I stepped from the cold outside, into the Baldwin Hotel, and taking the elevator, made my way through the long corridors to Miss Wainwright's room. I heard the sound of a piano as I approached—some one was lightly fingering a bit of Schumann, or, was it Chopin? I knocked, the music ceased, and the door flew open suddenly and wide, and a bright flame suddenly shot up in a grate opposite. What a difference there is in the opening of doors. Did you never realize what a sense of being shut-out—not wanted—a narrow crevice of open door gives you? But when it is flung wide, and you see the glint of glowing coals beyond, you feel the welcome, the hospitality of it, even before a word of greeting reaches you.

Where was I? Oh, yes—in this instance the door opened wide, and a dainty little woman in a pretty silk kimono, stood before me with hair drawn back, somewhat à la chinoise—otherwise, she was fair-haired, delicate featured, high-bred.

"Miss Wainwright?" I said.

"Yes, and you are —— ——" as she read my name from the card which had preceded me, "I am very pleased to meet you."

"Are you really?" I asked, half amused, and glancing at her quickly, to see how she would take the sudden attack. "You see," I continued, "I fancy I am a sort of bugbear to most of you." The quiet little laugh which answered me was a half confession.

"Well, the newspapers do say things, sometimes——"

"Oh, never mind the papers," I replied, "they *have* to say something, you know—we'll leave them out entirely, and just have a little talk all to ourselves. I heard some one playing," I said, "some one who touched the keys lovingly, was it you?" and I looked toward the other room to see if any one else could be there.

"It was I," replied Miss Wainwright—and looking at me earnestly, she asked:

"Are you a musician yourself, that you sound the character note of the touch so well?"

"Yes, and—no," I answered. "I am passionately fond of being ministered unto, musically—you understand?"—pausing an instant—"but I have ceased to make any attempt at expression in that direction, myself."

"It is one of my greatest pleasures," remarked Miss Wainwright. "Music and reading are my pastimes. I devour books, so to speak, and I love music."

"What are you reading now?" I asked, as my eyes fell on a book lying by her side on the sofa, where she had seated herself.

"Well, I have just finished Marie Corelli's latest—*The Sorrows of Satan*. Usually novels do not interest me much. Two years ago I started reading Robert Browning, and I went through his works."

"What an undertaking," I exclaimed. "I confess to liking some of his shorter poems, and I did manage to grope through *The Red Cotton Night Cap Country*, but after that, I went no farther. Not because he is not good reading," I went on, "but simply because I feel myself only slowly clambering up that high hill on which he stands—I cannot reach him."

"He is difficult to reach," remarked Miss Wainwright. "After that," she continued, "I took up Elizabeth Barrett Browning——"

"Ah," I interrupted, "now you touch upon one of my own favorites. I have even the temerity to think that, while she is less difficult to understand, she is yet her husband's superior. Well, what next?" I asked.

Leaning forward and looking at me, half-laughing, as if preparing to enjoy my surprise, she said, suddenly, "Carlyle."

I fell back in my chair. "You *are* brave," I said, looking at her in amazement, "and you have been able to disentangle your brain from his meshes sufficiently to read *The Sorrows of Satan* since?"

"Well, it was curiosity, sheer curiosity, that led me to read it. Corelli tires me, as a rule; but, after reading several criticisms of it, I thought I must see for myself what was in it."

"That is the book which slates the critics so, and in which there are but two virtuous people—the authoress and the Prince of Wales?" I interrogated.

"Yes, and the Prince of Wales placed the stamp of his approval on it. You know," continued the actress, "it is a rabid satire on English Society, its fads and shams, but it is not a book one could recommend for indiscriminate reading."

"But how do you ever get time for all your reading, with your professional work on your hands also?"

"Well, I go out very little. What leisure I have is spent reading and at the piano, for nine months of the year. But when I take my three months' vacation I just shut myself up in my house in New York, and never permit a play book nor even an allusion to my profession to enter it. That time is all my very own, and I devote myself entirely to the things I love best. You know," she continued, "it was my intention to follow a musical career, when I was a girl; but I ran away and got married when I was fifteen years old, and it was only some years later, when misfortunes came, that I decided to go on the stage. My début was made with Rignold in Henry V."

"Handsome George Rignold?" I put in, interrogatively.

"Yes. I remained with him some time; then I went with Edwin Booth, and my last engagement before I had a company of my own was with Lawrence Barrett."

Miss Wainwright is a daughter of Commodore Wainwright, who was killed during the Rebellion, in the engagement of the Harriet Lane. Her mother was a Page of Virginia—one of the F. F. V's. Miss Wainwright feels a pardonable pride in the fact. "I *do* feel a little bit proud of that drop of blue blood," she said, when mentioning the fact. Most of her girlhood was passed in France, under the care of an aunt. She is a fluent French scholar, and a woman of large, general information, as well as of no small degree of culture. In appearance she is not tall, but she is 'divinely fair," and has an exquisitely penciled brow— he purely artistic—and a finely chiseled, aristocratic nose. Her face, at first sight, might be called a trifle haughty, but, when she talks, it lights up warmly and sensitively. Her eyes are of a deep blue, and indicate, by their constantly changing expression, an intensely emotional and high-strung, nervous temperament. She has tiny hands and feet, and carries herself with a certain air of distinction.

Several cards of visitors who were waiting below were brought to her, so I felt it necessary to retire. As I rose to go, she broke off a rose from some that stood on the table and presented it to me.

"I shall keep it and prize it," I said, as I bowed myself out.

E. D. H.

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CLERICAL SKETCHES.

No. 6. A PRIESTLY VICTORY.

Some people say that priests are heartless beings. Others scruple not to affirm that the trim, black cassock hides a furnace of the most ardent passion, which burns the more fiercely because it has no lawful vent. Neither assertion is absolutely correct; wholesale statements seldom are. Among the clergy there are men apparently devoid of every human feeling, just such loveless creatures as we often meet in other ranks of life. Others there are, who, after vainly essaying to resist the overwhelming avalanche of inborn longings, fall victims to the mighty, mystic force which has brought conquerors beneath its feet; while others still, and they are many, fight against the tyrant's sweet yet terrible advances, till old age or death brings the unequal contest to an end.

In this last category must be placed the name of one who was once my bosom friend—a name which, as I write it, brings before me the reverently cherished recollection of a martyr to cold, stern, relentless duty.

At the early age of twenty-two years, after a long and brilliant university course at the Apostolic Tridentine College at Guadalajara, Alberto de Celis was ordained priest by special papal dispensation, and through family influence secured a benefice as prebendary of the ancient cathedral church of Antequera. He seemed younger even than he really was. His smooth, olive face, as yet untouched by the razor, was like that of a girl. There was something about him which proclaimed a certain degree of weakness, strongly mingled with obstinacy, while the ardent religious fervor was perhaps the most salient feature in his character. As to his appearance, it was refined and elegant. He was a type of unsullied, boyish innocence and beauty. His frank, black eyes, his child-like mouth, and open forehead, crowned by a tangled mass of raven curls, all bespoke a boy as yet untarnished by the breath of sin and passion.

Within less than a year after his elevation to the priesthood, the young Doctor de Celis fell a victim to the dreadful yellow fever. For over a fortnight he battled face to face with death. At length, a mere shadow of his former self, he was assured by his medical attendants that the fever had been subdued. However, before resuming his duties, a long rest in some health resort would be necessary. Accordingly, the young prebendary betook himself to Villa Hermosa, a pretty mountain town in the depths of the Sierra de Santa Lucia, in search of the health and strength which seemed to have deserted him forever.

There, amid the lovely mountain scenery, cheered by the songs of countless birds, and amused by the simple talk of the unlettered village folk, life seemed to throb each day with greater vigor in the boy-priest's wasted frame. But there was still another, and perhaps a more powerful reason for the improvement in his health. Among the other guests at the little inn was Doña Adelaida Suarez, the wife of old General Suarez, perhaps the most unprincipled old rake in all Antequera and the surrounding country. In sheer disgust at her husband's shameless profligacy, Doña Adelaida had withdrawn herself from his side, and gone in search of peace in a life of absolute retirement.

The two were much together. The chatter of the uncouth rustics about them soon became tiresome to both and each found in the other the only congenial spirit in the little place. Adelaida was a radiant beauty of the warm, golden blonde type peculiar to old Castile. Alberto, poor foolish boy that he was, failed to notice how her deep violet eyes glowed with a strange unwonted brilliancy at his approach, nor did he pay attention to the lingering pressure of the dainty hand which he lightly took in his each time they met or parted. To him she was simply the old General's wife—a nice companion for his daily walk, a woman of education and refinement, and the only person of his social rank in the dull little town.

One day they were rambling in a little glen at some distance from the inn, when Adelaida noticed a delicate blue blossom of the "Virgin's mantle" hanging from a cliff beside them.

"Oh, what a lovely flower!" she exclaimed. "I must have it for my hair to-night."

"I will get it for you," began the priest, gallantly.

"No, no," she interrupted, "I want to get it myself. I can climb as well as you."

"Let us both climb for it," rejoined Alberto gaily; "you can go first."

Without further parley Adelaida commenced to scale the cliff. Standing aside, the young prebendary was about to rally her upon her unscientific mode of climbing when one of the dainty feet slipped on a loose stone and she fell backward. Alberto caught her in his arms before her form could strike the ground.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired, gazing into her eyes with troubled concern.

"Hurt," she repeated, lowering her gaze, while her cheek became crimson; "how could I feel any hurt with your arms about me?"

Then the youthful prebendary learned a lesson in a science hitherto unknown to him. Without knowing why he did it, he rested his cheek against the lovely face beside him. Then he touched his lips to hers, and they only too gladly responded to his caress. A strange new sense of torturing bliss, of maddening, delicious pain, coursed through his being, and he knew at last that the boy of an hour ago was now a man.

At first, Adelaide was half amused, half frightened at the amorous impetuosity of his caresses. Then, little by little, she commenced to realize that she was receiving the first fruits of a man's maiden love. With face and breast aflame, she bent in glad submission to the sweet supremacy which woman ever recognizes in her lord. The hours sped on amid joys so strangely sweet that both the sharers in love's soft delights were surprised to see that night was coming on.

"It is time to return," said Alberto in a peculiarly altered tone. He helped Adelaide to rise, and, like the gentleman he was, accompanied her to the inn, where he courteously declined an invitation to spend the remainder of the evening with her.

The next morning he was gone. Before dawn he had returned to the city with a throng of peasants who were going to Market, leaving for Adelaida—only his card.

The mountain solitude of Villa Hermosa had lost all charm for the old general's neglected bride. Turn where she might, a love-lit boyish face seemed to haunt her by its absence. As the needle turns toward the pole so Adelaida's heart yearned with a longing that was invincible for the one who had been able to stir its deepest and most sacred pulses. Three days after Alberto's departure she too left for the city.

Weeks passed before they met. Each day in the gilded solitude and abandonment of her husband's house in town, poor Adelaida waited, hoping *he* would come. At last she could wait no longer. One bright Sunday morning the love-lorn lady donned her church costume of rich black silk and priceless filmy lace, and entered the grim, stately cathedral. The solemn mass had just begun. Robed in dazzling priestly vestments, and surrounded by richly attired ministers, she saw the one for whom her heart was calling.

But how changed he was! Those deep black eyes, which had looked love into her own, were girt about with hollow, dark blue circles; the soft cheeks which had lain so lovingly by hers were sunken and shaded now. A deathly chill seized upon her. She continued to gaze at her boy lover with her whole soul in her eyes. Once during the service as he turned toward the vast crowd of worshippers, Alberto noticed her. She saw a sudden tremor pass through his slender form, and then the solemn service proceeded to its close.

Like one walking in sleep, Doña Adelaida re-entered her little chaise and returned to her lonely, elegant abode. The day passed slowly, until towards evening her eyes brightened and her soul became glad with a sudden resolve.

"What need we care for the miserable chit-chat of this antiquated town?" she mused "He will come with me, and we will go together to the United States or to some other far-off place where we can be free. There I will restore him to health and strength; there we will live for each other, and the great God who allowed us to meet will pardon us, even though our love seems little in accord with the laws of Holy Church."

At this stage in her meditations, a servant entered bearing a card. The lady took it carelessly, but her eyes became bright with unshed tears as she read engraved upon the bit of pasteboard,

ALBERTO DE CELIS
Prebendary of the Cathedral of Antequera

"Let him come in," she said in a smothered voice to the maid, and in another instant he stood before. As she gazed upon him, Adelaida advanced toward the one for whom her soul had hungered for so long. He waved her back with an imperious gesture.

"Do not approach me," he commanded. "Once we set at naught the laws of God, the precepts of the Church, and the sacred canons of honor. But now, our momentary folly past, we must refrain from even recollecting our brief hour of sinful dalliance. I am not made of iron or of ice. I, too, have suffered much. If you would free yourself from the damning fetters of a guilty passion, do as I have done. Look, look at the breast which once harbored an impure heart."

As he spoke, the young prebendary loosened his black silk cassock and displayed his naked chest. Over the region of the heart was a gaping, festering wound.

"Day by day," he continued, averting his looks from the horror-stricken woman who had sunk upon her knees before him, "day by day have I kept this wound fresh. As time goes on, I will be able to kill this vile passion, or die in the attempt. What though my life be sacrificed? If I die, I will die a martyr to my duty. Do not speak," he exclaimed, as he noticed Adelaida's lips opening. "Do not speak. I am still made of flesh. And now....I leave you forever."

Six months later the young priest died. Some said his untimely demise was brought about by severe penitential practises—others that his system had never recovered from the ravages of the fever; but I, who knew his story from his own lips, believe he died of a broken heart.

PETER PLYMPEY.

THE LOCAL LITERARY MARKET.

A BLANK OUTLOOK FOR FICTION.

Once—it was in the reign of Mrs. Atherton, I think—some red-eyed enthusiast asserted that San Francisco was destined to be the literary center of America. A most patriotic announcement truly, and, at the moment, it was properly debated with caustic flings for the unhappy pessimist who declared the era as far off as the Golden Age or Utopia. How distant are both, the latest war scare seems to testify. Considering, however, its glorious climate, and the beauty of its native daughters, together with its admitted supremacy in the wine and dried fruit markets, why should not our good California produce poets and novelists, artists and actors, whose force and fire might noise the celebrity of their birthplace throughout the world? What more admirable means could be devised of showing Europe and the East our wealth and resources, for at best or worst we never lose sight of the advertising possibilities of a celebrity, be he eminent corn doctor, virago, or pugilist. Indeed, I know a real estate agent who sold to a Boston settler a San Joaquin Valley ranch by representing Jim Corbett as having been born in the environment. I have it also on excellent authority that Eastern visitors are now escorted up Russian Hill and pointed out the mansion of the late Delos Lake as the old home of Edward W. Townsend—"him as wrote the literary success of '95, *Chimmie Fadden*."

Hamlin Garland makes the prominent editorial writer who figures as hero of his last novel declare Chicago destined to be the metropolis of America. On the shores of Lake Michigan will yet be a city as large and even uglier than London. A gloomy figure is this person, Warren Mason by name; he habitually smokes a pipe, and has that air of reserve and potential force which used to characterize the young guardsmen of Ouida. His life is a wandering experience of various feminine glamors until he encounters the beauteous Rose; he spends his leisure repining the necessity that compels the composition of four or five editorials a day all for the glory of some bake-shop capitalist who does not know a semi-colon from a penny roll. Before the volume is ended, Mr. Garland, who has ideas on the subject of Chicago as a literary center, converts Dutcher's Rose into a poetess, in whose verse the opalescent fires of genius glow dimly, and makes certain the completion of Mason's novel. There is a spice of encouragement in the conclusion—we know there glows a future for this gifted couple—they will surely establish alternate Sundays at home and gather around them the literary set of the Windy City.

I am led to animadvert on the impossibilities of San Francisco as a literary center by a recent announcement in the *Bulletin*. That excellent journal advertised as among its contributors a number of distinguished British story-writers, including Justice McCarthy, John Strange Winter, Edna Lyall, Adeline Sargent, and a dozen others. The *Examiner* rejoices in loud-voiced and full-bodied bursts of Kipling and Stanley Weyman, alternated with Anthony Hope and, perhaps, as a concession, Dan de Quille or Mary Wilkens, who balances in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the distinguished Jerome K. Jerome, also of England. The *Chronicle* publishes Bret Hart when it gets him, but leans to the gory romances of Rider Haggard. The *Post* has dealings with another syndicate which serves it more British yarns. THE WAVE stories, garnered from various sources, and the best of their kind, have not the merit of being original in its pages. So the sole market for the local literature is the *Argonaut*, and nowadays that journal rarely publishes a prose flight of over two columns, and insists that its contributors furnish at least one shooting scrape, a suicide, or a sudden death—the first preferred—to each accepted yarn. The French translation, with lingerie attachments, is performed on the premises. About the *Overland Monthly* I am undecided. I see Arthur McEwen has sued it for $15, and Rounsvelle Wildman is anxious to have it made the official school journal.

Where then must the rising literary talent of the town, if there be any, turn for publication and recognition? Produce the story of an Arizona shooting scrape or the strange adventure of some one or other on the edge of Mono Lake or the chase of a party of soldiers by Indians, and Mr. Jeremiah O'Hart may print it and give you ten dollars: *Harper's Weekly* is ready about once a month to encourage the woolly west and retard immigration by the publication of a similar type of yarn. It will turn in some cowboy pictures by Remington, so the unfortunate writer can hug unto himself the certainty that the artist got more for the lines than is paid him for his prose. *Lippincott's* and the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Century*, and *Harpers'* do, it is true, admit the American writer, but *McClure's* fiction is obtained from British sources like the *Bulletin's* and the *Examiner's*. Let us suppose some high light of the Press Club, for instance, should take it into his head to recruit a treasury depleted by bad luck at pedro, with an effort at fiction. Suppose him to write a veritable story of San Francisco life—which, of course, he would not, being a San Franciscan—but let us assume he made a picture of some phase of life here, setting his tints and colors by the tones of the actual—what would he do with it? Perhaps the *Chronicle* might print it for $4.50 per column, or he might persuade it into the *Examiner's* Sunday supplement at say $5 00 or $6.00; or he might be recognized as a local product in the literary department of the *Call*, and be patronized as though he were a Pacific Coast patent. Eastern publications are not anxious to make the reputations of unknown men—unless, indeed, the applicant be a verified genius, who submits a typewritten manuscript, indorsed by some other fellow who has had a letter of introduction to the editor.

Of course there are in San Francisco men and women whose literary expressions have a recognized value in the East. Miss Bonner, for instance, whose stories have had the indorsement of Harpers' publication; John Muir is a persona grata in the *Century;* Miss Juliet Tompkins finds a market for her gracefully woven dialogues. In addition, we have Joaquin Miller and Professor LeConte. It is urged, too, that first-rate workmanship inevitably entitles a writer to both audience and appreciation, but think of Ambrose Bierce's *Soldiers and Civilians* hunting a publisher, and finally brought out through E. L. G. Steele, printed in San Francisco. Mrs. Atherton and Ed Townsend have both succeeded, only it was not as Californians but as denizens of New York that they stormed the publishers' citadels. I don't contend positively that the presence of the author is necessary in compelling the decision of the printer. Given a good idea, a fair plot, and a style sufficiently clear to appeal to the eye of the ordinary publisher's reader, I am rash enough to imagine there might be a chance even for a Pacific Coast manuscript, but as so little appears with the Californian brand on it, only two conclusions are possible—that we have no writers, or that their offerings are refused. I refuse to consider the former contention, and the latter must, therefore, be accepted.

C.

As a title for the particular book which Major George F. Williams has presented to the world, I would commend *Bullet and Shell* as an undeniable touch of inspiration descended hot from heaven upon a mortal all unconscious of the momentary light—for it is clearly credible that the good man *was* unconscious of the light which you and I, unhampered by the disadvantage of authorship, are permitted to view it in. There is something in its set definitiveness so significant of inevitable bulleting and shelling and ranting about over gory battlefields, that one comprehends at first glance the entire range of incident, and knows that when the battle is over the narrative will be done. Bullets and shells, nothing more—not a purpose in the whole reiterative creation for a shell to explode or a bullet to knock down, to save the book from summary consignment to the rubbish-heap of warmed-over history. Out of the library, Major; the intrusion of you with that little school-book under your arm, though it be as proper as the rule of three, bothers us.

[Published by Fords, Howard, and Hulbert, New York.]

Mr. J. Comyns Carr has yielded to the lure of the Round Table with exceptional grace. The result is a drama in four acts, entitled *King Arthur*; and over many a tall handicap in the shape of threadbare themes and wornout lines, he has sailed to quite a supportable conclusion. His King Arthur, taking proper cognizance of the musical fates, pursues their lead till the wonderful sword Excalibur and the beautiful Queen Guinevere are his. After the latter's surrender to Lancelot, the sacred sword is taken from its scabbard and the monarch goes to war with the plotters, who duly defeat him. The false Queen is condemned by the victors to death, and, calling for a champion to answer for her, is saved by Arthur in disguise, who is, nevertheless, properly killed in the combat. Lancelot thereupon appears and kills the King's assailant after which the curtain slowly descends on the spectacle of Arthur's spirit borne in a barge with three queens bending over him, and an unseen chorus singing for him to sleep on until another dawn,

"That shall greet thee King newborn,
King that was, and is to be."

[Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.]

LIBRARY NOTES.

The last *Chap Book* is interesting. Its stories are better far than the original crop. The "Appeal to Anne," though, by no means great weaving, has a vague charm; there is also a poem of Davidson, a "Tribute of Frost" by Norman Gale, and an excellent interview with Zangwill, which is well worth reading.

So much interest was aroused by that most clever and original little book, *An Experiment in Altruism*, that it is now an open secret that the name of the author, Elizabeth Hastings, is the nom de plume of Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood, an instructor in rhetoric and English literature at Wellesley College. The third edition of the book, which is to be issued at once, will be published under Miss Sherwood's real name.

The reviewers find little to say for the latest crop of Christmas numbers. The critical press is unanimous in its disfavor. I. Zangwill, in the *Cosmopolitan*, announces the era of holiday numbers to have passed for ever. The *Saturday Review* goes to particular lengths in denouncing Mr. Astsr's *Pall Mall Magazine*, which it says is a perpetual disappointment. The two numbers most worthy of attention, however, are the Christmas issues of the *English Illustrated Magazine* and of *Black and White*. Both are full of good stories. The latter has an Anthony Hope yarn, which is quite readable, together with an amusing tale by Eben Plympton, which I noticed in last Sunday's *Examiner*. The *English Illustrated* is an excellent publication, presenting an array of notable names, including W. E. Norris, Sarah Grand, George Gissing, Katherine Tynan, Morley Roberts, and many more. The story-telling is several degrees above the English average, which, indeed, is much higher than it was prior to the *Yellow Book* era.

Kipling is writing a story for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Kipling! However—with his usual breeze and the vinous quality of his style, he concludes a chapter thereof: "And the fellow tossed down a glass of old Madeira, and turned to leave the room," etc. Little Bok, in a panic, wires the brawny jungle-man. "Can you change '*tossed down a glass of old Madeira?*' *Ladies' Home Journal* rules forbid mention of wine." Kipling wires four words: "Make it *Mellin's Food*." This the *Chap Book* offers on "reliable authority."

Lord de Tabley, one of the most talented of the minor poets of England, is dead. Besides verse, he contributed to the magazines several critical articles of value, and his *Guide to the Study of Book Plates*, written some twenty years ago, before the subject had received much attention, is the object of much consideration among collectors.

Ian Maclaren, whom an irreverent critic reports as "one of the numerous tribe of literary jackals that prowl in the wake of greater men and glean the leavings of the kaleyard," seems to have made himself unpopular in his native Scotia by a lecture on "Certain Scotch Traits." He, it seems, was not as aggressively admiring as the audience considered essential, and there were expressions quite the reverse of flattering.

After the remarkable experiences of R. L. Stevenson's executor, Mr. Charles Baxter, in San Francisco, no one need be astonished to learn of differences of opinion between him and his co-executor Sydney Colvin. Some literary gossip has been aroused by a letter from the latter in the *Atheneum*, apropos of the publication in the Christmas *Illustrated London News* of *The Great North Road*, of which this department had a note last week. Mr. Colvin disparages the story, and Clement Shorter, editor of the *News*, comments in reply on the peculiarity of a situation in which one executor sells a story for as large a sum as was ever paid for the same length of prose literary work, and a fellow executor writes to the press dwelling on the inferiority of the work in question.

Mr. A. Van der Naillen involved himself in prodigious exploitings, and not a little obscurity in his exercises *In The Sanctuary*, which William Doxey publishes under covers of the initial volume of his California Author's Series, this month. *In The Sanctuary* deals heavily with theological matters of light account, and there is hardly enough of anything else in the book to offset the style's superior weight. Mr. Doxey's preface, however, is interesting. His intent is at least commendable, and doubtless will bring forth ultimate rewards in the shape of some healthy California literature. From the list he mentions there should be gleaned the very choicest of fruits, and his hope that the East "will welcome this newborn of the most westerly and far away of our lands," is certainly a reasonable and not improbable aim.

[William Doxey, publisher, San Francisco.]

Miss Kingsley, the African explorer, whose remarkable feats were exploited in last Sunday's *World*, has returned to London, armed with diaries and note books, which she has submitted to London publishers, and they will be published early in the new year. Besides her notes, Miss Kingsley has made sketches and taken photographs of the scenes in her travels, and as her experiences have been unique, and as she is said to be a bright writer, a most interesting book may be expected.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) has a play to write, and she wants to do it within a week. Of course, the plot and its development are already worked out in her mind, and she thinks that she can dictate it to a stenographer in that time. As Mrs. Craigie, I am told, never dictated a line to a stenographer, I think she will find difficulty in rattling off a play without practise. However, she is a very clever woman, and clever women are exceptions to most rules.

A series of articles on "Secrets in Cipher," with fac-simile reproductions of famous ciphers from old manuscripts, by J. Holt Schooling, begins in the January number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The field is a new and interesting one, and the writer has evidently found a bonanza at Hatfield House.

The *Black Cat* improves—noticeably. Frederick Bradford's story of "An Angel of Tenderfoot Hill," would be expected in the *Century* or *Scribner's*—hardly in a magazine for a nickel.

The policy of the great French magazines toward English novelists has undergone a great change. We have the *Revue des Deux Mondes* presenting short stories by Sarah Orne Jewett, and certain American tales by Frank Harris, editor of the *Saturday Review*. Madame de Bentzon has translated for the same magazine Stevenson's *Merry Men* and also *Drums of the Fore and Aft* and *Light That Failed* by Kipling. The virile style of this vigorous writer offers innumerable difficulties to the translator, but the rendering is idiomatic and clear. In addition, the *Journal des Débats* has just published *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and is running, as a feulliton. Marcus Clarke's great story, *His Natural Life*—surely one of the big stories of the world. Stevenson's *Wreckers* is making its appearance in a high-class Parisian geographical weekly.

Reverend Lyman Whitney Allen, who won the New York *Herald's* epic poem prize, evidently considers that distinction carries with it the duties of an American poet laureate. William Watson having written a sonnet apropos of the Venezuelan message, commencing:

O towering daughter, Titan of the West!

Mr. Allen replies in a sonnet that hardly presents him among the high lights. It reads as follows:

O royal Mother, Empress of the East!
Whose ancient sceptre rules o'er land and sea,
Thy fair undowered daughter greeteth thee.
The centuried bride of Freedom, long released
From filial ties and bound by Nature's priest
To her great lord to serve him and to be
The nourisher and guardian of the free,
Hath seen her state for noble ends increased.
Think'st thou she loveth war, when she hath drained
So late her cup of sorrow? Yet when call
The sons of Freedom, all her blood is fire
Respect, just Mother, what she hath maintained,
And thou and she together shall forestall
The golden age of earth's supreme desire.

PROTECTS USERS OF "ROYAL."

Baking Powder Company Wins Its Case in United States Court.

[*Chicago Times-Herald.*]

The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal Company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trade-mark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The cupidity of other manufacturers is excited by this high reputation and large demand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well-known, reputable brand, incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of the Royal baking powder against imitators by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.

BARBECUERIOUS.

THE TALE OF A KENTUCKY PARDON.

The Governor of Kentucky has recently had an opportunity to exercise the official clemency, which is one of the compensating privileges of the gubernatorial office, to rescue from the meshes of the law "a noble African martyr to Democratic thirst," as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* describes the victim. From the report in the *Courier-Journal*, it appears that at a barbecue last July the Attorney-General of Kentucky, who was one of the speakers, by assurances, promises, pledges, and a tender of twenty cents, induced one George Williams, a colored person, to procure for him a bottle of beer. This being in violation of the Fleming County prohibition law, the said George Williams was brought before the county judge, and fined one hundred dollars. Being unable to pay the fine, he was incarcerated in the Fleming County jail on March 1st. His hard fate appealed to the generous sympathies of Honorable Theodore F. Hallam of Frankfort, and the following petition was by him placed in the hands of the Governor:

"FRANKFORT, Ky., March 23, 1895.

"In re George Williams, convicted under Fleming liquor law.

"To the Governor:—If I seem intrusive in a matter which does not concern me, please pardon me; if not, pray pardon the above named.

"His offense seems to have consisted only of conveying a bottle of beer to the chief law officer of the Commonwealth.

"It is possible that the chief law officer, returning to his desolated old home, bereft of beer, was athirst as Ishmael in the wilderness, and that the colored convict above named came, as came the angel to Hagar (not John F.), to save the life of the chief law officer. Now, think of an indictment against the angel for furnishing water contrary to the common law of the desert, where water is prohibited. Shocking. Even great Cæsar cried in agony, 'Give me some drink, Titinius.'

"Then, again, the colored convict may have been a mere agent of the chief law officer in the performance of the latter's duty. You remember that Doctor Parkhurst went into the vilest slums of New York, and witnessed, with disgust, the most abandoned strippings and the wildest orgies, verifying vision by touch solely to acquaint his soul with sin in order that he might crusade effectively against it. Quite recently in Cincinnati, Rev. Dr. Pelton and Rev. Dr. Robertson, on a Holy Sabbath morning, just before divine services, went—with like benevolence and kindly purposes—into a saloon and called for beer and cigars, and swigged the one and sucked the other, only to make sure they were real and not mere ingenious confectionery imitations, and then holily went forth in the spirit of their divine Savior and got a cop to arrest the culprit who provided their refreshment.

"It is said that those saintly gentlemen in their zeal even paid for the refreshments, instead of holding up their fingers. Now, is it not possible that the chief officer of the law was zealously desirous, like Doctor Parkhurst, of acquainting himself with the manner of violating law, or like Doctors Pelton, etc., of ascertaining whether it was really violated and whether the beer was real, at the same time renewing the strength which his duties to the State required?

"Furthermore, when the chief officer of the law renders an opinion, it is the duty of all to respect it 'so long and so far as not declared void by the supreme court'—as our oaths of allegiance used to say concerning the lamented Lincoln's proclamations. Then if he gave an opinion to this colored convict concerning the furnishing of a bottle of beer, would it not have been in the nature of lese majeste if the C. C. had disrespected it?

"Mark, please, that nothing had been declared void by the Supreme Court, and I doubt if anything in the transaction can be declared void except this conviction—and the bottle. Most respectfully I submit that, in the absence of adjudication by the highest court, the Attorney General's opinion—that he needed beer—ought to prevail, and that it is not a crime—that is to say—well—no, not exactly a crime—to act upon the Attorney-General's opinion. Therefore, I petition for pardon for the one and only person who ever so acted, assuring you that such a thing is not likely to happen again. And as in duty bound, etc.,

"T. F. HALLAM."

The following is the indorsement on the back of the papers, written in the Governor's hand:

"A distinguished Kentucky official was furnished a bottle of beer by an American citizen of African descent, bearing the name of Williams, to soothe his fatigue after the delivery of an able and most eloquent speech on the public issues of the day. For having supplied the needed and innocent beverage, for which he received as compensation only the small sum of twenty cents, he now languishes in jail for the nonpayment of a fine of $100, imposed for the violation of the prohibition law of Fleming County. Williams has been imprisoned since the first day of March, and I think he has been sufficiently punished. I will grant a remission of the judgment, being moved thereto by the classic and pathetic appeal of Honorable Theo. F. Hallam, which is filed with the papers of the case.

"JOHN YOUNG BROWN."

THE ÆOLIAN

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SPLASHES.

IT HAS been generally conceded that the last Friday night cotillion was a trifle slow. The attendance was not up to the usual standard and there seemed to be a general lack of vitality among the dancers. Perhaps it was owing to the inevitable contrast with the Terpsichorean dance of the night before; the younger set, which has not yet acquired even a soupçon of satiety, entering in to the spirit of their entertainment with an enthusiasm that was refreshing. The débutantes who contribute much to the brightness of the cotillions were fatigued after their dissipation of the night before and many of them remained away, while those who did appear seemed weary and uninterested. Some of the gowns were gorgeous, Miss Wallace who led the german with Mr. Greenway being magnificently dressed in ivory-colored brocade with full skirt, the waist being cut low and heavily trimmed with pearls. Mrs. Tom Magee wore a pretty gown of white satin; Miss Aileen Goad looked unusually well in a costume of white satin, the bodice daintily trimmed with tullé—an imported gown, I believe.

* * *

I was particularly struck by Miss Ella Goodall's costume; she looked as if wrapped in clouds of gauze. The effect was obtained by myriads of ruffles of very sheer gauze on a slip of pale blue; the sleeves were ruffle upon ruffle, one below the other, and the bodice was trimmed in similar fashion; the skirt fell in soft billowy folds. Miss May Moody made a pretty picture in a simple gown of white organdie, over pink. Miss Gertie Bates looked very bright in a dainty frock of white organdie. Miss Maraquita Collier was also in white. Miss Sara Collier looked radiant in a gown of pale blue satin. Miss Rose Hooper wore a very pretty frock of pink brocade. Miss Clara Huntington, who made her initial appearance, was exquisitely dressed in white. Miss Joe Blackmore wore a pink organdie. Miss Jessie Glascock wore a very soft-looking frock of white organdie, covered with ruffles of Valenciennes lace; the neck cut square, exposing the tops of the shoulders, and held by straps of pink roses. The skirt had ruffles of lace down the gores, which was most effective.

* * *

The next cotillion, which is to take place on January 17th, is to be led by Miss Maynard, assisted by Miss Emilie Hager, and Miss Sara Collier. All the Burlingame Club men have been requested to wear hunting costume, and the Army and Navy men their regimentals. It is to be a bal poudré, and I am told that a number of very swell toilettes are in the hands of the modistes.

* * *

A very jolly cotillion was danced at Slinkey's Hall, in Sausalito, on Saturday last at which a number of débutantes made their appearance. A contingent of the "Terpsichoreans" was present and shared honors with the local belles. Among the young people who made their initial bow to Society were Miss Borrow, Miss Maud Miller, and Miss Harrie Bosqui of Ross Valley, a very handsome girl, dark and striking looking. Among the visitors, I noticed Miss Mamie Polhemus, who is a tall, slender blonde and has very good style.

* * *

At the Presidio another of the informa hops was given on Tuesday evening. It was a much greater success than on the last occasion, as the hall was not over-crowded and the girls were in splendid form. Mrs. Barry Coleman chaperoned a party of young people, including several of the débutantes. Among those present I noted Miss Harriet Graham, who looked unusually well; Miss Lucy Coleman, a charmingly pretty girl on the fragile order, with exquisitely delicate coloring. Though hardly so striking look-

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

ing as her cousin, Miss Mary Belle Gwin, she is quite as attractive.

* * *

In this country the festival of Twelfth Night is practically ignored and passes unheeded. It is celebrated in Scotland and in Ireland in a somewhat similar fashion to "All Hallows Eve." Games are played, the most familiar being the "Twelfth Night Cake," in which a huge cake is brought in and cut up, each boy and girl taking a slice. In this cake is concealed a black bean and a white one. The boy who gets the black bean becomes King of the evening, the girl, Queen. The Bruces gave an annual Twelfth Night party, and, on Tuesday evening, a merry crowd of young people participated in the festivities. The usual games were played, and as Miss Frances Curry and Mr. Laurence Van Winkle proved the fortunate possessors of the beans, they were crowned King and Queen. After the fun the boys—University lads for the most part—went upstairs and hung pieces of pink satin ribbon over the banisters, the girls catching the other end. In this way were partners for supper chosen. Dancing followed and was kept up until a late hour. Miss Bertie Bruce was very becomingly gowned in red and white silk.

* * *

Miss Nora Connell gave a charming little musicale on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Brittan, a pupil of Miss Connell's, who has a very pretty soprano voice, sympathetic in tone, and of a fine quality, made her début. Miss Connell also sang, and several interesting recitations were given.

* * *

The George Pope reception on Friday evening was a crowded affair. It occurred too late, however, for aught else than a passing comment.

* * *

It is with regret that I hear of the indisposition of Mrs. Malcom Henry (nee Miss Kate Voorhies). She was quite ill during her visit to California, and left for Washington against the advice of her physician. For some time after her arrival she seemed better, but of late has been far from well, and the doctors say cannot stand the rigorous Washington climate. As soon as she is sufficiently recovered she will go to New Orleans for the winter, and very probably will come to California with Miss Marie Voorhies in the spring.

* * *

"Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth" is a maxim rigidly enforced by the Franciscan Society. This organization is engaged in doing a laudable work among the poor of San Francisco. At Christmas time it clothed four hundred and fifty poor children and sent provisions to one hundred and fifty families. It aims to look after the necessities of the indigent, and under the management of Mrs. Andrew Welch does a tremendous amount of good. This society is not endowed, and the members subscribe all the funds used. There are several wealthy ladies interested in the work who are most liberal, but no outside aid is asked.

* * *

THERE were a number of smart teas given during the week. On Sunday last, Miss Ella Goad gave a reception in honor of Miss Hyde. Mrs. Tatum gave a pink tea to Mrs. Harold Sewell on Monday, and Miss Eleanor Wood an "At Home" to Miss Mott on Friday afternoon. Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck is to give a tea to Miss Averill, who has recently returned from Europe, this afternoon. She will be assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Putnam and Miss Nannie Van Wyck.

* * *

Mrs. R. D. Fry is to give a big luncheon next Tuesday in honor of the engagement of her cousin, Miss Belle Grant. It is to be a very large affair, forty invitations having been issued.

* * *

Miss Kip's dinner was almost altogether an army affair—the guests being, for the most part, officers from the Presidio and their sisters—among them the Misses Graham, Miss Breeze, Miss Smedberg, Lieutenants Landis, Summerall, Forbes, and Davis. The table was prettily decorated, and both Misses Clemmie and Mary Kip were charmingly gowned.

* * *

Two smart luncheons were given at the University Club during the week. The first, by Mrs. William Ashe, was a married ladies' luncheon in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewell. There were about sixteen invited, and the table was daintily decorated with violets. The second, by Miss Juliet Williams, was a rosebud luncheon to twenty-five girls, chiefly this season's débutantes.

* * *

Another débutantes' luncheon was given this week. Miss Frances Currey being the hostess. It was a very jolly affair—the table decorations were pretty and the favors especially dainty. Miss Currey is one of the most successful of the débutantes, being equally popular with men and maids.

* * *

A married ladies' luncheon is to be given on Monday next by Mrs. Theodore Payne, on Sutter Street. It is a long time since Mrs. Payne has manifested her hospitality and it is to be hoped that this entertainment is but a precursor of her taking a more active interest in the social whirl.

* * *

Mr. Powning has recently purchased the George Pope cottage in Belvedere, and purposes fitting it up as a summer residence. During their travels in Europe Mr. Powning and his son, Mr. Will Powning, collected a number of good pictures and choice bric-a-brac which, since their return, have been stored. They anticipate adding several rooms and otherwise enlarging the house. The cottage is very prettily situated at the water's edge, and affords admirable facilities for boating and fishing. There is considerable ground around it laid out in flower-beds and terraced.

* * *

ENGAGEMENTS are rarely announced in mid-season. We either look for them in the autumn, as the result of the summer campaign, or in the springtime when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Last summer's season was singularly barren of results, and from the matrimonial standpoint, an utter failure. I can only think of two weddings directly traceable to it—those of Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Baldwin. Mrs. Ed Schmiedell's engagement was of long standing as was Mrs. Sam Knight's. This winter, however, we are making up to some small extent for this, and several engagements are announced, a recent one being that of Miss Jennie Cheeseman and Mr. W. H. Schumacher. Miss Cheeseman is well known here, and belongs to a prominent Southern family. She is a first cousin of Mrs. McAllister (neé Alice Decker), and during her career in Society was a conspicuous figure at the balls of the Friday Night and other clubs. She is a daughter of the late Morton Cheeseman, the millionaire stockbroker, consequently an heiress, and decidedly a girl of character and reserve. The date of the marriage has not yet been announced.

* * *

Another interesting engagement is that of Miss Jane F. Masten and Mr. Edwin C. Ewell. Miss Masten is one of the younger daughters of Mr. N. K. Masten and is a pretty, attractive-looking maiden. Mr. Ewell is a promising young fellow and is engaged in business in the H. S. Crocker Company.

* * *

An engagement recently announced that is evoking considerable interest is that of Miss Henrietta Sullivan and Mr. Stephen Loring Harris. Miss Sullivan is one of the younger daughters of the late John Sullivan and heiress to some hundred thousand dollars. She is rather a handsome girl, tall and fair with large blue eyes and a very sweet expression. Mr. Harris who is also well endowed with the world's goods, is at present cashier in the firm of Ames & Harris, but contemplates studying for the bar. He is a bright, shrewd young fellow, very intelligent, and with excellent prospects for a fortunate future. The wedding is to be celebrated before the commencement of the Lenten season.

* * *

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Hattie Samuel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Samuel, to Mr. I. Despres of Chicago.

* * *

A number of brides are announcing their reception days, and, strange to say, all have taken Friday. During January, Mrs. Howard Bennett (née Miss Julia Conner) is to receive at her mother's home on the first and second Fridays. Mrs. Shattuck (née Miss Margaret Sharp) and Mrs. Samuel Knight (née Miss Holbrook) receive on the first, second, and third Fridays.

* * *

INVITATIONS have been issued for the Mertief-Walter nuptials, which are not to be celebrated at the Concordia Club as was at first suggested, but at the Walter mansion on Van Ness Avenue. This necessarily limits the list to the family and immediate friends. The offshoots of both families are far-reaching, and include the Haases, Greenbaums, Hellmans, Hellers, Fleishmans and sundry families of Walter. The Napthaly wedding is to take place on Wednesday evening at the Concordia Club. Miss Mabel Gerst is to be maid of honor.

* * *

An interesting matrimonial event that took place on Thursday evening was the wedding of Miss Adele Dannebaum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Dannebaum, and Mr. David Fletcher. It was a home wedding, and the guests were principally the members of the Original Club. Miss Huldah Dannebaum was maid of honor, and looked charming in white organdie over white silk heavily trimmed with lace. The bride wore the regulation ivory satin with Duchesse lace and orange blossoms. The house was prettily decorated in green and white, the ceremony being performed under a bower of roses and ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher went on a trip through Southern California for their honeymoon.

* * *

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Euchre Club took place on Wednesday at the home of Miss Lulu Rothschild. After the game was over and prizes distributed, some original and diverting features followed.

* * *

The next Concordia informal "At Home" is to be given on January 23d. There is some talk in the Verein about giving a big affair early in February, with theatricals, etc.

* * *

The bell-boys at the Palace are proud as peacocks as they strut about in their new uniform. It is of navy blue, braided in white, with big brass buttons; they are very smart-looking, and give a dash of color to the halls.

* * *

Mr. Adolph Bauer announces two Chopin recitals for Sundays, January 19th and January 26th, at the St. Nicholas Hotel. It is not generally known, I think, that Mr. Bauer traveled four years as solo pianist with Messrs. Wilhelmj, Sarasate, Remenyi, and Madame Camilla Urso. He was for two years a pupil of Leon Planté, Chopin's favorite scholar, and M. Planté considered him a disciple worthy of his master.

* * *

The Bogart Song Recital is to be given in Golden Gate Hall on Saturday, January 11th.

* * *

Mr. Otto Bendix is to give a concert in Beethoven Hall, January 22d. The program is an unusually interesting one. Mr. Bendix will play selections from Chopin, Rubinstein, Scarlatti, and Grieg. Mr. Landsberger, Messrs. Van Oer Meyden, and Bendix will give the Tschaikowsky's Trio and the Nadini Violin Sonata, and a duo for two pianos, on

a theme by Beethoven, will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Bendix.

* * *

What is the matter with the jewelry business? Here are most of our fine establishments closing out their stocks. Rings, watches, and bracelets are going abegging, and the community should certainly have no lack of gold and silver decorations. It is a sad matter of fact that business is not generally so choice and so interesting in its environment that we can readily spare the Diamond Palace. Yet Colonel Andrews persists in his determination to retire, and announces now that all the jewelry that the Christmas sales have left must be disposed of by public auction. I don't think the Colonel recognizes himself as an institution or he would not be so ready to leave us. The opportunity of buying, at one's own prices, the rings and diamonds that he so graciously presided over, will hardly compensate for the closing of the most beautiful store in town. Besides, what will Montgomery Street be in the absence of his manly and interesting figure?

* * *

THERE WERE New Year parties innumerable across the Bay. One of the most original of these entertainments took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kirulff in Berkeley. During the evening the young people danced, but at twelve o'clock they formed a procession, and, carrying lanterns, marched through the house. This is a Norwegian custom, I believe, and is supposed to drive forth the evil spirits and bring prosperity upon the home. Mrs. Pennoyer invited forty people to see the New Year in, chiefly the literary set. This will be her last New Year's party in California for some time, as she anticipates leaving for Europe shortly, and remaining there until the education of her children is completed. She expects to spend two years in Paris, and will then go on to Rome. Mrs. Julius Rosenstirn has taken the Pennoyer house during its owner's absence. Several children's parties were also given. Mrs. Wickson had a big entertainment, and invited all the children whose ages ranged between seven and seventeen years. Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone of Oakland gave a Japanese children's party. The little boys and girls wore kimonos. The refreshments were handed round on Japanese trays, and the rooms were lighted with Japanese lanterns. The more informal parties were given by the Selbys, Davises, Kinzies, and the Costigans, who had a house party at their home in Mill Valley.

* * *

THE TEACHERS' convention divided the honors with the New Year's festivities last week. The literary element was deeply interested in the convention, attended the meetings and entertained the delegates. One of the features of the affair was the exhibition given by Miss Herrick of the drawings of the High School students. All of these were from life and some showed considerable skill. Mr. Reaser, Mr. Peixotto, and several other artists were invited to criticize the work. Mrs. Charles Webb Howard entertained the teachers at a big dinner, and Mrs. Fred Campbell gave a luncheon and supper in their honor.

* * *

The last meeting of the Deux Temps Club was noteworthy principally for the number of pretty girls who attended. The figures were hardly so original as on the last occasion, but were well managed. Mr. Roger Friend and Miss Moffit led. Miss Moffit wore a combination of red and white. The skirt was of white silk, the waist of white, covered with red and white striped gauze, trimmed with red satin ribbons. Miss Daisy Van Ness looked very well in a prettily-made dress of white liberty silk. Miss Bertha Smith wore a fetching gown of white Dresden taffeta, with pink roses. Miss Belle Mhoon looked lovely in a white swiss, over pink silk. Quite the prettiest of the girls was Miss Quinan, sister of the illustrator of the defunct University paper, *Josh*. Miss Quinan has frequently posed for her brother, and is a most picturesque-looking maiden—tall, fair and slender. She wears her hair in the old-fashioned, quaint style, drawn down, completely hiding her ears. She was in Nile-green silk. Miss Florence Selby wore a pretty gown of pale-blue silk, and Miss Luita Booth, who looked particularly pretty, was daintily dressed in pale pink silk and chiffon.

* * *

The Carlisle Extension Club has entered into its third season with an enlarged list of members. This is one of the most interesting of the literary clubs, as the members go in for serious study. Last year they took up the works of the different authors, giving an evening to Ibsen, Mrs. Browning, Howells, and Du Maurier among others. The choice is varied. This season, at the first meeting, the subject under discussion was "California Authors" and why they should be immortalized. Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Charlotte Perkins Stetson were spoken of, and all received some flattering tributes. At the next meeting, each member is expected to supply a subject on which he or she may be heard from. The Club has been entertained by the Whitneys at a reception, and by the Pendletons who gave a whist party in its honor. Miss Anita Whitney, Mr. and Miss Pendleton, Miss Wilson, Miss Dyer, Dr. and Miss Musser, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. Forbes, and Mr. Benedict Taylor are among the charter members of this organization.

* * *

Mr. Seward McNear has just returned from the East with his bride. She is a sweet and refined looking girl of the New York type, and has very good style. They are at present staying at Mr. and Mrs. George McNear's, but will eventually go to housekeeping. Mrs. LeGrand Cannon Tibbits anticipates spending the next few months in Oakland with her mother, Mrs. Folger.

* * *

Judge Henshaw's stag dinner last week was a very jolly affair. There were nineteen invited, chiefly professional men. The decorations were pretty, and the menu cards—sketches in water color tied with ribbons bearing the Henshaw seal—a rather novel idea. Judge Henshaw makes a splendid host, being bright, jolly, and full of anecdotes. Among the guests were Mr. Grimes, Mr. Prather, Mr. Metcalf, and Mr. Will Henshaw.

* * *

The news of the death of Mr. John Coleman was a great shock to the people of Oakland. It was quite unlooked-for and although he had passed his sixty-fourth birthday, he was so hale and hearty-looking that no one dreamed of his passing away for many a year to come. He stood exceedingly high both in business and social circles and leaves many mourners. His death was especially sad, coming, as it did, during the absence of his daughter who had gone to Oakland to assist in the decoration of Military Hall for the "Bachelors' and Benedicts'" cotillion, which was to have taken place on Wednesday evening last. Miss Coleman stayed all night in Oakland with Mrs. Goodall and early in the morning received the news of her father's death. She is quite prostrated. Mr. Coleman leaves a very large estate which is to be divided between his widow and children.

* * *

No date has yet been set for the "Bachelors' and Benedicts'" Cotillion which was to have taken place on Wednesday. At first it was suggested to postpone the affair for a week but those who were to participate said it was too soon. The general feeling in the Club is to drop this cotillion altogether and return the money. Miss Coleman is one of the most popular girls in Oakland, and all think that a cotillion given under such sad auspices could hardly be other than a failure.

* * *

The little Hush boys have started a children's paper in Oakland called *The Hustler*. It is quite well done, and some of the articles are bright and amusing.

THE GOSSIP.

STUDIES IN THE SWIM.

THE SUCCESSFUL DEBUTANTE.

The other day having an hour to spare I dropped in to see Alice Stovell, who lives in that charming house on Jackson Street which commands so admirable a view of the Bay. Alice has been in society nearly ten years, and although immensely popular among the women, never made a hit with the men. I was immediately taken to her sitting-room; a jolly little place on the second floor, comfortably, and most daintily furnished. The walls are a Venetian red, with a few water colors and etchings scattered about. The hardwood floor is covered with soft old Persian rugs, and luxurious divans piled with cushions line the walls. On one side is a piano, and on another, Alice's desk, covered with papers, magazines, and letters. In the open fireplace a cheerful-looking log fire blazes, and a copper kettle hanging from the crane gives promises of future tea.

Alice was seated in a big easy-chair, intent on embroidering one of the new linen photograph frames, when I was announced, and after I had made myself comfortable she began:

"I am so busy just now chaperoning Hilda that I have not a moment to myself, and I am so tired of it all—the everlasting round of teas, calls, dances, and dances, calls, and teas. It is interminable; luckily Lent is approaching, and then I shall have a little rest."

"But you ought to be thankful that your bud is the belle of the season," I remarked. "Fancy what it would be were she to fall flat like Eleanor Parkhurst, for instance, who is well dowered, too!"

"Yes, that would be perfectly awful. People have been so nice to Hilda, and she has a splendid time, but, tell me, do you think her so pretty?" asked Alice, in a confidential tone.

"The men all rave over her, and what more do you want?" I returned.

"Yes, I know," she asserted; "and she has actually had three tangible proposals; not bad that for a first season, is it? But I, for one, fail to see her remarkable beauty."

"No; I'd hardly call her beautiful, but she is a sweet-looking girl, has fine eyes, good coloring, and youth——"

"But look at her figure," Alice interrupted; "she is so delicate looking and slender, I might almost say scrawny."

Just then the door opened and the subject under discussion entered.

"Ah, Miss Tisdale, this is nice—I thought Alice was alone."

"Are you going out?" I asked, noticing she was gloved and bonneted.

"No; I have just returned from a girls' luncheon—such a long drawn out affair, and I am simply dead." She dropped her hat on the nearest divan, and, seating herself, commenced pulling off her gloves. She was certainly pretty; her large blue eyes had a soft liquid look; her features were almost perfect, and her smile fascinating. Her head was well poised, and her fluffy light hair seemed to caress her brow as it fell in soft waves and was caught in a loose knot behind. She was daintily dressed, too, in a light silk waist and crépon skirt, a big picture hat lending the necessary cachet to her costume.

"It was such an awfully pretty lunch, though, and I had such a good time!"

"Who were there?" asked Alice.

"Just the débutantes—and we had the Hungarian Orchestra, and such dainty favors—look"—drawing one of the new silver flower-fasteners in the shape of a butterfly, from her dress. "Such fun, too—you know Carrie Ball?"

"Yes," we both asserted.

"Well, she was telling us about the last dance at the Presidio."

"What did she say about it?" I asked curiously.

"Oh, merely what a fine time she had, and what splendid fellows the officers are. They all gave her buttons and she is going to have hat pins made of them. I do want to go to the next hop. You know," turning to me, "Mamma disapproves of the Presidio hops; she thinks it too far and the officers too fascinating, and when I propose going, says she must draw the line somewhere—and it seems to me it is much too tightly drawn at these hops. All the girls go, too!"

With such pleading, imploring, blue eyes looking into mine I could not but agree.

"Yes, it is a downright shame. The officers dance splendidly, and some of them talk well; besides, they are men, you know, and have seen something of life, and we rarely meet men in Society—real grown up ones, I mean. But, Alice, do let us have some tea."

"How do you like the social whirl? Do you find it fulfills your expectations?" I asked this beguiling young person.

"Oh, yes, I simply love it, especially the dances—the teas are a trifle slow—but I think I could dance forever."

"That, I suppose, is because you have all the partners you want. Alice tells me you are a real belle." She took the compliment as a matter of course.

"Yes, so they say—I certainly seem to be—and I was so afraid I shouldn't, for, you know, I am not in any way remarkable." She smiled naively. "I am not an heiress, even; and, although I have a few nice frocks, they are made at home, not imported creations like some of the girls have. Not that dress seems to count, particularly," she added, with a little sigh.

"Then what does count, Hilda?" put in Alice.

"I don't know." The girl became reflective. "Some of the girls are popular because they are lively; others, who are pretty, seem to have a good time. I don't know why I have been so popular, but I seem to be. I have more invitations than the usual run of girls. Every night I have five or six callers, and am never left seated an instant at a german."

"How do you manage it?" we both asked curiously.

"I don't manage it," she replied. "In the summertime at Monterey, I commenced to get along nicely with the men; they said I was unusual. I don't know what they meant, because, you know, I am not clever and only moderately good looking. Perhaps it is because I enjoy everything and like everybody. I don't say mean things of the girls to the men or vice versa. I am not too rich or well dressed, and I don't put on any frills, as the boys express it."

"Don't you feel your head becoming slightly turned with all this adulation," Alice interrupted, in rather a reproving tone. The girl answered with a merry laugh:

"No. You see, they don't take me seriously at home. Mother says I am losing my looks. Papa says if I grow much thinner I shall rival the broom stick, and the boys tell me they know lots of girls who would 'knock me' if they went out. Besides, one is only a débutante once, and even if I am fortunate enough to retain my popularity, there are some awfully pretty girls coming out next year. But I guess we have talked enough about me," she cried, merrily, "let's drink to my successor, in tea——Alice, you wretch, you have let the tea get cold! I wonder will that give her the 'glassy eye.' Let's hope so anyway." She rose briskly from the divan and commenced pulling on her gloves. "I must be off, girls. I have three calls to make, am due to receive at a tea, after that we have to go to a big dinner, and then the cotillion. I shall drop before morning."

"Is the game worth the candle?" I said to Alice as Hilda skipped off.

She looked out the window at the glorious panorama of the bay, all brilliant in the setting sunlight.

"I thought so once," she replied, "and I never was a successful débutante."

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hutton of New York, make it a point to entertain the great people—actors, musicians, and litterati—who visit Gotham. Mrs. Hutton is a New Englander and was brought up in a village where every one knew everybody else. Among her neighbors was Louis Sherry, the famous caterer. During Sir Henry Irving's last visit to New York, he was entertained by the Huttons, and Sherry personally superintended the arrangements. At a certain stage of the dinner, Mrs. Hutton espied him in the pantry enjoying some of Sir Henry's jokes. She called the actor's attention to it and he jumped up, rushed to the butler's pantry, and, shaking Sherry's hand, complimented him upon the dinner. Ellen Terry speedily followed and soon all the guests, including Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, were in the pantry congratulating the chef.

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THE WHEEL.

A NEW IDEA IN RUNNING-GEAR.

Now that it is definitely settled as to what the outward semblance of the bicycle is to be for next year, with the universal adoption of larger tubing, the one all-important question remaining to be answered is, "Will there be any radical, practical innovation in the running-gear?" Of course all have heard of the Simpson chain that was to accomplish wonders in doing away with friction and accelerating speed, but it now appears that Germany, months if not years ago, tested something of this sort, and cast it aside as valueless. At least one old-established bicycle manufacturing establishment is tantalizingly "under cover" as to its next year's designs, the only information vouchsafed being that "We are making three models of men's wheels, two of women's, and a tandem, and shall use neither the chain and sprocket nor the cog."

We are told the mechanism combines the tooth and chain gear. This permits of the sprockets being made more nearly uniform in size and thus reducing the friction. To illustrate by comparison with the gear in general use now: A wheel of ordinary sort, geared to eighty-four, would require a sprocket-wheel on the crank-wheel of twenty-one teeth, whose diameter is six and three-quarter inches, and on the rear wheel one of seven teeth, whose diameter is two and one-quarter inches. These sprockets, when mounted with twenty-eight-inch wheels, will move ahead about twenty-two feet for each revolution of the crankshaft. But, owing to the severe friction, to propel a wheel of this gear is a work for giants only. In the wheel with the new device the equivalent of an eighty-four-gear is said to be accomplished with a front sprocket three and one-half inches in diameter, and containing twelve teeth, while the rear sprocket is two and three-quarter inches in diameter, with eight teeth, and, it is alleged, this is accomplished with less power than is required in riding an ordinary wheel geared to sixty-eight, about the average gear.

A bicycle lamp at last. It is an electric contrivance, weighs a pound and a half, and may be fitted to any fork by means of a universal bracket. A little rubber wheel that lightly touches the outer or inner rim of the bicycle wheel communicates motion to a small metal wheel with ball-bearing mountings, and this in turn drives the armature of the dynamo. The electric arrangement is produced by an intermittent current, taken from a permanent magnet. As soon as the bicycle wheel revolves, the armature produces a brilliant electric spark. This is concentrated by an incandescent lamp, the globe or bulb of which, perfectly round, is about one-fourth as large as the globe of the usual electric office lamp. The light is two-candle power, but its illuminating force is vastly magnified by a patent reflector that consists of a double parabela, the object of which is to effect a double focus. This battery affords about six volts of electricity when the wheel is moving at a medium pace. When the bicycle is driven at a fair rate of speed, the lamp shoots a brilliant ray that illuminates the road for fifty feet ahead. It has also the advantage of economy; will run for one thousand hours without a new bulb, and is really the only feasible electric lantern yet presented.

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PUBLIC PEOPLE.

General Mahone, one of the Confederate Generals, was a martyr to dyspepsia, and was obliged to live almost entirely on milk. He took a cow into the army with him, and, like Mary's little lamb, wherever Mahone went the cow had to go too. General Lee objected to the cow, which was often in the way, and one day came to Mahone, saying: "General, you will have to leave the cow behind." "I am afraid I can't do it, sir," said Mahone. "If we cannot get along with the cow I shall be obliged to resign." The cow remained, and after the war was over Mahone took her home with him to Petersburg.

George Augustus Sala had no original talent for post-prandial oratory, but determined to become a master of this art. At a dinner given to Archibald Forbes, Sala was asked to speak, and did so with a vitality, a generosity, and a glow which made it very pleasant to hear. He was highly complimented by Edward Yates, and Lord Houghton asked him how he had succeeded in doing so well. "In the same way as I have done everything else—by determining not to be beaten; and, when I had no other audience, by proposing nightly the health of my own bread and cheese, with complimentary references to the mild ale by its side," said Sala.

Mary Thurman, daughter of the late Allen Thurman, has had a wildly exciting life. At sixteen she married Lieutenant Cowles. Then, during Allen Thurman's residence in Washington, she presided over his house so gracefully that it became a social center. Her married life was unhappy, so she obtained a divorce and came to California. There she fell in love with a young adventurer, Thomas Scott Gifford, married him, and, finding he had already a wife and two children, procured a second divorce. She next married "Bug" Holliday, a noted football player. After that, went in for prospecting, and is a familiar figure in several of the camps of the Sierras. Lately she has found a vein of ore which will probably make her the richest woman on the Pacific Coast.

An interesting story is told of the fashion in which the King of Portugal became engaged. When Prince Carlos was on his way to Vienna to celebrate his betrothal to Archduchess Marie Valerie of Austria, on his arrival in Paris he heard Her Imperial Highness had changed her mind. The Prince was furious, but determined to find a bride. He sought the Marquise de la Ferronay, a great friend of his, and she showed him the picture of a young girl, whom she described as rich, talented, and his equal in rank. "I will have her, whoever she may be," exclaimed Carlos. "She has just arrived in Nice," said the Marquise, "and is named Princess Amélie of Orleans." Three days later they met, and shortly afterwards their betrothal was announced.

Representative McEttrick of the Massachusetts delegation in the Fifty-second Congress was an honest man, but had a most conspicuous nose, which, beside being large, was as red as a danger signal. Speaker Crisp assigned him on the Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic. It was a good place, but McEttrick, on the first opportunity, sought the Speaker: "Mr. Speaker, I want to request you to remove me from the Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic." "Why?" asked Mr. Crisp. "Look at my nose," said McEttrick. "Did you ever reflect upon my nose?" "What's the matter with your nose?" said the Speaker. "What's the matter with it? Why, if I served on the Committee of Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, every street Arab in Boston would guy me, it would ruin me with my constituents. No, Mr. Speaker, a man with a nose like mine has no right on a Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic."

Lady Augusta Gregory has been telling some rather amusing stories of Kinglake, the author of "Eothen." He was rather an eccentric gentleman and on one occasion, when suffering from an attack of gout, wrote to a lady doctor asking her to come to see him; that is, if gout were not beyond her scope. She replied: "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are."

Madame Faure, wife of the President of the French Republic, has been shamefully vilified by the royalist party, which sought to force Monsieur Faure to resign when they found they could not make a cat's paw of him. This is merely another instance of the sins of the fathers being visited upon their children. Madame Faure is the daughter of a man who, in the first year of his own married life, was guilty of a breach of trust and absconded to Spain. His wife obtained a separation and renounced all claim to his property. He died in 1848, when his daughter made a similar renunciation of her inheritance. She was brought up by her mother's people who occupied the best position in a provincial town. Here Monsieur Faure met her, when he was twenty-one, and would have married her but the family did not consider his means sufficient. Three years later they were wedded, for although Faure knew of her misfortunes, he saw in them no bar to matrimony. Now that he is the head of the State and has marriageable children, this story, much distorted, is brought up by his enemies. The Comte de Paris is considered to be at the bottom of it all, for he cherished ill feeling toward the Faures. Madame Faure was brought up under the shadow of the Chateau of Amboise, which belongs to the Comte. On one occasion an old woman was prosecuted by an Orleans prince for picking up dead wood in the forest of Amboise. Monsieur Guinot, Mayor of Blois, father or uncle of Madame Faure, took the old woman's part. Since then the Orleans have been waiting for a chance, and this was their opportunity.

Galusha A. Grow made a good point during the Bayard debate which seems to have been overlooked by the newspapers. He reminded the House of a historical incident. At the outbreak of the war, Charles Francis Adams represented the United States at the Court of St. James. On one occasion, he was in conversation with some English gentlemen high in authority whose sympathies were on the side of the Confederacy. Up to that time, success in the field had crowned the Confederate arms, and one of these English gentlemen, thinking possibly to annoy Mr. Adams, said to him: "Mr. Adams, these confederates seem to fight well." Mr. Adams's reply was: "Yes, sir; they are my countrymen."

A FRENCH COMPLIMENT SUSTAINED.

The Paris *Figaro* complimented Californians on their refinement and discrimination of taste, owing to their preference for fine wines, and refers to the large importations of Pommery Sec into California. If the consumption of high-grade wines should prove a criterion to the standard of cultivation of a people, the Californians have again merited this compliment for the year just closed, as may be seen from the following statistics, compiled by Mr. A. Vignier, from custom-house records for the year 1895:

Pommery	6,000
Mumm	3,500
Dry Monopole	2,200
Roederer	1,138
Veuve Clicquot	630
Moet and Chandon	340
Perrier Jouet	300
Irroy	100
Sundries	1,713
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DRAMATIC NOTES.

WHAT THE MUMMERS ARE AT.

The Frawley Company received a very warm welcome at the Columbia, where they opened on Monday night last in "The Lost Paradise." The play is interesting and was very well cast, and the staging was of the best. Miss McAllister, who is an actress of considerable ability, played the part of the ambitious mother well. She has the merit of rarely overdoing anything. Miss Jennie Kennark, who was her petted daughter, made a very charming young Society woman—stately, dignified, and playing always in good taste. Blanche Bates as Cinders, a factory hand, did the best piece of work she has done in this city, and was ably assisted by her "Billy," which was assumed by Blakemore, who is an excellent comedian. Miss Archer, in a light role, and Messrs. Frawley and King helped to fill out the cast, which was an excellent one throughout. Next week "The Senator," by request.

"Ixion" continues to draw good houses at the Tivoli, and bids fair to remain at this little theater for some time to come. Several new songs have been inserted. Alice Carle winning new honors by a very pretty ballad, and Hartman, Raffael, and Gertie Carlisle continuing their antics and songs to the delight of their audiences. There is nothing new underlined at this house as yet.

Augustin Daly brings his company to the Pacific Coast at the close of his season in New York, and with it two entirely new plays. Miss Maxime Elliot remains with the company, notwithstanding rumors to the contrary.

Julia Marlowe Taber, who is by birth an English woman, is a devoted admirer of Shakespeare. It is one of her ambitions to have the most complete Shakespearian collections in the world. She has in her possession several rare quarto editions of several of his plays, and a facsimile of the famous folio of 1623. She has, also, a model of the house where he was born, a piece of the famous mulberry-tree, some souvenir spoons, and every conceivable photograph of Stratford-on-Avon. Every summer it is her habit to make a pilgrimage there. Last year, by means of letters of introduction, she was permitted by Sir Henry Armitage, the owner, to have a copy made of Shakespeare's chair.

The Baldwin Theater was well filled to receive Marie Wainwright on the sixth, when she presented her new play, "Daughters of Eve." She impersonated two characters of widely varying interest, and sustained the dual role with conscientiousness and skill, and was supported by a good company. Her leading man, Hartwig, is a talented actor, and Barton Hill makes an able addition to her company. The play is full of human interest and Miss Wainwright's interpretation of the "Daughters of Eve" is a clever one. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week, Miss Wainwright will present "The Love Chase." On Friday night and at the Saturday matinee, "Camille," and on Saturday and Sunday nights she will present "An Unequal Match."

Louis James opened to a fair audience at the California on the sixth in "Virginius." Personally, Mr. James's presentation of "Virginius" is good. He carries himself with all the grave dignity and stern vigor of the old Roman Centurian. His lines are spoken clearly, with suitable inflection of command or pathos, as the situation requires. In the scenes with his daughter, his manner was gentle rather than tender, but possibly representative of an age when the authority of fatherhood was distinctly felt and sustained. In the death scene of Virginia, Mr. James showed his limitations—for he was lacking entirely in the emotion which must have arisen in the sternest of Roman hearts at the prospective loss of a dearly loved child, although it may be said in extenuation of the almost brutal manner in which the stabbing was done, that reason was already dethroned at the moment of its doing.

Miss Kruger, whose claims to good looks are not few, was almost too modern and too sinuous in dress and manner for a Roman maiden. The women of Rome, of the class to which Virginia was born, were dignified and brave, rather than coy and pathetic. Miss Kruger weeps too much and too loudly; sometimes almost drowning the voice of her father. Mr. Langdon as Dentatus gave a good impersonation of that fearless, stalwart old Roman, and if Mr. Lindsley would correct himself of a certain too deliberate and drawling enunciation, he would remove the one serious blemish on an otherwise manly, goodlooking, and loverlike Icilius. Of the other members of the company possibly the least said the better. Appius was rather parrotlike in his lines, and Caius Claudius disclosed a brogue—altogether startling on the streets of Rome—while the mustachioed populace was, to say the least, unexpected.

The bill at the Orpheum is much the same as that of last week, and a very good one in all respects. The Manhattan Four, which is one of the very best numbers, varied its program by omitting some of its comedy and giving more songs, which was a very welcome change. Next week an entire change of bill is promised.

Tom Craven's melodrama, "The Fugitive," has been played to good houses at Morosco's. It deals with occurrences in the Eighteenth Century, and is full of thrilling scenes and situations. Mr. Brinker made his reappearance in a manly and forceful role that suited him well, and others in the cast played with their usual efficiency and ability. The mill scene by moonlight was a very pretty one. Next week, Sidney Brown's comedy drama, "Long Lane."

On Monday, January 13, Mr. James will give his new play, "Marmion," and it will be repeated on Thursday. Tuesday night, by request, he will present "Othello." Wednesday and Sunday nights will be devoted to "Macbeth"; Friday night and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet," with Mr. James as Mercutio.

John Drew produced his new play, "A Man in Love," last week, in Providence. It is the work of Anthony Hope and Edward Rose, and is described as a comedy with several serious passages, the plot being nothing new, having been used by Dion Boucicault in "The Octoroon," and, more recently, by the author of "A Way to Win a Woman." Ethel Barrymore—John Drew's niece, and the daughter of Maurice Barrymore—is said to do some surprisingly good work in the new play.

When it comes to spreading her uncovered shoulders under the caressing light of a calcium, the English actress easily outstrips her American sister. I think I first observed this fact upon the occasion of the first of the series of the Kendal tours. When Mrs. Kendal made her entrance before us, I was interested to see that she had carried none of her reputed prudishness into the drama with her. There were hills and dales of roses, such as we had not witnessed before outside of the music halls. It was a very beautiful vision. Then when Miss Olga Nethersole bloomed before us, an equally elaborate spectacle was presented. One might almost say that it interfered at times with the lady's artistic success, for only the strongest-minded men in the audience could find time to study any of her points of interest that were not pink and palpitant. And now comes Miss Julia Neilson, "with a little piece of string around her waist." I speak of these matters with the most profound reverence. I was not so much impressed by Miss Neilson as an actress, but when she appeared in, or rather out of, her silver-spangled dress in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," I had to acknowledge that she deserved the fame that is hers. The memories of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Nethersole are less fiery in us than they have lately been. Mrs. Kendal was rose-leaves, Miss Nethersole ivory, but Miss Neilson is rose-leaves and ivory together, with charlotte russe added. Miss Neilson's shoulders are more important than the Venezuelan dispute. And she is not ashamed of them. I trust, for the sake of their reputations as artists, our American actresses will give to their shoulders the scope now enjoyed by those of English actresses of distinction. I will make a wager that if one hundred butterflies and humming birds were to be set free in Abbey's Theater tomorrow night, they would congregate, by natural impulse, upon the Neilson shoulders. They would think they had struck a bouquet.

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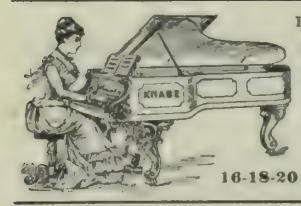

Established 1856

Benj. Curtaz & Son

Pacific Coast Agents

16-18-20 O'Farrell St.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

101 Montgomery St., cor Sutter

For the half year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1896.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

For the half year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six-hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five-hundredths (3 55-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

AN AMERICAN CHATEAU.

GEORGE VANDERBILT'S PALACE AT BILTMORE.

The fads of the multi-millionaires whose fortunes are at their own disposal, are varied, uncertain, and, in some cases, unusual. Some like fast horses, others go in for yacht racing; there are those whose tastes lie in collecting pictures, and some few who make ventures in journalism. The Vanderbilt family have preferred to spend the surplus of their fortunes in erecting magnificent mansions, and the Marble Palace at Newport and the pile on Fifth Avenue testify to William K. Vanderbilt's ability and extravagance. It has remained for the youngest member of the family, George W. Vanderbilt, to excel his brethren in this regard. His magnificent chateau at Asheville, North Carolina, is at last out of the decorator's hands, and stands to-day as the most admirable, beautiful, and fully equipped mansion in America. George is the only unmarried member of the Vanderbilt family, and the wealthiest bachelor in America. The palace is situated in one of the choice spots of America. The estate, which extends from the Blue Ridge to the Alleghany Mountains, covers an area of more than a hundred and twenty square miles, and is a broad plateau three thousand feet above sea level, splendidly wooded and diversified with valleys, lakes, and rivers. The scenery is most beautiful. From his library windows Mr. Vanderbilt commands a view of five snow-capped peaks and half a dozen streams. The grounds have been laid out by Frederick Olmstead, the landscape gardener, who has made the eastern, northern, and southern approaches a splendid and admirably cultivated garden, while the western portion has been left in its original wild state. There are admirable facilities for all sorts of outdoor sports on the estate, from bowling and tennis to fox-hunting, quail-shooting, fishing and boating.

The late Richard Hunt was the architect of this castle, which is modeled after the modern French chateaus, and is built in buff Indiana limestone. It stands on an esplanade, three hundred feet broad by seven hundred feet in length, and is four stories in height. Entering the main door from the terrace, one is ushered into the winter garden, which is octagon-shaped, its plate-glass roof supported by columns of Aberdeen granite. It is finished in quarter-sawed oak. From this garden the best view is obtained of the main floor—the salon, banquet hall, breakfast rooms, and kitchens.

The banquet hall is a magnificent room, with a ceiling seventy feet high. It is lighted from one end and from above, the remainder of the wall being left for tapestry hangings. Three colossal fireplaces are at the western end, and an organ-loft with a balcony for musicians. Back of this splendid apartment is the breakfast-room, and behind that the kitchen. Then there is a long gallery with panels let in the wall, on which tapestries will be hung. The library is one of the most interesting rooms in the house; it is lined with deep red Numidian marble, and filled with bookcases containing some rare literary treasures, Mr. Vanderbilt not only being a collector, but a true bookman.

Outside of this is an esplanade which leads to the bowling-green. On the east of the banquet hall are the gun and billiard rooms. On the south side of the house there is another terrace with large basins containing aquatic plants. There are two tennis courts and endless lawns that may be utilized for polo, croquet, etc.

The upper floors are arranged in suites of bedrooms, boudoirs, dressing and bath rooms, all perfectly appointed and artistically furnished.

Biltmore House is complete, except in one particular—it lacks a mistress.

Mr. Vanderbilt entertained all his family—including the Cornelius Vanderbilts, Sloanes, William K. Vanderbilts, and the Hitchcocks—at a house warming during Christmas week. Everything was done in the real old English fashion—with a genuine "green tea punch," from a recipe given Mr. Vanderbilt by an English friend. The floral decorations were gorgeous. A huge Christmas tree stood in the salon, and round it were grouped palms, ferns, and flowers. A drapery of gray moss covered the palms and mingled with the holly and ivy, which was wreathed over the pictures and arches. In the banquet hall the yule log burned and chestnuts were roasted, Christmas games played, and all the ancestral features observed as they might have been in an old English manor house.

Society in New York is passing from the old regime under which Society was an entity and really had its boundaries, to one where Society has a very indefinite and indeterminate meaning, and is divided in classes and sets. The city has grown to such proportions that it really is made up socially of several cities, and it is not anomalous, therefore, to speak of West Side Society, Harlem Society, or even Madison Square or Fifty-ninth Street Society. Notwithstanding this changed order of things, with its resultant confusion, there is still a large amount of foolish talk about new "leaders" on the part of persons that do not perceive the changes around them. The question in particular of a successor to Ward McAllister in his peculiar line is still affording space in many publications to writers in this dull period. Mr. Edmund Baylies is the last person selected by these writers to fill Mr. McAllister's shoes. A week previous Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., had been tried, but was evidently found wanting, and now the mantle is temporarily placed on Mr. Baylies's shoulders, simply because this young gentleman happened to have had the supervision of the details of the first Patriarch's Ball last week entrusted to him by his fellow-Patriarchs. It is just as absurd to speak of Mr. Baylies as Ward McAllister's successor, as it was last week to picture Mr. Dyer in the same position, or as it would be next week to appoint Mr. Alexander Hadden to fill the same rôle. As I have repeatedly said, there can be no successor to Mr. Ward McAllister, for the reasons that Mr. McAllister had a unique personality, in the first place, and in the second, that he found himself that his usefulness had departed sometime before his death, and that the self-constituted position of a sort of chief steward of Society, which he had filled for some years, was no longer recognized or needed. Still, this finding of the successor to Ward McAllister is a harmless amusement, and serves to make "space" for many more or less deserving writers for the press.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket.

PALMISTRY.

One of the most interesting articles on the subject of Palmistry that has ever been written appears in the January number of *The Traveler*, over the signature of Jane Seymour Klink, the highest authority on the subject in California. It occupies two pages, with six illustrations, and is written in a clear and most entertaining style, so that those who read it can readily become an amateur in the art. It has grown to be quite a fad among the best class of Society.

A handsome photograph of one of San Francisco's most prominent Society ladies, appears for the first time in *The Traveler*.

Price ten cents per copy at any news stand.

There is nothing can quench a taste for Rountree's candy but more candy by Rountree. This is a condition sometimes aggravated by absence of the wherewithal to procure the confections in question; but given that and the inclination, what reason is there for not assuaging so admirable an appetite? Wm. Greenbaum, who makes a specialty of this candy, has recently received a new stock of these delicious bonbons, together with assorted confections from Maillard's, Huyler's, and Lowney's. He has also Russian and Swedish chocolates which are almost as good as the English brands. By the way, Mr. Greenbaum has now all his candy stock in the store under the Bohemian Club, he having removed from the Sutter Street establishment.

Artistic Hairdressing, any style, only competent artists employed, thorough cleanliness and personal attention given. Theater, cotillion, and ballroom hairdressing a specialty. Mme. Bertha Spitz, 111 Stockton Street. G. Lederer, successor.

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Made instantaneously. Simply needs dissolving in boiling water, and set aside to cool. Makes one quart of delicious jelly. Ask your grocer for it.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Furniture moved, stored, packed, and shipped at low rates by Morton Special Delivery. Only experienced men employed. Equipment first-class. Offices—650 Market Street, and 408 Taylor Street.

A DIP IN THE OCEAN.

The announcement is made by the Olympic Salt Water Company, that while the price of the Tub and Plunge Baths remain at 30 cents for single ticket, or four for $1, they have concluded to sell in blocks of fifty tickets to the plunge *only*, at the rate of five for $1—say fifty tickets for $10. They further announce that all difficulties have been overcome in connection with the emptying and refilling of the mammoth swimming tank of the Lurline Baths.

They now extend an invitation to the public to call and inspect the operation of discharging and refilling. This operation can be witnessed any evening, commencing at 10 o'clock, and for which no charge will be made by the Company.

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IS FIVE YEARS IN WOOD BEFORE BOTTLING

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MAY BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A

GAZOGENE

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If you care for Aerated Water or use Wine on your table. A simple method of making your own Soda Water. See—

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Oldest Purely Fire Insurance Office in the World

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205 Sansome Street, near Pine

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Of Aix La Chapelle, Germany. Established 1805

Capital, $2,250,000.00

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J. H. DOHRMANN [28 years Organist St. Patrick's Church]

Will take a few Piano or Organ Pupils

In Oakland or San Francisco.

Only pupils willing to practice and anxious to advance desired.

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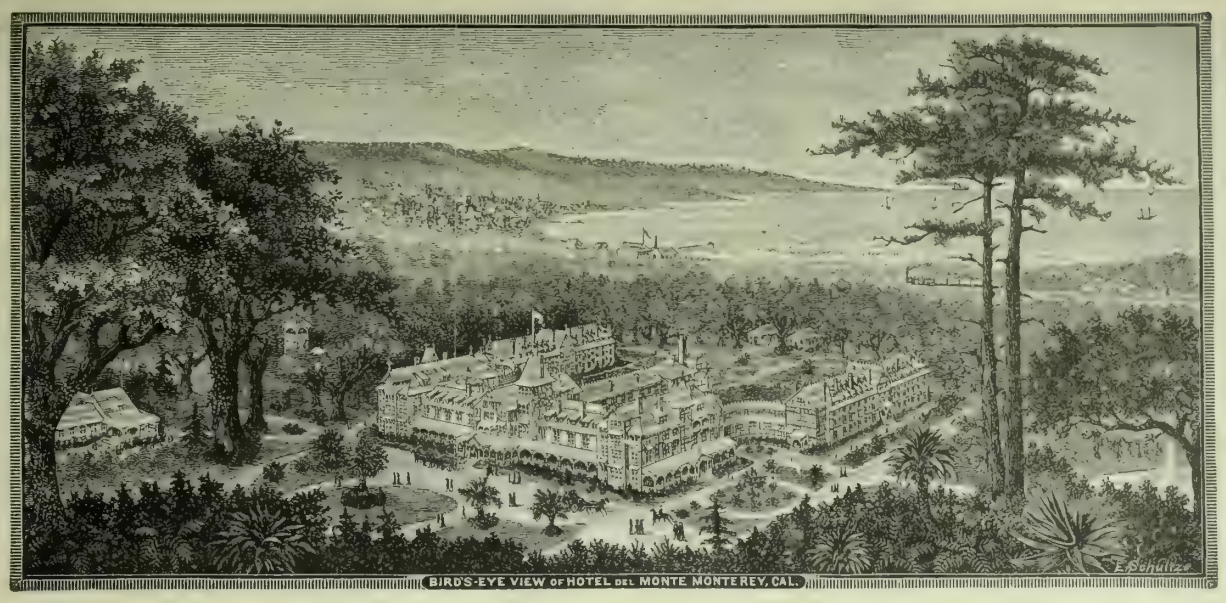

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And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers'

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—MANAGER—

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SUNSET LIMITED

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Lowest rates to CAPE TOWN

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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

Sailing (at 3 P. M.)—S.S. "Peru," January 18; S.S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," February 6; S.S. "City of Peking," via Honolulu, February 25; S.S. "China," March 14, 1896.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at Company's Office, No. 425 Market Street.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch Steamers leave San Francisco for ports in Alaska.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 19, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles) and Newport, every fourth and fifth day at 11 A. M.

For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month.

Ticket Office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

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It will pay you to see it. The best goods at the most reasonable prices

Business Suits from $15.50
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DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular)

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Many Novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to Order a Specialty.
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Latest Styles in— FINE HARNESS
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DR. THOMAS L. HILL
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MANUFACTORY AT LINCOLN, CAL.

STORYETTES.

Bernhardt has always been a seeker after new sensations. On one occasion, while visiting Havana, she determined to take part in a bull fight. Every one gathered in the Plaza del Toros to see the actress kill the bull. She was pale and composed until the bull appeared. It was an immense fellow and kept pawing the ground. "Keep behind me," said the matador as two horses fell gored and mortally wounded. Sara had a cape which she threw to one side and which was speedily ripped up by the bull but she retained her sword. Presently the bull charged, then Bernhardt clung to the matador's coat-tails, jumping from side to side and trembling all over. "Take me away—Oh, Mon Dieu, take me away," she shrieked. It was some time before the matador could comply and the bull charged again and again, on one occasion grazing the actress's skirts. At last she was lifted over the barrier and fell limp as a rag on the other side. Since then, she has confined her eccentricities to snakes and other less dangerous pets.

Kinglake was no lover of *The London Times*. To him the great English daily was still "a sort of Juggernaut, irrisistible and fateful." On seeing the announcement of the new editor's marriage, he exclaimed, "Heavens! that brings *The Times* into relations with humanity!"

A Georgia Justice, with a poetical vein, concludes the marriage ceremony as follows: "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the State of Georgia, by the fields of cotton that lie spread out in snowy whiteness around us, by the howl of the coon-dog, by the gourdvine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling-place, by the red, luscious heart of the watermelon whose sweetness fills the earth with joy, by the heavens above and the earth beneath, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

An English clergyman named Shepherd had in his choir a lady who took the part of a fairy in an amateur performance of "Iolanthe." Whereupon the worthy gentleman rose in his wrath and sent her a letter desiring her to discontinue singing in his choir. The postscript was as follows: "If God has given you a voice to sing, why not not use it in His glory, and not for the god of this world? Choose you this day whom you will serve. If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, follow him; but you cannot do both." Verily, the opera singer will have a worse task in getting into heaven if St. Peter resembles this shepherd than the proverbial camel of happy memory.

In spite of all we hear of South American hospitality, a lady from Brazil tells how they combine business with pleasure. She with an uncle went to dinner at the house of one of the wealthiest of the merchants there. Everything was lavish in the extreme, but on leaving, the merchant said, "If you have any washing, send it here." It appears that in all the wealthy households they take in washing as an employment to their large retinue of servants. "But you can imagine my surprise," said the lady, "at the end of a formal dinner party to be asked for my soiled linen."

The Duke of Sutherland presented a park to one of the Pottery towns in England, and the opening was a great event. A deputation called upon the Prince of Wales and asked him to officiate. He regretted that he was unable to comply; whereupon the spokesman, a rather rough old fellow, said: 'Canna tha spare half a day just to show thy face? We shall look like fules when we get back." Again the Prince said it would be impossible. Then an idea struck the leader and he said: "Well, never mind, if tha canna come send tha mother."

An amusing story is told of a prominent business man who could never remember the proper names of his acquaintances. He hit on an ingenious expedient of finding out the name by saying, after a few casual remarks, "Well, how is business with you now—pretty fair?" This usually succeeded, but one day he boarded a cable car and noticed beside him a gentleman who greeted him familiarly and inquired about his family. Mr. A. not being able to identify him, merely awaited his opportunity. "How is business with you now—brisk?" His companion stared a moment then laughed, "Confess now, Mr. A., you don't know me." "Well, I—why—" stammered the other, "you are —" "Bishop Nicolls, and I think my business is about as lively as usual, you know."

Lord Dunraven has never had a proper understanding of "noblesse oblige." He was accused of gross discourtesy by the late General Sheridan over twenty years ago. It appears that Dunraven presented letters of introduction to the General when he came out here to shoot big game in 1874. General Sheridan gave him letters to the commanding officers in Montana, Wyoming, and Utah, and he was treated most courteously during his trip. He failed to acknowledge the civilities shown him, and left for England without a word to General Sheridan.

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AWARDED
THREE
HIGHEST AWARDS
AT
THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION
OF SIX MEDALS
AWARDED TO CALIFORNIA
Cresta Blanca Wines
OBTAINED THREE

WETMORE-BOWEN CO.
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Horses Pastured
$1.50 PER MONTH
GOOD FEED AND CARE.
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Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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TAILORING
AT MODERATE PRICES
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Prepares the way for worse ills to come. Ripans Tabules annihilate dyspepsia. One gives relief.

Ripans Tabules: Sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

—A—
SAFE GUIDE

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Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

WAVE CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1896

By special arrangement with the publishers, THE WAVE is prepared to offer the following list.

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THE WAVE and CENTURY		$6 50
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" " "	JUDGE	7 00
" " "	LESLIE'S WEEKLY	6 20
" " "	DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE	4 50

THE WAVE

VOL. XV. No. 3. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 18, 1896. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at the Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION, $4 per year, $2 six months, $1 three months. Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) $5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Co., 210 Post Street; East of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Co., New York.

THE WAVE *is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.*

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THE FUNDING BILL.

The real points involved in the discussion of the Railway Funding Bill are being so obscured with falsehoods, hatred, and deliberate misrepresentation by the daily press that THE WAVE is minded to request intelligent men to discuss the subject in its columns. WE WILL WELCOME COMMUNICATIONS TAKING EITHER SIDE OF THE CONTROVERSY.

THE FOOL WHO RUSHES INTO PRINT.

The high order of intelligence which belongs to the *Examiner's* followers is admirably illustrated in the letters it is publishing from its readers on the Funding Bill. Reason, holding its bursting head between its hands, flies, a shrieking maniac from the double leaded array of irrational rot. The letters are simply a mass of stupid and inane drivel, willful falsehoods, and careless misrepresentations. We have failed to find among them a clear, rational statement of the side of the cause espoused by the *Examiner*. A well-framed petition, such as that journal distributed last year and to which it obtained two hundred thousand signatures, presents a formidable document in itself, even to a man who understands how meaningless such things generally are. The silent autographs of this number of good, bad, and indifferent citizens, while they are apt to dignify a world of ignorance, hate, vice, and envy, may also conceal a world of wisdom and information upon the subject of the preamble and prayer of the petition. But when two hundred thousand thoughtless citizens, drummed up from everywhere, under the lash of a sensational journal, attempt in print to give reasons for certain convictions on complicated questions of finance and public policy, their weakness is exposed, their cause destroyed, and the absurdity of their convictions made plain. The value of a petition such as the *Examiner* circulated a year ago is always problematical and open to fair discussion until the fathers of it open their mouths and set their respective feet therein. If the Monarch had gone over body and soul, into the railroad camp, and was seeking to weaken its monster petition of a year ago, it could not have done better for the railroad cause than to invite the signers thereof to set forth the reasons for the faith that was in them. Indeed, it would have been a wise and diplomatic move for the Railway Company to have attempted to secure this very thing which the *Examiner* is doing for them so admirably, and forward the same to Congress as proof of its utter worthlessness and absurdity. The public generally do not read communications such as the *Examiner* is now printing, but they should be read in the interest of common sense and common decency. Take the first letter of the series, that of A. W. Rhude. He says:

> It has been for years past before Congress, and time [for payment] has been extended time and again to enable the octopus to use the money they long past owed the Government to build and equip the great system of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Rhude's anatomy is plainly apparent here. He fondly believes the debt has been extended from time to time, and, growing angry thereover, declares that the extension crime should not be repeated. Every informed man knows that the debt has not been extended, and that ample provision has been made to meet the payment of many millions of dollars falling due in 1895 and 1896. Mr. Rhude continues:

> Why is it that the Post Office system is so successfully carried out? Because it is run by the Government. Why not the railroad? Then give the system of referendum, so that the people may vote, say, at every Presidential election on a series of problems, such as finance, tariff and other questions and settle it forever.

If not moved by any other consideration than Mr. Rhude's rude spelling and still ruder grammar, we would hesitate before leaving to him or the like of him the settling of our financial, tariff, or other questions, unless he can bring to bear upon the subjects a little more of common sense and reason than he has displayed upon this Railway Funding Bill. Doubtless he is not aware that the Post Office Department is run at a loss; or more properly speaking, perhaps he is aware of it and doesn't care.

S. G. of Oakland is another writer. While his style is more conservative than that of Mr. Rhude, he cannot refrain from dragging into the controversy the dear old "remorseless clutch," which he declares to be "on the throats of the people, steadily strangling them." All this is very pretty and very moving, but S. G. does not quote a single "clutch." It is the burden of his letter that the Government should *experiment* in the ownership of a transcontinental line of railway. It seems not to bother him that such an experiment might destroy all the fruit and manufacturing industries of the State.

There is another writer, L. A. Mitchell, who must warm the cockles of Mayor Sutro's heart. He rants and prates of "slaves," of "robbers," of a thing that "hangs about our necks," of "fetters of crimes"; but nothing of reason; nothing of sense; nothing of argument—nothing but abuse. We have reason to believe that sly old dog, Sutro, is the author of this communication.

Among the earlier communications, that of B. F. G., of Mountain View, stands out like a silhouette of Mt. Shasta against a gray December sky. B. F. G. does not like the railroad; and the Government should foreclose the mortgage because he is compelled to pay seventy cents for a round trip from his home to San Jose. The good man has some curious and most original notions about the transportation problem. His ideas are laden with a fresh, wholesome, bucolic, country smell:

> "I wish," says B. F. G., "we could travel as cheaply in proportion as letters, freight, and other kinds of merchandise. We would be better educated, more liberal, and the State would soon have a larger population."

God knows, if such a result would follow, and the B. F. G.'s of the State would be better educated and more liberal, it is worth foreclosing a mortgage to secure it. Indeed, the railroad is simply committing a species of corporate suicide by not reducing rates. Take B. F. G.'s letter, in which he expresses a desire to travel at regular letter postage rates, and, let us say, the good man weighs 175 pounds. At two cents per ounce, not counting the cost of the envelope, it would take $56 to get our friend down to San Jose, where he might swap dried fruit for moist groceries. If he went as second-class matter, or as a "sample copy," he could get there for less money, but if we registered him it would cost more. If we sent our letter-writing friend as fourth-class matter, as we would send shoes or shirts, we could get him down to San Jose for one cent per ounce, or $28. The probability is that B. F. G. represents a type—a type of shiftless, dissatisfied men, who want more for their own services than they are willing to accord to others for theirs; a type of men who read of the wealth of others only to envy and to hate them for their possessions; a type of men who consider themselves just and fair, and who are, in fact, the direct contrary. He is a follower and admirer of Bellamy, and deftly and neatly calls the attention of the *Examiner's* editor to the popularity of *Looking Backward*.

Then we have George Sandmann. George is of the opinion that times "grow harder and harder," though just what this may have to do with the Funding Bill is a trifle obscure. He closes his most wonderful letter with this most wonderful statement, which we defy the Puzzle Editor of the *Examiner* to reduce to plain, comprehensible English:

> Now, if an accommodation which ought to be small, although necessary, adjunct to our community, can become so far-reaching, disparaging, and hurtful to that community, you ought to get from every citizen a protest that will be the means of curbing such harmful influence. I have known of hundreds of people these last few years who would have left this State if they could have obtained the exorbitant fare the railroad charges to go East.

One of the most mendacious of all of the writers is H. K. of San Francisco. He declares:

> It is due mainly to the management of the heads of this corporation that the Pacific States are not gaining in population in proportion to the other States. It is due to them that most attempts at establishing factories and workshops on a large scale prove disastrous to the promoters thereof, and are therefore consequently abandoned.

The author of this communication is either guilty of a wilful and deliberate falsehood, or he writes concerning that of which he knows nothing, and is willing to say anything to fortify his wild conclusions. If he will consult *The Statistician*, at page 136, he will find the last census returns show that between the years 1880 and 1890 *California was outdistanced by only twelve other States in the Union* in the matter of increase of population. What is one to say in the face of such deliberate and inexcusable falsehoods? When this same gentleman bemoans the decay of local manufactories, and attributes it to railway management, he shows a rare and almost criminal ignorance. Let him consult the back files of THE WAVE, and he will find letters from leading manufacturers urging upon us the necessity of protecting the local manufacturer against the operations of the Traffic Association and the other H. K's., who were moving heaven and earth to secure low west-bound freight rates for the benefit of importers; thus crushing every local industry out of existence.

B. H. Mac, of Los Gatos, is another cheerful railroad hater. His pen is not limited by such annoying things as facts. His vocabulary constitutes his only limit. His communication says with a vigor that should be fortified by truth, or a semblance of it:

> I am decidedly opposed to Funding the debt of that corporation. It failed to pay any portion of its enormous indebtedness to the people; and Judge Thurman, in 1878, engineered through Congress a bill by which a certain portion of its net earnings should be set aside as a sinking

fund, until the whole indebtedness should be paid. This was very favorable to the debtors. The creditors—the people—had reason to believe they would soon be paid. But not one dollar has been paid. The books never show any net earnings. No sooner had the Thurman Bill become a law, than these debtors, who had become rich out of the people, reorganized themselves into the Southern Pacific Company, and all the net earnings went into the new road.

If this statement contained a modicum of truth it would be insurmountable; but examine it. He says: "It failed to pay any portion of its enormous indebtedness; not one dollar has been paid." The truth is, the railway company has set aside the sum of $14,420,727.64 to liquidate part of that enormous indebtedness, and most of this amount is now in the hands of the United States Government. Of course, a small sum like fourteen million dollars does not disturb Mr. Mac in the least; but it has a very large influence in creating in our minds a belief that Mr. Mac cares very little for the truth of what he states. Here is another of the gentleman's statements:

No sooner had the Thurman Act become a law, than these debtors, who had become rich out of the people, reorganized themselves into the Southern Pacific Company, and all of the net earnings went into the new road.

The truth is that the corporation is to-day paying annually, under the Thurman Act, to the United States Government an average of $600,000. It may not disturb Mr. Mac to know that he was in error in this statement. One more of Mr. Mac's mis-statements will suffice. He says:

Transportation is now taxed to pay dividends on nearly twelve billion dollars' worth of stock.

And the gentleman regards this condition of affairs as something which threatens the destruction of all mankind. The truth is, the corporation is not paying any dividends at all, so it is quite immaterial whether its watered stock represents twelve billions or twelve times that amount. Therefore, this argument is no argument at all; it is simply falsehood.

In reviewing these letters we do not cease our criticisms because of lack of material. There is scarcely a communication in the lot containing a statement of fact that cannot be controverted or disproved as fully and completely as have the foregoing. The skillful editor, whose employment calls for strong anti-railroad articles, fights shy of statements of fact. Just as soon as one grows careless and begins to adopt facts, just so soon will he come to grief. It is the "clutch," the "grasping monopoly," the "greedy corporation," and the like that must constitute the stock in trade of such an editor, if he will survive through one campaign. There are probably good, sane, logical arguments against a refunding of the railroad debt (there are two sides to every question), but we have yet to see the first. Certainly, some one of the diplomatic corps of the *Examiner* has blundered in inviting its readers to express their views.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

What shall we do with our millionaires? At the beginning of a new year—a campaign year at that—Mr. Hearst asks this perplexing question in his New York paper, and insists upon an answer. This is inconsiderate of Mr. Hearst. He should have withheld his question until the world was more at peace. With the prospect of immediate war between Germany and England over the right of England to grab one-half of the world, and the possibility of a war between England and the United States over the right of England to grab the other half, it does look unkind, at least, thoughtless, for Mr. Hearst to thrust this new subject of controversy into the field. As if we did not have troubles enough already! Is it not enough that we have Oom Paul, and Chamberlain, and Schoneburg, and Jameson, and Leyd, and Rhodes, and a dozen others to look out for, without throwing on our hands a pack of idle millionaires, for whom we must find something to do? We submit, too, that the grave problems involved in the question, "Is marriage a failure? have not yet been settled to the satisfaction of the world, at least. If so, the solution has not yet traveled this far West. So much we plead in abatement, but the issue must be met, the question must be answered, else Mr. Hearst will not be pleased.

In the first place the thought is suggested, why have any millionaires? Being "our" millionaires, why not take their millions from them and make them commoners? Then the gordian-knot would be cut, the egg stood on its end, the circle squared. But at once we are met with the dreadful fear that a new crop of millionaires might spring up. Here is a double difficulty; we must take away the millions of those who now possess them and take away, too, the possibility of their making other millions. Thus we come to socialism. The prescription is simple: To abolish the millionaire, abolish individual effort and reduce all men to mere cogs in the great Government machine.

But if we cling to our millionaires rather than adopt socialism, what shall we do with them? There are potently just two things that the millionaires themselves can do—spend their millions wisely or spend them foolishly. If they do the former, the world gets the benefit in new products, new enterprises, new fields of employment for men of mind and muscle. If they spend their millions foolishly, the money quickly drops into other hands, where it becomes useful to the community. The answer, then, for Mr. Hearst is this: Do nothing with our millionaires. If they are wise men, we will all get the benefit of their millions. If they are fools, some wiser men with traps for fools will catch the millions they let drop.

SAPPING THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has, in several recent issues, been urgent in advocating arbitration of the Venezuela boundary controversy, in spite of the fact that the United States have taken the only reasonable and justifiable method they could adopt for determining whether Great Britain has, by encroachment upon Venezuelan territory, infringed the Monroe declaration against European nations exercising governmental jurisdiction over American territory which they did not possess at the time they received notice through the message of President Monroe of interdiction from future colonization on the American continent.

We have excerpted from the chief editorial on that subject to show the misconception which prevails in both Europe and America in relation to the Monroe declaration, and the vicious and unsound construction given to it by the statesmen and press of both continents.

. . . . We have [says the *Chronicle*] insisted, and will continue to insist, that it is a recognized factor in international law, whatever Europe may think of it, and that what we not only ask, but demand, is that Great Britain, recognizing this doctrine, shall consent to submit to fair and impartial arbitration one single question, that is, whether British aggression and advances into Venezuela come or do not come within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, which has been at least tacitly accepted for a series of years by the whole of Europe.

. . . . We concede to Great Britain the clear and absolute title to British Guiana, but when a dispute arises between Great Britain and Venezuela as to the western boundary of British Guiana, the United States declares that a prima facie case is presented for the application of the Monroe Doctrine, and that, in good friendship, we ask England to submit the question in dispute to an impartial tribunal.

The whole article consists of a series of assertions, not one of which is founded on fact. Notwithstanding the insistence of the *Chronicle*, the Monroe Doctrine is not, and never was, "a recognized factor" in international law. The Monroe declaration is not traceable to any code of laws, nor was it ever intended to be embodied therein. It is a notice to foreign powers that the peoples of the American Continent have adopted a system of government different from their system and adverse thereto, and that the United States, in order to avoid the dangers incident to proximity to the European system of government, have deemed it necessary to declare that they will neither interpose in the affairs of Europe nor permit European powers to exercise governmental jurisdiction over any territory on this continent, except such as was then in their possession and control.

Wherein do the European nations find it so applicable in its benefits to them as to induce them to adopt it? There has never been an instant since the announcement of the declaration when it has been recognized by any European power as having any lawful authority to restrain it from colonizing in the Americas. France did not recognize it as an international principle when it invaded Mexico. It did, however, recognize the ability of the United States to maintain it, after being relieved from their disembarrassment, and withdrew.

It is true that in 1823, Prime Minister Canning proposed co-operation with the United States to resist the purpose of the Holy Alliance in South America and suggested to the Secretary of State that the United States should express their opposition to any interposition of the Alliance in the affairs of America. After the British Government realized that it was included in the interdiction, Canning and his successors at once displayed their opposition to it, and ever since then that nation has been persistent in demonstrating its contempt of it. We may instance the fact that some British subjects from the West Indies having settled in Central America, Great Britain pursuant to its aggrandizing policy, took possession of the whole coast, sweeping round from the Rio Honda to the port and harbor of San Juan de Nicaragua together with the adjacent Bay Islands. It also seized the Island of Ruatan in the Bay of Fonseca off the coast of Honduras. Subsequently, through superior diplomacy in negotiating the Clayton Bulwer treaty, it forced the United States to admit it as a joint operator in constructing and maintaining an Isthmian Canal and as a joint protector thereof. That is the kind of recognition the Monroe doctrine has received from the two colonizing nations of Europe.

For the benefit of those who desire to uphold the Monroe declaration in its integrity, we will endeavor to show, by illustration, that the infringement of it by France in Mexico and by Great Britain in Venezuela is only one of method. Suppose, for instance, that Mexico, fearing the dismemberment of the United States, had, in order to induce France to abandon Mexican territory, ceded to that nation one or more of its States. Would not that have been an acquisition of territory for governmental jurisdiction and a patent breach of the declaration? If, when they were at liberty to resent and resist the infringement, they had demanded relinguishment of the ceded territory, and France had replied that by the law of nations the cession was lawful, and that it was willing to refer its validity to impartial arbitration, what would the United States have said to that proposal? They would have declared that the Monroe Doctrine was not a part of the law of nations; that it was not a subject for arbitration or judicial decision; that it was a method of defense which the people of the United States had, with practical unanimity of opinion, adopted for their peace and safety, and for the preservation of the Republican system of government on the American continent; that whether the declaration was or was not infringed was for them alone to determine, and their decision was that France must relinquish the ceded territory, or gain title to it through war with the United States.

Suppose again that Nicaragua should cede to Great Britain a strip of territory between the two oceans sufficient for the construction and purposes of a canal, would not the United States prevent British occupancy of it, even if it should become necessary in doing so to convert Nicaragua into a territory of the United States? Suppose, for instance, that Spain, seeking to revenge itself upon the Cubans for striving to gain their independence and fearing their ultimate success, should sell the Island to another European nation, would not the United States treat such a transaction as an infringement of the declaration, and resist foreign occupancy with an adequate armed force? Will any one affirm that in either of those instances the act should be referred to arbitration to determine whether it came "within the scope of the Monroe doctrine"?

The Anglo Venezuelan boundary controversy, is however, less obvious. With a boundary dispute between two American republics interference by the United States under any form of pretext is not even conceivable. It matters not to them so far as their peace and safety is in question how the contestant Republics settle the controversy, whether by arbitration or diplomacy or otherwise. Whatever be the disposition of the matter the territory claimed will be that of an American republic. When, however, such contention is between an American republic and a European nation and the Republic complains to the United States that that nation has been taking possession of its territory by encroachment and is exercising jurisdiction thereon, the act, if committed, is as much an infringement of the interdictive policy as if possession had been obtained by seizure. Hence, the United States are, if the policy is to be effective, in duty bound to examine into the truth of the complaint. Venezuela having made such complaint, the United States have provided for investigation by an Act authorizing the appointment of a commission. The commissioners have been selected by the President from among the most honored, the most learned, and the best qualified citizens of the United States.

The purpose of the commission is not to settle the boundary controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela (although that may be incident thereto), but it is to ascertain whether Great Britain is exercising jurisdiction over territory on this continent, which it did not possess when the European nations were notified by the message of President Monroe that the United States would resent any extension of their jurisdictions over any territory on this continent, except such as was then in their possession and control. The contention that the United States would adopt a policy as a method of defense, and for perpetuating the Republican system of government, which policy was based wholly on public opinion and not upon law, and

would concede, under any pretext whatever, that a breach of it was triable in any forum on earth, or was referable to arbitration, or was subject to any interpretation except their own, is preposterous.

If the finding of the Commissioners shall be that Great Britain is now exercising jurisdiction over territory in South America which is not included in its title to British Guiana, the United States will notify that Government of the finding and demand that it evacuate the territory. If it refuse, the Monroe Doctrine will not only be enforced, but there will not be left to Great Britain, at the close of the contest, as much territory on the Continent of America as would make a foundation for a flagstaff.

FRANCIS SCHLATTER, ET AL.

Somewhere in the wilds of New Mexico, approaching the Rio Grande, is a strange man—a man whose place in the age is unique, Schlatter the "Healer." It was in Denver that he first won an extended fame, and it was from that city he started by stealth, none knew whither, He had been called, he said. It was the bidding of the Master, and he must go.

For weeks he had stood bareheaded daily in front of an humble house in Denver, in which he had chosen to abide, while the multitude crowded by, clamorous for the touch of his hand, begging that he bless a handkerchief that it might receive and bear away the power to cure. He said no word, save such as seemed to be a muttered prayer, but he laid a tender hand on every pain-racked form, and often the pain vanished. Far and wide flew the story of his potent touch, and thousands poured into the city in quest of him. From other places came money and offers of money, but he rejected them all. He could have been rich, but he declined. He could have dwelt in a mansion, but chose a cottage. He could have had fine raiment, but remained to the last in the garb he had worn when toiling at the cobbler's bench. Then, more suddenly than he had appeared, he vanished. The crowd would not be satisfied. Search was made; they would bring him back. For days no trace was found, and a rumor grew that, seated on a great white horse, he was traveling southward ; that people followed him, and that when he turned with uplifted hand to bless them, the ills they suffered took flight.

An analysis of Schlatter's character is hardly possible, so closely has he kept it veiled. He is known to have been a toiler and a tramp; to have served in jail for having come within the purview of laws defining vagrancy; to have wandered long and alone in distant places. That he is an abnormal mentality there is no question; probably inspired with the idea that he was sent into the world as Christ was sent, and so enwrapped in this opinion that the charm for wealth is nothing to him. Possibly there is some deeply sinister motive as yet concealed. He may reappear with new claims.

As to the power he seems to possess, there is nothing astonishing. Many diseases are born of the imagination. Many others may be subdued by the exercise of will power, and in the dominant will of Schlatter the will of the patient found the necessary impetus. The day of miracles does not seem to have passed, if the cure of disease is to be regarded as a miracle. The Mexicans have their St. Teresa in the Sierra Madre mountains, and in her ability to heal have as perfect a faith as the followers of Schlatter have in him. Indeed, one ill effect of the Schlatter episode has been a crop of "healers." From the Puyallup Reservation of the northwest to the farms of Kansas they are springing up, none making claims so monstrous as not to gather believers. Still, Schlatter remains unique. He created a furore, each of the others but a local stir.

It cannot be said that Schlatter was productive of good. If he had a natural magnetism perhaps combined with hypnotic strength, he could have done all he did without the rolling of the eye, without the pretense of divinity. The agitation of which he was the center wrought unwholesome effect. It was at variance with settled faiths in things material and spiritual. If he possessed the ability of endowing a handkerchief with the gift of healing, he possessed the power to work miracles not to be explained by any natural law. He had no such power. There are people who think he had it. He has appealed not to sentiment or to sense, but to superstition.

Another phase of the aftermath that must be viewed with regret is that it has excited the modern interpreter of prophecy to a renewed output. An interpreter of prophecy has a tendency toward the pamphlet method of spreading himself. He finds in Schlatter a noble peg on which to hang his foolishness for display, and so plague the generation.

The visible results of the visitation of the mysterious man are not any belt of good health marking the course he has taken, not any practical instruction in the way of living. But it has raised up new healers beyond count, given the quack fresh license, fanned latent superstition, and shaken faith in the records of sacred history. The world needs many things, but no more Schlatters. Speed to the white horse and his rider, and faces set steadfastly towards the South.

IS IT AN ADVANCE?

When an error has the hardihood to appear in print, there is a custom, honored of time, to refer to it regretfully as having crept in, and to excoriate it for the impertinence. Last week, owing to circumstances beyond human regulation, an error stared from these pages. It had not crept in. With all the dignity of an assumed wisdom it had stalked in, stretched an imposing length adown the editorial page, and invited criticism.

This error related to the "Advance of Women"; at least, such was the implied declaration of its title. Yet it did not express as much indicative of progress as of retrogression. It simply told of the work of banded females who clamor for emancipation from slavery that does not exist, and freedom from shackles they never wore. This is no symptom of a tendency to advance. It may be more properly ascribed to hysterics. Fortunately the writer last week did not advance any serious argument in support of his contention, and the occasion for lumbering up a reply with facts already familiar has not arisen. However, in extolling the work of clubs, the value of the petition as a means of achievement was dilated upon, particularly the petition circulated by young persons blessed with roundness of form.

To be sure, a petition is a virile thing. Before now, a conscientious citizen has been known to sign a petition that he be taken to the nearest lamp-post and hanged—an incident clearly showing the forceful nature of the document. Provided the bearer of the petition have properly artistic curves and wear a becoming hat straight, it is a fair presumption that the obliging signer would as quickly ask to be taken to two lamp-posts and hanged twice. Signing a petition is the acknowledged method of getting rid of it.

In the error under discussion, woman's suffrage was but incidentally treated, and thus the necessity for thrashing our old straw is escaped. This straw has been thrashed so often that the air is filled with flying chaff. The grain has apparently been lost. To the question of the equality of the sexes, the rounded form is irrelevant. It is true that women hold what are termed popular gatherings. We find in them Susan B. Anthonys and Anna Shaws; the valiant Colonels Stetson and Couzins. We find the withered spinster, the soured divorcée, but we look in vain for the model wife and mother. She is engaged in duties not wholly useless nor onerous, looking after the household for which some tyrant man is happy and content to make provision. And at her worthy and unconscious back the screaming sisterhood launches a bolt of unheeded advice. What do the screamers and shouters want? Briefly, all the respect and deference paid the woman not ashamed of her sex, but none of the responsibility of a man. To be the peer of man in business and politics, to be in society and in the family the superior and courted persons that they are now. Some women, especially such as are unblessed by children, have an appetite for notoriety. This they cultivate until there is nothing to them but appetite. It is not their intellect that agitates; simply their appetite. They delude themselves into a noisy belief that they are reformers, being barren even of sound ideas. Happily these women are not representative of any sex. They do not want equality. That they do want it, is an idle theory. To be greeted by a man as an equal they would deem insulting. Men know better than to take them at their word; the bluff is recognized.

The proposition that employment be obtained for every adult female in the State—employment, of course, meaning an opportunity to work for hire—is a fitting absurdity to serve as a climax to the "Advance of Women." Were every such female employed, a large part of the male population would be out of work, save, perhaps, for a chance to rock the cradle. The women would have themselves to support, instead of being supported, and they would have to support husbands and brothers. This condition would be an enlargement of their sphere, but it would not bring happiness, and really does not present an inviting aspect. Morality is naturally to be given weight. The more women force themselves out into the world to do battle that others would willingly and better do for them, the more rapidly they break down the barrier of reserve which is at once a protection and a charm. This has been demonstrated, for instance, in Germany, where an extremely lax state of conduct had been noticed among working girls. An investigation followed and startling discoveries were made. It seemed that there were many of these girls who did not work for bread and butter, but for the purpose of providing themselves with luxuries that parents felt unable to afford. They wanted jewelry, ribbons, more dresses. Thus they selfishly entered into competition with girls for whom life was a struggle for bread. The poorer girls rebelled when they saw the others adorned with finery and gewgaws. They could not abide to be thus outshone, and they soon found that there was another path to luxury. Male admirers provided the necessary money. The poorer girls also got their jewelry and ribbons. Their more well-to-do sisters had wrought their downfall. This country thinks too much of its girls to sacrifice them to the theory that all must toil for wages. Often the invasion of the ranks of labor by those not impelled by necessity, is a selfishness inexcusable and brutal, certain to result ill. It has been found that in some Eastern cities society women work at type-writing to procure means to keep in the swim. They adopt an alias. It is not strange that they should. Their act is a crime against womankind.

The avowed bachelor maid might be a menace as well as a paradox except that she must be credited with insincerity. She is the temporary crystallization of a fad. She expects to deprive some man of the right to support and care for both her and himself, but she will outgrow this. The bachelor maid is young yet. She has not acquired the convention habit. No one desires to interfere with her or with any other woman who has not smothered her natural instincts and become a nuisance. For the abatement of these, there will ever be a fond hope.

To speak of the advancement of women as typified in the conduct and the vociferation of the handful that has branched off from the sex is to ignore a large and admirable class who are satisfied to advance on the plane they have long adorned, where men can look up to them, court them, protect them, but not enter into strife on the question of who shall do the work for which he is fitted and for which she is not.

The advice has been given to women to let the church take care of itself. This is a side issue entirely, and one concerning which they need no counsel. If they choose to heed the gratuitous admonition, they can do so. Just a little later bats will flit among the rafters of the sanctuary, rats gnaw the pulpit cushion, and birds nest in the organ, while the preacher would be hunting a job.

COMMUNICATION.

Editor THE WAVE—*Dear Sir:*—

In San Francisco we have four medical colleges granting the degree of doctor in medicine. The medical department of the State University, the Cooper College, the Homeopathic College and the Eclectic College. The State of California boasts of still another such institution in the City of Los Angeles. Nearly every State in the Union has a similar condition of affairs in this regard. The competition is so keen that many of the schools have resorted to a lower standard in order to draw students, with the result that so-called diploma mills are numerous. When this medical question is viewed from the standpoint of supply and demand, it is clearly evident that there is an enormous preponderance on the supply side, and that there are thousands of doctors, many of them with great ability, who are starving for want of something to do. Regarded as a public question, which is after all of the most importance, the over supply leads to all kinds of sharp practice and quackery or charlatanism, the profession becomes a trade, and the patient a goose to be plucked instead of a suffering mortal who is in need of kindly and efficient medical care. With these facts staring us in the face we are informed that a number of our *leading* medical men have suddenly, after years of practice, awakened to the belief that they are destined for the great function of imparting knowledge, that there is an urgent necessity for better medical education, which they are *particularly* fitted to supply, and that California does not recognize the inferior quality of its already existing educational institutions. These sapient medicos have met, and in solemn council decided, *for purely humanitarian reasons*, to fulfill the want, and incorporate as a degree granting medical college of high purpose and standing. *How noble!* were it not for the fact that some of the gentlemen have expressed themselves as anxious to down the "fellows in the other colleges," while one, in a moment of argumentative excitement, confessed that he and his colleagues were "out for the stuff."

A POSSIBLE PATIENT.

In Germany, the view obtains that the execution of criminals should be by some means more certain even than the electric chair. Dr. E. Cuhmann, a celebrated chemist, suggests the use of carbolic acid. According to his plan, the criminal would be carried to a cell which can be filled noiselessly with carbolic acid in gaseous form, from floor to ceiling. When the gas reaches the delinquent's mouth and nose, it causes instant paralysis of the lungs and unconsciousness, and life departs without previous pain.

AN INSPIRATION.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

About six o'clock, just as Harvey Munden came to the end of his day's work, and grew aware that he was hungry, some one knocked at the outer door—a timid knock, signalling a person of no importance. He went to open, and saw a man whose face he remembered.

"What is it this time?" he asked, good-humoredly.

"Well, sir, I should like, if you will allow me, to draw your attention to an ingenious little contrivance—an absolute cure for smoky chimneys."

The speaker seemed to be about forty; he was dressed with painful neatness; every article of his clothing, from hat to boots exhibiting some traces of repair. He stood with his meager form respectfully bent, on his drawn features a respectful smile, and prepared to open a small handbag—so strikingly new that it put its bearer to shame. Harvey Munden observed him, listened to his exposition, and said at length:

"When do you knock off work?"

"Well, sir, this is probably my last call to-day."

"Come in for a minute, then. I should like to have a talk with you."

Respectfully acquiescent, the man stepped forward into the comfortable sitting-room, which he surveyed with timid interest. His host gave him a chair by the fireside, and induced him to talk of his efforts to make a living. Brightened by the cheeriness of the surroundings, and solaced by an unwonted sympathy, the hapless struggler gave a very simple and very lamentable account of himself. For years he had lived on the petty commission of petty sales, sometimes earning two or three shillings a day, but more often reckoning the total in pence.

"I'm one of those men, sir, that weren't made to get on in the world. As a lad, I couldn't stick to anything—couldn't seem to put my heart into any sort of work, and that was the ruin of me—for I had chances to begin with. I've never done anything to be ashamed of—unless its idleness."

"You are not married?"

His eyes fell, and his smile faded; he shook his head. The other watched him for a moment.

"Will you tell me your name? Mine is Munden."

"Nangle, sir—Laurence Nangle."

"Well, Mr. Nangle, will you come and dine with me?"

They descended together to the street, and Munden called a hansom; ten minutes' drive brought them to the restaurant, where the host made choice of a retired corner, and quietly gave his directions. Nangle's embarrassment being still very observable, Munden tried to put him at ease by talking as to any ordinary acquaintance, of the day's news, of the commonest topics.

When soup was set before him Nangle's lips betrayed their watery eagerness; his eyes rolled in the joy of anticipation. Obviously restraining himself, and anxious not to discredit his host by any show of ill-breeding, he ate with slow decorum—though his handling of the spoon obeyed nature rather than the higher law. Having paused for a moment to answer some remark of Munden's, he was dismayed by the whisking away of his plate.

"But—I—I hadn't finished——"

The waiter could not be called back, and Munden, by treating the incident jocosely, made it contribute to his guest's equanimity. When wine was poured out for him Nangle showed a joyous suffusion over all his changing countenance; he drew a deep breath, quivered at the lips, and straightened himself.

"What is your opinion?" asked Munden, smiling at this bit of character. "Is it possible for a shy man to overcome the failing, with plenty of practise?"

"Do you ask that because of anything you have noticed in me?"

"Well, yes. It rather surprises me, after all your experience, that you are still unhardened. How do you manage to call at people's houses, and face all sorts of——"

"Ah! you may well ask! Mr. Munden, it's a daily death to me. I assure you it is. I often stand at a door shaking and trembling, and can scarcely speak when it opens. I'm the last man to succeed in this kind of thing; I do it because I can't do anything else. But it's awful, Mr. Munden, awful; and I get no better. I know men who never feel it; they'd laugh in my face if I spoke of such a thing. But all my life I've suffered from want of self-confidence. If it hadn't been for that——"

At dessert he talked without self-consciousness, and was led into reminiscence. Munden had chanced to mention that he was a Yorkshireman.

"And so am I!" exclaimed Nangle; "so am I. But I came away when I was a little lad, and I've never been there since. Do you know Colchester? That's where I grew up and was educated. I hadn't a bad education; most men would have made more use of it. But something happened when I was a young man—it seemed to floor me, and I've never quite got over it."

"A love affair, I daresay?"

Nangle looked away and slowly nodded several times. Then he drank with deliberation, and smacked his lips. A glow was deepening on his hollow cheeks.

"Yes, you are right. I could tell you a strange thing that happened to me only a few days ago. But, first of all, I should like to know—*why* did you ask me to dine with you?"

"Oh, an inspiration."

"You thought I looked hungry. Yes, so I was; and the dinner has done me good. I feel better than I have done for years—for years. I could tell you a strange thing——"

Presently the stream of his talk flowed on.

"Yes, I had a very good education at a private school—a commercial school. You don't know Colchester? I went into the office of a wool-stapler—Cliffe was his name; our best friend, and always very kind to me. I didn't get on very well—never was such a fellow for making mistakes in figures and forgetting addresses, and so on. I was an idle young dog, but I meant well—I assure you I meant well. And Mr. Cliffe seemed to like me, and asked me to his house the same as before. I wish he hadn't; I should have done better if he'd been a little hard with me. He had a daughter—— Ah, well; you begin to see. When I was one-and-twenty, she was nineteen, and we fell in love with each other. We used to meet in a quiet place just outside the town—you don't know Colchester, or I could tell you the spot. I happened to be down there a year or two ago, and I went and sat in the old place for a whole day. Ah, well!—Lucy Cliffe; I've only to say the name, and I go back—back—— It makes me young again."

His eyes grew fixed; the hand in which he held his cigar fell. A deep sigh, and he continued:

"I believe her father would have helped us, one way or another; but Mrs. Cliffe spoilt all. When it came out, there was a fearful to-do. Lucy was what you may call rich; at all events, she'd be left comfortably off some day. As for me—what prospects had I? Mr. Cliffe talked kindly to me, but he had to send me away. He got me a place in London. Lucy wrote me a letter before I went, and said she must obey her parents. We were like each other in that; soft, both of us; hadn't much will of our own. And so we never saw each other again—not till a few days ago."

"She married some one else, no doubt."

"Yes, she did. And I knew all about it, worse luck; I'd rather have lost sight of her altogether. She married the brother of a friend of mine; well, not a friend, but an acquaintance, who was in London when I came, twenty years ago. She married three years after our parting, and I've heard of her from James Dunning (that's her brother-in-law's name) off and on ever since. I used to have a good opinion of Dunning, but I know better now. He's a rough, selfish brute!"

The last words were uttered with startling vehemence. Nangle clenched his fist, and sat stiffly, quivering with excitement. Munden subdued a smile.

"A long time back, nearly four years, this fellow Dunning told me that his brother had just died. Lucy was left with her daughter, the only child she'd had; and they lived at Ipswich. Since then, I've met Dunning only once or twice, and when I asked him about Lucy, he just said she was going on as usual, or supposed she was. He told a lie, and I half guess the reason of it. The other day—do you know Prince of Wales Road, Kentish Town? You've heard of it. Well, I was going along Prince of Wales Road, in the usual business way, and I knocked at the door of a largish, respectable-looking house. The minute I'd knocked, the door opened; it was a lady just coming out—dressed in black. She looked at me, and I looked at her. I had a queer feeling, and there seemed to be something of the same on her side. I was just going to say something, when she asked me who it was I wished to see. I had only to hear her voice, and I knew I wasn't mistaken. But I didn't dare to speak; I stood staring at her, and she stood just as still. At last I somehow got out a word—'I think you are Mrs. Dunning.'—'And you,' she said, all of a tremble, 'you are Laurence Nangle.' Then she turned round to the door, and asked me to come in. And we sat down in a dining-room, and began to talk. You can imagine how I felt. It was like talking in a dream; I didn't know what I said. It's wonderful she should have known *me*, after all I've gone through. I must seem more like sixty than forty——"

"Not at present," remarked the listener. And truly, for the warm, animated face before him was that of a comparatively young man.

"Well, I felt bitterly ashamed of myself, dressed as I was, and peddling from house to house. She kept staring at me, as if she couldn't get over her astonishment. Had she never heard of me? I asked. Yes, she had, every now and then. James Dunning had told her I was a commercial traveller, or something of that kind. Then I asked if she was living here, in Kentish Town. Yes, she was; with James Dunning and his wife. 'And your daughter as well?' I asked. Then she began to cry, and told me her daughter had been dead for nearly two years, and she was quite alone, but for the Dunnings, who were very kind to her. She had come to live with them after her daughter's death. And she told me her husband had left her very well off, but what was the use of it when all her family was gone?—And just then we were disturbed by some one coming into the room—a flashy sort of young woman; I guessed her to be Dunning's wife, and I was right. Lucy—I can't help calling her Lucy—stood up, and looked nervous; and, of course, I stood up too. 'I didn't know any one was here,' said her sister-in-law, looking very hard at me. 'It's some one I used to know,' said Lucy. 'Oh, then I won't intrude.'—Lucy couldn't say any more. She was ashamed of me, after all. But I felt a good deal more ashamed of myself, and I choked something about being in a hurry, and got out of the room. Neither of them tried to stop me. When I'd let myself out at the front door, I walked off like a madman, running into people because I didn't see them, and talking to myself and going on straight ahead, till I came to my senses somewhere out Hampstead way."

"I hope that isn't the end of the story," said Munden, as he cut the tip of a second cigar.

"I only wish it was," returned his guest, frowning and straightening himself as before. "Now, you know something about me, Mr. Munden—I mean, you can form some notion of the man I am from what I have told you. And do you think that I could do such a mean thing as to go to that lady—her I call Lucy, for old-time sake—in the hope of getting money from her? Do you believe it of me?"

"Assuredly not."

"I thank you for saying so. It came about like this. I did a foolish thing. Two days after that meeting I had to be in Kentish Town again, and late in the evening I passed near Prince of Wales Road. Well, I was tempted. I couldn't resist the wish to go by that house where she lives. And when I got near it in the dark, I stood still; some one was playing a piano inside, and I thought it might be Lucy. I stood for a minute or two—and all at once a man came up from behind me and stared in my face. James Dunning it was. 'Halloa!' he said. 'Then it is you, Nangle. I just thought it might be. And what are you doing here?' I couldn't understand his way of speaking, and I hadn't any words ready. 'Now, look here, Nangle,' he went on, drawing me away by the arm; 'you've found out that my sister-in-law is living with us. I didn't want you to know, because I couldn't trust you, and after what happened the day before yesterday, I see I was right. Of course, they told me. Now, I want you to understand that my sister-in-law can't be troubled in this way. I suppose you're spying here on the chance that she may come out; I'm glad I happened to find you at it. If you're in low water, I don't mind lending you half-a-crown; but you'll keep out of Prince of Wales Road, or I shall know how to deal with you.' There, that's what he said to me. I wasn't man enough to strike him, as I ought to have done; I've always been poor-spirited. I just told him in a few hot words what I thought of his behavior, and went off, feeling devilish miserable, I can assure you."

Munden reflected. There was silence for a little.

"Do you suppose," asked the host at length, "that Mrs. Dunning—the widowed lady—regarded you with any such suspicion?"

"Not for one moment," cried Nangle.

"No? And isn't it possible that you misunderstood her when you thought she was ashamed of you? From what you have told me of her character——"

"Yes," interrupted the other, eagerly, "no doubt I was wrong in that. She felt like I did—a sort of shame, a sort of awkwardness; but if I had stayed she'd have got over it; I'm sure she would. I was a fool to bolt like that. It gave James Dunning's wife a chance of thinking of me as her husband does. It's all my fault."

"And another thing. You take it for granted that James Dunning accused you of wanting to beg or borrow from his sister-in-law. Doesn't it occur to you that he might be afraid of something else—something more serious from his point of view?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Why, suppose that when the widowed lady talked to him about you she showed a good deal more interest in you than James Dunning approved? Suppose she even asked for your address, or something of that kind?"

Nangle fixed a gaze on the speaker. His eyes widened to express an agitating thought.

"You think—that—is possible?"

"Well, not impossible."

"And that fellow—is afraid—Lucy might——"

He sank back, and stared into vacancy with glowing eyes.

"In your position," said Munden, "I should take an early opportunity of revisiting Prince of Wales Road."

"How *can* I? Think of my poverty! How can you advise such a thing?"

"It behooves you," continued the other, with much gravity, "to clear your character in the eyes of that lady. In justice to yourself——"

"Again you are right! I will go to-morrow."

"It seems to me that this is a case for striking while the iron is hot. It's now only eight o'clock, and give me leave to say that you will never be so able to justify yourself as this evening. A hansom will take you to Kentish Town in half an hour."

Nangle started up—the picture of radiant resolve.

"I have just half-a-crown in my pocket, and that's how I'll use it! Thank you! You have made me see things in a new light. I feel another man! And if I find that what you hinted at is really the case, shall I hesitate out of false shame? Which is better for Lucy; to live with those people, always feeling sad and lonesome, or to find a real home with the man she loved when she was a girl—the man who has loved her all his life?"

"Bravo! This is the right—the heroic vein."

In five minutes they had quitted the restaurant. They found a hansom, and, as he leapt into it, Nangle shouted gallantly to the driver: "Prince of Wales road, Kentish Town!"

It happened that on the morrow he was obliged to go out of town. On returning late at night, he found in his letter-box a hand-delivered note, with the signature, "Laurence Nangle." Only a couple of lines, to say that Nangle had called twice, and that he would come again in a day or two. "Yours gratefully," he wrote himself, which possibly signified the news Munden hoped for.

Nearly a week went by, and again at six o'clock Munden was summoned to the door by a knock he recognized. There stood Mr. Nangle—*quantum mutatus!* In his hand no commercial bag, but a most respectable umbrella; on his head an irreproachable silk hat; the rest of his equipments in harmony therewith. The disappearance of an uncomely beard had struck a decade from his apparent age; he held himself with a certain modest dignity, and did not shrink from the scrutiny of astonished eyes.

"Come in! Delighted to see you."

He entered, and for a moment seated himself, but his feelings would not allow him to keep a restful position. Starting up again, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Munden, what can a man say when he's in debt for all that makes life worth living?"

"It depends whether the creditor is man or woman."

"In my case, it's both. But if it hadn't been for *you*——"

His voice failed him.

"I was right, was I?"

"Yes, you were right. I'll tell you about it. I got out of the cab at the end of Prince of Wales Road, and walked to the house! I knocked at the door. A servant came, and I told her I wished to see Mrs. Dunning—the widow lady. I'd hardly spoken, when James Dunning came out of a room; he had heard my voice. 'What's the meaning of this?' he said in his brutal way, pushing up against me. 'Didn't you understand me?' 'Yes, I did, and better than you think. I have come to see a lady who happens to live in your house——' And just then I saw Lucy herself at the back of the hall. I brushed past Dunning, and went right up to her. 'Mrs. Dunning, I wish to speak to you. Will you let me? Or do you want me to be turned out of the house like a beggar?' 'No, no!' She was white as a sheet, and held out her hand to me, as if she wanted protection. 'It's all a mistake. You must stay—I want you to stay!" James's wife had come forward, and she was staring at me savagely. 'Where can we talk in private?' I asked; and I didn't let go Lucy's hand. Then, all of a sudden, Dunning turned about; you never saw such a change in a man. 'Why, Lucy, what's the matter? I thought you didn't wish to see Mr. Nangle. You've altogether misled us.' I looked at Lucy and she was going red—and then I saw tears in her eyes. 'Go into the drawing-room, Nangle,' said Dunning. 'It's all a misunderstanding. We must talk it over afterwards.' So I went into the room, and Lucy came after me, and I shut the door——"

He stopped with a choke of emotion.

"Excellent, i'faith," said Munden, beaming.

"Do you suppose," continued the other, gravely, "that I could ever have done that if it hadn't been for your dinner? Never! Never! I should have crept on through my miserable life, and died at last in the workhouse; when all the time there was a woman whose own happiness depended on a bit of courage in me. She'd never have dared to show a will of her own; James Dunning and his wife were too strong for her. Cowards, both of us—but I was the worst. And you put a man's heart into me. Your dinner—your wine—your talk! If I hadn't gone that night, I should never have gone at all—never!"

"I knew that."

"But what I can't understand is—*why* did you ask me to dine with you? Why? It's like what they call the finger of Providence."

"Yes. As I told you—it was an inspiration."

—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

The Marquis Namura writes: "I have been studying the news from Cuba, published in the newspapers, with absolute amazement. A few days ago, I read that Havana was on the eve of capture by the insurgents, and that the fall of the rest of the island was a mere question of time. My own information from Cuba is direct and reliable; I learn from it that the rebels have never threatened Havana, and have never approached that city near enough to be hit by a bullet from the outlying forts. What astonishes me is that Americans should take delight in being humbugged day after day by impudent fabricators of false news, and that no newspaper should feel a duty to denounce the lying despatches of the filibusters and their sympathizers.

* * *

"The Spaniards have five soldiers in Cuba to every rebel. They are well-armed and disciplined, while the rebels are a half-armed mob. They would have crushed the insurgents long ago if they could have got at them. But the so-called Republicans are an elusive gang of bandits, who raid the plantations, burning houses and crops, and scatter whenever the troops loom into view. All devices to corral a body of them in one spot, so as to join battle with them, have failed. They are flying guerillas, without the courage of the guerillas of Spain, who in the Cartist war showed that they were not afraid to fight.

* * *

"It seems to me that General Campus, who is a fine old soldier, is not the man for the post he fills. What the Spaniards want is a leader of the type of Hoche, who subdued the Vendeans by surrounding them with a girdle of steel, and squeezed the life out of them. But it seems odd to me that you Americans should feel bound to sympathize with rebels everywhere, without regard to the merit of their cause."

* * *

The controversy between Father Yorke and his Protestant assailants may either set people by the ears, so that the intervention of the police may presently be required to keep one sect's claws from another sect's throat, or it may engender in reasonable minds a contempt for all sects as—

> .....stubborn crews
> Of errant saints, whom all men grant
> To be the true church militant—
> Such as do build their faith upon
> The holy text of pike and gun;
> People whose chief devotion lies
> In odd, perverse antipathies,
> In falling out with that or this,
> And finding somewhat still amiss;
> Man so perverse and opposite,
> As if they worshiped God for spite;
> Rather than fail they will defy
> That which they love most tenderly;
> Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
> And blaspheme custard through the nose.

* * *

Father Yorke does not mince matters. He says that his Protestant antagonists lie in their threats. To which the true blue Presbyterian retorts that it is not he who is lying but the Chancellor of the diocese, who is to the manner born. Sitting on a fence, and listening to the doughty controversialists, the layman is asking himself whether they are not both right. That is not the case, of course; though there is good authority for holding that a lie is but the truth in masquerade, and that, if the game be worth the candle, a gentleman may lie till you would think truth were a fool. But if holy churchmen lie on occasion, how shall the congregation know when they are telling the truth?

* * *

A rejected lover charged his lady love with coquetry. "Why," he asked, "did you lead me on to a proposal, if you intended to refuse me?" She: "You do me great injustice. What have I done to make you think I loved you?" "In every waltz with other men you kept them almost at arm's length, but when waltzing with me, you leaned your head on my shoulder and let me almost carry you." "That was to keep my feet off the floor, so you couldn't step on my toes."

* * *

At one of our public schools, a bright girl read a composition on "boys." It was as follows: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading, and stays out nights, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

* * *

A colored preacher down in Dixie's land thus explained to his congregation the miracle of the loaves and fishes: "My beloved friends, de greatest of all miracles was 'bout de loaves and fishes. Dey was five thousand loaves and two thousand fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat 'em all. De miracle is, dey didn't bust."

* * *

A man was arraigned for petty larceny before a Justice of the Peace in a town in the Sierras. He pleaded "not guilty." Said the justice, without further question or parley: "I think that you stole it anyway. I suspect you," he thundered, "and I'll give you fifty-nine days on suspicion."

The man who was suspected served the sentence.

* * *

The brig "Ilia," belonging to the monks of the famous Greek monastery of Athos, has just arrived at Odessa, in quest of supplies for the monastery for next year. The captain is a "Hiero-Monach," that is one of the highest officials of the Monastic Clergy; all the sailors are monks, some in holy orders and some lay brothers, but all of them experienced seamen. Father Iraklij, the pilot, has sailed all over the world. There is a little chapel on board in which the Monastic Services are held, the monks taking their turn at the religious and naval duties. It makes an odd and novel impression to see monks hurrying up and down the rigging, climbing the masts, cleaning the decks, and hanging over the water at the extreme end of the bowsprit.

* * *

It appears that we have no law in this State specifically making the docking of horses' tails an offense. An offender can only be prosecuted on the general ground of cruelty to animals. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty intends to try to get a specific act passed by the next Legislature, and decent people everywhere hope it will succeed. Docking is another name for torturing a horse. The tendons of the tail are severed and the ends are twisted upward and fastened by pulleys to the roof of the stall. After a week or so in this position, when the wound heals, the tendons retain their upward curve and this causes the hair of the tail to bunch out. Docking has quite gone out of fashion in the East. A man who drives a horse with a docked tail is cut. In England, horses with docked tails are not admitted to horse shows.

* * *

A lady entering a bookstore and taking up the last new novel, asked the dealer: "Is this novel fit for my daughter to read?" To which the salesman replied: "I don't know ma'am. I am not acquainted with the young lady."

* * *

Yvette Guilbert says that the only thing that has struck her as genuinely American is the little girls who cry "cash," and the shop girls who squeak "cash" in the dry goods stores. She is going to have a song written on the theme. Some one has versified her purpose:

> Me voici donc en Amérique!
> Ze English langue I no her speak.
> Eh, bien! I make in one small week
> Ze—what you call him?—mash.
> But when I cherche ze caractère
> Americain, I find nowhere,
> Except one mot extraordinaire:
> "Cash! cash!"
>
> Quand je vais dans un magasin
> For shopping a l'Americain,
> Ze floor walkaire, one great big man,
> Pull me his grand' moustache.
> Ze saleslady to talk I try,
> She understand me not; for why?
> She always at ze shop girls cry:
> "Cash! cash!"
>
> Ah! les New Yorkais aiment Yvette,
> They like her little chansonette,
> Because Yvette—don't you forget!
> She give them not ze trash.
> She give them songs so gay and lesto.
> She never give them any rest,
> And they gave her what they have best;
> Cash! cash!

* * *

A young wife handed her husband a list of things to be bought down town. He read:

"One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, a bottle of lemon extract, can of condensed milk, dime's worth of ground cinnamon, and half a dollar's worth of sugar."

"What do you want of all these things, Belinda?"

"I've got a dry loaf of baker's bread," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."

* * *

Dr. Henry J. Garriques has written a paper highly commending the use of the bicycle to women. On the subject of their costume, he says:

The long skirt is objectionable in every respect. It impedes the free movement of the legs, pumps up air against the abdomen, and is in great danger of being caught by projecting parts of their own machines and those of other riders. To avoid these inconveniences many women have shortened their skirts, and some have done away with them altogether, wearing so-called bloomers, a wide bifurcated garment extending from the waist to the knee. This garment, combined with waist and leggings, forms a neat, practical dress for a woman rider. True it is at present ridiculed and even condemned by some as immodest. However, before men say anything against the indecency of bloomers, they had better reform their own trousers, which are not much more decent than becoming; and since a bathing costume, allowing the lower limbs from the knees to the tips of the toes to be exposed in tight-fitting stockings, is admitted by every one as a proper costume for a woman to appear in on a beach frequented by hundreds of lookers-on of both sexes, it is hard to understand what objection there is in the name of modesty against a piece of wearing apparel that, by its wide proportions, entirely hides the outline of the body.

NEW VERSE.

ENGLAND AT BAY.

BY LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

They have sought to revile you with jeers and with laughter,
Bold mother of empires, and mistress of seas;
Let them look to their bulwarks whenever, hereafter,
The red cross of England is flung to the breeze.

From the Cape to the Baltic your pennants are flying;
The Czar and the Kaiser may press their demands,
With a muster, erelong, of the dead and the dying,
When the leash of the war hounds is slipped from your hands.

Do they think to dismay? Do they dare to defy you?
Do they dream that the spirit of England is dead?
It is well to recall, ere they seek to decry you,
The fields where the blood of the Briton was shed.

If they read on the scroll of your grandeur and glory
The names that are deathless, the deeds that were done,
They will learn how replete is the page of your story,
How great are the triumphs which freedom has won.

In the hush of the tempest your foes are creating;
Ere the tocsin is sounded, the banners unfurled,
We can see on the ramparts the Lion, in waiting,
Alone and undaunted, confronting the world.

WAIFS.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

One morn, with quickened pulses, did we stand
Where life's young fountains murmur of unrest;
The virgin vintage of her lips I pressed,
And lo! we passed to an enchanted land
Where ruin's bridgeless gulf was rainbow-spanned:
But when, that night, she wept upon my breast,
She seemed a love-wrecked angel on the strand
Of some strange star, wing-weary of joy's quest.

Not all unhappy, still we drift along,
Down the wild waters of love's waif-strown sea;
And closer do we cling when others tell
Of that dark whirlpool, in whose eddies strong,
Frail passion-freighted lovers, such as we,
Are dragged by under currents down to hell.

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

BY LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

All hail to Thee, Force of the Forces!
The pulse of atomic vibration,
The germ of conception and being,
The impulse of matter and mind.
Thine, Thine are the infinite sources,
A function of endless duration,
The rhythm of sound and of seeing,
The soul of the soul of mankind.

The myths of the centuries hoary,
As told by the seers and the sages,
Awaken a smile of derision
At the faiths and the fables of yore.
We question the stars, and their story,
Proclaimed by the audible ages,
Reveals to our wondering vision
The past and its mystical lore.

Thou, Thou art the motive and motion,
The Life and the Life Everlasting,
Which thrills and pervades and possesses
Each atom in limitless space.
Men pay thee a form of devotion:
With sacrifice, penance, and fasting,
To solace the soul that transgresses,
For thus saith the Gospel of Grace.

Uncompassed of time and location,
Fulfilled of desire and endeavor,
The soul finds its final fruition,
Dismantled of flesh and its thrall.
We pass from the stress of probation,
To peace that endureth forever,
For death is not death but transition,
And Thou art the All and in All.

DAMARIS.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Ideal beauty, such as angels wear,
Clothes thee with living glory, and I feel
An overpowering influence to kneel,
And vows of love, eternal love, to swear;
Listen, fair saint, to this impassioned prayer;
These tears, these sighs, which I cannot conceal,
Would move a heart of adamantine steel,
Or from a frowning sphinx its secret tear.
Mysterious power of love! lend me thine aid;
They never call in vain who cry to thee;
By that wild kiss which on her lips I laid,
Tumultuous type of richer rhapsody,
For one short hour, these fevered lips of mine
Steep in voluptuous love's enchanted wine.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS.

A CRIME WHOSE diabolical craft matches the ingenuity of Ware's forgery was committed at the expense of a well-known diamond house some four years ago. At the time, the police had cognizance of the affair, but so clever was the manipulation that it was impossible to convict. A stranger called at the salesroom of the firm and asked to look at some good stones. Shown the stock, he expressed himself impressed with a splendid pair of earrings, which really were gems of the first water. The price was $750.

"They're beauties," he said. "Just what my wife wants. It's her birthday to-morrow," he continued, "and I'd dearly love to give them to her."

"Take them then," suggested the salesman.

"Too much money, man. Cannot afford it just now. But they're beauties. You would not charge them, would you."

"Don't see how we could," answered the salesman.

"Well, never mind. Alice will have to wait, though, by Jove, they're beauties. However, I'll come in and trade with you again."

With his admiration and desire for the earrings, the clerk was impressed, and really felt sorry that conditions prevented so nice a fellow rewarding, with diamonds, the love and constancy of his Alice. The stranger was on his way towards the door, when he turned quickly.

"Look here," he said to the salesman. "I've a note for $1200 from Lloyd So-and-so, mentioning a well-known capitalist, due three weeks hence. Do you think your people would take it, let me have the stones, and when the paper is paid, I'll drop in and collect the difference."

"Lloyd So-and-so is a customer of ours," answered the salesman. "I guess it will be all right." He took the note to the office, and the signature was perfect. There could be no question of its authenticity, so the stranger indorsed it over to the jewelry house, left his card—he was a real estate agent with an office in the Nevada Block—and departed with the jewels.

* * *

About an hour later the dealer began thinking over the transaction, decided that he had better do what discretion should have prescribed at first, and sent to inquire of Lloyd So-and-so as to the authenticity of the note. That worthy millionaire replied in person, and declared the paper a forgery. There was at once a terrible commotion, the salesman and the head of the firm posted off to the stranger's office and found him tranquilly working at his desk.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as the much alarmed twain entered.

"This note is a forgery. You must at once return those diamonds or I'll have you arrested," announced the merchant.

"Did Lloyd So-and-so really say that is not his signature," asked the stranger; "the old scoundrel. Why, gentlemen, there is no imaginable doubt as to the note, and if you had waited he'd have paid it sure enough; however, if you are dissatisfied, here are the earrings."

The fellow was perfectly at ease, smiled confidently and handed the jewels back with much apparent reluctance at parting with them.

"Now let me have the note," he added. It was handed back to him.

"Wait a minute," he said to the merchant. "This note is not any good to me now—I've indorsed it over to you—indorse it back please, and we're through with one another. What reason Lloyd So-and-so may have had for denying his own signature I don't know—but I'm going to have my money."

The proposal seemed fair enough. The merchant there and then wrote the firm name across the paper, bowed, and the twain left. Three weeks later, the Pacific Bank notified the merchant that a discounted note for $1200, signed by Lloyd So-and-so, and indorsed by his firm, had been sent there for collection. Mr. So-and-so had refused payment, and they called on him to honor the draft. There was the devil to pay at once. The merchant refused at first; the police were put on the case, but the stranger had departed, and, there being no other recourse, the victim had to make good the amount.

* * *

THE ART of transmuting defeat into victory is possessed in a rare degree by Charles Shortridge. His plans may miscarry, and his allies routed, but depend on him for rallying the survivors, or at least, being tendered a marshal's baton by the enemy. The latest instance of his ability was furnished by the gigantic fight over the Union League Club's Presidency, in which he supported General Friedrich with the *Call's* forces of horse, foot, and dragoons. He cannonaded the enemy, issued manifestoes, ukases. decrees, orders, and bulls. It was a gallant, an ardent contest, and according to all the laws of the game Freidrich should have won. Alas, he did not; his aspirations were crushed; his ambition nipped in the bud. But his downfall did not include the defeat of his trusty and strong-armed lieutenant, for when the echoes of the cannonading had died away; when the clamor of the conflict had closed, and the smoke of battle had been dispersed, the contestants began to calculate the extent of their victory, and the degree of their losses, when lo! they saw waving from the battlements of the Vice-Presidential redoubt, the flag of Shortridge. It was victory in defeat. Friedrich had fled indeed, but in the midst of the confusion of battle Shortridge's forces had gallantly cut their way into the very heart of the enemy, and captured one of its important outposts. After all, then, the honors of a special triumph belong to the Editor of *The Call*.

* * *

Doctor Boysen is receiving the congratulation of his friends. He went to Paris some months ago to negotiate the sale of the Amador Queen, and he found a syndicate of capitalists willing to consider his proposition. There then followed a desperate amount of bargaining and reporting. The syndicate made a most searching investigation, but was so difficult to satisfy, that finally, in exasperation, Doctor Boysen telegraphed the deal was off. Thereupon the syndicate replied instanter, accepting his terms. The actual price obtained has not been made public, but it is said the Doctor will make several hundred thousand dollars out of the transaction.

* * *

IF PRESIDENT PHELAN, of the Art Association, desires to interest the painters of California in a competition, he must choose for treatment some subject which appeals to their powers. It seems, the historical events he desired to have depicted on canvas do not kindle the ardor of our artists, and the cleverest of them have given up all idea of trying for the prize. It must be admitted that the form of imagination and the skill necessary to invest with either interest or importance such subjects as Mr. Phelan selected do not exist in San Francisco. Historical art, at the best, is but glorified draftsmanship though it does call for the highest skill at composition and drawing. Besides, early California episodes make better prose than pictures; no one has yet made our aborigines interesting, and the old-time Mexican occupation derives half its picturesqueness from Bret Harte. When the competition was first announced several of the artists made studies, but, with a few exceptions, the attempt has been abandoned, and I fear the $700 may go into the Association treasury by default; that is, if Mr. Phelan will not change the award, and offer it for the best landscape, portrait, or figure study. There is too little figure work done here; our artists are content with the achievement of landscapes—a distinguished ambition, undoubtedly, but by no means as valuable as the reproduction of the human form divine. There is an excellent opportunity for honorable encouragement in this direction; Mr. Phelan is in the mood, I think, to try it.

* * *

THERE ARE more ways of killing a dog than hanging. Coiner Spotts of the Mint is so dear a friend of Mr. Buckley's that he dares promenade Market Street with an arm embracing the waist of the ex-Boss. As the relations between Superintendent Daggett and the latter are the reverse of cordial, it may be assumed Coiner Spotts regards his nominal superior with a jaundiced eye. His disaffection is not decreased by the flourishing feud which exists between his friend Congressman Maguire, who has so recently foregathered with the Buckleyites, and the aforesaid Daggett. In order to understand the complications of this comic opera situation, it must be understood that the Coiner's department of the Mint is an *imperium in imperio*. The Coiner is appointed from Washington just as the Superintendent is, but the latter is the former's superior, and may, if he so pleases, remove each and all of his subordinates, though it is not his privilege to appoint their successors without that functionary's approval. The interposition of Congressman Maguire with Senator White obtained for Spotts the post, and, naturally, his gratitude, or such of it as Mr. Buckley has no use for, is directed at the eminent single-taxer. This condition of affairs makes not for the happiness of the dramatis personæ, so it is not surprising that expressions of rancor are more frequent than the exigencies of the Mint's affairs demand. Indeed, Coiner Spotts has been at some trouble to convince his allies that the opportunity of defying and snubbing Superintendent Daggett had only to present itself for him to embrace it.

* * *

The anticipated chance was offered a few weeks ago. A lady presented herself to Daggett armed with letters from Secretary Carlisle and Director Preston of the Mint, asking that a place be found for her in the Coiner's department. The missives were so mandatory that under ordinary circumstances the lady would at once have had a place. But the Superintendent saw his opportunity for revenge. He duly sent her name to Spotts, requesting immediate nomination, and Coiner Spotts returned the application, demanding particulars as to her character, recommendations, and previous condition of servitude. The Superintendent answered she was in every way a proper person, of excellent morals and good education, but said never a word of the letters from Carlisle and Preston. It is not surprising Spotts put both feet in the trap so guilefully laid for him—he peremptorily refused to appoint the lady, and Mr. Daggett had the exquisite satisfaction of writing to both Mr. Spotts's superiors, explaining how his own efforts to oblige them had been forestalled by the obstinacy of the Coiner. Nor is it necessary to add that the disappointed applicant, in reporting her failure to the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Mint, stigmatized with the vigor the situation demanded, the insubordination and ingratitude of Coiner Spotts. The best of the joke is, that worthy does not yet know the box he is in.

* * *

DOCTOR HARKNESS has figured so long as a prime victim of journalistic wit, that I am not surprised to learn the estimation he enjoys among savants. Instead of the venerable physician being regarded as a politician whose adroit manipulation has kept better men out of the control of the Academy of Science, I learn authoritatively the institution, under his direction, has done admirable service; that its recent report is brimful of the records of original investigation; that its attaches and collectors have made important additions to ornithology, in the matter of seabirds, by Leverett M. Loomis, who found many new specimens; in herpetology through John Van Denburgh, and in ichthyology by the investigations of President Jordan at Sinaloa. The report, I am told by a competent man, is really a valuable work, and has evoked most complimentary letters from the Smithsonian and foreign scientific institutions. However, no one has announced this for Doctor Harkness, save Doctor Jordan, who said as much in the *Call*. He is a testy old person, is the ex-President, almost as self-opinionated as his predecessor and rival, Professor Davidson, and he'd as soon think of committing suicide as of justifying his administration by evidence of its success to any journalist living. Indeed, it is not because the one considers the other inherently evil that the hostility of Davidson to Harkness has preserved such virility throughout the years. They are both self-willed and obstinate, and are interested in divergent sciences. If Davidson were in control, astronomy, geology, and exploration would have the upper hand, while with Harkness it is the natural sciences which enjoy prominence. It is an amusing controversy as it stands, though just now the anti-Harkness party has achieved its first victory in eight years.

* * *

Even Doctor Harkness's opponents cannot deny the industry and attention of his administration. Being fortunately removed from the necessities of labor, for he is wealthy, the Doctor lavished all his leisure on the Academy of Science. Its direction has been his occupation. He has given generously to its funds, and I am told has willed it a substantial sum at his death. Just now he is inclined to consider himself the victim of ingratitude sharper than a serpent's tooth, and it may be the Academy by its hot-headed reversal of the venerable physician, will find itself $75,000 the poorer one of these days. In the meantime it is as well to bear in mind that the Doctor is by no means the Iago he is portrayed by the dailies, but a picturesque if antiquated looking person, brimming over with admirable intentions.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that Mountney Jephson, who has for San Franciscans something of an identity as the fiancé of Miss Anna Head, has recently been appointed one of the Queen's messengers. Mayhap if England is really involved in a war, which seems highly improbable, then Mr. Jephson may have another opportunity to distinguish himself.

THE WITNESS.

The success of *The Woman Who Did* and *The Woman Who Didn't* has led a new writer to compose a novel under the title of *The Woman Who Wishes She Hadn't*. The author is said to be a San Franciscan, and to have been embarrassed by the number of ladies who were willing to sit as models for his pen.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ROUND THE THEATERS.

THREE SUGGESTIONS TO MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT—THE INTERFERENCE OF AN ASBESTOS FIRE CURTAIN.

"Why! she has all her clothes on." This in disappointed injured accents came from out the darkness on my left, as Constance de Beverley in the dungeon scene dropped her cloak and stood before the abbot in her page's dress.

"Yet," came the answer in soothing feminine tones, "yet she does look a little like the picture about the legs." And she did; there was the same shamed, shrinking expression about them, which, by the way, was rather absurd in one so well clothed as this Constance. However, such peccadillos are easily forgiven in one to whom all hearers of Marmion, as presented at the California this week, owe so much. It is a two-part play, which, come to think of it, is all Mr. James' troupe is capable of rendering adequately. No, I forgot Mr. Lindsley, and, to tell the truth, Mr. James, plays his part not over well. As a lover, even as an ambition-ridden and somewhat weary one, he is too wooden; so the first act left much to be desired. The second would drag I think in any hands, and in this instance Fitz Eustace's almost inaudible songs rendered it peculiarly wearisome. It also added slightly to the general dejection that Marmion's vision was so clumsily arranged; one has but to remember Irving's dream in "The Bells," to realize how clumsily.

But once through the entire act is there any tension of feeling, and that is for the instant when the monks, noiseless, furtive, evil-eyed, slip through the inn after Constance, as a cat creeps on its prey. Not until the third act on Monday night was there any genuine applause from the cold and clammy audience. In it occurs a scene between Marmion and King James which resembles faintly the stirring one between Marmion and Douglas in Sir Walter's poem. It was the only act in which James was satisfactory, yet I fancy it was the Scottish King's tirade against England's greed, ending in "perfidious England" which warmed the house up rather than the artist's virile rendering of Marmion's fiery words. I fully expected to hear some one yell "hands off Venezuela," a la the "Widow Jones," but no, a blight of propriety seemed to have fallen over the gallery.

As for the scene in the dungeon of the Abbey, Miss Kruger may have worn too many clothes to suit the man who expected a "living picture" but he must admit she rendered her lines excellently and that she has an unaffected and sympathetic voice. In defiance of Scott she takes poison after giving up the packet which insures Marmion's disgrace; her mind wanders, she fancies she sees a scaffold and on it Marmion. All her love revives and when her disordered brain conjures up the image of the headsman's descending axe she springs forward with a pitiful cry and "not there, not there, but on this breast." The monks thrust her in the niche and have almost closed it up when Marmion is heard shouting in Mr. James's most stentorian voice, "Hold! Hold! Lord Abbot."

With all deference to Mr. Sage, I must say that if he had contrived to end his play when he finished off Constance, we would have been saved much weariness. To be sure the last act was enlivened Monday night by the descent of the fireproof asbestos curtain in the middle of Marmion's death scene, but how about next time?

Last week was a tearful one at the Columbia and Baldwin. It is true the tears were mainly confined to the stage, though when Miss Wainwright, as Rose Witcherly, quoted Scripture to her stern parent, exhorting him to receive his erring child, I saw several persons in the audience wiping unmistakable dewdrops from their eyes, and trying to look as if they only had bad colds. Not all of them, for one large, stout man, who sat in a box, looked me square in the face as he carefully removed his tears with—his thumb. It must have been the idea rather than histrionic ability which so affected these people, for though Miss Wainwright quotes Scripture very nicely, she has an affected, harsh voice and a lamentable rigidity of face and figure. She holds a handkerchief to her eyes and sobs jerkily, but there are no other indications of tears. She kneels in entreaty, but there is no supplication in her body, however affecting the words of her appeal. She also has an unfortunate way of moving her eyebrows which contorts her handsome nose and her face, yet does not relieve its immobility. This mannerism is naturally the reverse of ornamental and conveys nothing, for it is used to express anything and everything. This week, however, there was a change for the better. Not only Miss Wainwright, but her entire support, with the exception of Hattie Russell, who is good in both plays, appear to much greater advantage in "The Love Chase" than in "The Daughters of Eve." In fact, nothing could be more tiresome than their presentation of the latter play, Mr. Hartwig being particularly disheartening, for, among other misdemeanors, he received all demonstrations of love "as he would cold porridge." It was enough to prostrate any girl who meditated taking advantage of Leap Year. But in "The Love Chase" he made a very acceptable Wildrake, while Miss Wainwright was really amusing in this pleasant little comedy. This is the last week of her engagement, and I hope, ere Miss Marie comes again to these Pacific shores, she will read, mark, and learn these three things: First, to let out her stays; second, to let out her stays; third, to let out her stays. Then she will be able to walk and sit more easily, speak and laugh more musically, and, perchance, even to show us a real Nethersolian kiss. Apropos of the Nethersole, Alan Dale refers to her kisses in Carmine as the "the Vesuvian episode which New York is now discussing." "I've seen," he says, "the Bernhardt kiss with a sort of a novelty-silk languor; I've beheld Duse cuddle Andre's extremely amorous head with a chaste, yet melancholy ardor; I've noted Mary Anderson's lips virgining the shaven cheeks of her leading men; I've gazed at Rose Coghlan impressing healthy roast-beef salutes upon her Barrymores and her Sullivans; I've opera-glassed Mrs. Kendal, as she gave her lips to Willie with a sort of 'Now-little-boy-run-away-and-play air,' but the Nethersole's kiss is quite another affair. It is nitro-glycerine, pure and simple." Of course, Daniel Frawley's kisses are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the fair Nethersole's, but it must be admitted that it was a very healthy, honest "roast-beef" sort of kiss he gave "Margaret" all last week in the "Lost Paradise." Of course, there was no nitro-glycerine about it, but it was quite a warm embrace for this climate. It is possible that he would not embrace every one so heartily as he did Miss Kennark, for, though her profile is almost nothing, she manages to give an impression of prettiness.

"No wonder, sir. But certainly a maid," I thought, as I looked at her slim, erect figure and round, dainty bosom. As for Ralph Standish—"I is a villain, sir; I do not love to look on." How the scene in the factory between him and the "hands" brought down the house! and how marked the contrast between Standish and Swartz, the laborers' spokesman. It struck me as rather unfair to capital that its representative should suffer so in comparison with labor's; not only was the playwright against him, but Nature also. Blanche Bates had the most fetching of the female parts. As "Cinders," dirty, comic, handsome, she would have been quite delightful had she but lowered her voice an octave or two—you were just a bit too vociferous, Miss Bates.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

CLERICAL SKETCHES.

No. 7. THE PRIESTLY DARE-DEVIL.

"Dick Dare-devil," that was the name he used to go by in old Stonyhurst, though I suppose now he should be called the Reverend Richard Willoughby. Still, I must always think of him by the old college nickname, and indeed, unless he has undergone a radical reformation within the past few months, his boyhood's title suits him now as well as ever. I can shut my eyes and see him at this very moment, with his roly-poly arms and legs threatening to burst the long-suffering seams of his sleeves and trousers. At college he was always in trouble; in fact he seemed fairly to love being in hot water, and when caught in some scrape he would wring up his pudgy face into so forlorn an expression as to excite compassion in the most rigorous of his masters, save when they caught a glimpse of his eyes, which seemed continually to dance through pure devilment and love of mischief.

After Willoughby's ordination, I lost track of him for a number of years, though I never could forget his gay caprices and endearing ways. Hence, when my affairs obliged me to remain for a few weeks in the California town where he was stationed, my delight was great. I found Dick the same boy as ever. He seemed overjoyed at seeing me again, and insisted upon my making his cozy rectory my home during the time I might be obliged to stay in his vicinity.

But what a dance he led me! Clad in a fine suit of the most severe clerical cut, he thought nothing of reining up his horses in front of some sporty drinking-house on the principal street, and calling loudly for beer, brandy or whatever other beverage might meet his varying taste. The next day might find him in a costume worthy of a cowboy on the stage, a belt of cartridges about his waist and a gun over his shoulder, bound for a hunt amid the hills.

I had a theory about the Reverend Richard, though I hardly know whether I should advance it here. It always seemed to me that the exuberance of animal spirits, which, in most men, finds vent in acts of lawless profligacy, in his case expended all its force in wild, fantastic antics, which, while hardly to be looked upon with favor by admirers of a strait-laced clergy, had in themselves no taint of wrong. Father Willoughby's duty as a priest and pastor never was neglected, and his flock adored him, even though some of the more staid and proper pillars of the parish felt constrained to wink at certain of his "ways," as they charitably styled them.

However, poor Father Richard had his enemies. His benefice was a good one, and its revenues abundant. This sufficed to make certain less favored clerics of the vicinity regard their debonnair confrere with a jaundiced optic, as they gazed upon his parish with a lustful eye. One of these individuals, Flaherty by name, was frequently heard to remark at the priestly confabulations called "conferences," which, by the way, Father Richard rarely attended, that all the fellow needed was rope enough in order to hang himself, and that "innyhow, all these English and Amerikin prastes nade watchin'." By this it was generally understood that the gentleman in question considered himself far better able to manage Father Richard's parish than was its gay rector.

But poor Dick was not without his friends. His chum at college was Angelo Antonioli, a nephew of old Cardinal Tognazzi, who had been sent to Stonyhurst in order to perfect himself in English. Angelo was now one of the papal chamberlains, and in high favor at the Vatican. The two friends corresponded regularly, and Father Richard showed me his last letter from the pontifical attaché.

"I am trying," ran one passage of the long, affectionate epistle, "to get you a nice little present for your birthday; but in order to secure it I shall have to do considerable wire pulling. As my endeavors may fail, I will not now go farther into particulars, except to say that in case I succeed, my next letter will be to your Bishop and not to you."

Father Richard and I cudgelled our brains to think what the papal chamberlain meant by his mysterious language, but we never arrived any further than the making of conjectures, Dick's in particular being wild to the last degree.

Another one of the gay Richard's friends was of a different type. Dashing Mrs. Edmonds, a young and altogether too fascinating widow, whose harmless escapades made the local pharisees gasp in horror, took quite a liking to the devil-may-care young priest, and they soon became great friends.

As might have been expected, poor Dick's friendship with the charming widow caused comment, not so much among the parishioners, who could suspect him of no evil, as among his brethren of the clergy, who seemed to be lying in wait for some chance to find fault with him.

Richard had a weakness, pardonable, perhaps, but none the less reprehensible. He sometimes took a drop too much; "only a thimbleful," he called it, yet one of these same thimblefuls came near causing his downfall. One bright day, during my stay, the Ladies' Aid Society of the parish gave a picnic in a grove of patriarchal sycamores, a few miles out of town. Richard, of course, was there, resplendent in a well-cut costume of spotless broadcloth, and in a rare mood for anything in the way of sport. He behaved quite properly, however, and I lost sight of him for a few hours. Late in the afternoon I was watching the merry-makers on the dancing-floor, when I observed the Reverend rector entering from the opposite side.

His white hat, wreathed in vines, was perched upon his head at some absurd angle, and his gait plainly indicated he had come across far more "thimbulfuls" than were good for him. Desiring to prevent a scene if possible, I started across the floor in the hope of getting my tipsy friend to depart before attracting further notice. The band was playing a gay waltz, and I had some trouble in making my way. When about half way over, what was my horror at seeing the Reverend Richard amble up to the gay widow and suddenly whisk her off amid the whirling throng! To do her justice, Mrs. Edmonds did the best she could to make her eccentric partner lead her to a seat, and, after some protest on his part, she at length succeeded. But the mischief was done. Some ladies of the Reverend Father Flaherty's parish were present and lost no time in giving a lurid account of the affair to their pastor, who, in turn, sent a sensational version to the Bishop.

Three days passed, and poor Dick received a letter with a mitre on the seal, informing him that his services would not be required for three months—in fact, communicating to him a sentence of suspension for that period. Then, as never before, did I know Dick Dare-devil. He folded the letter calmly, and set me to work writing invitations for a dinner that very evening, while he betook himself to the establishment of a leading caterer. The meal was a grand affair. The wines and viands were of Richard's own choosing, and mirth and merriment held high carnival. The little widow was there of course, and I could notice that occasionally she glanced with some apprehension at a strange, defiant gleam which now and then shot forth from the rector's eye. As the guests were about to depart, Father Willoughby said he expected to spend a few weeks in the country but hoped to return very soon.

As the door closed upon the last lingering guest, Willoughby turned to me, and remarked in a strange, hard tone:

"I must ask you to help me to-night, Peter. I want to have all of my own things under lock and key, since I am to be thrust out in this fashion."

All night we labored, and by dawn the once cozy rectory had a forlorn, dismantled appearance. Over an early breakfast Richard and I made plans for our departure, as he insisted upon my going with him, and did not wish to remain to receive the priest who was coming in his place. We were both tired and silent. The old housekeeper moved about the table without uttering a word, garrulous though she was by nature. The postman's knock was the first sound in an interval of nearly half an hour. Old Betsy went to the door, and returning, handed her master two letters. One bore a mitre on the seal.

"What's this?" ejaculated Father Willoughby, with a dark frown; "having gotten me down, do they want to jump on me? Is my suspension to be followed by an excommunication?"

Moodily enough he tore open the letters and commenced to read. Little by little his expression changed by quick degrees to wonderment and then to wild delight. He leaped from his chair, and, coming behind me, gave me a tremendous whack between the shoulder blades, flung the two letters down beside my plate, and bounded to the floor above, where I heard him commence to unpack the traps which we had spent the night in getting together.

I glanced at the letters. The one from the Bishop was brief, but cordial, requesting his presence at the cathedral on the day following. The other was a private note from the Bishop's Secretary, one of Dick's intimate friends, and ran about as follows:

MY DEAR OLD DICK:—The Bishop is in a dreadful state. Hardly had I sent you your sentence of suspension when he received a letter from Monsignor Antonioli, notifying him that the Holy Father had been graciously pleased in consideration of your zeal (!) in the ministry, to give you some decoration or other, with the right to wear the purple and be addressed as "Monsignor." The Bishop foamed and fumed when I told him I had already sent the sentence, and now he wants you to come here and receive your purple calotte. So make haste, dear fellow, and come where glory awaits you.

* * * * * * * * * *

The very Reverend Monsignor Richard Willoughby now rejoices in the title of Missionary Apostolic, and wears a purple gown instead of a black one—that is, when he wears a gown at all. But so far as I can see, he is not a whit changed from the "Dick Dare-devil" of other days.

PETER PLYMPEY.

The Scylla and Charybdis of most unsuccessful advertisers are, first, injudicious selection of mediums, and second, the ineffective character of their advertisements.

To place an advertisement in papers of large circulation in theory and small circulation in fact, will of course prove unsatisfactory. To advertise cheap working shoes in a journal of the "400" is also bad policy. Very common mistakes are the selection of papers through personal preference, brilliant talk of solicitors and a "friend's advice."

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BLANCHE BATES.

TOGETHER WITH REMARKS ON THE CHILDREN OF PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE.

That the lives of children born of theatrical people are always a little different from other children's lives, is doubtless true. If the parents are on the stage, the art they follow, involving as it does all other arts, is apt to develop for them a broader field of thought and study, and for their children a broader training—but it does not follow from this that the child of professional parentage comes in contact with evil any earlier than other children, nor, necessarily, that the stage is the only career open to them. Taking the better class of professionals as illustration, I have observed that no children are better guarded or protected than theirs. Indeed, I find them brought up very much as other children are, and very often dedicated to other paths in life than that their parents have trod. And, again, we find those whose education has been carried on without reference to the stage, drifting upon it through sheer force of heredity, doubtless. In a conversation with Miss Blanche Bates, I met with an instance of this kind.

"I was not educated for the stage," said Miss Bates. "I was not in the very least bit intended for it. My father and mother were both in the profession, but I was sent to school and followed very much the same sort of life that other girs at school did. No hint or word of going on the stage was ever mentioned to me. My mother was very much set against it; so much so, that I was a big girl before she even permitted me to see the inside of a theater, and she did not even like to have me join my young friends in their amateur performances; but, of course, I did," she continued. "It always meant a jolly good time, and I was ready enough for that, you may be sure;" and Miss Bates's smiling face and eyes gave evidence of how thoroughly she was able to appreciate the "jolly good time."

"Why was your mother so opposed to your going on the stage?" I asked; "she was on it herself."

"Exactly," replied Miss Bates, "and she realized all the long hours of study necessary to any measure of success. She knew that a young girl may be dazzled by the glare of the footlights, and not for a moment reflect upon the hard work, and the days—dreary days—or years of waiting before she gains any recognition from the public. It is hard work, you know," and the young actress made a most emphatic motion with her head, as much as to say: "I know something about it."

"I am sure it is," I answered; "the only wonder to me is that so many who go on the stage in a moment of enthusiasm, remain so long as they do. Tell me, Miss Bates," I said, "how you came to it, finally."

"Well, it was this way." she began and she wheeled around from the mirror, before which she had been putting on a final touch of make-up. We were sitting in her dressing-room, a cozy little place—the walls of which—three of them, at least, were lined with all the gowns and other paraphernalia of her wardrobe. Two enormous trunks, two big chairs, the dressing-table, on which stood an enormous bunch of long-stemmed California violets, and ourselves, completed the appointments. Miss Bates was ready for her cue, and had just twenty minutes to wait. So she began:

"It was this way: Mr. Stockwell was getting his company together, had engaged my mother, and came to me—you know, he is such a joker, I hardly took him seriously—and said: "Come Blanche, I want you to join the company." Well, I just tossed my head, and would have none of it." As she made this last remark, Miss Bates gave her head a little shake, to show me how she treated the proposition at that time. She has a very original way of emphasizing her remarks by various little gestures, entirely her own. Her eyes flash—and they know how—or she shakes her head, or she makes a dear little moue—sometimes she puts out an appealing hand, or beams into a startlingly bright smile, showing such pretty, white teeth—it is just as the mood takes her. Her face is at all times the mirror of her thought, making speech accessory, rather than necessary.

"After Mr. Stockwell had left," she continued, "I began to think about what he had said. Why, come to think of it, it seemed just the natural thing for me to do. I concluded to speak to my mother, and I did. Well, we had our little 'quart d'heure' over it, and after a time, when the company was well started, hearing that Mr. Stockwell needed a curtain raiser, I went to him myself, and proposed I should try to act in the curtain raiser. He put on "The Picture,' by Brander Matthews, and I made my début."

"And now you are a full-fledged actress," I said.

"That depends upon what you mean by that," she answered. "If to study hard, rehearse all day, and play every night is the test, why I suppose I may call myself a full-fledged actress, but I don't see the crowds of billets-doux, and the flowers, and the suppers that girls always dream of as inevitable accompaniments to the life of an actress."

"But you wouldn't give the life up, now, would you?" I asked.

"Not for worlds," she replied. "It's hard work, but we have a happy life. In a company like ours we are all interested in each other, and in the same work—it is just like a big family."

"And you all have your superstitions to talk over on gloomy days; and your fads too."

"Oh, no," interrupting me; "I haven't a fad; oh, well, let me see."

"That's right," I said; "think again; you *must* have just *one*, surely; what is it?"

"Cats," she answered, with startling brevity.

"Cats?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, don't you like them," she asked, seeing I was not enthusiastic; "I had such a darling kitten that I carried all the way to Denver, but it would insist upon following me on the stage, or making an entrée in the middle of a scene, so I had to give it up."

"A good thing," I remarked; "don't you know cats are most unlucky? I am surprised at you."

"Oh, but I'm not superstitious," she said.

"Oh, aren't you," I replied; "some one told me you always wore an opal ring, and——"

"Oh, well, opals *are* my lucky stone—do you see that ring?" putting out her left hand impulsively, one finger extended beyond the rest, which bore a handsome ring, "I always wear that."

"What for?" I asked suddenly, looking her full in the eye, "tell me," drawing nearer to enlist her confidence."

"Are you just superstitious about this *one* thing? I'll never tell."

"No"—hesitating and twisting it around a little—and then, with charming assurance, she added: "Opals *do* bring me luck, though."

Blanche Bates's face is well worth studying. It is rather French in its characteristics, but she herself is an American, born in Portland, Oregon. She is not what we could call pretty—she is handsome. Her features are regular and well cut. Usually features of this type are calm, statuesque, cold. Not so with Blanche Bates. Her face is full of light and shadow, changing with every emotion. Her eyes are of the darkest brown, large, full and brilliant. She has a decidedly handsome, well-cut nose—strange to say, it is almost a counterpart of la Bernhardt's in profile. Indeed, if you were to draw a line from Blanche Bates's eyebrow, back to the ear, and making an angle there, turn forward to the edge of her upper lip, you would be surprised to see how like this portion of her face is the great tragedienne's. The resemblance struck me so forcibly that I mentioned it to Miss Bates. She fairly beamed on me.

"Do you really mean it," she said, trying to get a glimpse of her profile in the glass. "Why, if I thought I had the least thing about me like her, it would make me quite happy. She is my ideal actress."

"Well, she's not a bad model," I answered, smiling at her enthusiasm, "and you may take heart, for your noses are certainly much alike, both indicate sympathy, ambition, and strong imaginative faculty; but you are more impulsive than she—curb that, and who knows where you may be some day?"

"And all on account of my nose," said Miss Bates, laughing, "I am afraid you are making fun of me."

"Oh, no, I'm not," I answered, "I mean just what I say; you have it in you to do great things if you will *do them*," I said, as I rose to go, having heard the call: "In three minutes the curtain goes up."

E. D. H.

THE JOURNALIST AS A NOVELIST.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN REPORTING AND LITERATURE.

In the days of the great Napoleon every corporal carried in his knapsack a Marshall's baton. Nowadays, in journalism, every reporter sees in himself a possible novelist. To write a book is the ambition of most good newspapermen just as the majority of illustrators wait only for time and opportunity to paint a picture. The aspiration burns eternally: among the energetic it is often sacrificed on the altar of realization; in the rest it glows as a dim but beautiful prospect, possible of attainment, indeed, if the effort be made, like heaven, to be reached by a mere course of conduct. The destruction of delusions is a sad business, but the truth is that though the media of the reporter and novelist is the same, that though both deal in the material of words, phrases, and paragraphs, there yawns between their results as deep a chasm as separates the landscape painter and the newspaper illustrator. To pursue the idea a little further, the journalist occupies to the novelist an attitude similar to that of the contractor to the architect. It is true the former puts together stone and bricks, rafters and scantlings, and rears from them the great public building or the beautiful mansion, but he is only accomplishing the design which the architect has composed. It is the architect who has considered the purpose and subserved the means to its accomplishment, who in his brain and on paper has bodied forth, brick by brick and beam by beam, the structure which the contractor puts together.

The reporter sent out to write of a murder, or to describe a horse race, finds himself in the midst of scenes and details which he has often found figuring as background in works of fiction. Here is the opportunity, and he feels the ability to convert this material to a loftier purpose than the needs of daily journalism. If his purpose ever passes out of the shadowy realm of aspiration, he will realize how much is demanded of the novelist that is not expected of him. He encounters the difficulty of accurate description, the necessity of creating characters which shall have the attitude and manner of life. Then he realizes how imperfect his observation, how slight his real knowledge of human nature. He is confronted by the problem of plot construction; his people must move in the midst of complications to present the facets of their individuality. It is a new world—a world in which there are high lights and deep shadows; of which perspective is a fixed principle; in which the familiar terms and phrases of newspaperdom appear but pinchbeak and pewter. It is a moment of disillusion, though confronted once, the reporter is a better workman, unless, indeed, he graduates or retires.

Percival Pollard, a bright Chicago newspaperman, has written a novel. He has called it *The Cape of Storms*; has made Chicago the background, has found dramatis personæ among his brethren of the pen and pencil, and is presented as a subject of serious critical consideration. Mr. Pollard has long felt the straining of literary aspiration. He has written many graceful sketches, infused with sentiment and set in pretty and poetic phraseology. I remember some paradoxical situations as among his achievements; his characters have struck certain curious and interesting attitudes; he has developed, indeed, literary ability, and has served a species of apprenticeship at the art of writing, yet he cannot honestly be congratulated on *The Cape of Storms*. I am inclined to believe Mr. Pollard commenced without a design, or if he had one, abandoned his web in the weaving. Circumstances and conditions throughout the story are all fortuitous, and the relations are forced; the single complication is shallow and unreal; the development of the hero, Dick Lancaster, into a genius is too rapid, too theatrical. The panorama and the people, though presented and described with some real skill, don't convince as facts, as entities. They don't produce the illusion of life which we have the right to demand. The fact is, as a flesh-and-blood novel Mr. Pollard's book is a failure. However, it is also both entertaining and interesting.

Dick Lancaster comes to Chicago from a country village, and is introduced to the office of *The Torch*, a weekly edited by a brilliant, erratic, and quite unprincipled person named Wotton. In this editorial room revolve a series of clever persons, sketch writers, society editors, a few star reporters, and a handful of newspaper illustrators. The atmosphere and the attitude of these men to life and each other are here rendered with considerable skill. Indeed, the best thing in the book is the Bohemian evening in Belden's studio, which makes a capital, though highly theatrical picture. Both coloring and dialogue are vivid and smart; nor is the scene in Mrs. Stewart's drawing-room lacking in brightness, though as the author proceeds he begins to lose hold of his hero. The opera house episode has no bearing on the plot, any more than the horse race, though both are excellent studies in their way. We are subsequently whisked off to Germany, and given a scene between Mr. Wotton, who is located there by some mischance or miracle—for Mr. Pollard does not tell how he solves the existence problem—and Miss Dorothy Ware, who is Dick Lancaster's first love. This charming maiden is kissed by the experienced Wotton, and Miss Tremont, another fortuitous person, by a strange coincidence, sees them together late at night in a dark and unknown region, in which they have lost their way. The scene shifts back to Chicago, with Dick grown cynical and successful. He returns to his native village, meets Dorothy once again, and once again is fascinated. Back to Chicago, then, and Dorothy refuses him because of her affair with Wotton, which she does not explain, whereupon Dick, in despair and in desperation, goes abroad and becomes a genius. His subsequent career is that of a dime novel hero; through his sketches, which are full of a reckless diablerie, he leaps into fame; the world is at his feet, but, after treating the homage of the globe with proper disregard, he reverts once more to Chicago, and there, after some preamble, persuades Dorothy to reconsider her refusal, on the plea, if you please, that however she may have sinned, her offence is but one against the multitude of his own.

Mr. Pollard can do better than this *Cape of Storms*—much better. He has material in him. Indeed, he becomes of serious consideration because of what is expected of his talent by those who believe in him. He knows newspapermen and the journalistic life; Belden and Wotton are the two individuals in his book. He is sure to try again, and if he will work and think, he may give us a story to read.

[The *Echo*, Chicago, Publishers.]

That the lesson of the *Vailima Letters* may be taken to heart by certain countrymen of the late Robert Louis Stevenson is a dispensation to be prayed devoutly for. The burden of these epistles is the gospel of true literary art, and it teaches perseverance and a high ideal. Stevenson re-wrote and labored over his periods; he was up early in the morning polishing his phrases, and to consign chapters to the fire was nothing to his love of perfection. Compare Crockett, not attempting the attainment of the literary measure he touched in the *Stickit Minister*, but grinding out fiction to meet his orders. It is true he has talent of a certain type—the author of *Mad Sir Uchtred* has occasionally a touch of the real fire; but, heavens, what a surface are these flickers of the lambent flame meant to illumine! Think, ye who are weary of *The Raiders* and the *Lilac Sunbonnet;* we are told the man has orders five years ahead, that the demand for tales from his pen is so great that in the mere fulfillment of demands he must keep writing along, neither waiting for holidays nor periods of rest, just so the magazines may not be disappointed.

His latest book, *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, has in it excellent passages, but bears marks of haste; the impression one has is that the book has been flung together, and, though there are passages of brilliant writing, the effect is unequal. No man whose loftiest form of speech is English can do better in writing than to write pure English. This is an incontrovertible line in literature that should save it from degradation; to follow it faithfully would be to preserve our letters from one affliction, I know, and perhaps the most insufferable one; namely, the unspeakable mongrelism called "dialect." Mr. Crockett indubitably has written nothing so good in Scotch dialect as he has written in civilized speech. His infusion of the former in his late book, *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, is, therefore, to be deplored. The question of the readers' tastes amounts materially to nothing; it is seen to be comically irrelevant in the face of our concertedly undoubled critics, clamorously affirming from tilted chins that nine-tenths of the general tastes are bad. And the attraction of dialecting to the author, mainly born of an ignoble ambition to truckle, is not a whit less immaterial. If the denizens of the Lesser Duchrae like to gurgle "dialect," and are willing to beat time thereto with falling coin, the merchants among us may excuse Mr. Crockett for holding his pocket under the stream; but the readers among us will never excuse him for supplying the heathenish music. Admitting that heathens are sometimes interesting to others than themselves and those who prey upon them, it is not to be held that novelty is sufficient compensation for the intrusion of them into the ken of a blasé civilization.

[Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.]

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LIBRARY NOTES.

Trooper Ross, by Captain Chas. King, must be very interesting reading to the boys, for whom it was written. Roderick Ross, or Buster, is an officer's son, brought up in healthy freedom among the Indian haunted plains, that Captain King knows so thoroughly. As a youngster, Buster distinguishes himself by physical bravery; as a youth of fourteen, with no education to speak of, however, he needs all his moral courage to face the humiliations which await an ungraded boy in a graded school. Mathematics trips him up at West Point, and he is forced to win his commission from the ranks, which he does right manfully. "Signal Butte," in the same volume, is another story of boy life among the Apache-hunting cavalry. The hero is a little half-Mexican waif, who is adopted by an officer's family. These should be splendid stories for boys to read. There is nothing about these young heroes that any one would be harmed by emulating, and if the readers were inspired to become troopers themselves, we might be glad of it in these stormy times.

[J. B. Lippincott, publisher.]

The Years That the Locust Hath Eaten is a strong story by Annie E. Holdsworth. The heroine is a clergyman's daughter who marries a poor but ambitious man, and goes to live in the Buildings, an English tenement, with her husband, who dreams of great things but does nothing, while Priscilla supports the family. Her overwork kills her baby, the husband has become partially paralyzed, her book is refused by the publisher, and troubles pile up oppressively. She is tempted at last to fly with an artist who loves her, leaving her unloved burden, who is no longer paralyzed but content to lie dreaming while Priscilla toils. The reader almost wishes that she had gone. But she might have gone openly and alone. Her tragedy was unnecessary. There is no reason why one person should commit slow suicide in order to support another in selfish idleness. It does not show heroism, but lack of common sense. Priscilla dies, worn out at twenty-four, when her husband repents picturesquely for his sins, living, we are left to suppose, in comfort on the proceeds of the sale of her latest book, which finds praise and a publisher, too late to help the author.

[Macmillan & Co., publishers.]

Amos Judd is a story of fate. A little Indian prince is hastily sent to America in order to save his life, during one of the many Indian revolutions. He is consigned to the care of a Connecticut farmer, Josiah Judd, by this farmer's brother, an Indian merchant, and is brought up as the merchant's adopted son. His name, Amos Judd, and occupation of farming do not harmonize with his striking appearance and Oriental nature; but he tries hard to become an ordinary American, and to conceal his strange prophetic powers. He loves and marries an American beauty, in spite of the fact that he knows he will not long survive the wedding, and that she will be in some way connected with his death. The fulfillment of this decree of fate makes a tragedy of a book which is otherwise refreshingly light in tone. The idea of a relentless destiny which maps out our lives for us to the minutest detail, is the serious undercurrent of the book. Amos is able to look ahead and see things that are to occur, without the power of in anyway influencing or changing these future events. In other respects he seems to be too American in manners, dress, and conversation for an Oriental, even though he was brought up in this country. But Mr. Mitchell's book is original and clever, and will well repay the time spent in reading it.

[Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers.]

Mariposilla is a Spanish girl, and the name means "little butterfly." With a craving to be like the Americans, and an admiration for them, she naturally falls in love with the first specimen she meets. He is a most unattractive specimen, and the tamest villain in literature. He is as characterless as a wooden Indian, and the reader finds it hard to understand Mariposilla's adoration. She is courted by this fellow and his selfish mother, solely for their amusement, and left to despair and suicide when he goes East to marry three millions. The author of *Mariposilla*, Mrs. Chas. Stewart Daggett, writes in rather a stiff and awkward manner, with an evident liking for big words. The plot is simple, and the story a mere thread on which to string descriptions of California life and scenery. The orange ranch where Mariposilla lives, and the big summer hotel, with the people who inhabit both, are well and vividly painted, but there are too many descriptions for these busy times when novels should be brief and brilliantly written.

[Published by Rand, McNally & Co. Chicago and New York.]

"*A Set of Rogues;* to wit: Christopher Sutton, John Dawson, the Señor Don Sanchez, Del Castillo de Castelaña, and Moll Dawson—Their Wicked Conspiracy," is the full title of Frank Barrett's story of adventure. The plot is set in London during, and just after, the Plague, and the characters are all players but the Don, who tempts them into evil-doing. Their conspiracy is against the estate of a lady, who, with her daughter, is a slave in Barbary. Her property is in the hands of an honest old steward, who unwillingly resigns it to the rogues when they present Moll Dawson as the daughter of his mistress, whom they report to be dead. Moll plays her part well, meets her supposed cousin, the next heir, and marries him before their plot is discovered, and the players ousted for a time. However, innumerable adventures follow. Many things occur, but, after mishaps, the rogues settle down to a fairly happy existence, which is more than they deserve. The characters in *A Set of Rogues* are fairly drawn, but the plot lacks unity, and the style is prosy.

[Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale at Doxey's.]

The Traveler continues to be the most artistic journal we have. It is a beautifully printed sheet, and is generally full of interesting reading matter. The latest issue contains several arlicles of interest, and especially a page on palmistry, by Miss Klink, which has the rare merit of clear statements and comprehensibility. Among the pictures is a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Albert Gallatin, and a series of photographs of the Sunset limited vestibnle train, besides scenery and scenes. Mr. W. V. Bryant has succeeded to the interest of the late E. McD. Johnstone. and is editing and managing *The Traveler*.

The reception accorded Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, by English reviewers of the first class is the most flattering given an American book this decade. In W. E. Henley's *New Review*, I find a special review by George Wyndham, extolling in the strongest terms the genius of the volume, and comparing its pictures of battle with those of Tolstoi, and Zola's *La Debacle*, and representing the American as expressing a finer and higher realism. The immortality of the *Red Badge* is boldly proclaimed, and the style and imagination of the writer pronounced notable, yet this book has been but coldly received in Aimerca. None of our magazines have troubled their pages with the eulogy of Stephen Crane, any more than they did with commendation of Paul Lester Ford, whose *Peter Stirling* continues to be bought and read throughout the country. Indeed, its sale must now be within measurable distance of that of Trilby.

Of the literary incidents of the past week, the publication just begun in *Le Journal* of Zola's "Rome" has been most talked of. This new work continues the trilogy begun by "Lourdes," and which will finish with "Paris." The present book is to show three Romes—the ancient, the Rome of the Popes, and that of Victor Emmanuel. The dominant figure will be the Pope, and it is believed "Rome" is to be the culminating work of the author. Even if Zola failed to get sight of the Pope when he went to Rome last winter, it is safe to predict that he will give a portrait of Leo XIII. that will be unforgettable.

Professor Blackie's library was sold in Edinburgh the other day. In it were presentation copies and a large number of books with autograph notes. The library was expected to bring considerable money, but the prices were low, and only a comparatively small number of lots brought more than a few shillings.

Gilbert Parker, of the Voshti Hills, has taken a collaborator in the person of Miss Vantine, to whom he was married on Thursday last, in London.

Sydney Colvin speaks of the *Weir of Hermiston* as containing some of R. L. Stevenson's strongest writing. It is very incomplete, but has brought a good price, and will be the feature of Fisher Unwin's new international magazine *Cosmopolis*.

The social side of Parliamentary life in England, as set forth by Mrs. Ward in her new novel in the *Century*, "Sir George Tressady," presents a striking contrast to American Congressional customs.

It is stated that Englishmen are very lax in their payment of wedding fees. At the Leiter-Curzon wedding when Bishop Talbot of Western Nebraska married the young couple, he naturally expected a large fee which he anticipated would materially assist him in his missionary work. Alas, however, for the best laid plans of mice and men! A friend asked the prelate if he had been sufficiently recompensed. The Bishop shook his head sadly and replied: "Well, the fee was not so big as I expected, but then—a pound is a large fee for an Englishman!" It is possible the Bishop got two pounds though he did not say so. In any case, he did better than Bishop Littlejohn who got merely thanks for his services at the Marlborough wedding.

The coiffure for the theater, cotillion, and ballroom should be particularly artistic. Mr. G. Lederer, 111 Stockton Street, makes a specialty of this lineof hairdressing.

THE ART OF DUMAS.

MAX NORDAU'S ANALYSIS OF THE DRAMATIST.

Dumas once said of himself, "I am an oppressor," and on another occasion he expressed the same idea by the words, "I feel like subduing everybody with whom I come in contact." When one of his admirers flattered him by suggesting a similarity of face and deportment between him and Bismarck, he smiled and said, "Indeed, I believe I have missed my vocation. I was born to govern. I would have made a very acceptable Minister of State."

Every genuine playwright—I mean a dramatist who adopted his calling because he felt himself equal to the task; I do not mean playwrights from motives of vanity or frivolity, or those who are only imitators—every genuine playwright, I say, every dramatist by the grace of naive and organic impulse, has the same feeling as Dumas did.

To the dictator as well as to the dramatist success is life. Both can achieve victory while they are able to concentrate public attention upon their persons and acts. They must also have the power to make others forget their own personalities while in the presence of the self-styled heroes. If the great masses are ever permitted to lose sight of their idols even for a moment, the latter's dominion is at an end.

Suggestion, the excitement of emotions and of pleasurable sensations, are means to captivate the masses for a longer or shorter period. The first is produced by action and requisites equivalent of the fetiches temporarily selected for worship by aborigines.

Dumas possessed, in the highest degree, the characteristic manly virtues, the fantasy inclining to the baroque, the emotional qualities and the vulgarity that destined him for leadership in war or peace, and finally compromised by making him a great dramatist. Yes, the vulgarity, too. Those who pronounced him an original thinker, even a paradox, deceived themselves. Dumas never expressed a new opinion; he always said, with that assurance essential to produce hypnotic suggestion, the very thing his audience felt.

Whenever he charged with the bayonet of his wit and his oratory upon an obnoxious law or some social usage, he was sure to have the whole public with him. Assuming the attitude of the pugilist, or the grimaces of the soothsayer, he proposed solutions of public questions that had long been in the iron stock of the *Petit Journal* leader writers. The form, mind, which he adopted for saying these trite things, was peculiarly his own, and was so clever as to make the subject seem new and original.

Dumas was the most subjective dramatist that France has produced. All his books and dramas tell stories from his own life's history—reechoed his joys, his sorrows; they defended, they avenged him, as the case might be. Being subject to strong emotions, his own fate was always uppermost in his mind. He was incapable of objective observation. Everything that applied to his case, even in the most distant relation, was eagerly collected and absorbed in his writings; things not appealing to his egotism had no existence, as far as he was concerned.

Wherever his omnipresent "I" ran amuck of others, he considered himself sinned against, and became possessed of the revengeful fury of an Eastern Caliph who engages a hundred headsmen and wipes cities and towns off the face of the earth because some stupid servant spoiled his chocolate.

Dumas was born out of wedlock, and in his youthful days was sometimes reminded of this accident. He avenged himself by the wrathful play "The Natural Son."

His mother led a gay life. He never tired demonstrating: first, that the seducer must either marry his victim or die; secondly, that a respectable man may marry a woman with a past without loss of dignity to himself; thirdly, that a girl is not dishonored by her fall if love played a part in her drama.

Dumas had personal reasons for despising the laws and ethics that govern marriage relations; they stood in the way of his passions or whims. Thereupon, without the least hesitation, he advocated their abolishment, acting, however, in good naif and generally binding. Bismark was somewhat similarly inclined while in power. Dumas, following the august example of the great Chancellor, tried to influence legislation—in his imaginary world—where the existing laws conflicted with his personal comfort.

It was quite easy and natural for Dumas to preach lawlessness and combat the usages of polite Society, for accident of birth and education had placed him outside the pale of Society. Its benefits were not extended to him; he had nothing to lose by destroying their influences.

He had no schooling; all he knew he acquired by turning over the leaves in the book of life. Think of it! He became a member of the Academy, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, the most celebrated dramatist of a great cultured people, without knowing anything as far as school education goes.

The above remarks on the psychological aspects of the late Alexandre Dumas's life do not pretend to be exhaustive. Whoever thinks himself capable of giving an estimate of a richly endowed man in a column either regards his subject in a trivial light or overvalues his own talents.

MAX NORDAU.

THE WHEEL.

The Park Commissioners have extended the privileges of wheelmen and permit bicyclists to enter the Park through the Page-street gate. This relieves bicyclists of the sharp trip down Stanyan Street, which, by the way, is being cut up by the Railroad Company.

The Park was alive with wheels last Sunday. The enthusiasts were out in force, and the gathering on the steps of the bicyclists' villa at noon was highly suggestive of the extent of the craze. Strange to say, among the gathering were but few women, and of these only one had on the regulation skirt. Their faces were those of habitués and included the several scorchers and, among them, the young woman who rides so handily without handles.

Among the new wheels at the Park last Sunday, the "sociable" caught the curious eye most particularly. It was a 'Stearn's" wheel and the formal name of the thing is the "Companion side-seated bicycle." In many points the machine resembles the old style tricycle, the chief difference being that the third wheel is abandoned. The long axle of the rear wheel enables the use of two sprockets at its extremities, so far apart as to admit of each one being acted upon through a separate pair of sprockets, each actuated by a separate rider. There is a triple head and double frame, the latter carrying two saddles placed side by side at a proper distance apart for two riders to work the pedals freely. It is said that a difference of one hundred pounds' weight in the two riders is not noticeable, and that a person who is ignorant of riding can be taken out on this wheel with perfect safety.

The system of mounting is peculiar and somewhat complicated. For the first one who mounts the wheel is inclined to one side, and the rider takes his or her place on the lower saddle. The machine is then brought again to an upright position and the second rider mounts by means of the pedal, and so the start is made. The dismount is made in the same way, reversing, of course, the operations.

It will be seen that the two saddle-posts are connected by a cross-bar, at the middle point of which is a special socket. A person may thus ride the machine without a companion. In order to do this the saddle is transferred to the central position, and the rider sitting there drives the machine by one of the pedals on the right side and one on the left side.

Tandem riding will be more popular this year than last, and in many families a tandem will be part of the bicycle outfit. It is, indeed, a pretty sight to see a lady and gentleman mounted on a tandem spinning along at a lively rate, and the exhilaration of riding this way is indescribable.

The greatest bicycle show in the world is that now on in the Crystal Palace, London. There are 1750 varieties of wheels representing 240 exhibitors. Among the interesting novelties shown in it is a sliding saddle, designed to assist the rider in mounting hills, sliding forward automatically, and falling back on a lever being pressed. Another saddle is designed to give increased facilities for mounting and dismounting, being lowered or raised at the will of the rider.

For irritation of the throat caused by cold or use of the voice "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are exceedingly beneficial.

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SPLASHES.

THE THEME of conversation which seems to find most favor in Society at the moment is the scarcity of men. Not so many years ago the girls had all the honors of the minority, and carried things with a high hand; but ever since the introduction of the "brownie" element, the condition is reversed. Think of charming and interesting young women being unable to obtain partners, compelled to sit through dances as mere wall-flowers. Nowadays the clever matron precedes the balls to which her daughter is bidden, with a dinner, to which she invites two or three available males. Of course on them devolves the charge, throughout the evening, of their hostess's olive branches. Should these young ladies be wall-flowers, the fact is a reflection on their politeness, though of course there is a controversial point here. I am told, however, that even this scheme does not always prove as successful as its projectors anticipate, for at a recent dance one of the maidens whose mother had entertained a number of young men just before, went partnerless during the entire german. It was formerly customary for the men to pay dinner calls; now they consider they more than fulfill their obligations if they accept invitations. It was amusing to watch the artifices to obtain partners that prevailed at the Hobart and Baldwin balls; wives clung to their husbands with an almost oyster-like tenacity, and sisters hovered around their brothers with an affectionate solicitude that was almost pathetic. At the Baldwin Ball quite a number of girls came without escorts, and several young women, who, on general occasions, rank as belles, sat out during the entire cotillion.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN considerable discussion of late as to whether a man's occupation should influence his social position. Here in a country which is democratic in its government and where there is no landed gentry, this question is of more moment than in a place like England where dividing lines are very strictly drawn. There the professional people have their own set, the tradesmen theirs, and, as a general rule, they do not amalgamate to any great degree. In a new city like San Francisco, it is extremely difficult to discriminate, for money has been acquired easily and the sons and daughters of people whose occupation would probably bar them in New England have enjoyed advantages of education and social intercourse impossible in cities of less recent development. Where the dealer of to-day is father to the professional man, who, in his turn sires the drygoods or grocery merchant of the morrow, it were rather a foolish thing to make occupation a bar to social privileges. As a rule money exercises an undue amount of influence in these matters, and so long as the professions are overrun to the extent they are in this country, trade will undoubtedly possess the wealth which commands prestige and position. Two generations ago it was only the lower orders who sought to acquire money in business; to-day you find the sons of armymen, clergymen, of lawyers and doctors in banks, in dry goods, in plumbing, or furnishing, and the dealer is oftentimes quite as well-bred and well-educated as those who are following a professional career.

* * *

The average business man may or may not be less intellectual than his professional brother—if intellectuality is presumed to consist in a taste for reading, for art, for studious conversation. Indeed, the fact is that the man who has pored over law books or on plans all day, is anxious at night to give his mental mechanism a rest. His preference is for farce-comedy or a sleep after dinner; whereas the merchant who has exercised his brain in another direction, is more inclined for the occupations and enjoyments we are pleased to term artistic and elevating. It is true that several of the best libraries in town are in the possession of lawyers, but Irving M. Scott, an iron-founder, and W. H. Crocker, a banker, have the best pictures. One rarely meets the lawyer or the doctor at our concerts; the audience is quite often made up of men whom one recognizes as engaged in business. It is true, on the other hand that the necessities of a profession do much to sharpen a man's wits; his memory is trained, his mind must be ever on the alert. The aim of a successful business man is to sell goods, or buy them, or to make an article that will sell. He obtains a knowledge of human nature, an ease of manner, possibly the faculty of organization, but in his occupation he gains no material for conversational interchange. But for all that he may bring to the problems of the moment a fresh intellect; he may read all the books that appear; he may be thinking out problems with his ratiocinative faculties; he may be much more entertaining and amusing than his brother the lawyer, who has just written a brief in the celebrated case of Roe *vs.* Doe, and thinks every one he meets interested therein.

* * *

Society in San Francisco is composed of the sons and daughters of those residents to whom business or professional success, or relationships have given standing. The father of young Johnson may have found it hard to get a start, and have done all manner of things, but that will not hurt his son's aspirations, provided the nimble dollar has not eluded his parent's seeking. To be in Society you must have means and manners. Though Robinson is a millionaire twice over, his boys are impossible, because they are both ignorant and stupid. Others there are who having developed conspicuous bad habits are debarred on that score. It may be accepted as a fact, however, that in San Francisco, occupation is really no bar to mixing among fashionable people, if the personality and charm of the individual balances any objections to the character of his pursuit. Of course, one does not invite the participation of pawnbrokers, or shoeblacks, or people in menial capacities, but otherwise it depends on the individual and his personal relationships.

* * *

Among the noblemen who have taken up their abode among us is Count de Park, a Frenchman of the old régime. I believe his family suffered much during the latter ups and downs of Monarchy, Empire, and Commune, and he came to seek a fortune in a new land. He is a thoroughly good fellow, and, like all men of truly aristocratic lineage, considers that whatever a man does honorably for a living exalts rather than degrades him, as the parvenu seems to imagine. On coming to California Count de Park had much difficulty in securing employment, but at last obtained a minor position in the White House. Through the influence of the Parrotts, to whom he had letters, he was given a post in a bank in San Jose, and now has a berth in the Trust Company. He is exceedingly well liked here, is a great deal with the Parrotts and Borels, and is a particular friend of Charles Baldwin, at whose dinner he was a guest.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the attractions of Miss Sabin's cotillion, the attendance at the last Friday Fortnightly was unusually good; the affair went off with great dash and was kept up unusually late, the music not ceasing until sometime after midnight. All the University lads who have been visiting their families in the interior have returned, and there was a plentitude of young men. Added to this, a number of the prettiest girls belonging to the Deux Temps Club were invited. Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Greenway, who is laid up with a severe cold, the german was led by Mr. Allen Wright and Miss Jessie Glascock, and the scarf and flag figures introduced and executed with considerable skill. Among the girls whom I thought looked unusually well were Miss Eloise Davis, who wore a smart frock of white silk, Miss Kate Salisbury in pink satin veiled with gauze, Miss Jessie Glascock in pink silk and chiffon, Miss Romie Wallace in black satin, Miss Rose Hooper in white organdie trimmed with cream Valenciennes lace and red roses, and Miss Blanding, a winsome little lassie with light fluffy hair and a fair skin.

* * *

Miss Grace Sabin deserves much commendation for the success of her cotillion given on Friday last. The figures had the merit of being original and the favors were quaint and pleasing. The idea was to have an international cotillion and the figures were suggestive of various races. The first—the French, was a driving figure, the ribbons used being red, white, and blue—the favors whips and horns. In the German figure, the men received small bottles of beer; the girls, pretzels. The Spanish figure was exceedingly pretty, the beauty of the tambourines and the brilliancy of the flags adding much to the effect. The last figure was the American with silken flags in the national colors. There were a number of the débutantes present, among them Miss Francis Currey who was charmingly dressed, Miss Jessie Hooper, and Miss Bernie Drown. Miss Sabin is a handsome girl, tall, dark, and with a very graceful carriage.

* * *

The Saturday Fortnightly was a very jolly affair, and in spite of the absence of many of the maids, was conceded to have been the most enjoyable dance of the season. Few light gowns were worn, owing to the unfavorable condition of the weather—red, green, and the more somber shades predominating. The german was led by Miss Clara Huntington and Mr. Roger Friend, and the figures were new and quite pretty. Miss Jessie Cheever was the prettiest of the girls and wore white muslin brightened with red ribbons. Miss Huntington wore a green silk waist and dark skirt. Miss Flora Dean looked well in white, figured silk; Miss Gertie Bates in a dainty white swiss, and Miss Helen Wagner in a blue silk waist and black crépon skirt. There was quite a large contingent of Presidio men, who seem to retain their popularity in spite of the endeavors of the lads, who wonder what the girls can see in "those army chaps" anyway.

* * *

The officers of Angel Island entertained several members of the younger set at a tea last week. The young people were transported to the island on the Government tug, and were duly shown the sights, sounds, and other attractions. Tea was served, and, after steaming round the island, the guests were returned safely to their homes. Among those invited were: Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Joe Blackmore, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, and others.

* * *

Among the anticipated pleasures is a reception to be given by Mrs. Paul Jarboe and Mrs. Joe Tobin, January 25th. The invitations state nine o'clock promptly, and I understand the entertainment is to be quite a novel one. Miss Mollie Thomas announces a girls' luncheon for Saturday, January 18th.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. Burton of the Presidio have issued invitations for a Leap Year Mask and Domino party on Wednesday evening, January 29th. It is a débutantes' dance; none of the older set having been invited.

* * *

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club, on Wednesday evening, to Mrs. Harold Sewall. It was a jolly affair, the guests being principally of the younger married set. Mrs. Sewall is bright and amusing as ever. Matrimony has not robbed her of her spirits or gaiety, as has been the case with so many of the California girls.

* * *

Mr. Theodore Payne's luncheon on Monday last was certainly the biggest affair of the year. There were about one hundred and fifty invitations issued and no less than a hundred and thirty-five ladies were entertained. The Payne house was almost denuded of its furniture and there was no attempt at decoration. Ludwig took charge of the catering and the luncheon was served on small tables which were placed in the reception and dining rooms. The menu was long drawn out and the ladies discussed the delicacies of the season for over two hours.

* * *

Mrs. R. D. Fry's luncheon on Tuesday was also a big affair, the guests, however, being principally girls and the younger married women. The decorations were exceedingly well arranged, and the affair in every way was a success. Miss Grant, in whose honor the luncheon was given, looked exceedingly well and was charmingly gowned.

* * *

Another engagement luncheon and tea were given on Wednesday by Miss Lottie Woods, in honor of her cousin, Miss Mattie Whittier, whose engagement has just been announced. It was a "Liberty" luncheon, and the maidens who were invited assisted later in receiving at the tea. Miss Whittier has just returned from the East, where she has been staying for over a year. She is at present at the Hotel Pleasanton.

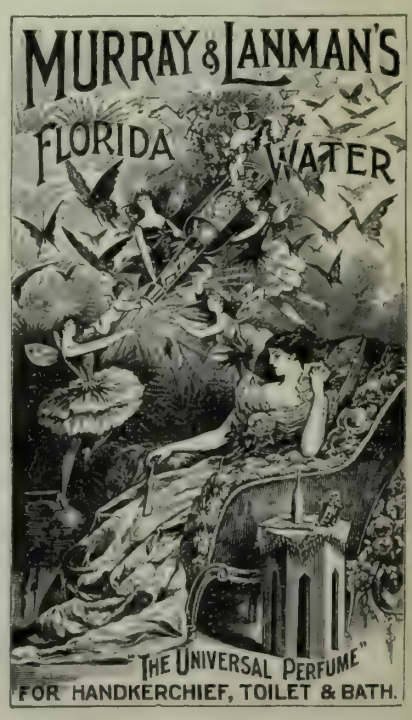
* * *

The first of the series of literary entertainments was given at Mrs. Jewett's last Saturday afternoon by Miss Lillian O'Connell, of New York. The stage was arranged as an old-fashioned New England "Living Room," with homespun carpet, quaint engraving, the regulation grandfather's clock, and other accessories. Miss O'Connell, who was dressed as a Puritan maiden, described with considerable skill the customs and manners of those vigorous times. Later, she appeared as a New England bride, and, sketched lightly the whimsicalities and peculiarities of the old-time dances. Miss O'Connell possesses considerable dramatic ability and has a very sweet and well-trained voice. She recited the poem "Money Musk," very cleverly. The entertainment wound up with several musical selections by Miss Adler, Mr. Solomons, and Miss Pratt. The next of the lectures, which is to take place on January 18th, is entitled, "Through Colonial Doorways."

* * *

The Song Recital given by Mr. Andrew Bogart on Saturday afternoon was an immense success. Golden Gate Hall was filled with a most enthusiastic audience. Mr. Bogart sang for the first time "Iago's Creed" from the opera of "Othello" by Verdi, and showed the versatility and scope of his voice; Miss Christine Labarraque, the blind vocalist was also on the program. Hers is a sweet soprano voice which she uses with considerable skill. The Aria from Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable" was charmingly rendered, as was the pretty French chanson given as an encore. "The Bedouin Love Song" and "Don Juan's Serenade" were finely given by Mr. Joe Robinson, who

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.



has a bass voice unusually well controlled. The duet from "Hansel and Gretel" was very prettily sung; Miss Berglund has much animation in her face and sings delightfully.

* * *

The Bixler Musicale was eminently successful, the music being well chosen and enjoyable. It would be difficult to discriminate as to who carried off the honors, but Mr. Heine and Miss Newlands received, perhaps, a little more applause than the others. Mr. Heine was exceedingly happy in his selections—the Goltermann "Andante" and Popper's "Am Spring-brunnen" being charming, and Miss Newlands was in excellent voice and sang with much expression. I especially liked "Bonjour Suzon" and Herschel "Spinning Wheel" song.

* * *

The new hall belonging to the Bush-street Temple was formally opened and dedicated by the Young People's Auxiliary. This hall is fitted up in modern fashion with gymnasium, stage, library, and reception-room. Mr. Selling, the President, addressed the meeting and referred to the efforts of the young people in building the synagogue, which should prove a worthy monument to their efforts. An interesting musical program followed.

* * *

The list of engagements grows apace, four more being added to those announced a week ago. Not the least interesting is that of Miss Mattie Whittier and Mr. Weir of New York. Miss Whittier is the youngest daughter of W. F. Whittier, the well-known capitalist. She is of medium height, chataigne in coloring, and exceedingly sweet-looking. Mr. Weir is the manager of Mr. Whittier's business interests in New York. He is a very intelligent man, and is represented as possessing commercial ability. Another new engagement is that of Miss Blanche Castle and Mr. Chas. Farquahason. Miss Castle is the second daughter of the late Mr. Fred Castle, and is a very pretty girl; dark, rather small than otherwise, with a charming figure. She is bright, attractive, and chic. Mr. Farquaharson is the son of David Farquaharson, the well-known banker. This affair has been a possibility for some time past.

* * *

Another engagement just formally announced is that of Mr. Isidore Fleishman and Miss Carrie Heller. Mr. Fleishman is quite a well-known business man, connected until recently with the Germaine Packing Company, one of the largest fruit concerns of Los Angeles. He is a nephew of I. W. Hellman, the prominent banker. Miss Heller is a daughter of the late Moses Heller, and is a popular, interesting, and highly educated young lady. They are to be married in the near future, and doubtless will make the trip to Japan that Mr. Fleishman had outlined for himself.

* * *

Another matrimonial event of moment is the engagement of Miss Ruby Lowenberg and Mr. Abe Brown. Miss Lowenberg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Lowenberg. Her mother is the President of the Philomath Society, and other organizations of a similarly intellectual character. She is a slight, fair girl, with remarkably transparent coloring, and large eyes. She has considerable talent for music, and plays the piano charmingly. In addition to her personal charm, Miss Lowenberg is an heiress; her father, who is the head of the firm of Lowenberg & Co., being reputed a millionaire. Mr. Brown is a son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Brown, of 1400 Sutter Street, and a brother of Abraham Brown of the well-known clothing firm.

* * *

OVER THE Naphtaly-Feigenbaum wedding I can only bring up the rear. The dailies have pictured and depicted it so lavishly that the entire town now knows how brilliant the decorations were, and how generous the entertainment that followed the ceremony. I have seen the Concordia ballroom under all sorts of aspects, but never has it appeared to such gorgeous advantage as illuminated by the thousands of incandescent lights gleaming like precious jewels amid the foliage. The general effect was gorgeous in the extreme. Every one knows the manner of the ceremony, and the style of the gowns, and all the other important particulars, but I don't think the scribes have done the presents justice. They were really gorgeous; indeed, no San Franciscan bride received such a profusion of valuable offerings. There was magnificent diamond jewelry, cabinets, chests of silver, pictures, vases, gold toilet sets, and every imaginable article, and all of the richest and most costly character. Charles Ackerman's offering was a magnificent diamoud bracelet, Maurice Schmitt gave a beautiful diamond brooch—indeed, the young couple have a fortune in gifts, and, if necessity compelled their conversion into gold, they might readily support a luxurious existence for years on the proceeds. Of course, the jubilance of the occasion was turned into sadness by the death of the father of the bridegroom. Neither the bride nor her prospective husband guessed the condition of Mr. Feigenbaum, Sr., so serious, but Mr. Naphtaly had been told the impending doom. He died early in the morning, and the newly married twain had to hurry from their nuptials to his death bed. The contrast was a sad one, and quite affecting. The event put a stop to their wedding tour, but I presume that is only a pleasure deferred.

* * *

A gay crowd congregated at the Simons last Saturday evening on the occasion of Miss Hannah Simon's coming-out party. There were a number of pretty girls present, and the gowning in general was exceedingly smart. Miss Hannah Simon was very tastefully dressed in Dresden taffeta with Marie Antoinette fichu draping her shoulders, of pale blue and green changeable chiffon, high belt of blue ribbon and short sleeves with deep frill of the chiffon. Her sister, Mrs. Heyneman, was dressed in a combination of black satin and chiffon heavily trimmed with pink velvet and jet. A gown I admired was that of Mrs. Sig. Ackerman, of pompadour brocade trimmed with fur. Miss Belle Gerstle wore a very stunning costume—the skirt and sleeves of blue pompadour silk, the bodice covered with accordion plaited chiffon. Miss Rosie Walter was in white satin, the waist covered with fine lace and relieved with a bow of turquoise velvet. The mysterious entertainment which had excited so much interest, consisted of living pictures which Miss Julia Heyneman had arranged. They proved very interesting and effective, especially the last of the series which Mr. Simon, Sr., announced. He introduced Miss Stella Greenebaum who came forward blushing prettily, as his future daughter-in-law, thus announcing what had been whispered around, the engagement of that young lady and his son Alfred. Of course there was great applause over the announcement and the happy pair endured endless congratulations. Miss Greenebaum is a sister of Mrs. Isaac Walter and of Emil and Louis Greenebaum of the Alaska Commercial Company.

* * *

PRETTY as were the decorations at the last cotillion they were completely eclipsed by those of Wednesday evening. The idea was originated by Miss Jessie Coleman. The walls and ceiling were hung with red bunting into which were entwined garlands of green. A colonial garland of red ribbons and green was arranged around the walls with incandescent lights showing through it here and there. Miss Amy McKee led alone and was most successful. The figures were rather intricate but were gracefully danced. The colonial gowns and powdered hair proved becoming to many of the girls. Miss McKee wore a very exquisite frock of yellow and white satin, Miss Mae Tucker, who carried off the laurels, looked lovely in pink and white satin; Miss Bertha Wilcox wore a swell looking frock of yellow brocade, very stunningly cut. Miss Havens looked like a veritable Undine in a bright green silk, veiled in white tulle; Miss Ella Wall was in white silk and looked very quaint and winsome; Mrs. Henshaw was striking in a gorgeous gown of white satin, the waist covered with Persian embroidery in gold thread. Mrs. Bowles wore a yellow brocade with bertha of green velvet embroidered in pearls, and Mrs. Seward McNear was very handsome, but rather severely gowned in black satin and jet trimmings.

* * *

Several dinners were given prior to the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Cotillion on Wednesday evening. Miss Maud Howard had a Colonial party, an unusually pretty affair and well carried out. Among those invited were Miss Marie Rose Dean, Miss Nina Pringle, Miss Jessie Glascock, Mr. Magee, Mr. Harry Miller, and Mr. Ed Pringle. Miss Mary Dunham gave a débutantes' dinner to several of her sister's friends, among them Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Belle Mhoon, Mrs. Pierce, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. McKee, etc.

* * *

The Friday Fortnightly Club had its usual meeting in Military Hall. The german was led by Mr. Will Thorne and Miss Pauline Fore, and was really cleverly directed. Mr. Thorne has had rather more experience than most of his predecessors, and seems to understand how to get up the figures and obtain the best results. Miss Fore, who is among the very pretty girls, was charmingly gowned. Other girls I noted who looked particularly well were Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Everett, Miss Alice Knowles, and Miss Chabot.

* * *

Miss Amy Requa made her debut in Washington at a cotillion given on New Year's Eve by Senator and Mrs. Brice. The affair was unusually smart, all the diplomatic corps having been invited. Miss Requa's gown was admirable in point of style, being in white satin covered with grenadine and trimmed with pearls and lace. Miss Requa has been the recipient of much attention during her stay at the Capital. Justice and Mrs. Field presented her to the President. Senator and Mrs. Stewart gave the Requas a big dinner on New Year's night, and I hear that both the Fields and the Condit-Smiths intend giving several affairs in their honor.

* * *

The Deux-Temps Club is discussing the advisability of closing its season with a big cotillion accompanied with an elaborate supper and favors of weight and interest. It has not yet been decided whether the affair shall be a bal poudré or the usual Fortnightly german with the addition of the favors, however. Many of the young people want a real Mardi Gras Festival to be given on Shrove Tuesday; others prefer a Valentine Leap Year party, which would at least have the merit of originality. Several of patronesses think it would be a novel idea to give the last dance on Washington's Birthday with colonial costumes, etc. However, nothing has as yet been decided and so long as some sort of smart party is given the young people will be satisfied.

* * *

A very smart dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Boone in Berkeley last week, in honor of Mr. Butters. Mr. Butters is on a visit from South Africa, where he has interests in real estate and mining. He is a brother of Mrs. Boone, and is spending some little time with her. The guests were chiefly of the collegiate crowd—the Garbers, Gayleys, Kelloggs, Le Contes, and Soules being invited. Afterwards Mr. Butters gave an interesting talk upon African matters; described the leading lights Barnato, Rhodes, and their ideas, etc., and told how mining is pursued in Johannesburg.

* * *

An engagement that is evoking interest is that of Miss Grant and Reverend Chas. Wendte. Since the Yorke-Ross controversy and the airing of Mr. Wendte's views on the subject, the latter gentleman has enjoyed more prominence than usual, and all are wondering as to the type of maiden he has chosen as his bride. Miss Grant is a quiet, retiring girl, who cares but little for society.

* * *

The Theta Chi Fraternity, of the Oakland High School, gave a reception last Thursday evening in the Masonic Hall, under the patronage of Mrs. Creed, Mrs. A. M. Rosborough, Mrs. Ritchie, and Mrs. Chickering. The decorations were well arranged and in excellent taste, being composed of ferns, palms, bamboos, and varieties of climbing plants that covered the walls. As there were many more boys than girls, all had a very jolly time. The supper, under the direction of Miss Hallahan, was capital. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Sharon, Miss Wellman, Miss Randall, Miss Stone, and Miss Pauline Fore.

THE GOSSIP.

THE SALE OF THE CENTURY.

It is no misnomer to characterize the coming auction of business lots on Market, Mission, and Valencia Streets, as the "most important sale of centrally located real estate ever held in San Francisco." Unless it be the auction of the City Hall lots that brought so much of abuse and censure upon the heads of our city fathers, there has never been offered here at public vendue so much of valuable unimproved business property. The Ryer estate sale, which was compulsory, and took place under an order of the court, alone approaches the coming event. During many years the Pacific Improvement Company, under the skillful direction of Messrs. Stanford, Crocker and Huntington, acquired much valuable and admirably located property. The time has come now when some of this real estate has been found unnecessary for the present needs of the corporation. On January 23d much of these holdings will be disposed of at auction by Baldwin & Hammond, the most important portions of which are on Market, Valencia, and Mission Streets, between Twelfth and Hermann Streets. The business center of the city is gradually coming nearer and closer to this location, and its value therefore will be greatly enhanced in the course of time. It is not too much to say that it will soon constitute the business center of the city; and, considering all the surrounding circumstances, it is fair to prophesy that buyers will be able to secure an investment here which cannot be duplicated in years to come. In addition to the Market-street property, a large corner at Fifteenth and Valencia will be sold in subdivisions, also, the northwest corner of Castro and Seventeenth Streets, and five lots on Waller Street, adjacent to Golden Gate Park.

Adam's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Dentist, 806 Market St.

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

If you're stout, bicycle riding makes you lose flesh; if you're thin, it makes you grow stouter—poor rule that don't work both ways.

But when you do buy a wheel, get a good one. It's less expensive. You don't want to break down five miles from home. How can you make sure you won't?

BUY THE Sterling Bicycle BUILT LIKE A WATCH

It costs $100.
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STERLING CYCLE WORKS (Pac. Coast Branch)
WM. V. BRYAN, Manager
314 POST STREET, S. F., Opposite Union Square

The most comfortable garment ever worn next to the skin is—

THE DR. DEIMEL LINEN-MESH UNDERWEAR

Especially well made and attractive. Worn at all seasons of the year without fear of changes of temperature. Has not the chilly feeling of ordinary linen, but is warm and is free from the objectionable features of wool, cotton or silk. For health and comfort unexcelled. For sale only at store—

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DOCTOR
Acker's
ENGLISH
Remedy
for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption
is beyond question the greatest of all modern medicines. It will stop a Cough in one night, check a cold in a day, prevent Croup, relieve Asthma, and *cure* Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save your life! Ask your druggist for it. Send for pamphlet. If the little ones have ***Croup or Whooping Cough*** use it promptly. *It is sure to cure.*
Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1. All Druggists.
ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

TRADE N.B. MARK.
MY DEAR SIR!
——It is not a matter of charity to "support" home industry; you are not asked to contribute anything out of your pocket, but simply to give the preference to home products—**provided** values are as good as offered in other goods.
But even this much is not asked gratis. A boost to the industries of San Francisco means a boost to her prosperity—in which **you'll** share.
STANDARD SHIRTS
Home produced, by home labor, are the best for the money.
NEUSTADTER BROS., Manufacturers, San Francisco.

FOR GRIPPE IT'S A DANDY
VINA BRANDY
AND
It's Pure! That's Sure!
VINA DISTILLERY CO.
819 Market St., S. F.
JONES, MUNDY & CO.
AGENTS
16 Front Street

Electrophoise
THE MODERN OXYGEN CURE FOR DISEASE
WATSON & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents, 124 MARKET ST.
—SEND FOR CIRCULARS—

PUBLIC PEOPLE.

Marie Amélie, Queen of Portugal, is the first woman of royal birth who has acquired the distinction of adding the letters M. D. to her name. Queen Marie Amélie's first idea of becoming a doctor dates from the time of the discovery of the serum for diphtheria. It appears the Portuguese, owing to their lack of cleanliness, suffer from diphtheria more than any other race, and the Queen, hoping to ameliorate their condition, at once took steps to have the serum introduced into the country, and this against the opposition both of physicians and people. She then caused herself to be inoculated, and commenced the study of medicine, and now is medical attendant-in-chief to her husband. She is a most energetic woman; has been trained to every form of athletic sport, and is a superb rider and swimmer.

Miss Carpenter, the Philadelphia girl whose engagement to Eduardo Gordigiani has been recently announced, has decided not to leave her country for her husband, but to make him become an American citizen. Eduardo Gordigiani is the leader of the younger school of Italian artists. He is a man of many attainments, having written some very clever articles for the Italian press. His father has been painter to the Italian Court since 1860, and has made portraits of the Prince of Wales, Robert Browning, Signora Duse, and other notabilities.

The Emperor of Germany not only considers himself the head of his immediate family, of the English Royal family and of the German Empire, but also deems it his duty to keep his wife's relatives in order. Recently he has had a serious quarrel with Prince Leopold of Prussia, who married the Empress's sister, Princess Louise Sophie of Schleswig, Holstein. This Princess while skating with some ladies, broke through the ice and was nearly drowned. The Prince went on with his junketing not bothering himself about his wife's condition, whereupon the Emperor rebuked him severely. Prince Leopold was furious at his Imperial Majesty's interference and told him so rather roughly. The Emperor then ordered the Prince under arrest for fourteen days and sent for a detachment of guards to keep him there.

Nubar Pacha, the Egyptian statesman, is enormously rich. He formerly lived in Paris and entertained in a lavish style. His drawing-rooms were decorated with valuable pictures, and one day a well-known Frenchman is said to have been enthusiastic in his admiration of a particular work of art.

"So the picture pleases you," said Nubar.

"One must be blind or without taste not to admire it," was the reply. When he returned home the Frenchman found on his armchair the veritable picture which he had admired. He was exceedingly grateful, but on examining the canvas found that though subject and frame were the same, the painting was a very bad copy. He learned later that Mme. Nubar Pacha was in the habit of copying her husband's pictures in her leisure hours and he divided the reproductions among his friends.

Abder Rahman, Ameer of Afghanistan, has a fine method of discouraging all prophets of evil in his country. One day the Ameer was holding his Durbar, when a man entered, and began to utter solemn warnings about the insiduous advance of the Russians. The Ameer listened patiently, and the man evoked on "Lord of the Earth, let people say what they like, but this humble one has been scanning the political horizon with far-reaching eyes and the Russians are coming." "Bright jewel of our Durbar, O sun of our understanding," said the Ameer, "art thou sure of this?" "The Lord of the Earth is omniscient," replied the political prophet. "It is true," said the Ameer, "we, too, can see afar; but yonder tree obstructs our view. You are young, we are old. Go, therefore, climb yonder tree, watch the cursed Muscovite's movements, and when he is very close upon us inform us. The tree is high, thou wilt be able to see a long way off." Forthwith the alarmist was made climb to the top of a tree, and a guard with spears was placed at the base. Three days passed, the Russians came not; the man grew tired, fell off and died. Since then the Ameer has had peace.

The young Czarevitch of Russia is at present in Nice awaiting the end. There is something particularly pathetic about this visit of the Czarevitch, as thirty years ago his uncle died of the same malady, consumption, produced in the same way; i. e., a blow on the chest, inflicted in rough play, by a brother. A few months ago the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia died at Nice of consumption, and the consort of Alexander succumbed to the same fell disease owing to her absolute refusal to allow her chest to be examined until it was too late.

Emile Sauret, reckoned among the greatest violinists in the world, is at present giving a concert tour in the East. Sauret is considered by many to be a finer violinist than either Ysaye or Sarasate. He is a Frenchman, his grandfather was a general in the Artillery under Napoleon I, and his father a politician. When a small child of seven he was taken to Strasbourg, and after a year's study was allowed play at the Conservatoire concerts. After that he was taken to play before the Emperor of Germany. From that time on he continued his career with great success. While in Paris Vieuxtemps took much interest in him and gave him regular lessons. In 1872 he came to America on a concert tour with Carlotta, Patti, Mario, and Ranconi. In 1890 he was given a splendid position in the London Royal Academy of Music where he expects remaining.

Mr. Gladstone's memory is said to be as strong and tenacious as when he was forty-eight years old. Now that his eyesight is restored, he is busy with his books and writing all day long. Mrs. Gladstone is surprisingly active for a woman of her age, and her devotion to her husband is beautiful to see.

A LIBRARY OF MUSIC.

On your shelves are Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and all your favorites in literature; these you have always by you and can enjoy when you please. But Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin and the many masters of music—for the works of these, when you desire to hear them, you are obliged to go to the concert or opera, and even then you are not permitted to make your own selections, but are compelled to listen to programs arbitrarily arranged by others. If you owned an Æolian, this would not be so. This instrument makes the masterpieces of music as available as those of literature, besides your favorite authors you can have your favorite composers, and no home need be without a complete musical library.

KNOWLEDGE
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of the physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.
Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.
Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co, only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE GRILL ROOM SERVICE
—OF THE
PALACE HOTEL
Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as - - - -
"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"
NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

Tall, Fat, Stout

And lean men and women wear Goodyear Welt Shoes, because they're better than hand sewed shoes and cost less. "Foot Comfort" tells you all about

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CALIFORNIA THEATRE AL HAYMAN & Co. INCORP'D PROPS

Beginning, Monday, January 20th
Jacob Litt's elaborate production of an entirely Original and Romantic Comedy Drama. Excelling in perfection of detail and picturesqueness any previous presentation of melodrama in this country.

IN OLD KENTUCKY

Greatest success of the present decade. Most elaborate production of an American play witnessed in many years. The Original Band of Pickaninnies—20 of 'em. A genuine horse race—participated in by six Kentucky thoroughbreds.

Columbia Theatre.
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS

Commencing, Tuesday, January 21st
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY
The acme of all great productions—The glorious Naval Drama

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Four stupendous scenes—Double deck scene of the U. S. Frigate, San Jacinto. View of the Harbor of Havana, Cuba, by moonlight. President's room in the White House. Spar deck of a U. S. Man-of-War.

January 27th—MEN AND WOMEN

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
—Every Evening—
Third edition of the beautiful spectacle

IXION
OR, THE MAN OF THE WHEEL
New songs—New dances
New specialties—New localisms
In preparation—THE GENTLE SAVAGE
A New American Opera

Popular Prices — 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, - Sole Lessee and Manager

Last Performances of—**A Long Lane**
Monday, January 20th
Jas. W. Harkins' Sensational Melodrama
THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
Usual Popular Prices

ORPHEUM
O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell

Week of Monday, January 20th
Magnificent Importation of New Talent
9—New People—9
SISTERS DE VAN — RACHEL WALKER
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FONTE BONI BROTHERS
AND A GREAT VAUDEVILLE COMPANY

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Saturday Night—January 18th
The Wolves of New York

"Wednesday Pop" Matinee—Ice Cream, Cake, and Popular Novels for Everybody
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Night Prices.....10, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents
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—NO HIGHER—

GRAND CONCERT Y. M. C. A. AUDITORIUM
Wednesday Eve, January 22d, at 8 o'clock
GRACE CHURCH CHOIR, assisted by Miss Mabel Love, Soprano; Mrs. Maud Chappelle-Henley, Contralto; Plymouth Quartette. William H. Holt, Conductor. Proceeds for the Choir Fund. Tickets, 50c. each; may be had at Sherman & Clay's on the 21st and 22nd of January.

BEETHOVEN HALL Cor. Post and Powell Sts.
Wednesday Evening, January 22d
AT 8 O'CLOCK
OTTO BENDIX
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NATHAN LANDSBERGER and
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Students' Club Rates—Ten tickets, Five Dollars
Tickets, One Dollar
For sale at Kohler & Chase's music stores in San Francisco and Oakland

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Tavary Opera Company is booked for the Baldwin, opening Monday, February 3d.

"Ixion" seems to have lost none of its popularity at the Tivoli, and has been playing to well-filled houses all the week. "The Gentle Savage" is in preparation.

The Columbia Theater management have extended the use of their house for a matinee benefit to be given this afternoon, at which the Frawley Company will play "The Jilt." All receipts will go to the Eye and Ear Ward of the Children's Hospital.

The Orpheum draws crowds nightly, and its bills continue of unusual merit. Three new people appeared this week—all good, and the old favorites retained were well received. Next week the numbers promised will be nearly all new.

Paderewski begins the first of a series of recitals at the California Theater on Monday, February 10th. The sale of seats will begin the week before his appearance, prices ranging from one dollar to five, according to location.

Louis James completes his engagement at the California Theater to-morrow night, when he will again present "Macbeth," which is considered one of his best impersonations. Next week "In Old Kentucky" will occupy the boards of this theater.

The Alcazar opens to-night with "The Wolves of New York" before the footlights. "My Precious Baby" had a run of two weeks nearly, and furnished plenty of fun for those who saw it. The next presentation, if one may judge by its title, will probably be one of howling melodrama.

The Baldwin will be closed for two weeks, owing to the failure of "The Runaway Colt" Company, which was to have occupied the house after Miss Wainwright, whose last week has been a good one, revealing in the several plays presented her best claims as an artist. To-night and to-morrow night she will give "An Unequal Match."

The choir of Grace Church will give a concert on the evening of the twenty-second of this month, in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. The choir will be assisted by Miss Mabel Love, soprano; Mrs. Maud Chapelle-Henley, contralto, and the Plymouth Quartet. The program is an attractive one, and will be under the conductorship of William H. Holt, the organist. The proceeds go toward the choir fund of the Church.

"A Long Lane," at Morosco's, has been handsomely mounted and deservedly popular. Mr. Coulter Brinker continues to do most efficient work, and his Jack Nettleson was a very meritorious characterization. Miss Hall has also made a very sweet and dainty Margaret Meadows, and the rest of the company have shown themselves capable and earnest. The staging and mechanical working of plays at this house is always of the best order. Next week, James Harkins's sensational melodrama "The Man Without a Country."

Word reaches us that the dramatization of "Chimmie Fadden," Ned Townsend's book, has scored the biggest sort of hit in New York, where it was presented at the Garden Theater on the 13th. By one critic it is called "one of the most original and diverting plays of American work." Another says: "'Chimmie Fadden' is not a play that the critics will praise, but it is one the people will go to see." The *Herald* comes out with: "'Chimmie Fadden' is a concatenation of tough expressions, so God help the Queen's English for the next six months." At any rate, it is a "go"—they all agree on that point.

Frawley's bright little company at the Columbia, gave a clever rendering of Crane's "Senator" during the week. Marked improvement is noticeable in the art of several members of the company, whether because time has made their work more harmonious, or because they have a thoroughly competent stage manager, it would be hard to say, but the fact remains. Young Frawley gave a well-rounded, gentlemanly performance of the diffident and rather embarrassed young lieutenant. The Senator, which is one of Maclyn Arbuckle's best impersonations, was very cleverly played—and is, in most respects, a creditable bit of work, for so young a man. Mr. Arbuckle is, perhaps, a trifle over forceful at times, but otherwise, his methods are in good taste and sincere.

Blanche Bates makes a handsome Mrs. Hilary, and her acting is vivacious, enthusiastic, earnest. She lacks proportion sometimes, but will doubtless correct this defect as she gains knowledge in the analysis of character. As Josie Armstrong, Hope Ross gives another of her engaging ingénue roles. She is always natural, pretty, and rather piquant, but she is peculiarly fitted to such parts as the one she plays in "The Senator."

Miss McAllister was very well cast as Mrs. Schuyler, filling all her opportunities adequately. Next week, "The Ensign" will be presented.

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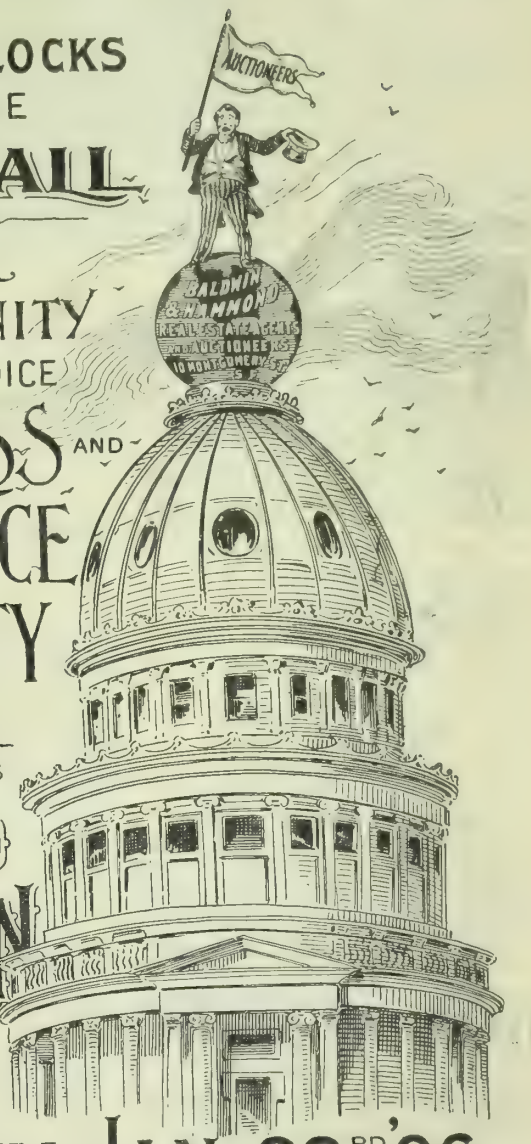

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Go by the book. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Book *free* at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

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TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation

For infants and adults

Delightful after shaving

Positively relieves Prickley Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples; makes the skin smooth and healthy.

Take No Substitutes. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts. SAMPLE MAILED (Name this paper) FREE

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Rheumatics and invalids, whose sufferings are augmented by cold and dampness should go to the "Italy of California," during the Winter months. Their sufferings will not only be alleviated; but absolutely cured at . . . . . .

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

For the half year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six-hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five-hundredths (3-55) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

GEORGE E. HALL

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CURE FOR

Constipation
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At All Drug Stores 25c. per Bottle

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PHŒNIX HORSE SHOES

GIVE THEM A TRIAL

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Has a Canadian Vegetable Tonic for the Hair that will make it grow when all else fails. Dandruff emoved. Terms moderate. High-class references.

Office Hours 10 to 12 and 1 to 6. Rooms 45, 58 and 60 ST. ANN'S BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

Nowhere in the world is there exhibited so gorgeous an array of really valuable gems as during the opera season in New York. Mrs. Astor prides herself on being the most gorgeously dressed woman in the opera house, and has worn on a gala night three hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. On her head she displays a splendid tiara; around her neck a throatlet made after the fashion of the Princess of Wales; i. e., a black band with seven immense double stars made of perfect stones, pure, white diamonds. Below the throatlet hang three splendid diamond necklaces. Her stomacher is also studded with diamonds, and her entire bodice is ablaze with these precious stones. Mrs. John Jacob Astor comes next to her mother-in-law in the splendor of her jewels. She combines sapphires and diamonds, and has necklets, pendants, chains, and brooches of these gems. Mrs. George Gould wears a crown that might fill a queen with envy. It is a solid mass of large stones made in the form of an open circle, composed of a series of inverted V's interlaced. Mrs. Oliva Belmont (Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt) has a famous chain of diamonds that extends below her waist, even when draped upon her bodice; it is two yards and a half in length, and made up of matched stones, perfect in size and color. Mrs. Bradley Martin is famous for the magnificence of her jewels. She has several tiaras, her necklaces are dreams of beauty, and her brooches cannot be surpassed. Mrs. Henry Clews wears a bandeau of diamonds, each stone of which cost fifteen thousand dollars. Among the other New York women noted for their jewels are Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Townsend Burden, Mrs. Goelet, Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, Mrs. Levi Morton, Mrs. Richard Mortimer, etc.

In California gorgeous displays of jewelry are rare, but some of the San Francisco women have exceedingly fine stones. Mrs. Stanford among others has a collection of black pearls, some fine diamonds and sapphires. Miss Jennie Flood has some superb jewels in diamonds, Mrs. W. E. Deane has magnificent diamonds and sapphires. She has also a particularly handsome amethyst, unusually large and of rare brilliancy. Miss Kate Dillon has some very fine stones, notably pearls and diamonds, inherited from the late Mrs. McLaughlin. Miss Ella Hobart and her sister, Mrs. Lester, have some beautiful jewels which formerly belonged to their mother.

The so-called semi-precious stones have recently become very valuable, owing to the fashionable decree which has brought them into popularity, and gems that a year ago would have cost about a dollar and a half are now sold for twelve times that amount. They are mounted in choice settings and enriched with diamonds. One of the prettiest of brooches is made in oval shape, the entire center a pale pink topaz set around with diamonds. Most people labor under the delusion that the topaz is a yellow stone, but it really comes in all colors from delicate green to carmine. Another rarely pretty stone in grass green, is the olivine, which is found in Brazil, Bohemia, etc. Brooches in the shape of pheasants, serpents, fishes, and various reptiles, are among the fashionable designs. Among the other semi-precious stones are carbuncles, garnets, moonstones, tourmalines, aquamarines, beryls, and peridots. At one time the peridot was considered of more value than the diamond. It resembles the emerald, but is so soft that it can easily be scratched.

There has been no distinct novelty in either design or cut of this season's costumes, the dressmakers confining their energies to the accessories. These decorations are of the most elaborate order and stand out conspicuously as the feature of the fashions. English velvets, brocaded satins, and the daintiest gauze materials in exquisite shades, are now used. With these, the very fine laces, rare embroideries, and jewelled garnitures, make up the extravagant side of the present modes. The very lavish use of lace during the past two years has given fresh impetus to the manufacturers and the most wonderful imitations of hand-made pillow laces are the result. Mechlin lace is especially fashionable, and the finest patterns are revived in silk, while Renaissance Chantilly, point d'Alençon, and point d'Angleterre are very desirable.

No great change is anticipated in the new spring fashions. Jewelled buckles, belts, clasps, fancy buttons, have established themselves for another year. Skirts are now worn fuller than ever, but are much shorter, and the ball dresses quite escape the ground. Apropos of ball dresses—all the matrons, and numbers of the men, have spoken to me of the distinctly crushed and soiled-looking frocks worn by the girls at all the recent dances. The maidens who go in for gauzy gowns of chiffon, organdie, or the softer silks, should send them to their seamstresses next day, have them cleaned, pressed—renew the more worn portions, and have the gown freshened up. There is nothing more fascinating than a pretty girl dressed in a soft, billowy-looking gown; but when the dress is crushed, soiled with marks of fingers on the waist, and of dust round the bottom, there is nothing more slovenly and less attractive. Some of the dresses worn at the last cotillion were a disgrace to any maiden with even a modicum of pride. I know one girl who goes through a season with three evening dresses; but on her return from a dance, she carefully hangs up her frock. Next morning, in the bright daylight, she inspects it, and if it is crushed, has it pressed; if torn, mends it. She always rebinds it, and constantly renews the chiffon around the corsage, and has numberless fresh ribbons. An old frock is always excusable, a soiled one never.

A marked feature of the gowns this year is the abundance of trimming around the neck; ruches and ruffs of chiffon and tulle—bows of immense size are worn in the most becoming fashion. Artificial flowers have been revived and garnitures for ball gowns come in novel designs of exquisite blossoms delicately perfumed. Violets and lilies-of-the-valley are the favorite flowers, but chrysanthemums and lilacs are much used.

Something novel in an evening wrap is a loose coat of the new pink plush, made with such monster arm-holes that the effect is almost like a cape. It is trimmed with bands of ecru embroidery edged with sable and the neck and sleeves are in similar fashion trimmed with the fur. A cloak that is being made in Paris for the Princess Maud of Wales is of purple—a braided pattern on purple satin and bordered with rough black sable. It is made to drag, and good form demands that evening cloaks should drag. The trimming which is made separate from the coat is a long collar-like arrangement, hugging the neck and reaching to the floor in front.

The new sleeve is cut precisely as was the early autumn one—immense at the shoulders and elbows and tight at the wrist; but the sleeve is made to sag a little by gathering it at the outside just above the cuff. This is done in the lining or on the outside by the placing of an immense rosette.

In England, the latest craze is Trilby—and the Trilby coat and gown are the very newest of the fashionable fads. A smooth-faced violet cloth is the material chosen for this frock. The coat is a long military one, the buttons being covered with gold thread and the regulation epaulets being of cloth edged with black and gold fringe. The waist band of cloth drawn through the braided buckles, while the skirt is plain and full.

Mrs. Margaret Morrison, a prepossessing and, at the same time, enterprising woman, has found a source of revenue in the much-abused balloon sleeves. For months she has been regularly engaged by a Chinese firm in smuggling opium into Portland, and it was only through the keen eyes of the over-observant inspector that she was finally discovered. He noticed that her figure was unusally plump, and insisted on her person being searched. Five cans of opium were concealed in her balloon sleeves. Her child, who accompanied her, was similarly loaded with opium.

BABETTE.

Miss Mabel Wright—for the Catholic Church has now decided that she was never Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, and that consequently the part of her life passed under that title must never be alluded to except in a deprecating manner—has become a countess, and "the Queen," to use his exaggerated language, of that dapper and enthusiastic little individual, Count Zichy, of Budapest. As the countess seems to have been entirely willing to adopt the argument of the Catholic Church by which alone she was enabled to marry the titled gentleman whom she selected as her husband, I do not suppose that any one has a right to criticise her course; but it is a somewhat significant fact that I have heard Mr. Fernando Yznaga more kindly spoken of the past few days than for some time past, and he seems to be in a fair way of becoming popular.

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Made instantaneously. Simply needs dissolving in boiling water, and set aside to cool. Makes one quart of delicious jelly. Ask your grocer for it.

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The announcement is made by the Olympic Salt Water Company, that while the price of the Tub and Plunge Baths remain at 30 cents for single ticket, or four for $1, they have concluded to sell in blocks of fifty tickets to the plunge *only*, at the rate of five for $1—say fifty tickets for $10. They further announce that all difficulties have been overcome in connection with the emptying and refilling of the mammoth swimming tank of the Lurline Baths.

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A good many people affect to have a fondness for the rare vintages of France, and gushing people are more particularly apt to gush over a bottle of imported wine; though down in their very hearts and souls, when they are alone, they freely confess to one another that, after all, a good, refreshing glass of beer is less harmful, more invigorating, and, indeed, more enjoyable. There are beers without number—good, bad, and indifferent. And if one is to drink this popular beverage, he should exercise a discriminating care in the selection of the brand. Imported beers are only too often fortified with salycilic acid or other harmful and injurious drugs which are intended to preserve the liquid in a fresh state. Any physician will tell you of the dangers which result from these preserving mixtures, and warn you against the use of liquids containing them. An objection such as this cannot lie against the product put up at home for home consumption, such as Wieland's Extra Pale. After a hard day's work, or when tired and overheated, with a Swiss cheese or Caviar sandwich, there is nothing so enticing as a cool, refreshing glass of beer. America is becoming a large consumer of beer. Strange as it may seem, this growing tendency toward this beverage is regarded as a decided step toward temperance. As a matter of state pride, all other things being equal, the home brew should be used in preference to the imported. The products of thousands of acres of hops and barley are consumed in the manufacture of Wieland's beer, but, besides all this, there is a delicate flavor to it that places it in the front rank, if not at the head, of American beers.

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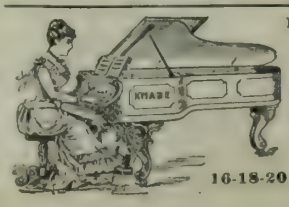

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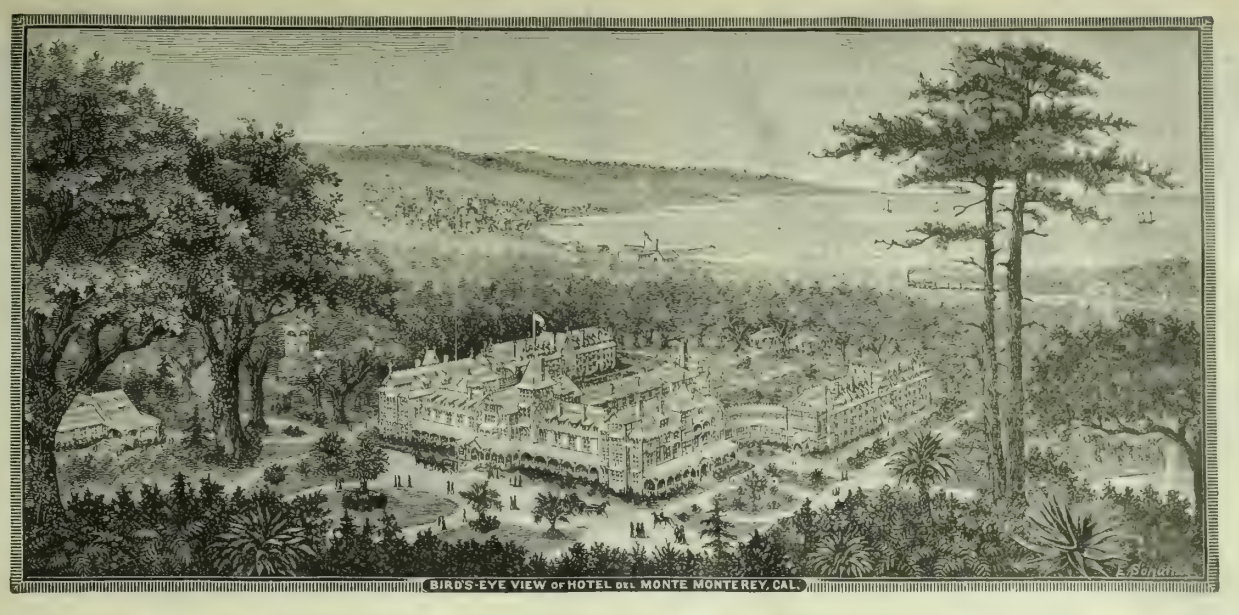

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STORYETTES.

An amusing story is told of one of the Populist Congressmen. Very few people in his district knew aught of him save that he was the nominee of the Populist party, and that was sufficient. It seemed he was destined to have a walkover when it began to be rumored that he was a lawyer. "We don't want no durned lawyer a representin' us," said certain leading Populists. At the latter end of the campaign, there occurred a big meeting, and the orator of the occasion was eulogizing the candidate for Congress in flowery terms, when some one in the audience interrupted: "They are saying that fellow is a lawyer. Will you please inform the audience whether it is so or not?" The orator looked at the speaker, smiled condescendingly, and, turning to the audience, remarked: "Your candidate, gentlemen, it is true, was a lawyer once—I say 'was a lawyer,' for he is not now, and it can't hurt, 'cause he was disbarred." With that explanation the district went overwhelmingly for the Populist candidate.

A Washington detective tells the following story: "I was once sent for by a young lady who had been robbed of several hundred dollars' worth of diamonds, and, after some trouble, managed to locate them all but one pin; the robber having pawned them. I got an accurate description of the man, traced him to his lodgings, and, on asking for him, the landlady said he had left that morning for Baltimore. I watched the depot and was soon rewarded by seeing the man step out of a hack. I seized his arm and said 'You are arrested.' 'What for?' said he. 'I will explain at the station,' I replied. Just then I heard a feminine shriek, and, looking into the hack, saw the young lady who had been robbed. They were just starting on their wedding trip. I let the man go, saying 'I have made a mistake.' But as he pretended to be angry, I quietly took him aside and told him I knew how he had defrayed the expenses of his courtship."

Chicagoans pride themselves upon their prodigal generosity. It appears that on his first appearance in the House, Congressman Charley Woodman of Chicago was much impressed by the Chaplain's praying. After the prayer was ended Woodman leaned over to a man near him and said. "How much does his nibs get for that?" "Sir," said the Massachusetts man, horrified at the levity of the speaker. "How much do they pay the preacher?" said Woodman. "Nine hundred dollars a year," answered the Yankee. "Is that all? Well, that's like the Democracy. Say, let's get him a raise to fifteen hundred dollars. Hang me if it ain't a disgrace to the American Nation to underpay a man like that. Praying's hard work. I knew a preacher once who didn't get paid enough and he quit preaching and went to tending bar."

It is said that Mr. Hare, the English comedian, is singularly modest and unostentatious. It was therefore somewhat surprising to his friends to find him wearing one of the gold band bracelets affected by the Jeunesse dorée some years ago, and supposed to be the gift of an inamorata. However, Mr. Hare's bangle was the gift of his wife, who is among his most enthusiastic admirers.

A good story is told of the devotion of the Hares. The beautiful Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who created "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" for Mr. Hare, was met one evening by Mrs. Hare emerging from Mr. Hare's dressing-room in the theater. "I have been talking business," she explained to Mrs. Hare, "not flirting." "Oh why should you neglect my poor little Johnnie?" laughed Mrs. Hare, as she passed into her husband's room.

Apropos of the international troubles a story is told illustrating the strong feeling that existed for a few days against America. An American firm was seeking to find a market in London for a turquoise mine in New Mexico, and a barrel of samples reached London the day of the great excitement when everything American was down to zero. It appears the action of the salt water on the samples was to impart to them the three national colors, and when they flashed red, white and blue in the eyes of the irritated Londoners, they refused to look at them. Afterwards, however, the stones resumed their natural tint, and the decision was reconsidered.

A story that bears repetition is told of Mr. Courtland Palmer who is now studying under Letichitski, the famous Viennese piano-master. It appears that while in Paris studying, Mr. Palmer engaged a room and a piano and practised some five or six hours a day. Some one above had also a room with a piano, and Mr. Palmer complained that his neighbor's drumming was a nuisance. The proprietor retoted that thre man had as much right to use his piano as Palmer had. A few days later Palmer again complained and said the noise was not music but discord and very annoying to a musician like himself. "I'm very sorry, Monsieur," said the proprietor, "but I cannot turn Mr. Paderewski out to please you!" Palmer's complaints ceased.

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—A—
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FOR 1896

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THE WAVE

VOL. XV. No. 4. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 25, 1896. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE WAVE

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SUBSCRIPTION, $3 per year, $1.50 six months, $.75 three months. Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) $5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Co., 210 Post Street; East of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Co., New York.

THE WAVE *is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.*

ADVERTISING rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220-221-222 Crocker Building. Eastern application for advertising rates, etc., will be furnished by addressing Mr. E. Katz, 186-187 World Building, New York, who is the Sole Eastern Agent.

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 25, 1896.

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THE PULPIT IN POLITICS.

To the Christian and to the Jew, to the Pagan and the Buddhist, to all the millions of men, the word Religion is indissolubly wedded to sacred worship. It suggests a reverence, an awe, a love, a belief, which centers all about One Great Omnipotent, Supernatural Being, Who, with a fatherly love, watches over our coming and going. It speaks of prayers and invocations, of orisons which motherhood gently whispers over sleeping infancy. It tells of the holy breathing of the repentant, supplicating devotee, who bares his heart unto his Maker and pleads forgiveness for his transgressions. All round about religion are peace and sweet tranquility. Neither revenge nor hate, slander nor crime, nor any of humanity's ill-conceived passions, may properly abide within the sacred house of worship. He, of the earth, who teaches a little flock the path to follow, and ministers to their spiritual welfare; he, who expounds the doctrines and laws of his Great Master, seems to and should stand apart from other men. His hand is never raised in worldly strife. The blow that falls heavily and unjustly upon him, is not returned. His tongue is not sullied by the slanders of the hour; his heart, his thoughts, his life, are purity itself; and when he stretches out his arm, or speaks, or acts, it is in the cause of peace and love and gentleness. Such is religion in its higher and holier sense, and such should be the life and example of the expounders at least of the Christian Doctrine. Religion is one thing, and the rough and sharpened edge of practical affairs is quite another. The calling and education, the whole life of a minister of the Christian church, unfit him to jostle up against the grosser things of life. The curriculum of the theological seminary prescribes no course of study, or any line of research into the scheme of government, or the detection or apprehension of boodling supervisors. Environment, as well as education, fits the student for a gentler occupation, and no temptation, however great, should lure him into trimming down his holy calling to the level of the politician.

The development of Doctor Parkhurst may be written down as marking the genesis of the pulpit politician and the exodus of that sweetness of sentiment that should grace the man of God. All mankind is imitative; and scarcely had the victories of the Parkhurst been given to the world than prototypes arose in every village; and men of God who hitherto had followed in the footsteps of their gentle Master sprang, full panoplied, to do battle with political delinquents, and ready to sanctify the scandals of political opponents. Inexperienced, they clutched at the first shadow that fell across their view, fondly believing themselves throttling civic vice. The sacristy was turned into a scandal-mongering hell, where, fitting on his sacred robes, the holy man listened to the lying lips of slander, as it invented tales of dereliction which might have telling force if embodied in his sermon. At the feet of the God of Sensationalism, with hasty and misguided zeal, with nothing but the detractions of a calumny-breeding press to fortify their grave and serious conclusions, they mercilessly and wantonly stabbed and wounded the honor and reputation of innocent and honorable men. Time has demonstrated the falsity of many of the wretched tales that were sanctified from the pulpits of our Christian church, and Christianity has thereby suffered. Suffered, first, in that the man of God should have descended from his holy calling to the level of political strife; and, second, in that it has demonstrated the fallibility of the clergy in the affairs of the world.

Most men who give the matter any thought feel a deep sense of sorrow for the present plight of Doctor Brown. All his actions demonstrate just how impractical such men generally are in the affairs of the world. If his congregation ever stood in need of a spiritual advisor, certainly the Doctor now stands sadly in deed of a material advisor. He is managing somehow to impress upon the mind of the people the belief that he is really a guilty man. But a short while ago he stood out prominently as a censor of public morals; as a purifier, a deodorizer, a disenfectant without any bad odor of its own. To-day he is hounded by the same press, scorned by the same rabble, and hooted at by the same throats that were wont to join in his merciless attacks upon the bench. We have often characterized this rabble as the wolves and jackals of civilization. No noble animal will devour the body of its fallen companion. The human wretches who were once almost led by this reverend gentlemen, are not moved by any such impulse of decency, however, but gloat over his misfortune as they once did over his sermons. What would the reverend gentleman have said twelve months ago if any one of the public functionaries, whom he was then denouncing, had attempted to purge himself of the taint of crime by selecting his own judges and demanding a secret hearing? He would have characterized the proceeding as a farce, as an insult to the intelligence of the community, and would have declared that the suggestion grew out of a guilty rather than an innocent mind. Indignation with him would have grown into a zealous fury, and found expression in his Sunday rodomontade.

There is a lesson to be found here, and we might preach a sermon to the sensational ministry, embodying some living truths, such as might, with profit to the church, be taken to the heart of its servants.

TRUTH AND THE CORRESPONDENT.

That truth is mighty and will prevail is a belief generally indorsed. However, it is well that truth should be mighty. Lacking the attribute of an inherent power it would be smothered under falsehoods, and even now has difficulty in coming to the surface from beneath its load of lies and proclaiming its survival. The habit of lying is, in the abstract, a hard one to explain. That, in the end, anything should be gained by it, is contrary to public policy. Yet the lie is common, unblushing, flagrant, excuseless, and finds its way into print as readily as the fact, which, in picturesqueness and magnitude, often overshadows it.

Of late the foreign correspondent has been giving illustrations of what the liar, unhampered of conscience, can accomplish in the way of filling space. This is done notwithstanding an abundance of available truth, that, served up without adornment, would be of interest and importance. The present newspaper era seems to be one of fakes, wherein there is often no more substance than the shadow of a kernel of verity, and about which a structure of fiction is builded, imposing, perhaps even appaling, only to tumble to ruin if pelted with a grain of truth. Then the correspondent delves in the wreckage, and out of the scraps erects another spill. He tells of wars when wars do not exist; of hostile fleets that are phantoms of his mind; of insane diplomacy on the part of statesmen known to be quite sane; of international complications and adjustments, when the first not having arisen there can be no occasion for the second. The reader scans the columns, and listens for the thunder of clashing peoples. The reader should be easy. The correspondent has been lying.

Doubtless the European situation is strained. This much must impress itself upon the intelligence. It is the essential atom of truth. But to know just in what manner it is strained is not possible to us. To seek to know the attitude of England, France, and Germany toward each other, and toward the United States, is to enter the realm of conjecture and stumble upon the litter created by the correspondent, who, until he had discredited himself, might have enlightened us. Now, were he to speak the truth nobody would be able to discern it amidst its setting of spurious news, and probably a denial would be cabled next day. There is a war cloud; thus much is admitted, but the correspondent manipulates this at will. He makes it recede, lower, glower, gloom; spread itself over a continent, vanish and reappear. It is his stock in trade; the Punch and Judy of his show. It is a trained war-cloud. The correspondent puts speeches into the mouths of monarchs and statesmen. He has the Russian and the German together bearing down on France. He has the Russian and the Frenchman defying the world. He has all of them combined to crush England. He has one or two of them united with England to hold the rest in check. These are not changes wrought by time. They are the lightning changes wrought by an agile pen, a fervid imagination, and a lack of conscience. The result is, that concerning the condition of foreign affairs the people of this country have but a hazy idea, and the more they read, the thicker grows the haze.

The correspondent in Cuba is equally guilty. Safe in Havana, far from the roar of battle, he describes the havoc of unfought skirmishes, sees in the sky the light of burning fields, that have not been put to the torch. He tells of the groans of prisoners, stripped, smeared with molasses, bound, and left to be devoured by insects, and even assumes that his word will be accepted. The trouble is with this correspondent that he either has no news, or is not able to send any. Not content to essay the novelty of being honest, he burdens the cable with fabrications, imagery, rot, and leaves us to wonder what progress the Cubans are making in their struggle for liberty.

How about Armenia? That the slaughters reported from that stricken and bleeding land have been grossly exaggerated there can hardly be doubt. There are nations close enough to the Sultan to know what he is doing, and that do not have to depend upon the correspondent. If no more than the truth has been told, the human mind staggers

in contemplation not only of infamy unspeakable, but unrebuked. It is impossible to understand the spectacle of civilized nations grouped at convenient distances about Armenia, calmly, often prayerfully, watching the smoke and blood of her martyrdom. The people even of a wicked and troubled world, did they believe the correspondent fully, would do more than take up a collection and express an opinion derogatory to the Sultan.

The bad habit of the foreign correspondent first became obtrusive during the struggle between China and Japan, and particularly at the taking of Port Arthur. One correspondent told of a fearful massacre as the victorious Japanese marched in, a massacre that spared neither the babe nor the bedridden, that made the gutters run red for days. Another correspondent, representative of a paper of equal dignity and standing, declared there was no massacre, and extolled the humanity of the Japanese. In accounting for this discrepancy each correspondent cordially stated that the other had been purchased. Be this as it may, the question of whether or not there was a massacre at Port Arthur has not been answered in a way that settles it.

But to be annoyed by the paucity of truth one does not find necessity for going so far. What a mess of unfounded speculation the domestic correspondent has sent from Washington concerning the bond issue, the Venezuelan question, the fanciful offer of a Russian loan? The reader can only look it over, pick out what seems reasonable, and ignore the rest. Perhaps, one day, when a history of the present shall be written, it will be his privilege to learn if he picked aright. To find what purports to be news is not news, nor yet instructive fiction, is annoying. Of course there is the absolute fake, the story nobody is expected to believe, but it is on a different plane. When the intelligent reader sees a long account of a process of photography that can reduce to a perfect negative the skeleton of a living man, or the coins in a closed purse, he knows at a glance that the account was written to amuse a different sort of reader, and passes it by. When he sees a headline setting forth that "Fatigue is Poison," he remembers that all sorts of people turn to the daily paper for amusement, and that the modern scientist is often amusing at the expense of science, and so he turns over the page without a grudge. But the lie that is set down as truth, arrayed in all the dignity of a top-of-the-column position; the lie that might be true, and concerning which there is no possible test save that of time, this is the irritating, tiresome lie that needs abating. Cannot the correspondent, barren of facts, restrain himself from expression of fancy? Cannot he be silent for a day? The reading world craves the boon of rest.

"THE CLUTCH."

There are some liars who are forgivable. The dreamer, who earnestly feels in his heart of hearts that his theoretical scheme of government is certain to alleviate human woes and relieve humanity of its thick-coming ills—even though to execute his benign purpose he proposes to perpetrate some grevious wrongs—is not, necessarily, a bad lot. If he trims his facts, molds his conditions, and whittles down the truth to fit his unseemly but beneficently intended plan of government, he may be forgiven for the doing of it. But the cold, brutal, and malicious prevaricator, actuated by motives of revenge and hate, who masquerades in a thin cheese-cloth of Reform, and lies with vigorous earnestness; the mathematical shuffler who puts two and two together and makes six; the fellow whose knowledge of facts is a cipher, but whose statements of them are limited only by his ingenuity as a forger in prefixing figures before his cipher; the fellow who leers and grins, where the theorist smiles; the fellow who would tear down to destroy, where the theorist would tear down to rebuild; the fellow who slinks along unwholesome alleyways of thought, where the theorist takes the open highway; the fellow who hides in darkness, where the theorist stands out in God's sunlight; the fellow of sinister purpose, of mean intent, and contemptible instincts, is despicable beyond the expression of pen, and language simply fails to characterise him as he is. And yet it is of such miserable and stenchy stuff that the prime leaders of our present transportation embroilment are made. There are honest men on both sides, despicable men in both camps. But on the side of disorder and hate and of corporate destruction, it would require a microscopic test to discover honest purpose among those assuming leadership. On the side that is improperly styled the "railroad side" are creatures almost as contemptible as the hating wretch who would destroy it; to wit, the servile tool who breathes a sentiment he neither feels nor comprehends, and damns the principle he would defend by espousing its preservation in meaningless mouthings with the hope of reward. THE WAVE is sensible of the company it is in; sensible of the suspicion that past journalistic practices will subject it to, in some minds; but we feel that intelligent men, reading the truth of what we state, will neither misconceive our purpose nor misapprehend our attitude.

Last week we sounded the shallowness of the *Examiner* readers, who most unwisely had set forth, in print, their reasons for having convictions on the Railway Funding Bill. This week we devote our attention to another and no less unfortunate class of correspondents; i. e., "the person who knows of instances of railroad discrimination and unfair treatment of shippers." For years the public ear has rung with the taunting cry of the politician, that we were "slaves," tottering under the burden of a "giant monopoly," which, while it rode upon our backs, also performed the most improvident and foolish feat of "clutching at our throats," and strangling the very thing that did sustain it. We now have seen the "clutch," and will criticise it.

Since January 9th, the *Examiner* has contained a standing invitation to "the person who knows of any railroad discrimination, or of unfair treatment of shippers," to come forward and state his case. Virtually, the "clutch" was served with a subpœna *duces tecum*, and cited to appear with all its documentary evidence. The scheme, when hatched in a back room, must, to its authors, have promised an overwhelming correspondence. To aid in this most happy consummation, the "person" was encouraged to certify to his little "clutch" by the promise that he might hide his lies or his identity behind a pseudonym, or his bare initials. What a story and beggarly thing this awful "clutch" has turned out to be. A handful of miserable, whining complaints, breathing nothing of public oppression, and that is all. Let us take up the letters seriatum. John Ebersbacher of Haywards comes first. His letter is headed with a falsehood that is apparent to any one who will read his communication. The responsibility for the heading belongs to the newspaper office, and reads "Charged Him Twice." It seems, according to John's letter, that three years ago he sent to Sterling, Ill., for "some bee boxes and supplies." "I forwarded the money to pay the freight charges," says John. In course of time he received a notice that his shipment was at Ogden awaiting a payment of $2.05 before being forwarded. John says, and he says it in the tone of a resisting martyr, "I paid the money. But at the same time I knew that the S. P. was acting the whole hog." He does not say the "S. P." agreed to a certain rate, and then demanded an amount in excess thereof. He does not say they charged him twice. He simply says, in effect, that he was $2.05 shy on his estimate. If one should send to John for a given number of pounds of honey, and remit to him an amount $2.05 short of John's price, it is very likely John would "act the whole hog," and demand the balance. These things are puerile and trifling. Our only excuse for dealing with John's wail at all is that it is representative of a type.

To one phase of B. H. Mac's statement of original facts (of which he may claim the exclusive ownership, having invented them), we paid some attention last week. Embodied in his letter, however, was the following indictment. It is an artful production, artfully charging everything and nothing. He says:

> As a mere straw to show how this Southern Pacific Company is now treating the people, I inclose you a freight bill on a box of apples sent to me at Los Gatos, from my brother at Ione, Amador County. You will see the weight of the box is fifty pounds, and that he has paid fifty cents to apply on account. The box has not yet reached me, and of course I know not how much more I shall be obliged to pay before I get the apples.

Mr. Mac reminds one of the conspirators in a comic opera, who are much exercised over a mysterious nothing. Just what hidden calamity lurks behind the fifty-pound box of apples, and other carefully recited statements, is obscure. But if he does not hurry along his apples will be as soft and purposeless as his illustration. We have inquired for his fruit, receiving this terse reply:

> Regarding B. H. Mac's box of apples, it is at Los Gatos, uncalled for. Charges prepaid. Nothing further to collect.

And so, by a trick of the corporation in failing to extort, the threatened wrong goes undone, and this "mere straw which goes to show how the Southern Pacific Company is treating the people" floats off upon the stream of abuse down which it came, and is lost from sight in the mist of misrepresentation.

It is almost impossible to follow the wandering and rambling case of "clutch" set forth by J. S. T. and entitled "Nevada Instances." He complains of rates on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, which has no more connection with the Southern Pacific Company than has a speckled hen with the Monroe Doctrine. And yet the odious rates on a foreign road are cited as an instance which should influence sane men in favor of foreclosure. Perhaps it is doing violence to reason to presume that the *Examiner* desired specific statements. A general statement might mean anything or it might mean nothing. Regard for a moment this piece of stupidity from this writer:

> I well remember, when hay in Eastern Nevada was very high, parties from there came to Reno and partly contracted for large amounts of hay at $10.00 per ton, but the railroad company, hearing of this, put freight on hay from San Francisco so low that the parties mentioned got it from California cheaper than they could get it from Reno.

If he means that the railway put the rate from San Francisco lower than the rate from Reno, he states what is obviously false, for, naturally enough, at such rates, the railway company would prefer the haul from Reno to Eastern Nevada to the haul from San Francisco to the same destination. But, even if this were true, it was a good thing for the Nevada consumer who was moving heaven and earth to secure feed for his starving herds; it was a good thing for the California producer and dealer, and was a bad thing only for the Reno middleman, who had, possibly, formed a corner in hay. What possible earthly interest could the corporation have in injuring the Reno hay dealer to its own detriment? To follow this writer further in seriousness would be folly. It is folly, probably, to pay any attention to him whatever.

J. M. A. is another correspondent hailing from Oakland. That Oakland is the home of the A. R. U. striker may not be significant, but it has been prolific of correspondents who had complaints to make of rates thousands of miles away from their confessed abiding place. His quotation of rates is incorrect and excessive by nearly one-half.

Of all the letters received by the *Examiner*, the one which seems to be the most serious, and the only one that is perfectly free from the taint of abuse, and, therefore, entitled to fair treatment, is that of W. W. M., of French Gulch, California. He says:

> On ore shipped through Redding to the Selby Reduction Works at Vallejo Junction, freight charges are not made until the Selby Company assays the shipment, then they charge freight on their bill... On ore valued at fifty dollars a ton, the railroad charges ordinary freight rates; on one hundred ore, an increase charge is made, and so on in preparation, the railroad assuming no liability whatever.

Railroad rates are based on ore valuation, because shippers so demand. As the assay valuation determines the rate, the means of fixing that rate is only obtainable at the smelter or the assay office. On the question for the reason for the lowering scale (not increasing scale as the correspondent puts it) let the gentlemen consult any miner of a low grade ore, and he will discover that the decreasing scale is for the benefit of low grade ore. A flat rate based on the average of the present rates would preclude the shipping of low grade ores, reduce the ore output of the State, and thereby work great harm.

Space forbids going into details further in the case of the "clutch." Certainly, no correspondent, so far, has brought forth a single grievance worthy of the name.

THE GREASY NICKEL.

"In no country is public opinion so powerful as in the United States," says Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*. He might have added, "In no country is so little attention given to the creating and preservation of a healthy public opinion; in no country is the demagogue so prolific or more successful; in no country is that great molder of public opinion, the press, so contemptible, so corrupt, and so easily moved to enlist itself on the side of misrule and disorder, if such a policy will but swell the stream of greasy nickels that flow into its coffers. The daily journal of to-day is purely a commercial enterprise, and a newspaper corporation is just like any other corporation organized for profit. Not one in ten of the great dailies of America cares a farthing for principles; not one in ten has any concern for property rights outside of its own property rights. They have no idea of bettering the condition of humanity, or of elevating the moral tone of the community wherein they exist. They denounce crime, to be sure, but at the same time lend their aid to its consummation in their advertising columns. They grow hysterical over the downfall and sad death of some unfortunate country maid who has come cityward to escape the shame of her indiscretion; but probably in another column

of the same issue is the advertisement of the infamous wretch, guilty of the malpractice costing the girl her life. It was the confident assurance of that very advertisement which possibly lured her from her country home to seek riddance of the shame which threatened to follow her delinquency.

The life and reputation of the individual citizen are sweet morsels for newspaper scandal. A slip from virtue by a respectable merchant is a matter that calls for great rejoicing in the "local room," and the higher and more reputable the unfortunate is, the greater the amount of merriment. The next morning the hitherto respected citizen is a subject for scare headlines and cruel insinuations. Not only this, but, with malice prepense, what are known to be false allegations, hinting at other and further shortcomings, are added to the unwholesome dish to lend it a more spicy flavor. Libel will not lie against the adroit rogues, for every line is carefully framed to avoid responsibility to the laws of libel.

The news columns cater to the grosser elements of humanity. All the world knows this. Then why not admit that the editorial expressions run in the same filthy groove? The struggle for supremacy in the matter of circulation (and inflated circulation seems to constitute the highest possible achievement in a newspaper) results in the pandering to the perverted men and women of the world, to creatures who revel in criminal news, salacious scandals, and the vile doings of the vilest of humanity. It would be idiocy to presume that the editorial or public policy of a press showing such a tendency could be any better, or have aims any higher, than that indicated in its news columns. It would be folly to presume that such an organ would at once entice by its pernicious character and repel by a conservative and honest editorial policy. It is impossible to conceive that minds so far along in disease as to relish and yearn for the details of crime and scandal could, on demand, put aside the perverted instincts and in a moment stand ready for a healthy dissertation upon the "Duties of Citizenship," or the "Sacredness of Property Rights." We have taken a few headlines at random from a New York paper which has recently come into the possession of a California journalist. If the articles of which these are the heads were simply matters of news recounting crimes happening during the day, they might be excusable. They rather partake of the character of special stories gotten up exclusively for the journal in which they appear. They do not pretend to be news, but are largely made up of cold recitals of the doings of criminals, in the shape of specially prepared articles, evidencing an effort to cater to this class.

"A NOTED THIEF MAKES A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

"'Old Bell' Vasburg Tells How He Stole $2,000,000."

"FIENDISH PARENTS.

"Grewsome Torture Instruments Collected By Mr. Gerry's Society."

"BILLY THE KID ALIVE.

"It Is Claimed He Was Seen on Broadway Last Week."

"FIBRE PAPER A FAILURE.

"Chief Hazen Declares That It Is a 'Cinch' for Counterfeiters."

"CRIMES IN FAMILIES.

"French Savants Must Not Write of Them While They Are Alive."

"BURDEN ROBBERY STILL A MYSTERY.

"Police Think the Thief Was a Member of the Household."

"VAN HAMMERSTEIN ARRESTED IN GREECE.

"The Absconding Ex-Editor and Reichstag Leader Caught in Athens."

"DOCTOR De KRAFTT, THE MAN OF MANY

"Alleged Fradulent Schemes Is Unconcerned."

"TRACES OF POISON.

"Results of Analysis of Powders Found in Mrs. Moll's Apartments."

"COURT DECIDES AGAINST CHIEF OF POLICE

"In Valentine & Co.s' Case."

"HENRY WEEK'S FATE STILL IN DOUBT.

"Escaped From the Home Four Times."

"HORRORS OF WOMEN'S PRISONS IN NEW YORK CITY."

"ROMANCE OF MURDER.

"An Opera Assassination in Italy With a Real Corpse."

We submit that the *Police Gazette* in its palmiest days could not do more for the vicious side of life than this. That the modern newspaper should be conducted on purely commercial lines does not call for any very severe condemnation. A newspaper is not an eleemosynary institution. But what we do object to is the false claim it makes to being actuated alone by public weal. Once it comes to be recognized that the newspaper business is a financial enterprise; once the traditions of the past greatness of journalism have been stripped away and the commercial character stamped upon it, then its power to do harm will be largely neutralized. When that day comes, it will require something more than the mere journalistic statement of a position on a public question to move the public mind: it will require good, sane, well-reasoned editorials, to carry anything of weight or influence.

MUST HAVE THE NEW CHARTER.

The certainty that San Francisco must have the new charter, a certainty already deeply impressed upon the minds of thoughtful citizens, has received striking emphasis. The decision of the Supreme Court, declaring void the act establishing an election commission, has furnished this. It has done more. By showing the cunning of the men to whom good government means extinction, the penitentiary, or the novelty of toil, it has revealed in a measure the force that must be met and overcome. Yet not all of this appears on the surface.

The hasty conclusion may be reached that an act of beneficent intent, of broad power for betterment of government, has been killed by the tribunal that ought to have sustained it. Such an impression may have been deliberately intended. Its creation might well have been part of the same plan that inflicted a death wound on the commission act, a plan that has left the sooty finger-marks of the Burnses, the Buckleys (at once the masters and the tools of infamy) across the engrossed pages of legislation. The Supreme Court could only look at the wound and say: "It is a mortal hurt." Doubtless the jurists composing that court regretted the decision that they were forced to make, and realized that some degree of odium might, by the thoughtless and vicious, be directed against them for the performance of a manifest duty.

There is no occasion here for analysis of the Election Commission Act. As it was originally framed, it would have been constitutional, and would have upheld the principle of which it was the embodiment. But the scheming politicians who saw in it a threat to them and a promise to the people had slyly interpolated such changes as they knew would be fatal to its constitutionality. They worked quietly, quietly as burglars who drill into a safe. None realized their design, the depth of their trickery. They even seemed to acquiesce; then they bided their time. They appear to triumph, but now the people have been awakened, the triumph will be short. The new charter is the barrier that will be thrown across the path of the corruptionist, the rounder, the blackguard, the ruling rabble.

It is a cheering and healthy sign that the *Examiner* should have set forth a frank and fearless exposition of the necessity for a new charter, summing up with absolute fairness the circumstances that make the necessity as imperative as it is obvious. Concerning the charter, the *Examiner* says, in part:

> The new charter offers a model election commission—non-partisan, removed from the struggle for office, and even from the hope of office. The provisions are carefully drawn to meet all the abuses that have developed in the control of elections in the last twelve years. Under them the members are to be appointed, two each from the two leading political parties; they cannot be candidates for office, and they cannot be influenced by threats of removal to serve the purposes of a Mayor who may wish to be re-elected. Such a body, guided by such rules as are laid down in the charter, would come as near securing a fair election and an honest count as is possible under the present conditions of political life.

But it must not be forgotten that the new charter will be bitterly opposed. There are vicious elements that will be marshaled against it under generals trained in all the arts of rascality, accustomed to living by loot; generals who long ago laid conscience aside, who are without honor, and yet have ability so great that they have usually kept out of jail. And the contest between the advocates of the charter and its opponents must be conducted under the same rules that have often permitted fraud to carry the day, and scoundrels to go unwhipped. Little wonder that from the slums there comes a wail of protest at the prospect that awakened decency may arise and rule, lashing its present masters from the public trough, and setting a guard there. There is only one way to beat the hordes of Burns and Buckley, who for this once will make common cause. It is to have a vote so great, so overwhelming, that no crooked counting can overthrow its verdict, no stolen ballot-box impair its force, no purchased voters, bought, paid for, and herded to the polls, carry the day. When the Charter has been adopted the score set against the villainy that has slain the Election Commission, can be considered balanced.

With a charter, San Francisco can shake off the chain of corruption, and be no more at the mercy of pillagers. It can ask some big man to become Mayor, and he can accept, proud of the honor, proud to be the executive head of a revivified city. Adoption of the charter will be an end to the system of spoliation which at present makes the position of Mayor one to be shunned. Now, he must quietly see fraud flourish or wear himself out in useless expostulation. The charter will give power to the officials chosen, and wrest it away from that class of officials that abuse and disgrace it. We must have the new charter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor The Wave—*Dear Sir:*—In response to your kind query of yesterday, permit me to say that I know nothing of the proposed new "Medical College" beyond what is stated in The Wave. Whether such an institution is needed depends on what it is. If it has an endowment behind it, say, of a million dollars; if it is able to equip laboratories for serious work; to pay large salaries to secure the full time of the best of teachers; if its standards are such that only those will be admitted who are well trained in the sciences—especially physiology, histology, anatomy, chemistry, and psychology, on which the successful study of medicine must rest, then its coming would be a blessing to this or any other country.

If, however, it is an association of practising physicians interested only in mutual help or mutual advertising, with no endowment except fees, then, it will be a nuisance—either mitigated or unmitigated, according to the character of the men in it.

Medical instruction is still in a very crude and confused state in America. The chief reason for this is that medical instruction has been made a private affair, supported neither by public nor private endowment. It is impossible to secure scientific laboratories or thorough instruction on this basis. Still worse, it is impossible to insist on any worthy standard either of preparation or of graduation, if the school is dependent on fees of students. This class of medical schools represents a temporary phase in our educational system. It will last until medical work is placed on a university basis, either by the State—which is the best way—or by private endowment, as has been done at John Hopkins'.

In an address before the Cooper Medical College, in 1892, I had occasion to say: "Shall the State demand that the lawyers, doctors, surveyors, and architects which serve its people should know their business? Why not? Have we not had enough of the work of frauds and fools? The money wasted each year in California on quacks and quack medicines would educate every physician in the State who has the brains to bear education. Bring in better men. There is no more effective way of thinning out incompetent men in any profession than to bring trained men in competition with them. If the State could require each physician or lawyer to know what a physician or lawyer ought to know, the quacks and pettifoggers would disappear as surely as an army of tramps before a stone pile. This country is now their paradise. These professions are overcrowded in America simply because they are no professions at all. It requires no more training to be admitted to the bar in most of our States than to be admitted to the sawbuck.

"Not long ago the University of Berlin refused to recognize the degree of Doctor of Medicine from an American school as a degree at all. It is easy to see a reason for this. In our best schools the total educational requirement for this degree is lower than in Berlin. In our worst schools it may fall seven years behind. American physicians are often among the most skilful in the world, but this comes through individual capacity and through that native ingenuity with which every American is blessed, rather than from any requirement of the schools."

David Starr Jordan.

Two respectable Englishmen of Calcutta fought a duel with dumb bells recently. After spending a pleasant evening with their families, they got into a quarrel, and were seen fighting by a native servant. One was killed by a dumb bell, whereupon the other blew out his brains with a revolver.

A rich old Englishman recently had a painful experience with the tax gatherer. In order to avoid paying the death duties, he had turned over all his property to his son. The son, however, died intestate, and without children, before his father, and, as his son's heir, the old gentleman had to pay death duties on his property himself.

In cleaning up the cellar of a house in Whitefriars, London, lately, it was discovered that the roof was a groined Gothic vault, meeting in a rose, probably built in the fourteenth century, and part of the Carmelite Convent which gave the district its name.

THE STORY OF YOUP-YOUP.

BY JAMES O'NEILL.

It was in the year 1884, and already Youp-Youp was past the prime of life. She was a Kongoi, that is, an Annamite woman; but she was frequently called *baia*, which means "old woman." She was one of the poor people; her ancestors had all been coolies, and she herself had been a cooly; but now, on certain days of the week, she would sit with her gossips in the market-place to sell the produce of a small garden, in which she worked on the other days; she toiled with patient industry, yet the few *sapiques* which she gained were scarcely sufficient to pay for the rice she ate.

Perhaps, counting by time rather than sorrows, Youp-Youp had not yet lived forty years; but gray hair, wrinkles, bent form, and palsied movements seem to declare that she had lived for ages and ages. Such teeth as she had were covered with black enamel, and the habit of chewing *betel* did not improve her appearance; her eyes had, perhaps, never been very large, but now they were so concealed by wrinkles that unless she were astonished or frightened, they never became visible. Youp-Youp is what she was called, but in her youth this name may have been modified or extended by family or surname. I do not know about that.

Now, though she was a person of so small estate, of such insignificance, the story of her last days is not without interest, and so I will tell it as I interpreted from the scraps of it which came to my ears.

Perhaps I ascribe motives to Youp-Youp which never moved her; possibly the last six years have altered her story, and the facts of it may have been quite different from the present account; but I will give its details, which are not untrue to human nature—human nature which finds like expressions throughout the world—in Pekin as in Paris.

Youp-Youp lived at Ngoi-Lao, a pleasant village on the left bank of the Red River, a few days' journey north from Ha-Noi. The *cania* (bamboo cabin) which she occupied was clean to see, and the small garden behind it was managed with provident foresight: before one crop was reaped another would be all ready to replace it; now cucumbers, anon tomatoes, and salad all the year round.

Youp-Youp had long outlived her family; one by one her husband and children had been taken hence by cholera, and in sign of mourning, the *baba*, or turban, which she wore on her head was white instead of black. I suppose she often wondered why she was left to such a cheerless life in this world, why she lived on after all whom she had loved and lived for were taken. When the past holds few joys, and the future offers small hopes, it requires much courage and endurance to live; still, Youp-Youp lived on like that till the year 1884, and then her life became eventful.

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At the village of Ngoi-Lao it was told by one to another that the French were coming. The French, who had taken all the chief cities of Tonquin, were now, in this year of 1884, laying hold of the towns and villages, and would soon be at Ngoi-Lao. One of the most effectual means of opposition practised by the Annamites in small places was to poison the wells, burn the *canias*, and having destroyed all the provisions which they could not carry, to run away into the mountains, whither the French could not follow them. This, indeed, was a negative sort of opposition, yet it retarded movements and increased the difficulty of the French invasion. This was the course which the villagers of Ngoi-Lao proceeded to adopt. Youp-Youp was told of the threatened danger, and invited to go to the mountains with her neighbors, but she chose to remain—to remain and take her chances with the French. After all, the French could only kill her, and she might as well die at home as in the mountains. No one tried to dissuade her, for in questions of personal safety little thought is given to the whims of an old woman; so when all her neighbors had fled, Youp-Youp sat alone in her house and waited. Whether she prayed to Buddha and made him offerings, or whether the habits and labors of her life had left her brain too dull to think about abstract subjects, is all matter which may go unanswered. The fact is, that next morning, when a large detachment of French soldiers arrived at Ngoi-Lao, Youp-Youp was their most unselfish benefactress. They came worn out by fatigue and hunger, wounds and sickness; and if Youp-Youp had not been there to render aid, few of them would have gone much farther. When she found that they did not kill her, as she expected—perhaps hoped—she at once evinced her willingness and ability to help them. She got clean mats for them to lie on, she showed them the one well which had not been poisoned, she dressed their wounds, she gave them her rice, all she had, and when they would return her any signs of thankfulness, she would wrinkle up her face and whisper, "*Oo-tia! Linh-tap flancais tot-lam, tot-lam!*" (Well! well! French soldiers very good, very good!)

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Time passed, and the story of Youp-Youp's ministrations to the French became known and talked of in high places, and the result of the talk was that the French Government awarded the military medal to Youp-Youp—a decoration which entitles the owner to an annual income of a few francs. I do not suppose Youp-Youp ever understood it, but now, with the medal and the pension, she found herself to have become an important personage in the land. Ngoi-Lao was in a favorable position, and the French, seeing this, lost no time in establishing a military post there; so in a few months the village was rebuilt, and Annamites who had made peace with the French came from other parts to live there; even some of its old inhabitants came back from the mountains, and these were certainly surprised to find Youp-Youp still alive, and even prosperous.

Now, you will remember that Youp-Youp belonged to the class from which coolies are taken, that she had been cooly herself, and, albeit, that she still shut her eyes and whispered, "*Linh-tap flancais tot-lam, tot-lam!*" she must often have had a different idea when she saw how the "*linh-tap flancais*" treated the coolies. Did she never say to herself, "*Linh-tap flancais, tsou-lam, tsou-lam*"? (French soldier very bad.)

The Frenchman, sick and worn with fatigue, is quite a tender-hearted person compared with the Frenchman healthy and in power. Well, but the French had paid her for her kindness, and purchased her favor; and at first it was with a childish pleasure, almost like happiness, that she wore her military medal. In sooth, it looked out of place, pinned to her coarse brown tunic; yet, she wore it always; at first, as I have said, with pleasure, but afterwards with shame and chagrin. Of course, it was jealousy alone which made Youp-Youp's neighbors resent her present fortune; but they made it appear to her, by daily word and innuendo, that by having helped the French, she had helped the oppressors of her people; she, whose fathers and forefathers had been coolies, had taken sides with their masters. And so shame and regret were on the underside of her life, though she still continued to whisper, "*Linh-tap flancais, tot-lam, tot-lam!*"

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Farther up the river was another village, larger and more prosperous than Ngoi-Lao. Youp-Youp had once been there in her youth, and still had a remembrance of the large market-place and the great pagoda.

One day it came to the ears of her understanding that the French were going up to take possession of this village, and the villagers had not been warned of it. This time it was intended that they should not have time to run away to the mountains. Here is what followed: The morning when the French arrived at the village gate, the form of an old Annamite woman was seen crouching before it. The sun had not arisen, and in the obscurity she was not recognized. They ordered her to open the gate, or to get aside out of the way; she did neither, and so some one thrust his bayonet into her back and shoved her from the gate. She did not cry out; she wrinkled up her face, and whispered for the last time; "*Oo-tia! Linh-tap flancais tot-lam, tot——!*"

But again she struggled to her knees, and tore something from the breast of her tunic, and threw it from her as though it were a coal of fire; it was the military medal, for you see already that this was poor sad-hearted old Youp-Youp whom they had killed. No one knew what she was doing there; she had been seen at Ngoi-Lao the day before, and to have come so far she must have walked all night long.

What I like to think is that she had come with the intention of warning the villagers of their danger, but worn out with fatigue, she had been unable to open the gate and accomplish her purpose.—[*Garrison Tales from Tonquin*. Copeland & Day, publishers.]

REFORMED MATRIMONY.

QUEER PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE FROM CHICAGO NOVELS.

Not content with reorganizing the methods of commerce, nor satisfied with revolutionizing the forms of business architecture, Chicago has taken a hand at reforming matrimony. It recognizes the imperfections of the marriage state, announces that Hymen and Cupid are haphazard in their mating methods, concedes the unjustifiableness of masculine privileges, and the injustice of feminine prohibitions, and proceeds to arrange affairs on the basis of perfect equality. Considering the preeminence of divorce in the Windy City, it does seem pretentious that it should raise its hand against the most sacred of social institutions. Not, indeed, that it proposes to do away with the bond. Progression, fortunately, has not yet reached the acute stage. The attitude is rather that of humble deference to the most advanced demands of the renovated sex. The new woman asks of mankind, "Wherefore is that denied to me which you enjoy? Am I not also human, and justified in the gratification of my passions as you do? Why are you forgiven for that which damns me? Why should it be for you to command, and for me to obey?"

Long, long ago, these questions have been disposed of in the *Arena*. There, masculine pretensions are labelled mere impertinences. The fact of a different organism must not be interpreted as the basis of greater privileges. Not only is the new woman asking the suffrage, but for equal rights in vice or similar compulsions in virtue. Here comes Hamlin Garland in his *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, calmly enunciating in the mouth of his hero, Warren Mason, the very gospel of the advanced sex. Here is the proposal of marriage which this philosophical personage, who, by the way, is big, blonde, and broad-shouldered, and a newspaper editor into the bargain, sends to the beautiful Rose, a tall, healthy, vigorous young woman, reared into bloom and beauty in the active and bracing atmosphere of a Wisconsin farm.

DEAR MISS DUTCHER:—I must begin by asking pardon for not writing before, but as a matter of fact I have not found this letter easy to compose. It represents a turning point in my life, and contains an important decision, and I have never been less sure of my judgment than now.

This letter may be considered an offer of marriage. It is well to say that now, and then all the things which come after will be given their proper weight. Let me state the debit side of the account first, and if you feel that it is too heavy, you can put the letter down and write me a very short answer, and the matter will be ended.

First I say to you, whoso weds me weds sorrow. I do not promise to make you happy, though I hope my influence will not always be untoward. I cannot promise any of the things husbands are supposed to bring. I cannot promise a home. My own living is precarious, dependent upon my daily grind of newspaper work. For though I hope to achieve a success with my novel, great successes with novels do not mean much money. I do not feel either that I shall ever be free from money cares; luxury and I are to continue strangers.

I cannot promise to conform to your ways, nor to bend to your wishes, though I will try to do so. I cannot promise to assume cordial relations with your relatives, nor accept your friendships as binding upon me. I cannot promise to be faithful to you until death, but I shall be faithful so long as I fill the relation of husband to you. I shall not lead a double life, nor conceal from you any change in my regard toward you. If at any time I find a woman whom I feel I should live with, rather than with you, I shall tell you of her with perfect frankness. I think I shall find you all-sufficient, but I do not know. Men and women change, grow weary of things, of bonds, of duties. It may be that I shall become and continue the most devoted of husbands, but I cannot promise it. Long years of association develop intolerable traits in men and women very often.

On the other hand, let me say I exact nothing from you. I do not require you to cook for me, nor keep house for me. You are mistress of yourself, to come and go as you please, without question and without accounting to me. You are at liberty to cease your association with me at any time, and consider yourself perfectly free to leave me whenever any man comes with power to make you happier than I.

I want you as a comrade and lover, not as subject or servant, or unwilling wife. I do not claim any rights over you at all. You can bear me children or not, just as you please. You are a human soul like myself, and I shall expect you to be as free and as sovereign as I, to follow any profession or to do any work which pleases you. It is but just to say that I have never been a man of loose habits. No woman has any claim upon me for deed or word. I have thought at various times that I could marry this woman or that woman, but I have never before made a proposition of marriage to any woman.

In this instance Hamlin Garland goes further than the most advanced exponents of the new matrimonial theory. They insist that the man and the woman in marriage shall be equal; that the wife must ask nothing of the husband that she may not demand of him, but concede she must not expect his support. To the common cause of their life together the contribution of each must be equal, or at least equitable. They go so far as to admit there can be no real equality in a state for which the man supplies by his labors food and raiment—those vulgar necessities of existence. Warren Mason, however, asks nothing, promises nothing but support during the days, months, or years in which his sentiment for Rose Dutcher is sustained by the charm of her body or the fascination of her mind. Should there swim into his horizon some other woman more beautiful, more desirable than Rose, he binds himself to seek her, leaving the woman who has given herself to him. She, on her side, is as free to indulge polygamous instincts, owes no duties to the man who supports her, is relieved by him of the onus of child bearing, of housekeeping—she is a fellow-being happily gifted with feminine organs, and their condition is matrimony without obligations or consequences. What a queer world these Chicago theorists would make for us.

However generous the attitude of Warren Mason, he is scrupulous in comparison with the hero of Percival Pollard's *Cape of Storms*. This, also, is a novel of Chicago life—the hero is an artist named Dick Lancaster, who, refused by the woman he loves and is loved by, because she has "sinned," proceeds to become a wanderer on the face of Europe, acquires the reputation of a genius in decadent art, enjoys life to the dregs, learns the story of his sweetheart's fall, and decides she is unworthy of him. Whereupon, his friend, a female leader of fashion whom he has just proposed to, argues that the attitude is unfair and unreasonable. But here are her words and his answer:

"Let us take the cases plainly for comparison's sake: You are a young man that has had more than his share of selfish indulgence; you have thrown aside all scruples and done everything and anything you pleased. Your actual transgressions of the commandments, we will waive; there is a greater crime: you have allowed yourself to become a soured, bitter, heartless creature, fit only to disseminate scorn and distaste. She, the woman in the case, once, we will say, allowed her senses to oust her sense. Ever since, she has suffered agonies of regret. Unlike the man, she has not told herself that she might as well let fate have it's way out. She is as sweet as the dew of Maytime, and the slight trace of sadness only needs the touch of love, to fall and fade. I think she loves you. I am not sure—she is a woman, and it is hard to say. As for you, in spite of everything, you love her. You coward! Why don't you ask her again? She will tell you it is impossible, of course. She will say there was once another. Then, unless you are a greater coward than I think you, you will tell her that compared to yourself she is as pure as the driven snow, and you want nothing, only her forgiveness for yourself."

He was still stubborn. "It is the old story," he said, "one has heard it all before. The woman is to be put on a par with the man; there is no actual difference in ethics. But I once saw it tried; I shudder when I think of it. To be sure—the woman was notorious."

"Ah! How can you compare the cases? And yet"—she laughed a trifle bitterly—"in this case the man is notorious." She watched him wince under the callousness of triumph.

I am quite sure Mr. Lancaster must have been reading the *Arena* too, for, converted by this appeal to his complaisance, he hurries off to Chicago and proposes. His tolerance, doubtless, is a sign of amiability and kindliness of heart. Or it may be his attitude is philosophical and fin de siécle. But it is not the attitude of a manly man or a man of strong principle and masculine instincts. It is not a line of conduct to invoke the sympathy or the support of Society in general, which depends for its existence on the sacredness of the marriage relation. Here, however, is the manner of Dick's proposal:

"Is it," he went on, "that I have put myself beyond your mercy? Have I become too notorious a vagabond?" He laughed bitterly. "Well, it is all true: I am come through all the highways and byways of life, and I am touched with the scum of it all. Perhaps you are right; I am not worthy. And yet, I only ask for forgiveness, and a little love. With that, I might—be able to—sink the bitterness of the days behind. But, as I said, I dare say you are right. Shall we go into the other room?"

"Oh, Dick," she sighed, "how hard you make it! Dick, it is—it is I that am not worthy." She put her hands to her face suddenly, and pressed them feverishly to her cheeks and eyes, and then started as if to go away.

Lancaster took her hand and kissed it. "Dorothy," he said, "don't talk nonsense! Unworthy of me—of a man who has used the world as a playground, and exhausted his days in satiating curiosity! Ah, no. That is impossible. There is no one, Dorothy,—no one, however wretched, who would not be worthy of me."

"You don't understand," she wailed. "You don't understand. I——" she hid her face in her hands again—"I have sinned!"

He put his arm about her and whispered, "What does it matter, Dorothy, if only you love me? Do you, Dorothy, do you love me?"

She sobbed, silently almost. Then she looked up, and, as if she were defying a happiness that could never be, said, "Yes, Dick, I love you." Then as he covered her brow with kisses, she shuddered in his arms, and moaned, "But you don't know, you don't understand."

He smoothed the tears from her eyes, and looked tenderly upon her. "Yes, dear, I do." He burst into a fierce trumpet of rage. "That cad Wooton—he told me some damnable lies! He was drunk!"

She shrank away from him. "Ah, then, you see it is quite impossible."

"Dorothy," he said, "I am not speaking of that, am I, dear? I am asking you to have pity on me, to help me see that there are bright and tender and true things in life. I tell you that, past or no past, you are as high above me as the stars. Why must we listen to the old shibboleths, Dorothy? Have you not spent a lifetime of regret to atone for a moment of folly? And who am I to judge? I, in whom there is no more of whiteness left, save only that I love you? Consider, dear, if this is not to be what our lives will be! For me, all the old bitterness, the efforts to drown all things in laughter. For you—memories. But if you say 'yes,'—Dorothy, think!"

ETC., JR.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

The death of Prince Henry of Battenberg will shock kindly people. It had fallen to his lot to play a part even more difficult than that of Prince Albert. He was not only a foreigner, but a nobody, strongly suspected of being in part a Jew. England had supported German paupers before; but he was not only absolutely penniless, but was incapable of earning his living at any ordinary vocation. He possessed two merits: he was the handsomest man in Europe, and his manners were beautiful. It was these attractions which won the heart of Princess Beatrice, just at the time when she saw a dark cloud of oldmaidism overhanging her destiny. It is a matter of history that the marriage was unwelcome to every one, except the lady concerned. The Queen positively refused her consent except on condition that the married couple should live with her. The members of the Court were more than cold. Battenberg was good natured, and never gave offense, but he could not find his way to the English heart, and it was his fate to encounter in many places the glassy eye. Goaded by the taunt that England was paying him a salary for graciously becoming the father of Princess Beatrice's children, he volunteered for the Ashantee war; and he did not live to reach the battlefield.

* * *

Curious, these deaths and marriage in the high world. Queen Victoria loses her best loved son-in-law, whose greeting of "Grossmutter" was always welcome; and ex-President Harrison, at an age when men, if they marry at all, generally marry their cooks, is going to take Mrs. Dimmick to his hoary bosom. Crape in one Court; orange blossoms in the other.

* * *

In the words of the parable, the Populists propose, this summer, to lead the silverites into the ditch, where they will gabble side by side over texts from *Coin's ,Financial Fool.* They will consist mainly of people who are in distress, and people who are in debt, and people who are discontented, and people who do not use to write their own name, but have a mark to themselves, like honest, plain-dealing men. When they get into power, there will be no money; all shall eat and drink on the Government score, and they will all agree like brothers. There will no longer be any trades; the Government will run the railroads, manage the telegraphs, own the banks, be the only grocer and dry goods dealer in the land, and everybody will get what he wants from Washington, paying for his purchases in fifty-cent silver dollars. Then will come the Millennium in good earnest.

* * *

Here is a nut for the women's mighty orators to crack: Men in San Francisco are dying off. In the year ending June 30, 1895, there were 1335 more male than female deaths; in the six months ending December 31, 1895, there were 645 more male deaths than female. As the records of the past twenty years show an excess of female births over male, the city seems to be gradually becoming an Adamless Eden, in which no girl can expect to secure for her share more than an undivided interest in a man. As Utah shakes off polygamy, San Francisco drifts toward the adoption of the patriarchal institution.

* * *

Old Scrouge says that this is the natural result of the usurpation of male rights by the women. According to him, men are dying of broken hearts, because the other sex is seizing their place in creation. When women rule the roost, what can a poor man do but die? In New England, the men do not die; they emigrate. Here we have reached the jumping-off place; we cannot move further west; there is nothing for us but to nestle in the earth, and from our fair and unpolluted flesh let violets spring.

* * *

Marie Wainwright says that girls innumerable seek her advice whether or no they should go on the stage. She is constantly asking herself, "Does it pay in this day to study for the legitimate or to begin at once to wear the fleshings?" The question answers itself. Any girl may achieve a brief success on the burlesque stage if she have a pretty face, a good figure, and the ability to dance a little and to sing a little. But she will only last as long as she is a novelty. Presently some new girl, as pretty, as shapely, and as gifted, will loom up and supersede her in public favor, unless, indeed, she was born with the chic which is everlasting and inimitable.

* * *

There is no better profession for an ambitious girl than the stage. It is well remunerated, and success brings happiness in its train. But it is the most arduous of all callings—a pursuit which exacts unremitting toil, incessant and exhausting labor, which is often embittered by unavoidable disappointments. She who proposes to make her living on the stage must be content, year after year, to play parts in which she has nothing to say but "The carriage waits"; yet all these years she must study untiringly to fit herself to play Rosalind, Lady Teazle, or even Lady Macbeth, at an hour's notice, and must wait patiently for an opportunity of showing what is in her.

* * *

Forty years ago, at the funeral of a man of letters in New York, a beautiful girl with long, blonde hair flowing down her shoulders, and blue eyes blinded by tears, threw herself on the coffin and arrested the service by the vehemence of her sobs. She became an actress—on the Mississippi circuit; her stage name was Ada Clare. Thirty years afterwards, she herself was dying—of hydrophobia, if I remember rightly. In the paroxysms of her agony, she was heard to cry, "Oh, if I had only had a chance of showing what I could do! I have been thirty years on the stage, but my chance never came." Yet she possessed undoubted talent.

* * *

The Durrant infamy in a church and the foolish persistency of clergymen in clinging to missionary enterprises after their folly and stupidity have been demonstrated, have brought forth their natural fruit in an outburst of prejudice against the Reverend C. O. Brown of the First Congregational Church. The gentleman has been tried and convicted by the newspapers before a particle of reliable evidence has been adduced against him. His accuser is a notorious, blackmailing woman who will fetch up at San Quentin. Mr. Brown has been unfortunate. His manner predisposes people against him; he has, perhaps, been imprudent; but, thus far, there is no reason whatever for believing that he is guilty.

* * *

The ordinary Christian sets his minister on so lofty a plane of moral perfection that he rises superior to human weakness. When suspicion gathers round him, laymen are apt to rush into the opposite extreme and to condemn him unheard. If the minister is not an angel, he must be a devil. That is the way the mass of mankind—female and male—are inclined to reason. As a matter of fact, clergymen are like other men, with the infirmities of human nature. Just like men in other professions, they are exposed to temptation, and sometimes their sense of duty is strained to resist it. They are the natural prey of the blackmailer. Perhaps it may be well, in the case of Mr. Brown, to divest the press of the jurisdiction it has usurped, and to withhold sentence until the evidence is in.

* * *

A Rabbinical circular just issued in Jerusalem forbids women from letting their hair grow on their heads. Is it in force here? Has any one noticed the Jewish ladies at the theater with bare scalps or with wigs on their heads?

* * *

An old New York ticket speculator says that after twenty years' experience he has never known New York so mad about any one thing as they are after Yvette Guilbert.

* * *

Probably the prettiest child's poem written by Eugene Field was "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." For those who do not possess his volume of verse, I give it here:

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old man asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we—"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea,
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

* * *

When England showed signs of taking water on the Venezuela question, the *Sun* neatly remarked that it was better to eat crow at home than to eat dirt abroad. Crow is not an agreeable article of diet, but every nation has to eat it at some time or other. England digested a copious dish of it when she paid the Alabama claims, and the United States found out how it tasted when they signed the Treaty of Ghent without gaining a formal acknowledgment of the principle for which they had gone to war. None of us are right all the time. The thing to do when crow is served with asafetida sauce, is to pretend that we enjoy it as a means of mortifying the spirit.

A LITTLE PREVIOUS.

BY JULIA WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"I don't see how I ever came to marry an Englishman," said Mrs. Barry, not for the first time.

"It was the most sensible thing you ever did," said her husband from behind his paper. She came and sat on the arm of his chair.

"I do believe you think I'm in love with you still," she said.

"Well, it looks that way," he answered, with British conceit, holding the paper to one side so that her head might not come between him and the Venezuela question.

"I don't mind about you," she went on. "You've lived here so long that you're almost as nice as an American, and your voice has nearly lost its English genuflections——"

"Dear me, I must get an English governess," he interposed.

"But sometimes I'm worried about Jack. He isn't one thing or the other, and if we should ever go to war, he would hate to fight against England when his grandfather sends him such lovely presents!"

"My son fight against England!" exclaimed Mr. Barry. "I'd like to see him try it, that's all. He will find he has to settle with his father first."

"But, Harold, if he was born here, of course his natural feelings would be with America; and you know how obstinate Jack is when he makes up his mind. Why, I wouldn't go against my country, not if you commanded me to on your bended knees, and he would feel it even more strongly, being a man. You would simply make a breach between you if you tried to interfere."

"A few years at Oxford will change all that," said Mr. Barry, turning over his paper.

"Considering that he isn't going there——" said his wife, decidedly.

"Oh, he's not?"

"If he should it would end in his living there and marrying some dowdy English girl with a six-inch fringe and a solemn reverence for the men of her family, and how would you like that?"

"Better than a nervous American daughter-in-law with a six-inch waist, and no respect for anything in heaven or earth," was the imperturbable answer.

"Of course you mean Alice," said his wife, indignantly, "though I'm sure she isn't a bit nervous, and nobody laces now. Both her mother and I think Alice and Jack were just made for each other, whatever your opinion is. Don't you remember how they took to each other right off from the first?"

"H'm." Mr. Barry was deep in his paper.

"Alice hasn't as much character as Jack," she added presently, "but she is sweet and good and lovable, and I don't see why they shouldn't be very happy together. It doesn't matter if he is rather the brighter of the two."

"Is the engagement announced?" asked her husband, sarcastically, but the question was ignored.

"After Jack has graduated from Harvard, we will throw them together a good deal," she said. "Since we are in sensible America, we won't have to be eternally chaperoning them. I hope Jack won't develop the English bashfulness. Was your father a shy man about love-making and such things, Harold?"

"Why, he had rather done with that when I met him, but I shouldn't fancy he was timid."

"I am so glad. I was afraid it had skipped a generation and was coming out in Jack."

"If it does, she probably won't mind helping him out a bit since we are in sensible America. I don't think Jack will need it, though. He inherits considerable determination, not to say obstinacy, from his grandfather."

"That hasn't skipped a generation," said Mrs. Barry, pointedly.

"I've come into enough of it to know that at the proper time Jack is going to Oxford," was the calm reply.

"Which will simply spoil everything," said Mrs. Barry, impatiently. "Alice will be married long before he gets back, and he himself will probably be a victim. Oh, Uncle Dan," as the door opened to admit an elderly man, "you've come just in time. We want a lawyer."

"Has it come to that?" asked the new comer, looking grieved.

"Harold says that Jack isn't an American at all, and will have to join the English army when we go to war," Mrs. Barry said, indignantly. "Just because he himself happened to be born over there. He wants Jack to go to Oxford and marry an English girl whom we won't know or be fond of, when here is Alice just cut out for him, and we've got it all planned. Now you tell us, as a lawyer, what Jack's nationality is."

"Well," began Uncle Dan seriously, "as a child of an American mother, and born in this country, I should call him an American citizen."

"There!" interrupted Mrs. Barry.

"And being such, he will probably choose for himself not only his college and his wife, but his nationality. If a free-born American wants to consider himself an Englishman, I don't know anything that is going to stop him."

"That is about it," said Mr. Barry, in a tone of satisfaction.

"But what is your hurry about deciding?" Uncle Dan asked. "How old is the boy, anyway?"

"Just three months to-day," said Mrs. Barry, proudly. "Stay to dinner and you shall see him."

"All the same," said her husband, "until he is old enough to decide for himself, Jack is going to pray for the Queen, God bless her!"

"I'll spank him every time he does," said the American half of the coalition. And then they all laughed and went out to dinner.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS.

WITH MUCH circumstance and prolixity of detail does it come to me that the bent of the Spreckels' political industry this coming election will be directed toward securing Senatorial honors for Claus of that ilk. The Sugar King has had a most prosperous career; is certainly a man of great foresight and force, and as long as it is the custom to send millionaires, rather than orators or distinguished litterateurs, to Washington, is as much, if not more, entitled to the distinction than certain of his plutocratic brethern. Considering the prominent part he has so often played in assisting others there, he may be forgiven for desiring a trip on his own behalf. In the meantime, there is nothing to indicate that Senator Perkins is tired of National legislation, and who knows but the next election may be made memorable by a tremendous contest between sugar and shipping. To what degree Colonel Dan Burns is to figure in the approaching game, it is as yet unprofitable to surmise, for that Statesman is in Mexico attending to his Candelaria interests, and the Supreme Court has pronounced unconstitutional the Primary Law, which, had it gone into effect, would have rendered John D. Spreckels's control of the County Committee a mere pawn in the play. Now, however, it is a valuable piece, and must be reckoned with. There are other interests to be lined-up yet, before this ambition may be attained, though, from present appearances, it does seem as if the prize were already a sugar-plum.

* * *

THE ANNUAL BANQUET of the Yosemite Club is the occasion of Stockton's most particular rejoicing. Round the board gather the leading men of San Joaquin, and they exchange congratulatory speeches proclaiming the accomplishments of the year. Among the orators of these festivities ex-Speaker Frank Gould is generally the hero. He is certainly a fine speaker, and on his feet shows those gifts and turns of rhetoric that are the dower of the truly eloquent. Governor Budd is another of the distinguished natives whose vocal talent is permitted then to emerge from its napkin. Altogether, indeed, the oratory of Slough City recognizes the occasion as the opportunity to soar, and at the banquet which occurred but a few weeks ago, the tropes were borrowed from Siskiyou and Shasta, the Sierras and the sea. Among the politicians it is a matter of knowledge that the relations between the Governor and Gould are strained. As chairman of the State Central Committee, and an old-time friend of the Executive's, it was assumed Gould would have the best office in the Blue Book. For such distinguished services nothing under a Harbor Commissionership was thought compensation, and when all the recognition the chairman's industry obtained was the directorship of the asylum at Agnews, the recipient felt much as one does who asks for bread and is given a stone. But though the connection is highly strained, it has not yet found public expression, so when the two meet the condition is that of armed neutrality. In the disposition of the guests, Budd was placed at the right of the president of the Club, and Gould a few seats distant. When it came to the turn of the latter to answer a toast in honor of Stockton, there was a gentle murmur of anticipation lest the orator make the opportunity of venting his spleen. But he did not; he spoke cleverly and gracefully, with the proper measure of enthusiasm, and was applauded to the echo. The others labored after him, but no one came within a mile of his periods. By some mischance the gentleman who had been selected to speak for the ladies did not appear, so as a special favor to the company, Gould was asked to do the honors of the sex impromptu.

* * *

There is no more crucial test of oratory than the invitation to answer for the ladies. It is difficult to say anything new if you have a month to think in, and the theme is generally productive of a story or two, together with the stock sentiments. But Gould, after exclaiming against the unexpectedness of the call, launched out into a pretty and tactful tribute, with the proper admixture of playful allusion and tender suggestion. Concluding in a neat peroration, he stood bowing to the burst of hearty applause, when the Governor said to the man beside him, in tones loud enough to be heard half the way round the room:

"Pooh! I know Gould. He's been preparing that for a week."

Gould turned pale; there was a second's silence; he bowed to the president. He raised his voice so it thrilled through the hall:

"Yes, gentlemen, the Governor is right. I was prepared—prepared by the associations of childhood; by the tender and fostering kindness of a woman who suffered for me the pangs of maternity, who nursed me in the period of my helplessness, and guided the steps of my boyhood with that gentleness and loving care which is the divinest attribute of motherhood. Yes, I was prepared—by the associations of my youth, by the grace and charm and beauty of my sisters, by the brave and helpful and generous aid of my teachers; a woman guided my steps through the mazes of letters into the treasure chamber of literature; a tender woman taught me the precepts of Christianity, the lessons of *gratitude* and helpfulness. It was from the lips of one who was as near akin to saint as mortal may be, that I learned the lesson of the Golden Rule, which commands us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. Yes, I was prepared, gentlemen. I was prepared by years of loving companionship with a woman whose sole care and thought was my unworthy self; who lavished on me her beauty, her heart, the gentle sympathy and solicitude of her nature—the best woman I have ever known or shall ever know—the wife I mourn. Yes, I was prepared."

But I shall not attempt to reproduce more of Mr. Gould's eloquent periods, but each was delivered with crushing emphasis, amid a dead silence, and launched directly at the Governor, who at first grew red, then pale, and was visibly disconcerted. Indeed, there could be no mistaking the allusion to "gratitude and helpfulness" as scornful reproof, and the audience, recognizing the situation and nature of the suggestions, besides the eloquence of the outburst, cheered and applauded to the echo. The result was that Budd went on a fishing trip early next morning, though that does not seem to have saved him from caustic congratulations on the consequences of his sneer.

* * *

ONE MAY NOT be disposed to approve of the controversial Donnybrook which rages in the dailies, but it is impossible not to recognize the fine fighting qualities which Reverend Peter C. Yorke displays. The Catholic Champion bears himself bravely through the bitter tussels in which he has been engaged, and if he has sustained some hard knocks, the interest of the return cannot truly be denied. Such glee and enthusiasm in polemical battle are characteristics so essentially Irish that it is almost tautology to state the Emerald Isle as the place of Reverend Father Yorke's nativity. He comes of an excellent family, is connected with that Elliot Yorke who married a Miss Rothschild, and was educated for the priesthood at Maynooth. The source of the inspiration I do not know, but this Catholic Ivanhoe had ever an eye on the Golden Gate, and was really educated with a view of the California ministry. After ordination, he served some mouths in Cardiff, and then, with his mother, Mrs. Humphreys, and his sister, who is now Lady Davey, the wife of Sir James Davey, Chief Justice, and for a long time Premier of British Columbia, he came to San Francisco, and was stationed under the Vicar-General at the Cathedral. The cleverness and ability of the young priest were not hidden long from the Archbishop, who, recognizing here both talent and capacity, sent him to the new Catholic University which had just then been opened at Washington. Here, I am told, Father Yorke won honors galore, and his aptitude at theology was recognized subsequently by the offer of a professorship. However, he returned to San Francisco, entered vigorously into the service of the Church, organized several temperance societies, the organization known as the League of the Cross, and obtained public identity, first, as the successor of Father Montgomery, then as the Editor of *The Monitor*. It was in this latter capacity that the fighting blood of the young priest was aroused. He made the A. P. A. organizations the point of his attacks, boldly defied the apostles of anti-Catholicism, and showed so fine and hearty a talent at wielding the bludgeons of controversy, that he was encouraged to proceed, and given carté blanche. He it was who inaugurated the policy of returning the A. P. A. fire, but he kept himself to the Catholic journal until he crossed swords with Historian Hittell in the *Argonaut*.

* * *

However formidable in verbal battle, Father Yorke, as an individual, is thoroughly unpretentious, rather boyish of manner, full of fun, geniality, and wit, as a properly constituted Irishman should be. He has energy and character in plenty, but his aggressiveness is a matter of pen and ink. Indeed, his attitude is modest and deferential rather than audacious, and this buckling on of armor and sallying out against the enemies of his faith, is really a matter of duty with him rather than a question of preference. It must be admitted, however, that the spirit of his onslaught shows his heart in the affray, besides a talent in the direction of warfare uncommon as it is positive.

* * *

NO ONE shall say the community is totally Philistine after the "Arts and Crafts" exhibition. It is meant to illustrate the craft of typography, and the art of engraving and literary advertising. Books, and all pertaining to printing, binding, and illustrating, form the staple of the show. The walls are hung with posters—posters from Paris, from London, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. A garish, glowing display of primary colors, and brilliantly sketchy effects. Such a profusion of green and red and yellow skies, and such a procession of grotesque and eccentric maidens against landscapes from Nightmare land. The walls resembled an overworked kaleidoscope, or an incurably crazyquilt. However, the chaos of posters was relieved by a number of beautiful etchings, fine engravings done by the various processes, and charming originals in ink or colors, from the pen and brush of prominent artists. In this direction the collection is full of interest and value. Then there are books—it seems we have here some of the rarest treasures of bibliography—old Bibles, rare manuscript, fine editions of Shakespeare and Milton, Elzevirs, black-letter books—original editions of great poets among the moderns, and innumerable treasures of binding and illustrating, whose names and dates are more appropriately and less generally set forth in the catalogue. Altogether, the show is a most meritorious one, and if no other purpose is subserved, has afforded an identity to the "Arts and Crafts"—something which it has hitherto lacked.

* * *

THE PRESERVATION of the life of Page Brown these long weeks since the terrible accident that befell him at Burlingame, is undoubtedly a testimony to the ability of his medical attendants. They are doubtless to be congratulated on the success of their efforts at keeping him alive. It is now several months since the catastrophe, and he has suffered some of the agonies of the damned, but it is supposed to be a consolation that his bones were knitting, and the cruel cut that laid open his face had quite healed. We are often told that where life is, there is hope, but the examples of life prolonged by misdirected kindness leave us ready to cry, "a plague" on all such shibboleths. Page Brown was a bright, clever, exceedingly quick-witted man, who had been admirably educated in his profession, possessed not only a thorough knowledge of its details and a trained taste, but, in addition, an unusual business capacity. He understood his clients, compassed their desires and his own designs, had certainly the gift of making friends and connections. He made it a rule to surround himself with men of exceptional artistic talent and ability, and, while it was out of the question that he should attempt his own designing, he had excellent men to execute his conceptions or their own. But his individual taste ever directed, supervised, and suggested. There can be no questioning the importance of Page Brown's participation in the local architectural renaissance. He brought to the Coast Schweinfurth and Willis Polk, among others, and his initial achievement—the Crocker Old People's Home—was really the first artistic institution in San Francisco. It was, and it remains, an admirable and beautiful piece of work. Prior to his arrival we had just emerged from the bay-window order of structure, and were graduating into a mongrel Queen Anne; he set the current toward the Colonial, and established new standards, which his competitors were forced to follow. I cannot admit an admiration for some of his business buildings, but his taste in the matter of dwelling-house architecture was beyond cavil. The McLean house, I believe, ranks among his best achievement in that direction, though the latter structures now in course of construction are certainly fine examples, whose simplicity and elegance reflect on the vulgarity and ornateness of their surroundings.

* * *

IN THE MATTER of cigars, no man should regulate his estimate of quality by the appearance of the box. Judge Hunt tells on himself a story about a slip, which, while it cost him dear, added an original experience to his stock of reminiscences. He treated himself Christmas eve to some excellent cigars—"The Ajax," I think the brand was—the price specified at twenty-three cents per weed. The Ajax comes in big boxes, but as the Judge is not in the habit of puchasing quantities, the dealer broke a package and packed the required twenty-five into the box of another and much cheaper variety. At the same time, he bought a box of five-cent cigars for a trusty servitor, whose performance of odd jobs round the house had deserved well of Christmas. On the Sunday following the festivity, the jurist had a dinner party at his residence, and at the proper moment produced cigars and proceeded to light one himself. He took a single puff, called the maid to give him the box, and, to his horror and consternation, discovered he had presented the servitor the box of "Ajaxes," and was actually serving five-cent weeds to his guests.

THE WITNESS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MRS. ATHERTON'S WHIRL.

THE STORY OF A CALIFORNIA HEIRESS, AN HONORABLE ENGLISHMAN, AND A MIDSUMMER JINKS.

It is veritably a California story, this *A Whirl Asunder* of Mrs. Atherton's. Melodramatic as a Morosco drama, it has a heroine, whose style and manner might win the suffrages of a *Family Herald* audience, and a hero who reads like an English guardsman by Ouida. Redwoods and the scenery of Cazadero and Fort Ross form the background; the complication is a capital idea, which furnishes several dramatic, unconventional, and risqué situations; the minor characters are composed of San Francisco Society women and Bohemian Clubmen. Hero and heroine meet at a Midsummer Jinks—she, disguised in boy's garb, hiding behind a redwood trunk, surreptitiously watching the Cremation of Care; he, having stumbled on the spot and over her by accident, for he is on the way to Miss Mary Gordon, whom he has come all the way from England to marry. Miss Gordon, it may be explained here, is a beautiful, virtuous, refined, but passionless English girl, whose character forms an excellent foil for the eccentricities of Miss Helena Belmont of California, the brilliant young person who, we learn from Ambrose Bierce, is modeled on the lines of Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coitt.

Briefly, the story is founded on Miss Belmont's extravagant California characteristics, and on Owin Clive's sense of honor. Captivated by the strength, firmness, and audacity of his personality, the wayward Helena falls wildly in love with him, makes no secret of her passion, or her determination to cut out Miss Gordon, throws over the swell New Yorker to whom she is then engaged, and proceeds to the enslavement of the Englishman, which is accomplished in a series of vivid scenes. Unfortunately for the complete success of Miss Belmont's unprincipled campaign, Clive is less callous of the obligations of his own betrothal. Mary Gordon has trusted him, plighted him her troth; she loves him strenuously, if not ardently as Helena does, and he declines to release himself at the cost of becoming a scoundrel. Of his love for Helena there can be no question, but his promise is sacred. The bent of Miss Belmont's endeavor is to beguile him from this position; they are together for two weeks in her country home at Fort Ross. Under the incitement of love she uses all the enticements of her sex. All things and men have bent before her will, and her reputation is involved in this. The last effort she makes is to appear to Clive the midnight before his departure, en deshabille, in a negligé of white crepe and lace which half reveals her neck and bust, her unbound hair, of the shade of melted copper, hanging down below the back. But, even then, he is strong—the fiber of his honor is proof against her physical revelation. He stays firm, though he kisses her passionately, and they part in sorrow and tears.

However ardent the love-making, and, it must be conceded, Miss Belmont's courtship is aboriginal in its unreserved and passionate intensity, the interest of *A Whirl Asunder* for us in San Francisco is centered less in the complication than in the setting. Mrs. Atherton has lived here among us, and she offers an estimate of the California woman, and an explanation of her characteristics, which, whether it be true or instructive, is entertaining.

"Helena Belmont," he said, in what the club called his "summing-up voice," has the genius of California in her, like Sibyl Sanderson and a dozen others I could mention without stopping to think, although they would be mere names to you. You see, it is like this: all sorts of men came here in early days—poor men of good family who had failed at home, or were too proud to work there: desperadoes, adventurers, men of middle life and broken fortunes—all of them expecting everything from the new land, and ready to tear the heart out of any one who got in their way. It was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Many succeeded. Some of their methods will not bear the fierce light of history. That savage spirit, that instinct to trample to a goal over anything or anybody, that intolerance of restraint, still lingers in the very atmosphere, and is quick in the blood of many of the present generation, although, strangely enough, it has given a distincter individuality to the women than to the men. Of course, there are Californians and Californians. It is always a mistake to generalize too freely, but the type I speak of is the most significant, although you will find no Californian exactly like any other American. This is the land of the composite. All America and all Europe have emptied themselves into it. God knows what it will sift down to eventually—the commonplace, probably. As for Helena Belmont, Jack Belmont, her father, came here in the fifties, and hung up his shingle. He was one of the cleverest lawyers the State has had. He rarely drew a sober breath, and was never seen to stagger; he was an inveterate gambler, and a terror with women. He married a Miss Lowell, of Boston, who came out here on a visit—a beautiful girl; and God knows what she went through with him. You may be surprised that she married him. I may have given you the impression that he was a cowboy in a red shirt and sombrero. Jack Belmont was one of the most elegant men this State has ever seen, a gentleman when he was drunkest, and the idol of the Southern set, a strong contingent here. There you have the elements of which Helena Belmont is made up. She has the blood of Cavaliers and Roundheads in her veins; she grew up amidst the clash of the South against the North, for no two people could ever have been more unmated than her mother and father; and she was born in California, nurtured on its new savage traditions, and mentally and temperamentally fitted to draw in twice her measure of its atmosphere. She does what she pleases, because she would never know if she were beaten, has a tremendous personality and a million dollars. Here we are."

Quite as interesting is the chapter which describes the dinner in the Fort Ross home of Miss Belmont, at which the Englishman is presented to San Francisco Society en grande tenue. Of our men Mrs. Atherton is obviously not enamored. In comparison with the handsome and athletic Englishman, they look crude and new; he carried his clothes in a way to make the others feel like hitching up their trousers. Indeed, Mrs. Atherton says, apropos of one of these: "Like all San Francisco men, he looked carelessly dressed, although in evening clothes, and carried himself badly." That is an accusation for the clubs to take home unto themselves. However, here is another picture—the women are portraits, I am told. It may furnish amusement to those "in the swim," guessing for whom the characters are meant.

There were eighteen people at table. The conversation was principally about other people. Occasionally, a current novel or play captured a few moment's attention, but the talk soon swung triumphantly back to personalities. Clive had never seen so many pretty women together. One or two were beautiful. The dense blackness of Mrs. Tower's hair, the red and olive of her skin, the high check bones, inadvertently modeled features and fierce eyes suggested Indian ancestry. Miss West's soft Spanish eyes languished or coquetted, but there was a New England meagreness about her mouth. Miss Leonard, with her cendre hair, and cold regular features might have had all the blood of the Howards in her. Mrs. Lent had a dark piquant Franco-American face. Miss Carter was very small, very dignified, with large cool intelligent gray eyes, abundant yellow hair, and an Irish nose and upper lip. All had the slight bust, and generous development of hip and leg peculiar to the Californian women. The men interested Clive less: they looked very ordinary society youths, and he wondered if Rollins could not dispose of them collectively in an epigram.

Undoubtedly *A Whirl Asunder* is entertaining, brisk, and vivid; the dialogue is clever, and, in tone, thoroughly Athertonian, but the book glares with an unnatural smartness. Miss Belmont may be modeled on Mrs. Coitt, but she escapes being either a portrait or a personality. Indeed, she is as unrealized as is Owin Clive, and presents rather a mass of garish eccentricities that may pass with the uninitiated for Californian, but are certainly inhuman. There seems to be in Mrs. Atherton's literary manner a roughness, an acerbity that play havoc with her effects. Her scenes and characters are dashed in upon the canvas with little regard for perspective or shadow. There are no half-lights, no soft backgrounds. Yet the book is full of matter and observation; there are capital interchanges of bright, witty talk, the situations are dramatic, but for all that, the picture is mere surface, brilliant, clever, and garish like a well-executed lithograph. Still, one might forgive the author much of this because of her smartness, but she should never have been betrayed into a finale so hopelessly banal as the catastrophe and the subsequent supernatural visitation of Clive to Helena as she sits weeping under the redwoods. That is both unnecessary and stupid.

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LAURA BURT.

THE HEROINE OF "OLD KENTUCKY" TELLS THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

"No; I am a Welshwoman—born in Caernarvon—and my family name is Lloyd."

It was Laura Burt who spoke. I had sought her all the afternoon; twice I had been up to her rooms at the Palace, and twice had I turned away disappointed. The day of arrival is always a busy one with professionals. There are trunks to be unpacked, wigs to be curled, gloves to be cleaned, dressing-tables to be arranged—paints and powders must be in place, properties ready to the touch; there is never any time to waste looking for things once the curtain has rung up—nothing must be astray. So, feeling sure Miss Burt must be back of the scenes, notwithstanding asseverations to the contrary from the self-important doorkeeper, I had slipped past him, when he was not looking, and, sure enough, had found her, up to her ears in trunk trays, gowns of every description, buckskins, jockey caps, and all the etceteras of preparation for the evening. It was not necessary for us to assure each other of the pleasure it gave us to meet. We had many mutual friends who for long had sought to bring us together, and now, for more than an hour, we had been sitting in the stuffy little dressing-room—and they *are* both stuffy and small at the California—raking over the thousand and one personal details of a well-stocked treasure room of mutual friends, shaking the dust from many a forgotten nothing. In the pause that ensued, bethinking me that time is always flying and that I must catch up with him, I had rather amused Miss Burt by stating, with most startling self-assurance, that it was unnecessary to ask her if she were an American—I felt sure she was.

"No; I am a Welshwoman," she had answered me, "born in the quaint, old town of Caernarvon; but I am always taken for an American, and, at heart, I am one."

"Then you must have been in this country some time," I remarked, anxious to retrieve myself on the score of wisdom as to one's nationality.

"Oh, yes; my mother, sister, and I have been here ever since I was a wee thing. I really remember but little of Wales—only that I was a merry-hearted child, loving the fields and trees—roaming about at my own sweet will—very much like other children who like to dream. I have a brother over here also—a clergyman—and another in Wales," she added, "also a clergyman."

"Half the family in the pulpit and half on the stage—is that it?" I asked.

"No, no; I am the only one on the stage," she hurried to explain; "my sister is married and living in Cincinnati."

"Then your people were not professionals?"

"Oh, my—no," ejaculated Miss Burt. "Have you any idea how the good, old, conservative Welsh people regard the stage? Most of them think it the very last place on earth." And she opened her soft, dark eyes their widest, giving me a curious little look to see if I realized where that place was.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed. "Then how did you manage matters?"

"Shall I tell you about it?" And again Miss Burt turned those black eyes on me with a questioning glance.

"Do," I returned; "I should like nothing better."

"Well," she began, "we had been in America some years when my father died, and it became necessary for us all to do something as soon as we could. I often wondered what I should do—just in a child's dreamy way. At the age of twelve one does not assume responsibilities readily, I suppose you know. Well——"

Miss Burt pushed back a refractory little lock from her forehead. People so often do that, or pass the hand over the brow, when "reminiscing"—it is suggestive of brushing away mists; or, when one is young and hopeful, as in this instance, there may be rosy little clouds that intervene that have to be wafted aside; at any rate, Miss Burt had some trouble with that tumbling curly lock several times, then she went on:

"I was walking on the street one day and I overheard two girls behind me talking of the theater. They dwelt on the play, and the handsome hero, and the gowns, and the applause, and the flowers; it did sound so attractive—I felt sure it could not be such a dreadfully frivolous place. One of the girls said, oh, she should so like to become an actress, and she believed she would, some day, and then—I wandered all to my little self if *I* couldn't be an actress. It opened up such visions of delight to my childish eyes—of music, flowers, pretty gowns, applause, etc."

"Well," I said, as she paused—she continued:

"I pondered the matter over for fully twenty-four hours, then, gathering courage, I went to the boxoffice, and asked for the *proprietor*"—Miss Burt gave a little gurgling laugh. "You see," she went on, "I had never heard of *managers*, then. They sent me to the manager. With one bold stroke I told him I wanted to be an actress." Miss Burt paused a moment, lifting a tray from the trunk. "You won't mind if I go on, will you?" she asked; "I must put these things in shape."

"Oh, no, go right on," I said.

"*Then* the die was cast," she continued, shaking out some furbelows and hanging them against the walls.

"I never said a word at home, but as the manager had given me a child's part in a play to come off at a later date, I had only rehearsals to attend. It was later that difficulties arose—when I had to be out evenings. The first two nights it was all right—mother thought I was with neighbors; but one evening as I was going out she asked me where I was going, and I had to make a clean breast of it."

"Did you have to give it up then?"

"No. Of course my mother was vexed. She went with me, and had a long talk with the manager. To make it short, I was to remain at the theater, but only if my mother were permitted to accompany me. Since then she has always accompanied me, and has become converted to the idea ——"

"That there are good people *on* the stage as well as off it?" I put in.

"Quite so," answered Miss Burt.

"In what play did you make your debut?"

"In 'Joshua Whitcomb' under Denman Thompson."

"And after your first taste of the life, Miss Burt, did you ever want to turn back?" I asked.

"Never. I don't believe I am one ever to turn back," she answered.

"I don't believe you are," I replied. "I think you were pretty plucky to begin."

Laura Burt remained with Denman Thompson one season, then after playing a few short engagements, having laid by some money and feeling she had much to learn, she entered the Lyceum School of Acting under the guidance and instruction of the late Steele Mackaye. From here she went into "Blue Jeans," under Rosenquest and Arthur, and since then has been in the original company of "In Old Kentucky."

"I understand you have no rehearsals while here," I remarked, "You will have so much leisure, we must manage some trips together."

"Thank you, I should like that, but I am not as idle as you think. In the first place, I take my ride every day."

"Oh, you make a practise of that, do you?"

"Yes, indeed. I have my own horse with me you know, my pet, Madge. She is called 'Queen Bess' in the play only."

"There's no use asking if you like it, I suppose—celaba sans dire," I said.

"Oh, I love it—a skurry every morning—through lanes and hedges, when we find them—otherwise on plain old roads."

"How delightful," I exclaimed.

"Then I am studying—really very hard," continued Miss Burt, "I am very anxious to rise in my profession—to try serious parts."

"Emotionals?" I asked.

"Well, yes; I don't want to remain a soubrette forever."

"That's right," I said, "you will do very well for such roles."

Just here some one knocked, and handed in a lovely bouquet of roses. Miss Burt, excusing herself, glanced at the card and smiled. She has a pretty smile, and lovely teeth, and a pair of melting dark eyes of singular depth. I have heard it said that when a woman has pretty eyes and pretty teeth, she always wins—Miss Burt has both and more—she has a sweet sensitive face, a quiet, low-pitched voice—I confess to a weakness for that alto tone—she has gentle, gracious manners, a charm all her own of glance and speech, drawing you imperceptibly to her—you cannot lay your hand upon it, nor express it by word of tongue or pen, but it is there; something intangible, subtle and penetrating, like the breath of a briar rose—sponsor to a very distinct and delightful personality. E. D. H.

A curious experiment in photography was recently made in England. A man was made to look steadily at a postage stamp on a black card for a minute; the room was then darkened, a sensitive photographic plate put in place of the card, and the man looked at it steadily for twenty minutes. The plate was developed, and showed two distinct images of the stamp. Mr. Ingles Rogers, one of the three witnesses of this feat, is unable to decide whether the photo, graph is one of the images projected on the man's retina- or whether it is a case of thought transference.

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"OLD KENTUCKY," AND MARIE WAINWRIGHT'S IMMOVABLE EYEBROWS, TOGETHER WITH COMMENTS ON THE FRAWLEY GIRLS.

Lives there a Southerner with soul so dead that he can listen to "Dixie," and "My Old Kentucky Home," or any of the dear old songs for that matter, and still preserve a critical attitude?

Perhaps—if he were deaf. My ears, however, are in good order and condition (in spite of the Wangdoodle Band), so, almost oblivious to the crudities of the play and the players, I laughed and shouted, and "had a good time," as the gallery, and a large part of the rest of the house too, did at the California, Monday night—the first night of "In Old Kentucky." Of course there was the usual dog-in-the manger sort of a person, who, not being able to enjoy it himself, told me that there was not an actor in the cast, that the finish of the horserace was about as exciting as prayers and cold mutton, and that the play itself was poor. If it was, nobody seemed to mind it; anyway, it had a horse in it, a good-looking girl, and endless references to mint juleps—which last must have been a good thing for the adjacent cafés, for it seemed to make the men thirsty; they went out in shoals; many of them neglecting to return until the curtain was up.

The first act was rather dampening to even the most hopeful disposition, for the actors did their worst. It is unnecessary to say just how bad this is, and the playwright aided and abetted them. Laura Burt's conception of Madge Brierly's voice (the "po white trash" voice) was suggestive of a fog horn with la grippe, while her grotesqueness was very much and inconsistently overdone. So long as the mountain girl was in her wild setting, she should have held her own with the city girl; her movements should have had something of the grace of the wild things about her; she should have been erect and fearless in bearing, and should have begun to appear awkward only after her descent into the civilized and unaccustomed surroundings of Woodlawn. Laura Burt reverses this order of things, and makes Madge in her native mountains (where she would have been sure-footed and at ease) scramble around like an embarrassed bovine. Yet when she first goes to a town where the unusual environments would have made her awkward, and her untrained, untrammeled movements would have been incongruous, Madge apparently rubs an Aladdin-lamp, for she suddenly drops nearly all her gaucherie, and becomes graceful, though she still retains her hoarse little chuckle, which, by the way, accompanied as it is by an infectious smile, is far from unpleasant.

Miss Burt looks positively charming in her white sunbonnet, her simple muslin gowns, and her even simpler jockey costume. She also has rather eloquent little hands and arms, but she must learn to control her winning smiles before she can become an actress. Ralph Stuart as Frank Layson, "a worthy son of old Kentucky," is good, and his accent much better. You could pick up a dozen exactly like him in any southern village—now, but not "befo' the wah." Bradley, as Colonel Doolittle, was not objectionable, though one can hardly call him good. He has more of the western than the old-time Southern manner, and heaven knows where he got his accent. Only once did he succeed in catching anything of the deliberate and graceful, though somewhat ornate, bow and manner of the type he represents. This is during his little conversation with Miss Althea Layson about former days.

"Yes, Colonel," said Miss Layson, "I was just eighteen then."

"And I twenty-five," said the Colonel, "now I am forty-five, and you, Miss Althea, you are——"

"Colonel!!" (in mortified, grieved, and astonished tones.)

"Eighteen, Miss Althea," returned the Colonel, gallantly, with a magnificent sweeping bow, "still eighteen."

Mack as "Neb," the old family servant could not have done better, and some persons may like the "Wangdoodle Band" and its accessories. In fact a large number of people seemed to like it very much indeed, for when it faced about and fairly brayed into their faces, instead of covering up their ears, which might have been pardoned, they applauded and had more. "The greatest buck and soft shoe dancer in the world" was also vigorously encored until the poor fellow was nearly ready to drop.

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What a contrast this laughing audience with its happy-go-lucky atmosphere was to the one I had seen but two nights before at the Baldwin. There, the house was but half filled with scattering groups that sat and watched Marie Wainwright cheerlessly, with the despondent air peculiar to barnyard fowls in the rain and to the audiences which finds that the world isn't with it. Occasionally there rose a wavering half-hearted applause which died away almost as soon as it began, but for the most part there was a chilly hopeless silence. It would be like numbering sands to attempt a catalogue of Marie Wainwright's deficiencies as "Camille," and it would be fruitless if accomplished, for her chief defects are inherent; being what she is, the most helpful and earnest criticism could not assist her. It may be worth while to ask her why she plays "Camille" and other parts demanding lachrymose wo when she has such a tender regard for the pencilling on her eyelashes that she will not use her handkerchief naturally, for, perhaps, she does not know how obvious her solicitude is. Even in her most tearful and impassioned moments she makes only cautious little dabs at her cheeks with her handkerchief, showing a dexterity in avoiding her eyes, which is worthy of a better cause. Perhaps the best way to sum the matter up is by saying that Miss Wainwright was intended for the ballroom—not for the stage. She has, or had, the conventional style of beauty so dear to the Brownies' heart, and a long list of other attributes equally desirable in Society, but of trifling value on the boards. A few more weeks of her would, I think, have given San Francisco "the marble heart," for I saw only a few hysterical women crying over Camille, while I amused myself through the sacrificial act by thinking how differently the New Woman would have answered Monsieur Daval's prayer for his son's freedom. She would, doubtless, have said something like this:

"Monsieur, in what way is your son better than I? Is he not my partner in guilt—if it be guilt? My past, you say? Is it then so different from Armand's? Why is it any worse for me, untrammeled as I am by family ties, to be his mistress than for him to be my lover? If I were married and bearing children, it would be infinitely infamous in me, but, under the existing circumstances, how can it be wrong for me and right for him? You say I prevent his marrying; even so, is marriage the summum bonum of earthly good? The family of your daughter's fiancé will not permit him to continue his suit if Armand continues his relations with me? She must be plain—your daughter! Or her fiancé's family must be wanting an excuse to break off the match. Do they know any young man in Paris who has not some such relations with a woman? Ma foi! I would like to see him. Why, if you could but exhibit such a young man you would soon make so large a fortune, Monsieur, that your daughter could marry though she had a dozen brothers, each enamored of a dozen dozen Camilles!"

Of course she would be wrong—the New Woman always is—but it would be infinitely more natural and human to reply with this than with poor Camille's promise.

* * *

It is a sad reflection on womankind that while the men in the Frawley Company range from fair to good there is not one woman in the combination who is more than "middling." This was particularly noticeable in "The Senator." Belle Archer was not in the cast. Blanche Bates, Jennie Kennark, and Hope Ross had the principal female roles. The fault which I noticed last week in Blanche Bates as Cinders, i. e. an entire lack of comprehension of inflection, was even more noticeable in her as Mrs. Hilary. It is a very charming part, but, sad to say, she detracts from, rather than adds to it. Miss Kennark, still condemned to wear high-necked dresses, thereby losing the benefit of her pretty throat, was hopelessly commonplace; the old-maidish precision, the unremitting and unnecessary earnestness of her delivery being most wearisome. Miss Hope Ross looked, acted, and moved exactly as she did in the "Lost Paradise." To be sure, there were a few words added to her vocabulary, notably, "flickersome," "schoodalum," "wuzzy," and "diddle-dabby;" but, otherwise, one couldn't tell Josie from Polly. However, she is not so much to blame for that, but she might be a little less jerky, and try to give up wearing low-necked dresses to the Capitol in the morning with—a hat.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

MARRIOTT WATSON'S BRILLIANT SKETCHES. OBSERVATIONS OF LIFE AMONG TRAMPS.

The set of highwaymen stories from the pen of H. B. Marriott Watson, which come to us under the caption of *Galloping Dick*, are liable to find readers in the next generation along with the *Delectable Dutchy*, and Kipling's Indian sketches. They are full of dash and action, and have in them such a flavor of robust and lusty individuality, that Dick Ryder, with all his violence, his appetites, and his daring disregard of property and persons, is touched with the glamor of heroism and may shake a hand of the *Master of Ballantrae*. Though the critical inclination is to praise the swing and verve of these tales, the cleverness of their construction merits higher encomium. There is no preamble, no prologue, but we are into the midst of a plot after the third line, and then incidents crowd rapidly upon one another in language as robust as the events set forth. The narrative has the violence of Dick Ryder. It is quick, hot-tempered, explosive; it is bold, brisk, brusque as his own talk. I do not remember through the book a breach in the consistency of his attitude. The fellow is a criminal as much for the adventure of it as for the pelf he gathers; he is as ready to fight as D'Artagan, and seemingly as quick with his weapon.

Between the six stories which compose the little volume it is hard to decide on a preference. The decision might be in favor of "The Quandary of the Bishop," but for that splendid duel in "The Man from Cornwall." One hesitates to declare the "King's Treasure" less exciting than "The Jug and the Bottle," and as for the "The Meeting at Fulham," it parellels, if it does not excel, its predecessors. In the manner and matter of the dialogue, and the quick, sharp value of the verbal interchanges, one is oftentimes reminded of Stevenson, who had the gift, more than any other Englishman, of imbueing the conversation of his characters with the very flavor of their individuality. How definite and distinct is the Bishop out of his own mouth. The very man is before you, with his whimsical, impatient acceptance of a situation, his humorous appreciation of the full-blooded audacities, and the quick wit of his captor. Indeed, only Stevenson alone could have bettered that duologue in the tavern over that flask of rare old burgundy. One cannot help agreeing with the prelate that "there is a certain rough vigor" in the tongue of Ryder, "and of scurril terms" he had a most remarkable empire. But they go with the man; just as the neat and elegant turns of the Bishop's speech become his own condition. The same quality is notable in the talk between the disguised king and the highwayman at Fulham. The contrast of the two individualities is admirably maintained. The rough, brutal wit of Ryder, against the subtle pleasantries of the monarch, make a fine parallel. As for the fight in the darkened prison chamber between Sir Ralph and the robber—it is epic.

[Stone & Kimball, publishers. For sale at Doxey's.]

The distinctive quality about *Moody's Lodging House* and its accompanying tenement sketches, is that of unvarnished realism. The author, Alvan Francis Sanborn, has the rare gift of transcribing the scenes and characters of the Boston slums so they have the versimilitude of life. His impressions show up with a sharp accuracy of outline; his pictures are as uncompromising as photographs. In addition to this skill at delineation, there is evident in the treatment a certain sympathy with the subjects. As art his renderings are hardly commendable, but they are brimful of fact and detail, of observation and character. It is true, they are not that suggestive blending of fiction and nature as were Arthur Morrison's "Mean-Street" stories of the London slums, in which the prevailing types were the dramatis personæ of minor tragedies. The evidence is more direct.

There is a genus tramp, who is a tramp because the life suits him. He may not like or be proud of it, but such conditions as it presents he accepts. It is of this type that Mr. Sanborn writes. We learn he is bright, fairly intelligent, reads the paper, and possesses in the range of his profession an unerring knowledge of human nature. Among themselves the tramps discuss the topics of the day. Sanborn heard a roomful of them debating the right of self-defense and divide into three factions—the first holding it necessary to avoid a fight if practicable; the second, that being "slugged" permitted a man to "slug" back, but did not justify the use of a deadly weapon unless attacked with one. The third believed you could fight any way you pleased.

Among the fraternity the social obligation is heartily accepted. The unpardonable sin is to refuse to share one's luck with one's pals. But there are class distinctions—he who pays twenty cents for a bed lets no chance slip to display his superiority over the fifteen-cent lodger. They resent reflections on the respectability of the fraternity; are sensitive to slight or insult. Strange to say, a tramp is liable to ignore personal abuse but will discern an imputation against his character, in the most trivial and impersonal remarks. They are chivalrous in their treatment of women, generally, and, above all other things, are philosophical. Life is taken as life offers; to-day, and not to-morrow, is the concern; the humor of hardship is appreciated. Yet, once a bum, always a bum; the tramp has neither care nor duty; each day is an uncertainty; neither religion nor politics nor the fluctuations of prices trouble him. He is free, indeed. The book is worth reading; it is full of information of a class that the analysts and the realists rarely trouble themselves to study. Besides there are two or three capital stories—"Turley Street," the story of "Chubby" the pugilist, of "Spider," of the "Free Breakfast." This is all excellent literary work—direct, and very graphic. One cannot but think the writer could produce a series of sketches like *Tales of Mean Street*, which would relieve our literature of the reproach of "Chimmie-Faddenism."

[Copeland & Day, publishers.]

"What, after all, is Right and Wrong?" shrieked the waking heroine of *A Pitiless Passion* within the head of Ella Macmahon; and, forthrightly inspired, the burning authoress clapped her two hands to her brow and footed it, keenshod, to the sanctum to relieve the touched part of her in cold ink. Therein, with the ardor of investigation turning her right ear to heaven, she pursues the inspiration to demand: "What is Truth or Falsehood but so many symbols? Purity or Impurity but the law of convention? Which among them can we be sure is the voice of heaven?" And then, coming to with a sudden turn, she catches her breath to cry in falling fervor, "Words, as Hamlet cried words, words, words!" Why, now, my lady, 'tis a precious flutter you've set about us for nothing. All that anent pitiless passions we have seen in a thousand forms, not one of which has disturbed the simple sense we were born with; so why should you add your mite to the mass which at most can only amuse? Did it never occur to you that we might read *Punch*? And, besides, you have no right to drag in the irrelevance of such idle flurry to the accepted terms of God's sweetest gift to a starved intellectuality, the right to classify its moral distinctions.

[Published by Macmillan & Co., New York. For sale at the Popular Bookstore.]

Mrs. Campbell-Praed's new book, *Mrs. Tregaskiss*, is as handy a catch in the way of similitude as ever a weary reviewer could hope to lay hands on. That which is so desperately contended with in the paragraph on *A Pitiless Passion*, elsewhere in these columns, is here illustrated and magnified by virtue of reiteration, until even the souls of critics, most impervious as they are to the gratification which comes from personal wisdom vindicated (for critics are naturally resisting dogs), must lose an inch of stiffness in contemplation of it. The two stories are most exactly alike—in the main they are quite so. In one of the loveless marriages (Oh, yes, *those* are the hinges for your true passion problem to turn on, and all passion novels must have them) the man is tempted to leave his wife, and in the other the woman is implored to leave her husband. Obviously, a second woman and a second man do the tempting and the imploring. Obviously, the mismated passioniacs cry out, "What, after all, is Right and Wrong?" and long to yield. And obviously they do *not* yield, though each of them offers to, and is saved only by circumstances expediently furnished by the ingenious novelist. Shades of Hans Anderson, let us not die of over-mirth! But seriously, let us deplore that all this bright writing has been put to such unprofitable and trifling use. It *is* bright writing, and Mrs. Campbell-Praed surely has it in her to entertain without amusing.

[Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale at Doxey's.]

THY LIP IS SILENT.

Thy lip is silent, for its speech is lent
To make thy dark eye doubly eloquent.
I would not wonder at so warm a glance
From Cadiz lattice, and in sunny France
I've seen its sister at a vineyard dance.

But here, sweet Ruth, beneath New England skies,
It is exotic, and a rare surprise;
Thy Quaker bonnet, with its sheltering brim,
Serves as an ambush, dangerous and dim;
I thought thine only glance was cold and prim.

You ope your lips, and gravely say me nay;
But when your dark eyes flash a certain yea,
In language current all the wide world o'er,
I were a fool indeed to set much store
By what your lips, the traitors, said before.

I swear they shall do penance for their sin;
I wonder if a bold assault would win;
I like not lengthened siege; say, shall I try?
Thy lips say "nay," but in thy truer eye,
I read the kiss is mine which you deny.

—*Apples of Istakhar, by William Lindsey.*

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Sister of a Saint is an Italian sketch, as are most of the short stories in Grace Ellery Channing's book. The knowledge of the life portrayed is real and sympathetic, but the stories are long drawn-out, the pathos not effective enough, and the plots not very interesting. There are two stories in the volume which are more interesting than the others, because they are love tales, and their brilliant coloring makes them seem like pictures of winter and summer. "The Basket of Anita" portrays the passionate devotion of a native Californian for a frail visitor from the East. He helps her to collect baskets, and finally sells his guitar to get for her the "Basket of Anita." But returning with his treasure, he finds her in possession of an Eastern lover, overhears their conversation, and leaving the basket for her to find, silently goes away. A "Strange Dinner Party" tells of one of the first matches between an American maiden and an English nobleman. Dorothy Wentworth is a charming little Puritan, but the strange dinner party, given by the light of the host's burning mansion, is too strange to be natural.

[Stone & Kimball, publishers, Chicago. For sale at Doxey's.]

Private Tinker's reward for allowing himself to be raked together in Mrs. Stannard's fancy, and set up as the hero of the very poorest of the tales which that resourceful dame has gathered into a recent book, is the privilege of having the world read his name upon the title page. But there will not be wanting a goodly portion of the world who will read the name without at once grasping the point of value in the concession. A softer lot of imagined warriors than those in whose company Private Tinker has the hardihood to trust himself, not even "John Strange Winter's" notoriously sweet tooth is likely ever to get down to, though the palate of that good dame's kind is ever susceptible to the taste of a sugared love loaf, hot from "The Duchess's" oven, and though in the present instance she has stirred up a sweetish bit of a pasty herself. That she will, indeed, pause here and turn back to stabler work is devoutly to be hoped by those who have occasionally found a trifle of entertainment in her wares. *Private Tinker* is a dainty little parcel, and the contents in separate bits number a round half-score—whereat, methinks, 'tis a gallant place to pause in the summarizing.

[Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.]

Mr. Orison Swett Marden's publishers are advertising *Architects of Fate* in the *Youth's Companion*, the significance of which I commend for what it may seem to be worth. Life is scarcely strong enough in the middle to risk having such a dubious load laid upon it, wherefore I forbear to peer very closely into *Fate's* 460 pages of architectural plans; but doubtless the book is just the right thing for the younger end of the generation. I remember that Mr. Marden's former production, *Pushing to the Front*, passed through ten or eleven editions last year, and assuredly that is good recommendation for this one—to the youthful ken. The book is richly illustrated, and I should say needs to be seen (by the youth) to be appreciated.

[Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.]

A Son of the Plains is no more than a story, for which, and for the additional fact that it is a *good* story, the gods and Arthur Paterson are to be praised. It is all about a young man in buckskin, who carries a quick knife and a mighty fine pair of eyes, who backs up the same with a sturdy strength of limb and an agility of movement, and who hears danger afar and puts up a right lively interference in its projects when he meets it. To the attention of this hardy spirit of the prairies Providence directs a pair of pretty maidens in a plight, and out of a camp of Arapahoe braves he forthwith steals them and carries them away to their father in a distant town. From there the eldest of the sisters is again kidnapped, this time by white ruffians, and, lo! there cometh again the intrepid Son of the Plains to her rescue. Such a coincidence as this, of course, merits the only good shot left in the romancer's locker, and in the betrothal of the twain it is duly delivered.

[Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.]

Stephen Crane, whose *Red Badge of Courage* is a veritable literary sensation in London, is only twenty-four years of age. He began writing for the press at sixteen, and from all appearances is to have a brilliant career. Of his first book, *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, Hamlin Garland said, in a review, "With such technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Hamlin Garland is henceforth to be reckoned with." The *Saturday Review* calls the *Red Badge* an astonishing performance, and calls its readers' attention to it as containing the most realistic description ever published of war from the purely subjective standpoint of the private soldier.

The appointment of Alfred Austin seems to have given point to Matthew Arnold's characterization of Lord Salisbury, whom the critic said had "a dangerous ignorance of literature." In England, the selection is regarded with extreme disfavor. The *Saturday Review* thinks the premier has mistaken his friend for a poet—has taken a wren for a song bird, and calls the appointment extraordinary, blundering, and utterly unsuitable. It is pronounced an insult to the memory of Tennyson that the petty critic who reviled him living should succeed to his place when dead. The burden of Austin's offending here seems to have been the strenuous effort he made to discredit Tennyson by a comparison of his worst lines with Byron's best. He succeeded at least in angering the late poet laureate, who resented bitterly the attacks on the morality and decency of "The Sisters." The fact seems to be that Austin is a hard-working versifier whose industry has taken him further up the slopes of Helicon than his talent warrants. He has written fiction that failed, tried editing the *National Review*, which passed from his hands moribund, and if he had never found a patron in Lord Salisbury, it is safe to believe his poetry would have bloomed undistinguished forever.

It is waged fiercely the fight over *Jude the Obscure*. Two critiques of note have just been put in evidence, the first by Edmund Gosse in *Cosmopolis*, the new magazine, the second in *The Chap Book*, from the pen of Zangwill. Both admit the power and the genius of the novel, and both deplore the atmosphere of sex that pervades it. But Gosse calls *Jude* irresistible. "It is one of those novels into which we descend and are carried on by a steady impetus to the close, when we return dazzled to the light of common day." Zangwill finds the story unconvincing, and declares it weak and artificial; "a plot scheme pulling the strings to work the figures, rather than the figures inevitably working out their own destiny. He says:

> The tragedy of Jude is the tragedy of unfulfilled aspirations. Thwarted by the world without and the flesh within, Jude goes to the devil. I have read nothing more masterly than the earlier portions of this book; the restful beauty of the writing, the pathos of the sensitive Jude's craving for knowledge, the vigorous brushwork of the picture of his awakening to sex, the pervasive, almost epic, sense of the workings of love in swain and lass, fascinate, soothe, startle, and move to tears. Surely, one thinks, perusing the story of Jude's seduction by Arabella, surely no other Englishman has so transferred to paper the reality of things. But as the story progresses, a sexual switchback of ups and downs—of a woman who would and wouldn't, and a man who wouldn't and would, of a woman who did and didn't, and a man who could and shouldn't, of a couple who married and divorced, and embraced and disembraced, and parted and joined, and re-engaged and disengaged themselves, and finally re-married their original partners—to the accompaniment throughout of a chorus of comment from strangely indelicate acquaintances—all this, in a tedious rigmarole, becomes a vexation and a weariness even to the flesh.

In the same connection Mr. Gosse thus defines the functions of the critic: "It does not appear to me," he says, "that we have any right to call in question the right of a novelist of Mr. Hardy's extreme distinction to treat what themes he will. We may wish—and I for my part cordially wish—that more pleasing, more charming plots than this could take his fancy. But I do not feel at liberty to challenge his discretion. Criticism asks how the thing is done, whether the execution is fine and convincing. To tell so squalid and abnormal a story in a convincing way, is in itself a feat."

Apropos of Sunday papers, I notice the *Examiner* is publishing but little original matter just at present, and its pages bear testimony to the vigor and energy of its scissors editor. This is a pity, because the Monarch is about the only paper with money to burn—as the expression goes—and if it withdraws its aid from current journalism, there must be a falling off in individual revenues. By the way, Jimmy Swinnerton's cartoon entitled, "Seems to be a Popular Mat," is the best thing in that direction he has to his credit.

The *Chronicle* supplement, though rather overburdened with heavy matter, is picking up. It had two interesting features last week—a short story by Stephen Crane and the first of Frank Norris's letters from Cape Town. Mr. Norris has written a great deal for THE WAVE, and is, without question, the most promising of the California literateurs. There is a veritable literary quality in his style, and I am sure his letters from the Cape will prove interesting apart from the excitement incident to the Transvaal trouble. By the way, it is alleged Norris was with Dr. Jameson in the raid on the Rand. That was the opportunity he always sought.

All the Royalties of Europe are early risers except Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. Emperor William II. gets up at five in the morning; the Queen Regent of Spain is dressed by seven. King Humbert rises at six, as does King Oscar of Sweden and Charles of Roumania. The late Don Pedro was in the habit of rising at three and paying calls on his friends at five or six in the morning.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

A MEETING OF THE LAUROMATH.

The Lauromath was to have a meeting—not a meeting, so much, you understand as an *assemblage*. The Lauromath is a ladies' literary club, and litterateurs do not meet; aldermen meet, but the Lauromath *assembles!*

The Lauromath is well known in our community, not only on account of its educational propensities, but also by reason of its many popular lunches, which are almost indispensable to the welfare of every club. These lunches are not mere literary digests—no, no—their effect goes to the stomach, rather than to the brain; though doubtlessly the lady members took into consideration the adage: "Good food—good thought."

But I prevaricate. As I have said, the Lauromath was to have an assemblage today and already many of the ladies had arrived, some per pedes, some per car, and a sprinkling per carriage. A large attendance was assured, for a great subject of debate and discussion had been propounded at the previous session. Every member had thought and pondered and worried over the question, as was evinced by the nervousness which pervaded the movements of many of the ladies. Some had even gone to the trouble of writing down the facts they had learned upon neatly folded and ribbon adorned scrolls of paper. Indeed, it was a gala day for the Lauromath!

At last, when almost all the members had assembled and those who were absent had telephoned their sincere regrets, the President tapped her bell and arose. After the rustle of silks, and the words "measles" from one corner of the room, and "six bits a yard" from the other, had been forgotten, she began her address.

Mrs. Scottberg, that was the President's name, was always known as an elegant dresser, and at her signal the members applauded, so affected were they by the value and beauty of her costume and the glamour of her rings.

"Ladies," she said, "as there is before us a question of such importance and length I shall not take up much of your time, which can be better improved by discussion of our subject. However, before Mrs. Iyam begins her discourse, I wish to state on behalf of the managers, that henceforth chocolate will be served at all our sessions, in order to slake the thirst of our speakers and to stimulate the thoughts of our thinkers."

A stifled "Ah!" went up from the ladies' throats, for already at this stage many of them were stifling for a beverage. Not a few among them believed that Mrs. Scottberg had taken upon herself the expense of the "chorklit" and had modestly given the responsibility to the managers.

Mrs. Iyam then arose amid but feeble applause. She was "the" acknowledged debater of the club, but many were jealous of her knowledge; some even affirmed she had stomached *Sartor Resartus*, and digested Emerson's essays!

"The question before us to-day," she began, "is: Why are oranges red?"

A visitor snickered. Mrs. Iyam frowned.

"To people without education and the advantage of the Lauromath's discourses, the question: Why are oranges red? might seem trivial. Some may even reply: 'Because they are not blue.' Others may respond: 'Because Nature made them red'; but to us, who have determined that there is no Nature, that nothing is without reason, to us, I say, there is food for reflection in the question, Why are oranges red? I have made up my mind that the rubescence in question is due to the amount of the acid in the orange, or possibly it may be that this fruit contains pigments under its skin, and the distinction between the orange's red and the lemon's yellow is the same as that between the Indian's copper and the Chinaman's tan."

Here the President tapped the bell and said:

"If Mrs. Iyam will excuse my interrupting her, for I am sure that the valuable facts she has already stated will furnish us ample food for reflection, I wish to announce that the chocolate has arrived, and my interruption was only in order to preserve it from becoming cold."

Again there was a suppressed "Ah!" and no one seemed to feel put out at the necessitated cessation of Mrs. Iyam's noble discourse. She herself seemed to be delighted with the prospect, and fell to with vigor and thirst. When the "chorklit" had been drunk—some ladies evolved a phenomenal thirst and imbibed two, or even three cups—and had stimulated thoughts, the President again arose and announced discussion in order.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Wouldby to Mrs. Canby, "I *do* wonder why oranges are red. By the way, it was very kind of Mrs. Iyam to call attention to the acid in the orange, and I shall never again let my baby touch one after her milk!"

"Have YOU determined why oranges are red?" said Mrs. Cantby to Madame Jesuis. "Why oranges aren't red," was the reply; "they're eaten!" And everybody laughed—Mrs. Jesuis' carriage was waiting for her at the door, don't you know.

When Mrs. Weissnicht was asked why SHE thought the orange was red, she replied, "Oh, please don't talk of oranges to me! Ever since my dear brother died of appendicitis I shudder at the thought of any kerneled fruit." Mrs. Weissnicht always made her remarks in a naive way that showed how much she knew, but was too modest to express. She was a great reader and admirer of Mrs. Alexander's works, and was credited with having said, "I just dote on DeQuincey, but haven't the patience to read him."

At last, after the discussion was supposed to be over, the President requested all the ladies to write down their ultimatums and hand them in as was customary. She proceeded then to read from the slips which the Secretary had gathered up. Many were very gratifying. One of the last was written by a visitor and non-member. Before reading it the President scanned it over, and quickly casting it aside, took up the next paper. At the following assemblage it was decided to debar visitors.

The paper which the President had passed over read as follows:

> To the Lauromath—
> To-day, I've heard some worthy things said
> Upon the subject: Why are oranges red?
> If for the next time there is a loss for question,
> I would gladly tender my suggestion:
> Wherefore is the Lauromath, and why—oh,
> why—is it green?

But the chocolate, I hear, is a standing institution. MISS M.

The weekly salary list of Charles Frohman's companies, which includes 408 players, foots up $21,326. There is a large corps of "extras" in addition. Without taking these into calculation, Mr. Frohman pays his actors and actresses over one million dollars a year.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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SPLASHES.

THE DISTINGUISHING feature of the Bal Poudré was the degree of diffidence displayed by even the most audacious among the débutantes. They were completely embarrassed, blushingly conscious, or aggressively awkward, and it was amusing to watch them taking their courage in both hands and stepping up to the youngest and least awe-inspiring "brownie" to beg the favor of a dance. The older girls seemed to thoroughly enjoy the novelty of their position, but the buds were quite overcome. From a spectacular standpoint the affair surpassed anything of the kind given here since the Leap Year ball of '92. Immense care had been lavished on the designing of costumes, the dressing of the hair, the arrangement of powder and patches—indeed, I have rarely seen so many handsome young married women, or such an interesting bevy of buds in various degrees of bloom. Of the matrons, Mrs. Harry Jerome was one of the handsomest—the wig she wore being particularly becoming, and her gown, a combination of white satin and black velvet, in excellent taste. Mrs. Joe Tobin was strikingly gowned in heavy white satin with a Marie Antoinette fichu of chiffon caught with a diamond star on the left shoulder, the long ends falling to the bottom of the skirt. Mrs. Tom Magee looked very stunning in white silk and lace.

* * *

Many of the girls had their hair rather too scantily powdered, and it presented the iron gray effect which is aging even to the most youthful face. You could easily pick out the damsels who had daringly relied on their own or their maid's efforts in the head-dressing and those who employed a professional. I was surprised to notice that, on the whole, the powdered locks were more becoming to the blonde maidens than to the brunettes. It were, indeed, a foolish task to attempt to say which girl looked the prettiest—opinions are divided, but Miss Williams, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss Mary Belle Gwin are among the claimants. Miss Williams was very simply gowned in pink satin with square-cut bodice and flaring skirt. Her hair was beautifully dressed and powdered, and her face becomingly patched. Miss Morgan never looked handsomer than in her rather severely cut gown of pink satin with wide bretelles. Miss Mary Belle Gwin was also in pink satin. Miss Emilie Hager and Miss Ella Hobart were the most handsomely gowned among the girls. Both costumes were importations, and, I understand, bore the hall-mark of Worth. Miss Hager's was in pale pink—the skirt of tiny ruffles of gauze to the waist; the bodice of the gauze, with a corselet of silver cloth. In her hair she wore pink plumes. Miss Hobart's gown was similarly designed, but was in white instead of pink, with sprays of rosebuds edging the corsage and falling down over the skirt.

* * *

Among the girls I especially noted were Miss Rose Hooper, in a quaint, old-fashioned gown of yellow brocade and red poppies; Miss Lizzie Carroll, in Nile green silk, with heavy garniture of pearls; Miss Ella Goodall, in bright pink satin, with corselet of velvet; Miss Dorothy Stubbs, in a bewitching little old-fashioned frock of blue satin, with fichu of chiffon draped round her shoulders and hanging to the hem of her skirt. Miss Ida Gibbons looked radiant in green and white silk. Trailing rosebuds trimmed her dress, and were wreathed in her hair, which was quaintly dressed in a mass of curls. Miss Cora Smedberg wore a very quaint costume that was most picturesque. It was in gray and pink, with flounces round the bottom ruffled on in the old style. The silk waist was cut in colonial fashion, showing the shoulders. Miss Romie Wallace looked unusually well in green silk, trimmed with white lace. Miss Glascock was in pink satin, with square-cut bodice and bretelles of velvet covered with duchesse lace. Miss Masten was in white satin skirt and yellow velvet waist, an effective combination. Miss Bertha Foote looked very pretty in pale blue satin and lace.

* * *

The social system of San Francisco is exceedingly simple in comparison to that of New York, Philadelphia, or even Chicago. Here we have no distinct sets, the sheep and the goats mingle, regardless of social prestige. We recognize no social leader, and though, in former days, membership to the Friday Cotillion Club served as a sort of voucher, to-day invitations are so easily acquired that the more conservative consider these entertainments simply as public functions. We do not understand the complex scheme of New York social life, its cliques, clans, and distinct sets which never intermingle. There, owing to intermarriages, certain families, with their offshoots, number some hundred people, and when any of these give a small ball, dinner, or aught save a wedding, the outside world merely reads of it in the newspapers. For the first time in the annals of San Francisco we are to have an entertainment of this kind, given by Mr. George Newhall to the various branches of his clan. He has invited about fifty couple to a cotillion to be given on Wednesday evening at his mother's home on Van Ness Avenue. Prior to the affair, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Montford Wilson, Mrs. Joe Crockett, and Mrs. Russell Wilson are to entertain the guests at dinners in their respective houses. It is to be a very swell affair, the favors and figures being something quite original.

* * *

Outside of the dances, things have been rather quiet in Society this week. There have been a few teas—chiefly small ones—two lunches, but no dinners of any especial note. Among the teas, the larger were those given by the Misses Smith on Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. James Otis on Friday, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Canfield of Santa Barbara. The latter was a married ladies' affair, and quite a pretty one, I am told. The Misses Davis gave a luncheon on Thursday to a number of the débutantes, including Misses Stubbs, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Rose Hooper, and others.

* * *

The Mardi Gras Ball is at present the topic under discussion. Everything possible is to be done to make the affair a gathering of the fashionables, and on this, of course, depends its success. I have heard that many of the artists are to be presented with tickets, on condition that they shall appear in costume, so that the color scheme of the affair will be correct. Many of the mothers object to allowing their daughters to attend a public function, but it is hoped that their decision in this regard will be successfully combated. The last ball given in the Opera House was, from a financial as well as from a social standpoint, a great success. The Hopkins house is admirably adapted for a swell ball. There are rooms innumerable with hardwood floors in excellent condition. There is no need for any clashing of the sets; those going can form their own parties and only mingle with the crowd as lookers on.

* * *

THE LAST MEETING of the Monday Fortnightly was hardly as well attended as usual; there were comparatively few girls, the men and the young matrons predominating. However, it proved a particularly enjoyable party as there was plenty of room. The floor was in excellent shape, and the music good. Of the girls, Miss Daisy Van Ness looked very pretty in pale pink silk; Miss Gertie Bates wore a soft white mull and pink ribbons; Miss Emma Butler was charmingly gowned in a figured silk, with yellow chiffon and flowers; Miss Curry wore an exquisite white silk frock trimmed with Nile green, and Miss Kate Clement was in Nile green silk trimmed with white.

* * *

The younger married set appear to be tasting all the sweets of life in the way of entertainments this season. At the cotillions they no longer line the walls, and rank as chaperons, but mingle with the dancers, and have as good a time as the débutantes. They belong to all the dancing parties, give dinners and other entertainments to the young people, and in no sense are shelved, as has heretofore been the custom in San Francisco.

* * *

The city was more than adequately represented at the Presidio hop, on Tuesday evening, and there was any quantity of pretty girls. These hops are gradually attaining a particular degree of popularity, the music is so good, and there are men innumerable, all of whom are competent dancers. Mrs. Tom Magee was especially handsome in a rich-looking gown of white silk. Miss Meeta Graham wore pink silk trimmed with white lace; Miss Clara Huntington was in white organdie over green silk; Miss Rose Hooper looked very pretty in a simple mull frock with blue ribbons; Miss Mamie Polhemus was in white silk trimmed with blue satin and lace; Miss Ida Gibbons looked lovely in blue silk veiled with white organdie and trimmed with lace. The floor was in excellent shape, and the affair went off with considerable dash and esprit.

* * *

AND STILL THEY COME! The engagement of the week is that of Miss Edith Connors to Mr. Dolph, which was announced on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Connors is a sister of Mrs. Howard Bennett, who was married late in the fall at St. Luke's Church. The date of the wedding has as yet not been decided upon.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Kathryn Jarboe and Mr. Jerome Case Bull is to be celebrated at St. Luke's Church at twelve o'clock on February 6th. Miss Jarboe is to have no bridesmaids, and the ceremony is to be a very simple one. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe will entertain the wedding party at breakfast.

* * *

Miss Clara Huntington and Miss Blackmore left on Saturday for Kentucky, where Miss Huntington anticipates remaining some little time. Miss Ella Morgan gives a luncheon to-day to several of the buds. It is to be rather an informal affair, I believe.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe give a dinner to Miss Kathryn Jarboe and Mr. Jerome Case Bull on Saturday evening. Afterwards Mrs. Jarboe and Mrs. Tobin are to have a Living Picture entertainment and a dance. I understand the pictures are to be reproductions of Gibson's illustrations in *Life*, and several of the prettiest girls in town are to take part. They have invited a number of the younger Terpsichoreans to come as flower girls and peasants. Little Miss Wells, Miss Ethel Keeney, and Miss Blakeman, are among the prettiest girls who will participate. Dancing is to follow the tableaux, and on one side of the rooms beer tables, in real Dutch fashion, are to be arranged, with sausages, sauerkraut, etc.

* * *

A project has been started by several of the members of the Scheel Orchestra under the leadership of Bernard Mollenhauer and James Hollington Howe, to give concerts every Friday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall. They anticipate holding three popular and one symphony concert a month. There are forty-five musicians, and the concerts will resemble those carried on so successfully by Bauer three years ago. A subscription list has been started, headed by Mrs. Will Crocker, who has promised $100, Mrs. Horace Davis, $25, and others.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Pease gave a girls' tea, on Wednesday, in honor of Miss Averill. The affair was not a very large one, only about forty maidens being invited. The house was prettily decorated in narcissus and roses. Miss Pease was assisted in receiving by Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Louise Breeze, Miss Augusta Cole, Miss Clemmie Kip, and Miss Eda Moody.

* * *

At Burlingame there has been a suspension of all festivities because of the death of Page Brown. He had struggled so bravely against the advent of the grim destroyer, that all his friends believed him safe to pull through. He had entered very thoroughly into the scheme of things at the Country Club, participated generously in whatever was projected in the direction of entertainment or amusement, and his death is a loss to that community in particular.

* * *

Though polo has not been shelved, the enthusiasts seem to be giving themselves a rest these rainy days, and have rather abated their ardor for practise. Since the departure of Charles Baldwin for the East, no one has played very much—nor, indeed, was activity to be anticipated during the winter months. However, with the spring, active practise will again begin, and the good players will prepare for the big tournament which is outlined for April or May. Then must the laurels be wrested from Pasadena, perhaps from the East—a possibility, if our men practise industriously, and really study the mysteries of team play. Rather more men than ladies were at the Clubhouse on Sunday last The usual crowd of men had lunch, but the weather auspices were against sport, and the afternoon was spent at the several villas.

* * *

ONE OF THE most interesting organizations in San Francisco is the Monday Fortnightly Literary and Dramatic Club, which was formed about a year ago by a number of college girls. These young people, some forty in number, have planned this society for the promotion of study in the various branches of literature, the arts, music, the drama, English, and practical science. They have divided it into sections, and over each of these is appointed a chairman who sets forth the work to be pursued, and reports progress to the president. Every two weeks there is an open meeting of all the sections, and an interesting program is given. As is the custom in the Century Club, each especial branch has its day, which occurs twice in the season. On one of these days the girls are allowed to invite outside talent to furnish the entertainment; on the other, the section has to rely on the efforts of its own members. Besides these open gatherings, each section holds a meeting every two weeks and pursues a given course of study. The Practical Science Section is at present studying sociology prior to taking their degrees at Harvard. Some of the girls have passed the first examination and are preparing for the second. The English branch is pursuing a course of précis-writing, and each member is obliged to furnish three themes a week. Some little while ago several of the girls gave a representation of "She Stoops

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to Conquer," and, I understand, did remarkably good work for amateurs. There are about twelve Vassar graduates in the Club; three from Wellesley, two from Smith's, and other colleges, and a number from the University of California. All seem to take an especial interest in the work and enter into it seriously.

* * *

The second of Miss Lillian O'Connell's recitals was even more entertaining than the first. Her graphic prose pictures of colonial life and her recitations were eminently enjoyable. She looked most interesting when dressed in a medieval gown of green, white, and gold. Among other things, she recited the poem entitled, "Lady Stuyvesant's Guest." The third recital is to be given on Saturday next at the residence of Mrs. Jewett.

* * *

THE SMARTEST wedding of the season was that of Mr. Abe Meertief and Miss Rosie Walter. The gowning was gorgeous, the presents magnificent, and the supper excellent. The decorations were most original; instead of foliage, ripe fruit was used—massed in the window embrasures and on the mantels; ripe bunches of oranges and branches of bananas hung from the ceiling and were clustered along the walls. The effect was certainly unique and decidedly pretty; it symbolized abundance, I understand, and was most appropriate under the circumstances. The much-discussed lamp, which the dailies so forcefully alluded to, is known as the Menorah, and is a seven-pronged arrangement supposed to endow the young couple with life's blessings, besides being emblematic of the candelabra in Solomon's temple. The wedding might have been an international affair, so many congratulatory messages were received—over one hundred cablegrams from all parts of Europe and the Orient, and two hundred telegrams from different cities of the United States. Both families are plentifully provided with friends and relatives, and these signs and tokens of congratulation, pinned to the curtained walls of the Reception-room, made a novel and interesting decoration, the cablegrams being on one side, the telegrams on the other. There were four rooms filled with gifts. I believe Gump sent several wagon loads of cut glass, Bohemian ware, etc. There were chests of silver and magnificent jewels. In addition to this, I understand several substantial checks were received by the bride, and rumor alleges that her father's contribution was for $50,000. The gorgeous gowning of the guests was a feature of the occasion. Nearly all the ladies had new costumes. The beauties were all in attendance, including Mrs. Sig Stern, who looked very handsome, Mrs. Abe Haas, née Koshland, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Maurice Willard, who were especially admired.

* * *

The bride's gown was in ivory satin; the bodice cut à la Marie Antoinette, pointed in the back and front, and seamed with pearls. The square neck was finished with love-knots in pearls through which passed a ruche of tulle. The sleeves were very large and were caught up above the elbow with bows of satin fringed at the ends. The collar was in Louis Trieze style of point d'Alençon lace. In her hair and veil, Miss Walter wore bunches of lilies of the valley. Mrs. I. N. Walter was handsomely gowned in black velvet with square-cut bodice and broad belt of white satin. A Marie Antoinette fichu of point lace was draped round her shoulders and fastened with a brooch of diamonds. Mrs. M. Heller wore a yellow satin skirt and white satin waist embroidered in yellow flowers; the sleeves of white tulle with a big bunch of roses falling through the ruffles. Mrs. Baruch wore an elaborate costume of pink brocade trimmed with point appliqué lace and miroir velvet. Mrs. S. Walter looked very striking in a white brocade costume with bertha of duchesse lace. Mrs. Haas wore a Dresden silk dress with sleeves of cerise velvet. Miss Hellman looked very sweet in a dainty dress of pink chiffon, the skirt ruffled in tiny flounces to the waist. The bodice was very pretty, with a high sash and immense sleeves. Mrs. M. Brandenstein wore a combination of white silk and turquoise-blue velvet. The keynote of the costume was white with bretelles of the velvet. Mrs. Jacoby was in yellow moiré silk, lavishly trimmed with lace. Miss Triest wore a stunning gown in pompadour brocade, the waist of Nile green velvet with butterfly bows of lace. Miss Alice Greenbaum, the maid of honor, made a pleasing picture in white crystal silk with sleeves of ruffled tulle; she carried American Beauty roses. Miss Helen Schweitzer looked lovely in a pink satin dress trimmed with chiffon, and Mrs. Marcus Koshland was even handsomer than usual in pink satin; the waist was very chic and was trimmed with chiffon and fur.

* * *

There were innumerable engaged couples at the wedding. I noted Miss Stella Greenbaum and Mr. Simon, and Miss Millie Greenbaum and Dr. Herbert Hatch, who was formally introduced to all his future relatives.

* * *

Two swell theater parties were given last week. The Taussig party to the Baldwin was quite a large affair, about thirty people having been invited. After the show was over, they went to the Taussig home, where supper was served. Mrs. Moses Gunst gave a theater party to thirty young married people at the California on Monday evening. They had a gay time, and the supper, which was served at the Gunst house, was very jolly, and excellent in the matter of menu.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Millie Greenbaum and Dr. Herbert Hatch is announced. Miss Greenbaum is a decidedly handsome and stylish-looking girl. She is a daughter of Mr. Jacob Greenbaum, and niece of Mrs. Louis Sloss and Mrs. Gerstle. Dr. Hatch is a good-looking young fellow, a graduate of the Cooper Medical College; he is the son of Dr. Hatch, the well-known dentist.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Miss Leah Gerst and Mr. Ignatz Lowengart of Portland. Miss Gerst is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garrison Gerst, and granddaughter of A. Ansbacher, President of Temple Emanu-El. The is a bright, dashing looking girl and exceedingly popular. Mr. Lowengart is interested in the firms of Wm. P. Fuller and M. Seller & Co., of Portland. He is a grandson of old Mr. Seller, who is well-known here, and is said to be a very capable business man.

* * *

In consequence of the variety and number of the prevailing festivities the Concordia entertainment has been postponed until the first Thursday in February.

* * *

There are quite a number of cases of lung trouble among the prominent people just now. Mr. Greenway has had a bad attack of congestion of the lungs and is confined to his room. Mr. Harry Stetson has been dangerously ill with pneumonia, and Mrs. Jolliffe has been quite seriously indisposed for the past few weeks.

* * *

The Wakefield Bakers have taken the Simpkins house on the corner of Gough and Broadway, for the winter months.

* * *

BERKELEY is unusually dull just at present, but is in a state of great inward excitement over a proposed Leap Year Dance which is to be given on February 14th. Nothing has been definitely decided, but a Bal Masque is proposed under the auspices of the professors of the University and their wives There were two very enjoyable teas on Saturday afternoon; the first, a girls' tea given by Miss Florence Green, assisted by Miss Duff, Miss Glascock, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Carmen Moore, and Miss Marie Rose Deane. Miss Green looked very pretty in a soft white crépon frock. The other "at home" was a married ladies' affair given by Mrs. Coon.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear, Jr., gave a small dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear last Tuesday evening. The guests were principally the young married set, including the Millers, Henshaws, etc. The table decorations were simple, but arranged with excellent taste.

* * *

A very jolly party was that given by Mr. W. W. Foote in honor of his fiftieth birthday. It was a stag affair, and as the guests were all old friends they had a splendid time. There were no regular speeches, but several capital stories were told during the evening. Mr. Foote was in his happiest vein, and kept up a steady stream of merriment. Among those invited were Mr. Henshaw, Mr. A. A. Moore, Mr. Prather, Rudolph Herold, Mr. Metcalf, and Mr. Mathews.

* * *

A very smart tea was given, on Wednesday, by Mrs. John C. Carmine and Mrs. Lieutenant Carmine (née Miss Minnie Campbell). The affair was in honor of Miss Samson of Denver, and was the first appearance of young Mrs. Carmine since her return from honeymooning. The refreshments were served on little tables prettily decorated with violets and roses. Mrs. Carmine was assisted in receiving by Miss Nicholson, Mrs. Fred Knight, Miss Lillian Strong, Mrs. Gus Bray and others.

* * *

Mrs. Mark Requa has been obliged to postpone her receptions for the present, owing to death of an uncle of Mr. Requa's, who recently passed away, in the East. It is a great disappointment to the young people, who anticipated much enjoyment out of the affair. Mrs. Requa has been in mourning ever since the sad death of her brother, and it seems too bad that death should again cast its shadow over her early married life. Mrs. I. L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa are expected home early in February.

* * *

The last regular meeting of the Deux Temps Club was held on Saturday evening. The next will be a regular full dress party, with supper, favors, etc. It has now been decided not to give any Leap Year or Valentine Ball, as most of the girls' mothers objected to the trouble of getting costumes, and the boys refused to wear aught but evening suits. The german was very well led by Mr. Dwight Hutchinson, assisted by Mr. Bobby Eyre. Among the prettiest girls present were Miss Carrie Havens, Miss Bertha Foote, Miss Emma Mahoney, Miss Elsie Steele, Miss Ethel Kellogg, and Miss Bessie Cole. All the participants were very simply gowned in mulls and organdies, with bright colored sashes and lace.

* * *

A pretty tea was given by Miss Louise Brayton on Saturday afternoon. Miss Brayton has spent the last three months in the country where she was sent by the order of her physicians; she is now very much improved, however, and anticipates remaining in Oakland and doing more or less entertaining. Miss Maud Howard, Miss Deane, Miss Marie Rose Deane, Miss Wall, Miss Luita Booth, and Baroness von Meyerinck assisted Miss Brayton in receiving. All wore pretty light waists and dark skirts. During the afternoon musical selections were given by Miss Little and Baroness von Meyerinck.

* * *

There were two quite pretty luncheons given during the week—one by Mrs. Shea of Alameda, to sixteen people; the other by Mrs. Knowles, on Friday last. At the Shea luncheon the guests were principally San Francisco ladies; among them Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mrs. Joe Tobin, and Miss Celia Tobin.

* * *

A series of lectures is to be given to the Ebell Society on several dissevered subjects by Mr. Reaser. Among his topics are: "Modern Art," "Dutch Art," "The New and Old Salon," "Reminiscences of Sketching Tours," etc.

* * *

ALAMEDA has been exceedingly gay throughout the past week. There have been several small-and-earlys, and two quite smart events. Of these, the surprise house-warming party given to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Teller may be labeled quite an original affair. They have lately moved into a colonial house, and their friends conceived the idea of giving them a real old-time house-warming. The evening chosen was that of Mr. Teller's birthday, and a number of their friends appeared about eight o'clock laden with an old colonial warming-pan, kindling wood, shavings, and a sack of coal. Immediately on their arrival they proceeded to christen the fireplace, and piled up a big fire, and soon lighted it. Then each of the ladies sang an original song, or recited a poem in honor of the event. Afterwards euchre was played until a late hour. The affair was splendidly carried out and most delightful. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Van Sicklen, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Emmons, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Swayne, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murdock, and others.

* * *

Mrs. C. L. Tisdale gave a large euchre party on Friday afternoon to Miss Miller, of Albany, who is at present visiting her. It was a very smart affair; thirty ladies were invited, and the prizes were well chosen and pretty.

* * *

The Ladies' Choral Society of Alameda, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Vogt, and the Orchestral Society, announce their intention of giving a benefit concert to Mr. Vogt in the near future. This Society has been most successful, and the ladies do excellent work.

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SHATTERED HOPES.

J. Burton Swagger, as he signed himself, was a jolly, red-faced, little specimen of humanity, whose ambition in life was to make a name for himself. He had often remarked to his wife and friends that he was intended for something better than the business in which he was engaged, i. e., insurance and real estate, and that at some period, in the foggy future, the name of Swagger would be as well known as that of any of the great writers, artists, or musicians.

In what particular branch of the high arts it was destined that Mr. Swagger was to attain fame, and probably fortune, appeared to be as much of an enigma to him as it did to his many not over-sanguine friends, and when broached on the subject, would reply, in his most assuring tones, "Oh, that's all right. You just wait." And wait they were compelled to.

One evening, however, Mr. Swagger came home to his wife with a more glowing countenance than usual, and startled the sharer of his disappointments by abruptly saying:

"Jennie, I think I'm a born humorist."

"Why, J," she replied, as she placed a chair for him at the table, from which they were to partake of their evening repast, (she always called him J, but whether for short or because she thought it appropriate will never be known), "whatever put that idea into your head?"

"Well, I've noticed for some time past that I'm continually saying funny things at the office, without any special efforts on my part, keeping the office-boy and typewriter in uproarious laughter. I think my witticisms ought to be turned to account."

"But how do you intend turning them to account?" queried his better half, as she poured his tea into a cracked cup minus a handle.

"I intend writing for the press, Jennie. Yes, writing for the press; and when I have become both famous and wealthy, you will be proud of me."

"Why, J," cooed the little woman, as she wiped a tear out of the corner of her eye, "I'm proud of you now."

"No, you're not, Jennie, and I hardly blame you; for you have always been a faithful and loving wife to me, and while I have endeavored to be a good husband to you, I've not been financially able to give you—there, there, dear," he hurriedly added as he noticed she was softly sobbing, "don't cry; it won't be long now before we'll be walking on—Great Scott!" he almost yelled in the same breath, as he upset his tea with his elbow, in his endeavor to cut a mouthful of meat for his own mastication. "I never heard of such tough meat. I'll see that butcher in the morning and give him to understand that he need not expect my patronage any longer."

"But, J, how can you? We owe him for two months now," put in Mrs. Swagger, as she gathered together the remnants of the broken cup.

"That's so," remarked Mr. Swagger, reflectively; "probably I had better wait until I get started in my new venture."

In this way the meal was finished; and by the time the Swagger retiring hour had arrived, Mrs. Swagger was fully convinced that the lips of the goddess of fortune were already beginning to pucker into a smile. When she laid her head on the pillow that night, it was some time before she could go to sleep; but when she did, she dreamed of pleasant carriage rides, an elegant mansion magnificently furnished, on the principal avenue of the metropolis, and servants so numerous to answer her every call that they were in each other's way; all to be brought about when her husband had become famous and wealthy as a professional humorist.

The night was passed differently by Mr. Swagger. His active head had barely touched the pillow before a plot for a sketch came to his mind, and sleep he could not. He therefore arose, put the tramp thought on paper, and before morning had his sketch completed.

It did not take Mr. Swagger many minutes after he arrived at the office on the morning in question, to inform his typewriter that he had work for her of an unusual nature, which she was to run off as rapidly as possible, and which was not an abstract nor an insurance policy, but a humorous sketch dashed off by him the evening previous.

The nimble fingers of the operator were soon at work, and as Mr. Swagger heard the merry clicking of the machine, he smiled a self-satisfied smile and strode up and down his little office with his hands under his coat-tails and his good-natured face more ruddy than ever.

Presently the clicking of the typewriter ceased; there was a girlish giggle, then a hearty laugh. Mr. Swagger stopped in his walk, looked up inquiringly, and then walked over to the fair operator who was convulsed with laughter, and said, with a pleased look on his face "It *is* funny, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "especially the grammar and spelling."

The pleased look immediately vanished from Mr. Swagger's face, and a look of confusion took its place, as he apologetically said, "Ah, yes, of course. You see I dashed it off before breakfast this morning, and, undoubtedly, it contains many slips of the pen. However, you will make the necessary corrections. I expect it of you."

As the typewriter again resumed its merry clicking, the pleased look returned to Mr. Swagger's face, and he strode his little office as before.

In due time the operator's task was finished and the manuscript, soon afterwards, was on it way to the office of *Scraps*, in the care of Uncle Sam. Not many minutes had elapsed after the mailing of the manuscript before Mr. Swagger might have been seen counting on his finger tips the exact number of days that must elapse before it would reach the editor of *Scraps*, and the exact number of days it would take before hearing from the editor; but when the time allowed by him had been consumed, without a word for or against his matter, to say that he was disappointed would be putting it mild.

He remarked to his wife, however, that probably the editor had so many other contributions to pass upon before receiving his that it might be well to allow him one day more; but when the one day he had so generously allowed had run into three weeks, he was furious.

"It has turned out just as I expected," he remarked one day to his fair typewriter; "they won't pay for the matter like honest men, but will work it over, place some other man's name to it, and, after it is published, return it to me with thanks for allowing them to see it. I know 'em."

"I'm positive they wouldn't do anything like that," exclaimed the lady of letters.

"Well, what do they want to keep it so long for?"

"Maybe the editor is trying to find something funny in it," gurgled the fair one.

"By Jove! That's it. I'm too deep for 'em. They can't see the point of the joke. I ought to have sent a letter of explanation along with it," he excitedly exclaimed.

"I thought of that before you mailed it, and was going to suggest the idea, but was afraid you might think I was presuming," replied the minx.

But all the what-should-have-been-dones and all the anxiety did not bring a reply from *Scraps* until a month had gone by, when an envelope came to the house addressed to Mr. J. Burton Swagger, with the office stamp of *Scraps* in the upper left-hand corner. A happier man could not have been found this side of the clouds than was Mr. Swagger when he was handed the long looked-for. As he took the envelope from his wife's hand, he trembled as if with the ague, and, as he cut the edge of the envelope with his pen-knife, his face was a study.

"Don't get excited, little one," he cautioned his wife, who, in reality, was not excited a little bit; "don't get excited, I beg of you." And he drew from the envelope a slip of paper upon which was printed the following:

> The Editor of *Scraps* begs to inform you that your sketch will appear at an early date, when a remittance will be mailed you.

"There, little woman," cried Mr. Swagger, throwing his arms around his wife, as he finished reading the slip, "what did I tell you? You see, everything comes to those who wait."

"Yes, but how much will they send you?" ventured the prudent woman.

"Oh, I can't tell. These newspaper men are very generous with their money when they get a good thing. I will probably be able to pay the butcher, and get you a silk dress."

"Oh, J, you are so good. I would rather have you save the money."

"Not much, little woman; you shall have the dress whether the butcher's bill is paid or not. I'm going to write one of those sketches before breakfast every morning hereafter. That puts me in mind that I have no suitable place in which to do my writing. I think I'll have all the walls of the back room draped with silk, heavy portieres placed at the doors, get a nice writing-table, three or four easy chairs, and a couple of marble busts of Shakespeare and Byron, and use that for my study."

"But, J, all that will take money."

"That's all right, wifey, I've the means to make money, and I'm going to make it."

Several days after the foregoing conversation occurred, Mr. Swagger, while walking down the street, was met by an acquaintance who asked him if he were the author of that article in the latest number of *Scraps*. Without deigning to reply to his interrogator, he ran for the nearest news stand and purchased every copy of the paper the dealer had. He looked through the paper twice but was unable to recognize anything familiar, and had about concluded that his sketch had not been published, when he caught sight of his name at the foot of an article which he certainly would not have believed was his, were it not for his name, and even then he was compelled to read it over several times before concluding that his name had not been inadvertently placed beneath some other man's sketch instead of his own.

Mr. Swagger took the papers home with him, and sent marked copies of the same to all his friends, his wife's friends, and every one he knew, wanted to know, or expected to know, and was occupied in addressing the wrappers when the door-bell rang and he was in possession of another envelope bearing the stamp of the office of *Scraps*.

"Ah," he exclaimed as he observed the envelope, "this contains the remittance. Jennie," he called to his wife, who was entertaining some friends in the next room, "call in your friends and I'll show them how easy it is to make money."

It was a picture to see Mr. Swagger sitting at his little writing-table, his honest face beaming with smiles as he held the envelope up to the light and cut its edges. Every one in the room thought how happy he looked and how much he deserved all that the generous editor might send him. A minute later he had drawn from the envelope a slip of paper which he gazed at as if in a stupor. A change came over his bright, ruddy face; the eyelids closed, the face became ashy pale, the hand holding the slip of paper dropped lifelessly by his side, and a groan escaped his lips. While some of Mrs. Swagger's friends ran for water, others ran to his side, and, among the latter, his wife, who thoughtfully secured the cause of the trouble, which she placed in the bosom of her dress unobserved by any of her friends. At the first opportunity, when alone, she brought forth the mysterious slip of paper and read the following:

> The Editor of *Scraps* begs your acceptance of the enclosed in payment of your contribution. Thanking you for your courtesy, etc., etc.

The envelope contained twenty-five cents in postage stamps. BRUNO.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs. Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil *without the fish-fat taste.* You get all the virtue of the oil. You skip nothing but the taste.

THE GRILL ROOM SERVICE
—OF THE—
PALACE HOTEL

Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as

"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

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Welts are the best leather shoes is told in "Foot Comfort." Write for it. All dealers sell Goodyear Welts: all styles are made; for all ages and both sexes. 42

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THE GENTLE SAVAGE

Music by E. I. Darling
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Indian—Mexican—Cow-boy Scenes
The '49 Mining Camp Fandango

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The highest class vaudeville in America
DE BESSELL, the latest Parisian novelty; the lightning modeler in clay
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DRAMATIC NOTES.

Odette Tyler will star through the South next season in "The Councillor's Wife."

There were four plays, new at least to our shores, presented in New York last week, and every one is surprised at the unusual activity in theatrical affairs, after the failure of so many of the novelties, inaugurated in October last. Of those presented then, "The Sporting Duchess" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are the only two which may be properly termed successes. Of later productions, "The Heart of Maryland" is without doubt, the only play which bids fair to run indefinitely, and both from a popular and financial standpoint, to outlast all other productions of the season.

C. T. Dazey's melodrama, "In Old Kentucky," opened at the California on Monday night to a big house. The piece, while not new, seemed to arouse the enthusiasm of the house, if one may judge by the manner in which most of the stirring scenes were received. It continues next week.

The Baldwin will remain dark until February 3d, when the Tavary Company will open in English opera.

At Morosco's, on Monday last, James Harkins's new play, entitled, "A Man Without a Country," was well received by a crowded house. The play is full of spirited scenes, and the performance, strange to say, for the first of a new play, was not allowed to drag for a moment. It would be difficult to say to whom the honors fell, as the different members of the cast had evidently made a concientious study of the play, and Messrs. Brinker, Butler, Hatch, and Swain, certainly all deserve good words for their work, while Mesdames Hall, Blanc, and Thropp made a harmonious and creditable trio on the part of the ladies. Next week, "The Editor," by C. S. Vincent and Louis Aldrich.

"A Gentle Savage" will follow "Ixion" at the little opera house on Eddy Street. The fifth and last week of "Ixion" terminates to-morrow night, and seems to have been quite as popular this last period as the first of its performance. Deservedly worthy of praise among a band of very able and conscientious performers, have been the two little maidens, Gertie Carlisle and Pearl Landers, who have nightly won rounds of applause for their pretty and graceful performances. These children have both of them talent, and have futures before them if they are not forced too far, during their present tender years. The Carlisle child is a born actress, pretty, well grown, magnetic, already able to put herself in touch with her audience, as many older and more experienced artistes fail to do. Pearl Landers, evidently newer to the footlights than her companion, and exhibiting a more nervous temperament—which is usually a handicap—is a little fairy who has made wonderful strides during this engagement at the Tivoli, marked improvement being noticeable in her latter performances.

Business has improved at the Alcazar, where "The Wolves of New York" has been playing the past week. Matinees continue every Wednesday and Saturday.

The Columbia Theater has had another week of prosperity with the Frawley Company in "The Ensign." The play has been well staged and runs smoothly. Miss Bates gave an excellent rendering of Alice Greer, and, among the others of the cast, Mr. Arbuckle's part was, perhaps, the best portrayal in a group of very good presentations. The political allusions, which, in several instances, seemed to fit the present relations of England to America, were met with vociferous applause, and the play was received with general favor. Monday next the Company opens in "Men and Women."

Nine new people have figured on the Orpheum bill this week, and nearly all of them are excellent artists in their respective lines. Among the new-comers the Sisters de Van, Rachel Walker, the Creole singer, and the musical De Witt Sisters were, perhaps, the best. The Fonte Boni Brothers gave a rather unique performance as bell imitators.

On dit, that L. R. Stockwell is in New York City organizing a new stock company.

E. L. Davenport, a brother of Fanny Davenport, will star next season in a new play written expressly for him.

Georgia Cayvan's starring tour has been postponed on account of her health.

Maud Adams denies the report that she will star.

Eleonora Duse sails for America January 29th. She and Bernhardt will be here at the same time and will both play in "Magda" in the same city. Duse, it is said, got the best of it when trying the same experiment in London.

The hair-dressing parlors at 111 Stockton Street are quite popular these days. Mr. Lederer and his assistants keep well posted as to the latest fads in coiffure, and the work is pronounced very artistic.

PUBLIC PEOPLE.

One of the richest heiresses in the world is Lady Mary Hamilton Douglas, the eleven-year-old daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton. Her income, at present, is eight hundred thousand dollars a year, and by the time she is of age she will be worth more than a million dollars per annum.

No ruler of modern times has had more misadventures than the Earl of Glasgow, now Governor of New Zealand. He has been in shipping disasters and railroad collisions; two of his daughters have had riding accidents, and his latest misadventure was being tossed by a bull. He attended a cattle show, and was so struck with admiration for the champion short horn bull, that he entered the pen to make a closer inspection of the animal. The bull threw the Governor over the fence, but did not injure him.

Sarasate, when in London, occupies a swell suite on the ground floor of one of the principal hotels, where he offers hospitality to nearly all the Spaniards of London. He eats the most homely food and lives more like a peasant than a prince, and this fact endears him immensely to his compatriots.

Signor Crispi has an escort of twenty-nine police officials for which Italy pays $12,500 per year. Whenever he leaves Rome the cost of guarding him is increased three or four fold.

Mr. Gladstone has a personal connection with British Guiana, as his family fortune was made there. His father owned several big sugar plantations in Demerara, and was a large slave-owner. Gladstone was Under-Secretary for the Colonies when Schomburgh was laying out his line.

Mr. Arthur Pinero, while acting in Irving's company at the Lyceum, was rebuked by Mr. Irving for wearing too long a wig, in the following fashion: "Pinero, my boy, that will not do; you must not wear long hair at that period," referring to the time of the play, "or in this theater." "Ah, Mr. Irving," retorted young Pinero, looking attentively at Irving's flowing locks, "there have been men at all periods foolish enough to wear long hair."

George Augustus Sala was driving from Greenwich to London with Henry Irving. In the Old Kent Road the carriage collided with a costermonger's cart, overturning it. A crowd collected and refused to let the carriage proceed. Rising to his feet Sala thundered out majestically. "I am George Augustus Sala of the *Daily Telegraph*, and this is Henry Irving of the Lyceum Theater. Drive on coachman." The crowd fell back petrified, and the carriage drove off in triumph.

The Prince of Naples has written a book but has not decided whether to publish it under a nom de plume, or to use his title. The latter course was adopted by Queen Victoria after she sent some verses to a magazine incognito and they were returned with thanks. The brother of the reigning Duke of Oldenburg once wrote an opera, and sent it to Guonod under the name of Schwartz. Next day the maestro sent back the score with these words: "Cést trop bête pour guignol (it is too stupid for Punch and Judy). Charles Guonod."

On New Year's Day Queen Victoria announced her list of new titles—Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, Director of the Bank of England and President of the Bimetallic Association, were elevated to the peerage. Among the new Baronets are two distillers, one cotton spinner, and two colliery owners. Professor Joseph Prestwick, the distinguished Oxford geologist, was Knighted, as was Henry Lewis, a full-blooded negro, born in Sierra Leone, admitted to the English bar in 1871, and made Chief Justice of Sierra Leone in 1892.

Poultney Bigelow has at last fallen under the lash of the German Press. In an article in the *Cosmopolitan* of November he discussed the loose connection of the German Emperor with German constitutional liberty. His article teems with errors and misstatements, the most significant being that "Prince Bismarck is unjustly credited with the unification of Germany." Poultney Bigelow has long prided himself on having been a schoolmate of the German Emperor, and fancies that this will be a voucher for the wildest of his misstatements.

La Bernhardt has arrived in New York. A leading dramatic paper says of her: "Bernhardt chatters in the same old way. *Cabatine* to the tips of her sinuous fingers, she has run the whole gamut of talk to the newspapers, and we find her again giving utterance to the dear old chestnut about her delight at finding herself once more in beloved America."

"Izeyl," a Buddhist play, is the only real novelty in her repertoire. Daudet's "L'Arlesienne" is not new, although it has never been acted in English, and Modjeska has familiarized us with "Magda," and Fanny Davenport has pretty well exhausted the melodramatic and spectacular features of "Gismonda."

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of all Cough Medicines is Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It will stop a cough in one night, check a cold in one day, prevent croup, relieve asthma, and cure consumption, if taken in time. It is made on honor, from the purest ingredients and contains neither opium nor morphine. If the little ones have croup or whooping cough, use it promptly.

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Go by the book. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Book *free* at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

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THE VERY BEST AXLE GREASE
Made by—
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Moderate in price—
—As good as the best
ARMES & DALLAM
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FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

The day of the bargain hunter is at hand. The shops are all busy cutting down prices preparatory to the opening of the new spring goods. Gay garnitures, shimmering silks, lingeries and laces are all selling at low prices; but the ribbons, those tempting Dresden ribbons, bright-colored taffetas, and shaded grosgrains are simply too tempting even for the most rigid of St. Anthony's. Then there are loves of bonnets in the millinery stores—not styles that are merely of the passing show, but dainty conceits that will be as desirable in midsummer as they are to-day.

This is the time for the economical woman to buy her house frocks, for there is quite a distinct difference in cut, as well as in character, between the house and street costume. By the former I mean the simple afternoon frock which the sensible woman wears when at home. No matter how limited the wardrobe may be, it is the sheerest folly to wear a street costume in the house, and very poor economy. A well-made, perfect-fitting, silk-lined street gown is eminently unsuitable for lounging in a divan. A sensible woman, no matter how busy she may be, should doff her street frock, brush it, and hang it up on her return to the house. French women never dream of wearing even the same corset in the house. They buy two a year which they wear with their best frocks. These they take off and put on the old ones of a year ago when they come in. A house gown may be more pronounced this season than the street frock, which, at present, represents a high standard of simplicity. There are more frills and furbelows worn in the house and more godet "hip pieces," which are very charming. Skirts are fuller and sleeves larger and more elaborate. There are adjustable collars and soft fronts that are dressy and daintiness itself. A charming house frock is in soft green wool, flecked with tiny specks of pink. The bodice is a blouse of dark green velvet, which ruffles over the hips. This ruffle is about seven inches deep, very full, and lined with pink satin. The bodice is held by a flat, stiffened belt of folded pink ribbon, which ties in the back in a flat bow. The sleeves are large and full—of the material. There is a cravat of yellow lace which forms a jabot down the front of the bodice. On each side of it are flat folds of cloth held by tiny gold buttons.

An effective gown is of gray wool trimmed with a rich Persian silk, in which there is a good deal of crimson and gold. The gown is cut in "princess" form, and there is a peculiar over-jacket of the silk. The back of the jacket consists simply of bretelles, which become ruffled cascades at the waistline and follow the two back seams of the skirt. These are lined in black satin, and the cascades are quite full enough to show a considerable amount of the black. On the front of the bodice the bretelles broaden in jacket sides with flaring reveres, which are faced with black. Again they narrow at the waist, pass under a belt and broaden to form long tabs down the front of the skirt These tabs are lined with black and have heavy jet ornaments on the ends. A tracery of jet edges the whole of this skeleton jacket, which is cut to show a soft front and elaborate choker of gray mousseline de soie. The belt is a narrow band of black satin.

In the new tailor-built gowns there are innumerable buttons to be seen. The undulating jacket skirts retain their popularity. The sleeves are decidedly moderate. A pretty little spring jacket of tan Melton cloth has sleeves only a little larger than a man's coat sleeves. This seems a little radical, but the tailors say that they are going to attempt to reduce the size of the sleeve in all their smart gowns. A new tailor gown, suggestive of spring, is of tan cloth trimmed with deep red cloth and myriads of small gilt buttons. The basque is short and has a narrow vest of red, and turning away are two rows of small tabs with pointed ends held to the basque by the tiny buttons. There is a double choker, the outside one being slashed into small tabs which are rolled over and fastened down with buttons; while the inner one is simply a band of red. The skirt is moderately flaring and shows nothing new in front. It has an apron front which is open on the side seams to show the narrowest possible panel of red. For a foot at the bottom of the skirt these panels are edged by the gold buttons. and the whole costume has lines of stitching in red silk.

A Parisian dressmaker evolved a scheme of advertising that was original and most efficient. She hired a theater, set it with palms and flowers, engaged an orchestra, and sent out tickets for a matinée. She got an enormous audience, and to the strains of Offenbach, she posed against pasteboard pillars and portières in most gorgeous gowns. The methods revealed a knowledge of feminine nature, and an appreciation of the taste for realism. She rode a live horse on the stage to show a riding-habit, had herself lifted off by a devoted attendant, and stood, skirt in hand, feeding the pretty animal with sugar. and setting forth her prices. She had baskets of flowers passed to her over the footlights. She shopped, paid calls, drank tea, and gave receptions clothed in gowns that filled the spectators with enthusiastic admiration. At last she said she would place a five-dollar frock beside one costing five thousand dollars, and came forward in ballroom gorgeousness, leading by the hand a wee tot of a girl. The audience were completely carried away, and split their gloves clapping. Such a woman commands success, and in Paris, at any rate, makes a fortune.

BABETTE.

MUSIC.

In general, there is a generous thaw in matters musical after the New Year, but this season a blight seems to have fallen upon the cult of concert-givers. Vague rumors float as to the taking up of plans and programs, but no definite fixity of purpose illumines the present musical, milky way. The possible advent of Mr. Scheel tempts a downpour of praise, blame, and many uncharitablenesses, but Mr. Scheel has not arrived, and there are personages who have accused that able musician of a stream of tendency toward a species of imbecility of purpose. What remains of the present season does not, in any event, promise exactly an acute opportunity for local musicians to indulge in fond paroxysms of self-praise. To have broken the congealed silence was a distinction reserved for the Bendix Concert of Wednesday evening, an effort appreciated by a sufficiently wide public of music lovers.

An even adjustment of the recital and the chamber concert grew out of the program. Mr. Bendix absorbed the whole interest of the second part with numbers more or less familiar, after a manner presumed to arrive at that standard the public and his enthusiasts expect. In chamber music, a Tschaikowsky Trio, a Sonata for violin by Nardini, and Saint Saens' Duo for two pianos, after Beethoven, came gratefully at this time. A version of Tschaikowsky's trio had been given here before in the Carr-Beel Concerts, a trifle more complete in the ensemble, perhaps, but a rehearing of the most melodious modern writers' creation had its particular interest. Mr. Landsberger laid himself open to the suspicion of having done good and faithful study on the archaic form of Nardini's Violin Sonata, taking evident pleasure in maintaining, throughout, the classic pose.

Piano playing in its somewhat short-toned style, combined with the usual well-defined articulation of that school, but more than common confidence and power, found its exponent in Mrs. Otto Bendix, whose solo work ought to be capable, reasonable, and touched with higher virtues likewise. The Saint-Saens Duo, a triumph of recreative skill, attesting the strength of French musicianship, made a clear impression. One has heard more interesting 'cellists than Mr. von der Mehden, though his efforts were more intelligible than usual.

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In Society circles the Bal Poudré is still the subject of conversation. It was unique, and the beautiful decorations and artistic gowns added much to the brilliancy of the affair. Perhaps the most pleasing effect of the young ladies' appearances was given by the perfection of the coiffures which was attained by the well-known hair dresser, S. Strozynski, whose artistic touch was easily recognized where the fair belles and debutantes had been fortunate enough to secure his services.

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The Course in the Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art involves three years of study, and costs the pupil several hundred dollars in the matter of fees. There are two classes of students—those who take the full day and those who find half a day sufficient. At this institution THE WAVE offers scholarships for 250 subscribers and 125 subscribers depending on the length of daily tuition.

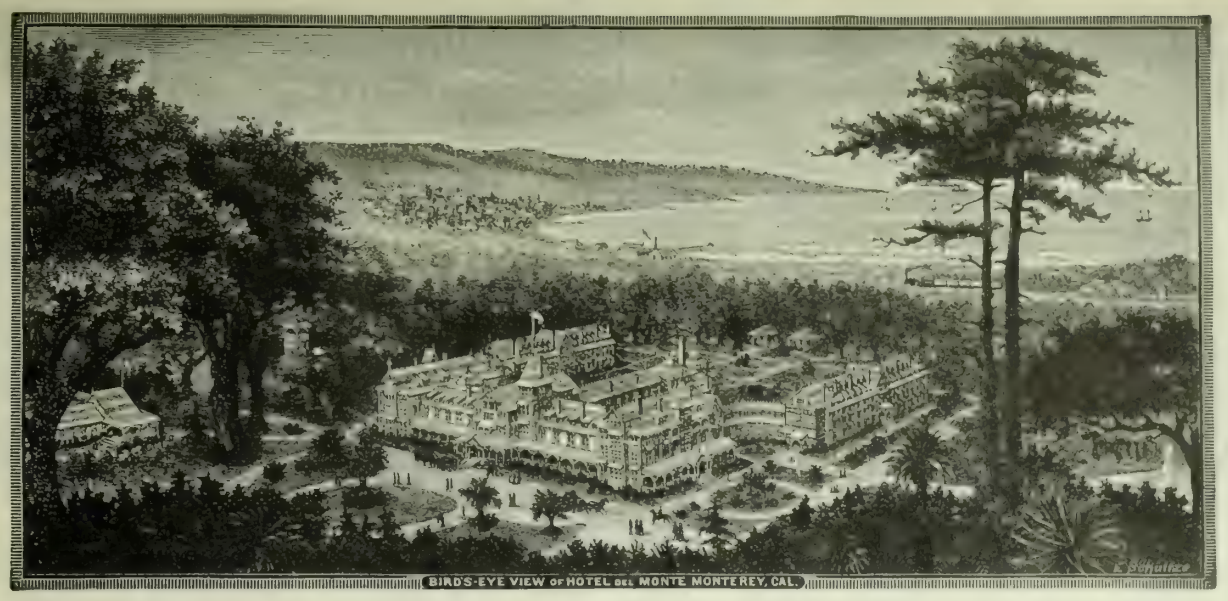
HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE is the recognized institution for those who seek a Commercial training. Its graduates are in all the banks and offices of California. THE WAVE offers scholarships in this institution to any one who will obtain 50 annual subscribers. The six-months' course in stenography and typewriting will be provided for any one bringing in 50 annual subscribers.

AMONG THE PROMINENT and practical institutions of the Coast is the Van der Naillen's School of Electrical Mining and Mechanical Engineering, in which first-class tuition is offered in the mathematical professions. THE WAVE offers scholarships for the courses at this institution, in surveying, civil, mechanical mining, hydraulic and electrical engineering, and architecture, for 125 subscribers each. A scholarship for the course in assaying will be given for 20 annual subscribers.

THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART, though it has been in existence but a brief period, has already assumed prominence in the profession and has supplied to the Columbia Theater several most promising debutantes. The course at this school consists of 6 months' tuition in elocution, fencing, fancy dancing, voice building and acting. THE WAVE offers scholarships here to those obtaining it 75 annual subscribers.

Scholarships are also offered at the Meisterschaft School of Languages for 50 subscribers; at the California School of Elocution and Oratory, for 35 subscribers, nad at several other institutions.

AMONG THE MOST INTERESTING courses of instruction which THE WAVE offers are those which it is ready to give in music. It has arranged with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleischman, Sigmund Beel, H. J. Stewart, J. H. Dohrman and Lesley Martin, to give courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony and vocal art. These gentlemen stand at the head of their profession and are notably the best exponents of the divine art on the Pacific Coast. They are all soloists of repute, and the education they offer is as good as can be had out of Europe. Full particulars concerning these courses will be presented next week.



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STORYETTES.

Notwithstanding the cry of war, and the discontent provoked among the Wall-street brokers, there is still enough of the national spirit left in them to resent insult to the head of the Nation. A foreigner was walking along Wall Street, and giving vent to his wrath, when another man passed him and overheard him remark, "Grofer Clevelaut vas ein gret pig"; but his sentence was never completed, for the American's fist came down with such force that the fellow was sent sprawling into the gutter.

A story is told by the superintendent of a teachers' examination in Chicago. Two rather amusing answers were given by a young woman applicant. She was asked, "How far can water be lifted by a pump?" and "Why can it not be lifted farther?" Her answers were: "Water can be lifted as high as the spout." "It cannot be lifted farther because the spout is no higher."

When Roscoe Conkling was a young man he one day came into Mr. Evart's office in a very nervous state. "You appear excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. Evarts, as Roscoe walked up and down the room. "Yes, I'm provoked—very much put out," said Mr. Conkling, "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before." "Well, what's the matter?" asked Evarts. "You know I defended Gibbons for arson. He was convicted, but I worked hard for him. I took him to the Superior Court, and he was again convicted; then on to the Supreme Court which confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years in the penitentiary. I charged him $3000, and now Gibbons is grumbling about it, says it's too much. Now, Mr. Evarts, I ask you if I really charged him too much." "Well," said Mr. Evarts, very thoughtfully, "of course you did a great deal of work, and $3000 is not a very big sum, but, to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is that—he—might—have—been—convicted—for—less—money."

On one occasion Mr. Vanderbilt went to see Meissonier, the artist, and after some general talk, said: "Tell me which do you consider your masterpiece." "The Chess Player," replied the painter. "And may I ask who owns it?" questioned the millionaire. "Herr Meyer of Dresden," answered the painter. That evening Vanderbilt sent a secretary to Dresden to inquire the price of the famous painting. Herr Meyer said it was sixty thousand dollars, thinking the sum would effectually frighten the prospective buyer. "I take it," said the secretary, and handed Meyer a check.

A tale is told by Clifford Hallé of the difficulties of concert touring in South Africa. "The hall where I sang was situated in that portion of the town where goats, donkeys, and other domestic animals hold most of the available space. The weather was warm, and the main entrance of the hall was left open. I had sung several numbers and had gained the sympathy of the audience when I started the ballad entitled, "Art Thou Passing Hence My Brother." It is an exquisite thing and I did my best. The song concludes with the words 'Brother, brother,' and as my voice was dying away, a full-grown donkey put its head inside the open door and brayed, 'Ye—haw—w—w! Ye—haw—w—w!' as if in answer to my words. The audience was convulsed, and the concert had to stop. Then the violinist came up to me and said, 'I say, Hallé, if you expect to make a success of your tour here, you must keep your relatives away from the front door.'"

Queen Victoria takes a great interest in her Scottish tenantry and often visits their cottages when in Balmoral. An old woman, whom Her Majesty remembered for years, was taken ill and the Queen sent one of the ladies to inquire after the old dame's health. "And your husband is good to you and waits on you now you are unable to get about, I hope," said the lady.

"Yes, indeed, me leddy; he's more like a friend than a husband is my gude man."

Lady Henry Somerset was remonstrating with a Chinese lady about the barbarous custom of squeezing the foot and binding it, when the fair heathen remarked: "We squeezy foot! You squeezy waist! Allee same thing, both getee husband."

Once as one of Farragut's gun boats was going into action an officer noticed a powder-monkey kneeling by one of the guns praying: "What are you doing, are you afraid?" sneered the officer. "No, sir; I was praying," answered the lad. "What were you praying for?" "Oh, that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same as the prize money—principally among the officers."

Sir John MacDonald, one time Premier of Canada, was at a reception in the West, and a Bishop from Belgium was present. A body of men in Highland costume escorted the party, and in wonderment the Bishop asked where their trousers were. "Well," said Sir John, "it's just a local custom. In some places people take off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here, they take off their trousers."

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THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

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Recently, several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterchaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

A POLITICAL POSSIBILITY.

At one time in the history of California—between the going out of the old and the coming in of the new Constitution—there was an interegnum of twelve hours during which it was claimed the State was without a fundamental law. Many curious things were possible under this condition of affairs, and the occasion gave rise to a number of speculative theories as to how far the laws were suspended, and what, if any, punishment would be meted out to a man guilty of certain delinquencies during the interval. As a result of legislative freaks, it often happens that similar curious conditions are brought about. There is now in prospective a possible dilemma upon which it is interesting at least to speculate. Indeed, it may grow into a real live problem ere long, demanding immediate solution. As is well known, the officers of the City and County of San Francisco are elected to serve for two years. This was the case all over the State until the adoption of what is known as the County Government Act. Under Section 60 of that Act, Statutes of 1893, the term of elective county and township officers, with certain exceptions, was extended to four years, the officers holding over until their successors were elected or appointed. It is a question—just how serious must be hereafter determined—whether or not the officers of the City and County of San Francisco fall within the operation of this section. Naturally enough, the "ins" are staunchly of opinion that the statute is applicable and that it will require four years to terminate the tenure of their office, and, equally responsive to the dictates of nature, the "outs" are equally decided that the law does not apply.

Bearing these facts in mind, consider, for a moment, into what a hodge-podge condition our Board of Election Commissioners might place municipal politics. In the City and County of San Francisco there is lodged with the Board of Election Commissioners the power to perform all acts requisite or necessary by the provision of the law for the carrying on of elections. These Commissioners consist of the Mayor, the Auditor, the City and County Attorney, the Tax Collector, and the City and County Surveyor, all of whom, it will be observed, are office-holders directly interested in extending the tenure of their offices to the full period of four rather than the limited term of two years. It is their duty, at least fifteen days prior to an election, to issue a proclamation appointing a Board of Election, designating the house or place within the district where the election must be held *and the offices to be filled*, naming and numbering them in numerical order. Previous to this proclamation, however, the Governor is called upon to issue an original proclamation thirty days in advance of the election covering the entire State. While it is true that the Governor may include, among the offices to be filled, those of Mayor, Auditor, City and County Attorney, Tax Collector, aud City and County Surveyor, still these gentlemen, as *ex officio* members of the Election Commission, may refuse to perform political hari kari, and, in their own wisdom, determine that the proclamation of the Governor was improvidently made. They may conclude (and who will say it is not discretionary with them to do so?) that their own offices fall within the meaning and operation of Section 60, above quoted, and upon that ground refuse to issue, within the fifteen days required, a proclamation calling for the election of their own successors, confining their proclamation to officers who manifestly do not come within the meaning of the four years clause. To say the least, the result would be productive of confusion.

The only means by which the Board could be compelled to perform its duty would be by a writ of mandate. It is fundamental that a writ of mandate will not lie to compel a ministerial act until the ministerial officer, at the proper time, refuses to perform the act. The statute declares it to be the duty of the Board to issue its proclamation at least fifteen days prior to election. A proclamation issued ten days before election would not comply with the law. If the Commission postpone action until the last day allowed by law, and omit to name, in the proclamation they do issue, their own offices, even though a writ of mandate was immediately secured, it would be too late to mend the wrong. The question now arises, under this state of affairs, Would not the officers of the City and County of San Francisco hold over until their successors had been elected or appointed and duly qualified? Here is a nut to crack. Perhaps it would prove a productive field for some of our dailies to operate upon. They might interview our officers who are the *ex officio* members of the Board and ascertain their views as to what they consider the length of their term of office.

BRITISH METHODS.

Gladstone, in a speech which he made after the declaration of suzerainty by Great Britain over the Transvaal, is reported as saying "the annexation of the Transvaal is an outrage on liberty and justice." When, however, he was returned to office, he made no effort to redress the outrage, but consistently followed the methods of the precedent administration. He almost exhausted his vocabulary in denouncing the manner by which Egypt was made a province of Great Britain, and as soon as he resumed control of the government he followed the course marked out by his predecessor. The British ministers are all Christian statesmen, but between the foreign policy of the Tories and that of the Liberals, there is a notable distinction; the former always looking to the despoilment of nations, and the latter to retaining the spoils.

The ambition of every English statesman is to acquire more territory, and it is the fixed policy of the United Kingdom. The national method of stealing is to charter a company, the ostensible purpose of which is to develop some resource of the territory which has been selected for exploitation; the real object is not only to aggrandize the company, but by encroachment to provoke resistance to its incursion, and then call upon the British Government for protection and indemnity.

The chief business of the skilful diplomats which Great Britain keeps in its employ, among other than first-class nations, is to act as claim agents; to negotiate treaties and settle terms of indemnity, and the spoil that cannot be obtained in one way is got in another. In Guatemala, for instance, it forced recognition of title to all the land that British settlers had encroached upon, and thereby enlarged modern British Honduras to five times the size of the original Belize. The President has, it is reported, expressed himself as being opposed to the passage of the Senate resolution interpreting the Monroe declaration. His particular objection is to the denial of the right of an American republic to cede territory to a European power over which to extend its jurisdiction, and that such denial will be applicable to the Anglo-Venezuelan dispute. An illustration will show that the Senate resolution has carried the principle to its logical conclusion. Suppose, now, that Great Britain, after coercing Guatemala into admitting that British settlers were entitled to hold the lands upon which they had encroached had also procured *by cession* title to territory across that Republic which gave it access to the Pacific, and thereby had put the United States, with Canada to the north and its Central American territory at the south, between the upper and nether jaw of the British lion. Would any one have then denied that such interpretation was a rational and necessary deduction from the principle?

The audacity by which it overreached Nicaragua gave it good ground for its contempt of the Monroe declaration, as well as of the unskilled and untrained politicians of the United States, who are periodically intrusted with their diplomacy. The protectorate of the Mosquito coast was nominally surrendered, but it was provided that the Indians were to be left unmolested on a reserve of about the same area as their so-called kingdom, within which they were to exercise full power of local government; for ten years Nicaragua was to pay them an annual indemnity; Greytown was constituted a free port, practically beyond Nicaragua's control, except that certain duties might be levied there to meet the Mosquito indemnity; but should Nicaragua attempt to interfere in any way with the autonomy of the Indian reservation, or fail to pay the indemnity at the stipulated times, Great Britain reserved to itself the right to interfere for their protection; that is to say, Great Britain abandoned its positive protectorate at the demand of the United States, and assumed a conditional one by superior diplomacy. As was anticipated by Great Britain,

the indemnity fell into arrears. Having waited long enough to get a good case, it had the matter laid before the Emperor of Austria, in 1881, for arbitration. The decision was in favor of Great Britain. The imperial arbitrator declared against Nicaragua's right of sovereignty over the Mosquito Indians and their reserve, in consequence of the breach of the treaty, and Great Britain was given express power to interfere in their behalf. Thereupon the English settlers again resumed control over Mosquito land and over the reservation in the name of the Mosquito chief. As a matter of fact, the protectorate of the Mosquito Coast by Great Britain was, at its inception, a forcible assumption of authority, and the disregard of the sovereignty of Nicaragua by that compulsive treaty had, as an inevitable result, the indemnity imposition, the immediate forced payment of it by an impoverished State, and a virtual defiance of the United States. At last we have reached the period when it is to be seen whether British squatter sovereignty is applicable to this hemisphere, and whether it is hereafter to be recognized as a legitimate mode of acquiring territory, and exercising dominion thereon.

The Charter Company is a sequence of British squatter sovereignty. The success of the British squatters in India, under the leadership of Hastings and Clive, demonstrated that the shortest and surest method for transforming a concession of territory into an empire by encroachment was through the operation of a chartered company, whereby there is constituted the mutual responsibility of obedience on its part and of protection by the Government. Applying this experience, Chamberlain sent, in September last, a dispatch to the capital of British Guiana, asking if "the local capitalists were prepared to take up a *large concession* in the *northwest* portion of that colony, and develop the mineral and other resources of the territory." At the same time the hint was clearly conveyed to the people of British Guiana that "if their capitalists were not in a position to take up the matter, there were people in Great Britain who were able and ready to do so." In December last a meeting was held at Georgetown, composed of influential residents, at which a provisional board of directors was appointed for the British Guiana Chartered Company, organized for the purpose of developing the *interior* of British Guiana. The Company was organized after the publication of President Cleveland's message; hence the change of locality for development from the *northwest* to the *interior*. The Board includes among its members some of the leading commercial men of the colony.

Consider, now, that the British have held Guiana for more than eighty years, and that the local capitalists never saw their interest in obtaining a charter to take up "a large concession in the *northwest* portion of that colony" until Chamberlain made the suggestion. Mark, now, it is the *northwest* portion of the colony in which he wishes to have the mineral and other resources of the territory developed. The northwest portion of the colony is that which is adjunctive to the Republic of Venezuela. Observe, too, the hint to expedite the organization, "that if their capitalists were not ready to take up the matter, there were people in Great Britain who were able and ready to do so," and note also when the suggestion was made. Lord Salisbury had, at the time Chamberlain sent the dispatch, the note of Secretary Olney in his possession, and had received it two months before. Does anyone believe that he, in conjunction with the colonial secretary, had not had that note under consideration prior to the sending of the dispatch to Guiana by the latter? It is clear that the concession was to be of the disputed territory to which the note of Secretary Olney referred, and the purpose was to import into it, in the guise of laborers, a force sufficient to embroil Venezuela, and thus furnish the company with a pretext to call upon the military and naval power of Great Britain. Of course, that would mean taking forcible possession of the territory under pretense of securing British settlers against violence, and retaining it until the controversy was settled. In the meantime, if the inducements were great, the influx of settlers would make any adjustment impossible except upon a *price* basis. That was the policy adopted. No reply was made to the note for five months. This delay was, of course, favorable to the scheme, and it only failed of success because the message of the President caused such a unanimous expression of opinion in support of the Monroe declaration as ended, for the time being, all attempts at trickery. In his reply to the note, Lord Salisbury not only equivocated, but lied outright in accounting for the delay to answer it. Both he and Chamberlain had decided at the outset neither to surrender nor arbitrate nor make any concession, but were determined to procrastinate.

What is most remarkable in connection with that dispatch is that the deception in withholding the reply, in order to gain time to surreptitiously and fraudulently colonize the disputed territory, was not perceived by either the President or Secretary of State, nor were they even dimly conscious of the fact that the Prime Minister and Secretary had, in endeavoring to overreach the United States by artifice, subjected the people thereof to an inexpressibly contemptuous indignity. That reply had been purposely withheld until Congress met, with the expectation of party disagreement, and that the further delay therefrom would make their scheme for developing the *northwest* portion of the colony an accomplished fact. Hence the "blank astonishment" of Lord Salisbury when the rejoinder to his reply was a demand that the declaration be enforced in its unrestricted intent and meaning.

A week or two ago the artful Prime Minister and the unconscionable Colonial Secretary were threatening to meet the combined nations in arms, but now that Russia has escaped from the imprisonment to which it had so long been subjected by the planetary plunderer, that same Secretary is now, in referring to the Venezuela dispute, substituting flattery for insolence and menace.

President Cleveland found it quite in order to dismiss the predecessor of Embassador Pauncefote for an error of judgment in which there was no intentional element of disrespect to the United States, but when the British Government resorted to the device of delaying to answer their proposition concerning occupancy by Great Britain of territory claimed by Venezuela, the insult passed without rebuke and without comment from any quarter. Indeed, the President and Mr. Olney will probably derive some satisfaction from the fact that not until the present statement did a single journalist in the United States perceive the important relation of the circumventing dispatch of the artful and unscrupulously ambitious political gambler, Chamberlain, to the Anglo-Venezuelan controversy. Now that it has been demonstrated that our politicians cannot realize the diplomatic perfidy and trickiness of British statesmen, it will be the part of wisdom for the Venezuelans to refuse to arbitrate their claim and endure British occupancy of their territory until the people of the United States, at their quadrennial election in November next, shall have put an indisputable construction upon the intent and applicability of the Monroe declaration. There is no conceivable subterfuge to which a Tory Ministry will not resort rather than surrender territory to which Great Britain has made a pretense of title.

The present British Ministry has no thought of evacuating the territory which the United States Commission may find to be in wrongful possession of that nation, and there is evidence for the assertion. In 1880, Lord Salisbury claimed for Great Britain, in virtue of ancient treaties with Indian tribes and cession from Holland, not only all the territory included in the Schomburgk line, but a vast region beyond. In 1885 he tore up the agreement for arbitration entered into by Lord Granville, his predecessor, and ever since the Guiana colonists have been stealing slices of Venezuelan territory. In 1886 they erected fortifications on territory of the Republic at the mouth of the Barima. In 1887 the area of British Guiana, as given in the Year Book, was 76,000 square miles. A few years later the same authority fixed it at 109,000, an increase of 33,000 square miles. And the claim of Lord Salisbury will add about 33,000 more. In other words, Great Britain, through the fraud of its colonists, whom it aids and abets, has already despoiled Venezuela of 43,000 square miles. It is only the unrestrained instinct to plunder which gives a shadow of pretense for encroaching upon an acre of Venezuelan territory. After the close of their war, Great Britain and the Netherlands, on August 13, 1814, signed a treaty of peace by virtue of which the former retained the colonies of Essequibo, Berbice, and Demerara, which it had taken from the latter. That treaty is the title of Great Britain to those colonies, and they constitute British Guiana. In 1822 British traders began encroaching upon Venezuela and established themselves at the mouth of the Pomaroon. From then until now the colonists have persisted in their spoliation simply because Venezuela was unable to resist the rapacity of Great Britain. In seeking to establish markets, it resorts to chicanery, war, and all manner of devices. Its history in Africa is one of fraud, theft, and rapine. In the Transvaal outrage, which the pestiferous demagogue Chamberlain set in motion, it added to dissimulation, treachery, and murder.

The United States, in acting with reference to the Monroe declaration, cannot, even by its most latitudinous interpretation, find any intent or meaning therein to resort to arbitration with a European power for an infringement thereof. It is simply an interdiction against such nation taking possession, in any form, of territory belonging to an American republic. If in contravention of that declaration such territory be so occupied and governed, and be so found upon investigation by the United States, there can, in reason, be no alternative but acquiescence in the demand for evacuation of the territory so found to be wrongfully occupied, or expulsion by the United States. Any resort to arbitration with Great Britain in addition to admitting the offending nation to be entitled to participate in deciding whether there was or was not an infringement of the declaration and the mode of redress, will result in the despoilment of Venezuela of territory which the Commission shall find does of right belong to that Republic. Thereafter, not one of the self-respecting Republics of either Central or South America will look to the United States for protection against foreign aggression, but will rather establish a federation of Latin republics for their own defense.

AN OPEN LETTER.

HONORABLE M. M. ESTEE:—You will concede—doubtless every intelligent man will admit—that the material welfare of California is injured, its progress retarded, and its individual citizens and their private enterprises made to suffer distinct loss and serious injury, through the continually recurring and profitless agitation of the railroad question. Through the same agency our citizens are encouraged to hate their fellow-men; are taught to deny them equal and exact justice; are educated to favor spoliation of corporate property; and have been brought to regard what should be an unqualified blessing as an unmitigated curse. By the same wretched agitation a sentiment has been created, premised upon absolute falsehood, which is pregnant with principles of anarchy and socialism, and which involves to a dangerous extent a total disregard of sacred and cherished rights. As an inevitable result, flowing from this condition of affairs, growing industries are crippled and large investments deterred. The hoarse cry of the agitator sounds the alarm that warns capital of its fate if it venture within the borders of the State.

You will concede if there is in point of fact a real substantial railroad grievance, that it should not be obscured by falsehood, nor should its discussion be colored with hate or shadowed by revenge. If there is a grievance, it should be plainly and forcefully put by those aggrieved, and plainly and forcefully met by those interested in answering it. And, if the grievance proves real and substantial, if the charges made are unanswerable, then it is plain that the irritating thing, whatever it may be, should be removed, or at least mitigated. Certainly, no decent citizen profits by the continuance of the railroad controversy on lines which plainly defeat its solution, and which only promise to further embroil the railway and the people. (It is debatable whether the people are at all represented in the controversy.) You will concede, in short, that if the State has a grievance, then, confessedly, an early solution will mean an early deliverance. California to-day is much like a man afflicted with a distemper in the blood that periodically asserts itself by breaking forth into an itch or running sore. The irritation being treated locally (unscientifically) disappears and is absorbed again into the system only to reappear with unabated vigor and discomfort. A physician would treat the blood for such an ailment, and such would seem to be the most rational method of treating the railway problem. Unhappily for the solution of this railway question, and unfortunately for the people, it has been next to impossible to fix the responsibility for misstatements of fact upon any one to whom a reputation for truth and veracity was of any value. At no time has it been possible to find any one but discharged railway employees, boodlers, and revengeful knaves who would father a statement, or who, if they were invited so to do, could frame an argument free from abuse and misrepresentation that would have any weight whatever among intelligent men. You offer the first exception to this almost universal rule so far as intelligence and ability go. In respect to veracity, until the responsibility for the statements of fact appearing over your signature in the shape of a recent Memorial to Congress can be settled, we must withhold affirming our confidence therein. The Memorial contains many glaring, plain, unmistakable, and inexcusable misstatements of fact. While your signature is affixed to the document as chairman of the body fathering the same, the responsibility for the statements must be yours. In reviewing the document, we will therefore so treat it; and beg you to correct or controvert the positions here taken if they be in the least degree unfair or erroneous.

The first subdivision of your Memorial is given wholly to stating a conclusion of law. You, being a lawyer, know its lack of value. It runs to the effect that the stockholders of the Pacific Railways are individually responsible for the debts of the Corporation. Your conclusion of law is inexcusable in the face of the two recent decisions of our Federal Courts, which held the direct contrary. This question is now before the Supreme Court of the United States for final adjudication; and should the judgment of the lower courts

be affirmed, your first subdivision falls to the ground, a mound of purposeless dust. It was, at least, misleading for you to so confidently state your conclusion of law, without at the same time setting forth the adverse and contrary adjudications upon the identical subject matter, so that the Congress to which your prayer was directed might know the facts as they exist, and act intelligently thereon.

Subdivision 2 is made up of several statements, which to convey the exact truth, need additional and explanatory matter. You say,

> Congress granted to this Corporation every other section of land for twenty miles on each side of its contemplated road for the whole length thereof, and also on the Oregon Branch of that system, amounting in the aggregate to 10,000,000 acres of the value of fully $12,500,000. It is reported that they have already obtained about that amount in sales of those lands. The Government fixed the value of its own adjoining land at $2.50 an acre.

Why you should burden this controversy with the Oregon Land Grant, is inexplicable. Deducting that grant from your 10,000,000 acres, we have 7,381,244 acres of land earned by the Central Pacific Railroad under the terms of the Acts of Congress. This is a principality in itself, and speaks of a generous people anxious and willing to reward their citizens for their public enterprise in times of war. Examine, Mr. Estee, the Acts of Congress, and you will find that the United States Government solemnly obligated itself, upon the filing by the Railway Company of its map of definite location, to survey all lands within the boundaries of that grant. Examine further along in the same Act and you will find that on the completion of a given number of miles of railway, the United States further solemnly obligated itself to immediately convey this land to the railway corporation. This contract is thirty-two years old. Railway construction was completed, the obligation fell upon the Government to survey, and the land was earned over twenty-six years ago. Not one of these obligations, now over a quarter of a century old, has the Government ever kept, or pretended to keep. There stands to-day three million acres of that land, which contrary to agreement, is still unsurveyed. In addition to this the urgent necessities of the Corporation demanded the immediate survey of some portions of that land, which the Government neglected and refused to do, and it is of record before Congress that this much-maligned corporation has expended one and one-half millions of dollars in payment for surveys, which the Government had obligated itself to do twenty-six years ago. But this is not all. Within many minds, and perhaps with yours, there lodges a belief that the Government has filled its obligation to convey this land to the Railway Company. To its shame be it said that out of the seven millions odd acres of land, it has actually conveyed to the corporation but 1,416,932 acres, leaving 5,964,312 acres still owing to its debtor, which it has, for a period of twenty-six years, neglected to convey. These figures you quote are nearly seven times greater than the real amount. You know this fact, and, knowing it, should not have concealed it.

Your next allegation runs as follows:

> At the same time the National Government issued to that company its second-mortgage bonds in the sum of $27,000,000 (in round numbers), which now amount, principal and interest, to $58,000,000.

Would it not have been fair, in making this statement, to have admitted that the bonds issued by the United States to aid in the construction of this road were put forth at a time when Government bonds were selling in gold for far less than their face value, and that in point of fact, as appears on the sworn testimony before the Railway Investigating Commission, with which your Memorial confesses a familiarity, the amount actually realized by this corporation from such bonds was about eighteen million dollars, fully seven million dollars less than their face value, and that when the time comes for the payment of this debt to the Government, the Railway Company will be obliged to pay seven millions of dollars which it has never received, in addition to twelve million dollars of interest on that amount which has never come to them and could not.

Anticipating something of a reply from you, we will not, for the time being, further pursue your subdivision 2.

It would be difficult to crowd more misstatements within the same space than are to be found in subdivision 4 of your Memorial. You state that the Contract and Finance Company's books were destroyed, inferring their destruction was intended to remove all evidence as to what the Central Pacific Company paid for its construction. It is obvious the loss of these books could not have been sought for that purpose, because the Railway's books were still in existence and contained entries showing every dollar paid by it to the defunct corporation for construction. "Every item affecting in any manner the Central Pacific Company or its affairs appears in its minutest detail upon the books of the Central Pacific." Again, you say:

> 2. "The Western Development Company." Exactly what this corporation was intended to "develop" can only be a matter of conjecture. But it continued in existence until its books became laden with facts. These books cannot now be found or its history traced.

This is a palpable falsehood. The Western Development Company constructed several hundred miles of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and stands guilty of having developed the great San Joaquin Valley, and made it possible to transform a desert into a garden. Its "Books laden with facts" we are credibly informed are in the office of the corporation, and always have been. You must admit this sentence to be careless, wanton abuse. You say:

> 3. "The Pacific Improvement Company." This corporation still exists, but is now in the painful process of liquidation.

"Painful" would not stand a motion to strike out. Proceeding, you say:

> One of the reasons given for the organization of these corporations was that Mr. Huntington and his associates might own and control bridges and ferries on the line of the railroads, like the bridge over the Colorado River on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad. These bridges, although belonging to the railroad system, built by its money or credit and forming a part thereof, are yet apparently owned by C. P. Huntington and his associates. Think of one corporation owning a railroad track on the land and another corporation owning a part of the same line and belonging to the same system, over all the main bridges and ferries, and imagine the rent the first company would have to pay if the second company was unfriendly. What show would a mortgage creditor have against such a combination, and especially when the facts as to the side ownership of the bridges and ferries were not thought of or mentioned in the original mortgage? What would be the effect of a foreclosure of a mortgage on the main line under such circumstances? At most the mortgagee would only obtain pieces of railroad track—an owner under a mortgage sale made pursuant to the terms of the Government mortgage could not move a train over the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. Huntington and his associates in the Pacific Improvement Company would still command the situation.

Besides having some knowledge of our own upon the subject matter of this statement, we have made inquiries, and have ascertained that it is not true, but absolutely false, that any corporation owns any bridges on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, except the Railroad Company itself. Every bridge on the line of that road belongs to that corporation and to no other. But this is not all, you say:

> The whole scheme is a deception and a fraud. The Pacific Improvement Company claims to own the great ferry and all its appendages on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad at Port Costa, also the steamer "Solano," which is the only ferry boat in California that can carry a train of cars across the straits of Carquinez at that point.

The Improvement Company does not own the ferry steamer "Solano"; neither is that line operated as a part of the Central Pacific Railroad. It is part of the Northern Railroad, and that corporation is the owner of the boat. Who could have invented, or where you could have obtained this information, is incomprehensible. You say:

> The same company owns, or claims to own, the railroad's interest in the bridge at Sacramento. It owns the ferry boat "Piedmont," that plies between Oakland and San Francisco and which also forms a part of the Central Pacific Railroad Company's line. It owns the river steamers "Modoc" and "Apache," the railroad-office building at the foot of Fourth and Townsend Streets, in the City of San Francisco; the Del Monte Hotel at Monterey, the principal part of the lands formerly belonging to the old company in and around North Berkeley, and the depots at Sacramento and Los Angeles; it claims to own the Santa Monica wharf property, and the hotel at Lathrop, before it was destroyed belonged to this company. It also owned the Southern Pacific Railroad wharf at San Pedro. It formerly owned the Oakland water front and the Mission Bay property, but it is said that these properties have recently been transferred. It owns the coal mines in the State of Washington and in Mexico from whence the Central Pacific purchases its coal, and it is publicly declared that the Pacific Improvement Company nets $2,000,000 a year from the coal it supplies to the Southern and Central Pacific railroad companies.
>
> It owns all the railroad newspapers in California, like the Sacramento *Record-Union*, and other journals too numerous to mention.
>
> Every dollar's worth of all of the above property, including the newspapers, forms a part of the Central Pacific Railroad system, and was bought on its credit. The Southern Pacific was also built on the credit of the Central, and the latter has wantonly been made bankrupt to build up and maintain the Southern.
>
> From the foregoing it can readily be seen how the Central Pacific Railroad people have used the money and the credit donated to it by the general Government and by the people of the State of California for the purpose of destroying the security given to the Government for the very money it furnished to build the road.

The Pacific Improvement does not own or claim to own the railroad bridge at Sacramento. It never owned, or claimed to own, the ferry steamer "Piedmont," or the steamers "Modoc" or "Apache." All three belong to the Central Pacific Railroad Company and always have. It does not own, and never claimed to own, the depot at Los Angeles, the Santa Monica wharf, the Lathrop Hotel, or the San Pedro wharf; and it does not own the railway building at the corner of Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco, or the Central Pacific Terminal property of thirty acres in Mission Bay; and it never owned the Oakland water front. Upon inquiry we learn it is true that the Pacific Improvement Company, or allied companies, do own coal mines in the State of Washington, and have an interest in coal mines in the State of Wyoming, but that it does not own any mines on the line of the Central Pacific Company. It was also ascertained that by reason of such ownership the Railway Company is able to obtain all its coal at a price far below that paid by other Pacific Railroads. We have also been told, (have been shown the books in fact) that the gross annual amount paid by this Company to the "Pacific Improvement Company," and the other affiliated companies mining coal in Washington and Wyoming does not exceed $800,000 per annum. How, then, does it perform the wonderful financial feat of making a profit of $2,000,000 a year? This is on a par with the charge that these owners have succeeded in mortgaging their roads for quadruple their value. It would not be overstating the case to say there is not a statement in this subdivision that cannot be controverted completely, or taken entirely out of the controversy as superfluous? What possible reply can you make to this? As the facts refuting the charge are convenient, we will simply take one further statement wherein you say:

> They own all the steamers in the Bay of San Francisco and on the rivers of this great State.

Here certainly is another flat, inexcusable falsehood. On San Francisco Bay and the connecting bays, there are twenty-eight steamers in operation. Twelve of these are operated by the Northern Railroad, the Central Pacific Railroad, and the South Pacific Coast Railway. Sixteen are operated by other companies and none by the Pacific Improvement Company. On the rivers of California, there are twenty-seven steamers operated by individuals in no way connected with the Pacific Improvement Company. Two are operated by the Central Pacific Company; three by the Marysville Steamer Line.

Subdivision 5 of your Memorial is palpably taken from the minority report of the Railway Investigating Commission. A report, by the way, that has been pretty thoroughly discredited. Subdivision 6 runs to the diversion of traffic to what is known as the Sunset Route. The facts are, and they are well-known, that the Canadian Pacific Railway and the United States Government have done more to divert traffic from the Central Pacific than any private interest. Diversions have been regulated solely by the demands of the people, who use the railroads, as you may see, by consulting the Railway Commission Report at page 115.

We pause in this analysis of your Memorial, not for lack of material to pursue the matter further, not because we have exhausted all the falsehoods it contains, but only to draw your attention to the outrageous and inexcusable character of the document. As a public man, publicly expressing your views and giving reasons therefor to a public body, it must strike you, as it does THE WAVE, that some explanation is necessary to indicate the source of the information upon which you based this most lamentable and unhappy misstatement of facts. The columns of THE WAVE are open to you, Mr. Estee, and we will be glad to take up your Memorial, which contains eight subdivisions, and discuss them with you in the interest of the whole State. The railroad question is a public question, not a private quarrel; and, as has been indicated in the first part of this article, stands sadly in need of intelligent discussion and fair and early settlement.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor THE WAVE—*Dear Sir:*—A communication from "A Possible Patient" suggests to us the following thoughts:

A person truly interested in the scientific department of medical progress can but consider the establishment of a new medical college an appalling mistake. A new school will prove absolutely antagonistic to the forward tendency of medical work. Concentration, united observation and research, insure the weal of science. The *personnel* of the medical profession can only be improved by more stringent preliminary examinations, and additional years of well-directed study. The purpose of a new school cannot be to favor scientific work. It is purely a business device for disappointed, grasping men to establish new schools, rather than offer the talents they have—and the funds—for the betterment of schools already founded. Harvard University has been made a center of educational thought by men strengthening the fund given by the beneficent Englishman, not by the opening of universities of their own near Harvard's very halls. Both the University of California and Cooper Medical College are struggling to procure additional mechanical appliances, and need earnest, studious, medical co-workers. Why do not these humanitarians and scientists join the established ranks, and make one or two *great* medical schools? The answer is plain when we read the names of the self-constituted, non-elected, self-selected faculty.

We smile when we find on the list the name of a foreigner who recently decried American education and American physicians. This worthy gentleman now purposes turning out by the score members of a species that, less than a year ago, he robustly declared ignorant, insolent, and undertrained. Other names tell stories of blighted hopes, of *necessary* resignations from Cooper's Medical College and our State University.

The University of California and the Cooper Medical College have recently increased their courses of study. They now attempt to supply California with thoroughly educated medical men. They at present demand a proper mental training in their matriculants, and require additional evidence of study from their graduates. The results are that a number of men and women are excluded because improperly educated, and drones are not permitted to graduate. A new college is plainly for such medical students—the ignorant and the stupid. It has for its object an easy, swift trip to medical qualifications. It carries in its wake the destruction of schools established for nobler purposes, and crowds well-filled medical ranks with spurious medical men—medical men who practice medicine for commercial reasons, and by so doing starve earnest workers in a holy calling.

We hope to see the United States Government conferring medical degrees. We would have M. D. mean something definite when printed on a door plate. It now may mean, and often does mean, "Mere Deception" or "Money Down." All earnest, patriotic men want M. D. U. S. of A. to stand for years of well-directed, successful medical study. Then, and not until then, the American doctor will be worthy of the trust and confidence of the people, commanding love and admiration at home, and respect abroad.

Yours truly,

A PHYSICIAN.

Would you be an actress or a vocalist? See how you may have the best tuition free of charge. Page 16.

The *American Law Review* thus comments on the speeches of District Attorney Barnes and his assistant in the Durrant case:

The opening speech of Mr. Peixotto was a very fine effort for a lawyer of his years, but the concluding speech of Mr. Barnes was one which it would be worth going a long journey to hear. It was worthy of a comparison with the great speech of Daniel Webster in the murder trial which did so much to establish his fame as a forensic orator.

The masterly summing up of the evidence by Prosecuting Attorney Barnes in the concluding speech for the People; the terrific arraignment of the prisoner contained in that speech; an earnestness attending it throughout, born of an unfaltering conviction of the guilt of the accused; and a massive and impressive style of oratory, illustrating a genius capable of rising to the needs of the greatest forensic occasion.

Do you wish to learn the languages, or music, or oratory, or elocution from the best teachers and without expense to yourself? See page 16.

TICONDEROGA'S VICTORY.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A BOOKMAKER.

I am a Bookmaker and I am glad of it. Perhaps I am not the kind of a Bookmaker you think I am. I have never been in print and I have no publishing house. I make my book with a sheet of paper, a pencil, and a package of cards, into which I can fill names, dates, and amounts. I make a new book every week day at New York, or St. Louis, or San Francisco, the year around. One hour my book may be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and the next it is not worth twenty-five cents. Once I made a book that was worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that particular book is what I am going to tell about.

That book was made, as all my other books are, at the race-track, for I am a Race Bookmaker. That is the name that has come to be used for the men who embark their capital—for the Bookmaker must have money and plenty of it—their integrity, foresight, experience, coolness, and general ability in standing upon a block in the betting ring at a race-course, and laying odds on every horse that runs.

I never was in a commercial business, but if a down-town merchant has to work any harder, devote more time, suffer more anguish of mind and body, keep his head clearer and his brain working more actively than I have to do in my line, then I would rather be dead than be a merchant. But I did not undertake to write the comparative history of different businesses, but only about the making of a book that might be called the experience of a lifetime.

It all happened at one of the great Eastern tracks—never mind which one—where I was cutting in in partnership with Joe Teck, one of the best men in the business in America. We had been having a hard time of it financially for several weeks, and had dropped over forty thousand dollars to the talent, as the form betters are called. So things went on from bad to worse and more of it, until a couple of days before the great Rural Stakes were to be run. Then we balanced accounts and found that we had an impaired capital of less than twenty thousand dollars. Something must be done. It was the last race of the season at that track, and we didn't want to quit as heavily out as we were. You may say "Easy come, easy go," if you like, but I tell you that every cent the Bookmaker wins out is hard money, and I ought to know. Well, the morning of the great race came, as handsome a morning as you would care to see, just the day that would bring close on to fifty thousand people to the turf event of the year. Joe and I went down to the track early. I had as pretty a pair of trotters as anybody, and a nice light Brewster that I used to drive down in every day that it didn't rain. I enjoyed driving, and then it was convenient to carry the money box and the sheets. Sometimes Joe went along, and sometimes somebody else. But I always had company of some sort on account of the money. Well, this morning Joe and I were together in the Brewster. It was sort of a comfort for us to be together, I guess, for we were both pretty nervous. But we were nervous in a different kind of way. Joe was as serious as an owl, but my nervousness made me light hearted. I felt like a winner, and I had on my lucky clothes. I had lit a cigar in the wind with my first match, and the ponies were traveling like lambs. Altogether things were favorable. All at once a great idea took hold of me—an idea that made me shiver as it came into my head. I turned and looked at Joe. He was chewing away at the butt of a cigar, and looking out gloomily over the landscape. He owned half the money in the box, and looked ugly enough to fight a dog. I knew that Joe would never consent to my great idea, but I also knew that, like almost every other man in the business, he was superstitious, and I determined to work him on that graft.

"Joe," said I, "have you got any confidence in my judgment?" "Yes," says he, "to a certain extent." "Well," said I, "you know the size of the field to-day. More horses than ever started in a single race in America before, and you know that there's a hot tip out on the Ticonderoga filly to win, and that she will be an odds on favorite, and Joe," I said, as impressively as I could, "that filly can't win. You hear me? I know; I've got it straight."

"Who gave you such a fool tip as that?" growled Joe.

"Never you mind who gave it to me," said I, with some asperity. "I'll not break luck by telling; but, Joe, if you'll let me run the book to-day to suit myself, we'll make a barrel of money; if you don't, it's a ten to one shot we go broke."

Joe hesitated, groaned, threw away his cigar, and finally said, "All right, my son. Do as you like, but don't blame me if things go wrong, and don't go crazy on the block—that's all."

And then he sat back in the buggy, and never said another word until we stabled at the track. As for me, I didn't want to talk. I was very well occupied with my thoughts, for I was fairly launched on a desperate game. I was going to see it through, but I had lied to Joe. Nobody had said a word to me about the Ticonderoga filly. It had just come to me in the buggy, and I had mouthed it right then and there. But I felt it in my bones, as they say, and I made up my mind that I would break the plungers or go broke myself that day, sure enough.

When we arrived there were already a number of people at the track, and the large majority of these were standing around the betting ring where the Bookmakers were gathering to draw for places, arrange their stands, and place their clerks to the best advantage for booking and paying off.

We drew a good position, arranged our blackboards, and then proceeded to make ourselves comfortable. The Rural was the third race on the card, and, up to that time, I kept a blank sheet and refused to pencil a bet.

As the second race finished, the excitement over the Rural began to boil up. People by the thousand flocked to the enclosure, and the music I love best, the hoarse roar of the ring, began to float upwards. On the grandstand, outside, a forty-piece band was playing, but never a note could I hear. Up went the cards on the Bookies' boards up and down the line. With my field-glasses I swept the boards. All of them read:

1 — 2 TICONDEROGA,

and then a long string of the field, with odds ranging from even money to 100 to 1.

There was not a scratch on our board. "What's the matter with you? Are you asleep?" says Joe from his place at the tally sheet. "Why don't you do something?" I had been hesitating, and that's the frozen truth. Kind of the way a fellow stands on one foot and sucks in his breath before he takes a header into cold water. I was hesitating before my plunge, but now Joe's voice had roused me and all that was over.

I picked up the chalk, and, without drawing breath, marked the field horses like the other Bookmen, and then at the top swept in

3 TICONDEROGA.

That meant, of course, that I laid 3 to 1 against the hottest favorite of the year.

Have you ever heard a betting ring go crazy? Well, you never want to if your idea of happiness is a cottage covered with honeysuckles, and new milk and buttercups, and all that sort of thing, for the stampede of a crazy ring will haunt you all the days of your life. In less than a minute there were ten thousand yelling maniacs pressing on our box to "get-on" a bet on Ticonderoga, who was conceded to be the long green cinch of the year.

Everybody was waving bank bills, gold, and silver in their fists, and Joe, white as a ghost, and with his eyes popping out of his head, was marking tickets for dear life. Within twenty minutes we had taken in close on to $50,000; and then I did what Joe had warned me against—I lost my head, too. "If the filly wins we're ruined now, anyhow," I thinks; "guess I'll give them something to yell about." And I rubbed out my figure "3."

"What are you doing?" snorted Joe, looking as if he was about to go from one convulsion into another.

"Joe Teck," says I, "you write your tickets and don't say another word to me, for, if you interfere, by the living God, I let the daylight in you as you sit." I meant it as I spoke, and, with a gasp, Joe sank into his seat, and mechanically took up his pencil again, and then I wrote on the board:

5 TICONDEROGA.

Well, I never heard anything like it. I never want to face such a crowd again unless I'm in a balloon. The first excitement, wild as it had been, wasn't a marker to this. I stood there with my back to the box and took every offer with both hands. Then, as you know, you sometimes pick out a single face in a crowd. I saw a man fighting like a tiger to get within range of my stand. He was a young fellow, smooth-faced, well-dressed, and ordinarily as cold as a deck of short cards in a poker-room, but now his hat was off, his necktie under one ear, and his face as red as Jersey mud. I knew him well, and many a thousand had he taken out of me, for it was Denver Dan, the biggest race player on the American turf. The minute I got my eye on him I called him down.

"How much of this good thing do you want, Dan?" I shouted.

"Lay you any part of ten thousand," he cried.

"I'll take it all," says I, without a quiver, and even in the tumult there went up a sort of groan, and I could feel the goose-flesh running up and down my back. Joe was paralyzed, I guess. I just took a look at him out of the tail of my eye, and he was settled in a kind of a white desperation. I saw a fellow look the same way once. He was paying teller in a St. Louis bank, and maybe I'll tell you about that some other time.

For ten minutes more the rush kept up, and then, at last, the saddling bell rung, and the crowd streamed out to the track. The betting was over; and in fifteen minutes more I would be on the sunniest corner in Easy Street, or else a wretched, hunted, frantic creature, with no wish but to settle as best I could, and barred off every track in the world. As the people melted away, I said to Joe:

"Go to the stables and get my team. Drive up to the rail nearest the side gate, and I will meet you there. I will bring the money in the box. We must be ready to run for it, because if the filly wins, we've got to drive to town and settle at long distance. You know these people will kill us here if we can't pay."

And they would have, too; they would have torn us into a bran-mash, and Joe knew it as well as I did.

Without a word he climbed out of the box, and staggered off to the stables. If ever a man was reeling drunk with horror and anticipation, that man was Joe Teck. I stuffed the pockets of my ulster and my coat with the money—nine-tenths of it in bank bills as it happened. There must have been close on to a hundred and fifty thousand, as I figured it—naturally, I didn't dare to take the cash box—and sauntered off toward the track. Just then Phil Mercer, who had the box next to mine and was still standing in it, called to me:

"Hello, Bert! Going to see the race?"

"Yes," says I, "I've laid a bit on it."

"Well I should think so," says he; "you've made us fellows sick," and I walked along, wondering, dully, if he knew how sick I felt myself.

Joe was at the rail with the horses, and, without a word, I climbed in. I wonder, now, how I sat there for the awful five minutes before the "come-to-the-post" bugle blew. But it did blow, finally; the paddock gates swung open, and out came the finest thoroughbred blood in America, daintily tiptoeing in line, and making the parade before taking their position.

There comes the favorite! God! What a roar! As soon as the crowd saw the filly that was backed to her weight in diamonds, they sent up a welcoming cheer that dropped my jaw, and turned a dozen shades paler the white-faced jockey who sat her—and he was the veteran of five hundred hard-fought, heart-breaking runs, too.

Ah! she was a beauty. I love a horse anyhow, and this one looked like a Derby-winner, sure. Bright, shining, glorious bay, she was, groomed and trained to the top notch; feet like a deer, light frame, showing the tremendous muscles playing beneath the satin skin, delicate head, and eyes like an Italian princess—I saw a picture of one once, and she had "daisy" eyes—and she looked fit, if ever a horse did; proud of her own strength and loveliness, and conscious of the blood of a hundred great race horses throbbing in her veins, as she stepped into the presence of the thundering multitude. Fogarty rode her—the best man to win by a nose that I ever saw. He had a new set of "silks" for the occasion, and the rich colors, maroon and gold, gleamed like a woman's hair. He looked determined, too. It was the culmination of a great career for him, and it meant independence, too, for it was common talk at the track that the man who owned Ticonderoga had promised him ten thousand dollars for the win.

The rest were fine horses, no doubt, well-bred, and all that, but they looked like a lot of dogs beside her. I don't wonder she was the favorite. Any man with an eye in his head would put his sack on her at the sight of one of her dainty pasterns.

Up to the post they went; there was a moment's breathless pause, and then—oh, the roar of it!

"They're off! they're off! Look at them—look at Ticonderoga!"

And they were off, and in good shape, and as well bunched to a flying start as ever Thompson dropped the flag to. Around the turn they swept into the back-stretch, the field already beginning to tail out, and the favorite and White Cockade running one, two—the favorite slightly leading.

For a brief second I glanced at Joe. His mouth was open, and the tears were running silently down his white cheeks. Near us at the rail a stable-boy was jigging in solemn excitement, and saying, "Gawd, Gawd, Gawd," in a kind of a chant, and then there was another roar, and my eyes went back to the race. Now they were at the draw-gate, six furlongs from the finish. As I looked I saw Jones, who was up on Cockade, begin to lay the whip into his mount, and, even as he did so, Fogarty loosened out on Ticonderoga, and the maroon and gold shot ahead like a meteor a clear length in advance.

Just hear them now! Sometimes when I wake up in the night I can hear that almost inhuman yell from the crowd, pulsing through the wind and sunshine of that summer day.

"Ticonderoga! Ticonderoga! Look at her! In a walk. In a walk!"

And it was so. Running like her ancestor, old Isinglass, she was leaving the place horse at every jump, and Fogarty sat her as if he was riding for his health in Central Park. I turned to Joe.

"Wake up, man. It's over. The favorite wins. Grab the lines and off we go to town as if Fogarty was chasing us."

Joe picked up the lines and clucked to the horses, still speechless. They started off on a walk. Dear little ponies, they did not know they were pulling two hunted bookmakers out of a hell of raving betting men. That was the way they were used to start, and usually it was all right, but just now the Empire Express would have seemed like a donkey cart with a drunken coster asleep in it.

I turned with a gasp to see the finish anyhow—at least I would have the run for my money. We had moved perhaps ten feet from the rail, and there was a clear path to the side gate. With an oath that was a sob, I felt Joe raise the whip to give them a savage cut, and then, at that second, I grabbed his descending arm, for something had caught my eye that made my heart stand still.

What is that? It was only a motion, but I have it. The filly has staggered. By the Lord, there it is again. Something's wrong. Fogarty for the first time lays into her with the bat, and Jones comes up with a rush. Ding-dong they go for a second, and then, with a spasmodic leap, the filly seems to lose her speed as if pulled back with a rope, and in a storm of shrieks and yells and groans and cheers and wailing, White Cockade flashes under the wire a winner, the favorite, second by a head, to pull up lame and trembling, broken down at the finish in her first race.

In a second I fell out of the buggy on one side, and Joe on the other, leaving the ponies to take care of themselves, and in another second I was back in my stand and the bills and gold in the cash box.

Then for the first time Joe spoke.

"Bert," he said, "have a cigar?"

CALIFORNIA.

BY LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

In pensive mood, I turn my half-closed eyes
Across the hazy lowlands, leagues away,
Where dim, ethereal ramparts, vast and gray,
Rise, Alps on Alps, against the vaulted skies.
I mark the splendid sweep of plain below
The miles on miles of undulating hills,
The darker gorges of the upland rills,
The sinuous curves where tree-fringed rivers flow.
In all methinks I see the counterpart
Of Italy, without her dower of art.
We have the lordly Alps, the fir-fringed hills,
The green and golden valleys veined with rills,
A dead Vesuvius with its smouldering fire,
A tawny Tiber sweeping to the sea.
Our seasons have the same superb attire,
The same redundant wealth of flower and tree,
Upon our peaks the same imperial dyes,
And day by day, serenely over all
The same successive months of smiling skies.
Conceive a cross, a tower, a convent wall,
A broken column and a fallen fane,
A chain of crumbling arches down the plain,
A group of brown-faced children by a stream,
A scarlet-skirted maiden standing near,
A monk, a beggar and a muleteer.
And lo, it is no longer now a dream!
These are the Alps, and there the Apennines;
The fertile plains of Lombardy between;
Beyond, Val d'Arno with its flocks and vines,
These granite crags are gray monastic shrines
Perched on the cliffs like old dismantled forts;
And far to seaward can be dimly seen
The marble splendor of Venetian courts;
While one can all but hear the mournful rhythmic beat
Of white-lipped waves along the sea-paved street,
O childless mother of dead empires, we,
The latest born of all the western lands,
In fancied kinship stretch our infant hands
Across the intervening seas to thee.
Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn,
Yet we shall have our names to canonize,
Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,
Our ruins, when this restless age is gone.

Do you wish to learn the languages, or music, or oratory, or elocution from the best teachers and without expense to yourself? See page 16.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

Odd, how history repeats itself. Nearly forty years ago a Senator from South Carolina fired the northern heart to the fighting pitch by "the loose expectoration of his speech"; now another Senator from the same State, whom the roll of the Senate knows by the name of Tilman, but whom his constituents call Agricultural Mose, is giving the death-blow to silverism at the South by his advocacy of that delusion. He is a queer fish, is Tilman. Being blind to the seduction of the morning cocktail, so dear to every true child of the Palmetto, he conferred upon the State, while he was Governor, an exclusive monopoly of the trade in juleps and brandy smashes—he went to the people on a platform inscribed, "Every man his own barkeeper"—and he was duly elected. How John C. Calhoun must squirm in his grave!

* * *

It would require a Homer to sing the battle of the giants Huntington and Sutro. Ajax and Hector were doughty men of war in their day; but how puny their weapons by the side of the dynamite explosives which the Mayor and the Railroad President are exchanging. Sutro'a favorite missile is the "Octopus," which he hurls at Huntington with a vigor which must jar the muscles of his strong right arm. Huntington, like Ajax, who could fling a stone that four oxen could not move, retorts by saying that Sutro, "take him altogether, is, I think, one of the worst men in the world." A judicious umpire will award the honors of the first round to the railroad man.

* * *

For though "octopus" is undoubtedly an opprobrious epithet, and in using it the Mayor stole a trick from Dan O'Connell, who silenced a fishwife by calling her a parallelogram, yet still there is an overwhelming directness in the charge that Sutro is "one of the worst men in the world," which is difficult to get over. You see, there are a great many bad men in the world. If Sutro is one of the worst, he must be very bad indeed. Not only ought he not to be a mayor and a millionaire, he ought not to live. Satan ought to be going round with his pitchfork to gather him in.

* * *

It was unkind of Uncle Collis to dig up the old story of the Sutro tunnel. For all said and done, that enterprise did certainly beggar every one concerned in it, except Mr. Sutro whom it enriched. Furthermore, it utterly failed to accomplish the purpose it aimed at. That is an unsavory record for a public spirited patriot. It must be a dim memory of that dark page in the Comstock which kept people away from Mr. Sutro's meeting to protest against the Funding Bill. The meeting was a flat failure. Either people do not object to the Funding Bill, or they do not care to wage war against it *tali auxilio nee defensoribus istis*.

* * *

The *Examiner* holds that Sutro's lunches, of which Huntington confesses he partook, should have silenced his tongue at this juncture. This seems illogical. A lunch closes a man's mouth while he is eating it, but it has never been held that it shuts it to all eternity. It has never been claimed that you can put a hermetical seal on an enemy's lips with a mutton chop.

* * *

According to Browning, as just now interpreted by Henry Jones, Professor of Moral Philosophy, the paramount element of man's nature is love—it is better and stronger than knowledge, because knowledge is finite, while love is infinite. No love can be wrong. This will be regarded by Anna Matilda as a comfortable doctrine. When she is rebuked by mamma for encouraging the intentions of young Simpkins, who has neither money nor brains, she can reply with Browning that "no love can be wrong." She may supplement the retort with the line, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

It is a nice question whether Anna Matilda is not wiser in her day and generation than her sister Maria Jane, who is an end-century girl, and regards love as a mere alternative expression for a two-story house, elegantly furnished, and a regular monthly allowance for dress and pocket money. For, all said and done, there is something in the thrill which inspired the cry:

Be a god and hold me
With a charm;
Be a man and hold me
With thine arm!

Maria Jane, perhaps, would not feel the thrill; neither would she understand

How the living worm within its clod,
Were diviner than a loveless God.

Is she a type of the girl of the period? Go to the cotillion, or the morning service at church; run your eye over the girl faces—smiling, grave, demure, happy, pensive—and reckon how many of them could light up with Browning's thought that love is the sole and supreme object of life. How few!

* * *

Photography by means of radiant heat, as now practised by Roentgen of Wurtzberg, is discussed in the papers as if it were a new discovery, whereas it has been in use in surgery for many years. At Paris and Vienna a light so intense that under it the tissues become transparent, has long been familiar to advanced students. What would be novel and interesting would be to see if this use of radiant heat cannot be utilized in that branch of psychology known as mind-reading. That study is impeded by our inability to locate the mind. In the Scriptures we are told that the heart is the seat of the understanding, and the place where secret purposes and designs are framed. Shakespeare believed that love was a motion of the liver. Modern science declares that mental operations are reflected in the brain, and that the phenomena of volition and sensation are therein manifested. It would seem that these theories might be disproved or confirmed by observation of these various organs under the intense light evolved by radiant heat. If the mind has a local habitation, its action should be studied there, and the study might lead to the discovery of the occult connection between the will power, the muscular system, and the reasoning faculty.

* * *

Mrs. Alice Rix's tender and sympathetic sketch of Mary Hallock Foote would have been even more delightful than it is if the writer had known more of Mrs. Foote's personality. Mary Hallock is the daughter of a sturdy Quaker, whose name was Nathaniel Hallock, and whose home was at Milton on the Hudson. Although the Hallock farm was broad and the orchard prolific, Mr. and Mrs. Hallock did not disdain in the old days to take a few summer boarders, for whose accommodation the two daughters waited on table. Fancy that beautiful girl, that gifted artist, and that exquisite word-painter, handing round plates at the dinner table!

* * *

A brother went into business and failed. Quaker pride forbade that a stain should rest on the Hallock name; the two sisters clubbed together, and the one with her deft pencil, the other by her manufacture of preserves, at which she was a marvel, made money enough to pay off his creditors, and start him in life anew.

* * *

Mrs. Foote has been happily married for many years to a well-known mining engineer. It is only known to a few that she had her romance in her day, which stirred the depths of that sweet and tranquil heart. It was one of those passionate romances of unrequited love; a story that was confided to one friend only. The grass has long been growing over the grave of the man; he never knew what a priceless jewel once lay within his reach. It has sometimes seemed that, in her lifelike pictures of mute, patient, self-denying love, the novelist may, in odd, unconscious moments, have drawn upon the treasure-house of her recollections.

* * *

The relations between the bachelors of Alameda and the young ladies appear to be strained. This being Leap Year, the ladies have the right of proposing, and as no man with a heart in his bosom ever refuses a lady, the bachelors are entrenching in the mud flats to resist an attack in force. On the other hand, apparently, in order to whet the male appetite by a display of coyness, the young ladies have resolved to cut off the supply of kisses. It is now a law in that suburb that kisses and proposals shall go hand in hand; that no youth shall press his mustache to the ruby lips of a girl till he has settled things with papa.

* * *

This law assumes that the pleasure of kissing is all on the man's side, and that the girl submits merely to oblige him. A lady of my acquaintance, who long since passed the age of frivolity, assures me that to her certain knowledge girls like being kissed provided they can choose the kisser, and that a girl who has expected the osculatory salutation is mightily disappointed if her swain is too timid to administer it. She adds that it is the only outward and visible sign of a love which may lead to matrimony. Of course, she does not refer to promiscuous kissing. Some men kiss merely for their own pleasure, and without inquiring whether the girls like it. For such men the old Arabian hell devised a red-hot plate, which they were required to kiss to all eternity.

* * *

It is on the cards that the progress of bacteriology may put an end to kissing. When two mouths are brought into close conjunction, any microbes which may exist in the one will pass into the other; thus a man who has incipient ulceration of the throat or malady of the tissues of the mouth is certain to transmit it to the girl he kisses, and vice versa. The Princess Alice of Hesse, Queen Victoria's daughter, died of diphtheria, which she contracted by kissing her dying child. It might be a good idea for a girl whose sweetheart worries her for a kiss, to require him to submit to a medical examination, so as to make sure that the caress will be harmless.

* * *

Lord Leighton, better known as Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, who has just died, was a Tory in art. He hardly ever painted a subject unless it was a few thousand years old; his ideal themes were from the heathen mythology. He belonged to the class of painters who hold that, when history began, there were no more subjects for the artist. Yet the English thought all the world of him.

A STIRRING FIGHT.

Though the literature of combat has, at the moment, great vogue, good fights are as rare as good writing. Here, however, is a scene from *Galloping Dick*, by H. B. Marriott Watson, which is not much inferior to the famous battle in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, in which Alan Breck and David Balfour hold the cabin of the lugger against the pirates. The participants are Sir Ralph and the highwayman, Dick Ryder, and the duel is the consequence of the latter's effort to free a casual friend, who is the former's prisoner. It is fought in the dungeon at the suggestion of the young soldier, who prides himself on his swordsmanship.

Now the chamber, as I have said, was of the thickness of a foul night, there being no entrance for the light, as I discovered afterwards, save by a little, low window looking forth on a deep ditch, the which was now involved in the fall of the evening, so that neither he nor I might discern between the shadows. I heard him try the point of his sword upon the stone floor, but by this, and the door being shut, I had lost all count of his direction; and then he called to me, his voice coming from the further end of the dungeon.

"Are you ready, Ryder?" he said.

I gave him the answer in a clear voice that he might be at no disadvantage from ignorance of my position, and then moved openly into the center of the chamber.

"Your spurs clank," says he. "You had better take 'em off, my friend."

"An' you hold not your tongue," says I, "it will answer my spurs well enough."

He laughed.

"Have at you," says I, and made a thrust for the sound. But he must have broke away at the moment, for my point took nothing but empty air, and I was well nigh my length upon the floor.

For himself, he made no noise, and a silence fell upon the dungeon, broken by little sounds and starts from everywhere, for the wind and the rain were playing without, and the human noises within, if there were any, I might not dissever from these signals of the storm. And so for a time there was no transaction upon the part of either. What he was at I know not, nor, indeed, had I the least inkling of my own intention, save to watch and to listen in jealous circumspection of my own person. It was like no fight upon which I was ever engaged, and I did not favor the notion of it. For there was I on my side waiting in the horrid blackness, sword in my hand, eager for every sound amid the uproar of the elements, and expectant to be lanced through the groin any moment by the man, for whom I was so far from having any bitterness but I would gladly have shook hands with him there and then. You must conceive me, in this notable predicament, and regretting the job with all my heart, while I listened, straining like a cat at bay. And suddenly a brisker noise to my left set me spinning round, and I struck out fiercely. At the same moment our weapons clinked together, and the next instant his point was stinging in my arm.

"Touched, Ryder, touched," said he, merrily; and at that, feeling the prick, and being now gotten to quarters, I fell sharply to the exchanges with a better stomach.

'Twas a Bedlam business, and I can mind the fell of it to this day. Our swords clinked and clashed, but according with no rules, owing to the remarkable blackness. At the first he whistled away, but bye and bye, warming to the work, and, as I suppose, losing something of his breath, he gave up, and I heard only now and then the noise of his hard breathing. We had by this time grown very serious, and I'll warrant that he wanted blood for me for his pricks as much as I demanded it of him. And then, as it fell out, the tip of my blade took his shoulder. He swore under his breath.

"S'death, Ryder," he cried, "'tis the way to my gizzard. Here's for yours," and came at me more hotly.

And this state of affairs ran on for something over the half hour, so that we soon came to feel worn. I felt now that I had the uppermost of him, being at once more agile in the darkness, and of sharper ears; whereas, he may have been the better swordsman—I never knew. So, all of a sudden, and when I was pushing him very hard and heard the sounds of distress in his throat, partly, no doubt, because of his wound, I says, "Sir Ralph," says I, "this thing has gone far enough."

"Ha!" cried he, through his panting. "I have you winded, my fine fellow."

But this was too much for me, and I made no more effort to reconcile him, but, on the contrary, beset him lustily. And then began the last scene of that remarkable affair. We were both spent with fatigue, but he was farther gone than myself, and besides, had his wound. We were now, according to my guess, somewhere about the middle of the room. We directed ourselves by instinct, and 'twas no saying whether the blade would run into the air, meet steel with steel, or cut and hack upon the body. I was, myself, picked out with a score of bloody places, and, being weak for the loss of blood, was for ending the hellish business with all dispatch. And thus, with thrust and parry, aimed and taken at random, we pushed across the flagstones, he receding slowly from my reach. But presently he seemed to rally, and his blade came whizzing for my vitals. Ere the point struck I was back a foot, and lunging forward sent in my own iron upon the lever from my shoulder. It lit upon his sword, and then slid up; but the blow was so hot that still the point ran on, and the next I was aware had slipped softly into something, and the hilt was fetched back in my hand with a jar. All of a sudden there was a dull bang, as a head upon the wall, and a shrill and horrible scream rang out in that black and fatal chamber. The heavy fall of a body upon the stones ensued, and my sword was jerked from my shaking hand.

"Sir Ralph," I cried, "Sir Ralph!" in an alarm, for the shriek in a manner affected my nerves, stiff though they be with a rough life.

There was a voice calling upon me feebly, and suddenly all was quiet. I stooped over his body, groping for it in the dark as best I might; and the first thing my fingers happened upon was my own sword, which, following downward, took me to his face. And at that and without further inquiry, I fetched up, with my heart in my mouth, for I knew now the meaning of that sickening scream. And there was never a sound from the dead man, but I fingering in his breast, felt the pulse of his heart was gone.

I remember that I stood up and gazed stupidly into the blank vacancy. Sir Ralph was as dead as a maggot, and there was the topsman for me.

[Stone & Kimball, publishers.]

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

IT IS A SHIBBOLETH among certain citizens who might be suspected of knowing better, that Democratic success is inseparable from the political ascendency of Buckley or Rainey. It seems to be assumed that the past victories of this twain entitle them to permanent prominence, and as both are associated in the public mind, it is taken for granted that they must do politics together. When, in the recent fight, these political twins were discovered vis-a-vis, rather than side by side, their opposition was construed rather as a trick than a fact, and in evidence thereof it was pointed out that Rainey was constant in his visits to Buckley, and most polite in his demeanor—a condition impossible if their relations were really dissevered. There is an explanation of this friendliness, quite unsuspected by the pessimists who are building up malign prophecies on the strength of it. I have it on good authority that the Blind Boss owes Rainey some $10,000—the latter's share of a political deal consummated some time ago. The details of that particular bargain I don't know, but Rainey has long striven for his share, and has long been denied on the plea of hard times. Men less optimistic than the astute Sam might have abandoned the quest by this time, but he relies on that compact of honor, which, though it is not recognized either in the Scriptures or in the statutes, is yet an accepted rule of conduct among those who may not appeal for redress to any legal tribunal. In the meantime, it may safely be taken as a fact that between the two Democratic organizations, Buckley is twenty-nine thirtieths of his own, while Rainey is but a thirtieth of the Junta.

* * *

The directors of the Art Association, in preparing for the Mardi Gras Ball on Shrove Tuesday, determined to have a handsome invitation to send to those whose presence was desired at the festivity. The several art celebrities were invited to contribute designs, and Matthews, Joullin, Peixotto, and Yelland sent in their ideas of what constituted an acceptable invitation. Of course they avoided all eccentricities of color or grotesqueness of lettering. But the exponents of art did not have the field to themselves, for the professional designer of E. A. Bosqui's firm contributed a picture on his own behalf which was positively as glaring as a poster or a Sunday supplement in colors. There could be no question of comparative value—the artists had really made graceful designs. Yet the committee decided for Mr. Bosqui's subordinate, gave him the order, and, in explanation, stated the basis of their decision the fact that the winning invitation was in eleven colors.

* * *

THERE ARE pickpockets in town—a legacy of the Midwinter Fair, I am assured. They congregate along Market Street; certain of them infest Post Street and Grant Avenue in the region of the Clubs. They are audacious, unflinching, and, practising in a community which does not understand their method of depredation, are rapidly growing rich. The guileless countryman in town to spend his earnings and out for a lark, is the victim they most desire—the fellow who loads his hip pocket with greenbacks. He, or the paterfamilias who may be beguiled into shadowy doorways or the rear apartment of a saloon, and "gone through" safely because the thief knows his victim will never prosecute. The industry in its several forms has assumed such proportions that I am surprised Captain Lees permits it to continue. The police know the persons and practises of these harpies, and, strange to say, allow them to go unmolested when it requires but a little strategy to drive them from town or into detention. There must be scores of reports on file. A friend of mine caught one of the trio, whose hunting-ground is the shadow of the Crocker Building, in the very act of rifling the pockets of an acquaintance. On another occasion a Sonoma rancher deprived of his "wad" had the thief arrested. She secured a continuance, however, and he, in terror of exposure, left town. But the Department manifested no interest. I am positive in my conclusion that this industry flourishes by the indulgence of the Powers. They forget it is their duty to protect the citizen, even though he who is robbed has himself to blame, for, of course, the operation is impossible if one is blind to the blandishments of these creatures, whose modus operandi is to engage their quarry in conversation while capturing his valuables.

* * *

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of Judge Boalt's generous gift to Charles Wheeler, revives the memory of Judge Mesick's munificent present to his associate, George Maxwell. The late jurist had in his time an immense practise, and his name was a power in mining legislation. In the course of his career it was computed that he had received from Mackay and Flood nearly a million dollars in fees, out of which he had kept but very little. He had as eminent a genius for spending as for earning. Maxwell was a young man, and had served the old judge faithfully, first as stenographer and latterly as clerk and assistant. The day after his formal admission to the dignity of a place in the firm, Mesick called Maxwell into his own sanctum, and addressed him gravely.

"George, you are now my partner, not my stenographer, George, and I expect, sir, that you will demean yourself in accordance with that dignity, sir."

"Yes, sir," answered the new partner.

"George, to maintain my dignity is expensive—very expensive. But you must not fail, George, remember."

The old gentleman was silent a moment. Maxwell rose to go.

"George, in order to help you to keep up your end, George, I have put a small sum to your credit in the bank, George. Be careful and go slow, my boy.

When George went out for lunch that day, he inquired the amount of his account in the Nevada Bank, and was told Judge Mesick had deposited $25,000 to his credit.

* * *

The subject of law and lawyers reminds me of the association of Frank Michael in the new firm of Page, Eels & McCutcheon. This is the first conspicuous step Michael has made towards gratifying the anticipation of his friends. A prominent figure at the University Club and in a certain social set, he has borne the reputation of ability, has justified it by reading clever speeches at Bohemian jinks, but has never come before the city in a public or professional capacity. This may be due, in some degree, to a certain natural indolence or a disinclination towards legal effort which his means have enabled him to maintain. Indeed, he has engaged himself on literary work—a history of the Jews I think he was preparing. A Berkeley man offers another solution, however, that Michael took his course at Yale instead of in the California institution, and missed thereby those valuable associations and connections which a man obtains among the people he has to live with and off. There is considerable point here, for it is undoubted that a lawyer's classmates are often the incentive of his prominence. The indolent are often stirred to effort by the ardent expectations of their companions. Michael has force, reserve, and ability behind him, and will undoubtedly be heard from before the year goes out. Certainly the new firm spreads a pretentious banner of names to the California-street breeze, and I suppose will figure among the important legal combinations which are gradually concentrating the law practise of the town.

* * *

IT IS INTERESTING to speculate on the sociological possibilities of the several great colonization schemes which are flourishing in California. There is the big Holland Colony at Merced and the Italian-Swiss settlement at Cloverdale, and now I am told of a Slavonian settlement projected by a Slavonian priest which is to have Eden Valley as its location. There is no question but that these cooperative colonization schemes, if shrewdly managed, prove successful. It is easier to market a vast quantity of products than to distribute small lots, and the best results are attained when the farming or fruit raising is all conducted under the superintendence of some competent head who knows agriculture scientifically and can prescribe for the difficulties of the land owner much as the Mormon Elders do for their flocks. Eden Valley is one of the most beautiful and admirably watered of the interior valleys of California. It is situated in Mendocino County, at the base of Mount San Pedro, the giant of the Coast Range, and it has for many years been a paradise for hunters and anglers. The history of this beautiful tract involves the memory of the late John T. Carey, father of ex-United States District Attorney Carey, who, involved in financial difficulties, committed suicide in Sacramento recently. He had been a millionaire, owning vast tracts of country property, but the subsidence in values, and the unfortunate depression, wrecked his fortune and sent him despairing to his death. He owned Eden Valley, but had mortgaged the property to the Bank of Ukiah for some $80,000. In due course the ranch was offered for sale to satisfy the balance of a deficiency judgment, and was bought en bloc by a Slavonian priest, whom, it seems, represents several hundred of his countrymen who are anxious to come to California. The idea is to let-out the tract—which, by the way, is 10,000 acres in extent, and commands 10,000 acres yet untitled—in small sections, on the cooperative principle, to Slav farmers, who, in the course of time, earn the right of possession. More than this I have not heard, though doubtless the dailies will fully record the progress of the scheme. The settlement of so large a body of population in that section may go far toward solving the railroad problem of Mendocino, for Eden Valley is sixty miles beyond the terminus of the San Francisco and Northern Pacific at Ukiah, and communication is now by drag and stage.

* * *

TALBOT CLIFTON is comparatively happy. He has found an ambition in life, a motive for living. He believes he has been brought into the world to reduce the measure of Walter Hobart's equine victories. He thinks it has fallen to him to level the racing pretensions of that interesting young millionaire to the sod. One day last week the eccentric Englishman set his mare, Jessie Sturgill, against Hobart's Gold Coin. Both are fairly good "gees," but the fancy and the talent both picked the latter to win, and he started a 3-to-1 favorite. To the opinion of others Clifton is as loftily indifferent as a telegraph post, and he put several hundred on Jessie, besides promising Daggett, the jockey, a handsome doceur should he win. Alas, the race was once more to the swift—Hobart's horse won, hands down, and thereupon the "Lord" vowed vengeance in the shape of future defeats to which he has now formally vowed himself. One cannot but think he has his work cut out for him, inasmuch as Hobart has now in Coupon the most promising two-year-old in America. Just after the race, the other day, he refused an offer of $3500, and, from appearances, it is reasonable to think he has found another Salvator. Coupon was entered in the great two-year-old event at the Bay District Track, and started in the bunch of youngsters at the fall of the starter's flag. The distance was but three and a half furlongs. It soon became apparent that Coupon was in a pocket, whereupon his jockey pulled up, let the others pass, and then let out his steed, which won handily, though, of course, the condition prevented any proper test of his speed being given. Performances of this character are sufficiently rare at the track to be notable, and I prophesy we have by no means heard the last of Coupon.

* * *

BOOKMAKING is evidently a profession in which age has no chance. That is, if one may judge from the appearance of the gentlemen who register bets at the tracks. Not a grizzled hair or a gray lock in the gathering of them. They are all young, smart, of course, quick-witted by necessity, and apparently up to the requirements of their arduous, soul-searing avocation. Indeed, this is the case among all high-class gamblers—from which it may be assumed that the recklessness which alone commands success is lost with the attainment of three decades of winters. This season the plunging fraternity is having rather the worst of it. Riley Grannan is said to be some fifty thousand dollars behind thus far, though he can sustain a run of hard luck with equanimity after the tremendous good fortune which followed his latest efforts on Eastern race courses. It seems he was at his last gasp—was even compelled to mortgage some property he has in St. Louis. With the proceeds he continued plunging, and was reduced to his last thousand when the fickle goddess began to smile, and before her eyes were averted, Riley was into the books for $160,000. Pittsburg Phil is still playing with but indifferent fortune. A strange and mysterious person, who is known to habitués as Montana *No. 2*, is the favorite of fortune this season. His winnings on Saturday last must have been $12,000, and rumor says he is ahead close on one hundred thousand dollars. But rumor's reliability is that of a liar, alas! Another who has been smiled upon to the tune of some ten or twelve thousand is Ed. Purser.

* * *

W. O'B Macdonough has won enough by the successes of Santa Bella, Miss Brummell, and Chartreuse, to pay his stable expenses for the year, with some little to boot for personal pleasures. He seems to be on the wave of prosperity, for four of his best mares are in foal to the peerless Ormonde, and he has, in Saint Carlo, one of his yearlings—the makings of a great horse. Out of sixteen races, Santa Bella has come in first a dozen times, and has appeared second and third in the other events—by no means a poor showing. Indeed, for the number of entries, Mr. Macdonough has made the best record of the season, and is being congratulated all round. THE WITNESS.

A Zurich (Switzerland) daily contains the following advertisement: "A young and pretty lady, graduate of the Academy, able to support a husband, desires to make the acquaintance of a man (total abstainer) not under twenty years of age. He must love children, have a thorough knowledge of housekeeping and be of modest, gentle disposition; some means desirable. Serious offers, accompanied by photograph, and testimonials as to character, to be sent to M. S. Hottingen." And, what is sadder still, from a masculine standpoint, the advertiser received stacks of answers.

Do you wish to learn the languages, or music, or oratory, or elocution from the best teachers and without expense to yourself? See page 16.

Would you be an actress or a vocalist? See how you may have the best tuition free of charge. Page 16.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LITTLE GERTIE CARLISLE.

THE TIVOLI PRODIGY AT HOME.

There is so much cant abroad about the unwholesome associations into which stage children are brought, and the evil influences thereof, so much said as to the artificial lives they lead, that when I see a bright little thing doing any really clever work on the stage, I always want to find out what her life is away from it. The little fairy, playing Cupid, in "Ixion," at the Tivoli, has been such a favorite with our theater-goers, that I thought it might interest some of them to hear what manner of child this was at home. So I strolled up to the Clifford the other afternoon and had a little talk with her. Mrs. Carlisle, a quiet, little lady, greeted me very cordially—and installed me at her fireside without telling the child the object of my visit. Gertie had just come in, and while she was taking off her coat and hat, her mother gave me a brief outline of her daughter's career. Then, as the child seated herself primly on a chair beside me, preparing to play the part of well-bred children "who should be seen and not heard," I drew her into the conversation by saying suddenly to her: "So you really like being an actress? Don't you get very tired, though?"

"Oh, no," came in her plaintive, little voice, "I only rehearse mornings, you know—afternoons I have all to myself."

"And what do you do then?" I inquired.

"Oh—lots of things," she answered.

"Lots of things," I repeated. "What kinds of things?"

"Well,"—drawling the word a little, while thinking where to begin first—"sometimes I put on one of my mamma's dresses. I pin it up in front, and let it trail behind—then I pile my hair up and put something pretty—ribbons, or things—on it, and play I am a great actress."

"Which are you going to be, Gertie," I asked—"a great actress or an opera singer?"

"I'd like to be both," she answered.

"Well," I replied, slowly, and assuming a doubtful air, "you know it is very hard to be a great actress, and a great singer, too. Very few have ever accomplished that much."

She reflected a moment, and then, looking at me thoughtfully:

"Well, I think"—a pause—"I'd rather be a *great* actress, and be able to sing *sometimes*, than to be a great singer and not be able to act."

"What a wise little head you have on those bits of shoulders," I said, "but, now, tell me some more about your doings; you said 'lots of things,' and you've only told me one."

"Sometimes"—just as she says it in the "Trilby" scene—"sometimes I play with my dolls,"—and diving suddenly downward, she drew a box from under the Turkish lounge, drawn up before the window, and displayed to my wondering eyes a veritable bazar of "confections à la mode" for a wee doll lying in their midst.

"But who has made all these beautiful things?" I asked, handling the bits of finery with the touch of a connoisseur.

"I did," she answered, with some pride.

"Yes," put in Mrs. Carlisle; "she spends most of her time dressmaking for her dolls, and reading."

"Oh, yes," said Gertie, starting off suddenly and dropping everything else, "here's one of my Christmas presents," handing me a big volume of Hans Christian Anderson.

"Do you like fairy tales?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! don't you?" she returned, with questioning eyes.

"I adore them," I assured her. "Which do you like best?" I said, turning over the leaves.

"Well, this one is very nice," selecting "Tumbelina"; "but perhaps I like 'The White Swans' best."

"That was always one of my favorites, too," I said. Scenting a certain friendliness in this similarity of tastes, she left my side, and, unearthing a little black box from a bureau drawer, she plumped herself down on the floor, at my feet, with the remark:

"Perhaps you would like to see some of my treasures."

"I'd be delighted," I said, with all possible warmth, and forthwith I was permitted to handle and admire a collection of nondescript and miscellaneous articles, such as all children love to hoard, without rhyme or reason. From one little dark corner, she drew out a bright green little charm, and holding it up, she said:

"Don't you think this is pretty?" and as I indicated approval, she went on: "Perhaps you would like to have it," and, with a generous little impulse, she pushed it into my hand, and said, with a quaint little dip of her head on one side:

"I would like very much to give it to you."

"Thank you," I answered, and, seeing the sincerity of the child, I accepted the bit of green, and, as I stowed it away in my purse, fearful lest remorse should swoop down upon her suddenly, I said:

"I shall value it very much, because it was once yours."

"Oh, wait," she said, eagerly, leaning her warm little body against my knee, "here's something else. These are some garnets I found. They are real ones, too. I'll give you some to bring you luck," said this bud of an actress, with the seeds of superstition already taking root. Of course I took them. I wouldn't have refused for the world.

I asked her if she never went out. "We have such a pretty park," I said, "just the place for a sturdy little body like you."

"Oh, yes, I've been there, and to the Chutes. Oh, it's lovely! Did you ever shoot the chutes?"

I pretended to shiver. "Ugh!" I said, "I wouldn't get into one of those boats for anything."

"Oh, it's lovely," she said, clasping her hands enthusiastically. "It wouldn't frighten you," she went on reassuringly; "you just feel a little funny *here*," placing her hand over her belt, "just for a minute, and then it's lovely."

Gertie Carlisle was born in New Haven about nine years ago, but she has lived nearly all her life in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has inherited talent for the stage, but has never had any training for it, except such as she has acquired under management. Her first appearance was made four years ago as Meenie in Rip Van Winkle; since then she has spent most of her time in school. Her surroundings are as guarded as those which the mother of any Society darling could place about her daughter. She goes nowhere alone, nor is she allowed to choose her own companions. Part of her day is given to study, and part to exercise and play. Her life, otherwise, is so secluded that the emotional balance and self-poise she displays on the stage are cause for amazement. As an actress, she is a little wonder. She exhibits all the simplicity of childhood with the natural ease of a finished comedienne; she never falters in her lines, she never trips in her steps. She receives any amount of applause, and any number of encores, without exposing either self-consciousness or self-approval. Her quaint self-possession has given rise to the rumor that she is older than reported, but one has only to see her and talk with her, to realize what a thorough child she is. She is just a dear little trick of a child, a dainty baby, with softly rounded limbs, a rosy mouth, wistful, black eyes, and a most pathetic little voice. But she possesses a preternaturally clever brain, and the very potent magnetism of an attractive little face, combined with innocent, healthy childhood, and these are the secrets of her success.

E. D. H.

A BIG ENTERPRISE.

PROJECTOR FEIST AND HIS EMPORIUM.

Considering the extent of the undertaking and the degree of his achievement thus far, A. Feist, projector of The Emporium, is a commercial Napoleon. Yet he might walk up Market Street and I don't believe he would impress one of the gentlemen who stand outside the shops with his actual importance. He does not look Napoleonic, though there is a solid squareness to his jaws, and the strong, pronounced, and heavy set nose is of the type by which the Little Corporal is said to have found his marshals. He is not tall, but is rather heavy of build, looks at you fixedly out of small, deep set eyes, is aggressively confident of the success of his scheme, and laughs at the idea of calling it an experiment.

"An experiment indeed. It's just as much an experiment as the Atlantic cable or the Telephone system. Yes, sir," he said to me.

Otherwise, A. Feist is well into years of discretion; his hair is somewhat gray at the sides; his head, bald at the top, harmonizes with the type of the jaw which indicates the power of purpose, together with the intensity and force, that are necessary for the execution of great enterprises. As he talks he gives you his complete attention, combats your impressions, and is ready with facts, figures, and arguments to support his contentions.

"Why not?" he said to me when I commented on his facility at quoting details. "This idea has been in my mind for two decades, and for the last four and a half years I've done nothing but calculate, plan, and arrange for The Emporium. Think what it means to interest the most conservative financiers in town in a project which involves their millions! It means the clearest statement of facts, of figures, the completest demonstration of the probabilities of success. Look here, now, there is spent in the retail stores of San Francisco close on to two hundred millions per year."

"Yes," I assented.

"Well, that vast sum is spent in innumerable stores devoted to specialties, each of which has its own distributing system and its own executive system. Each pays rent, taxes, advertising, and wages. Under the roof of The Emporium will be gathered sixty-two departments. Each department will contain a larger stock of goods of its kind than any other store devoted to that specialty in San Francisco. Our dry goods establishment will be larger than O'Connor-Moffatt's; we will carry more carpets than Sloane does, more furniture than the California Furniture Co., and the biggest stock of crockery in America. Books, groceries, drugs, hardware, will all be on the same scale, bigger and better than you will find elsewhere. To accommodate these various establishments we have two entire floors in the front and five floors in the rear of the new Parrott Building on Market Street."

"Yes, but——" I ventured.

"Wait a moment," continued Feist. "Instead of these separate departments attending to its own administration, buying and delivering its goods, packing and unpacking its parcels, it is all done under the superintendence of a single manager, by a single force of salesmen, accountants, porters, and delivery wagons. Have you ever stopped to consider the cost of delivering packages through San Francisco," he inquired.

"No, the subject was never presented to my attention," I answered.

"Well, sir," he continued, "it costs the Goldberg-Bowen combination about $50,000 a year to send its customers what they buy. So there is an enormous saving to start with. Then as to rent—consider we are all under one roof, occupying an immense area, and that we utilize the Jessie Street front as well as the Market Street front; that our advertising is not for one but for all, and that the customer who patronizes us will find it easier to go from one counter to another than from one block to the next. You see we so balance the space that the individual rent of each department is many degrees below the cost of an individual store on any of the main thoroughfares. Our project makes the frontage on Jessie and on Market Streets equal."

"You spoke of advertising?" I suggested.

"We propose to patronize the papers liberally," Mr. Feist assured me. "That is part of the project. We are going to get the people into The Emporium; our goods are certain to sell themselves."

"Why certain?" I asked.

"Because we can offer them at a lower margin of profit—for instance, we have more room to display our wares; then we are less dependent on our salesmen. We are advertisers in common—the cost of one page or a half does not fall on an individual department. For instance, say Raphael expends $30,000 per annum on advertising his clothing—his rivals must equal that amount to be as prominent before the public, and that means $2500 per week, but The Emporium can stand $100,000 a year, and that is nothing among our sixty-two departments."

"The subject of sales-people is of interest. I suppose you have your own theories," I said.

"We expect to engage the service of one thousand to fifteen hundred men and women," began Mr. Feist, "You are right about my having theories. Selling goods is a form of work to which the female sex is adapted. I don't adhere to the idea that sales-people should be forced to serve every customer at the cost of losing their places. We will carry large stocks in every line. We expect the customer to do the choosing. We have ample space to display all varieties, and everything will be marked in plain figures. It will cost us about four per cent less to show goods than any other house. I have calculated that the average expenses of the retail trade in San Francisco are twenty per cent. In The Emporium they will be but ten per cent. That is why I assert the enterprise must not be called an experiment."

I have not space for the various phases of the Emporium which Mr. Feist told me—of the free evening concerts and the system of collapsible gates which will convert the vast store into a gigantic auditorium, of the great cyclery on the roof, and the photographic gallery under the dome on the main floor. In the institution will be found butcher, baker, café, musical instruments—everything you can find in the directory but undertaking and ship chandlery. As for the great building itself, some seventy-five per cent of its offices are already engaged. The Supreme Court is to have the top floor; there is to be a law library in the building, a room in which all medical periodicals will be filed for the doctors, an emergency hospital, a nursery for babies, a service by which occupants of the building may have, at a nominal cost, all messages and parcels delivered—about five cents per message, I believe. Altogether the plan is so vast, the execution so detailed, that, as Mr. Feist unrolled it before me, he assumed real Napoleonic proportions, and I realized that The Emporium is veritably not an experiment, but the realization of a gigantic scheme which has been evolved and developed by deep thought and earnest application, like all other big schemes which the world has seen successfully executed.

ETC, JR.

AFTERGLOW.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

I love thee, for thou art
Most kind to me;
'Tis pity moves thy heart
To sympathy;
Thou couldst not *love* a bent and breaking reed,
And yet, to me, thou art life's last consoling creed.

And that is why I turn
To thee, my Saint,
With thirsting lips that burn,
For I am faint
For love's sweet waters and sustaining stream,
That in life's desert, spring to rescue and redeem.

I look on thee and feel
As in those years,
Ere Sorrow did unseal
Her urn of tears;
When all before lay life's uncertain sea—
I thank its wind-lashed waves—they bore me, love, to thee.

For now I live to bless
The first glad day,
When, under thy caress,
Rescued I lay;
And when, that night, I looked upon the skies,
Twin stars of softer sheen beamed for me in thine eyes.

Then o'er me thou didst bend,
I drank thy breath;
I felt our beings blend,
And laughed at death;
Love winged my soul, it broke its prison bars,
Bursting the shackling flesh, and climbing to the stars.

Do you wish to learn the languages, or music, or oratory, or elocution from the best teachers and without expense to yourself? See page 16.

Would you be an actress or a vocalist? See how you may have the best tuition free of charge. Page 16.

why?

Why wear wool?
To keep *out* cold? No.
To keep *in* heat.

If the body is supplied with plenty of fresh air—oxygen—and proper food, it will generate sufficient warmth to protect you on the coldest day—**Scott's Emulsion** of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is the best warmth-food. Thin people, people with poor blood who are easily shaken by a cold wind take Scott's Emulsion and it makes good blood, improves the appetite, increases flesh, furnishes bodily warmth, and prevents the ill results from colds, coughs, and exposures.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

THE WOOER OF WOE.

A LITERARY DIALOGUE.

Felix Rust is the melancholy young man's name. He lives in a low-browed cottage that is fastened by some architectural device to the steepest slope of Russian Hill. He is sad because sadness is more novel than happiness and becomes better the olive tinge of his cheek and the dark poetry of his languishing eyes. Yet he has been known to spend midnight hours in a German beer hall consuming cheese and frankfurters and lager—and sauerkraut. I have even seen him at Sunday picnics. I know he has climbed to the top of Mt. Tamalpais. These, indeed are the enjoyments of the robust of the rubicund, of banker, stockholder, drummer—and yet Felix Rust is melancholy even in the midst of the roast beef sandwiches he loves so well. Considered purely as a pose, sadness is picturesque. One is reminded of Rossetti and of the women of Burne Jones, and of the portrait of Dante.

Being a student of affectations I love nothing better than to visit Felix Rust in his tapestry-hung studio, which boasts a divan broad enough to lie lengthwise across, a bay-window fitted with diamond-shaped panes, together with a piano lamp, a chibouk and a big mahogany writing-desk.

The young æsthete looked up as I entered.

"Not a word until I finish this story," he said. He held in his hand a volume as garish as a Chinese flag or a latter-day Turkish rug. It was *Garrison Tales from Tonquin*. The latest expression of poster art applied to bibliography.

I waited. It happened I had read the melancholy volume in which the complications all turn on the pathos of disappointment, the sorrows of defeated aspirations, of unsatisfied yearnings, of secrets ever trembling to a confidence, but unrevealed. Just such a book as Felix would care for.

"They are precious, these tales," he sighed, closing the volume. His eyes lingered lovingly over the greens and blues and reds of the binding. "They are as sad and as lovely as the 'Blessed Damozel' leaning over the bar of heaven. Not as plastic as Crackanthorpe, nor as transcendent as Henry James, but intangible, enigmatic, mystic. Don't you agree with me that the poetry of disappointment is far more poignant than the poetry of delight? Is it not more rapturous to die with one's secret than to tell it—more exquisite to resist love than to kiss the loved one's lips?"

"More blessed to hunger than to eat, more artistic to lie awake when one might be wrapt in sleep?" I interrupted. "Of course, but so confoundedly uncomfortable. Personally, I have no sympathy with 'Rœbke' or with 'Slovatski,' and I am inclined to think 'Eckermann and Tannemeyer' were mad, and 'De Perier' a mere opium fiend, but I am a Philistine."

Felix rose to his feet, and raised both hands high above his head. He stood in the attitude of a St. Sebastian, suffering the agony of a mortal wound.

"To my mind," he exclaimed, in tones as hopeless as the flicker of a wet candle, "there can be nothing more subtle than the tale of that sad, mysterious Frenchman, Rœbke, whose sorrows are so well concealed even from his friend. I feared, as I approached the finale, that we were to know the secret which in life he had concealed; that some vulgar story of love or crime would be hidden in that wallet round his neck, but no, O'Neil rose above the temptation to be obvious. It is not a wallet, but the semblance of one tattooed on Rœbke's white skin around his throat."

"Merely a device of the author to conceal an inability to think up a fitting explanation of the fellow's silence," said I. "James O'Neil had not imagination enough to conceive a solution to the situation, or we would have had it. Depend on it, my boy, obscurity is but an excuse for incapacity, just as gagging is the subterfuge of the actor who forgets his lines."

The melancholy young man assumed an expression as grave as the face of a leap-year bridegroom.

"Alas! can it be," he said, "that you are blind to the subtle charm of Eckermann and Tannemeyer? Are you dumb to the thought of these two, separated by some obscure act or sin, yet joined in heart, in thought, in sympathy—loving yet hating each other, yearning for each other as a man does for the woman he desires but is denied? It is to me a new and beautiful tragedy, the more beautiful because of the nebulous foreign atmosphere of far Siam against which its incidents are rehearsed."

"The mystery is admitted, also the obscurity, but why leave one's reader in perplexity? What is the use?" I asked, impatiently. "If you ask me, I tell you 'The Story of Youp Youp' and of 'Pere Loraine' have a real literary value; the first has touches of the manner of De Maupassant, without his art. Here is that mordant tone, that utter pessimism which characterized *A Piece of String*, and *The Pearl Necklace*."

"You agree with me, then," cried Felix. "I, too, found the story of 'Pere Loraine' charming. He resisted the delight of preaching to Paris, and goes out among the savages. Ah, I love the story of a martyrdom."

"Read the lives of the Saints, then," I interrupted somewhat harshly, or *The Gypsy Christ*."

"Why, that is old. I've had it several weeks." The melancholy young man had begun to grow animated. "Don't you think that small chamber in 'The House o' Fanshawe' in which is the tall, white cross set in a black stand against the black oak wall, perfectly adorable. You remember the drooping and terrible figure of the crucified God dyed blood red, and the arabesques of the crucifixion all whitewashed. There is a story for you."

"To me the crucifixion chamber did not appear adorable," said I, "but nature has denied me your enthusiasm at adjectival comment. The 'Gipsy Christ' is a nightmare of a story displaying in conception real imaginative force, and, in its descriptive setting, a notable richness and eloquence. But I don't take the impression that this writer has found his medium. There can be no question of his talent, but I cannot find its bent."

"But, my dear fellow, are you not content to have talent exist of itself?" asked Felix, intimating, by the hopelessness of his tone, the utter despair of my salvation this criticism had filled him with. "Is it not enough that William Sharp gives us beautiful pictures and brilliant scenes? Why ask—whither? when you are being entertained?"

"Suppose yourself designing Queen Anne cottages when it is in you the capacity to construct a cathedral—would I not be justified in objecting?" I demanded. "It behooves every artist to find the highest expression of his talent. He must not linger a moment longer than is justifiable on the lower levels of art."

"Sharp is so true to the real philosophy of life," murmured Felix, turning the pages of the volume; "his heroines are deserted or are murdered; his heroes ever succumb to an unhappy fate; James Fanshawe capitulates to the inherited curse; 'Madge o' the Pool,' is murdered; the Colonel loses in winning his Arabian beauty; the 'Lady in Hosea' is disappointed by her lover, and her husband dies after she has learned to love him; the 'Graven Image' is a scene rather than a tale, but the clouds of disappointment hang heavily over it. To no one is it given both to desire and have."

His voice, as he recited the casualties of the book, took the tone of a Gregorian chant. It was the expression of serene and luxurious woe.

"But life is not altogether hapless or unwholesome," I objected. "Sharp would not agree that his tales represented life—they are but moods—mere verbal nocturnes. But why object to the realization of a desire or an ambition? The keenest philosopher will tell you that to lose is more blessed than to win. There is no sorrow as poignant as realization."

The Melancholy Young Man shook his poetic head in dissent.

"You cannot conceive the pure joy of disappointment, the luxury of absolute despair, the solace of utter failure," he murmured, "for you are a Philistine. But here is a book from whose pages I have extracted a certain pleasure. It is *The One Who Looked On*."

"What! you like that? Why, it is a generous and sunshiny story, though there are tears behind the light. It is brave and true and sincere, and you have no right to admire so healthy and wholesome a romance."

Felix raised his hand to stay my outpouring.

"Stop, stop," he protested. "My reasons for caring are that Susie loved Sir Charles and was forced to conceal her love; Pauline loved, and died; the hero loves, is loved, but is left mourning. He may not even clasp his bride in an embrace. It is a book without solace, which leaves you deliciously unhappy. That is why it appealed to me."

"You are as affected as a clever sunset, as mournful as a weeping willow," I said, rising to go.

"By the way," he interrupted, "you have surely read Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*? I wonder did you notice its most salient characteristic?"

"It had a variety of characteristics—to which do you refer?" I asked.

"My dear boy—there's not a theory in it—the fellow does not preach, or explain himself once, and it was such a relief that I forgave the happy marriage with which the book terminates."

"You presume too much to speak of any marriage as happy," I objected, as I shook his limpest hand—Felix has the trick of offering right or left, irrespective of the convenances.

"The man's intention was happiness, but fate, I hope, will be more artistic, for happiness, say what you please, is as torpid as prosperity, and as dull as joy."

Some one should marry Felix Rust and convert him. C.

BOOK TALK.

The appointment of Alfred Austin has been hailed throughout Great Britain with a chorus of disapproval. The new Laureate is being given considerable notice in the periodicals, and amongst the tales told of him is one which purports to give a conversation in which Lawrence Oliphant has the other half responsibility. The occasion was the coronation of William as Kaiser, some twenty-five years ago. Austin, acting as correspondent of the *Standard*, was at Berlin with Oliphant. He remarked one day:

"I am sorry to see there is something wrong between the courts of St. James and Berlin."

To Oliphant's astonished rejoinder that to his personal knowledge all was going well between the two governments, and to his question why Austin thought to the contrary, the latter rejoined:

"The fact is, my dear Lawrence, you were misinformed, and would that I could be mistaken. I passed Bismarck in the street this morning, and his salutation of me showed by its coldness that there must be some international misapprehension."

Robert H. Sherard, who interviews prominent litterateurs for *The Bookman*, has a genial and easy way of writing about celebrities. He is the person who wrote of the author of *Sappho* as "dear old Daudet." A late yarn from his pen tells about a call he once made on the late Alexandre Dumas fils. He was shown by mistake into the kitchen, and there had a most amusing conversation with the cook, who was engaged in preparing for her master a very particular kind of omelette. He must have been there some time, for Dumas had finished his breakfast before he called him to come upstairs; and then he seemed to be very much amused that his guest had been entertained by his cook, and he asked him to confess if he was not preparing an article for some periodical on "Dumas's House, Below Stairs." This, however, did not seem to worry him as much as the fear that Mr. Sherard would get the recipe for his omelette, which was one of his own, and which he didn't want the general public to know.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, not satisfied with the *Remittance Man*, has taken to writing about us once again. Her new novel has San Diego as its background, and is to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The Blackwoods published *Ships That Pass*, it seems, after the other firms had refused that lily-white novel.

Marion Crawford has achieved his twenty-sixth novel, which bears the title of *Adam Johnstone's Son*, and has just run to a finale in the *Illustrated London News*. The scene is Italian, but the hero is an American. Mr. Crawford is with us again, and it is rumored he has determined to desert Sorrento for Newport and New York.

The Harpers promise a book by Harry McVicker called the *Evolution of Woman*. He finds Eve an available starting point for his theories, and fetches them through various phases of the sex to the New Woman in bicycle bloomer and golf hose. Illustrations predominate, of course, but what text there is may fairly be described as funny.

Arthur Symons, editor of the new decadent quarterly, *The Savoy*, writes in the *Saturday Review* a remarkably lucid estimate of the genius of the late Paul Verlaine: "With all his pains, misfortunes, and the calamities which followed him step by step all his life, I think few men ever got so much out of their lives, ever lived so fully, so intensely, with such a genius for living. That, indeed, is why he was a great poet. Verlaine was a man who gave its full value to every moment, who got out of every moment all that that moment had to give him. It was not always—a great part of the time it was not—pleasure. But it was energy, the vital force of a nature which was always receiving and giving out, never at rest, never passive, or indifferent, or hesitating. He sinned, and it was with all his humanity; he repented, and it was with all his soul. And to every occurrence of the day, to every mood of the mind, to every impulse of the creative instinct, he brought an unparalleled sharpness of sensation. He saw, he felt, he remembered, everything. And to the last he was as distinctly observant as he had ever been; receptive especially of the fine shades, the essential part of things—that precisely which escapes the ordinary observer.

"And in his verse, it was always in the fine shades, the essential part of things, for which Verlaine found words. French poetry, before he wrote, was an admirable vehicle for a really fine, a really poetical, kind of rhetoric. With Victor Hugo, for the first time since Ronsard, it had learned to sing; with Baudelaire it had invented a new vocabulary for the expression of the modern and the perverse. But with Victor Hugo, with Baudelaire, we are still under the dominion of rhetoric. 'Take eloquence and wring its neck!' said Verlaine; and he showed, by writing it, that French verse could be written without rhetoric. It was partly from his study of English models that he learned the secret of liberty in verse, which in turn he has taught to his teachers."

Charlotte Perkins Stetson, who so sorrowfully shook the dust of California off her feet, has come into considerable appreciation over her volume of verse, which James Barry published. In *Harper's Weekly*, W. D. Howells quotes from the volume in a commendatory vein, and goes on to add: "I feel bound to say of this poet that the implications of her satire are for social reform of a very radical kind, and to warn the reader that if he is of such a conservative mind himself that he cannot enjoy even very witty criticism of our conditions, her book is distinctly not for him. I feel equally bound to say that since the Biglow Papers we have had no civic satire, that I can think of, nearly so good; and since I am yielding to the sense of duty at this wholesale rate, let me add that Mrs. Stetson's volume is not at all of even excellence."

Heavens! but how seriously Jeremiah O'Hart takes the literary criticisms of the *Argonaut*. Actually, he declares that he announced to the American people, before any one else had dared, the impudicity of *Jude the Obscure*, and he is happy because Mrs. Oliphant, in *Blackwood's*, agrees with him. The book has evoked discussion and deep thought; it has been the theme of the serious consideration of able critics, who in pronouncing it unwise and wrong of tendency, have not failed to do justice to the honest motive that inspires it, and the splendor of its conception and execution. There is something exasperatingly provincial in the tone of the *Argonaut's* comment last Saturday, in which it rehearses its own expression and quotes Mrs. Oliphant approvingly as though she had obtained her inspiration from its own supreme wisdom. The truth is that Mr. O'Hart's critique was a perfunctory notice lacking force, point, the critical attitude, or the suggestion of literary manner. It should be apparent even to the editor of the *Argonaut* that his book notes are triumphs of ineptitude, are inferior in acumen and insight to the critiques in its illustrious prototype the *Little Peddlington Gazette*. The fact is, that since the decadence of Frank Pixley the *Argonaut* has steadily deteriorated; its editorials seem to be dictated by some political coxcomb, whose visual outlook is the view from a club window, and whose literary manner is as clumsy as the service in a two-bit restaurant and as ignorantly pretentious as the oration of a walking delegate.

Percival Pollard writes, anent our critique of *A Cape of Storms*, that he is not a reporter, and has never been one. Considering that the name of the writer has always been associated with journalistic publications of one kind or other, our assumption that he, too, belonged to the newspaper fraternity, did not seem unwarrantable. However, the imputation is hereby withdrawn with proper contrition. Considering the circumstances, perhaps my conclusion was unwise, for Mr. Pollard has really achieved his novel, and the legions of newspapermen with aspirations seldom attain more than the most perfunctory short-story writing. However, there is hope in the future. Walter Blackburn Harte's *Fly Leaf* suggests that while we are seeking the coming novelist between rich covers, he may be doing a daily "story" for some sensational morning journal. By the way, Richard Harding Davis, Ed. Townsend, and Stephen Crane were newspaper men—even reporters. But here is Mr. Pollard on his own behalf:

PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO,
January 22, 1896.

GENTLEMEN:—As far as concerns your criticism of my novel, *Cape of Storms*, the points are well taken, the opinion doubtless just. But whence the premises of your peroration? Why am I to be made a text for an essay on the "distinction between reporting and literature"? Never have I been a reporter; never done but a ridiculously small percentage of work on daily papers, mostly signed articles. Never, indeed, have I concerned myself one tithe as much with facts as with fiction. Against stories in *Harper's Weekly*, London *St. Paul's*, *The Argonaut*, *Lippincott's*, *The Chap Book*, *The New England*, and so on, and so on, you put an assumption that I'm a reporter, which I never was! Is that fair? The fact that I chose newspaper life of a sort as part of my tapestry, should surely not involve me of necessity.

Of course, I shall do better than this novel, some day, which was only done to give the public the notion that I could do something longer than the short stories I've done for years—and, if ever I do, I hope you won't fling that "reporter" gag at me again. Not that I object to reporters. Indeed, I recognize it as a distiuct art—one I never could achieve, feeling too strongly the fictional impulse in me. I can't say how that part of your article affected me—to profanity.

Yours sincerely,
PERCIVAL POLLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Garrison Tales from Tonquin," by James O'Neil. Copeland & Day, publishers.

"The Gipsy Christ, and Other Tales," by William Sharp. Stone & Kimball, publishers.

"The One who Looked On," by F. Montrisor. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

The hair-dressing parlors at 111 Stockton Street are quite popular these days. Mr. Lederer and his assistants keep well posted as to the latest fads in coiffure, and the work is pronounced very artistic.

THE THEATERS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FRAWLEY CO.—AN INCIDENT AT THE ORPHEUM.

"The house is so cold to him," said a woman's voice, low, and with a pathetic little break in it which was almost a sob. It was just as Osbourne was leaving the stage after his admirable rendering of Cockson Dudley's touching, adorably foolish appeal to Secretary Welles for the Ensign's life. I turned with a big lump in my throat to see the woman who felt with me. A young girl, a handkerchief, and a little hand, were all I could see without rudeness, but I was able to subtract one from the asinine audience which passed by, without a sign of recognition, the best bit of acting that the Columbia has seen for many a day. There they sat, these creatures, like more different kinds of an idiot than I care to specify, and listened in dull silence to a most delicate and sympathetic representation of this lovable, if unnaturally quixotic, old sailor, and yet, a few moments later, they were stamping with delight over some bellowed bit of buncombe, which, thank heaven, I have forgotten now. Owing to the Baldwin's closed doors (and Miss Wainwright's engagement), the Frawley Company has had an importance lately altogether out of proportion to its real merits. No one grudges it to them, for they fill a long-felt want. They give us fairly good plays at popular prices, in an honest, conscientious, and acceptable, if uninspired, fashion, and we should encourage them for our own sakes. They are to be congratulated upon Osbourne's addition to their ranks, and know, oh you vandals who rose and tramped, rustled, and wriggled out of the Columbia Monday night, in the midst of his final words in "Men and Women," that you committed a crime and stamped yourselves as vulgar, undiscriminating persons. True, this theater vents slowly, and an impatient soul frets somewhat before reaching the sidewalk, unless it has the advantage of a hop, skip, and jump start; but you should consider the impropriety of this athletic performance, and refrain. You might, also, remember that a perfectly constructed theater would probably take more out of your pocket before you got in.

Situated, as I unfortunately was, in the rear of the dress-circle, I have not the smallest idea of what Osbourne was saying during this stampede—probably platitudes; but this I know, I would listen to him recite Mother Goose with pleasure, and possibly with profit. He is one of the best stock-actors San Francisco has ever called her own, and one of the most versatile, playing anything, from an Indian to a Chevalier Bayard, and playing it well. Though his voice is somewhat broken, it still carries well, and the troupe can learn much from him. Among other things, they can learn not to rant; to complete and develop a part, not to overdo it; not to keep one eye for the audience when facing it, or look in every coat-seam or dressfold when backs are turned, as if they wished they could still favor us with a glance, but to be, apparently, oblivious to all but the stage and the actors on it. Another addition whose entire desirability remains to be seen, as she had but a small part, is Maude Morrell of Oakland, who made her debut Monday night. She had no opportunity to do more than show herself pretty, pleasing, and sweet-voiced, but she "starts in well and I'm with her," as Richard Vance says in "The Senator."

Jennie Kennark appears to much better advantage in "Men and Women," as Agnes Rodman, than in "The Senator." The more emotional the part, the better suited it is to her insistently earnest method of speaking and her tragic, throaty, and rather melodious voice. She has a very pretty figure and can say "I love you," etc., with so much tenderness and feeling that I am sufficiently interested to hope she will some day be able to improve her manner of making every-day bread and butter remarks. What she needs in ordinary conversation is more lightness and insouciance, and less of that studied preciseness which verges on priggishness. Blanche Bates's "Mrs. Delafield" was much more satisfactory than anything I have seen her do, except "Cinders." She was handsome, laughed very naturally and prettily, though not very infectiously, and altogether showed herself to be much better fitted by Nature to play the part of a dashing, light-hearted widow, than a young girl, such as Alice Greer in "The Ensign." She was fortunate in having so amusing a person as Blakemore's Colonel Zachery T. Kip to converse with and laugh at, since laughter was so large a part of Mrs. Delafield's role. As Alice Greer, she left much to be desired. There was a lack of softness in her coquetry, a lack of feeling in her pleading, in the scene with Secretary Welles. Think of it for a moment, Miss Bates—if the man stood before you who had the power to save your lover's life, would you not clutch him as if to drag the saving words from him, rather than touch him lightly as you did? Would not your hands cling and implore, rather than lay upon his arm? Just for a moment you were charming in this play. I have forgotten your words, but it was in the garden scene with your sweetheart. You stood in the middle of the stage, and threw toward him a glance—beaming, brimming over with mischief and coquetry, and full of light, as water reflecting a sunny sky—it was only a moment; then you were gone. Your trouble seems to be in expressing the deeper emotions. Anger may be within your scope, but tenderness, love, grief—no; at least, not yet. In the court-martial scene, when the dear old Cockson (who was doing his best to save your lover), turned toward you and him, there was no relaxation or change in your stony gaze, no consciousness or recognition of words and affectionate intonations which would have drawn at least a grateful glance or a quiver of the lips from the most grief-stricken woman in the world, no matter how paralyzed by dread and sorrow.

The house's reception of this act in the "Ensign," and of the scene at the midnight meeting of the bank directors, in "Men and Women," is a good illustration of the fact that the average man is drawn to applaud more by the sentiments, the matter of an actor's words, rather than the manner of his rendering them. Although Frawley has at all times a simplicity and genuineness which make him acceptable, he often roars with that big voice of his a good deal too loud; in the court-martial scene, when he rose to confess the slaughter of the American renegade, he simply bellowed, in a strange sort of staccato, the words, "When he called upon me—to defend the honor—of my country—I did—for I killed him"—but the house came down. Came down hard, and long, and loud. Whereas, when, in "Men and Women," after quite a good bit of acting, Frawley left the stage with these words (delivered with a ring of genuine feeling and in a delightfully straight-forward, manly fashion), "Mr. Cohen, if you could give me perfect freedom I could not give back to you what I never took," he did not get one-tenth part of the applause which he had received but not earned in "The Ensign." Maclyn Arbuckle manages the defaulter in "Men and Women" very well, in spite of the numerous weak spots in the part, but his best role is, of course, that of the Senator, though he is not up to his usual standard in the love-scene; he should tone that down a trifle—not make it such a burlesque.

* * *

There is at the Orpheum this week a man with a voice so eccentric that not even Dickens in a brain fever could have imagined it. He calls himself the bell imitator, and his singing really sounds something like a cross between a bell and a bass viol with the croup. You can also see a really clever equilibrist and two "Supreme Balanceurs," two "eccentric comedians," two "eccentric grotesques," and hear several very, very eccentric "want ads," which, however, you are not compelled to understand if you are of the wrong sex for after-dinner stories.

If this does not suffice for your entertainment, you can watch the crowd, which is not the least amusing part of the show. I was looking, the other night, at the bald spot on the head of a solemn, conventional sort of a fellow who was accompanied by a young woman (evidently his sister), and wondering what brought them there, when I saw a man at least two seats away lean towards the girl and say, "Lady, ahem! lady, won't you lend me your opera glasses?" "Certainly," she said, surprised but courteous, and handed them to him. Just then, the solemn brother turned, saw, and nearly fainted. "What!" his face exclaimed, "my sister conversing with a strange Orpheum habitué, and actually lending him her opera glasses!"

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Ellen Beach Yaw, the young California soprano, began a series of concerts in New York, at Carnegie Hall, on Tuesday last. She is said to possess a voice ranging higher than that of any other singer. She sings E above high E.

The admirers of Sarah Bernhardt as Cleopatra should have seen her playing grandmother at a Christmas-tree party. The divine Sarah and her granddaughter, Simone, sat beneath a gigantic Christmas tree and dispensed gifts to all the little schoolmates of Simone. The great actress appeared to enjoy the fete as much as the smallest child, and told the youngsters fairy tales and took part in all their games.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Baldwin opens on Monday next with the Tavary Grand Opera Company. Among the best-known members of the organization are Marie Tavary, Thea Dorre, Guille, the tenor, Payne Clark, and others. The company will play "Aida" on Monday; on Tuesday, "Carmen;" Wednesday matinée, "Bohemian Girl;" in the evening, "The Huguenots;" Thursday, "Mignon;" Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci;" at the Saturday matinée, "Martha;" Saturday evening, "Lohengrin." Usual scale of prices at the Baldwin will prevail.

Corinne follows "In Old Kentucky" at the California, in "Hendrick Hudson, Jr."

"The Gentle Savage" will, it is asserted, positively open on Monday next at the Tivoli.

Rachel Walker, the Creole singer, has been one of the best features again on a very good bill at the Orpheum this week. Several new numbers have been added to the best of last week's, which were retained, and altogether have formed an excellent program.

"The Canting Scoundrel," at the Alcazar, is an English importation in three acts, abundantly supplied with comic situations and absurd complications. Francis Powers has had the title role, and has further established his ability for good character acting.

The California has continued with packed houses all the week. The popularity of "In Old Kentucky" does not seem to diminish. To-night and to-morrow night are the last performances to be given of this play. On Monday, "Corinne."

Mr. Keene is booked to appear at the California on February 11th, for two weeks, and will be seen in "Louis XI," "Richard III," "Richelieu," and three new plays.

St. Stephen's Episcopal Church will give a grand concert on Wednesday evening, February 5, 1896, at Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter Street, for the benefit of the choir fund. The program is under the direction of the organist and choir master of St. Stephen's, Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy. Among those who will assist are Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Mr. Frank Coffin, and the Knickerbocker Male Quartet.

Dorothy Baird, the fair young Trilby at the Haymarket Theater, London, has formally announced her engagement to H. B. Irving, eldest son of Sir Henry Irving, thus confirming the rumor which has been current for some time.

Company F, First Regiment Infantry, Second Brigade, N. G. C., will have a benefit at the Columbia Theater on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

Morosco's stock company have been at their best in "The Editor," this week. Coulter Brinker has presented another of his bright, manly roles in Stephen Morton, and Frank Hatch has added one more to his inimitable character sketches. Miss Hall sustained the part of Mrs. Jeffries very ably also. Next week Frank Harvey's melodrama "The Sins of the Night" will be presented at this house.

The Paderewski Recital tickets have been on sale at Sherman & Clay's since Thursday. Prices from $2 to $5.

The Frawley Company have arranged to remain a week longer at the Columbia, and will play "Men and Women."

The Trilby Company, headed either by Blanche Walsh or Edith Crane, will sail from San Francisco March 5th, and open at the Princess Theater, Melbourne. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew follow them at the same theater April 30th.

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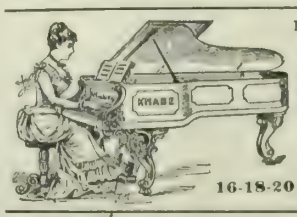

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SPLASHES.

THE NEWHALL DINNER DANCE was noteworthy principally because it was the first affair of the kind ever given here. In New York these dances were introduced some three seasons ago, and attained so widespread a popularity that now they are the customary mode of entertainment. The débutante is an unknown quantity at a dinner, chiefly, I fancy, because she is still in the stage when appetite supplies the flavor of the banquet, and has not yet realized the dividing line between the epicure and the gourmand. A dinner is wasted upon the maid of one or two seasons. One has to drink deep, not of the Pierian spring, but of the wells of pleasure, ere one becomes satiated—and until surfeited with a plethora of good things, until the evanescent illusions and delusions of youth have been cast aside, the delicate satisfaction of a perfectly broiled fillet is as yet a negative pleasure. Mr. Newhall fully appreciated this, and his list of guests was confined to the older set. There was not even the shadow of a brownie to mar the joy of the entertainment. According to the dailies one would fancy Mr. Newhall intended subsisting on the husks of the prodigal for the rest of his days, so extravagantly is the entertainment represented. It was, however, a very simple affair. The favors were dainty, inexpensive conceits, chosen more for their applicability than from their intrinsic value. The supper was abundant, but could hardly be termed sumptuous. The gowning supplied the magnificence of the event. The women whom I considered the handsomest were Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Mrs. Samuel Knight (née Holbrook). They were admirably gowned and looked really stunning. The figures were original and well carried out, and Mr. Newhall proved a very capable leader, just as he has on several other occasions.

* * *

THE POPULARITY of the Friday Fortnightly Dancing Class is increasing at a desperate pace, and the lady patronesses are so besieged with requests for tickets that they have decided not to issue any invitations to the last party. It is to be given on Valentine's Day, and will be a Leap Year dance. Last time there was really too great a crowd for comfort, and the chaperones who formerly occupied seats of honor in the center of the room, now either line the walls or sit in the gallery. Owing to the continued indisposition of Mr. Greenway, Lieutenant Smedberg led the german; the figures were all of the marching order—pretty, but not at all intricate. I noticed there a number of the older girls—among them Miss Mamie McNutt in yellow satin covered with chiffon, Miss Mariquita Collier in a sweet little frock of striped silk, and Miss Romie Wallace in a striking costume of pale blue satin. Miss Carmen Moore, who is one of the very popular Deux Temps girls, was chic to a degree in a pink silk gown with a bertha of chiffon—Miss Moore is a sophomore at the University of California, and a bright, piquante, attractive-looking girl. Miss Bernie Drown looked sweet in white chiffon with blue ribbons; Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, a fine, tall, fair girl, looked very nice in a pretty, fluffy-looking gown of pink satin, completely veiled with mousseline de soie; Miss Blackmore wore an exceedingly fetching frock of pale pink satin covered with organdie; Miss Annie Voorhies was exquisite in a simple gown of white dotted Swiss, cut round, and showing to advantage her prettily moulded neck and throat, and setting off her fair skin. Miss Margaret Salisbury made an effective picture in a white swiss frock and pale blue ribbons. The music was Huber at his "best." Altogether the affair was one of the jolliest of the season.

* * *

THE BAL POUDRE and leap year cotillion given by the members of the Saturday Fortnightly was a really charming entertainment. However becoming or otherwise powder or patches may be to the maidens of a larger growth, it is irresistible when carried off by the "sweet sixteeners." The gray or whitened locks and the rosy complexions and rounded features make a bewitching combination, and I venture to say it would have been difficult to find a more charming sight than the maids afforded last Saturday evening. Among the older girls it is the blondes who seem to carry off the laurels at a bal poudré, but the contrary is the case among the younger set. The paint and patches proved most attractive when combined with dark hair and eyes. The prettiest of the maidens were Miss Jessie Cheever, Miss Black, Miss Lathrop, Miss Helen Spaulding, Miss Charlotte Field, and Miss Grace Sabin. Miss Black is a striking-looking girl, with deep, brown eyes, blue-black hair, and clear, olive complexion. Miss Charlotte Field wore a white chiffon frock made very quaintly. Her hair was dressed à la pompadour, and powdered. Miss Florence Stone looked exceedingly picturesque in white; she is tall, with a finely developed figure, well-cut features, and nicely poised head. The "leap year" idea was accurately executed. The german was led by Miss Mollie Hind, Miss Bates, and Miss Dickens. The lassies fanned the lads, waited upon them, picked up their handkerchiefs, and paid them myriads of minor attentions in a most amusing fashion. One of the features of the party was the arrival of the four "flower girls" from the Jarboe-Dimond entertainment. They came in costume, Miss Wells, Miss Keeney, Miss Deane, and Miss Wagner, in their quaint Dutch caps, streaming hair, and short, white frocks. Miss Mabel Estee was the only maiden who boasted a real wig. All the girls wore powdered hair; some had their locks glittering with diamond dust, which soon transferred itself to the dress suits of the lads, and covered the floor with its glacé-like presence.

* * *

THE LEAP YEAR Ball Masque, given by Colonel and Mrs. Burton at the Presidio, was an exceedingly jolly affair. All the girls wore pink dominoes and masks, some of which were very becomingly draped. They all seemed to enjoy the privileges accorded them by their disguise, and the more mischievous had great fun. At eleven o'clock all unmasked and went into supper. The german followed, and was led by Lieutenant Coffin and Miss Burton. The favors were appropriate—the girls receiving the much-coveted army buttons and swords, the men, bows and arrows.

* * *

Among the girls I especially noted were Miss Meeta Graham, Miss Ida Gibbons, and Miss Eva Moody. A number of the maidens who prefer fresh looks to fun, did not arrive till after the end of the masquerade, and were quite a contrast to the girls who had participated throughout the whole evening, for it must be admitted that masks and dominoes are destructive to beauty; they crush the gowns, flush the cheeks, and tousle the hair. But one can always be pretty, and masked balls do not occur every day.

* * *

WHAT STRUCK me particularly at the Dimond-Jarboe entertainment on Saturday evening was the aptness exhibited in the selection of the girls who participated. I understand Addison Mizner is accredited with having chosen, posed, and arranged the tableaux, and it must be said that he showed discrimination in picking out for peasants the young women most bountifully endowed with physical charm. Miss Lizzie Carroll, as an Alsatian peasant, was highly effective; her dress was pretty, becoming and cut so as to show her finely-molded shoulders and neck. The costume is one of the prettiest—a wide Alsatian bow forms the cap, and the shortish skirt and black velvet bodice are very chic. Miss Sarah Collier, as the Princess Helene, was stunning. She is a real Trilby type, and the white gown and fur-edged opera cloak made a striking tableau. One of the prettiest of the pictures was "The Little Duchess," by Miss Helen Bhos, who looked bewitching in black, with a large picture hat, and her golden hair hanging down her back. Miss Beatrice Tobin made a quaint "Penelope Boothby," in a stiff pose, looking straight in front, with a tight little cap and long black mittens. However, the picture that captured my fancy was Gibson's "Good-night," in which Miss Mary Belle Gwin was the central figure. She really looked lovely in pale pink satin, holding a candlestick in her hand. The charm of the entertainment was its novelty, and the girls all seemed to enter into their parts with so much verve. The little tables and the peasants, who were all fine-looking maidens, added much to the scene. As for the flower-girls, they were charming. Little Miss Wells looked radiant in her sweet little white frock and white ribbons. Miss Flora Deane also looked exceedingly well in pure white. Miss Helen Wagner was in white, with pink rosebuds arranged effectively over her bodice and trailing down her skirt.

* * *

A delightful entertainment was given on Monday evening by the little Miss Harveys, at their home on Franklin Street. They performed a bright little French play, entitled "Le Secret," and displayed quite a degree of histrionic ability. They have splendid French accents, these little ones, and the intonation which is rarely found among American children. Little Heimrich von Schroder also took part and looked very quaint in white wig and spectacles. Afterwards the children played duets on the mandolin and guitar, and recited some amusing dialogues in English. Miss Anita Harvey is an exceedingly pretty, graceful child, with exquisitely fair coloring. Little Miss Genevieve is a piquant little maiden, with dancing brown eyes. During the evening, Mr. Donald de V. Graham sang several French songs, and Miss Anderson played a Grieg suite.

* * *

We are to be plunged in a vortex of weddings next week. On Monday night Miss Belle Grant's nuptials are to be celebrated at St. Luke's Church. On Wednesday noon Miss Kathryn Jarboe is to marry Mr. Bull, and Miss Ella Goad will become Mrs. Osgood Hooker. The Grant-Pond wedding is to be a comparatively small affair, Miss Fannie Grant being the only bridesmaid. After the Jarboe-Bull ceremony—which is to take place in St. Luke's Church—a reception is to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe. Great are the preparations at present under way for the Goad-Hooker wedding, which is to be a very smart event. No less than five hundred invitations have been issued, and the bridesmaids' gowns are veritable creations. They are of pure white, and Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad are to wear short, white veils—a revival of an old custom which has recently become the fad at the swell New York weddings. Miss Goad's gown is an unusually handsome one, —an importation, I believe—and trimmed with very exquisite lace.

* * *

The fashion of giving engagement lunches is rapidly spreading, and the recently engaged girls are having the benefit of it. Mrs. Frank Sullivan had a girls' luncheon in honor of Miss Henrietta Sullivan on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Sullivan is to be married on February 12th to Mr. Stephen Harris.

* * *

Dinners proved the popular pastime during the week. There were, of course, the Newhall dinners by Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Joe Crockett, Mrs. Nuttall, and Mrs. Mayo Newhall. Baron and Baroness von Schroder gave a dinner to eighteen on Tuesday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Samual Boardman to a similar number on Wednesday. The honor, however, of having given the prettiest dinner of the week may be claimed by Miss Minnie Houghton, whose entertainment, on Friday evening, was a thoroughly smart affair. The table was exquisitely decorated in pale greens and white, everything being confined to the two shades. The guests were all kindred spirits, and the affair passed off with éclat.

* * *

There are the usual number of teas this week. A girls' tea was given by Miss Mary Harrington to Miss Jennie Cheeseman, whose engagement was recently announced, on Tuesday afternoon. There are two smart events to be given to-day—an "At Home" from four to seven, by Mrs. Alvord, and a tea by Mrs. A. A. Borel, assisted by the Misses Borel.

* * *

Miss Kittie Duval and Miss Jessie Robson, who have been spending the past six months traveling in Europe, returned home on Wednesday evening. Miss Duval is a daughter of Mr. W. S. Duval, and, accompanied by her mother and sister, has been visiting relatives on the continent of Europe. Mrs. Duval will probably return some time in April.

* * *

Miss Patton of Los Angeles, who has been spending a few weeks here, was given a progressive euchre party, on Monday evening by Miss Sallie Huie. A "Jenkins" party was also given in her honor on Tuesday. Miss Patton has been the guest of Miss Meta Thomson and Miss Huie. She is a pretty little maiden of the piquante order, with rather attractive manners.

* * *

A "cobweb" lunch party was given by Miss Elsie Tallant to sixteen girls last week. The decorations were California violets, which were tied with purple ribbons. Each girl received a large bouquet, with a pretty silver flower pin, and a dainty purple basket covered with artificial violets and filled with bonbons as favors. After luncheon, balls of string were handed round and the girls proceeded to make cobwebs all over the house. Afterwards each maid tried to disentangle her string, a prize being awarded to the one who succeeded in winding up her ball with the greatest celerity. Miss Jessie Wright got the first prize, Miss Leila Voorhies the second, and Miss Pearl Landers the booby prize. All the girls were prettily gowned in light silk dresses.

* * *

When Death enters, like Maeterlink's "Intruder," unexpected and unwelcome, it often frustrates the best-laid plans of its victim. On the day of his death Mr. J. H. Rosewald anticipated delivering a lecture on music at the University of California, and purposed giving a series of lectures in order to gather funds to endow a chair of music in the college. The faculty have persuaded Madam Rosewald to let them take charge o the matter, carry out the idea, and she has given her consent. The original lecture will be given at the Columbia Theater on

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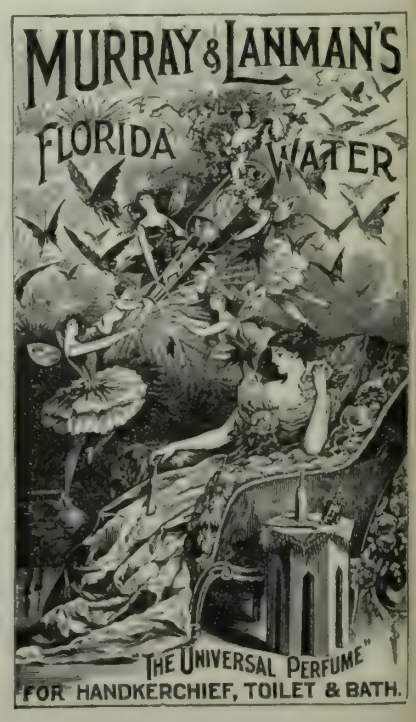
Swain's, at 213 Sutter Street, is the only place in the city at which one can find first-class pies, cakes, and confectionery.



the afternoon of February 21st, and will be read by one of the professors, with musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, under the directorship of Mrs. Carmichael Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel. The object of the concert is to form a nucleus to found the chair, which will, no doubt, be established, and is intended to be called the "Rosewald Memorial."

* * *

The demolition of the Diamond Palace proceeds apace. To me the spectacle is sad and disillusionizing, for the institution and its proprietor, Colonel Andrews, have long been the most interesting phases of Montgomery Street, and in their absence that thoroughfare loses its coloring and artistic value. I looked in at the sale the other day, and was so struck by the opportunity for bargains that the temptation was irresistible, and I captured several beautiful articles at prices indecently low. Watches and jewelry are going for mere songs. You can have the good things for next to the asking. A prominent Society man, who is among Colonel Andrews' admirers, is anxious to know what he proposes to do after retiring from business. He suggests that the Colonel, who has really the air of a Beau Brummel, might devote himself to leading the San Francisco fashions, which, indeed, are badly in need of an exponent. The suggestion is submitted to the Colonel for what it may be worth.

* * *

GENERAL WARFIELD is determined that during his regime the light of the National Guard shall not be hidden under a bushel. He has inaugurated the idea of having his staff appear at all important social and charitable functions, and has authorized Colonel Giesting to take boxes for the accommodation of his brother colonels and majors whenever the occasion seems to justify it. This is certainly a good move, for the Guard can gain much more from the community by appearing often before the public than in any other way. The banquet given by the members of the staff to Mrs. Warfield last week was the inauguration of this social policy. It was the first time the wives of its members had ever come together at a gathering, and the occasion was notable for the degree of friendliness and general sociability developed.

* * *

The California, by the way, has been the scene of several gatherings lately, among the most interesting being the birthday party of young Master Warfield, who entertained a number of his young friends in capital style. The hotel is so admirably adapted for entertainments, with its luxurious parlors and fine banquet halls, that I wonder more does not happen there.

* * *

The Society of the Colonial Dames is almost an unknown quantity in California, but is, as an organization, infinitely more aristocratic and exclusive than the Daughters of the Revolution. In the first place, the Colonial Dames have to furnish authentic proof of their ancestors' residence in these United States prior to the Revolutionary War, and then as persons notable in some respect or another. The society was organized in New York, in 1890, and Mrs. Selden S. Wright appointed as Californian representative. She speedily formed a similar organization here, with twelve charter members—Mrs. Wright, Mrs. George Crux, Mrs. Joseph S. Moody, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. Tallant, Mrs. Jouett, Mrs. Maddox, and others. The Dames entertain one another every month, the last of these receptions being given on Tuesday by Mrs. S. W. Holladay, of Holladay Heights.

* * *

The Saturday Morning Orchestra announce a benefit concert on Monday evening, February 17th, at the Metropolitan Temple. The young ladies have exerted their best efforts on behalf of the various charitable organizations here for the past several years and have earned by their benefits quite a large amount of money, all of which has gone to some good cause or other. Mrs. Selden S. Wright, the manager, is very desirous of continuing the charitable work, but the orchestra has been under considerable expense and so has decided to give a performance in order to clear off its debts. There has been a marked improvement in the ensemble playing in the last year or so. It may truly be said the progress of the girls has not been confined to individuals, but is pronounced throughout all the instruments. One may certainly look forward to the affair as a treat.

* * *

Among the anticipated events is the Charity Ball in aid of the Woman's Exchange and Ladies' Relief Society. The date has not as yet been decided, but everything is being done to make the affair as fashionable as possible.

* * *

NO ONE, I HOPE, will have the hardihood to believe the members of the Philomath resemble, in the slightest degree, the several pictures which the dailies presented of them. The Club is recruited from the ranks of fashionable Society, and though it is not composed exclusively of beauties, collectively it does not resemble in the slightest the *Chronicle's* picture, and even less that which the *Examiner* presented. However, the annual gathering was notable for the admirable array of costumes and the richness of the general effect, which as I said before, the artists did the utmost injustice to. I am inclined to think the papers rather less piquant than those offered last year. Of course, they were instructive, but instruction fails to be everything. Modern ethics prescribe a double sugar-coating for all pills not administered in marmalade. Indeed, some of the essays were deep and quite serious. Mrs. Lowenberg, the president, opened proceedings with a sketch of the institution, its aims, objects, ambitions, and gave way to Mrs. A. L. Lengfeld, who discussed "fads." Then Miss Abel told about children at rather greater length, perhaps, than some of the ladies appreciated, though she told some charming stories. The literary pièce de resistance of the celebration, however, was Miss Falkenstein's discourse on "End of the Century Literature." She actually protested against declaring latter-day writings degenerate, and announced her admiration of the novels and poetry of the moment. There was plenty of sense in her paper, and she read it very pleasantly. The music included vocal selections by Mrs. Joseph Rothschild and Mrs. A. Brown, which were done in thoroughly effective style.

* * *

THE EVENT which superseded all others in social importance during the week was the amateur theatrical show on Friday evening at the Macdonough Theater. The players, who are almost on a par with professionals and have oftentimes received laurels from the hand of an exuberant public, were never seen to better advantage than in Daly's well-known play, "7-20-8." It was not in the least like an amateur production; there was hardly a hitch, and, from start to finish, the performance was well balanced and symmetrical. Mr. Jack Wilson took the leading part, "Courtney Wilson," and did excellently well. Miss Morrell was never more charming than in her rendition of "Floss," the spoiled heroine of the piece. Young Mr. Harry Thomas, who was recently married, played the bridegroom, and was applauded in a most vociferous, if rather embarrassing, fashion. The house was packed on both evenings, and I noted any number of theater-parties. The most important of these were those given by Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. Chabot, Mrs. Knowles, and Mrs. George Uhl. Mr. Harry Miller gave a box party to a number of the "Deux Temps" girls, including Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Myra Prather, Miss Florence Dunham, etc.

* * *

THERE WERE several pretty luncheons given during the week to Mrs. Mark Requa (née Miss Florence Herrick). On Thursday Mrs. Ben Morgan gave a violet luncheon in Berkeley in her honor. It was an unusually jolly affair, all the bridesmaids and girl friends of Mrs. Requa having been invited. They had a bean guessing contest, and Miss Nina Pringle carried off the prize. During the repast quaint-looking paper cabbages, bearing ludicrous legends and appropriate mottoes, were passed around. Mrs. Requa looked exceedingly pretty in a light silk waist and dark skirt. Miss Nina Pringle, who has recently returned from a two years' visit to Paris, is very much slighter than when she left here, and appears considerably improved by her trip. She is bright, jolly, and amusing. Among those invited were Miss Esme and Miss Marie Rose Deane, Miss Moore, Miss Spiers, Miss Booth, Miss Wall, and Miss Edith Lilencrantz. In the afternoon Mrs. Morgan asked the girls' mothers to come over to tea. Miss Knowles's luncheon was rather a smart affair. The table decorations were chic, being in perles du jardin roses, the menu cards being formed of rose petals. Among the guests were Mrs. Requa, Mrs. Edson Adams, Miss Hattie Wall, Miss McKee, Miss Grimes, etc.

* * *

A large tea was given on Thursday by Mrs. Goodrich of Berkeley in honor of the Misses Randol of Washington. Mrs. Goodrich was assisted in pouring tea by a number of girls from Miss Head's school, who looked very sweet in dainty gowns of some soft white material. There was no attempt at decoration, other than a few vases of flowers placed here and there, and in this Mrs. Goodrich showed wisdom, for her house is so well filled with rare old tapestries, rich rugs, and pictures, that extra floral adornments are really a drawback rather than an advantage. Mrs. Sutton looked very stunning in a combination of black and white satin. The Misses Randol, who are tall, fair, graceful-looking girls, were quite charmingly gowned. Miss Evelyn Shepherd gave several selections on her violin during the afternoon.

* * *

Another bride who is being extensively entertained over in Oakland is Mrs. Seward McNear. Last week she was the recipient of several luncheons, and on Monday, Mrs. Peter Bowles gave a large tea in her honor. Unfortunately, however, the inclemency of the weather prevented a number of the expected guests from putting in an appearance.

* * *

There are still chronicles of teas, past, present, and future. Among them Mrs. Hampton's debutantes' "at home," given on Saturday afternoon, was a pretty affair. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Carrie Ritter, Miss Lillian Strong, Miss Mary Whitney, and others. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Kitteredge, assisted by Miss Ethel Kitteredge, is to give a girls' tea.

* * *

The Bachelors and Benedicts give their last cotillion on Wednesday, February 5th. The german is to be led by Mr. Harry Knowles. The Deux Temps Club gives its closing party on Saturday, February 8th.

* * *

Mr. Pasmore is to give a concert in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, for the benefit of the Neighborhood Club. The program is decidedly interesting; it opens with a short sketch on singing and the methods of Lamperti and Shakespeare compared. Then there are vocal solos by Miss Warden, Miss Weyman, Miss Edith Scott Waters, Mr. Loring Rixford, and Mr. Edgerton Smith.

* * *

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Mabel Urmy and Mr. Frederick Seares of Berkeley. Miss Urmy is a tall, handsome striking-looking girl, who looks like Du Maurier's "Duchess of Towers," and is exceedingly bright and intelligent. She is a niece of Mrs. John R. Jarboe and a sister of Mr. Clarence Urmy. Mr. Frederick Seares fills the second place in the Astronomical Department in the University of California.

* * *

The Lamba-Theta-Phi Fraternity of the Oakland High School gave a very jolly dance at the Masonic Temple on Saturday night. The fraternity is composed exclusively of girls who got up the affair and carried it through most successfully. The german was led by Miss Zena West and Mr. Walter Dayton. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Alma Brown, Miss Mamie Kent and Miss Mary Randall—Miss Ruth Wilder was very sweetly gowned and Miss Marion Randall looked exceedingly pretty in a cream silk dress trimmed with pink velvet and passementerie.

* * *

Miss Maud Morrell, who has achieved distinction in amateur theatricals in Oakland, has decided to take up the stage as a profession. She is to make her initial appearance at the Columbia with the Frawley Company, when she will take the soubrette part in "Men and Women." It has not been definitely decided whether she will become a permanent member of the Company as she wishes to see how she likes the work. Miss Morrell is a pretty girl, and, although she has never studied in any dramatic school, has had plenty of practise in amateur theatricals.

* * *

Mrs. Walter Campbell gave a musicale on Friday last in honor of Mr. Chas. Wenzell. There was an interesting program. The selections by Mr. Wenzell being especially enjoyable.

THE GOSSIP

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well-known one of Duff, Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff, Gordon & Co. sherries,

Deutz & Geldermann's "Gold Lack" is, without doubt, the finest dry champagne imported. No connoisseur should fail to try it.

Would you be an architect, a painter, a surveyor? See page 16. Free instruction for subscriptions.

Adam's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

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STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

If you're stout, bicycle riding makes you lose flesh; if you're thin it makes you grow stouter—poor rule that don't work both ways.

But when you do buy a wheel, get a good one. It's less expensive. You don't want to break down five miles from home. How can you make sure you won't?

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For sale only at store—

214 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

RIPPLES.

LEAVES FROM TOMMY'S COMPOSITION BOOK—ELECTRICITY.

Electricity is a thunderbolt of a subject for a 14 c. p. boy to write upon.

No teacher, other than the daughter of an ice-man, would be so cold-hearted as to ask us boys and girls to write upon such a shocking subject.

If we could write a good composition on electricity, I think our teacher would have to take in sewing for a living.

Electricity, I believe, is one of these unseeable fluids, which means that you can't see it but it is there just the same, 'cause you can feel it. Sometimes a fellow feels it and then he doesn't feel anything, 'cause that settles him.

It seems funny to me that if a live man touches a live wire he will be a dead man.

Some people have lots of electricity in their systems. A man shook hands with me one day, and when he did, he shook so that I asked him what made him shake so much for, and he said what made him shake so much was electricity. I asked him where he got it, and he said he got it at the corner, and I knew in an instant that he had some other kind of fluid in him besides electric fluid. It smelt like pa's breath when he brings it home late Sunday afternoons, and tells ma that he has been taking communion at church. Anyhow, after the man told me what he did, I shook him, and I suppose he went down to the corner again and shook some other fellow for some more of the same kind of fluid of which he was chock full.

Speaking about fluids at communion, puts me in mind of the Sunday when ma insisted upon pa attending church against his will. Pa went, but he didn't get back home until late at night, after I was asleep in bed. When pa did get home, he made such a racket that he woke me up and I guess everybody else on our block. I heard ma say to him, "This is a pretty time o' night to be getting home! Where have you been?"

I can't write just the way pa talked, but he kept spitting all the time like a fellow spits out a blackberry seed that he has found between his teeth after eating blackberry pie, which is the kind of pie I like better than any other kind of pie. I thought at the time that pa must have eaten a whole blackberry bush. Anyhow, in answer to ma's questions, pa said, kind of hurt like: "Why, (hic) my dear, one kestion at time (hic) if please. I think (hic) this prettiest time o' whole night (hic) to getome. Ev'rythin' quiet and nice (hic)."

Then ma got mad and said: "Where have you been?"

"Church, o' course (hic)."

"But you didn't get in that condition at church!"

"Thatz right. (hic) Jess let me splain. It was communion (hic) Sunday to-day, aint it? And o' course I had to go, didn't I? Well, (hic) I had to be social, and when the preacher treated, Bill (hic) Jones wanted to shake me for the drinks (hic) and he got stuck, (hic) and then he wanted sa'faction, (hic) and he got it, and, an' there you are (hic)."

That's all I heard pa say; for just then I heard ma's door slam, there was a fearful crash, and the way pa looked the next morning, I think the bureau must have fallen on him, and that's all I know about electricity.

ON THE FERRY.

Blossom (to Italian sitting beside a large valise)—My friend, that valise is taking up considerable room. Will you kindly move it, and allow me to sit down?

Italian—No mova noth.

Blossom—But I want to sit down.

Italian—No cara.

Blossom—But I do. Will you take that valise off the seat?

Italian—No taka noth. I tole yo' afora.

Blossom (getting warm in the collar)—If you don't take that valise off the seat I will. Do you understand me?

Italian—I unstana what yo' talka; I no taka eat offa.

Blossom (throwing valise off the seat)—There now! If you want your baggage, you can go and get it.

Italian—Eat no belonga to mea.

Blossom—Eh?

Italian—Eat no belonga to mea. Yo' seea thata beeger mana—

Blossom (as he replaces the valise)—Why didn't you say so before? I don't mind standing up; it's only a short distance across.

Italian (to himself)—Eat no belonga to mea, eat no belonga to th' beeger man. Eat belonga to mya leetel sis in th' cit; I taka eat to hera.

FREDDY AND THE MINISTER.

"Is your mother within, Freddy?"

"Yes, sir. She saw you coming and told me to remain in the parlor with you until she came down."

"I hope she will not be long."

"So do I."

"Why, Freddy?"

"I hate to watch people."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing much; only I heard papa say once that all ministers needed watching."

"Your father is a very peculiar man, Freddy; I do not understand him."

"He understands you, though; I've heard him say so. You don't like my papa, do you?"

"Why, I er-er-like everybody, Freddy."

"Do you like him just as much to-day because he isn't here as you would if he were here?"

"We should love one another more when apart from each other than when together."

"Then you like my papa more when he is away than you do when he is here, don't you?"

"Of course, Freddy."

"Do you like my mamma?"

"Your mother is a woman to be admired by all."

"Do men admire your wife?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Would you care if they did?"

"It would all depend, Freddy."

"If my papa admired your wife and went to see her when you weren't at home, would you care?"

"Why, of course I would."

"Do you like my mamma better when she isn't at home when you call, than when she is?"

"Of course, Freddy, I always like to find your mother at home."

"You like my papa better when he isn't here, don't you?"

"All good people love their neighbors at all times."

"Are you good?"

"Yes, I think——"

"What for?"

"What do you mean?"

"What are you good—I mean what are you a minister for? Did you have to be one?"

"Why, no, Freddy. Why do you ask?"

"I thought maybe you couldn't do anything else and had to be one or starve."

"Oh, no, Freddy, you have the wrong idea. There are some very smart men in the ministry."

"Are you one of 'em?"

"H'm, well, Freddy, I have no doubt my sermons have given many minds food for meditation. You have certainly heard your mother speak of them if not your father."

"Papa has said often the only fault he could find with them is that they are too short."

"Too short, Freddy? Why, that is something unusual. Are you sure you understood him correctly?"

"Oh, yes; because I've heard him say time and again that just as soon as he commenced to enjoy himself in church, mamma always woke him up and told him the sermon was finished."

"H'm, ah!"

"Why don't you go to work?"

"I do work, Freddy.

"Who for?"

"The Lord."

"Does He pay you?"

"I think He will when I go to heaven."

"Don't you expect to be paid until you get there?"

"No, Freddy."

"I wouldn't be a minister."

"And why not?"

(Making his exit as his mother enters.) "Have to take too many chances to get your pay."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Mrs. Youngbride—Oh, dear! I wish I had married a man I had no love for.

Mr. Youngbride—Why so, dear?

Mrs. Youngbride—So that I might look back and dream of what might have been.

FOR KEEPS.

He—How well Mrs. Winters holds her age!

She—Yes; and she ought to be ashamed of herself for holding it at eighteen for twenty-seven years.

HISTORY.

Druggist (to Doctor, who has just entered)—Excuse me, Doctor; Mrs. Scadd's little boy has just brought in one of your prescriptions for filling; but, really, I can't make it out to save me. Will you kindly give me your assistance?

Doctor (after looking over prescription)—Hum—er—well—er—hem—er—Well, young man (pompously), I'm not a prescription clerk; I'm a Doctor.

IN FRISCO.

She (as they leave the theater)—When this troupe plays in Oakland, will you take me to see it?

He—Don't speak so loud, dearest; some one might hear you.

IN CHICAGO.

"What is your charge for rooms here—two dollars up?"

"No; two dollars down."

NOT PARTICULAR.

Ethel—Don't tell any one, but your brother Jack kissed me last evening.

Minnie—Oh, that's nothing; I saw him kiss the servant girl yesterday morning.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

He (gallantly)—I couldn't kiss any one but you, dear!

She—If that's the case, you can't kiss me.

BRUNO.

THROAT TROUBLES. To allay the irritation that induces coughing, use *Brown's Bronchial Troches*. A simple and safe remedy.

Would you be an architect, a painter, a surveyor? See page 16. Free instruction for subscriptions.

A DIP IN THE OCEAN.

The announcement is made by the Olympic Salt Water Company, that while the price of the Tub and Plunge Baths remain at 30 cents for single ticket, or four for $1, they have concluded to sell in blocks of fifty tickets to the plunge *only*, at the rate of five for $1—say fifty tickets for $10. They further announce that all difficulties have been overcome in connection with the emptying and refilling of the mammoth swimming tank of the Lurline Baths.

They now extend an invitation to the public to call and inspect the operation of discharging and refilling. This operation can be witnessed any evening, commencing at 10 o'clock, and for which no charge will be made by the Company.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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—OF THE—
PALACE HOTEL

Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as - - - -

"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

$7 PER TON DELIVERED

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SOOTLESS
SMOKELESS

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Shoes are made just as hand-sewed shoes are made, only they are better and cost less. "Foot Comfort." a booklet we send free, tells you why.

They're leather shoes, not rubber. 43

GOODYEAR SHOE MACH'Y CO., BOSTON.

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California Jockey Club

WINTER MEETING
BEGINNING THURSDAY, JANUARY 23d
BAY DISTRICT TRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Rain or Shine. Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P.M. sharp. McAllister and Geary street cars pass the gate.

R. B. Milroy, Secretary. Thos. H. Williams, Jr., Pres.

BALDWIN THEATRE (AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.)

Monday, February 3d
Matinee, Saturday. Feb. 8th, at 2 P. M.
THE FAMOUS MARIE **TAVARY GRAND OPERA CO.**
Repertoire—First Week

Monday, **Aida**; Tuesday, **Carmen**; Wednesday Matinee (popular prices) **Bohemian Girl**; Wednesday night, **Huguenots**; Thursday, **Mignon**; Friday, **Cavalleria Rusticana** and **I'Pagliacci**; Saturday matinee, **Martha**; Sat. night, **Lohengrin**.

Repertoire—Second Week

Monday, **Lucia** and **Cavealeria Rusticana**; Tuesday, **Mignon**; Wednesday matinee (popular prices) **Martha**; Wednesday night, **Aida**; Thursday, **Carmen**; Friday, **Faust**; Saturday matinee, **Trovatore**; Saturday night, **Tannhauser**.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE (AL HAYMAN & CO. INCORP'D PROPS)

Monday, February 3d
One week only—Matinee Saturday
THE KIMBALL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY
Of sixty people, and the peerless
CORINNE
—In the Operatic Extravaganza—
HENDRICK HUDSON, JR.
Tuesday, February 11th—THOMAS KEENE

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—ANOTHER SENSATION—
Second and last week—First production here by the
FRAWLEY COMPANY
De Mille and Belasco's Masterpiece
MEN AND WOMEN
A magnificent production—25 People in the Cast
Monday, February 3d
Seats—15, 25, 50 and 75c. Matinee—Saturday only

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MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
To begin Monday evening, February 3d
Every eve.—The new American Opera in three acts—entitled
..THE GENTLE SAVAGE.
Mirth—Music—Dance
The Fan Dance—The Mexican Fandango
The '49 Mining Camp Malanga
Splendid Cast New Scenery Correct Costumes

POPULAR PRICES—25 and 50 Cents

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Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, - Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of—The Editor
Monday, February 3d
Frank Harvey's Great Melodrama
SINS OF THE NIGHT

ORPHEUM

O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Week of Monday, February 3d
More Famous Vaudeville Artists
Carroll Johnson, America's foremost comedian
Billy Carter, the great minstrel comedian
Emmonds, Emmerson and Emmonds
The popular comedy trio
Rachel Walker, and our celebrated company

GROVER'S ALCAZAR

Easily the best comedy to-day on the American stage
A CANTING SCOUNDREL
Theatre crowded with the fashion of San Francisco
Smiles and tears mingled
Monday Evening—February 3d
...ARABIAN NIGHTS...
Night Prices.....10, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents
Matinee Prices.....10, 15 and 25 cents
Matinees—Saturday and Sunday

NEW PARODIES.

BURLESQUES OF GREAT BARDS.

The London weeklies have had great fun over the laureateship. Parodists have made money by the general excitement, and have had a lovely time guying the bards. The best series of burlesques that we have found appeared in London *Truth*, and read as though dictated by the muse of Owen Seaman, who wrote a delicious parody in the Christmas *World* of a John Davidson ballad. These poems are supposed to be messages of congratulation sent Alfred Austin on the announcement of his appointment. The point of the Le Gallienne poem is that the adroit and long-haired Richard, whose prose has several advantages over his poetry, is known in London as chief among the Log Rollers—the literary clan whose business in life is th at of blowing each other's trumpets, and whose headquarters is the publishing house of John Lane, at the Bodley House, Vigo Street. Mr. Lane is the publisher of the *Yellow Book*, Mr. Symons is the editor of the new magazine, *The Savoy*, which is to speak in the future for the Decadence.

FROM MR. A. C. SWINBURNE.

As to-day in my Twickenham study
I mused on the follies of youth,
On my loves, who were ready and ruddy,
On their kisses, which bit like a tooth!
As I thought of Faustine and Dolores,
And other extremely bad lots—
"Now who," I exclaimed, "at that door is?"
'Twas Theodore Watts!

In he came, from the passage emerging,
With a look which implied such a lot,
That I summed up my soul in a surging
And somewhat imperative "What?"
Then he cried; "The appointment—it's settled!
And oh, my old friend, 'tisn't you!"
And feeling, I own, rather nettled
I snapped out, "Then who?"

And as he refrained from replying,
I asked—not, I fear, without scorn—
"What bard are they thus glorifying?
Whose brows are the bays to adorn?
Is it Watson, whose Wordsworth-and-water
They've tippled and found to their taste?
Or Kipling, who carols of slaughter
In neck-breaking haste?

"Is it Morris, whose Muse is a Quaker,
So proper, so dismally dull?
Or Arnold, half Jap and half fakir,
Who gads in the Gardens of Gul?
Or is it that pert, pinchbeck Shelley,
Le Gallienne, log-roller spry?
Or the brother of Marie Corelli—
The fulsome Mackay?"

Then Theodore, hitherto lost in
A fit of abstraction and gloom,
Cried "Algernon, No! it is Austin!"
And rushed with a roar from the room.
And my shock of surprise was so utter,
My hands to my temples I press'd;
And the only three words I could mutter
Were these—"Well, I'm blessed!"

FROM MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

So you've got it, Alfy Austin! Good! Of all the bards I know,
You're the one to write in proper courtly fashion.
You're the fittest man on earth
O'er a Royal baby's birth
To simulate a dithyrambic passion.

When a Royal couple marries, you are just that sort of "pote"
Who with Odes of gushing loyalty o'er surges;
And should any Princelets die,
'Tis on you we can rely,
To make of death a hat-peg for your dirges!

So here's *to* you, Alfy Palfy,
With your butt of Malmsey wine:
Here's *to* you! and, thank goodness,
That your office isn't mine!

FROM SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Perchance you ask me, Alfred, am I sad?
To tell the honest truth, I am! I try
To think thy New Year's triumph makes me glad,
But in my heart of hearts I know that I
Had been a *safer* Laureate than thou.
So much, methinks, in justice thou'lt allow,
Thy muse is fairly proper, but from mine
There never came a stanza or a line
Which would not grace the copybook of youth,
And edify the female child of nine.
I bring the yawn, may be, but ne'er the blush;
Men o'er my writings sleep, but never flush—
That is the simple truth!

Thou too, like me, art fluent, but in me
There is a fuller spring of verse, I know,
Not clogged by thoughts, nor turbid with conceits,
As in an o'er-praised Shelley or a Keats,
But streaming in a pure, thin, washy flow,
At which a thirsty world can drink and drink,
Yet never find its copious volume shrink;
For, Alfred, be it known,
'Mongst bards I stand alone—
I can write poems faster than I think!

* * * * * * * *

But this is weak—I will no more complain,
Since the world's loss, my Austin, is thy gain!

FROM MR. R. LE GALLIENNE.

It isn't fair!
So there!
You may be Laureate—you, a bard effete—
But prithee tell me, what of Vigo Street?
What of us poets who,
Unutterably "new,"
Like oil our sweetness shed
Upon the Bodley Head?
What of our Williams
Purpling the East with sonnets?
What of our Symons,
Great on frail women's
Frills and bonnets?
What of our Fleet Street John?
And what—anon
More personal to be—
Of me?

Bah! wear the bays!
Reel out your lays!
And broach that Malmsey butt—
Tut! tut!
We will not bow our knees to Baal,
Nor join with you to hold wassail
By blazing yule logs; *you* may burn 'em,
But we to better purpose turn 'em.
Aye! we conti' 'em,
And roll 'em.
Meanwhile, A. A.,
Produce your latest lay;
A score of us, at least,
Long on its sweets to feast
Yes, we will first go through it,
And then review it!

FROM A LITTLE THING BY THE PRINCESS ONONO GOAWAI, AFTER SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

The bulbul hummeth like a book
Upon the pooh-pooh tree,
And now and then he takes a look
At you and me,
At me and you.
Kuchi!
Kuchoo!

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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Trustees, Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Assignees depositing their funds or property with this Company, are exempt by law from all personal liability.

Savings Deposits received and the usual Savings Bank rate of interest paid.

STATEMENT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

At the close of business, Dec. 31, 1895

ASSETS

Bank Premises		$ 606,074 51
Safe Deposit Vaults		50,080 77
Furniture and Fixtures		9,508 17
United States Bonds		172,895 90
Other Bonds		135,900 00
Loans on Real Estate		362,228 73
Loans on Stocks, Bonds, etc.		940,600 00
Cash with Banks	$306,473 90	
Cash on Hand	91,428 51	
Total available Cash		397,902 41
		$2,675,190 49

LIABILITIES

Capital paid in Coin	$ 750,000 00
Reserve Fund	10,000 00
Profit and Loss and Contingent Fund	51,484 91
Due Depositors	1,863,705 58
	$2,675,190 49

This Company offers to the public, safes for rent in its new Fire and Burglar-Proof Safe Deposit Vaults, which are the strongest, best guarded and best lighted in the city, at from $4.00 to $150.00 per annum.

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ROBERT WATT,
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ISAIAS W. HELLMAN - - - - President
CHR. DE GUIGNE - - - Vice-President
I. W. HELLMAN, JR. - Cashier and Secretary
C. J. DEERING - - - - - Asst. Cashier

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

TALKING ABOUT PUMPS

May not be classed as social news, but the excellence of our Pumps warrants us in calling your attention to them.

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CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS for Irrigation and Reclamation work.

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ESTIMATES furnished on all kinds of Pumping Propositions.

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Moderate in price—
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COAST AGENTS 230-232 Front St.

FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

Brocades are at present all the rage from footgear to millinery. Brocaded silk shoes with extremely high heels and very large buckles are coming into fashion again. This is not a delightful prospect, for the very high heels are the root of many diseases, as they force the body into a false position, and strain the muscles. For dancing, beaded shoes strapped across the instep and black ribbon stitched in a gilt front with patent leather finish and gold buckles, makes a very striking evening shoe. Steel beads and tiny buckles on a patent leather shoe, with an open-work crossed front coming up high over the instep, are most effective. In spite of the display in the shop windows, the really smart set have never adopted the exaggerated razor-pointed toe, so much worn during the early fall, owing to the deformed look it gives to the foot, widening it and distorting the shape. Square-toed shoes are never seen now, and the really "chic" shoe is slightly pointed, a cross between the rounded toe and the razor point.

Among the new materials are reproductions of old Louis Seize damasks, embroidered with various shades of feathers and ribbons. A pretty brocade has a pattern only in the middle of each breadth, so that it can be used without being cut; the design is a garland of roses on a white ground.

Another brocade is in white, with a design in gold and silver, formed of ermine and sable boas entwined and tied with pale blue Louis Seize bows. A brocade I especially liked has garlands of eglantines and roses on a pink satin ground.

I noticed numberless new designs in ribbons, some with faded patterns in grosgrains, others in Persian silks even more brilliant in coloring than those of last winter. The plain ribbons are rarely seen now, and there are wonderful bargains to be found in some colors. I saw exquisite shades in pale blue, rose color, greens, browns, purples, etc., of No. 9 and No. 12 ribbon, from twenty to twenty-five cents a yard. Even if not available at present for dress garniture, ribbons can always be utilized for fancy work, and work bags, sachets, etc., in tastefully combined shades, are always pretty.

In the Lenten season, when austere simplicity reigns, the tailor-built gown is in its element. Fashions do not change very quickly with the tailors, and it is safe to assume that a tailor-made frock is in fashion so long as it keeps together, and is not too obviously shabby. For the present, the most popular tailor gowns have a short godet-shaped jacket, but the long, straight coat has still quite a vogue. Here is a smart-looking tailor gown—a recent importation. It is of navy blue ribbed or corkscrew cloth. The skirt is very full and without crinoline. One breadth in the front forms an apron, quite plain at the bottom, and encircled with a garland four inches wide, worked in satin stitch. A similar embroidery, which has patterns of flowers and daisies, goes round the skirt. The jacket is perfectly fitting before and behind, and short basques split up behind. The front is ornamented with six rows of braid, ending with trefoils in gimp and olive-shaped fancy buttons. On the seams, each side, are rows of the same kind of embroidery; also on the two front pieces at the edge of the opening of the jacket under the gimp. The sleeves are very wide at the elbow, and of one single piece, but are reduced at the bottom with small plaits, and are trimmed with embroidery similar to the rest, but narrower.

The fichus and collars are growing in popularity, and the latter in size as well. The woman who possesses a square, old-fashioned, real lace collar may now congratulate herself and wear it on hey days and holidays.

Free Scholarships at the University of California, at the Leland Stanford Junior University, and at the Medical Colleges. See "The Wave's" great educational offer on page 16.

Nobbiest Styles Neatest Fit Best Material

Latest Styles in— **FINE HARNESS**

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will stop a cough in a night, check a cold in a day, and cure consumption if taken in time. If the little ones have *Croup* or *Whooping Cough, use it promptly.*

Croup is a very fatal disease. Fully one-half of those attacked die. The great danger is in delay. The disease progresses so rapidly that the loss of a few hours in treatment is often fatal. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY will cure Croup, *and it should always be kept in the house for emergencies.* A 25 cent bottle may save your child's life.

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"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers'

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THE

SUNSET LIMITED

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—A—
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Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

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"Good Spirits"

The words have different meanings to a spiritualist, a Kentuckian, and an average man. For the average man good spirits depend on good digestion. How to insure good digestion? A Ripans Tabule after each meal, that's all.

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FOR 1896

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THE WAVE and	CENTURY	$6 00
" "	ARENA	5 00
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" "	" SUNDAY "	4 50
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" "	CRITIC	5 50
" "	FORUM	5 00

TALES OF THE DAY

The elder Sothern was touring the English Provinces with a highly spectacular play, in one act of which he had to jump from a window through a hole in the stage, falling on a mattress placed there to receive him. One night he sprained his ankle in the leap, and an athlete was hired as a substitute. This was a gymnast of some note, who bemoaned the loss of an opportunity to turn a double somersault on his way through the air. Sothern, during the tour, had played innumerable practical jokes on his fellows, and here was an opportunity for revenge. So the athlete was assured that it would gratify the star to have him perform the feat, and, accordingly, a spring board was set in the turret chamber whence the hero leaps. On the eventful night Sothern was in the tower making love to the heroine, when the sound of steps approaching warned him of danger. As he broke away she cried, "Oh, love, it is death." He answers, heroically, "No; it is honor!" Then he rushed to the window and passed into a shadow. Then his counterpart, the athlete, shot out of the shadow, sprang lightly on the board, shot forth into the air, whirled round twice, to the astonishment of the audience, and landed below the stage, smiling and triumphant. But Sothern had not a word to say.

E. W. Townsend knows a good deal of New York type, but he has still much to learn. The other day he was standing outside the Garden Theater talking to Charles Hopper, when a small newsboy hove in sight. "Say," said Townsend, "did you ever note the embarrassment of a little girl if you address her out of her sex, or the confusion of a small boy that follows a similar misappropriation of gender?" "No, I don't think so," replied Hopper. "Well, watch now," said the author of *Chimmie Fadden*. He accosted the newsboy: "In what direction is Broadway, little girl?" he inquired. The urchin looked him up and down, and scornfully remarked: "Soy! you actor blokes gives me an awful pain."

Mr. Phil May, one of the best-known contributors to London *Punch*, has but slight acquaintance with the ethics of cricket. In a recent drawing of a cricket match he made various errors, and the veteran cricketer, Dr. W. G. Grace determined to protest. When Phil May arrived at the weekly *Punch* dinner, he found a telegram awaiting him:

Why, oh why, does square-leg wear wicket-keeping gloves? W. G. GRACE.

At about midnight, Phil May came out into Fleet Street and decided to send an answer. So he went into the telegraph office and wrote it. The clerk, seeing the address, remarked that it was some miles from Bristol and would require a special messenger. "All right," said May, "send it off at once." And at about 2:30 on a bleak December morning, Dr. W. G. Grace was awakened from his first sleep and dragged from his bed to read the reply:

To keep his hands warm. PHIL MAY.

Many years ago when Ellen Terry was a young woman, she was walking home from rehearsal carrying her baby, then three or four weeks old. She was very tired, and remarked to the friend who accompanied her, "I have only a shilling with me, which will just pay for a cab home. I don't think I can walk any further." At that moment a poorly clad woman asked her to buy some violets. The friend had no money, but Ellen Terry said, "Wait a moment," and she flew into a woolen draper's shop, bought a knitted crossover with her shilling, and tied it over the poor woman's breast. Then she walked on, remarking, "I am so freezing myself that that poor creature must be nearly dead," and never once regretted the lost ride, though her home was three miles away.

When the Hon. Matthew W. Ransom was appointed Minister to Mexico, an old colored servant of the Ransom's on being told the news, remarked: "And so dey has pinted Mars Matt a minister, has they? Well, I'se 'stonished. Ob cose de Yen'ral am a good man, but still it beats me to think he'd turn preacher in his ole days. But he's a powerful talker is [Mars Matt, and I'll bet all de cotton I raise dis yeah dat he'll convert a wagon load ob sinnehs eber time he gits into de pulpit."

A good story is told of Lord Rothschild. It appears a young man brought to him from a friend a letter of introduction, which stated that he was smart and clever, but had been thrown on his own resources through the death of his father. The millionaire took the young fellow's arm, and walked him through the business part of London, past the Stock Exchange, introducing him to several well-known brokers, and then said farewell. "But," said the young man, "are you not going to do something for me?" "My dear fellow, if you are as smart as I am told you are, you will know what to do yourself," replied Rothschild. The young man took the hint, and by the prestige given by his apparent friendship with a Rothschild, obtained unlimited credit. To-day he is one of the leading brokers on the London Stock Exchange.

FREE EDUCATION AND PROFESSIONAL TRAINING

"THE WAVE'S" LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

This is the age of Education. To accomplish aught in business, in the professions, in the arts or in science, training is necessary. In every line of endeavor there is much that the beginner must learn. Would he be a miner, it is better that he know engineering, and it is essential that he study geology, chemistry, assaying. Would a woman become an actress or a musician or an artist—no matter what the degree of her talent and perseverance, it is necessary first that she study and work in some recognized institution. The finest voice, the highest genius, is but the diamond in the rough. To give out its inherent light and brilliancy, it must be cut and polished by skilled workmen. But education costs money; not to every one is it given to enjoy the means by which training may be had. To become a doctor or a lawyer requires years of study, costs for fees and books and instructions. To become a surveyor or an assayer requires less time, but is yet a costly course. To become an actress, an elocutionist, a musician, necessitates study under the best masters.

ALL THIS THE WAVE, ANNUALLY AND SEMI-ANNUALLY, OR QUARTERLY, WILL AFFORD IN RETURN FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The proprietors of THE WAVE have made arrangements with the most prominent schools and colleges throughout the State, and are now prepared to offer scholarships and courses in the leading educational institutions free of charge, for all who will obtain subscribers to this popular weekly.

SCHOLARSHIPS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA OR AT THE LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

We offer free education books and comfortable board at either of these institutions to any young man or young woman who will bring us in 750 annual subscriptions, or a proportionate number of semi-annual or quarterly, to THE WAVE. The course consists of four terms of 8 months each.

MEDICAL INSTRUCTION.

THE FOUR YEARS' COURSE in the Medical Department of the University of California costs, with books, graduating and other fees, more money than most young men are able to afford. THE WAVE offers scholarships, covering expenses of tuition and books, but not including the cost of board, in return for 400 annual subscribers, or a proportionate number of semi-annual and quarterly subscribers.

The standing of the COOPER MEDICAL COLLEGE is high among medical men, and on its staff are some of the most competent surgeons and physicians in California. THE WAVE offers the four years' course, covering cost of tuition, books, and other fees, but not board, for 500 subscribers.

THE MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART offers unequalled facilities for those who desire to study art as a profession. It has large, well-lighted class rooms, an admirable collection of casts, and a competent staff of instructors. Among them are Amadée Joullin, Arthur F. Matthews, R. D. Yelland, J. A. Stanton, and Douglas Tilden. These gentlemen are well-known artists, both in landscape and in figure. Mr. Tilden is a sculptor of rare ability. The course of study in the Institute of Art is three years, and students taking the prescribed studies will be awarded diplomas of proficiency at the close of that time, after successfully passing such examinations as the instructors give. The first year is devoted to drawing from the antique, from casts, and from life. Mr. Tilden teaches modeling. The second year a more advanced course of drawing, painting, and composition are taught. The third year is entirely devoted to painting and to sculpture. It is at the option of pupils to take the whole day course or the half day course, the price for the latter being one-third less than for the former. At this institution THE WAVE offers scholarships for 250 subscribers and 125 subscribers, depending on the length of daily tuition.

INSTRUCTION IN SURVEYING, ENGINEERING, AND ASSAYING.

The Van der Nailen School of Engineering, Mining, Assaying, Surveying, and Architecture is one of the well-known and recognized educational institutions of San Francisco. It is devoted to practical inculcation of the mathematical professions. It has a first-class staff of teachers, and the school contains all sorts and conditions of appliances to enable a proper understanding of the sciences and inventions in which instruction is given. The course in surveying comprises preliminary calculations, together with practical demonstrations in the fields of the use of the instruments.

The course in mining engineering, which is of considerable importance in these days when so much attention is being given to the development of the gold properties of the State, consists, first, of geological instruction, and, subsequently, the mode of prospecting, working, timbering, and ventilating mines, and technical study in drawing, hoisting, and pumping machinery, followed by the course in assaying and chlorination, and, subsequently, practical mining and surveying, with instruction in mathematical problems in regard to the location of outcroppings, shafts, tunnels, crosscuts, etc. This course is supposed to take one year. The course of assaying includes the fire assay of the ores of gold, silver, lead, quicksilver, and copper by the wet process. The hydraulic engineering course instructs in all that pertains to hydraulics, pumping, water-supply, gauging of streams, reservoirs, etc.

The course of instruction in architecture includes all that pertains to that profession. Students desiring to take this course are at liberty to choose either the day or the evening classes. The school is open, summer and winter, from nine until four, and from seven until ten. Students are at liberty to study the several courses, or to select a special course.

A FREE COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE is the recognized institution for those who seek a Commercial training. Its graduates are in all the banks and offices of California, and it is customary for managers in want of help to send to this institution for candidates. It is the headquarters for tuition in stenography, typewriting, and telegraphy, and is notable for the thoroughness of its several courses, and the competence of its instructors. THE WAVE offers scholarships in this institution to any one who will obtain 50 annual subscribers. The six-months' course in stenography and typewriting will be provided for any one bringing in 50 annual subscribers.

FREE INSTRUCTION IN ACTING.

THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART was organized by the managers of the Columbia Theater, and is under the personal direction of Mr. S. H. Friedlander. Mr. Leo. Cooper, the well-known actor, gives the institution his special attention. Dramatic Schools are now recognized educational institutions, preparatory for the stage, and exist in New York, Boston, and several other of the large cities of the East. Prior to the establishment of the Columbia School of Dramatic Art, young men and young women desirous of going on the stage were compelled to go East for the necessary instruction. The School is located at Saratoga Hall on Geary Street, and pupils are given a practical course in fencing, ballet dancing, voice building, and acting. Lectures are given by prominent actors, authors, and playwrights. A distinct advantage of this institution is that the successful graduates immediately obtain positions at good salaries with first-class companies. The course at this school consists of six months. THE WAVE will give a course at the Columbia Dramatic School to whomsoever obtains it 75 annual subscribers.

STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

The recognized institution for the study of languages is the Meisterschaft School of Languages at 112 O'Farrell Street. Here Mr. C. H. Sykes instructs in the several European languages according to this excellent and expeditious system. THE WAVE offers scholarships at this institution in return for 40 subscribers. We offer, also, a course at the California School of Elocution and oratory for 35 subscribers.

THE WAVE

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THE WAVE

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

The Pacific Coast *Endeavorer*, a journal devoted to the interests of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor of the Pacific Coast, takes exception to our editorial, "The Pulpit in Politics," and says:

"The article begins with a definition of religion which the writer surrounds with an atmosphere of tranquility and peace. * * * * The definition given by THE WAVE is not true."

We feel perfectly justified in eliminating the matter intervening between these two statements, and bringing them into closer juxtaposition than appears in the *Endeavorer* article. Our justification may be found in the article itself which is printed elsewhere in these columns. To the writer, religion is wedded—by ties indissoluble—to peace and tranquility. Picture the world-tired creature, with soul awearying of worldly strife, ahungering for the solace of that sweet consolation which religion alone can bring, fleeing in despair to the house of worship, only to hear a political address arraigning the public functionaries of the Commonwealth, and dealing with subjects gross and foreign to the Word of God. To separate from religion, peace, and tranquility, and all that these words imply, involves a sacrilegious transgression of what should be one of the highest precepts of the church. The most sacred and hallowed recollections of our youth attend the memories of the Sunday worship of our childhood. We remember the open window, the glimpse of green, and the singing of the wild birds in the churchyard, that sweetly, yet obtrusively, mingled with the sacred words that fell from the lips of the venerable and dignified old man who preached the word of his Great Master with all the fervor and eloquence of true belief. It is the recollection of that sweet and kindly soul that ties the present to the past. It is the recollection of that good man's words, the mental picture of his grave and gentle face, his tender eyes, even his sparse form and thin gray hair, that still clings in manhood's memory, and summons up a chastening conscience to reprove derelictions from his holy teachings. Doubtless, in the minds of all who attended the village church, and listened to his eloquently simple Sabbath sermon, there lives the same feeling of reverence and love, of affection and tenderness toward this most kindly soul. Doubtless, they feel the same deep respect for him and for his calling, and, even though straying from the fold, even though departing from the paths which he directed, they still set him in an honored niche of memory and still regard him as an ideal clergyman.

Should that good man from out his holy pulpit place, before God's altar, within these sacred, hallowed precincts, have descended to the level of political embroilment; had he stooped to denouncing public officers, charging them with crimes and a criminal intent, and official delinquencies; should he have recounted nosing investigations among leering cyprians, and among the social slums and sewers, his words would have sent a thrill of terror through the little flock of worshipers, and shocked the good, staid men and women whose heads were bowed in reverential prayer. If the new and "applied Christianity" is to transform the pulpit into a thing that rants and roars of politics; if the man of God is to head a civic federation and handle political pitch that is defiling to the touch, then must we of the passing, pity the children of the coming generation, inasmuch as they must forfeit at the altar of modern Christian progress that sweet simplicity of teaching which appeals to them in their youth, and clings as a chastening conscience in later manhood.

The reverend gentleman who edits the *Endeavorer* asks us, in support of his contention, to listen to the words of his Great Master in the Synagogue at Nazareth "as he defines his mission and utters the fundamental principles of a working Democracy: 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath annointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.'" If the reverend gentleman will re-read the 4th Chapter of St. Luke, he will discover that the words he places in the mouth of the Man of Galilee are not His words at all, but are a quotation from the "Book of the Prophet Esaias."

Even crediting this utterance to the Master, the words fail to make out the case. If "applied Christianity" is based upon this "fundamental principle," then, under an intelligent reading, the highest duty of the man of God is kindly ministration to the broken hearted, the bruised and misfortunate. Any other reading would torture language and inject into the plain letter of the principle a new and disturbing element, foreign to the clearly written and plainly stated basic principle, if basic principle it be. If applied Christianity, upon this slight pretext, now proposes to depart from the path of peace and tranquility and to go abroad in the land and preach political sermons, then indeed have we fallen upon evil days; then doth religion confess to inherent shortcomings; then doth the man of God take on a strange, repellant garb and a noisy manner that preaches neither peace, nor love, nor worship, nor aught but strife and political embroilment. Here, however, is the *Pacific Endeavorer* on its own account:

THE WAVE published a suggestive editorial upon "The Pulpit in Politics" last week. The article begins with a definition of religion, which the writer surrounds with an atmosphere of tranquility and peace. "Religion," he declares, "is one thing, and the rough and sharpened edge of practical affairs is quite another." It is also asserted that "the curriculum of the Theological Seminary prescribes no course of study, or any line of research into the scheme of government, or the detection or apprehension of boodling supervisors." The result of this information is substantially this: Religion is something apart from life, and the pulpit should keep away from supervisors, pool rooms, saloons, and politics. But the premises are false. The definition of religion given by THE WAVE is not true. Religion is practical or it is nothing. It is effective only as it touches life. Listen to Jesus in the Synagogue at Nazareth, as he defines his mission and utters the fundamental principles of a working democracy. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." Furthermore, theological seminaries are arranging their curriculum in accordance with this definition of religion. There is not a theological seminary in the East without its department of applied Christianity. The pioneers of this science first appeared in the theological seminary. THE WAVE is mistaken. Yes, the pulpit has a duty, a practical duty and if the supervisors go astray, it is the duty of the pulpit to call them back. THE WAVE is as impracticable theologically as Ambrose Bierce.

"YE HAVE PREPARED LYING WORDS."

It is regrettable that one may not place the slightest confidence in the truth of statements appearing in the *Examiner*. It has so invariably twisted actual facts into unrecognizable shapes, and has so frankly fathered a multitude of falsehoods with reference to railway affairs that it is really deplorable that, like the boy who cried "wolf," one may not believe it even though it speak the truth. The short-sightedness of such a policy ought to be brought home with force to Mr. Hearst—more than likely he is himself misled. Recently it has charged that certain interviews, appearing as it says, at the instigation of the Railway Company in the Washington *Post*, and purporting to give the views of prominent citizens upon the Railway Funding Bill, are false and misleading, and place contrary words and sentiments in the mouths of our citizens. A close reading of what the *Examiner* is pleased to call a "denial" on the part of Jones, Smith, or White, fails, in some cases, to uncover the denial. The flaming and indignant headlines (which are all that most men read) are often distinctly disproved by the printed interview that follows. This, in connection with the past prevarications of that paper, tends to shake one's belief in any of the statements. There do appear, however, some explicit and unequivocal denials, which certainly are depressing to one who cares for fair play, and who has assailed the opponents of funding purely upon principle. The *Examiner* side of the controversy has, heretofore, monopolized the falsehoods—plain, unmistakable, premeditated falsehoods—and it seems incredible that the agents of the corporation which occupies so secure a place in law and in principle should elect to resort to such artifices to strengthen what we consider an impregnable position. The handling of such affairs as this must of necessity be entrusted to subordinates; and, if the manner of the handling be in fact as base as the *Examiner* states, then was it indeed a bungling, infamous, and inexcusable piece of work on the part of those

entrusted with its management. An unlettered Hottentot, snatched from the wilds of Africa, where diplomacy means lying in hiding for your enemy with a club, would not have ignored the principle and embraced the lie even though he were a local Ananias.

In the matter of this railway funding, THE WAVE sees but this question: Would it be conducive to the best interests of the Government to foreclose the mortgage and take chances on selling the property and obtaining enough money therefrom to recoup itself? or would it be wiser to fund the debt upon as advantageous a basis as circumstances will permit? We believe refunding to be the course of wisdom. We believe that every substantial interest of the State and the United States demands refunding. We believe that the leaders of the opposition are narrow, spiteful men, who oppose refunding for fear it may benefit Mr. Huntington and his associates. They are mostly made up of discharged railway employees, A. R. U. strikers, socialists, anarchists, demagogues, and as miserable a lot of whelps as were ever suckled by a vagrant cur in the shadows of a noisome alleyway. We heartily despise them. We believe, upon the other side, standing aloof from this noisy and ill-smelling throng, there is an intelligent and conservative body of men unwilling to bow to the rabble or follow the leadership of the demagogue. We believe the intelligent and conservative citizens of this community are anxious to hear a fair discussion of this problem, untrammeled by falsehood, unobscured by hatred and vituperation, and confined to honest argument and honest reply. We have tried to fill that want as we saw it, have used every endeavor to lure the *Examiner* into a discussion by coaxing, by cajolery, by pointing out its weakness, by stripping its falsehoods away, and exposing the animus that lurked beneath; but never have we been able to extract from it a single word of argument, a solitary word of reason, or anything but shreds of truth, patches of fairness, and whole bolts of falsehood. Now, if some miserable trickster, espousing the funding bill, has been unable to appreciate the broad principles of equity, the governing rules of law, the favoring inclination of justice, and the true interest of the State and of the United States, and has stooped not only to mislead the people, but to deliberately deceive his employer by resorting to cheap lies and wilful misrepresentation, then he should be taken out and branded as an incompetent, and thrown among the noisy, lying rabble to which he properly belongs. Upon principles unanswerable, every manufacturer in the State of California should favor the refunding of the railway debt. Upon principles which cannot be controverted, every producer and shipper of fruit to the Eastern market should oppose Government ownership. Upon principles not difficult to discover or hard to expound, every man who pays a dollar of taxes within this State, every citizen who feels a feather-weight of responsibility upon his shoulders, should, in our judgment, favor a refunding of the debt. Then, if the *Examiner* tells the truth, which is a thing it has not done heretofore, why resort to cunning tricks. A man who would bolster up a just cause with a deliberate lie is seven kinds of an egregious ass, and confesses an inability to master a fundamental rule of politics.

There is another phase of this late development worth considering. It often happens that men privately express views which do not accord with their public avowals. Such a man might Mr. Laymance of Oakland well be. He is largely a politician and incidentally a real estate dealer. It is easily conceivable that he, among others, under the whip of the *Examiner's* black list, might recant to save himself from its attacks. Under the code of procedure laid down by that most extraordinary journal of intelligence, the lie is just; the ignorant, wise; the vicious, benign; and the demagogue and scoundrel, civic saints, if they can and will but frame denunciatory epistles against the railway company. On the other hand, if intelligent conservatism and education choose to express contrary views, they must be blacklisted, pilloried, denounced as public enemies, and held up to the hatred, scorn, and derision of as noisy and disreputable a rabble as ever polluted the atmosphere of a free country. Not only is freedom of speech vouchsafed to the worst elements of the community, but freedom of conscience, freedom of abuse, freedom of every restraint that usually checks decent men from invading the rights or destroying the character of others, is cheerfully conceded to these wolves of civilization by their journalistic patron.

Speaking on the subject of misrepresentation, we must revert to the open letter which appeared in these columns last week addressed to the Honorable M. M. Estee. On the day of publication, a representative of THE WAVE delivered by hand a copy of the article to that gentleman; and later, on the following Monday, delivered to him a letter, a copy of which is presented herewith:

February 4, 1896.

Honorable M. M. Estee,

Dear Sir:—A representative of "The Wave" states that you expressed some objection to answering the open letter addressed to you in our editorial columns last week because of its anonymous character. The letter was not intended to be anonymous. It was, as it purported to be, a communication from the editor of "The Wave," and for which I stand responsible. The Memorial to Congress, signed by you in reference to the Pacific Railway Funding Bill, contained, besides a great number of misleading statements, a still greater number of absolute and outrageous falsehoods, which have since been perpetuated in a later and amended Memorial dispatched to Congress. Falsehoods such as those referred to are the outgrowth of invention, are the creatures of deliberate intent and reckless malice. Disproof of them was easily at hand, while the slightest evidence tending to sustain their integrity is not to be found. "The Wave" shrinks from charging you with originating these falsehoods. Either this is the case, however, or you have been wofully mislead by the press, or by some mischievous and discreditable individual. The article in "The Wave" was written in a temperate vein, but strongly and absoluteiy denies the truth of the statements for which you stand sponsor. We do not wish to embroil you in any personal controversy; neither may our communication be regarded in any respect as a political attack. You publicly gave voice to a statement of facts upon a public issue for the purpose of influencing a public body in the performance of its sworn duties. We denounce and prove certain of these statements to be absolutely false. This is a charge which no man jealous of his honor should permit to go unanswered. We confidently look for a communication from you upon the subject matter, which will place the paternity of the mischievous statements where it belongs. Silence on your part will neither answer nor refute our charges; rather will it affirm what we say. Further remarks from us in this connection will go to press on Thursday evening, before which time I trust we will receive a communication from you.

Very respectfully,

Jas. P. Brown.

Up to the present writing the gentleman has not answered this communication. The reader is at liberty to draw his own inferences from this silence. We certainly have formed some very decided views upon the subject. It would be cruel to pursue this poor old man further, so we sadly leave him in the pitiable plight in which his all too ready pen has placed him.

Is there a man of any sort of standing among the loud-winded fathers of that Memorial of Mendacity who dares come forward and stand sponsor for its infernal falsehoods, or defend their integrity? Dare the *Examiner* rest its case upon the integrity of the statements contained in this Memorial? Dare it assert that even one-half of them are true? Dare it abide the fate of its arms in the truth of one-quarter of its allegations? If it cannot, if it will not, how does it expect honest men, who are guided alone by conscience, to remain in agreement with views that are confessedly based upon false and lying premises, that no man is mean enough to father or imprudent enough to defend?

THE VALUE OF CITIZENSHIP.

The fact that John Hays Hammond is a prisoner in South Africa, and that the clamor for his release seems to fall on deaf ears, gives rise to thoughts not wholly pleasant, calling into question, as they do, the value of citizenship. Residents of the United States are prone, and justly so, to think it the most beneficent government under which to live. It is of the people, by them, and as such they are proud of it, faithful to it. But the advantage of being an American citizen is limited to America. No protecting arm seems extended to the citizen who for a time forsakes the land to which he owes allegiance. Away from it, he may love it still, pine for a sight of it, but he will find that it has no guardian care for him. Once on other shores, he must unshielded suffer buffet and indignity. His prized citizenship no longer cloaks him. As well might he be a man without a country.

Mr. Hammond is not an adventurer. He did not seek our shores to acquire the status of a citizen and then return to his place of birth to stir up sedition and strive to evade the penalty by crawling under the Stars and Stripes. On the contrary, he is a native of the United States, the son of a family distinguished for patriotism and honorable achievement, one whose father was a veteran of war. He went to Africa only when his acknowledged ability had made his services in demand. He was a potent factor in orderly development there. The contrast of his present condition with that of Jameson is painful and humiliating. Jameson, a native of England, bent on furthering British interests, invaded the Transvaal on an expedition of conquest, armed for conflict, and giving desperate battle when opposed by the people he sought to dispossess, people anxious only to retain that which belonged to them. At once England interceded for Jameson, and he, freebooter, a veritable land pirate, is practically free. On his behalf the surprising discovery has been made that there is no law by which he can be punished, and this delicate point was left to the determination of England. Mr. Hammond, on the contrary, is closely confined in prison, unable to communicate with friends, and powerless even to let them know of what he is accused. And yet the worst possible charge against him would be that in some manner he had been accessory to the Jameson's raid, a raid upheld by English sentiment and celebrated by the Laureate in a poem as enthusiastic as bad.

Perhaps this country has shown official interest in Hammond's fate, but certainly without effect, and without effect because, judged by precedent, any expression of such interest would be esteemed a bluff. Numberless telegrams have been sent to the President to incite him to action. These messages have come from governors, influential public men, fraternal societies, and if they have accomplished aught, it has found form in a request to England to befriend Americans in Africa. This culmination is only one of several circumstances sufficient to cause an American blush of indignation and shame. At the first news that an American abroad was held prisoner, the Government ought to have demanded a full explanation, his instant release, or a just and speedy trial. The necessary machinery should have been set in motion without delay, and with a firmness such as would eliminate any idea of trifling. Why should the President and the Secretary of State have waited to be begged to do what was their clear duty to do? Did Chamberlain wait when he knew that Jameson was in danger? We sometimes deplore the course of England toward other nations, but we must admit that the sun does not shine on a land where the British flag is not a protection to its subjects. There should be no land in which our own flag is less potent. American citizenship that does not, in a measure, extend to the farthest point trod by the American citizen is glaringly short of a degree of worth easily to be attained.

The Waller incident is somewhat different, but it is another that makes the blood boil. For ten months Waller has been in a French dungeon, his wife and children despoiled of their property, subsisting by charity. In all this time there has been nothing to show that the United States Government resents either the wrong to a citizen or the insult to itself. Waller was given no opportunity to make defense against charges apparently false. His trial was of the drumhead variety, and, his sentence of twenty years having been pronounced, he was taken to France in chains. If French authorities have yet deigned explanation, authorities at Washington have not deigned to make it public, and rest under the imputation of such unconcern or such pitiful cowardice as must stain the name and lessen the prestige of the Nation. Waller had been United States Consul to Madagascar. He received from the natives certain valuable concessions, and when the French came to loot the island they confiscated his holdings and deemed him criminal because he objected to the abrogation of contracts made between himself and the natives in good faith, when unquestioned mutual right existed to make them, and in this view Waller's country acquiesces despite a storm of private protest that seems to be unheeded. Doubtless Waller did displease the French, but the French had in Madagascar precisely the moral standing of the bandit on the highway, the burglar in the bank.

Waller is not without faults. He was the leading colored politician in Kansas, and, in accordance with party tenets, he whipped his people into line, a consulship being his reward. But whatever Waller's faults, he doubtless expected that as an American citizen he could at least appeal to his government, should occasion arise, and receive respectful attention. The occasion has arisen, the appeal has been made. Waller's prospects for dying in his dungeon seem as near perfect as official indifference on this side, and on the other side official discourtesy thinly veiled, can make them.

Contemplation of the plight of Hammond and Waller shows clearly that public opinion makes a

change of policy imperative. People come from all over the world to seek American citizenship. Shall it serve them here, and abroad subject them to affront? Some there are who acquire this citizenship for the express purpose of misusing it. For these there is no sympathy. But some acquire it so as to belong to a liberal and enlightened nation; some are born to it. Both the latter are wronged, cruelly, when they find that beyond the outer bound of its own territory the Government of the United States is either powerless or callous. Unless there be a change, the American, going across the sea to live a term, will, in very self-defence, lay aside his citizenship lest it invite hardship and become a reproach.

MEN WHO WANT PAUPER LABOR.

There are some men so blind that they refuse to see in the tide of pauper labor any menace to this country, or to listen to the cry of people whom this tide is bearing away to penury and despair. But it is strange that such intellectual perverts should have been named to serve as the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, two subjects of vast, of vital import. Instead of damming the flood, as is a clear and simple duty, they would remove every obstruction from its path and see it sweep away contentment and prosperity. These committeemen have gone on record. They have proved themselves blind to the startling logic of facts, deaf alike to calm reason and the cry of the American boy, who is denied the right to earn a living in the land of his birth. They are unfaithful stewards, brutal in an assumed ignorance, for they know better than they do. They may be selfish, short-sighted, but they can hardly be all fools. To conclude that they are cowards is easier.

Whom does this extraordinary sentiment represent? Surely not the American born workingmen of the country; surely not its broad or honest thinkers. It rather represents that portion of the employing class that has come to regard the toiler as a bit of mechanism, to be procured at least possible cost; to be worn out and cast aside.

Congressman Johnson, of California, has framed a measure designed to exclude pauper labor, to check the incoming hordes of the vicious, the idle, and the incapable; nothing more. It is a just, wholesome, and timely measure, born of contemplation of the teeming sweatshops of the metropolis, the riots that prevail about centers of labor, and lend to the solution of the difficult economic problem an almost insufferable obstacle. The bill is only the initial step at controlling immigration. It is not aimed at the reputable who come with capital or equipped with trades. Its target is the Hun who, fired with his potion of raw alcohol, rages with bludgeon and torch in the coal regions where he has displaced civilized miners, and who curses in his gibberish the land that made the mistake of adopting him; at the quarrelsome Pole who, only in rare instances, becomes a good citizen; at the Mafia, whose calling is blackmail, whose method is murder, and whose tool is the stilletto. Mr. Johnson's evident design is to curb the predominence of the elements that have, on occasions innumerable, resulted first in robbing Americans of the means of living, and then in scenes of violence and bloodshed. In very self-defense the citizens of New Orleans arose once and killed eleven rabid aliens. The massacre at the Haymarket in Chicago was a foreign conception, nurtured under the stars and stripes. New York is disgraced by sweatshops where slavery is more abject and degraded than ever obtained in the cotton-fields of the South. It is in New York, also, that "firebugs" have been on trial for months, and it has been shown that they have destroyed millions of dollars in property and many lives. And the incendiaries are all foreigners, every one such a creature as a committee of the United States Congress invites, and whose virtues that committee extols. Why? Somewhere in the stream cast off by Europe there may be a man ready to work cheaper than a man already in this country. The committee takes no account of the criminal, the outcast, the social agitator; let them all in; God bless them! This is the land of the free, and perhaps wages can be squeezed down a little more, a few more tramps set upon the road. Wise committee! Babbling idiots!

Congressman Mahoney, of New York, rich, educated, may be taken as a specimen. He spoke in reply to Mr. Johnson of the vast tracts of land that still awaited cultivation, and needed imported cultivators. In the first place, the man who comes to farm is welcome. In the second place, where are these tracts? The farms of New England, never fertile, have been exhausted and abandoned. Wintry winds whistle through the tenantless and decaying houses where the New England manhood of a few generations ago was given birth. In Kansas there are whole counties that have been deserted where prairie fires sweep away dead hedges, and coyotes prowl among orchards long withered. Whenever a tract of land is opened to settlement, no matter where, people rush to it as to a newly-discovered gold-field, and their inspiration and hope, often a vain one, is that they may be permitted to earn bread in the sweat of their brows. Mahoney happens to be a scholar. He has studied books, but the truth that cries out to him from the wretched quarters of cities diseased and congested, from the miner's hut where hunger is ever a guest, makes no impression upon him.

People already in this country must suffer. The sea of ignorance is being encouraged to swallow them up. This committee would have them submerged. Greed can furnish itself with an island in the sea; poverty must clutch a straw and vanish in the depths. The time is coming when the stream from Europe must be strained fine and the dregs sent back whence they came. It will come, despite a committee that, in its arrogant assumption, now clamors a welcome. But first must come a time when people shall cease to vote against the convictions that abide within them.

THE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Manufacturers' and Producers' Association has issued its first annual report, and the showing made therein, covering the initial nine months of its operation, is in every way creditable. The organization was an experiment. It had its origin in necessity, and has as a basis for its existence the fundamental rule that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

The organization embraces 1180 paying members, all manufacturers and producers, representing $82,900,000 of capital, and employing 52,500 persons. It has circulated tens of thousands of circulars. It has held public meetings in various parts of the State, has organized a series of expositions of home products, the initial one of which was held in Oakland last December; and has otherwise used every honorable method possible to further the interests of the home producer and manufacturer.

We do not note in the report that any effort has been made to extend the demand for California products outside of the State. If the Association does not feel like venturing an agent of its own into foreign fields to inquire into the trade possibilities, the Government itself would doubtless undertake the task. A letter addressed to the Secretary of State, requesting that he inquire of consular agents at points within reach of the ocean trade of the Pacific with respect to opportunities offered for marketing certain California products (stating them), would, within a few months, bring replies containing the desired information. The consular reports issued monthly are replete with information of this character. There is a rich field for investigation here, and one which should not be overlooked. For, if it is a good thing to keep money in the State, it is a much better thing to bring foreign money in.

ON THE INCREASE OF THE REGULAR ARMY.

It is an opportune time for our citizens to consider well what may be done to promote the efficiency of our little regular army. We have just been brought face to face with the possibility of a foreign war, with its attendant horrors, and there still lingers over the country an uncertain dread feeling that a calamitous war may yet be the result of the state of tension between England and the United States. It is the opinion of the great body of our best citizens that something decided should be done at once to place the country in a better state of defense. This may not be admitted by every one, but it is plainly evidenced by the unusual activity in the preparations for increasing the navy and perfecting a more comprehensive system of coast defenses. But one of the chief factors of our strength, the army, must not be overlooked.

The fixed policy of our people has been to maintain a small regular army, and to depend, in time of necessity, upon the large bodies of citizen soldiery, who have always been prompt to respond to their country's call. It is not our intention to say a word in derogation of this policy. The small body of regulars acts as a conservator and depository of military principles and science, and as a leaven for the raw levies and untrained and undisciplined volunteers. With a people filled with patriotism, warmly attached to all their traditions and institutions, and quick to resent foreign interference, our system has always been productive of good results.

But all danger is not from sources beyond our boundaries. That the large numbers of employees in the United States have a right to set a certain price on their labor and to refuse to work for less, is denied by no one; but when they attempt to dictate respecting the property of others, the situation is one well calculated to cause a reflecting man to pause and consider.

Agitations of this nature are, unfortunately, common, invariably attract the turbulent and vicious element of our population, and inevitably result in deeds of violence and destruction of public and private property. As the organizations of labor openly and persistently disclaim connection with these disturbances which are accompanied by the destruction of property and the show of armed force, and as they invariably attribute all such illegal acts to the roughs and thieves outside their organization, an increase of the army for the purpose of suppressing such unlawful acts cannot be objected to by them. Less than two years have elapsed since the only thing that stood between this government and a state of anarchy was our regular army. At that time all good citizens fully realized the disastrous results that would have followed to society and good order if the army had not been faithful to their trusts and duties. Time and engrossment in business or the pursuit of pleasure rapidly efface such impressions, and we are prone to adopt the principle of *laissez aller*.

Now that the matter is again squarely before us, it is the duty of every citizen to give it careful consideration. The population of the United States is rapidly increasing. The segregation in commercial centers is phenomenal, and the element which foments internal disturbances is growing in equal ratio. At the same time, our commercial interests and relations are spreading and ramifying in all directions and in all countries of the globe. A country of this importance cannot neglect the most essential factors for its peace and security.

To be efficient, to be equal to the occasion, the regular army should have a growth and development commensurate with the development of the country. It is absurd to say that the army of twenty-five years ago is ample for the needs of to-day. The authorized strength is now 25,000, but the actual number ready for armed duty is some thousands below this limit.

It is our purpose, in subsequent numbers, to present the arguments showing the necessity for an increase in the regular establishment. Not any considerable increase, but sufficient to lend security and stability to our institutions at home, and honor and dignity to our pretensions abroad.

GERRIT L. LANSING.

Doubtless the loss of Gerrit L. Lansing, from a business point of view, will be felt by his former employers. He was notably faithful, invariably accurate, and distinctly able. His occupation was one dealing with figures and statistics, in which no man was more competent, and yet, he possessed, what is most infrequent in men of a statistical turn, that broader intelligence which looked beyond the mere array of cold figures and prodded inquiry into the whys and wherefores of things. He was a close reasoner, as well as an accurate mathematician. Though reserved and retiring he was warm of heart. He was methodical above all things. The rules laid down for his guidance by his employers were to him as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; no matter how high the dignitary who sought to temporarily transgress, Lansing would politely but firmly refuse. He possessed a fund of knowledge, a grasp of facts and details concerning his office that it will take his successor years to master. His mind belonged to the school capable of creating a great work, combining statistics and close reasoning; a work that would live among thoughtful men and be respected as a trustworthy authority upon the subject treated. He was an intense student of political economy and kindred subjects, and, what is more, was thorough. Coming into the railway companies as a clerk he steadily rose, through sheer force of ability, to the highest position in the gift of the corporation within his line of endeavor.

The German war treasure is stored in the Julius tower of the fortress of Spandau. The total amount is 120 millions of marks, or about £6,000,000 sterling, a sum which would not go very far toward defraying the cost of making or repelling an invasion. There are 7½ millions of gold pieces representing ten or twenty marks contained in bags that hold 10,000 marks apiece, and these are stored by tens in 1200 wooden boxes. The screws that close the boxes having been driven well home, seals are put upon their heads.

Queen Victoria objects strenuously to having her photograph taken, and each year the difficulty of getting a good picture increases. She is never taken standing, and refuses to pose for more than a few moments. The Princess of Wales, on the contrary, makes the most gracious and interested of sitters.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE WOOING OF TWO LOVERS.

You have come to the right person when you ask Pierre Latour for a romance connected with the stage, for he has lived behind the scenes for fifty years. Perhaps you would like to hear his own love story, though it is not the only one I have come across behind the scenes. Indeed, sir, I have known great men in my time. I have trained companies which have played before queens and emperors, making them weep and laugh whenever I, Pierre Latour, pulled the string. I myself once acted before the Empress. But that is only one of a million little stories I could give you of the stage and of its greatest lights—of strange, romantic episodes behind the scenes that did not reach the reporters. Ah, yes, I could open your eyes about some of the people you think you know best.

The story I am going to tell you is of an amateur play. You do not like that so well? Wait and see. It was given for charity by some grand ladies who thought themselves very lucky in having Pierre Latour to train them. They had to beg hard, I can tell you, but I yielded at last, for, besides the money, there would be the little suppers after every rehearsal. I am not ashamed to economize. That was before I had seen Madame Paget, who was to play Madeleine. After that, they could have had me at any price, or at no price at all—no, not even the suppers. She could not act, but she did not need to, she was so beautiful. She would merely have to come on the stage with those great calm eyes and that divine smile, and the audience would go mad. All the men were in love with her, even her husband, and he had been married to her more than three years. You would have forgiven him if you had seen her. By the second rehearsal I was infatuated, and by the fourth I would have died for her. I am like that—all passion and fire. I cannot eat three meals a day and sleep eight hours whether I am in love or not, as that great, dull Paul would have done. It was his part to make love to Madeleine, and he began fairly well for an amateur. He was always laughing at the most intense point and making little jokes that set all the others laughing, especially the young ladies, yet he could be sufficiently fervent when he would. But as time went on, he began to grow grave and stiff, and at the love scenes he turned into a block of wood, though Madeleine was as beautiful as ever. At last I lost all patience. It had been a trying night. The actors would keep going off into corners by twos with their little orange-colored books in their hands for private rehearsals, and then when their cue was given, everybody would call and get out of position, and some one would have to go and bring them back, with their little orange-colored books still open at the same page. If they had all been old and ugly, it would have been easier for me. Paul was going through his declaration with the ardor of a phonograph, and I flung down my book.

"Can you put in no feeling?" I cried out. "Are you a machine? You say, 'Madeleine, I love you'; as though it was a remark about the weather. Can you not say, 'Madeleine! I *l-love* you!'" I let the words burst from my very soul, and gave her a look that was not meant for any audience. They saw, however, for Paul turned away very white and I heard him catch his breath a little, and I saw her husband looking at me with a strange look, though he tried to pretend he was laughing about something. Madame Paget alone appeared unconscious that she had seen the flames of a living volcano, for she smiled her divine smile and said: "Ah, Paul; you must take lessons in love making from M. Latour."

I was a little careful after that not to be too far from a door or too near M. Paget, for a jealous husband is not a pleasant antagonist, and I am not a great Saxon ox. But the dunce had not understanding enough to be uneasy. I even overheard him say to Madame with a laugh, "It seems to me Latour is another victim"; and she managed to laugh too, and said: "Yes, isn't it funny," passing it off lightly, not to disturb his blind complacency. Protestations and denials might have made him suspect.

All this time Paul was growing graver and more wooden, and made no more jokes. I had thought at first that he was slightly *épris* with the beautiful Madeleine, but if so, he had recovered quickly, for nothing could be more stolid than his whole manner. I, meanwhile, thought and dreamed nothing but Madeleine, and could have killed the insensate owl for that brief moment he held her in his arms as the curtain fell. I should never have stopped with a stiff, elder-brotherly embrace if I had once had his chance, I can tell you. Pierre Latour is no laggard in love.

The night of the play came and the theater was crowded, for these were very grand ladies indeed who had condescended to display their gowns and jewels on a public stage for charity. I had sent Madeleine the most beautiful roses in all the city, without a thought of the cost, while Paul, her lover, only offered a handful of lilies-of-the-valley, which he brought himself and asked her to wear, so naturally she could do nothing else. She thanked me for the roses, however, with the most beautiful smile in the world, and was going on to say more—for my eyes were on her face and they kept back nothing—when her great lout of a husband came spying around. Of course she beckoned to him as though she had been looking for him everywhere, and went off with her hand through his arm, laughing and talking, but I understood. She took the house by storm, as I knew she would, but to me Paul was the surprise. He had come to life. My drilling had not been wasted, for he made love as though he really knew how to feel it, and his "I love you" almost equaled mine. After the curtain had gone down, instead of dropping her like a live coal, he stood half a second with his hands on her shoulders as if the audience could still see them. She turned a little pale and moved back, and then they went before the curtain hand in hand. She smiled down at her husband in the front row, which was very clever of her, and he too looked in the same direction, but without smiling.

I happened to stand quite near when they parted, and, if you will believe me, this man who had been making love for six weeks to the most beautiful woman in town, this lump of ice, only said two words: "Good-night, Madeleine," and they were hardly above a whisper. He left four red streaks across her hand when he shook it, though, and that was not so bad. Then he turned away, and I was left alone with Madame. I lost my head for the moment, for when I love, it is no half-way affair.

"Ah, Madame, you were divine," I burst forth.

"I am glad for your sake it went off so well, M. Latour," she said. For my sake! The words were wine to me.

"Madeleine," I cried, "when I say I love you ——"

"Yes, Paul could never have done it so well if you had not coached him," she interrupted with a look beyond me. I turned, and for a moment my heart ceased to beat, for not three feet away, between me and the door, stood her husband. It was a terrible moment, but her ready tact had saved my life—perhaps both our lives. He had not understood.

"Paul did bravely," he said. "Are you ready to go now? Good-night, Latour."

She passed out, and so ended the romance of my life. Business called me away a few days later, and I never saw her again. Though I have toyed with love since, it has been as a pastime, not as a passion. A great love like that cannot be duplicated.

Paul was drowned while in bathing the day after the play, which was very much better than the day before, if he had to be drowned at all. He was a good fellow and well liked, though not a man of deep feelings. Madame Paget no longer acts for charity, but her husband is still in love with her.

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 8, 1896.

WRESTLERS.

BY Q.

As Boutigo's Van (officially styled the "Vivid") slackened its already inconsiderable pace at the top of the street, to slide precipitately down into Troy upon a heated skid, the one outside passenger began to stare about him with the air of a man who compares present impressions with old memories. His eyes traveled down the inclined plane of slate roofs, glistening in a bright interval between two showers, to the masts which rocked slowly by the quays, and from thence to the silver bar of sea beyond the harbor's mouth, where the outline of Battery Point wavered unsteadily in the outline of sky and water. He sniffed the fragrance of pilchards cooking and the fumes of pitch blown from the shipbuilders' yards; and scanned with some curiosity the men and women who drew aside into doorways to let the van pass.

He was a powerfully made man of about sixty-five, with a solemn, hard-set face. The upper lip was clean-shaven and the chin decorated with a square, grizzled beard—a mode of wearing the hair that gave prominence to the ugly lines of the mouth. He wore a Sunday-best suit and a silk hat. He carried a blue bandbox on his knees, and his enormous hands were spread over the cover Boutigo, who held the reins beside him, seemed in comparison with this mighty passenger but a trivial accessory of his own vehicle.

"Where did you say William Dendle lives?" asked the big man, as the van swung round a sharp corner and came to a halt under the sign-board of the "Lugger."

"Straight on for maybe a quarter of a mile—turn down a court to the right, facin' the toll-house. You'll see his sign, 'W. Dendle, Block and Pump Manufacturer.' There's a flight o' steps leadin' 'ee slap into his workshop."

The passenger set his bandbox down on the cobbles between his ankles and counted out the fare.

"I'll be goin' back to-night. Is there any reduction on a return journey?"

"No, sir; 'tisn' the rule, an' us can't begin to cheapen the fee wi' a man o' your inches."

The stranger apparently disliked levity. He stared at Boutigo, picked up his bandbox, and strode down the street without more words.

By the red and yellow board opposite the toll house he paused for a moment or two in the sunshine, as if to rehearse the speech with which he meant to open his business. A woman passed him with a child in her arms, and turned her head to stare. The stranger looked up and caught her eye.

"That's Dendle's shop down the steps," she said, somewhat confused at being caught.

"Thank you; I know."

He turned in at the doorway and began to descend. The noise of persistent hammering echoed within the workshop at his feet. A workman came out into the yard, carrying a plank.

"Is William Dendle here?"

The man looked up and pointed at the quay door, which stood open, with threads of light wavering over its surface. Beyond it, against an oblong of green water, rocked a small yacht's mast.

"He's down on the yacht, there. Shall I say you want en?"

"No." The stranger stepped to the quay door, and looked down the ladder. On the deck below him stood a man about his own age and proportions, fitting a block. His flannel shirt hung loosely about a magnificent pair of shoulders, and was tucked up at the sleeves, about the bulge of his huge forearms. He wore no cap, and, as he stooped, the light wind puffed back his hair, which was gray and fine.

"Hi, there—William Dendle!"

"Hullo!" The man looked up quickly.

"Can you spare a word? Don't trouble to come up—I'll climb down to you."

He went down the ladder carefully, hugging the bandbox in his left arm.

"You disremember me, I dessay," he began, as he stood on the yacht's deck.

"Well, I do, to be sure. Oughtn't to, though, come to look on your size."

"Samuel Badgery's my name. You an' me had a hitch to wrestlin', once, over to Tregarrick feast.

"Why, o' course. I mind your features now, though 'tis forty years since. We was standards an' met i' the last round, an' I got the wust o't. Terrible hard you pitched me, to be sure; but your sweetheart was a-watchin' 'ee—hey?—wi' her blue eyes."

Samuel Badgery sat down on deck, with a leg on either side of the bandbox.

"Iss; she was there as you say. An' she married me that day month. How do you know her eyes were blue?"

"Oh, I dunno. Young men takes notice o' these trifles."

"She died last week."

"Indeed? Pore soul!"

"An' she left you this by her will. 'Twas hers to leave, for I gave it to her mysel' when that day's wrestlin' was over."

He removed the lid of the bandbox and pulled out two parcels wrapped in a pile of tissue paper. After removing sheet upon sheet of this paper he held up two glittering objects in the sunshine. The one was a silver mug; the other a leather belt with an elaborate silver buckle.

William Dendle wore a puzzled and somewhat uneasy look.

"I reckon she saw how disappointed I was that day," he said. After a pause he added, "Women brood over such things, I b'lieve; for years, I'm told. 'Tis their unsearchable natur'."

"William Dendle, I wish you'd speak truth."

"What have I said that's false?"

"Nuthin; an' you've said nuthin' that's true. I charge 'ee to tell me the facts about that hitch of our'n."

"You're a hard man, Sam Badgery. I hope, though, you've been soft to your wife. I mind—if you *must* have the tale—how you played very rough that day. There was a slim young chap—Nathan Oke, his name was—that stood up to you i' the second round. He wasn' ha'f your match; you might ha' pitched en flat-handed. An' yet you must needs give en the 'flyin'-mare.' Your maid's face turned lily-white as he dropped. Two of his ribs went *cr-rk!* You could hear it right across the ring. I looked at her—she was close beside me—an' saw the tears come—that's how I know the color of her eyes. Then there was that small blacksmith—you dropped en slap on the tail of his spine. I wondered if you knew the mortal pain o' bein' flung that way, an' I swore to mysel' that if we met i' the last round, you should taste it.

"Well, we met, as you know. When I was stripped, an' the folks made way for me to step into the ring, I saw her face again. 'Twas whiter than ever, 'an her eyes went over me in a kind o' terror. I reckon it dawned on her that I might hurt you; but I didn't pay her much heed at the time, for I lusted after the prize, an' got savage. You was standin' ready for me, wi' the sticklers about you, an' looked you up an' down—a brave figure of a man. You'd longer arms than me, an' two inches to spare in height; prettier shoulders, too, I'd never clapped eyes on. But I guessed myself a trifle the deeper, an' a trifle the cleaner i' the matter o' loins an' quarters; an' I promised that I'd outlast 'ee.

"You got the sun an' the best hitch, an' after a rough an' tumble piece o' work, we went down togither, you remember—no fair back. The second hitch was just about equal; an' I gripped up the sackin' round your shoulders an' held you off, an' meant to keep you off till you was weak. Ten good minnits I labored with 'ee by the stickler's watch, an' you heaved an' levered in vain, till I heard your breath alter its pace, an' felt the strength tricklin' out o' you, an' knew 'ee for a done man. 'Now,' thinks I, 'half a minnit more an' you shall learn how the blacksmith felt.' I glanced up over your shoulder for a moment at the folks i' the ring, an' who should my eyes light on but your girl.

"I hadn't got a sweetheart then, an' I've never had one since—never saw another woman who could ha' looked what she looked. I was condemned a single man there on the spot; an', what's more, I was condemned to lose the belt. There was that 'pon her face that no man is good enow to cause; an' there was suthin I wanted to see instead—just for a moment—that I could ha' given forty silver mugs to fetch up.

"An' I looked at her over your shoulders wi' a kind o' question i' my face, an' I *did* fetch it up. The next moment you had your chance and cast me flat. When I came round—for you were always an ugly player, Sam Badgery—an' the folks was consolin' me, I gave a look in her direction; but she had no eyes for me at all. She was usin' all her dear deceit to make 'ee think you was a hero. So home *I* went, an' never set eyes 'pon her agen. That's the tale; an' I didn't want to tell it. But we'm old gaffers both by this time, an' I couldn' make this here belt meet round my middle, if I wanted to."

Sam Badgery straightened his upper lip.

"No. I got a call from the Lord a year after we was married, an' gave up wrestlin'. My poor wife found grace about the same time, an' since then we've been preachers of the Word togither for nigh on forty years. If our work had lain in Cornwall, I'd have sought you out an' wrestled with you again—not in the flesh, but in the spirit. Man, I'd have shown you the Kingdom of Heaven!"

"Thank 'ee," answered Dendle; "but I got a glimpse o't once—from your wife."

The other stared, failing to understand this speech. What puzzled him always annoyed him. He sat down the cup and belt on the yacht's deck, shook hands abruptly, and hurried back to the inn, where already Boutigo was harnessing for the return journey.

[*From "Wandering Heath."* Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers.]

Lady Harberton, the well-known dress reformer, discusses in one of the London papers "the actual anatomical proportion in the size of the human waist." This is what she means by that somewhat puzzling phrase: The true proportion is a difference of 10 inches between the circumference of the bust and that of the waist. Thus a woman whose bust measures 36 inches should have a waist measuring 26 inches. Bust 40 inches, waist 30 inches, and so on. Very few corsets are made in this proportion, and if they were, still fewer people would buy them, as fashion decrees that the waist should measure from 12 inches to 15 inches less than the bust.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

I am the babe that in the manger lay,
The mystic offspring of the Mother-maid;
I am the Christ whose pale and suffering clay,
Was the great price for man's salvation paid.

I am the God to whom a world has prayed
For nineteen hundred years; I am The Way,
The Truth, The Life, the comfort and the stay,
To whom despairing mortals look for aid.

Faith faggots kindled in the furious light
Of bigot hate, like wrecking beacons gleam
Across the crimson waves that beat time's shore;

But through the wildest storm and blackest night,
I stand the Rock of Ages, and my beam
Leadeth and saveth those whose hearts are pure.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

It appears from the bids which were opened on Wednesday for the new $100,000,000 loan that the danger of war with England has not absolutely knocked American credit into a cocked hat. The sums offered aggregate five times the sum asked for. Uncle Sam's paper is still salable in the markets of the world; his promise to pay continues to be property.

* * *

In the face of such facts, how silly the criticism of the policy of the administration! How childish the blatant bawls of Mr. Cleveland's traducers! The best measure of the public estimation of a government is its credit. When it ceases to inspire confidence, capital shrinks into its shell, and holds off in the idea that coming embarrassments will offer better bargains; when people believe that public affairs are being wisely administered, they open their pockets and beseech government to take their money. If Americans had believed one-half of what is being said in disparagement of the President by party malignity, the new loan would have been a failure; there would have been no bidders but parties who proposed to use the bonds as a basis for bank circulation. As it is, everybody, rich and poor, foreigner and native, is clamorous for an investment which commends itself, not for the income it offers, but for its security. It will now be in order for the Republican party organs to discover some new vulnerable spot in the President. They can hardly adhere to their theory that he is the tool of the Wall-street bankers.

* * *

A wild story is afloat that knee breeches are to be revived. It may be set down as a canard. Not one man in a score could afford to exhibit his legs without other covering than a silk stocking. In the old times, men had calves to their legs. But the fashion has gone out. On the stage, actors pad their legs with list rolled round the place where the calf ought to be. Padding would be impossible in ball costumes, and, if knee breeches came in, the bulk of the young men of the day would be eschewed by girls of taste, if for no other reason than because it would be too risky to sit on such a husband's knees.

* * *

If the Reverend C. O. Brown had been a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, no gentleman would have concerned himself about his relations with the sex, and no lady would have allowed such dirty, vulgar scandals to be discussed in her presence. It is because he is a clergyman that the ethics of propriety are suspended in his case. Now, as ever, the church militant has a liquorish palate; among the truly pious, garbage is still a favorite article of diet. It has ever been thus. As in old England, cases involving breaches of the matrimonial law were reserved for the canonical courts over which prelates presided, so in New England—as Winthrop's diary informs us—cases in which the testimony was unfit for publication were referred to the ministers of the First Church. It is not easy to detect the secret of the connection between church membership and prurient scandal, but there seems to be a connection. As far back as the well-known case of David and Bathsheba, sexual delinquencies have always possessed a strange attraction for the pillars of the church; the devout never seem to be so happy as when they are playing toward their church, the part which was played toward Noah by Ham the father of Canaan.

* * *

The members of the First Congregational Church have agreed, by a vote of two to one, to try Mr. Brown, and, pending the trial, to suspend their judgment. That was, of course, the proper thing to do. Whether the minister be guilty or innocent, the true interest of religion calls for the burial fathoms deep of the whole scandalous business. It is not best that public attention should be called to the misfortunes or the infirmities of ministers. The most effective weapon which Luther wielded against the Church was the current stories—many of which were fictions—about the immoralities prevailing in monasteries and convents.

* * *

Wearers of bloomers must beware. On February 1st a patent was issued on the new garment to Thomas Royce of Brooklyn, and any person wearing a bifurcated garment which has not paid Royce's royalty, may be sued for infringement of patent, and the bloomers may be confiscated. There is a precedent for such a course. In the Anglo-French wars in which Joan of Arc took part, the Maid of Orleans once captured Lord Chandos' tent with all its contents, including a pair of breeches which he treasured. Shortly afterwards the situation was reversed: Chandos captured the Maid's tent with all her baggage. Seeing her led to the rear under guard, the Englishman growled between his teeth, *Je raurai ma culotte!*

* * *

The Marquis Namura, who has been touring through the West, has reached this city, and writes as follows: "I have read with interest an article in the *Chronicle* of February 2d, by John P. Young, on the competition of Japanese with American labor. Unlike many who have written on the subject, Mr. Young has taken pains to inform himself, and his observations deserve study. They may be summed up in the sentence that as the Japanese have the advantages of cheaper labor and remarkable ingenuity, there is a danger that they will drive American products of industry out of the markets which Americans now supply.

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"It appears to me that Mr. Young exaggerates. It is likely enough that, with the development of the textile and metal industries in Japan, the Empire will come nearer to being self supporting, and less dependent on foreign countries, than it has been. But between supplying its own wants, and invading the markets of other countries, the gap is wide. Japanese industry will have to make prodigious strides before it can export finished goods to the United States or Europe, and manufacturing industry is a plant of slow growth. With the growth of that industry in Japan will come increased wealth, increased means, and an increased consumption of manufactured goods, which it will tax our newborn factories to keep pace with; for many years they are likely to have no surplus of goods to market abroad.

* * *

"Mr. Young's evident purpose is to inspire alarm among producers of finished goods in this country, and to suggest a new application of the Chinese wall policy. Ten or fifteen years ago, Congress deemed it wise to erect a Chinese wall to exclude Chinese immigrants; now it is to be asked to put up another wall to exclude Japanese goods. In both cases, the policy involves a confession that Americans are unable to compete with Asiatics without a law to protect them. I should think an American would be ashamed of making such a confession. If with all their advantages of generations of experience, habits of industry, cultivated ingenuity, and four thousand miles closer proximity to market, Americans cannot hold their own against my countrymen without a protectionist club, the sooner they become hewers of wood and drawers of water, the better."

* * *

Judge Slack has knocked out the Fair Trust. The four gentlemen interested must now be repeating to each other, "If we were so soon to be done for, I wonder what we were begun for?"

* * *

The vast crowds which assembled to keep the festival of St. Blaise, last Monday, are a fact which cannot be whistled down the wind. To deride the credulity of those who believe that diseases of the respiratory organs can be cured by pressing a candle end in the hands of a priest against the throat is a superficial way of dealing with the matter. The important feature of the phenomenon is its bearing on popular intelligence. It deserves to be studied in comparison with Charles Eliot Norton's recent averment that ignorance is on the increase, and that the United States contain more of it than they did at the beginning of the century.

* * *

Mr. Norton mistakes when he ascribes the ignorance he deplores to the influx into this country of the lowest class of Europeans; for we observe the same disproportion between ignorance and intelligence in France, Belgium, Spain, and the Province of Quebec. The statements contained in Zola's *Lourdes* prove that the superstition which crowded St. Ignatius on Monday prevails among fairly educated people in Southern France. A cognate defiance of reason keeps Spiritualism alive among classes in this country which make a pretense to culture. Indeed, it hardly lies in the mouths of people who cling to such obsolete fallacies as protection to charge the Catholic Church with being the sole support of delusions.

* * *

St. Blaise was an Armenian, and if he had lived at the present day, he would have had to reckon with the Kurds and the Zaptiehs. As it was, he performed miracles, walked on the water, expelled fish bones from boys' throats by prayer, and bears and lions brought him his dinner in the cave where he lived. It may be a question whether he was not entirely a mythical personage. If he actually existed in the flesh, it is odd that his spirit should have gone into business in San Francisco to cure ulcerated sore throats. Wonder if the Archbishop or Father Yorke, when their throats trouble them, rely on St. Blaise, or send for their regular medical attendant?

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt is playing "Izehl" to crowded houses in New York. It is an apotheosis of sensual love. In Mr. Winter's words, the courtezan has never met a man who could resist her; she encounters a Buddhist priest, crawls all over his person, and finds him as torpid as a cold potato; whereupon, meeting another man who proffers the devotion to which she has been accustomed, she sticks a knife in his gizzard, and thus pacifies him. Her philosophy is, that, to rise to glory, a woman must get ruined.

MME. THÉA DORRÉ.

THE CHARMING VOCALIST DISCUSSES CARMEN.

"I am simply wild over Mexico," said Théa Dorré, enthusiastically, as she tossed the eggs back and forth in the chafing dish before her, "I am *pazza* about it, as the dear, old Italians would say," she continued; "it is such a picturesque country—it looks so flat and faded and monotonous, as you crawl lazily over the rails; but when you reach the heart of things, the color and the warmth are enchanting."

"I see the land of the *manana* has cast its spell over you," I remarked, glancing at my Italian-eyed hostess, as I drew my chair nearer to the little lunch table, drawn up before the fire, in her cozy apartment at the Baldwin.

"You may well call it a spell," she answered; "the climate is so balmy, and the people so delightfully picturesque—one lives in a dream."

"Yes," I said, "the *Mexicano* gathers a certain grace from serape and sombrero, but the women"—and I let her guess what I thought of them—"you'll admit," I continued, "that they are all frightfully lazy?"

"Lazy, do you call it?" She looked at me with some reproach in her eyes. "But that is part of their charm; they are so easy-going; the very atmosphere breathes a certain"—searching for a word.

"Qui-en-sabe-ness," I suggested. "I fancy it is always a question with them whether anything in life is worth the trouble of doing; they do not worry over the hereafter—that is all settled for them; so why bother over anything? Is it worth while?" I continued, shrugging my shoulders—"who knows—qui-en-sabe?"

"Oh, but they are not always indifferent," came from Mme. Dorré, with some warmth. "We found them very enthusiastic about music, and very ready to show their appreciation of it; they are positively inspiring."

"Yes; they have the demonstrativeness so common in Italy," I replied, "whenever the senses or passions are aroused. Perhaps you are Spanish yourself," I said, tentatively, noting the olive skin and dark eyes.

"Do you think I am?" she asked, looking at me with a curious little smile on her face, whether of amusement or pleasure I could not tell.

"Well, had I been asked, I should have said you were Italian," I returned, patting myself mentally. To my surprise Mme. Dorré replied:

"I am neither one nor the other, although I am frequently taken for an Italian, which is not so surprising, perhaps—I have lived many years in Italy. I am an American, born in Indiana, but I went to Europe to pursue my studies when only a school girl."

Mme. Dorré is decidedly Italian looking. She has a prepossessing face of the type most frequently seen along the shore of the Bay of Naples, or basking in the sun of faraway Capri, with the creamy skin bred in the mellowing suns of *la bella Italia*. Her chestnut hair has also a certain brilliance peculiar to that country, and falls in a curling tangle about her face. She has a pair of dark, bronze-colored eyes, large, wide apart, broad-lidded—now flashing, now soft and *simpatica*. The nose is straight, but broad at the base, showing power and intensity; but the mouth, the strongest feature of her face, is Saxon, firm, thin-lipped, clean cut, and talented.

"Did you go to Europe to study opera?" I began, as we drew our chairs away from the table.

"No, I expected to study for drama only, but, of course, you know, the European curriculum for the stage includes singing, and when I was having my voice trained the *maestro* suggested opera, and I fell in delightedly with his idea, so I studied from that time on for Opera."

"What roles do you prefer?"

"Carmen and Mignon. Indeed, Carmen is generally considered my best part."

"And what a vogue Carmen is having just now," I said, "with such different interpreters—Nethersole and Calvé. By the way," I continued, interrupting myself, "what do you think of Nethersole as Carmen?"

"I have not seen her," replied Mme. Dorré.

"She has been rather severely handled by the critics," I remarked, "but one cannot judge of an artist by the criticisms, nowadays. Critics seem to judge according to their individual tastes, rather than from the standpoint of truthful representation."

"I think you are right," replied Mme. Dorré, "and many of them seem to think *abuse* is criticism. If an artist takes herself seriously," continued she, "she desires and needs fair, just, helpful criticism, but abuse seems a poor reward for years of study and hard work—especially when it is at least presumable that she wishes to appear well."

"Yes," I replied, "it is like the cut of a whip across a sensitive face—it *hurts* but does *not help*. But how about Calvé, you have seen her surely?"

"Oh, yes, and I admire her immensely; however, I have to admit we do not agree as to Carmen. Calvé makes her so *dolce*, it seems to me. Hers is a fine, artistic bit of acting, true to her conception of the character, but she makes her too much of an angel, and, in the end, too forgiving and gentle."

"And you?" I waited to see what she would say.

"Well, I look on her as the embodiment of sensuous, passionate, ungoverned womanhood, a good deal of a vixen, and the blood of the Vendetta boiling in her veins; and her end is pitiful, for she finds herself disgusted, disappointed, and despairing, but with some of the old fire there still."

Mme. Dorré's success in opera is due principally to the fact that she is that *rara avis*, a woman who can both act and sing, and do both well. Her Carmen is one of the most finished impersonations we have had the good fortune to see in this city. She makes her an enchanting daredevil—gay, sparkling, impetuous—rushing to her doom with all the reckless fatality which inheres in her Spanish blood, and from first to last, holds the entire and untired interest of her audience. Mignon is of such a different order of personality that I look forward with impatience to its performance. If Mme. Dorré interprets Mignon with the same fidelity that she does Carmen, she will have attested her right to bid for high honors in the emotional roles of Grand Opera.

E. D. H.

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

THE CONNECTION between politics and liquors has been so insisted on by our successive Bosses that it is hard to realize the existence of a political headquarters without the accessories of mahogany counter decanters, glasses, and cash registers. It is true that Joy's drug store is but one floor below Mr. Spreckels's new apartments on Market and Stockton Streets, and it is conceivable, by an arrangement with Mr. Phelan, who owns the property, that a dumb-waiter might be operated between the buffet and the ice-cream soda department. This is merely tentative, however, and is suggested because the idea of a boom without a bar is quite abhorrent to one's preconceived notions of the lubricating necessities of successful manipulation. This little circumstance must not be interpreted as a bold statement that the new Spreckels headquarters will lack magnetic power for the "push." On the contrary, in addition to Sam Leake, who will be faithful in his attendance, County Clerk Curry, who figures as the pride and support of the present organization, will have his mail addressed there. Where he is, there should the County Committeemen, who figure as his deputies in the Clerk's office, congregate. Indeed, the essential difference between his flock and the body in question is that of the greater containing the less, inasmuch as he has sixty-five deputies and the Committee has but forty members. It is difficult to consider without a shudder what the fate of those workers who hate work would be in the event of some misguided cataclysm playing hara kiri with Mr. Curry's expectation of life. Let us trust that the wind may continue tempered for the further shearing of lambs.

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The intimate association of the County Clerk and the County Committee is insisted on, inasmuch as it is to be made a living issue in the forthcoming campaign. It may be remembered that the Municipal Convention whose resolutions created the Committee, declared that its members should not hold office, or, holding office, should not keep their seats in the Committee. This provision has clearly been violated, and it is the purpose, I am told, of Col. Dan Burns to direct the attention of the Republican State Central Committee to this unconstitutional condition of affairs. As the Colonel is suspected of keeping the State organization in the very hollow of his hand, it may be assumed as amenable to his suggestion. One can conceive, without violence to the probabilities, the authority of invoking a new County Committee being vested in some group of prominent citizens who will quietly find out the Colonel's friends, invest them with the necessary powers, and, lo, a general primary with Spreckels out. However, such a consequence is only conceivable with John D., the Shortridges, Jack Martin, and the other two-handed fighters, hors de combat, and, just at present, they seem decidedly in the fight. Meanwhile, Colonel Burns has several excellent opportunities of making it unpleasant for his foes, and the war of clashing factions may prove good reading throughout the winter months. However, the Spreckels's headquarters should furnish a comfortable meeting-ground for the several constituents of the sugar regime, and will also furnish students of political conditions an insight into the art of wholesale politics. The first question at issue concerns the identity of the delegates to the Republican Convention at St. Louis—will it be a Spreckles' string, or a Burns' string?

* * *

An interesting piece of news comes to me from a trustworthy source. Pinkerton, the eminent detective, having grown tired of life in Chicago, contemplates aiding our municipality in the preservation of law and order by coming to dwell in San Francisco. He and Commissioner Gunst have discussed the project at considerable length, and I am told he is actually here, incognito, perfecting his arrangements with our most sagacious cigar merchant. I have neither the space nor the desire to enter into the plans of Pinkerton, but it seems his idea is to organize some sort of an institution for the protection of property interests, and then to mingle, on his own behalf, as freely as possible in politics. Throughout an active life has he been accustomed to deal with corporate interests, and in a region subjected to spasmodic disturbances surely his peculiar genius will find occupation. The name of Pinkerton has a sweet savor among the masses. I would suggest an admirable method of winning general devotion throughout the populace—for some of our institutions to employ the detective when he has perfected his organization. Still I cannot see how Chicago will continue to exist in his absence.

* * *

THOUGH the dailies are most solicitous after particulars of social entertainments, they all seemed to have missed the brilliant function which occurred some three Sundays ago at the institution which figures in the municipal records as "Branch No. 3, County Jail." It is not my rule to allude to Society here, but this is an occasion for departing from precedent, as Sheriff Whelan, whose star guides the destinies of Branch No. 3, is really a light of the political world rather than of the 400. I am inclined to think, however, that the Sheriff is unaware of the affair to which I have reference, and I am counting in advance on his gratitude. It is in Branch No. 3 that females unfortunate enough to run foul of the Police Department are detained for their sins. It has a population of pickpockets, prostitutes, opium fiends, and blackmailers, and represents about as well-selected an assortment of the criminally frail as is gathered under any roof in the land. We all know it is part of the treatment of the insane to have in asylums, at appropriate intervals, jolly little hops whose purpose is to divert intellects mildly deranged back to normal channels. It may be a similar object directed the organization of the little affair at Branch No. 3, though the system in question is not commended by any penologist of note. There is no question it proved vastly entertaining, not only to the deputies and their friends but also to the young women who participated. Very generously the cells were thrown open and the inmates—at least the best looking among them—gathered in the parlor where the piano is. A spirit of genuine festivity made the occasion notable. With the ingenuity of the sex the girls rigged themselves out in bloomers and tights, danced weird movements for the edification of their jailers, sang songs, capered, and altogether manifested an exuberant appreciation of their momentary freedom. Without a wild stretch of the imagination it is possible to body forth the exterior images of this saturnalia. Accurate descriptions of the gymnastics peculiar to such a variegated gathering are unnecessary. The affair represented some of the wildest feature of a Barbary Coast orgie, but regulated by the deference due captors by captives. In order that appropriate spirituous inspiration should not be lacking, the commissairat was requisitioned to the extent of five gallons of claret and an equal quantity of good bourbon, while one of the hosts thoughtfully provided ice cream for the ladies. I hope I have come near doing justice to a really novel social function, and such particulars as my narrative may seem to lack, Sheriff Whelan can easily find for himself.

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The rays of the noonday sun are ineffective to relieve the gloom which lieth deep in the hearts of the Baldwin Hotel syndicate. This combination of optimistic tradespeople was organized for the generous purpose of relieving the institution of Lucky Baldwin. Once his fell shadow was removed off the hostelry there was an impressson that the populace would flock to its palatial suites in such numbers that iron gates would be essential for their exclusion. Thus far this phenomenon has not been observable, though the billiard-table trade has been fairly brisk, and Police Commissioner Gunst is provided with a branch cigar-store in the very heart of the tenderloin. Mr. Stone, one of the combination, is anxious to dispose of his share in the lease, even though his retirement may force the relinquishment of the advantageous meat contract he has with the caravansary. The others are equally weary of their burden, and have actually begun to wonder whether even the most special of providences would enable them to earn a profit after meeting the exorbitant rent and other charges to which their contract subjects them. Lucky B. is a hard man to deal with; no Shylock was firmer in the requirement of his pound of flesh, and may be he will yet be in a position to retaliate for the reflection on his artistic taste of which the syndicate was guilty when it toned down the fine terra cottas and yellows of the great hall into pale white and gold.

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THE RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY is as exciting as the Durrant case. Strange as it may seem, certain of the dailies are gathering in more subscribers by virtue of Father Yorke, Dr. Wendte, and Mr. Huddleson than the prurient details of the Emmanuel Church horror won for them. This exhibits an unsuspected respect and interest in the teachings of the divinity among our people and leads me to conclude we are not nearly so depraved as our critics announce. There is really hope for a community which can work up a fine frenzy over the infallability of the Pope equal to that into which it is plunged by sensational episodes such as the Brown scandal or the Crime of the Century. It shows we have been misjudged and misguided. In future the great journalist from the country who desires circulation and popularity, will not try to win favor by the erection of giant towers or balloon ascensions, but will provoke an attack on the Church of Rome. A controversy follows in due course, and subscribers will come pouring in their nickels upon him as fast as dollars go into Paderewski's treasury. That is what is happening among us. We turn from the feverish perusal of Mrs. Brown's comments on Mrs. Sarah Cooper and her complaisant explanation of the presence at her hearth of Miss Overman, to the small type in which Champion Yorke smashes ex-Champion Hittell, and screams defiance at the authorities and arguments of Reverend Wendte. Heavy reading interspersed with heavy hitting, but we are as eager for more as the Pierpoint Morgan for Government bonds. We cannot have enough. After Light-weight Ross succumbs to the theological punches of the Catholic Corbett there enters the rings a fresh heavy-weight in the person of the Grand Master of the A. P. A., one Huddleson, who promises further conflict. More power to all of them. Hurrah for the battle, gentlemen, and may the devil have the fellow whose ink-pot first gives out!

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But who will gainsay the gentle spirit of Christian charity which is infused throughout all the arguments of these men of God. Who will deny them tenderness and tolerance? It is beautiful to observe the delicate respect for one another's feelings; the precepts of the Master shine forth through each and every sentence. The spirit of their encounter is like that which animates the gamboling of lambs, and the community, as it devours the luminous defenses of the Church and the Pope, and of the Divinity in general, cannot but murmur, "These Christian Shepherds—how they do love one another." But this is only a single aspect of the intimate connection between journalism and religion. The Catholics, it seems, are buying more papers than the A. P. A's. and hence the charming devotion of journalism to the Church. Lectures and meetings worth a paragraph are now elevated into prominence and glare at us from rattling headlines. Huzza, but we are a consistent people. More ludicrous than all this, however, is the manner in which the "glad hand" methods of the *Call* are being followed by its erstwhile rivals. Charles Shortridge has been smart enough to profit by their errors of judgment and the consequence is that the *Call's* circulation has gone up like a rocket. When the *Examiner* denied its columns to the controversialists the *Call* yawned to receive them, and the consequence soon made a sensation in newspaper row. Now the ukase has been issued in the *Examiner* that the era of roasting has passed, and that henceforth the policy of cultivating the good will of the community must rule its columns. Crediting the *Call's* success to its journalism rather than to its judgment, the rivals have begun the organization of bureaus in the suburbs. We have Richmond items, gossip from the Potrero, news from Noe Valley—a little later we may anticipate brilliant descriptions of the scenery of Fresno, and the salubrious possibilities of Stockton as a watering place. In the meantime, John P. Young, in his tower, presents himself proudly indifferent to the cannonading of York, and shrieks Cassandra-like prophecies of the approaching Japanese invasion.

Great journalists, I salute thee!

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THE ASPIRATIONS of Levi Ankeny form a humorous chapter in the political history of Washington. He is a banker of Walla Walla, is rich, good-natured, and ambitious to add senatorial distinction to his financial prominence; that is, he was, for his experience in pursuit of office proved as disastrous as Japhet's search after a father, and much more expensive. The story illustrates the tendency which Mr. Ankeny has manifested of late at reading Schopenhauer in preference to Spinoza. There was one better reason why he should represent the State at the National Capital than his rivals, who were merely ex-Congressmen and political people of the second degree. Ankeny had money, and, moreover, was willing to meet those little exactions which the inconsiderate Assemblyman demands at the hands of the ambitious capitalist. It was alleged he had brought to Olympia some $200,000, and was willing to be generous in return for the senatorship. Among the hangers-on at the Legislature was a brisk and knowing journalist named Frank Mussetter—one of those pleasant, jolly fellows who take to politics as instinctively as a snake to the grass, and who, hail-fellow-well-met with every one, are liable to impress the casual visitor with a fictitious importance. His newspaper obligations, at this time, were merely sufficient to afford an excuse for his presence at Olympia, but served, into the bargain, as a cloak for much in the direction of illicit endeavor.

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In his journalistic capacity Mussetter interviewed Ankeny, and by the knowing way he diagnosed the situation, quite captured the attention of the ambitious capitalist. He ran over the names of friends and enemies, totted up the probabilities with the ease of perfect familiarity, and gently confided the impression that if Levi would but trust his contest into the hands of one Mussetter, victory would have no choice but to perch on his banners, and Levi took the fellow at his word. Mussetter went briskly to work, slaved night and day, and made such substantial progress that at the first ballot his candidate was within three votes of a majority. Ankeny was almost happy. The honor was within his grasp, and, thus far, the expense had been nominal. Early next morning Mussetter, who, since adjournment, had exhibited the industry of a beaver, came to the banker's apartments, and, with flushed face and a confident air, confided the news of his success:

"I've got 'em," he said, rubbing his hands.

"The three votes? That's good, capital," chirped Ankeny.

"Going to cost you big, though," Mussetter whispered in conspirator fashion at his friend's ear. "I've got promises from —— and —— and ——," mentioning three of the most bitter of the banker's opponents.

"No?" interrogated Levi.

"That's what I say," assented the manipulator, with a Napoleonic air. "But they've come high."

"Never mind the cost—just tell me how much, me boy, and I'll give it to you. It's great work." Ankeny was keyed up, and slapped his knees enthusiastically.

"They want ten thou' apiece," whispered Mussetter—"wouldn't take a cent less."

"I'll pay it—yes, sir," answered the banker. "How must you have the money?"

"Gold," whispered his agent. "You go to the bank and then come over to my room at the hotel. I promised those fellows I'd have it there."

"They're sure to get it?" queried Ankeny, anxiously. "No risk of those other fellows discovering what we're at?"

Mussetter put his arm round the banker's neck, and, with lips to his ear, confided:

"Not a chance; one fellow is to find his money under the carpet in the north corner; the other will go right to the bureau and fish the stuff out of the drawer under my shirts; the third opens the piano and sees his rake-down on the keys. We'll stow it together."

This was politics with a vengeance, and Ankeny was delighted. Together they hid the money as Mussetter had indicated, and together they left the room—to await the delivery of the goods—that is, Ankeny waited. Mussetter returned to the room, calmly dislodged ten thousand from under the carpet, a second ten from the drawer, and the third ten from the piano. The gold twenties were slipped into a convenient canvas bag, which fitted into a packed portmanteau. Half an hour afterwards a sturdy porter bent under the weight of the same bag as he conveyed it on to the deck of a tug that was headed for British Columbia. Mussetter followed it five minutes later. Since then no one has heard of his whereabouts, or, for the matter of that, has inquired.

As for Levi Ankeny, the disappearance of agent and $30,000 together proved too much for his nerves. He resigned the contest in disgust, though it was shown that by spending a few additional thousands the distinction belonged to him. He was obdurate, went back to Walla Walla and his wife, wiser and poorer; and ex-Congressman John L. Wilson was promptly elected Senator by default.

* * *

OUR REPRESENTATIVE mining expert, on whose dictum the fate of deals does hinge, is J. Ross Brown. He has stepped gracefully into the shoes of John Hays Hammond, and is bowed down to by financiers and saluted humbly by prospectors. Like his predecessor, he prides himself on conservatism, preferring to be proved wrong by developments than by absence of ore, and that, I may add, is the kind of reputation which is most admirable in the eyes of bankers. Hammond refused to pronounce a mine possible, unless there was gold in actual evidence, and Ross Brown insists on outcroppings before the prospect obtains the title of his approval. The latest deal he is concerned in is over the purchase of a third interest in the Oneida mine by a British syndicate. This is the property adjoining the great Kennedy mine on the Mother Lode, and it is notable that pay ore is here found only in deep levels. To strike pay rock is a long-delayed, tedious operation, and costs thousands. The Seligmans, not desiring to develop the mine in question at their own expense, asked the Kennedy people to permit the use of their shaft. The price demanded was exorbitant—one-half the gold extracted—and was refused. Latterly, the owners entered into negotiations with a rich English firm, which telegraphed to Ross Brown and Louis Janin for a report. The former visited the property and pronounced the Oneida an investment beyond cavil, and at once the sum of $200,000 was sent to the London and San Francisco Bank in return for a third interest, an option on the other two-thirds, at the same rate, being covered by the contract. The deal is even better for Ross Brown, as the English syndicate has such unbounded faith in his discretion that it has secured his services at a remuneration of $500 per month, to superintend the development, which will require his presence on the lode about once a month perhaps. Truly a reputation is a fine pay ore.

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THE LIVE TOPIC of the moment is mining. I am of those who believe the prosperity of the future is to come out of the Mother Lode. The only romances of wealth that California now offers have the Sierra camps as their background and a mine as their motive. The last story of good fortune has for its hero a clever young engineer named Davis, a brother of ex-Judge Davis of Amador. This young man found a place in the "Utica" and his capabilities made so favorable an impression on Superintendent Charles Lane, the original discoverer of that fine property, that he equipped him for a prospecting tour through the State, promising should he find a mine which commended itself to his judgment, the coin for its development would be at his service. So Davis started north, and explored the hills and the valleys and came upon nothing that he dared stake his reputation on. At the end of six months of weary searching, and in a depressed frame of mind he came at last to Nevada City, intending to give up the quest, for he expected to find nothing in so familiar and well prospected a locality. Chance, however, led him to the old Mayflower Mine in that vicinity, and, lo! it seemed what he had been looking for. He reported to Lane, whose impression coincided, and both attempted to persuade the participation of Alvinza Hayward. That worthy and self-willed old capitalist was not to be captivated, however, so Davis started with a four-stamp mill and a determined purpose. Well, the twain have already taken out enough money to erect twenty stamps, and, besides, have paid themselves $500 per month each. There is ore enough in front to assure Davis a princely income for the rest of his life, and the investment adds further thousands to McLane's millions.

THE WITNESS.

"BALLOONACY."

NOW RAGING WITH GREAT VIOLENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

There are, in San Francisco to-day, eleven eminent aeronauts and a parrot that has a fondness for parachute drops. If some one would take the trouble to look, there might be developed a dozen equally eminent who are here incognito.

One asks, naturally, the wherefore of such a congregation of sky travelers. We have no convention of parachutists in progress; nor is there a pronounced interest among our public over aeronautics; nor are balloonists so especially fond of each other's society that where one goes, the rest must follow.

Nor are they so interested in their profession as to long for opportunities of discussing with other experts theories of atmospheric currents or the effects of gases. The fact is, we owe our aggregation of "balloonatics" to the climate. This is the only city in America in which ascending into the clouds is possible. Elsewhere there is ice and snow—cold winds and cold snaps—and it is generally a cold day for aeronauts. Not, indeed, that they are especially happy in San Francisco—but the air is warm.

The first to drop in here were the Viola sisters, who, for six years past, have been tumbling indiscriminately all over the tropics. Miss Essie, the younger, is undoubtedly the nerviest or most foolhardy, whatever you choose to call it, young woman who ever called San Francisco a "jay" town, and she has joined that list of distinguished notables. Petite, pretty, refined, a great lover of music, and with none of the characteristics of the ordinary acrobat, no one would suspect her daring enough to ascend the empyrean in a burning balloon. Yet, she tells of an aerial excursion at Gympie, in Queensland, last year, in which she faltered not, though the top of her air-ship began to smoke as she started from terra firma.

"Of course, I knew the bag was going to burn," she said to me in her crisp, bright way—Miss Viola, by the way, uses rather a quaint dialect, which, I am told, is Australian—"but I didn't want to disappoint the crowd, and, what's more, I didn't want to give the money back. Balloonists are mercenary, you know. I guessed, in that tropical atmosphere, I could get up at least a thousand feet, and that meant an easy drop. But you should have seen those "bally" idiots on the ground. They yelled and rushed around, and the last thing I heard as I got into the current was a sound like a penny whistle. Even my sister was a little bit scared. However, I gave them their money's worth, for I let the balloon burn till it got near the parachute and it began to settle; then I cut loose, and, of course, landed all right. Well, those people thought I was a marvel, and the Australian papers couldn't stop talking about it."

"Tell me how it feels when you drop through the air," I asked, with much admiring respect, of this cool young voyager. "How do you do it?"

"There is nothing very hard about a parachute drop," she replied, in unconcerned tones. "I just hold tight on to my side straps after I get the 'cutaway' rope in my mouth, lean back, give a jerk, and away I go. For a couple of hundred feet you go down like a cannon ball, then the air creeps in under the 'chute, and you can begin to pick out your landing-place."

"But how about landing," I asked.

"Oh, that's easy," returned the charming young aeronaut. "You know I was up about a month ago and selected a nice roof up there on Buena Vista Heights to descend upon; but it had huge spikes in it—indeed, I nearly sat on one of them. Well, I got there," she added, with a little laugh, "and, looking down, saw some two or three hundred cheeky "kiddies" (Australian for small boys), who set up a wild yelling. One called out, 'W'y don't you slide down de water spout'; another asked, 'Sis, try de chimbley.' Finally, to my relief, a gentleman in a silk hat poked his head through a hatchway in the roof, and seeing me in my knickerbockers, said, with a grin: 'Hello! Where did you drop from?' and when I said, 'The Chutes,' he says, 'Oh, Shoot the Chutes!' and gave me a glass of wine. But I don't like wine after an ascension—I always eat a box of chocolate creams."

The second sister, Millie Viola, has not the physical advantages of her sister, but she is decidedly bright and full of repartee. She has been billed to ascend four times, but each successive Sunday some calamity has occurred to prevent her.

"But, of course, it's my own fault," she announced, philosophically. "I made a pun, and a bad one, just as I was going to start the first trip. Somebody said to me, just as I was ready to let go, that I was sure to land in the cemetery. That seemed funny, and I answered, 'I've never landed in a cemetery, and I'd like to—on the dead.' Just then away went the balloon. I got up about fifteen feet, when something went wrong with the 'cut-a-way' knife and plunk! I dropped back to the ground. The next Sunday it rained like the flood, and last Sunday, when the sun did appear, and everything was lovely, my balloon took fire and burned up. My manager bills me as 'Empress of the Air,' but it looks as if the throne was looking for another occupant. I can't even sit down in it for half a minute at a time. Yes, I'm going to stop punning."

Emil Markeberg is a diminutive German who has been afflicted with "balloonacy" since his twelfth year. His father preceded him at aeronautics, so his proclivity is really hereditary. Indeed, he says he would rather survey the earth at an altitude of a mile than ride on an electric car. Markeberg's specialty—they are all specialists—is soaring heavenward hanging by his teeth. But he boasts one ambition which he has resolved to attain—should he ever gather together the necessary coin. It seems he is an accomplished tight-rope and wire walker, and he wants to save up sufficient cash to get five gas balloons, four of one size and one a monster. The four are then to be fastened together in the form of a parallellogram, and kept in place by a great iron bar seventy feet in length, above which the big balloon will swing. The quintet will then be let loose simultaneously, and Markeberg will go thousands of feet up, doing a walking-match with himself. At least, he says he will, and he ought to know; but, as the gas to inflate one balloon alone costs between seven hundred and eight hundred dollars, there is no immediate likelihood of San Francisco being startled by the performance.

Robert Earlston, another aeronautic visitant, whose specialty is the bicycle ascension, was in charge of the captive balloon at the World's Fair in Chicago. When up with eighteen passengers, the cable parted and it took him over twenty-four hours to make a landing.

"And how did your companions take the trip?" I asked.

"Maybe I didn't have a picnic with them," he said. "One woman went completely insane, and I had to beat the people back into the basket with a club. They were trying to climb into the rigging and monkey with the valves. Of course, they all thought they could land her better than I could. Then, when they were all safe and sound they never said, 'Thank you,' but wanted to have me arrested." And Mr. Earlston, balloonist, sighed as he thought of the ingratitude of humanity.

"But San Francisco is a jay town," chimed in Miss Viola.

"But why?" I asked, in my most deprecatory way.

"Well, you know, it is because balloonists are not properly paid," she pouted. "In the Colonies my sister and I got $350 a week, the year round, for making two ascensions each, and here if you get $75 it is an enormous sum."

This was a hard blow, but I smiled as I thought of Paderewski's two-block line. Alas, it is true we are not up to ballooning, for poor Markeberg is eking out a hard fate steering a boat down the "Chutes" at twenty cents per hour.

P. H.

PADEREWSKI.

THE CHARACTER OF HIS PERFORMANCE; WHEREIN ITS GREATNESS CONSISTS.

After many days of promise, Paderewski, the most triumphantly conspicuous figure in all the world of music of to-day, is at last to glance before us. In the history of instrumental music but two other artists have possessed this electrical genius, bearing captive kings, cabmen, critics, groundlings, vulgarians, the ignorant, and the refined. Paganini, with his violin, and Liszt, with his piano, had this involuntary gift—to lift immense audiences into states of enthusiasm, sorrow, despair, and ecstasy.

Paderewski is said to sway his audiences to the lightest touch of his fancy, and his fancy has the crowning glory of ranging from lightest moods into the atmosphere of the heroic. Those who have heard him prefer him in his invocations to the spirit of heroism—a heroism freed from the clumsy gait of D'Albert, moving with the serene pride of the Apollo Belvedere. Not that Paderewski cannot take on any mood in the artistic gamut, for it is said his tenderness of feeling realizes all the morbidezza and distraught self-torture of Chopin, and Schumann's romantic, martial mania finds a marvelous interpretation from his hands, but these phases of emotion pale in comparison with his supreme power of giving out emotion, leonine, sinister and exultant at the same time.

In the full-face photographs, the expression of calm self-absorption, of sympathetic tolerance, and sinister irony impresses itself even on the unthinking, and, it is said, the manner Paderewski has before an audience exemplifies this. Those who know him say his modest, quiet reception of the ovation given him upon coming before his audience, his sudden smile of human fellowship, and the subsequent terrible glance he casts at the instrument, and the tension of his figure to its full height and strength, instantly makes plain the meaning of the photographs.

Upon very good authority it is said that until Paderewski developed his genius under the Leschitetzky method, his performances were in no way remarkable among the virtuosi, but after having studied from Leschitetzky's idea of setting the nerves of the whole system on fire by working with the repeating finger at intense speed, his astounding temperament and will raised him beyond compare with any living pianist. It is also said that Paderewski's ambition was not always to be a great virtuoso; his vocation was once that of a harmony teacher. In speaking of Paderewski's playing, those who know declare that it has nothing in common with that of the Leschitetzky pupils, three pupils only arriving at the method of Leschitetzky's idea—not its spirit, for the truism that it needs genius to appreciate genius holds good in the present case.

Although Paderewski will, no doubt, give magnificent programs, it is to be regretted we shall not have the opportunity to hear him in the concerti, as there he has an added splendor of setting for his gift; however, the great Beethoven sonatas, the Schumann fantaisies and études symphonique, the Chopin repertoire, and the whole solo literature he has at his command will give us the chance of hearing a wonderful artist in the supremest creations of musical genius in that class.

It is to be hoped, on Monday night, the public will not fail in that enthusiasm so necessary to the warmth an artist must feel before giving his best to an untried audience.

LESLEY MARTIN.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE LOOK-AHEAD CLUB.

A SOMEWHAT PREVIOUS DISCUSSION OF THE SEX PROBLEM.

The most remarkable feature of my meetings with the Look-Ahead Club was that the Club itself existed and ran its course some years before I was actually born. The way I came to take a flying trip down the vista of time, some seventy odd years, and drop in for a fraternal call upon those few of my grandfather's contemporaries, is hardly clear to myself in respect of details. The most I can well remember is my boarding a train on the morning of February 5, 1896, and starting for a vacation point up country, and my subsequent going to sleep with the lulling roll of the speeding car as we got well on our way. I was still asleep when the train ran into a gravel-car, and, to put it mildly, I was carried beyond my intended destination.

That is the only theory I can grasp to account for the extraordinary transition which followed. When I awoke I had a queer feeling about the head, and the faces around the strange room in which I found myself wore an unfamiliar and somewhat unearthly aspect. I was not taken particular note of, but was greeted civilly as a stranger with whom the others were quite willing to become acquainted on the basis of free and easy *bonhomie*, which I soon perceived was the prevailing tone of the company.

I was then in the quarters of the Look-Ahead Club, founded in 1822, and now, at the time of my visitation, flourishing in its second year! Of course it took me a good while to get used to that, and there were countless other things which confused me quite as much; but I shall spare the reader a further summarization of them. A bare outline of my first meeting with the Club in session will be more to the point.

We drew our chairs up around a large table in the center of the room, on which was set to each man's place a glass of wine, which the gentleman on my right, whom I shortly learned to know as "The Conventional," informed me had come from California.

"This," he said, smiling, as he tapped the glass lightly, "is 1894 California wine."

"You are joking!" I protested, feeling a bit queerish about the stomach as I remembered that the time then at hand was only the year 1824; "you will pardon me for correcting what was undoubtedly a mere slip of the tongue. Of course it wasn't *ninety*-four, or, if it was, you are thinking of the last century."

The conventional's smile grew bland, even as I noticed a fleeting shade of sympathy for my love of truth cross his brow. "Yes," he affirmed, and I still thought there was a tinge of regret in the admission, "I meant what I said. I will explain, after first informing you that I am a steadfast follower of the conventions and am therefore a dissenting element in the scheme of the club's existence, which, as its name implies, is to forecast the future and be constantly on the watch to anticipate any customs which it is thought the forthcoming generations may be likely to adopt. To-night, for instance we have agreed to suppose ourselves a part of the life that will be extant in 1894, three score years and ten from this date. Therefore, all of our proceedings to-night will be made to conform as nearly as possible to the conditions which we believe may exist in the year 1894."

Well, here, thinks I, is a rare touch of coincidence—a mortal wight unceremoniously whisked from one age to another in the twinkling of an eye, only to find the habits of his own day undergoing imitation at the hands of his forefathers, who have received him with such unconscious distinction some forty years before his birth! It is a trifle involved, and almost too fine a circumstance to be set down.

"As we have decided to follow out our notions of what the conditions of 1894 will be," began the Chairman, who was called "The Neutralist," "we shall devote the evening's discussion to a theme which we have reason to believe may be a reigning issue in the debates of our grandchildren. The subject has been entitled, after due deliberation, 'Does the Ideal Husband exist?' As a member most enthusiastic in the cause of our association, the Young Degenerate will please open the argument."

Instantly a tall form shot up on my left (The Conventional whispering to me that much of the celerity therein manifested was assumed for the occasion), and I beheld an individual with a sharp face, a bright eye, and an air of snugness in bearing and attire which, I'll swear, reminded me of nothing so much as the New Conception I had drawn in my own age from reading the *Chap Book* and *Meditations in Motley*. He was accordingly a kind of an ideal to me in that strange environment, and I waited with interest to hear him speak.

"The 'Ideal Husband,' my friends," he began, "is a myth. He never existed unless it was among the Egyptians. As long as the world shall be ruled by brute force, it is inevitable that the stronger of the sexes, finding his brawn a more convenient and less responsible agency of control than his conscience, will exercise it for his individual and common masculine supremacy. His notion is, that man is welcome to whatever he can lay hands on under immunity from man-made laws. Woman's physical weakness has made her the subject of him, and, in the long ages of her subjection, her mental forces have been correspondingly restricted and lain dormant under the most crushing of all weights, submission. Her history throughout these ages is painful reading. Her——"

"Mr. President," here interjected a person directly across the room. The Young Degenerate caught his breath and paused, and the President bowed.

"Mr. Prudentialist?"

"If you please, my friends, The Young Degenerate is to be reminded here, to say nothing of the irrelevance of his present remarks, that no one denies women have suffered from grave political and social disabilities, but just now much is being undertaken for their relief, and there is no question that, since we are forecasting 1894, the end of this century will give women all that can be reasonably desired. As to the 'Ideal——"

"I'm coming to that, if you'll kindly allow me," interrupted The Young Degenerate, with some impatience, "and as to irrelevance, The Prudentialist himself is off the track, since I had not yet touched upon the present in my remarks. My picturing of man, however, as depending on his coarse strength, rather than on his finer sensibilities for his dominion over woman, was to go to show that idealism with him as the center-piece must be impossible at least to the wife—hence there can be no Ideal Husband."

"Mr. President," observed The Conventional, rising—and I marked what an unctuous worthy he looked as he straightened himself to address the Chair—"the point itself would be well taken if the premises were *generally recognized* as correct." (Here The Young Degenerate is seen to grit his teeth, and scrape his foot on the carpet.) "But Society has yet to acknowledge the sweeping assertions which our young friend has made. One reason for this, providing that they *should* be acknowleged, which," with a graver glance round the room, "I do not take it upon myself to affirm, is, perhaps, that Society is confused by the great diversity of all the feminine complaints."

"*My* sentiments, almost to a—a—well, to whatever our grandchildren may afford in the way of colloquial metaphor," rejoined The Prudentialist, with a deprecating wave of his hand, "I concur that, with all its variations of influence and activity, there has never been a time in the world's history when female discontent has assumed so much and demanded so much as at the present time; and, my friends," added The Prudentialist, impressively, "I think that both the satisfied and the dissatisfied women would do well to pause and consider if the fierce fever of unrest, which possesses so large a number of the sex, is not rather a delirium than a conviction. May they not be just as foolhardy in wanting to get out of their Eden, as was the woman Eve six thousand years ago?"

Here occurred a mild commotion at the further end of the room, and up jumped a lanky individual in loose-fitting clothes, with the marks of restless fingers in his hair, and a pair of spectacles tilted somewhat awry upon his nose.

"Mr. Radical," acknowledged the Chairman, hastily.

"Mr. President," responded The Radical, "I vigorously object to The Prudentialist's making his conservatism so conspicuous in this Club. The Young Degenerate is more than right. Woman has always been the abject slave of man. Toiling patiently for him, asking little for herself and everything for him, cheerfully sharing all his perils and hardships, the unappreciated mother of his children, she has been bought and sold, petted or tortured, according to the whim of her brutal owner, the victim everywhere of pillage, lust, war, servitude——"

"*Mr. President!*" shouted a new voice, and The Conservative danced to his feet, followed by the frightened Prudentialist.

"Gentlemen," interposed The Neutralist, raising his hands to impose quiet, "I beg you not to forget that the proceedings of our debates are mere pretensions." With this sententious remark, his hand stole to the gavel and gave three quick raps upon the desk. I could fancy I heard, rather than saw, the general relaxation of features which ensued, and the smile upon my neighbor's smug face grew a whit more affable. "And a good thing," he murmured, half to himself. "Happily, we are yet on the safe side of the coming New Age." Then to me, "Will you accompany me?" he asked, as the general rising proclaimed the meeting adjourned for the evening. "I am going over to hear Hatrick Penry deliver an oration on the 'Advantages of our Late American Rebellion to the Intellectual Growth of Posterity.'"

Was that the last I saw of the Look-Ahead Club? Bless you, no—I attended regularly after that during many a long week. Since my return to this life, it has been told me that the collision with the gravel-car was a pretty serious affair.

C. M. C.

THE THEATERS.

TAVARY AS AIDA—CORINNE AND HER COMPANY.

The leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiop his skin, but Tavary! Oh, Tavary! She can show us an Aida with tan-colored legs and arms, pink hands, pinker face, and—a blonde wig!

She can make us wonder why she wore a striped crash towel in the first act and in the last, a sort of corslet affair which looked like the cardboard trophies worked with colored wools that children bring home from the kindergartens. She can also make us wonder how she caused men, who are music-wise, to say that Monday night's performance was "satisfactorily rendered," and say it in print, too, when her voice is so lacking in sympathy, in fire, or in feeling of any kind, for that matter, and when she is so entirely without histrionic ability. To me, and, I think, to the average man, her voice is lacking in charm, her gestures and movements, conventional, meaningless, graceless. As for taste—well, if Madame Tavary could but know how funny it looks to see a strawberry-blonde (with tan legs and arms) clinging to a chocolate-colored Ethiop and addressing him as "father," she might perceive the advisability of changing either her tights or her tune, but I am not at all sure. As for Payne Clark's "Radames" it was merely a faint and far-away suggestion, and he might just as well have been entombed in the first act instead of the last so far as the audience was concerned. To be sure, in that case Aida would have had nothing to cling to nor Amneris so much to storm at, but as Tavary's clinging is very perfunctory, and Dorré is able, I'm sure, to storm realistically at a statue, or even at nothing at all, it wouldn't have mattered much, even to them.

The only really satisfactory parts of the performance, to my mind, were those of Max Eugene's and Abramhoff's, and Dorré's acting. The duet in the second act, between Aida and Amneris, was fairly good, too; the slim and graceful Dorré eking out somewhat with vivid face, fervid voice, and expressive motion what she lacked vocally. Dorré was, to beauty-loving eyes, the one pleasing spot in a desert of ugliness. It cannot be denied that she has the effect of being all eyes, and that she is too thin, but she is somewhat pretty, supple, exceedingly graceful, and though at times her walk was just a trifle too suggestive of the dance du ventre, much can be pardoned in a woman who presents so artistic a whole. The shrilling of the female chorus was ludicrously inadequate—almost as inadequate as their arms and legs, and as the armor of the guards, which (stopping as it did, variously under the arms and the shoulder-blades) showed plainly their proud determination never to turn their backs to the foe. Taken as a whole the Tavary Company's methods seem to me to be much the same as those of the courageous artists who decorate Chinese tea boxes; a wavering line to suggest a background of mountains, a splotch for a tree, another for a man, and the rest—left to the imagination.

¶ ¶ ¶

It is like turning from a mud-bedaubed statue of the Venus of Milo to a little attenuated soubretto, daintily decked in tinsel and gauze, and wreathed with smiles and artificial flowers, to go from Tavary's Aida to "Hendrick Hudson, Jr." Yet, if the truth is in you, you will confess that the latter (foolish as it is) is the less lamentable spectacle. I do not mean to intimate by this that 'Corinne" *is* attenuated (far from it, for she has lovely softly rounded legs, and is moderately plump elsewhere), but that the show is; that Hendrick Hudson, stripped of its frills and furbelows, would be just—nothing. But who cares, who wants to strip it, or stick a pin in the toy-balloon? It is modestly called an extravaganza, and we should go when the appetite for puff paste, bonbons, and absurdities is on us, or not at all, for it is "just a thing of shreds and patches, of ballads, songs, and snatches"—really nothing more than a variety show.

Quite the best thing in it (always excepting Corinne's legs) are the "Plantation Swells," done by the Nichols Sisters. They are delightfully comical, and make even solemn, heavy-eyed "grown-ups" laugh in a happy, light-hearted child-fashion, which is good to hear. Of course, if you are weighted down with brains that you can't leave behind you for the evening, or even give away, you had better not try the show, but if you are like the majority of the people I saw at the California Tuesday night, you can get several good laughs out of it. Charles Fostelle, as "Ysabel," will give you one or two with his back-stitch sentences and "hymns." Just why he is funny it would be hard to say, but we all laughed—yes, even when he tucked an imaginary hair where his bosom ought to have been, and said, in guileless tones:

"I always save my combings—have 'em made into brushes for the poor soldiers going to war, so they can brush up their ideas en route."

Then there was the "Marquis Perfecto Del Cabanus" with his melodious introduction of himself in a voice almost as much like a bell as the Orpheum man's (by the way, I started to tell you an episode of the Orpheum last week, but the printers cut me short in the middle). Also, there was a fellow with versatile legs who sang "Love me, say you love me," and generously offered to be "papa" to anybody's "mamma," a score of times or so. As for Corinne herself, "ladies and those who go out between acts," she is a pretty, charmingly dressed, beautifully legged little woman with black eyes and a handsome nose. Sad and strange to relate, her legs, though distractingly pretty, are not graceful. It must be that her dear little panties are too tight and her heels too high for smooth and flowing motions, otherwise it is impossible to account for their jerky gyrations. This impression is confirmed by the fact that her bare arms are quite graceful. She made a charming picture in the Spanish dress, the dark hair being much more becoming than light; but the dance was amateurish in the extreme—indeed, almost saintly, for Corinne is not built to express voluptuousness either in voice or motions. There is a rigidity about the waist, born, probably, of corsets, which absolutely unfits her for Turkish or Spanish dances, until she limbers it up.

As usual, there was a Trilby scene; in it Corinne covered her pretty legs, not wisely, but too well, and sang "Ben Bolt" too fast, while Svengali told us that she "couldn't escape as the door had Ben Bolted." After considering this a while, we decided to laugh. With the memory of May Irwin's negro melodies in my head, "Louisiana Lou" struck me as poor, but then May is an old hand at it. The one really pertinent retort of the evening was the reply to "Abagail Hudson's" remark, that she was "going to be the woman of the future." "Yes," came the answer, "but what are you now?"

PEG WOFFINGTON.

BOOK TALK.

The first consecutive and connected history of the late Oriental unpleasantness is offered by the Scribners. The book is entitled the *China-Japan War*, and its author signs himself "Vladamir." His facts are drawn from Chinese, Japanese, and other foreign sources, and it may be presumed he is a member of the Russian diplomatic mission to Corea. In compiling his story, Vladamir places much reliance on the statements and reports of the Japanese historian, whose impartiality and trustworthiness is a characteristic as admirable as it is rare.

Kipling is accused of having designs on the stage. James L. Ford says he knows that a few years ago Rudyard threw a four-act drama into the fire because it was not up to his mark, and that since, he has written several plays which were doomed to destruction for the same reason. One may be forgiven for believing that a man with sufficient patience to follow so rigorous a course will yet produce a drama worth considering.

The proper method of rebuke is at last being applied to Grant Allen and his imbecile clan. Their "Hilltop" attitude especially lends itself to parody, and the treatment of burlesque is to be applied by H. D. Traill, who is after them with *The Barbarious Britishers*, a "Tiptop Novel." "Parody is a vile art," says Matthew Arnold, in one of his letters, "but I must say I read *Poor Matthias* in *The World* with an amused pleasure. I wonder if it is that demon, Traill."

A translation of *Trilby* has lately appeared in Russia, with Du Maurier's illustrations. It is printed under the title of *Katia*, and is ascribed to one "Teminoff"; and all the names are altered to Russian ones—the three immortal Companions of the Brush being turned into Russians.

Since the Harpers have paid Du Maurier $50,000 for his last novel, there has been deep indignation among the English publishers. On the strength of that tremendous achievement, Conan Doyle exacted $35 000 for *Bregadier Gerard*, which the Appletons now announce. The other celebrities are growing equally rapacious, and Anthony Hope is almost out of sight. The newspapers and the literary syndicates are blamed for the present condition of affairs, which promises to make book writing as remunerative in the Anglo-Saxon world as it undoubtedly is in France. There the popular author has a mansion, curiosities, beautiful pictures, and can employ unto himself a chef. Thus far, in America and in London the litterateur does admirably who persuades his publishers into paying him $5000 per annum.

The *Chap Book* announces its graduation from the ranks of nickel magazines, and in future demands ten cents for itself. This little journal is far ahead of all its imitators, for it generally succeeds in giving the captious reader a page or two of good reading. The promise of illustration I hope means a reversion to normal methods. For one, I am deadly tired of the Beardsleyan outlines with which it has studded its pages. Considering the delicacy and grace of his lines, and the decorative genius he certainly possesses, Beardsley is easily forgiven his grotesqueries. The legion of copyists succeed in being eccentric, but quite miss the genuine cleverness of the original.

The stage rights of "Macaire," the play by Stevenson and Henley, which came out first in the *Chap Book*, have been purchased by Richard Mansfield, who is shortly to produce the play. "Macaire" is a wonderfully picturesque character, and the comparison between the English and American productions is likely to be interesting. Mansfield has undoubtedly more talent for the picturesque than any other American actor, and Beerbohm Tree, who will probably do the play in England, has much the same reputation on that side of the water.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has written for the March *Ladies' Home Journal* an authoritative sketch of Sally Cary,. to whom George Washington, in his private letters, clearly points as the passion of his life. Mrs. Harrison, who was Miss Constance Cary before her marriage, is a direct descendant of Sally Cary, as well as, on her mother's side, of the Fairfax family, into which the Southern beauty of Washington's day finally married.

The last *Current Literature* has an extract from H. Marriott Watson's *Quandery of the Bishop*, and reproduces "Taking the Blue Ribbon," a chapter from Charles Egbert Craddock's new book, besides one of the best stories in Q's *Delectable Duchy*. As usual, there is a vast amount of readable matter within its pages, and a careful reading of the literary and other comments enables one to keep fair pace with the world and the flesh, not to speak of such diabolical affairs as are treated under the head of "The Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious, and Queer."

Echoes of Battle, by Bushrod Washington James, recounts the impressions of the author on the battle grounds of Antietam and Gettsyburg. Not content with latter-day wars, he flies his muse against the battles of the Revolution. There is no question of the patriotism in the volume, though, it must be admitted, the pictures and the typography have decidedly the advantage of the prosody and prose.

Roberts Brothers publish a Year Book from the works of Helen Hunt Jackson, and a very attractive one it is. There is much that is valuable in the writings of this talented lady who gave us *Ramona*, though one may be forgiven for imagining her hardly eligible for specific quotation. There is precious little relevance to the time of year in the extracts set under each date, though, I presume, relevance is the last thing to be expected from the compiler of a Year Book. For my part, I prefer to read Mrs. Jackson at rather greater length than she is presented here, and am fain to confess that she needs context.

There is good stuff for all sorts of readers in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. Most people will be interested in ex-President Harrison's paper on the "Presidential Office," which is the pièce de resistance of the number. But, in addition, there are the Reminiscences of Mary Anderson and the Neighborhood Types by Miss Mary Wilkins. Miss Lillian Bell's contributions are an attractive feature of the *Journal* inasmuch as she takes such bold liberties with the sterner sex. She dares throw the responsibility of loveless marriages on men and actually asserts it is not mere creature comforts a woman wants, but mental appreciation and companionship.

The February *St. Nicholas* is as full of bright pictures and pleasant stories as the long succession of its monthly predecessors. Being well into the age of discretion, the writer imagines himself past the distractions of the literature of youth, and yet he spent a whole hour over this number, skipping and skimming, until he really knows something about Tracy and Osk Ordway, and about the curious adventures of Sinbad and his partner, Tom, besides having read all Stevenson's letters to Austin Strong, and also the story of Teddy and Carrots, with much more besides. He was vastly entertained, and wishes he had time to read the rest, which he has not.

Honorable George H. Wendling, who has recently returned from a lecture tour through the West, mentions the singular series of fatalities which have befallen eminent lecturers during the last month. First came the death of Eugene Field with a long list of engagements ahead of him. Then Professor Ragan, the finest illustrated lecturer next to Stoddard, died while lecturing in Atlanta. Ten days ago, Bill Nye broke down physically. Colonel Sanford died while on a lecture tour in Colorado. Major Dane died and was buried at sea, and Joseph Cook is seriously and perhaps fatally ill in Calcutta, India. Six men in one month is a heavy loss to the lyceum courses in this country.

THE LITTLE GREEN HAT.

They were coming out of the matinee, and there was something in the way he took her arm and swung her out of the crush, that the experienced eye of the married man or married woman could at once detect as the assurance of the husband, accustomed to being adored, and quietly and covertly conscious of other feminine eyes in the crowd.

He turned up her fur collar and they walked along in silence. She was scrutinizing each face in the slowly moving throng. He was picking his way, falling in her wake to give room to the opposing stream, and occasionally to glance behind and strengthen some impression of a silhouette, that awoke a momentary pang, and then faded into the blur of faces, rustle of silks, and the subtle perfume of a well-dressed crowd of women.

Once he turned half round sharply, as a tall, handsome woman swept by, creaking and rustling like a great galleon in a swell of wind and rolling sea. His wife brought back his eyes with a glance of interrogation.

"Pretty little green hat that," he said. "I think it would just suit you."

"Ah, yes," answered she. 'Strange you never notice hats in the milliners' windows."

—*Jonathan Penn, in the Fly Leaf.*

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Tavary Company did not seem to cover itself with glory the night of its opening at the Baldwin—possibly "Aida" was not as well suited to the talent of its various members as some of the operas which have followed, and in which the work has been far superior to that of the initial performance. The second week of their engagement will open in "Lucia" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," Monday night, "Mignon," on Tuesday, "Martha" at the Wednesday matinee, when popular prices will prevail, "Aida," Wednesday night, "Carmen," Thursday, "Faust," Friday, with "Trovatore" at the Saturday matinee, and "Tannhauser" Saturday evening.

The forty-ninth Carr-Beel Saturday Pop. Concert will take place this afternoon in Golden Gate Hall, at 3:15 P. M. Miss Marion Taylor, the vocalist, will assist.

Crowded houses at the Columbia during the week have been the rule, to see the Frawley combination in "Men and Women." Next week, Corinne and the Hendrick Hudson Company is transferred from the California to the pretty Powell-street Theater for one week more.

Sousa's Band will give several concerts at the Mechanics' Pavilion next month, under the direction of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. A regiment of militia will assist in a big new feature, arranged by Sousa for a first performance in San Francisco.

"The Gentle Savage" was produced to a packed house at the Tivoli on Monday last, and was accorded a flattering reception. Mr. Hartman fulfilled all his opportunities as "Howling Swell," and the rest of the Company proved themselves most capable in the new opera, which is a satire on modern civilization, by Estelle Clayton and Andrew C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle, of the New York *World*). It is full of bright hits and clever talk, and the music is very pretty.

Carroll Johnson, the minstrel star, was the particular attraction at the Orpheum this week, and he contributed largely to the success of the progam, which was a very good one, including, also, Billy Carter, Edmonds, Emerson and Edmonds, and sweet-voiced Rachel Walker.

The Alcazar gave a double bill this week, the performances opening with Sidney Grundy's comedy, "Arabian Nights," and finishing with a farce entitled "Joe's Girls." Both pieces were well acted and well received, houses being crowded.

Thomas Keene's engagement at the California Theater begins on Tuesday evening, February 11th, Paderewski giving his first recital on Monday, the 10th.

The Stock Company of the Grand Opera House has presented its patrons with another melodrama by Frank Harvey, entitled "Sins of the Night." It is full of stirring incidents and thrilling situations, which were very well handled by this capable little company. Mr. Brinker, as Harold Thorne, was earnest and gentlemanly, showing well in the strong scenes with his cousin, Leslie, played by Mr. Lothian. Fred Butler distinguished himself as the Spaniard, Manuel Ramez; his make-up was very good, and his acting the best he has given the public here. Julia Blanc deserves credit for her Creole impersonation, and Mina Gleason did some very good acting as Dolly Peachblossom. The piece was well staged, but that is the rule with everything put on at Morosco's. The house has been crowded, and the crowds enthusiastic.

La Bernhardt's newest whim is to make a journey to India in a yacht, built with reference to dramatic representations en voyage, her aspiration being to own "the first floating theater." She is by no means original in this. The floating theater was an institution in this country when the divine Sarah was a child—long ago.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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SPLASHES.

TALK AROUND the tea-tables is all about the Mardi Gras ball. A social expert announced, when the scheme was first mooted, "If you can induce the débutante to participate your success is sure." From all accounts, it seems the younger set have a veritable fever over the affair. Its members are engaged vigorously in preparation and find little to talk about but the question of garments. Already the costumers are in a fever. Orders are pouring in upon them, artists are arranging special tableaux to represent scenes from various plays, and, in fact, there is every indication that the affair will beat the record of all its predecessors. It is impossible to imagine a more admirable setting for such an entertainment than the Hopkins House, with its spacious halls and drawing-rooms, its broad staircases, its conservatories, and its galleries. The precautions to prevent the intrusion of unsuitable persons are actuated by proper discretion. The reception committee is thoroughly representative, and altogether the auspices are admirable. I am told of a number of costume dinners to be given preliminary to the ball. They are all set for eight o'clock, and it is understood the guests are to appear in masquerade guise. The Newhalls, Loughboroughs, Carolans, Crocketts, and Sullivans have all sent out invitations, and doubtless their examples will be generally followed. It is becoming the favorite custom to precede dances with dinners, inasmuch as that course secures partners for the girls.

* * *

Apropos of the Mardi Gras Ball, I am told that Stanton is ransacking the town for brilliant effects, and after to-day the Institution will be closed to visitors.

* * *

Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Blanding are to be congratulated on the success of the Friday Fortnightly Club. It has certainly excelled their wildest hopes, and is quite as much of an institution among the younger people as the Friday Night Club itself. Indeed, I am told, precautions are to be taken in future against the crowding which was complained of at the last affair, and the guests whose presence is asked, will be provided with tickets, without which, participation will be impossible. Miss Hobart is to lead the cotillion and should show the members some lively and interesting figures.

* * *

Though Mr. Greenway is by no means out of trouble, his physician records an improvement, and it may be said the era of convalescence has set in. During the illness of the society leader, the Pleasanton telephone has been kept busy with anxious inquiries: his friends have worn out the carpet with their visits and seriously injured the elevator by the number and frequency of their ascents. The frequent appearance of jelly on the hotel menu is explained by the fact that he has been unable to keep pace with the generous contribution of isinglass which sympathizing dowagers have sent him. Indeed there has been unmistakable and generous evidence of the anxiety his condition has caused. No one need question after this the 400's estimation of Mr. Greenway's personality. 'Twould be terrible if we were confronted with the necessity of realizing how very valuable he really is.

* * *

IT IS SO difficult to differentiate one wedding ceremony from another, and there is so little appreciation for the attainment that the majority of brides and grooms are content with convention and satisfied with the security of the tie. It is unnecessary to say that the Pond-Grant wedding at St Luke's, on Monday night resembled previous weddings that have taken place within the portals of that sanctuary, though an exception may be noted in favor of the bride, who looked decidedly pretty in her dark, graceful way, and was not discomposed by the exigencies of the occasion. Miss Grant is of the Spanish type, animated, admirable of color, and bright of eye. Of course, she wore ivory satin. That is a trick of brides, but her gown was relieved by the beauty of its trimmings of old lace, an heirloom in the Fry family, of which she is a scion. She also wore a diamond star on her forehead, which had the task of sustaining the veil of white tulle. The maid of honor was Miss Fanny Grant, who looked very charming in yellow satin and yellow ribbons. As usual, St. Luke's was jammed. Those who were advantageously located doubtless saw the ceremony, but there was the usual standing on the seats and crowding the aisles, until one regretted the more spacious expanse of the Trinity Auditorium had not been utilized. But still, St. Luke's lends itself to decorative effects, and was prettily set up with daffodils and ferns, which made a most attractive background for the bridal party. I omitted to say, however, that the proceedings were late of inauguration, for the bride did not materialize until about half an hour after the specified moment. The contracting families returned to the Grant residence, where supper was served, though the subsequent jollifications were somewhat modified by the indisposition of the bride's parent. The happy pair go to Coronado for their honeymoon.

* * *

ONE OF THE simplest and most informal of marriage ceremonies was that which made the stately and Romola-like Miss Jarboe Mrs. Jerome Case Bull. For many years past the bride has been a veritable belle, her style uniting the amplitude of physique characteristic of the best types of California womanhood with the charm of a refined intellectuality of expression, which is rare in the California type. They were married at St. Luke's, in the presence of their friends, and had the courage to discard floral adornments, for which Mrs. Jarboe deserves sincere congratulations. The decorations consisted of palms and ferns, and made an appropriate background for the bridal party. There was nothing formal about the nuptials. Miss Kate Clement preceded the bride up the aisle, and the party chatted amiably as its members placed themselves for the ritual. On the way back to the door the procession was punctuated by frequent hand-shaking and congratulations. I am sure no one ever saw a happier groom than was Mr. Bull. It was, altogether, a pleasant, jolly ceremony, and just what one would like to take a prominent part in one's self. The music was furnished by St. Luke's surpliced choir, and the effect of the boys' voices in the Cavalleria Intermezzo was very charming. After the wedding, the very intimate members of the party headed for Mrs. Paul Jarboe's residence, where they partook of a wedding breakfast. The happy pair go to Santa Cruz for their honeymoon, and are to be in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras ball there.

* * *

THE CURIOUS are anxious to know what the precedent is for five o'clock weddings. On excellent authority I have it that afternoon nuptials have a distinct vogue in New York, and you are really not saluting the convenances if you retire from single blessedness earlier in the day. The Goad-Hooker wedding was celebrated precisely at five on Wednesday. It was a notable affair, made memorable by the opulence and abundance of the accessories, for there was excellent music, flowers in profusion, innumerable presents, and a tug to convey the happy pair to Sausalito, where they are to occupy the Hearst Villa throughout the season. Doctor Harry Tevis superintended the decoration of the Goad mansion, and is to be congratulated on the taste which dictated the absence of set floral pieces and obtained beauty of effect by banks of blossoms in every window and embrasure, heaps of roses on every mantel-piece, and bouquets in every available vase and niche. There were orchids and violets, daffodils and lilies-of-the-valley everywhere. Of course, the gathering was decidedly fashionable. The bride wore a very swell white satin gown, from the studio of Donovan of New York. It was covered with point lace to the very end of the train. The Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad, who acted as bridesmaids, wore very charming dresses, also from New York, simply made, but with large sleeves, and white veils reaching to the waist. By the way, Miss Ella's veil hung almost to the bottom of her skirt, and was festooned with orange blossoms, and she looked really charming. There must have been about two hundred and fifty in the gathering. Immediately the final words of the marriage ritual were pronounced, attendants rushed in with champagne, and the health of bride and groom was drunk by the assemblage while the happy pair were yet in the shadow of the altar. Congratulations were most enthusiastic. Later on there was supper, and the guests retired after inspecting the presents, which were very handsome. Among them were a beautiful diamond star from Colonel Fred Crocker, and an extensive set of silverware from the sisters and brother of the bride.

* * *

Sibyl Sanderson's latest success in opera has made her more prominent in Paris than ever. She has won tremendous praise, is indifferent to the progress of Antonio Terry's courtship, and is alleged to have paid most of her debts which were quite considerable. By the way, the interesting announcement is made of Miss Jennie Sanderson's engagement. The name of her fiancé is Roy Durand Herrick, a son of Edwin Herrick of Minneapolis, who is a gentleman of considerable wealth. Miss Sanderson lived so long in San Francisco that her identity is more familiar here than that of her more famous sister.

* * *

An interesting wedding to be celebrated next Monday is that of Miss Grove Crittenden, a daughter of the late Parker Crittenden and a niece of Mrs. Sanchez, who is to be married to Mr. Carl A. Windells, head designer for Shreve & Co. The ceremony is to be celebrated at the home of Mrs George Butler at Ross Valley, in the presence of the several branches of the Van Wyck and Crittenden clan, which in itself is quite sufficient to form a respectable congregation. The happy pair go to Coronado for their honeymoon. Miss Crittenden is a very charming young lady, who, since the death of her father, has resided with Mrs. Sanchez.

* * *

THOUGH the week has not been signalized by any elaborate entertainments, quite a number of smaller affairs have occurred to relieve it from monotony. About none of these is there much to be said. The attitude of the 400 toward one another is that of extreme hospitality; the feeding process goes on day after day; lunches and dinners succeed one another with magnificent assiduity, and between them appears the inevitable tea, with its accessories of oysters-a-la-poulette, cream cakes, chocolate and marrons glacé. Among the affairs were Miss Emma Butler's lunch at the University Club on Saturday, and Miss Jennie Catherwood's high tea Sunday night. Here there was much music, including songs by Miss Ella Hobart, the high tea feature figuring in the attraction of an elaborate cold supper. Miss Catherwood also gave a dinner on Tuesday evening.

* * *

Two important teas were the social feature of Saturday last. Mrs. Alvord, though she often gives dinners and lunch parties within the circle of her most intimate friends, only opens her house about once every season to the entire range of her visiting list, which is a directory by itself. The floral decorations, as might be expected, were really beautiful. I noticed one mantel-piece covered and draped with violets, in which charming taste was displayed. Mrs. Alvord is certainly one of the personages of San Francisco Society. She illustrates admirably the supremacy of character over convention, for she has ever gone her own way regardless of opposition, has ever spoken her own mind, has been as positive in her judgments as a court of last resort, and is a power on the side of those she chooses to support.

* * *

The second tea was at the ancient home of the Borels on Powell Street. This is the old Baron homestead, notably in early days as one of the swellest residences in town. Passing years have robbed the exterior of its glories, but the interior is most comfortable and is artistically furnished. The affair was most interesting for other reasons than the reopening of this old house, for it was the occasion of the introduction to Society of the Misses Borel, who are débutantes of the season. They have been reared according to continental ideas, and thus far have devoted themselves to their education. They are decidedly accomplished and amiable young ladies, and should be very popular if they go out much. The house was charmingly decorated with flowers from the Borel's San Mateo country place. Windows and mantel-pieces were banked with choice flowers; there were excellent music and sumptuous refreshments. Altogether, it was an interesting affair, and is thought to herald other functions under the same auspices. Mr. Borel is one of the rich men of San Francisco, and is a power in financial circles, being a director in several big banks and railroads, and representing, besides, many millions of European capital. Mrs. Borel was a Miss Walkenshaw.

* * *

These are great days for the University Club. Its membership is coming up hand over hand and has now reached something like four hundred and forty. A profusion of lunches and other entertainments which are given there have become a distinct source of profit, and though the expenditures are pretty high, I am told the balance is now very decidedly on the right side of the Club's ledger. Among recent features are two stained glass windows in the dining-room, from designs of Bruce Porter. One of these is contributed by graduates of Harvard, and the Annapolis men have put-up for the other. By the way, the first tea in the Club-room is to be given by Miss Emma Butler. She has invited some thirty girls.

* * *

Miss Edith McBean and the pretty Misses Williams give a joint tea at the Richelieu Saturday afternoon. Their suites adjoin, and are to be rendered worthy of the occasion with appropriate floral accessories. I am told the Misses Williams are to return to San Rafael at the beginning of Lent, and their parents, it seems, are anxious they should have a long rest after the plethora of festivities in which they have engaged. It is curious that two such beautiful girls should have gone through a season without

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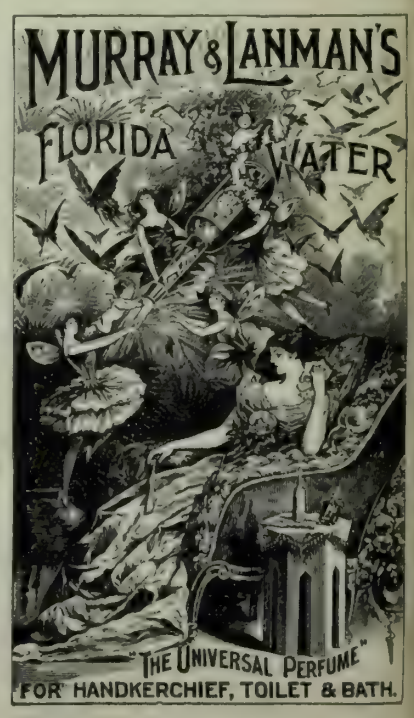

winning matrimonial honors, and it certainly does not argue the discretion of our jeunesse dorèe that they are permitted thus to depart from among us uncaptured and heart-whole.

* * *

THE MOST NOVEL entertainment that has come to my attention this season is a lunch which Miss Jennie Houston had last week at her home on Broadway. Miss Houston rejoices in auburn hair, and her eight guests had locks of the same fashionable shade. The other effects were in keeping with this rubescent character. The menus were adorned with a picture of a white horse and were printed in crimson tones; scarlet carnations formed the decorations; there were red shades to the candles; each maiden had a bouquet of American beauties beside her plate—and the atmosphere altogether was sanguine of hue. So lurid was the general effect that the sister of the hostess, who was excluded because her hair is not of the tint admired by Ruebens, venturing to look in, was startled at the fiery aspect of the room.

* * *

Apropos of red-headed girls, quite a number of maidens of prominence rejoice in ruddy hair, and the coming generation has some excellent specimens of the same tone. Miss Houston's luncheon deserves especial attention, for it must be admitted the average entertainment is not notable for interest. Besides this affair, I can only recall as really clever, a party which Miss Maggie Douglas gave some time back. She enlisted the services of a clever Japanese who got up for her a really charming fête. He constructed scenery, in the midst of which luncheon was served. Mount Fusiyama, with orchards along its slopes, served as a background, and he produced the effect of a snowfall, and later on, a fall of apple blossoms, the lights being arranged with charming taste. It was really a very pretty affair and remained in the memory of those who assisted.

* * *

Society has discovered, at last, a grain of intelligence, which is signalized by the reorganization of the Fortnightly. By what name it is to be known I have not yet learned, but the prefatory meeting was held at Mrs. Girvin's last Saturday, a cabinet was picked, and the initial performance is to take place at Mrs. Will Crocker's next week. The details of the entertainment have not transpired, but Mrs. Kauffman, I am glad to learn, is in control, which offers a basis for the hope that something in the line of serious dramatic performance may be attempted. There is lots of talent at large, needing but an opportunity to manifest itself, and the Fortnightly should afford it scope. The successive meetings should prove an agreeable diversion for Lent.

* * *

Great is the disappointment in the ranks of Miss West's basket ball team, which has fondly anticipated a contest with a team of young women from the Stanford Union. It seems they are much given to basket ball down at Palo Alto, and their players have often challenged the supremacy of the vigorous young athletes of the Van Ness Avenue school. The deciding game was to have been played in the Armory on Pacific Avenue, but it seems the location did not meet the views of the Stanford girls, who protested on the ground that its precincts were not sufficiently hallowed for the engagement, and they refused to come; whereupon, the Westites proclaimed the purity of their battle-ground and announced themselves victors by default.

* * *

Mrs. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are once more installed in their California-street mansion and receive their friends every Tuesday afternoon. The house has been restored to its pristine grandeur by the return of all the more elaborate furniture and fittings, which had temporarily been doing duty in the Menlo Park residence. As is generally admitted, this house is the most handsomely furnished in California, and it seems a pity that Society is not allowed to express its admiration and glut its eyes at some elaborate ceremony. The pictures that are distributed throughout the halls and drawing-rooms are worth in themselves a small fortune.

* * *

There have been several theater parties, the most important that of Mr. Fred Greenwood's to the Baldwin Tuesday evening. Mrs. Cutler Page chaperoned, and in the party were a number of débutantes very prettily gowned. Among the lunches was that of Mrs. Jessie Seal, given in honor of Miss Whittier, at the Occidental Hotel. Mrs. Chauncy Winslow had a lunch on Tuesday. Miss Jessie Cheeseman was the guest of honor at Mrs. Jewett's tea the same afternoon. The date of Miss Cheeseman's marriage to Lieutenant Shoemaker has not yet been set.

* * *

Mrs. Ashe has quite an extensive family under her roof just now. Not only is she entertaining Mrs. Oscar Sewell, who, with her little girl, is visiting her, but Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Ashe are also members of the menage. As the McLaren babies are frequent visitors at the home of their grandmother, the house is resonant with childish voices.

* * *

Among the distinguished visitors in town is Count Carlos Cini, who has the distinction, I believe, of being a nephew of the Pope; anyway he is a very swell Italian, and he is here to meet the Duke D'Abruzzi. He brought letters to Dick Tobin, who gave a coaching party at Burlingame in his honor last Sunday.

* * *

Society is gone wild over Paderewski. Though the price asked for seats is lofty, there is a general determination to hear and see the celebrity, and doubtless he will play to crowded houses. It is the only brilliant musical feature California has had in a long time.

* * *

IT IS SOMEWHAT disillusionizing to learn that the Horse Show was much less of a financial success than the receipts at first seemed to indicate. There is no question but that the revenues of the Association were quite large, but the immense expenditures were more than equal to them. In fact, the latest statement shows a loss of some two hundred dollars. This deficit is accounted for by the lavishness of the prizes and the breadth of scale upon which the Show was managed. There was hardly that regard for the minor economies which is so salutary in the production of surplus, and, besides, a mistake was made in the failure to regulate the question of reserved seats. The crowd troubled itself little to secure chairs, for one dollar admitted every one within the ring, and after that it was easy to obtain seating accommodation. The prizes, too, were preposterously large. Something like twenty-one thousand dollars was given by the Association, of which Walter Hobart alone captured between four and five thousand. In classes for which the New York judges offered premiums ranging from thirty to fifty dollars, our Association gave one hundred to two hundred dollars, and this characteristic prevailed right down the scale. It is a pity that the first experiment of the Association should have proved so unsuccessful, though its members are all financially capable of sustaining the loss with equanimity.

* * *

No one will be sorry to learn that the management of the Palace Hotel has made arrangements to accommodate the Grill-room overflow. The billiard-room is being converted into a branch of the Grill, and the billiard tables are soon to be located in a down-stairs apartment, whose decorative effects, it is promised, will relieve the apparent disadvantage of its location. Indeed, I am told it will be quite the handsomest billiard-room in the country.

* * *

Among the musicians, and in Society certainly, there is considerable interest in the approaching concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra. It is the first entertainment the institution has given under the direction of its new conductor, Alfred Roncovieri, and it will be interesting to compare the several renderings with what was heard under the baton of Scheel and Rosewald. If ever organization deserved well of a community it is this; for it has been ardent in the work of charity, has given its annual entertainment in aid of some worthy cause, and really has devoted itself to the public service. San Francisco is often accused of ingratitude, of obliviousness to favors done it; let us hope, however, that an exception will be made in the cause of the Saturday Orchestra, which, like the Mariposa Big Trees and the Yosemite Falls is unapproachable elsewhere in the two hemispheres.

* * *

The first engagement in the Schwabacher family is just announced. Miss Jennie of that ilk has surrendered to the suit of Charles N., the youngest scion of the Rosenbaum family, who is known as the flower of that flock. He is the son of the late Moses Rosenbaum, who amassed about two millions in tea or coffee or something, thus properly providing for his family. He is the sole bachelor of the clan, and is really very popular in Society. Miss Jennie is the daughter of Abraham Schwabacher of the Stockton Milling Company, who is also a millionaire. She is a very pleasant and very nice girl, and a general favorite.

* * *

THE ONE IMPORTANT social event that Oakland has to its credit this week is the Bachelors' and Benedicts' ball. This is the affair that was postponed on account of J. W. Colman's death. The auspices were as admirable as ever; that is, the adornments were first-rate, the music excellent, and the gathering small and select. The decorations were green ferns and yellow bunting suspended from the middle of the ceiling and caught up with ribbon. The colors blended prettily and made a beautiful background. Opinions as to beauties always differ, but to my mind Mrs. George McNear was quite the handsomest woman present; she wore green satin with gold embroidery. Miss Nellie Chabot wore a white satin skirt and pink silk waist, the gown profusely trimmed with pink roses. Miss Jessie Glasscock wore pink satin and pink roses. Miss Floey Brown was effective in blue satin and pink roses. Indeed, pink roses had a decided swing over there. Among the San Francisco girls I noticed Miss Daisy Van Ness and Miss Maribelle Gwinn, the former in pink satin and the latter in yellow satin trimmed with passementerie. Mr. Harry Knowles led alone, and made a very good showing. His principal figures were the Greek cross and scarf effects, which, while they did not startle, gave ample opportunity to the dancers.

* * *

OAKLAND seems already to have assumed its Lental veil, though the hours of prayers and fasting are still amid the shadows of the future. Mrs. J. N. L. Shepherd had a musicale in honor of Mrs. Price Philips. Mrs. Philips is a stately brunette, and was magnificently gowned in black. Her voice is strong and pure in quality, and she rendered selections from Schumann, Scuderé, Lassen, and Bach, with a thorough knowledge of these composers. Miss Evelyn Shepherd's violin obligato was very charming, as also were Grieg's "Achunblitt" and "Sie Taugt," which Mrs. Carmichael Carr rendered on the piano.

* * *

A very elaborate luncheon was given by Mrs. Dunham to twenty-eight of her friends as an expression of farewell to Mrs. Pennoyer, who goes abroad to educate her family. The table was most effectively decorated in a combination of violets and La France roses.

* * *

Mrs. John Clay Hampton gave the second of her series of teas last week. The decorations were very artistic and the maidens who served the tea were costumed most appropriately. Those who helped assist Mrs. Hepworth were: Miss M. Barkey, Miss Margaret Knight, Miss Mary Whitney, and Miss Hattie English.

* * *

The Bêta Theta Phi fraternity house was the scene of a jolly dance and supper on Saturday. During the evening several of the members sang, among them Mr. Wedmore, who has an exceedingly good baritone. Those who took part were Miss Myra Prather, Belle Mhoon, Jessie Glasscock, and others. The honors of the entertainment were shared by Mr. Fred Magee and Arthur Brown, who had charge of the management.

* * *

Among coming events at Oakland is Mrs. Remi Chabot's tea on the 12th inst. It is to be quite an elaborate affair, and the hostess is to have the aid of her two daughters, Miss Chabot and Mrs. Robert Knight. The Chabot place is capital for entertaining in, and it is quite a long time since anything has happened there.

* * *

I am told that between the lady managers of the Woman's Exchange and the Ebell Society there is considerable rivalry. The former ladies are alleged to have said that the Ebell Club is composed of "New Women," who want everything most advanced and desire to vote. The Woman's Exchange ladies, on the contrary, are violently opposed to "rights" of any sort, and more than content with their privileges. It is exceedingly funny, but I am told it is a question of two masters.

THE GOSSIP.

OPORTO PORTUGALO.

Of the numerous vintage ports we tasted, none were more interesting than the collection shown us at the Douro Lodges and Vineyards of Messrs. D. M. Feuerheerd, Jr. & Co. This firm keeps certain of its vintage wines from particular quintas intact, and here we tasted the "Commendador" of 1870, remarkable for its delicacy and fine flavor; also a sample of 1873 from the Quinta de Roncao, dry and full of flavor. We were also shown some other natural ports without any addition of spirits, vintages of '75, '73, '71, '72. The latter was a well-rounded wine of singularly refined flavor.—*Vizetelly, in "Facts about Port."*

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RIPPLES.

LEAVES FROM TOMMY'S COMPOSITION BOOK—CATS.

This is an old subject which is liked by girls, but not by boys.

The proper name for cats is, I believe, felines. I don't know what they call them felines for, but they do just the same.

You can find cats all over the world, with the exception of our back yard.

Some cats live on milk, fish, meat, mice, and that kind of stuff; but all the cats that I've ever seen seem to live on the back fences.

I have heard of cats of nine tails and cats of nine lives, but I've never met any of 'em. All the cats that I ever had anything to do with had only one tail and one life, and a mighty short life at that.

Writing about cats puts me in mind of a maiden aunt of mine, who is so old that she remembers when Washington crossed the Delaware. Whenever I visit her, she is awful nice to me at first; but all of a sudden, when I least expect it, she jumps on me with both feet and jaws me until she has to 'knowledge that it tires her to be jawing at me all the time, and I say: "Me, too," to hear her jaw me. Then she gets madder still, and generally sends me home akiting.

They say it's good luck to have a cat follow you. I suppose they mean it's good luck for the cat; for ninety-nine times out of one hundred when a cat follows you, you remember about it's being lucky to have a cat follow you, and you pick the cat up when no one is looking, take it to your house, and give it a good home.

I know of a cat that was fooled once; the gump followed me and I never had any luck afterwards. Neither did the cat. He went where all good cats go—over in the vacant lot.

Some people stuff their cats after they die. We tried to keep a cat more times than I have marbles, but they all died. The majority of them were stuffed—in the ash-barrel. Nobody seemed to know what made the cats die but Skinny Sniggles, Brick Taylor, and I.

Cats like to rub up against a fellow; but I never saw a cat that wanted to rub up against me more than once.

I would rather be a dog than a cat. Dogs don't like cats.

I don't believe in sicking dogs on cats. I believe it's cruelty to animals to sick a dog on a cat. The best way to do is to hit the cat with a club. Cats like to yell all night. To see your little cat in the house before the fire and to hear him yell at night, you would never believe it to be the same cat, and you can't find anybody that can make you believe it, either. It's always the other fellow's cat that makes the noise.

WOMANLIKE.

They had left the beaten path usually trodden by the visitor, and were romping through the woods without a male escort, gathering ferns and wildflowers, when they came to a small cleared space where a hewn plank had been thrown over the trunk of a fallen tree.

"Oh, a teeter!" exclaimed one.

"A seesaw!" cried the other.

"And what in the world is a seesaw?"

"And what, may I ask, is a teeter?"

"That plank thrown over the trunk of that fallen tree, of course."

"It is not; it's a seesaw."

"It is no such thing; it's a teeter."

"You're a mean, horrid thing. It's a seesaw."

"And you are a meaner, horrid thing. It's a teeter."

"Oh, come, don't quarrel over a seesaw."

"I ain't quarreling over a seesaw; it's a teeter."

"Well, don't let us quarrel any more."

"I don't want to quarrel, and to show you I am sincere, let us teeter on it."

"All right; I always did love to seesaw."

"There you go again, calling it a seesaw."

"Well, you called it a teeter."

"That is the name for it."

"Well, are we going to seesaw or quarrel?"

"Neither; we are going to teeter."

"Well, you can teeter and I will seesaw."

After considerable trouble they manage to balance the plank, and finally take their seats, side-saddle fashion, and are soon enjoying the exercise.

"Don't you get off," cautioned the teeterer."

"Of course I won't; don't you."

"Not for anything. Isn't it nice?"

"Isn't it? I just love to seesaw."

"I could teeter all day."

"Why do you persist in calling it a teeter?"

"Because that is what it's called."

"If you persist in calling it a teeter, I'll get off."

"And if you continue to call it a seesaw, I'll get off."

"If you do I'll never speak to you again."

"I don't care whether you do or not;" and, as her well-shaped Trilbies touched the ground, she rose suddenly with considerable spite from the plank, and was thrown headlong into the brush, while her friend of a few moments before, with a scream and a rush, struck the ground with such a solid thud that it almost loosened her wisdom teeth. However, she managed to say:

"You mean, horrid thing, if I had known you intended to get off, I wouldn't have seesawed with you."

And as the other extricated herself from the brush, she answered:

"It isn't a seesaw; it's a teeter."

NEVER SATISFIED.

"Yes, my eldest daughter married for money."

"She is happy, of course."

"Far from it. While she has everything one could wish for, she is far from being happy. She loved another."

"Your second daughter also married, did she not?"

"Yes, she married a man for his good looks."

"I suppose she is happy."

"Indeed, she is not. While her husband is a good provider, he can't afford to give her what her elder sister receives, and, consequently, she is unhappy."

"And your youngest daughter, the one I always thought so much of, is she married?"

"Yes, she married a man for love."

"Ah, sensible little girl!"

"But her husband is very poor!"

"Still, with all her poverty, she loves the man of her choice, and is, of course, happy?"

"No, indeed. She is the unhappiest of the three."

AT THE BAR.

Blossom (as they take their twenty-seventh cocktail)—Say, Bloomer, do you believe in a hereafter?

Bloomer—By Jove! That puts me in mind that I promised my wife I'd be home early this evening. (hic) So long!

OF COURSE.

Visiting Friend—And you really married for love!

Mrs. Newbride—Why, certainly I did. He is worth a quarter of a million.

A LEAP YEAR PARTY.

She—Pardon me, but I never can catch names; will you give me yours?

He—Sorry; but I'm already married.

AS USUAL.

Mrs. Sniggles—How many nights a week do you allow your servant girl to go out?

Mrs. Wiggles—I only allow her one; but she always takes the other six.

KNEW HIM OF OLD.

Husband—By Jove! I believe my pocket was picked to-day.

Wife—Couldn't you pick the right horse?

NON-COMMITTAL.

Guest (to Minister, after the ceremony)—I suppose you have made a great many couples happy in your lifetime, have you not?

Minister—Well—er—I have officiated at a great many weddings.

BUY 'EM WHEN THEY'RE LOW.

"Don't you know that this is the coldest day we have had in ten years?"

"It ought to be a good time to buy thermometers, if that's the case."

WOULD ANSWER.

Sick Husband—Did the doctor leave a prescription?

Wife—He left his bill and said you should take an emetic.

Sick Husband—Never mind about the emetic, but let me see the bill; I think it will answer the purpose of an emetic.

ANSWERED.

Mrs. Casey—Do you be knowing, Mrs. Dooley, what became o' moy washing what do be hangin' on th' loine before Oi lift the house this mornin'?

Mrs. Dooley—Oi do not, Mrs. Casey; but Oi do be seein' Murphy's goat passin' here a few moments ago wid a piece o' rag stickin' out th' corner of his mout'.

NOT UNLIKE A GUN.

Mrs. Casey (to barkeeper)—Do moy man Moike be here?

Barkeeper—He was here, but he went off an hour ago.

Mrs. Casey (musingly)—Shure, he couldnt' have been loaded then. BRUNO.

HAVE YOU TRIED CRYSTALLIZED FRUIT GELATINE?

Made instantaneously. Simply needs dissolving in boiling water, and set aside to cool. Makes one quart of delicious jelly. Ask your grocer for it.

SHEARINGS.

He—Your father advises me to invest my fortune in Wall Street. It would be politic, I suppose.

"No, don't you do it! After he had won all your money he'd never let us marry."—*Life.*

"So you've moved your office to the top floor of one of the new Broadway buildings."

"Yes."

"How do you like it?"

"I haven't got acclimated yet."—*Life.*

"We have the enemy on the run," said the Spanish general to his chief of staff.

"We have, general, but ——"

The officer gazed anxiously at the oncoming insurgents.

"I'm very much afraid they will catch up with us."—*New York Sun.*

Among others entering the elevator at a well-known Fourteenth-street dry goods establishment was a stout, determined-looking Irish lady. She was carried up and down the elevator several trips, but evinced no disposition to get out at any particular department. The man in charge finally said:

"Madame, where do you wish to be landed?"

"Lave me as near the Grand Central daypo as ye can," came the paralyzing response. She was left.—*Texas Siftings.*

Parke (earnestly)—I tell you we've got a perfect gem of a servant. The best one we ever had.

Lane—How long have you had her?

Parke—She came this morning.—*Judge.*

He—I am so afraid your father will object.

She—Don't worry. Papa hasn't much influence in this family.—*New York Weekly.*

The barber-shop porter was manipulating the whisk-broom after the manner of his kind, and after many flourishes and extravagant gyrations, bowed the customer out.

There was a look of triumph on the face of the latter as he said to himself, glancing at his overcoat, "He never touched me."—*Judge.*

Admiral David D. Porter once said that he had asked a friend who had fought all through the war, and made an excellent record, if he had ever killed a man.

"Yes," he answered, in a remorseful tone. "At Bull Run I ran at the first fire. A Confederate chased me for ten miles, and was then so exhausted that he dropped dead.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Jones—Nothing to-day.

The Tramp—Well, mum, if yer don't give me somethin' to eat, I'll report yer to the hull perfession as makin' the best mince pie in the neighborhood an' bein' very liberal to strangers.—*Puck.*

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—When you drew your bowie and sprang at the stranger who had called you a liar, did he lose his head?

Alkali Ike—Nope; only his ear.—*Truth.*

Mamma—Yes, indeed, I think this young man who is calling on Grace is very sensible.

Papa—Well, don't you go and tell that to Grace. Give the young fellow a fair show.—*Puck.*

Maria—It says here they're very partickler in England about who'll go down first to dinner.

Silas—They don't have enough for everybody.—*Puck.*

Maisie—Mamma, has gran'pa sure gone to heaven?

Mamma—Oh! yes, indeed, Maisie, sure!

Maisie—Well, I bet he sneaks out once in awhile to smoke.—*Judge.*

AN IDYLL OF THE SEASIDE.

I'm sure I have excellent reasons
For doing so when I declare,
That this is the best of all seasons
For the girl who has "nothing to wear."
—*Life.*

wasting

Children should be happy and plump. A child of seven should not be thin and pale, with the aged look of twenty. No aches; no whines; no house-plant. Running, jumping, laughing. Children should grow in weight and strength; eat heartily and show plump cheeks.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites fills out the sunken cheeks and gives color to the lips. It furnishes material for the growth of bone, and food for the brain and nerves. It lays a strong foundation for future growth and development.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your Doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

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BEST MATERIALS

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—OF THE—
PALACE HOTEL

Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as - - - -

"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

$7 PER TON DELIVERED

COOS BAY COAL

SOOTLESS
SMOKELESS

Comfortable Feet

Cost nothing extra. Goodyear Welts make comfortable feet. They are leather shoes, not rubber—better than hand sewed shoes, but cost less. All dealers sell them. 44

GOODYEAR SHOE MACH'Y CO., BOSTON.

GOLDEN GATE HALL

FRIDAY, PEBRUARY 14th

S. F. Symphony Orchestra

Soloists—Donald de V. Graham and Nathan Landsberger.

A special orchestral selection—The Oratoria-Redemption Music by Guonod.

Course (10 concerts). Tickets, $3, $4 and $5.
Admission, 50c. 100 Students' Tickets (Balcony) 25c.
Course Tickets on sale, Wednesday, January 29th at Music Stores.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL HAYMAN AND Co. INCORP'D PROPS.

Next Week—Monday, February 10th
Second and last week but one, of the

Tavary Grand Opera Co.

Under the direction of Chas. H. Pratt
Repertoire—Second Week

Monday, **Lucia** and **Cavalleria Rusticana**; Tuesday, **Mignon**; Wednesday matinee (popular prices) **Martha**; Wednesday night, **Aida**; Thursday, **Carmen**; Friday, **Faust**; Saturday matinee, **Trovatore**; Saturday night, **Tannhauser**.

In Preparation—**The Flying Dutchman**; **The Jewess**; **La Traviata**; **Rigoletto**; **L'Africaine**.

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Beginning Tuesday, February 11th

MR. THOMAS KEENE

supported by a strong company of legitimate players

Tuesday and Saturday Night.....LOUIS XI
Wednesday and Sunday.....RICHARD III
Thursday.....RICHELIEU
Friday.....HAMLET
Saturday Matinee.....OTHELLO

Mon., Feb. 17, 2d and last week of Thomas Keene.

Columbia Theatre.

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A special event—For one week only
Commencing, Monday, February 10th
KIMBALL Opera Comique Organization of sixty people, and the peerless

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HENDRICK HUDSON, JR.

Catchy music; Gorgeous costumes: Beautiful scenery
A perfect production

February 17th—Charming Katie Putnam

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MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
A howling success—The new American opera

..THE GENTLE SAVAGE..

Bright—Hilarious—Merry
The Mexican Typical Orchestra—The Spanish Fandango Dances—Great Cast—Magnificent Scenery

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POPULAR PRICES - 25 and 50 Cents

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Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, - Sole Lessee and Manager

Last Performances of—Sins of the Night

Monday, February 10th
Bartleys Campbell's Masterpiece

MY PARTNER

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O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell

Week of Monday, February 10th

Another Magnificent Importation
8—NEW PEOPLE—8

The Pantzer Bros, head balancers supreme
The Garrisons, travesty sketch artists
The Wiltons, bar acrobatic comedians
Walter Stanton, the giant rooster and comedian
Tina Corri, singing and dancing comedienne
Carroll Johnson, Rachel Walter and A Great Vaudeville Company

GROVER'S ALCAZAR

Challenge Double Funny Bill This Week

ARABIAN NIGHTS

—AND—

JOE'S GIRLS

Laugh Enough for a Month

Night Prices.....10, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents
Matinee Prices.....10, 15 and 25 cents

Matinees—Saturday and Sunday

Next Week—THE WHITE SLAVE

INDIVIDUALITIES.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF CALVE, PASTEUR, SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, EMPRESS FREDERICK, AND PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Calvé is an enthusiastic convert to cheiromancy taught her by her friend, Cheiro; and she can read and translate the lines in the hand as readily as her preceptor. She is very superstitious, consults fortune-tellers, is somewhat of a medium, and believes in reincarnation. Her choicest toy is an Edison phonograph. She is never tired of listening to it singing and talking into it, and having her friends try their voices.

Pasteur was so devoted to his work that he was always ready to hazard his life in behalf of science. In the midst of his labors to discover the nature of the silk-worm disease he fell ill. He had to spend is time in a greenhouse, and the heat was stifling. The physicians warned him of the danger, saying, "If you continue living in that place it may mean death; it certainly means paralysis." Most men would have given up their labors, but Pasteur quietly remarked: "I am within sight of the end; I cannot give up my work. Come what may, I have done my duty." And when death came it found him still in harness.

Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor, High Commissioner, and Commander of Cape Colony, succeeded Sir Henry Loch, with whom Cecil Rhodes, the Premier, could not agree. Sir Hercules has a remarkable record as a Colonial Administrator. After a short service with the Irish Fusiliers, he became President of Montserrat in 1854. Then he went to the Leeward Island; after that he was made Governor of Hongkong. In '65 he was appointed Governor of Ceylon; later of New South Wales; after that of New Zealand, from which place he went to South Africa, in 1879.

Queen Victoria spends one day every year with her dead. She descends into the crypt and visits the tombs of her ancestors, her husband, and her children, decorates their headstones, and sees that they are kept in good order. She is frequently accompanied by her family, and it is said that it was when on a journey of this kind that the young Duke of Clarence caught the cold that finally killed him.

The small heir to the throne of Portugal, who rejoices in fourteen Christian names, has expressed a wish to marry the only daughter of the Emperor of Germany. The reason he assigns indicates great prudence on the part of this ten-year-old princeling. "Papa says Germany is the biggest empire, and so I shall not let any one else have the only German Princess."

The dowager Empress Frederick, of Germany, has not only founded, but likewise maintains and personally supervises innumerable charitable institutions in Germany, devoting special attention and money to the hospitals for sick children, in memory of her husband, whose heart was particularly soft toward infant sufferers.

The following are the favorite varieties of the weed consumed by royal smokers: The German Emperor consumes an extraordinary number of cigarettes daily. The Czar smokes a pipe, as does old King Albert of Saxony. King Humbert of Italy is a "chain" smoker, and keeps one strong cigar going after another all day long. Archduke Joseph of Austria smokes a cherry-wood pipe. King Leopold of Belgium clings tenaciously to his brier pipe. The Emperor of Austria smokes so-called "Virginia cigars," which, being manufactured of the rankest tobacco at Triest, have straws running through them to make them draw.

President Kruger Oom Paul, as his own people call him, is a tall, big-framed, grizzled-looking man about seventy years old, who, for all the world, looks like a gorilla. He has the characteristic Boer expression of masked vigilance, is stolid looking, and ox-eyed, but when he desires to make a point, down he comes with a quickness, a rapidity that is astonishing. He is a veritable sleeping volcano, and the autocrat of the South African Republic.

General Joubert, who so successfully routed the English at Majuba Hill and Krügers-dorpin, South Africa, is a native of Pennsylvania. His people came from Holland to the United States, but his name indicates French origin. General Joubert did gallant service for the Union in the American Civil War, serving in the navy under Admiral Dupont, and as captain of a company under General Godfrey Weitzel. These help to explain the defeat of the British in South Africa.

Free scholarships at the University of California, at the Leland Stanford Junior University, and at the Medical Colleges. See "The Wave's" great educational offer on page 16.

THE WHEEL.

THE MENTAL DIVERSION OF CYCLING—THE '96 MODELS.

The winner of the bicycle tournament in New York, Miss Frankie Nelson, strongly approves bloomers and knickerbockers, and states that though corsets should not be worn, the body should be kept warmly covered. Miss Nelson and her two associates lost ten pounds each during the race, but, for all that, believes the exercise most beneficial. She has wheeled for five years now, and claims to have much more strength than the majority of women.

In most all the 1896 models the hubs of the front and rear wheels are much larger than heretofore. These enable shorter spokes to be used, making the wheel truer and stronger and allow larger balls and more of them to be used in the bearings, thus reducing friction and adding to ease of running.

There is no form of exercise that affords such complete mental diversion as cycling, and it is because of this that the sport has been taken up so universally by those who work much with their brains. When on a wheel, the rider's attention is wholly absorbed by his machine and its guidance, and he must concentrate his notice on the various objects about him. In this way thought is turned to an entirely different direction, and there is certainly no manner of mental rest equal to an almost absolute divergence of attention. The brain-worker also learns that riding is a direct mental stimulus. Oxygen seems to be conveyed directly to the brain, which causes the most delightful feeling of exhilaration, clears the mind, and promotes the flow of ideas.

Heavens, but how the bicycles are coming! Sewing machine plants, furniture, knitting-needle, and skate-making factories are turning them out by the thousands. It is predicted the sale this '96 will total at least three-quarters to a million wheels, though it is a divided question how long this gigantic demand will last. Models of the '96 wheel were on sale at Christmas for the first time in the history of the business, and it looks as though the majority of the factories would be ready with all their supplies by March 15th. Whosoever requires a wheel this winter will not be compelled to wait as was the case last season. As for price it remains at $100, nor is a reduction probable until changes of make cease. The wheels themselves show no radical changes from those of 1895, unless a general use of larger tubing and larger axles and a general alteration of name plates can be so termed. Improvement has become largely a matter of detail; 1896 models will weigh from one to three pounds more than those of the previous year and will average twenty-three pounds. Tandems will be more numerous than ever before; in fact, 1896 may be reckoned a "tandem year." It will be a feature of the season.

The latest thing in bicycles is the "skate" to be used on the ice. It was experimented with last winter on Lake Michigan and a record of a quarter of mile in twenty seconds was established with it. You remove the front wheel from its forks, substitute the "skate" in its place, take the tire from the rear wheel and put the ice tire on. Ice bicycle races are among the possibilities of the winter field of sports.

The use of the brake grows popular with habitual riders especially. The latest brakes are made so light as only to weigh about three ounces. It is true the effect on the tire is rather rough but by no means dangerous. An experienced rider says, apropos of brakes: "I never have occasion to use a brake in a crowded street, so as to stop quickly, as I hear of some riders doing because they have hand-brakes; but on a steep hill or in case of the giving way of the chain it is absolutely necessary to apply a brake of some kind. I have tried the shoe sole for this purpose, but was soon convinced of the superiority of the foot-brake. I know of one man who got a bad fall by catching the toe of his shoe in the fork, and others who resort to this method have told me that the friction sometimes creates so much heat that it is impossible to hold the foot on the tire any longer.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian bath which is now being constructed. This is a pleasure which has only to be tried to be appreciated. It has all the latest improvements, which include needle-showers, steamrooms, etc. The pumping facilities have recently been so improved as to enable the emptying and filling of the great tank in the space of an hour, and whoever cares to witness the operation may do so any evening of the week.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Book *free* at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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It's Pure! That's Sure!

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THE MODERN OXYGEN CURE FOR DISEASE

WATSON & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents, 124 MARKET ST.
—SEND FOR CIRCULARS—

Better than THE GOLD

Cure. A course at Byron Hot Springs will eradicate all effects of alcoholic indulgence and will also remove all unnatural craving for drink.

The climate is delightful.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

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Ask your Blacksmith to shoe your horse with

PHŒNIX
HORSE SHOES

—GIVE THEM A TRIAL

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MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING,
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CURE FOR
Constipation
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Kidney and Liver Trouble

At All Drug Stores 25c per Bottle

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families. and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

TALKING ABOUT PUMPS

May not be classed as social news, but the excellence of our Pumps warrants us in calling your attention to them.

WE MAKE

STEAM PUMPS for mining and other purposes.
CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS for Irrigation and Reclamation work.
HAND AND WINDMILL PUMPS
DEEP WELL PUMPS

ESTIMATES furnished on all kinds of Pumping Propositions.
A full line of Pipe, Valves and Fittings carried in stock.

W.T. GARRATT & CO.,

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AXLE-EASE

THE VERY BEST AXLE GREASE

Made by—
AMERICAN OIL CO.
SAN FRANCISCO

McCUNE CYCLES

Moderate in price—
—As good as the best

ARMES & DALLAM
COAST AGENTS 230-232 Front St.

FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

February is the month of bargains. Silks, ribbons, laces, lingerie, dress patterns, coats, capes, and even hosiery and handkerchiefs are being sold at remarkably low prices, in order to make room for the new spring goods. If one is smart, any number of charming silk remnants may be picked up at next to nothing, and nowadays it is but necessary to be a woman to appreciate the use to which silk and ribbons may be put.

The cambrics, dimities, and muslins are tantalizingly attractive this season, infinitely more so, even, than when our grandmothers were young. Such wonderful printed muslins, and delicate lawns in old-fashioned designs of the pompadour period. The laces and insertions which are to befrill them, are daintier and more effective than ever, and as for the ribbons, they are daily growing more beautiful and elaborate. Chini effects in everything will be seen, and the combination of harmonious colors into one design is even more popular than in the present season. Crude effects have entirely disappeared.

The new summer silks are, in many cases, exact copies of rare old stuffs in museums, when fabric painting and weaving was an art greater than it is to-day. Flower designs play the most important part, and are scattered in clusters and wreaths all over the groundwork. Some striped pompadour silks are exceedingly effective, and are made up with mousseline de soie or lace as a bodice.

Ruffs are the order of the day, and give to some small women quite an "Aubrey Beardsley" effect, which is eminently chic and very fascinating. Some of the handsomest are made of ribbon, chiffon, and lace, and if worn with a walking dress lend an air of festivity; others, to wear with a low-necked evening bodice, should the neck be thin, as is often the case with chaperones. A very dressy ruff is made of opalescent taffeta ribbon, with a quantity of yellow lace falling over it. Another reaching above the ears to the line of the hair is a full bow of black satin ribbon at the back—ribbon four inches wide and of a very heavy quality of satin, that should stand out in six loops six inches in length. The ends fall over the front of the gown or coat to the waist line, and can be finished with a jet ball. The highest and fullest chiffon ruffs commence at the middle of the bow and extend half way down the ends of the ribbon. These ruffs are wonderfully softening to the face.

The hair parted in the center is gradually losing its vogue; the pompadour is becoming very popular, and is so much more becoming to the ordinary maiden. The tendency of sleeves is to droop lower than ever. The fullness at the armhole, that is confined with four or five rows of shirring, or sometimes tiny plaits, is made to flare tremendously. Skirts are still unconscionably wide, but are not burdened with stiffening. The middle width is wired up as far as the knee to preserve a box-plait-like effect at the front. The present extravagant mood of fashion is quite as evident in the growing elegance and fluffiness of fashionable under-garments as it is in outside dress.

Thin, delicate silk, linen lawn, batiste, and silk mull are used for lingerie now-a-days; in fact, everything that is soft and sheer, thick cotton or linen stuffs being quite out of date. For the matter of garniture, every kind of airy, dainty lace is used, and hemstitched ruffles abound, edged with the finest laces. The stockings, of course, silk or lisle, of finest texture, are always open-work or embroidered. The day of plain stockings is dead. Silk hose, with real thread lace set over the instep, are extravagantly effective; so also are those with open-work in stripes clear to the top.

The Marie Antoinette fichus become more popular with the spring confections. They are fashioned out of all sorts of gauzy material. For short women fichus only reach to the waist line, but for taller women who are slender enough to stand the style, the fichus come to the hem of the dress.

The popularity amongst actresses, milliners, and dressmakers of teeth with diamond settings, is increasing. Zara de L'Ome, being the pioneer in this remarkable fad, has become quite famous amongst a certain class, and is being widely advertised. She has a diamond nearly half a carat in size in her front incisor, and a considerably smaller one in the third incisor. Both are encircled with gold, and are in the middle of the teeth. It is said they are very bewitching when she smiles; at least, from the popularity she has attained in being imitated, such seems to be the case. BABETTE.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are unequaled for clearing the voice. Public speakers and singers the world over use them.

Danger Signals

More than half the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.
Short breathing after exertion.
Tightness of the chest.
Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.
Chilliness in the evening, followed by *Slight fever.*
Perspiration toward morning and *Pale face* and *languid* in the morning.
Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but **Dr. Acker's English Remedy** for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation

For infants and adults
Delightful after shaving
Positively relieves Prickley Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples; makes the skin smooth and healthy.
Take No Substitutes. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts.
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——a quiet, model place for a family to spend the winter;
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SAFE GUIDE

No man knows all there is to know about advertising. The subject is too profound, too complex, too perplexing, for any single person, or for any dozen persons, for that matter. The path to success in advertising is full of dangerous places. All business men would do well to engage a safe guide to conduct them past the danger spots—to tell them what to do and what to avoid doing.

PRINTERS' INK

Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

THE WAVE CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1896

By special arrangement with the Publishers, THE WAVE is prepared to offer the following list

SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE

THE WAVE and CENTURY	$6 00
" " ARENA	5 00
" " LITTELL'S LIVING AGE	7 75
" " ART AMATEUR	5 75
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" " ATLANTIC MONTHLY	5 75
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" " " SUNDAY "	4 50
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" " ARGOSY	3 50
" " PUBLIC OPINION	4 50
" " SUNDAY WORLD	4 75
" " CRITIC	5 50
" " FORUM	5 00
" " NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW	6 50
" " TABLE TALK	3 25
" " NINETEENTH CENTURY	6 25
" " CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	6 25
" " FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	6 25
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" " DELINEATOR	3 50
" " VOGUE	5 50
" " TOWN TOPICS	7 50
" " DAILY JOURNAL	5 00
" " SUNDAY JOURNAL	3 75

TALES OF THE DAY

On one occasion Sir Frank Lockwood was defending a man in Yorkshire who was accused of stealing cattle, or "beasts," to use the north country term. One witness for the prosecution declared he beheld the whole transaction from afar. "Now, my man," quoth Lockwood, severely, "you must be extremely careful in your statements. You say you watched this affair for some time. Tell me, now, how far can you see a beast to really know its points?"

"Just as faar off as I am from you, maaster," replied the yokel, earnestly. And the great Q. C. subsided.

John Corning, when superintendent of the Central Pacific Railway, on the occasion of a visit to his brother, Erastus, in Albany, was taken to church and heard a sermon remarkable for its length. "What do you think of our preacher?" asked Erastus, as they left the church. "He is very fine, but has poor terminal facilities," answered the practical railroad man.

Doctor Elisha Kane, on returning from his great Arctic exploration, was invited to a banquet in New York, where an after-dinner speaker talked an hour. "Doctor, what did you think of the speaker?" asked a friend. "It was like an Arctic sunset," answered the explorer. "What do you mean by that?" "Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation," replied the Doctor.

"Spike" Brady, who was a well-known baseball player in the Mississippi Valley a few years ago, once attended church in Dubuque, Iowa, with his club, which went on special invitation. The preacher, thinking he might not again get a hearing from the boys, made a special effort that consumed much time. "Spike" was asked what he thought of the preacher. "Got 'round to third all right, but was an ice wagon in getting home," he answered.

A certain Judge once seized an opportunity to discourse eloquently on the shabby way in which a man's memory will often serve him. "For instance," he said, "only this morning I forgot to perform a little act that I have been in the habit of doing all my life. I neglected to put on my watch and chain." Twelve men called at the Judge's house for that watch and chain, and the first man got it.

A story is told of some visitors who were being escorted through a county jail by the chief warden. They were much interested in all they saw and asked endless questions. After a while they came to a room in which three women were sitting sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and those my wife and daughters," blandly replied the chief warden.

A good story is told of Bishop Doane of Albany which may have the effect of changing his peculiar signature. It appears he is accustomed to use the ecclesiastical cross in writing his name, and in the register of a certain Newport hotel wrote himself William ✠ of Albany. Whereupon an irreverent wag made an uncalled-for addition which converted that highly honorable designation into "William ✠ his mark."

A young attaché at one of the Legations in Washington has resolved to eschew Society until he learns more English, as he is constantly making what we are pleased to call "breaks." He was telling of one of his usual faux pas and expressed himself thus: "I talk to ze ladies and smile and be agreeable, and all at once zey grow quiet and look at me so very queer. I exclaim, 'What haf I done?' And ze ladies make answer, 'It is not what you haf done monsieur, but what you haf said.' And zen I feel so decayed, oh, so decayed!" He meant to say "mortified," and can not understand the difference in the synonyms. A story is told of a German, who could not understand why every one laughed when he said: "Will you have the *blooming* kindness to pass me the salt?" He meant it in the sense of the word "blooming" in German, but could not see the way slang has distorted its meaning in English.

It was on a western-bound train, and an Irish laborer with the regulation tin dinner can and clay pipe had seated himself comfortably in one corner of the passenger car, his pipe stuck in his mouth. Presently the brakeman came in and remarked, "If you want to smoke go into the smoking car." "Sure an' I'm not schmokin', man," said the Irishman, looking at him coolly for a moment. "You've got your pipe in your mouth, haven't you?" "Faith, yes," replied the son of Erin, "and I've got me fut in me boot, but I'm not walkin'."

A French newspaper publishes the following rather unique advertisement:

M. Emile Zola of Piambeuf, inventor of the spring nippers, notifies his customers that he has nothing n common with his namesake, Emile Zola, writer.

FREE EDUCATION AND PROFESSIONAL TRAINING

"THE WAVE'S" LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

This is the age of Education. To accomplish aught in business, in the professions, in the arts or in science, training is necessary. In every line of endeavor there is much that the beginner must learn. Would he be a miner, it is better that he know engineering, and it is essential that he study geology, chemistry assaying. Would a woman become an actress or a musician or an artist—no matter what the degree of her talent and perseverance, it is necessary first that she study and work in some recognized institution. The finest voice, the highest genius, is but the diamond in the rough. To give out its inherent light and brilliancy, it must be cut and polished by skilled workmen. But education costs money; not to every one is it given to enjoy the means by which training may be had. To become a doctor or a lawyer requires years of study, costs for fees and books and instructions. To become a surveyor or an assayer requires less time, but is yet a costly course. To become an actress, an elocutionist, a musician, necessitates study under the best masters.

ALL THIS THE WAVE WILL AFFORD IN RETURN FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ANNUALLY AND SEMI-ANNUALLY, OR QUARTERLY.

The proprietors of THE WAVE have made arrangements with the most prominent schools and colleges throughout the State, and are now prepared to offer scholarships and courses in the leading educational institutions free of charge, for all who will obtain subscribers to this popular weekly.

SCHOLARSHIPS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA OR AT THE LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

We offer free education books and comfortable board at either of these institutions to any young man or young woman who will bring us in 750 annual subscriptions, or a proportionate number of semi-annual or quarterly, to THE WAVE. The course consists of four terms of 8 months each.

MEDICAL INSTRUCTION.

THE FOUR YEARS' COURSE in the Medical Department of the University of California costs, with books, graduating and other fees, more money than most young men are able to afford. THE WAVE offers scholarships, covering expenses of tuition and books, but not including the cost of board, in return for 400 annual subscribers, or a proportionate number of semi-annual and quarterly subscribers.

The standing of the COOPER MEDICAL COLLEGE is high among medical men, and on its staff are some of the most competent surgeons and physicians in California. THE WAVE offers the four years' course, covering cost of tuition, books, and other fees, but not board, for 500 subscribers.

THE MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART offers unequalled facilities for those who desire to study art as a profession. It has large, well-lighted class rooms, an admirable collection of casts, and a competent staff of instructors. It is at the option of pupils to take the whole day course or the half day course, the price for the latter being one-third less than for the former. At this institution THE WAVE offers scholarships for 250 subscribers and 125 subscribers, depending on the length of daily tuition.

INSTRUCTION IN SURVEYING, ENGINEERING, AND ASSAYING.

The Van der Nailen School of Engineering, Mining, Assaying, Surveying, and Architecture is one of the well-known and recognized educational institutions of San Francisco. It is devoted to practical inculcation of the mathematical professions. It has a first-class staff of teachers, and the school contains all sorts and conditions of appliances to enable a proper understanding of the sciences and inventions in which instruction is given. The course in surveying comprises preliminary calculations, together with practical demonstrations in the fields of the use of the instruments.

The course in mining engineering, which is of considerable importance in these days when so much attention is being given to the development of the gold properties of the State, is supposed to take one year. The course of assaying includes the fire assay of the ores of gold, silver, lead, quicksilver, and copper by the wet process. The hydraulic engineering course instructs in all that pertains to hydraulics, pumping, water-supply, gauging of streams, reservoirs, etc.

The course of instruction in architecture includes all that pertains to that profession. Students desiring to take this course are at liberty to choose either the day or the evening classes. The school is open, summer and winter, from nine until four, and from seven until ten. Students are at liberty to study the several courses, or to select a special course. THE WAVE offers scholarships for each of the several courses at this institution in return for 125 subscribers. A scholarship for the assaying course will be given for 20 annual subscribers.

A FREE COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE is the recognized institution for those who seek a Commercial training. Its graduates are in all the banks and offices of California, and it is customary for managers in want of help to send to this institution for candidates. It is the headquarters for tuition in stenography, typewriting, and telegraphy, and is notable for the thoroughness of its several courses, and the competence of its instructors. THE WAVE offers scholarships in this institution to any one who will obtain 50 annual subscribers. The six-months' course in stenography and typewriting will be provided for any one bringing in 50 annual subscribers.

FREE INSTRUCTION IN ACTING.

THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART was organized by the managers of the Columbia Theater, and is under the personal direction of Mr. S. H. Friedlander. Mr. Leo. Cooper, the well-known actor, gives the institution his special attention. The School is located at Saratoga Hall on Geary Street, and pupils are given a practical course in fencing, ballet dancing, voice building, and acting. Lectures are given by prominent actors, authors, and playwrights. A distinct advantage of this institution is that the successful graduates immediately obtain positions at good salaries with first-class companies. The course at this school consists of six months. THE WAVE will give a course at the Columbia Dramatic School to whosoever obtains it 75 annual subscribers.

STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

The recognized institution for the study of languages is the Meisterschaft School of Languages at 112 O'Farrell Street. Here Mr. C. H. Sykes instructs in the several European languages according to this excellent and expeditious system. THE WAVE offers scholarships at this institution in return for 40 subscribers. We offer, also, a course at the California School of Elocution and oratory for 35 subscribers.

THE WAVE'S MUSICAL COURSE

Is quite as important and generous as the rest of the series. Arrangements have been made with the most prominent musicians in San Francisco, in accordance with which we offer tuition in piano, organ, singing, violin or harmony from Francis Stuart, S. G. Fleishman, J. H. Dohrman, Sigmund Beel, Lesley Martin and H. J. Stewart.

THE WAVE offers a course of twenty lessons from any of these gentlemen for 50 annual subscribers. We will also afford any one who will bring in 100 annual subscribers a complete course in piano, singing and harmony, or violin, organ and harmony, as selected. The course will consist of twenty lessons, and the tuition will be of the best.

FOR TEACHERS.

The State Normal School offers a four years' course to pupils entering from the grammar grade and two years for those who enter from the High School. THE WAVE will give scholarships, covering board, lodging and books, for the two years' term at this institution in return for 300 subscribers, and for the four years' term, 600 subscribers.

We are prepared, also, to offer educational courses at St. Mary's College, Santa Clara College, and other institutions, in return for subscriptions to this journal.

THE WAVE

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ADVERTISING rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220-221-222 Crocker Building. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 186-187 World Building, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 15, 1896.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

THE ROUNDER AND THE CHARTER.

The voters of San Francisco, and they number some sixty thousand, will presently be called upon to reject or to accept a new Municipal Charter. The question presented is, in itself, simple. Yet, no doubt, there now exists, and will exist on election day, a world of doubts and fears among honest voters as to whether it is wise to make off with the old and take on with the new municipal life. "Snipesy Green" and "Billy the Kid" and all the other rounders and blacklegs about town, already know how they will vote. They know it by instinct; they know it with the same precision that a highwayman detects the coming of an honest citizen; they fear it with the same fear that a thief fears the law. They are going to vote against the charter. Words are wasted upon them. Arguments would be as ineffectual to win their votes in favor of the charter as would pebbles cast by an infant's hand to compel surrender of a modern fortress. But there are honest citizens whom we fear may be misguided, may be timid; their judgment may be obscured by the specious sophistries of the hired assailants of this beneficently intended measure. If the charter is defeated, it will be defeated only by the misinformation of the honest citizens, who will, for the nonce, join hands with vice and ignorance and assist in the accomplishment of our municipal undoing. The present fundamental law of the city is as old, and as patched, and as disreputable as a beggar's coat. It has made misrule possible; it has fostered bossism; it is productive of extravagance; and if we are afflicted with a political ache or pain, if we suffer a political ill, it is largely due to the ancient, decrepit, patched-up fundamental law under which we live. In the mending and patching up of the San Francisco Consolidation Act, every boss who has ever cursed the city has had a hand, and has shaped the amendment to fit the necessities of his nefarious calling.

Under the present law, the Mayor is a figure-head, a purposeless nonentity, who has been stripped of every political power, his responsibility diminished until it is not as broad as that of the Chief of Police. Such an impotent thing in checking the political plunderer has this office become, that it might better be abolished than continued under the present arrangement. The new charter will inaugurate an entirely different state of affairs. Opportunities of the boss will be greatly lessened. The Mayor will be, as he should be, the head of municipal government. This will be the point of attack the bosses will make upon the charter. They will charge that too much power is given to the Mayor; they will declare it un-American; they will denounce it as creating a local Czar; they will picture the wo that will be ours if a *bad* man should obtain the office; they will twist and turn this thing into a thousand horrid shapes, and attempt to alarm and deceive the voter. This wise man will not be deceived, but the fearful and timid may be misled. Every writer on modern municipal government agrees most cordially with this very provision of our newly proposed fundamental law. It is modern, but it is not so new as to be untried, and wherever tried has received most hearty approval.

We commend to our readers the following, which is taken from one of a series of articles by ex-President Harrison, and appearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Executive direction should always be single. When anything is wrongly done we must be able to put a hand on the man who did it. The sense of responsibility begets carefulness, and that sense is never so perfect as when, after full consultation, the officer must go alone into the chamber of decision. In all of the recent reform city charters this principle is made prominent—by giving the Mayor the power to appoint the city boards and officers, and so making him responsible for the efficiency of the city government. Two Presidents, or three with equal powers, would as surely bring disaster, as three Generals of equal rank over a single army. I do not doubt that this sense of single and personal responsibility to the people has strongly held our Presidents to a good conscience, and to a high discharge of their great duties.

President Harrison is certainly competent to speak authoritatively upon this subject. He sums up the case in a single statement: "When anything is wrongly done, we must be able to put a hand upon the man who did it."

The Boss is the man to-day who "does it," and it would indeed be a healthy and inspiring movement to take all this power from such irresponsible hands. If our "best citizens" are slow to move in politics, they have some good reasons for their inaction, which the new charter promises to remove.

A GOVERNMENTAL EXPERIMENTAL STATE.

There is an opportunity for the Government to confer an everlasting blessing upon its people in a new line of endeavor. We have well-manned and thoroughly-equipped vessels poking about with strange traps and drag-nets into the depths of the sea searching for weird and unclassified fish and submarine plant life. Experimental stations have we, in different parts of the land, where wise men note the effect of climate upon strange plants, and test the adaptability of local soil to commercial vegetation of another land. We have a weather bureau service signalling us when it is to shine and when it is to rain long after the barometerical toe of ancient matron hath given warning of the coming downpour. And besides all these, no doubt very useful services, our Government performs other kindly functions for the profit of its citizens. Yet with all of this, placed beside matters which are obviously neglected, these things seem most insignificant. The very thing that chafes the most against the peace and safety of the citizen is the very thing most neglected. The thrifty American who unmurmuringly contributes his proportion to these governmental expenditures, the steady-going citizen, who, through economy, has gathered unto himself and his little ones a competency, stands sadly in need of protection from his less practical fellow citizens. He needs this protection more than do the trees from coddling moths, or Kansas fields from the devastating locusts. There are some unclassified human fish upon whom it might be well to employ a drag-net and remove them from among the workaday classes who are contented with their lot. Moving around among us are a sad, hopeful-eyed, prayerful lot of fellows, who are meeting and planning, resolving and theorizing and voting in favor of new experiments in government. If they have nothing themselves, they plan and propose in a cheerful, honest, open-hearted way, to take that which you have and distribute it among your fellow men, and so make you happy by the distribution. You may not partake of their theories, but must smile approval and rub your hands gleefully that there is so much love of fellowman abiding in your midst. There is another fellow who wants to tax the land alone. He has no land himself, but as God gave the earth to mankind he is willing to have his portion of it(which some one else now owns)bear the burdens of Government. There is another fellow who wants the Government to own and operate the railways; another who believes the deliverance of mankind lies in the Government ownership of gas, water, and electric light works; indeed, everything from a sprinkling cart to a vestibule train. Still another fellow wants woman suffrage; another prohibition; another aches for a fifteenth amendment to the Constitution; and still another cries out for greenbacks. Heaven knows what others there may be, but doubtless what they lack in intelligence they make up in numbers.

Here is where the Government might perform a holy duty. Establish a "Governmental Experimental Station." Bunch this crowd of discontents, and put them off somewhere by themselves, where they will be powerless to harm any one but themselves. There is an element of danger among them. Their theories all tend toward invading some one else's rights—indeed, often involve their total destruction. They will not admit the other fellow has rights, notwithstanding past generations may have recognized them as such, and as such held them sacred. To relieve this situation, the general Government might purchase of Mexico a territory bordering upon tide water, and there establish its experimental station; a place where any fellow with a theory might go and experiment to his heart's content without inflicting his weird notions on less progressive citizens, or raising alarm in the breast of more conservative men who are willing to plod along in the old-fashioned way pursued by their forefathers. Upon the borders of this territory a red flag might be displayed by day and a red light by night, and all along its boundaries there might be signs warning the unsuspecting wayfarer what he is to expect within its borders.

Let Congress give to these people and to this new Experimental Governmental Station a generous grant of land and money to be disbursed in public enterprises, by some agent of the general Government, upon a majority vote of the citizens of the new colony. Let them own their railways. Let them own their gas and water and electric light plants. Let this new State Government own all the land within its borders; and let them have a single tax—tax nothing but its own land, and thereby make the Government self-supporting, holding itself out of bankruptcy by dragging its own boot-straps. Let them put all their theories into practical operation; and the moment some hitherto sane citizen goes upon the stump and preaches strange doctrines of government, doctrines which, if carried into effect, would

destroy or in any wise impair the rights of any individual, let him be shipped to this new State to try his experiments on his cogenors who have preceded him. Possibly, from out of this jumbling mass, there may be evolved some sane theories, if its inhabitants can but refrain from tearing each other's eyes from out their heads. In this new State labor might also have its way. Under its laws labor should not only have the right to organize, but it should likewise be vouchsafed the sacred right to strike, to boycott the freeman's right, and to intimidate his employer. "Scabs" should by law be declared public enemies to be shot down on sight. And if, in case of a strike, the unreasonable and resisting employer refused to accede to the holy demands of labor, then should the law confer upon the aggrieved union the right to burn down the mill or factory of the offending owner. Within this experimental territory all military power should be abolished, the power of injunction by the courts, and if the Judiciary should fail to construe the law as the labor leaders declared it should be construed, impeachment should immediately follow. After a few years of experimenting, there might be developed from out this chaos a perfect form of government. It requires some hardihood to declare the present achievements of man perfect in respect to government. It is appalling, that the individual rights of the citizen are not increasing rather than diminishing as secure as they were twenty years ago. There is a growing tendency to whittle down vested rights, a tendency to impose a penalty on success, and reward failure and improvidence. But before these innovations are accepted might it not be well to experiment a bit? First try it on the dog.

THE DAILY PRESS AND NIGHTLY BURGLAR.

The present attitude of the daily press towards the burglar is a peculiar one, somewhat suggesting that of a guardian towards a ward. For some reason, hard to understand, the daily press has undertaken, from such raw material as it can find, to turn out accomplished cracksmen, instruct them in the use of the jimmy and the drill, show them the glorious opportunity latent in dynamite—in a word, to start them upon their professional careers. There are plenty of boys who are impressionable. When they read of a burglary they are interested. When they see the burglary illustrated in every detail, the tools pictured, and the method of application made clear, there dawns upon them an ambition to be burglars themselves. They conceive in that nefarious calling something of the heroic; they dream of profits easily made.

Having determined, from his reading, upon burglary as a pursuit, a boy's course is easy. He has only to look to the morning paper to learn what steps to take. When caught, as sooner or later is his inevitable fate, he has the comfort of knowing that he will pose before a camera, his own exploits be made known with delightful and realistic particularity. This he considers as in the nature of promotion. The pupil becomes an instructor. He serves as a horrible, but glorious, example. While in jail he regards himself as an interesting exhibit, and the papers, flooding their columns with pig wash concerning him, forget to add: "This is our work." They could truthfully make the claim and prove it by their files.

To site a definite case it is only necessary to go as far as Oakland, where two boy burglars are now in jail. One of them is the son of a man who was hanged for murder. His heritage of shame was bruited abroad by the same papers that were afterwards filled with accounts of his unlawful deeds. This unnecessarily emphasized exposure put him into a desperate frame of mind. The other boy had never had the refining influence of a good home. His taste lead him naturally in the direction of vice, and in this direction the daily papers gave him an impetus. Rarely good material for the manufacture of criminals did these two lads afford, and the power of the press was set at work to mold them. An extract from an interview with one of the prisoners is a sermon in itself:

> Asked as to how long he intended to keep on cracking safes, young Ford said that he only wanted to get enough money to get out of the country. He said that before starting out to burglarize he had read in some San Francisco paper about how to crack a safe.

The power of the press may congratulate itself. Here is a specimen of what it has been enabled to do. There is nothing strange in the fact that some sympathy is being expressed for the boys. They are not alone in their guilt; part of the burden rests upon the editor who mapped out for them the course that they followed.

Crimes develop in groups. There is no assassin so cruel but that he has imitators, no act so unnatural and repellant that there are not people who will try to surpass it. It naturally follows that intimate knowledge of crime is one of the most potent factors in the production of crime, and that spreading this knowledge is simply a method of lowering the moral tone and encouraging the outbreak of malign instincts that might otherwise remain dormant or not even be in existence. There are boys not yet corrupted; there is the possibility of evil deeds not yet done. The press has before it an immeasurable field for operation. The same nurturing of the inclination towards murder that has been accorded the inclination towards burglary would doubtless result in a bloody boom that would stretch gory and fascinating through many a column.

For the press to set forth the utility of poison, to show where it could be procured, how it could be administered and detection avoided, would be considered reprehensible. For it to enlarge upon the ease with which a stilleto can be thrust into a man's back, to point out a fatal spot of attack, and tell withal where the stilleto could be secured and afterwards secreted, would be contrary to public policy. To lend a helping hand to the footpad, describe the most advantageous form of sandbag, and argue as to its superiority over the bludgeon, would naturally be thought an improper course. Yet why the exception in favor of burglary, a crime that may easily combine the most undesirable features of the murder and footpad industries? The burglar is told how to drill a safe, how to open a window to reach the safe, how to evade the police, where to get the instruments, how to dispose of his booty. He is too greatly favored. In fact, there appears no logical reason why he should be favored to any degree whatever.

Much of the space not devolved to the achievements of artificially-grown criminals is given up to abuse of the courts because some of these criminals escape justice, or perhaps because justice is more severe than the prisoner at bar finds pleasant. It would, perhaps, be better if the press were to try to constitute itself an agency for the repression of crime rather than one for the production of crimes at which the papers exclaim in mock terror, knowing all the time that they are accessory.

OUR FOREIGN COASTWISE TRADE.

Statistics demonstrate that the development of commercial relations between San Francisco and Mexico, the Central American Republics and South America, has not progressed as rapidly as our situation warrants. Geographically, San Francisco possesses advantages which, in connection with its close relations with the industrial centers of the United States, ought to make her mistress of the Pacific. That the San Francisco merchant does not control the import trade of every country bordering on the Pacific side of the two American continents grows out of reckless indifference rather than because of disadvantages of location. Though fairly large, our present trade with Mexico will hardly compare in volume with that of ten years ago. Though the coastwise traffic shows no growth, the exhibit cannot be said to be altogether unsatisfactory. Forty years have elapsed in the commercial history of San Francisco, and yet our mercantile community has not yet become thoroughly awakened to the possibilities and advantages of foreign commerce, nor accustomed to the business methods in vogue in neighboring countries. Both time and experience are required to secure a foothold and displace the foreign competitors who have achieved control of this trade.

The stationary condition of our traffic in respect to Mexico may be very forcibly illustrated by the record of exports and imports. In 1885, the exports to that country amounted to $1,395,400, while in 1895, the total amount was only $1,204,000. The highest mark during the interval was reached in 1889, in which year the exports aggregated $1,786,000, though in 1886 the figures dwindled to $1,146,000. With the import trade there is a marked increase during the past ten years. In 1885 the total imports amounted to only $268,700, while in 1895, the figures reached $836,000 The best year was 1894, when the total imports amounted to $1,098,000. The treasure imports from Mexico have been more extensive. The smallest total in ten years was $2,840,000, while in 1890 it reached $3,770,500. The average was about maintained during the intervening years. The principal exports to Mexico are mining machinery, quicksilver, flour, groceries, explosives, cotton goods, provisions, lumber, and household supplies. The imports embrace tropical fruits, ores, hides, shells, and silver bullion. The demand for California wines is increasing of recent years, and this branch of trade is capable of much greater development.

Central American trade is in a more encouraging condition than any other coastwise traffic of this port. It has grown gradually, but steadily, during the last ten years. In 1885 the annual business amounted to $1,050,000, and up to 1895 it increased to $3,090,000. That year, however, business was exceptionally brisk, and the average would not exceed $2,540,000. The demand for California wines in Central America has also been steadily increasing for some years past, but last year it developed a surprising growth. From present indications it is safe to believe that with proper cultivation this line of export will, in the next few years, assume large proportions, and will probably consume a large share of our best vintages. The leading exports now are canned goods, tallow, corn, oil, quicksilver, explosives, manufactured silks and cottons, machinery, leather, wire, and lumber. The imports are largely in excess of the exports, and the yearly figures range from $2,500,000 to $3,500,000. In 1895 the total was $3,124,000. The principal item among imports is coffee. The immense quantities coming to San Francisco for general distribution bring the imports up to large figures.

Commerce with South America has been notably irregular, and, to some extent at least, neglected by San Francisco merchants. Occasionally, cargos of wheat or lumber have been sent to Peru, Chile, or Brazil, but the general merchandise shipments are comparatively insignificant. For some years past, quantities of flour, usually one thousand barrels at a time, have been shipped to Ecuador by Pacific Mail steamers, but the ordinary merchandise rarely gets further south than to the United States of Colombia. In former years occasional cargos of wheat were shipped to Uruguay, but since Argentine has become a large wheat grower we have been deprived of this outlet. In 1885, the total exports to South America, exclusive of Panama, amounted to but $52,000. In 1895 it was $120,000. It has varied considerably in the intervening years, as, for instance, in 1891, when it reached $1,188,000, and in the preceding year, $1,042,000. These large figures were the result of heavy exports to Chili during the revolution in that country, when wheat, flour, and other essential food supplies were obtained from San Francisco. The imports during 1895 were larger than for some years, the total reaching $550,000. In 1885 the total was $170,000 and the increase has been quite steady during the interval.

Altogether, the trade of this port is susceptible of improvement in all three of the sections under review, and if the merchants of San Francisco are alive to the necessities of the occasion, and particularly to their own interests, they will bestir themselves in some rational and methodical way to secure new business in these southern fields. It is folly to allow Eastern and foreign competitors to take possession of this trade, as has been done in the north.

A LESSON IN THE BOND ISSUE.

The success of the recent bond loan has set the press to prophesying a speedy return of prosperity in manufacturing and commercial lines. The facts will hardly warrant such an assumption. The offer of $600,000,000 to the Government at low rates of interest, when only $100,000,000 were needed, is in some respects a cheering sight. It tells of a people with resources that are enormous. It breathes a loyal spirit and an abiding confidence in the faith and integrity of the Government. It is a humiliating rebuke to the money-changers at the National Capitol, and will tend to breed a respect at home and abroad for the financial resources of the country. But if the occurrence tells all this, it tells more besides. A plentitude of uninvested capital means anything but development along manufacturing and commercial lines. It confesses to business stagnation. It confesses to a lack of faith in private enterprise. The existence of that great developing power lying idle and inert, the existence of that much money, eager and hungry for government bonds, at low rates of interest and high rates of premium, tells a story that has its depressing as well as its cheering features. It is the sequel to tariff tinkering. It is the sequel to the story of Debs. It speaks of a fear of Gompers and sovereign. It tells the noisy, clamoring, mischief-breeding labor-leader that his work is bearing fruit. It tells the idle laborer why the chimney of the factory is smokeless and the machinery idle. It tells the hungry mechanic that he is not everything to capital. It tells all the world that though enterprise seems dead, though latent resources are undeveloped, the cause grows not out of poverty or lack of gold, but out of lack of confidence. It tells the world that while the people of America have an undying faith in the integrity of their Government, they dare not risk their money in private enterprises, however promising of profitable returns. This is the depressing side of the bond loan.

THE MAYOR AS A RAILROAD OWNER.

Our good Mayor Sutro is having a devil of a time. New experiences are crowding in upon him so thick and so fast that he is consuming a week's vital force in every twenty-four hours that pass over his devoted head. He is now a member of a corporation sole, and owns a railroad — three miles long, probably — that pitches and tosses over the sand-hills toward his museum and his baths, his Cliff House and his peanut stands. The Mayor's cars run off the tracks and injure passengers much as do the cars of his hated enemy the "Octopus." His motor-men and conductors are quite as much given to the retort discourteous as those of other lines. But a few weeks ago bonfires were burning in the Richmond District, flags were flying, strips of cheap bunting were

festooned on the corner beer saloons, and gaudy Japanese lanterns swung joyously in the western breeze. It was a day of jollification out in Richmond. The Sutro Road was completed and running, and every good citizen in the neighborhood felt as though his little twenty-five foot holding had increased in value through no effort of his own. Great was Sutro! But now, alas, after the lapse of but a few weeks, all seems changed. The bunting is down, the lanterns put away, and the people out in that ungrateful district are crying for an opposition line. The Richmond Improvement Company unanimously defeated a resolution the other night to request the residents of the district to patronize the new road. Unanimously defeated it, mark you! And not only that, but a member speaking against the resolution declared:

We all acknowledge and appreciate Mayor Sutro's good work for this district. We helped and assisted him in this new venture of the Mayor, but I do not believe in playing favorites with any one, Mayor Sutro not excepted. What the district wants is competition, and it is our duty to encourage it as it is to the advantage of Richmond that we should do so.

Furthermore, let me ask this club how many of the citizens of Richmond have benefited by this road? Where did Mayor Sutro get his men to fill the positions of conductors and motormen? Was it from Richmond, or any part of San Francisco? No; it was from Oakland, and anywhere but from our city. Is this doing the right thing by the members of this club and San Franciscans in general? Why, look at the trouble Oakland made a short time ago when three San Franciscans were appointed to fill positions at the new race track in that city. They sent protest after protest to have them ousted. And they succeeded. Now, do you consider it our duty to patronize a railroad, although it has done and will do much for this portion of the city, that has totally ignored us? This question I leave for the members of this club to answer.

Such expressions as these will sour the unskimmed milk of human kindness that gurgles in the breast of our philanthropic Mayor. They will curdle every sweet sentiment that flirts with sober judgment, and whisks in and out of the romantic side of his nature.

What is there in a railroad that causes the populace to pray for it to come, to feel excessively jubilant when it arrives, to curse it the following day, and to pray for an opposition the next? What greedy, unsatiable thing is it that takes possession of the people? We searched in vain for fenders on the Mayor's cars. They seemed innocent of any such appendage. A great, yawning, death-dealing maw opens under the fore end of the Sutro cars, much as it does under the cars of his cursed enemy. We have a recollection which runs back to last September, in which our worthy Mayor declared the absence of fenders to be "gross criminal negligence" and the good gentleman expressed a determination "not to submit to any further delay on the part of the railroad, but to see to it that fenders were placed on their cars." Perhaps there is a difference between the Sutro car and that of other railways, but if there is, an inexperienced passer-by fails to discover it. Now that the Mayor is the owner of a line of railroad and understands the ingratitude of the people whom he seeks to serve, perhaps his heart may soften a bit towards his ancient enemy and permit them to live in peace except in so far as the discharged railway employee will continue to harass the ex-employer.

THE LAW AND THE LAWLESS.

At this writing it cannot be known whether the pugilists gathered at El Paso will fight or be obliged to yield to the mandate of the law, enforced by shotted guns. If there existed a reasonable probability that in fighting they would hurt each other, to covertly wink at their defiance of authority would be only human. But, alas, the professional fighter does not get hurt. He is tough physically as morally. He survives lamentably unscathed, his most serviceable bone ready for instant use and at increased velocity.

To enter into discussion of the merits of the "manly art" as practised by low-browed professional brutes, is idle, because there are no merits. No objection more valid than obtains against the bar-room brawl would exist in the case of these ring encounters except that the latter bring together an undesirable class, and in numbers so great as to be dangerous to any community they elect to infest. The lever of decency has no effect on the rabble of vicious, idle, and criminal. Those among the spectators who may be impelled by a real love of sport are obliged to mingle on equal terms with riff-raff such as they could not meet elsewhere outside of jail.

The "fight" in which two trained athletes contend for an hour or less and receive for their trouble a purse greater than a laboring man can earn in a lifetime of toil is necessarily a demoralizing factor in a peculiar civilization. It tempts men who might lead honorable and useful, even though humble, lives to aspire to the ring. The person of real intelligence could perceive in it no temptation. The facts that a pugilist is a very short remove from a vagrant, that he is invariably ignorant, generally cowardly, always suspected of selling out, and often guilty of it, would deter any thoughtful man, however well muscled, from entering into a competition with him, or sinking to his level. The private life of America's Sullivans and Corbetts is enough to show the brand that is on them all. Even as fighters none is what he claims to be. Sullivan, when angry, knocks his opponent down with a chair. Corbett in his wrath kicks a fireman who has incurred his displeasure. The smaller fry of the outlawed profession are continually becoming embroiled with the police. Big and little, they are a bad lot. Most of them ought to be breaking stone on the highway, or "training" on bread and water.

The spectacle of two national, two territorial, and one State government holding men under arms so as to prevent a meeting between two pugilists is an impressive one, and to see such a combination defeated would be humiliating. It could almost be wished, however, that the fight might progress to the point that would permit each promoter and participant to be sent to prison for a term of five years, a Mexican prison preferred. Such an occurrence would allow the country to enjoy a rest from vociferous preliminaries that now constitute the really essential part of a ring-fight.

There is one feature of the Texas carnival of disorder more serious than the mere infraction of law and the incurring of the prescribed penalty. It is the threat of defiance. How deeply the sentiment of the country is against prize-fighting was shown by the readiness with which a bill prohibiting it was rushed through Congress and received the President's signature. Federal troops are ready to interfere, yet the directors of the affair are reported to have prepared armed resistance under Mr. Bartholemew Masterson, better known as Bat. Masterson is a b a-a-d man. Indeed, to express the entirety of his badness would require more vowels than this by far. He has killed a score or more of citizens, all also bad, but after such a fashion that their removal was regarded as a blessing not in disguise. Masterson was, at the time of his killings, an officer of the law, and his gun-plays, while numerous and startling, had the merit of being timely. Now he is under different auspices. Instead of representing the law, he stands for the lawless, and freedom of the trigger finger can no longer be regarded as commendable or safe. In all his varied experiences Masterson has never yet faced United States regulars, with Mexican troops on his flanks and Texas rangers ready to open a cross-fire. In case of hostilities, he would probably meet with a series of painfully instructive episodes.

Let it be hoped that the projected fights may result in farther strengthening the proposition that the lawless are not always above the law, and that prize-fighting is not to be encouraged as an industry. It is not even fair sport, or sport of any kind. It is an elaborate, annoying, and corrupting swindle.

THE NATIVE SON.

BY JAMES D. PHELAN.

I have been requested by THE WAVE to contribute an article on the Native Son.

The pride of nativity is inborn in the human race, and perhaps the scientists can find some physical reason for it. A man is born in a country, grows up, and finally dies, and during all that period the very structure of his physical being is actually composed of the soil from which he springs. We know that every seven years there is a complete change in his constituent parts, and, dying, he returns these elements again to the land from which they were originally derived and constantly renewed. Apart from that, the sentiment arising from association is very strong, and hence we find people living in the most inhospitable lands possessed of the same strong feeling of patriotism. When William Tell, in the midst of a terrible storm in the Alps, exclaimed that he almost wished himself in other lands, "whose storms are summer flaws to those of mine," he checked himself with the thought that his was free, and cried aloud to the furious winds: "Blow on; this is the land of liberty!" Now California is so surpassingly beautiful, and its mountains and valleys so enchanting as compared to those of most other States, that it is not surprising, and, in fact, it would be remarkable if it were not true, that an organization should have sprung up to recount her glories and sing her praise.

Patriotism is never logical, but if, in addition to the natural instinct of country, you can, by logic, give a reason for your love, how much stronger must we regard the ebullition of patriotism of the Native Son of California as a rational expression of combined feeling and thought. Patriotism thus becomes something more than instinct. It is intellectual. The Native Son, by asserting himself, does the State abroad this service at least, that he undeceives the rest of the country, that has long been taught that all Californians either came across the plains or around the Horn.

Fifty years have exactly elapsed since the raising of the American flag at Monterey, and only twenty-five years since the possible maturity of a Native Son. Yet we have developed men and women conspicuous in the industrial, scientific, and artistic world, in this out-post, so-called, of civilization. I will not pretend to make a list, but I refer to such celebrities in law, jurisprudence, and statesmanship as White, United States Senator, Garoutte, Supreme Court Justice, and Coombes, Minister to Japan; in painting and sculpture, Rosenthal and Tilden; in the drama, Marie Anderson, Eleanor Calhoun, Marie Burroughs, Lotta Crabtree, and in music, Sybil Sanderson and Emma Nevada.

A time comes in all States when the "uitlanders," considering their own interests of the first importance, either overtly or covertly menace the welfare of the land to which they have been attracted. The Chinese in California have been of this ilk. The Native Son has no sympathy with such an invasion, because he very properly links the destinies of the State with more Native Sons, to which the Chinese do not contribute. From another point of view, the very welcome invasion of certain parts of California by the Eastern people created the false sentiment of State division, which the Native Sons were largely instrumental in crushing in its incipiency. The Eastern man coming to California to live is a Californian, and can be represented in the organization by his offspring. His fortunes are linked with the State, and if Native-Sonism makes a greater and prouder commonwealth by making it self-conscious and self-respecting, his interests are advanced.

The Native Sons' organization has also served as an historical society, which, unlike many other such bodies, has accomplished results—not the least of which is the restoration of Sutter's Fort, where the old Swiss gave such hospitable greeting to the Argonauts and Pioneers of the past generation; and it has signalized that great event in the history of the world—the discovery of gold, by inducing the Legislature to set up a monument to Marshall by the mill-race at Coloma. The future usefulness of the Native Sons will be confined to internal self-help and benevolence, but whenever and however the State, either from domestic or foreign foes, requires help, they will always be ready to throw the weight of their organization into the cause of home and country. The great day of the organization, which they have by their efforts made a legal holiday, is the Ninth of September, when California was admitted into the Union, and hence it is needless to say that there is no question of "paramount allegiance" involved in their policy. When the single star of the Bear Flag was merged into the galaxy of the banner of the Union, it was not only then the most desired consummation of Californian hopes, but it is now the constant effort of Californian energy and ambition to keep it there—pure and resplendent; yes, even purer and more resplendent than any other, just as one star in heaven differs from another in magnitude and glory.

The sympathetic soul warms when the bookseller tells his tale of wo. Not only are the new novels of the day held at a price too high for the ordinary bookbuyer to reach, but book publishers, with a strange indifference to their own interest, have got into a way of supplying retail dealers in notions with books at a discount larger than they allow to their regular customers. Thus, in New York, popular books can be bought at Macy's notion and millinery store for far less than at the book stores; so in Philadelphia, Wannamaker, the tailor, supplies books at one-half the ordinary selling price; and here, the books of the day are offered at the Golden Rule Bazaar at a figure below that at which the publisher supplies them to the trade. This is hardly fair to him who goes into bookselling as a regular business. Next to writing books, selling them seems to be the poorest vocation in which a man can engage.

Prince Kitashwakawa, who was commander of the guard of Japan recently, died in Tormosa, and, according to the curious custom of the country, honors were showered on him after death. The Emperor promoted him to the rank of field marshal, decorated him with the order of the Golden Kite, and granted him an annual pension of 3000 yen, as a recognition of his services during the late war.

The house of Romanoff-Holstein-Gottorp has ruled in Russia for one hundred and thirty-five years, and during that period it has never before happened that the first born of a reigning Czar was a girl. Anti-Government parties are making much of this unprecedented event.

In proof that there is nothing new under the sun, it is mentioned that a close resemblance to M. Pasteur's treatment for hydrophobia has long been practised in the Soudan. There the mad dog is killed, and its liver, after being roasted, is eaten by the person bitten.

A comparison of the statistics of women in business in 1890, when the census was taken, over the number so employed 20 years before, is interesting. In 1870 there were 84,047 women teachers; in 1890 there were 245,965. The army of saleswomen increased, too, from over 2000 to over 58,000 in the same length of time, and stenographers have multiplied from 7000 to more than 21,000. Journalists, notwithstanding the popular idea that newspaper women are very numerous, count only 888, against 35, 20 years before, and are considerably outnumbered by women preachers, who number 1225.

By a vote of forty-seven to ten the fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons have agreed to give diplomas to women; the council of the college must pass on the vote, however, before it can go into effect.

A DEAD LOSS.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

Denison, the supercargo of ihe "Indiana," was sent by his "owners" to an island in the Southwest Pacific, where they had a trading business, the man in charge of which had, it was believed, got into trouble by shooting a native. His instructions were to investigate the rumor, and, if the business was suffering in any way, to take away the trader and put another man in his place. The incident here related is well within the memory of some very worthy men who still dwell under the roofs of thatch in the Western Pacific.

* * * * * * * *

The name of the island was—well, say Nukupapau. The "Indiana" sailed from Auckland in December, and made a smart run till the blue peaks of Tutuila were sighted, when the trades failed, and heavy weather came on from the westward. Up to this time Denison's duties as supercargo had kept him busy in the traderoom, and he had had no time to study his new captain, for, although they met at table three times a day, beyond a few civilities they had done no talking. Captain Chaplin was young—about thirty—and one of the most taciturn persons Denison had ever met. The mate, who, having served the owners for about twenty years, felt himself privileged, one night at supper asked him point blank, in his Irish fashion, apropos of nothing, "An' phwat part av the wurruld may yez come from, captain?"

There were but five of them present—the skipper, two mates, boatswain, and Denison. Laying down his knife and fork, and stirring his tea, he fixed his eye coldly on the inquisitive sub's face.

"From the same God-forsaken hole as you do, sir—Ireland. My name isn't Chaplin, but, as I'm the captain of this rotten old hooker, I want you to understand that if you ask me another such d——d impertinent question, you'll find it a risky business for you—or anyone else!"

The quick blood mounted up to the old mate's forehead, and it looked like as if a fight was coming, but the captain had resumed his supper, and the matter ended. But it showed us that he meant to keep to himself.

The "Indiana" made the low-lying atoll at last, and lay to outside. Those on board could see the trader's house close to, but, instead of being surrounded by a swarm of eager and excited natives, there was not one to be seen. Nor could they even see a canoe coming off. Denison pointed this out to the captain. Although of an evidently savage and morose temperament, he was always pleasant enough to Denison in his capacity of supercargo, and inquired of him if he thought the trader had been killed.

"No," Denison said, "I don't think the people here would ever kill Martin, but something is wrong. He has not hoisted his flag, and that is very queer. I can see no natives about his place—which also is curious; and the village just there seems to be deserted. If you will lower the boat, I'll soon see what's wrong."

The skipper called out to lower the whale-boat, put four Rotumah boys in her, and then offered to accompany the supercargo. As he was a new man, Denison naturally was surprised at his wanting to leave his ship at a strange place.

"Glad enough," he said; "the landing here is beastly—lucky if we escape getting stove-in going over the reef. Martin knows the passage well, and tackles it in any surf—wish he were here now!"

Captain Chaplin soon took that off his mind. Unconsciously, Denison gave him the steer oar, and in a few minutes they were flying over the reef at a half-tide, and never touched anywhere.

"Why," said Denison, "you seem to know the place."

"I do," he answered, quietly; "know it well, and know Martin, too. You'll find him drunk."

They walked up the white path of broken coral and stood in the doorway of the big front room. At the far end, on a native sofa, lay Martin; by his side sat a young native girl fanning him. No one else.

The gaunt, black-whiskered trader tried to rise, but, with a varied string of oaths lashed together, he fell back, waving his hand to Denison in recognition. The girl was not a native of the island—that could be seen at a glance. She was as handsome as a picture, and after giving the two white men a dignified greeting in the Yap (Caroline Islands) dialect, she resumed her fanning and smoking her cigarette.

"Martin," said the supercargo, "shake yourself together. What is the matter? Are you sick, or is it only the usual drunk?"

"Both," came in tones that sounded as if his inside were lined with cotton-wool. "Got a knife in my ribs six months back; never got well; and I've been drinking all the time"—and then, with a silly smile of childish vanity, "All over *her*. She's my new girl—wot d'ye think of her? Ain't she a star?"

All this time Chaplin stood back until Denison called him up and said to the trader, "Our new captain, Martin!"

"By God!" said the trader, slowly, "if he ain't the image of that——nigger-catching skipper that was here from Honolulu four years ago."

"That's me!" said Chaplin, coolly puffing away at his cigar, and taking a seat near the sofa, with one swift glance of admiration at the face of the girl.

In a few minutes Martin told his troubles. Some seven months previously a ship had called at the Island. He boarded her. She was a whaler making south to the Kermadecs, "sperming." The captain told Martin he had come through the Pelews and picked up a big canoe with a chief's retinue on board, nearly dead from starvation. Many of them did die on board. Among those left were two women, the wife and daughter of the chief—who was the first to die. Making a long story short, Martin gave the captain trade and cash to the tune of five hundred dollars for the two women, and came ashore. Pensioning off his other wife, he took the young girl himself, and sold the mother to the local chief for a ton of copra. A week afterwards, a young native came outside his house, cutlass in hand. He was a brother of the dismissed wife, and meant fighting. Martin darted out, his new love standing calmly in the doorway, smoking. There was a shot, and the native fell, with a bullet through his chest; but, raising his voice, he called to others, and flung them his cutlass, and then Martin found himself struggling with two or three more, and got a fearful stab. That night the head men of the village came to him and said that, as he had always been a good man to them, they would not kill him, but they then and there tabooed him till he either killed his new wife or sent her away. And, when he looked out in the morning, he saw the whole village going away in canoes to the other side of the lagoon. For six months neither he nor the girl—Lunumala was her name—had spoken to a native. And Martin gave himself up to love and drink, and since the fracas, had not done a cent's worth of trading.

Denison told Martin his instructions. He only nodded, and said something to the girl, who rose and brought the supercargo his books. A few minutes' looking through them, and then at his well-filled trade room, showed Denison that everything was right, except that all the liquor was gone.

"Martin," the supercargo said, "this won't do. I've got another man aboard, and I'll put him here and take you to Rotumah."

But he swore violently. He couldn't go anywhere else. This island was his home. The natives would give in some day. He'd rather cut his throat than leave.

"Well," said Denison, calmly, "it's one of two things. You know as well as I do that a *tabu* like this is a serious business. I know you are the best man for the place; but, if you won't leave, why not send the girl away?"

No, he wouldn't send her away. She should stay, too.

"All serene," said the man of business. "Then I'll take stock at once, and we'll square up and I'll land the other man."

This was a crusher for poor Martin. Denison felt sorry for him, and had a hard duty to carry through.

Presently the sick man, with a ten-ton oath, groaned, "—— you, Mister Skipper, wot are you a-doin' of there squeezin' my wife's hand?"

"Well, now," said the captain, quietly, "look here, Martin. Just put this in your thick head, and think it out in five minutes. You've either got to give up this girl or get away from the island. Now, I don't want to make any man feel mean, but she don't particularly care about you, and——"

The graceful creature nodded her approval of Chaplin's remarks, and Martin glared at her. Then he took a drink of gin and meditated.

Two minutes passed. Then Martin turned.

"How much?" he said.

"Fifty pounds, sonny. Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Easy to see you've been in the business," mumbled Martin. "Why, her mother's worth that. 'Tain't no deal."

"Well, then, how much *do* you want?"

"A hundred."

"Haven't got it on board, sonny. Take eighty sovereigns, and the rest in trade or liquor?"

"It's a deal," said Martin. "Are you game to part ten sovereigns for the girl's mother, and I'll get her back from the natives?"

"No," said Chaplin, rising; "the girl's enough for me."

She had risen and was looking at Martin with a pallid face and set teeth, and then, without a word of farewell on either side, she picked up a Panama hat, and, fan in hand, walked down to the boat and got in, waiting for Chaplin.

Presently he came down and said: "Well, Mr. Denison, I suppose, as matters are arranged, you'll want to land Martin some trade?"

"Oh, no," said Denison; "he's got plenty. This *tabu* on his own business will teach him a lesson. But I want to send him some provisions on shore. By the way, Captain, that girl's likely to prove expensive to you. I hope you'll put her ashore at Rotumah till the voyage is nearly over."

"No," said he, "I won't. Of course, I know our godly owners would raise a deuce of a row about my buying the girl if I couldn't pay for her keep while she's on board. But I've got a couple of hundred pounds in Auckland, as they know, besides some cash on board. After I've paid that thundering blackguard, I've still some left, and I mean to put her ashore at Levuka to live until I can take her to her destination."

"Why," Denison queried, "what are you going to do with her?"

"Just this: there is a friend of mine in Honolulu always willing to give a few thousand dollars for a really handsome girl. And I believe that girl will bring me nearly about three thousand dollars."

For three months the girl remained on board, grave, dignified, and always self-possessed. Chaplin treated her kindly, and it was evident to all on board that the girl had given him such affection as she was capable of, and little knew his intentions regarding her future. With both Chaplin and Denison she would now converse freely in the Pelew Island dialect. And often, pointing to the sinking sun, she would sigh, "There is my land over there behind the sun. When will we get there?" Laying her hand on Chaplin's, she would seek for an answer. And he would answer—nothing.

After the "Indiana" had cruised through the Line Islands she headed back for Rotumah and Fiji. The girl came up on deck after supper. It was blowing freshly and the barque was slipping through the water fast. Lunumala walked to the binnacle and looked at the compass, pointing to S.S.W. She gazed steadily at it awhile, and then said to the Rotumah boy in his own tongue—

"Why is the ship going to the South?"

Tom, the Rotumah, grinned, as he answered, "To Fiji, my white tropic bird."

Just then Chaplin came on deck, cigar in mouth. The girl and he looked at each other. He knew by her white, set face that mischief was brewing.

Pointing with her left hand to the compass, she said, in a low voice, "To Fiji?"

"Yes," said Chaplin, coolly, "to Fiji, where you must remain awhile, Lunumala."

"And you?"

"That is my business. Question me no more now. Go below, and turn in."

Standing there before him, she looked again in his hard, unrelenting face. Then she slowly walked forward.

"Sulky," said Chaplin to Denison.

Steadily she walked along the deck, and then mounted to the to'gallant fo'c'sle, and stood a second or two by the cathead. Her white dress flapped and clung close to her slender figure as she turned and looked aft at us, and her long black hair streamed out like a pall of death. Suddenly she sprang over.

With a curse, Chaplin rushed to the wheel, and in double-quick time the whale-boat was lowered, and search was made. In half an hour Chaplin returned, and, gaining the deck, said, in his usual cool way, to the mate: "Hoist in the boat, and fill away again as quick as possible." Then he went below.

A few minutes afterwards he was at his accustomed amusement, making tortoise-shell ornaments with a fret-saw.

"A sad end to the poor girl's life," said the supercargo.

"Yes," said the methodical ex-Honolulu blackbirder, "and a sad end to my lovely five hundred dollars."

—*The Sketch.*

VALENTINE.

BY LUCIUS H. FOOTE.

I hear his footsteps on the stairs,
My heart responds with quickened beat,
As to my ear the sound-waves bear
The eager accent of his feet.

O heart! my heart, do not betray
The hope I hide with fear and dread;
He comes to woo and win to-day,
To-morrow he may come to wed.

GRAY EYES.

SHERWIN CODY.

Brown eyes for passion and blue eyes for life,
Pink eyes and green eyes and black eyes for strife,
But the eyes of my love are gray.

Bright eyes that are happy, dull eyes that are sad,
Wide innocent eyes and eyes to make mad,
But I love the soft eyes that are gray.

I love the soft eyes that are gray, love,
And gray 'll be the eyes of the angels above,
For in heaven your eyes will be gray.

—*The Fly Leaf.*

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

Paderewski—the god of the hour—will carry away from San Francisco ten thousand or fifteen thousand dollars. Henry Irving looted the city to the tune of five times as much. There must be a good deal of idle money here, which we can spare for art and pleasure. Yet we could not furnish bread to Charlotte Perkins Stetson, who is now engaged at the East to lecture six times a week, for an indefinite period, at fifty dollars a lecture; nor could we offer to Edward Townsend, or to Henry George, or to Toby Rosenthal inducements which could lead them to remain with us. Following the example of Bret Harte, they all—and others like them—took wings and flew to climes where genius is appreciated.

* * *

They manage these things differently in Chicago. There, when a man or woman looms up with marked ability either as a writer or a poet or a scientist or an artist, people see to it that he stays there. They provide him with a livelihood, surround him with congenial society, make his life pleasant, and secure for their city the glory of his renown. Here, if a San Franciscan exhibits higher parts than his neighbors, everybody sneers at him, pooh poohs his work, and denies him patronage, so that, after a struggle to live in the place which he likes, he is finally driven by famine to emigrate. This State has produced more men and women of promise, in proportion to its age and its population, than any other State in the Union; but they have been compelled by our indifference to their merits to fulfill the promise elsewhere.

* * *

It is not that we cannot afford the luxury of leaders of culture, for the experience of such men as Paderewski and Irving proves the contrary; it is that our destiny appears to be to illustrate the truth of the proverb that no one is a prophet in his own country. It is a pity; for it is men and women and not sticks and stones that make a State. Every community is great in porportion to the number and eminence of the noble souls which it contains. Chicago is preparing to supersede New York as the metropolis of the United States, not because it is a primary grain market and a railroad center, but because it is going to be the intellectual center of the country. It would be a good idea for San Francisco to try to follow its example.

* * *

A leading jeweler says that a reaction has set in against the hose supporters of silk elastic which depend from a satin band around the waist, and catch the hosiery with a rubber button and a metal clamp. The supporters came into vogue when the doctors discovered that garters encircling the limbs stop the circulation, make the feet cold, and cause rheumatism. But the love of beautiful things which is inherent in the female soul is restoring the vogue of garters, and last Christmas the new styles were in active demand. One of these is a buckle set in the middle of big bows of ribbon, with wreaths of butterflies set on a gold wire. Another is a buckle made of plain Roman gold, with a crown set in diamonds in the center: a pair of these costs $130. Another is of crystal, set in a horseshoe of diamonds. Another is a Roman gold clasp with a question mark in diamonds in the center: what question do the diamonds ask? Silver buckles, decorated with a scorcher on his wheel in chased work, mounted on plain elastic with black fringe, are much admired. Some heart-shaped buckles contain a place for a photograph, and are substitutes for Trilby hearts. Such garters are worn by girls in the smart set, who know that a yellow garter on one leg and a black one on the other brings luck; they cost anywhere from $25 to $125 a pair; the purchasers are invariably men.

* * *

The conundrum in naval circles is whether Assistant Secretaries of the Navy Hamlin and Shoemaker will succeed in downing Captain Healy of the "Bear," or whether the old tar, who has battled for a third of a century against the gales of the Pole, will succeed in holding his own against the penwipers. As a rule, Jacks in office generally get the best of such contests; the men who do their sailing over carpets are much higher authority on nautical matters than sailors who sweep through the deep where the stormy tempests blow; officers of the Navy are only too ready to slaughter a messmate in order to propitiate a civilian: and so, perhaps, old Captain Healy, the veteran explorer of the Arctic, will go to meet that other veteran, George Davidson, who was removed because he was the fittest man living for the office he held.

* * *

The tea cigarette is said to have been introduced in Paris by a leader of fashion from London with the simple name of Luiz Gonzagez Maria de la Dolores Antonio Rafael Alberto Gil de la Santissima Trinidad Benitez D'Avila. It became at once a popular fad, has spread from Paris to New York, and may shortly be expected in San Francisco. The cigarettes are made in the usual shape, but instead of tobacco, they are filled with the finest green tea. It is whispered that the tea is lightly sprinkled with hashish, or a weak solution of cannabis indica. Ladies who have smoked them say that there is a scent and freshness about them which tobacco can never give, and that one cigarette is as invigorating as half a dozen cups of tea.

* * *

Our fellow townsman Frank Norris has described South Africa for the *Chronicle* in such graphic phrase that it lives under his pen. We see the country with the naked eye. But so far as opinions are concerned, he was evidently absorbed, swallowed, and assimilated by the Englishmen among whom he fell. He sees with their eyes, hears with their ears, speaks with their tongue. His indignant rebuke of the impudence of the Boer's attempt to prevent their country being gobbled by the English, recalls Thackeray's cockney on the Rhine, who called the Germans he met "a lot of nasty foreigners, who don't even speak English."

* * *

No day passes but some obscure savant lays the world under obligation by a discovery which sweetens life, and prolongs its duration. A few weeks ago the name of Professor Rontgen of Wurtzburg was unknown outside of his little German city. Now, the world rings with it. Rontgen is the man who discovered that with his X-ray of light, produced by radiant heat, he can photograph the inside of a man from his skull to his toes, without missing a bone, or a cartilage, or a vein, or a tissue. He can locate an object in an interior organ with unerring accuracy, just as if the organ was stripped of its envelope of flesh. Thus when a girl swallowed a needle, and the surgeons could not find it, probed they never so deftly, he brought his X-ray to bear, and showed them the needle sticking point downward in the intestine, and scratching the surface whenever the patient moved.

* * *

Edison is looking into man's brains with Rontgen's light. If he can see what is inside the skull—as he will surely do—he will abolish the horrid operation of trepanning, and he will enable an expert to reckon the size of the brain, which may serve as a measure of the intellect. A judicious parent, instead of following the old plan of studying his son by the rules of phrenology, will have a diagram of his brain made, so as to decide what profession he should train him to. Instead of saying, as we now do, that So-and-so is a brainy man, we shall say: "Why, So-and-so? His brain weighs — ounces — penny-weights; you can put your case in his hands with perfect safety."

* * *

Thousands of people are enduring untold agony from a pain in their inside which doctors cannot account for. The medico generally says it proceeds from dyspepsia, which is equivalent to admitting that he knows nothing about it. Some years ago a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen experienced a pain in the pit of her stomach. She consulted doctors, who arrived at different diagnoses, and prescribed different remedies. They generally ordered a change of diet. The poor child dieted herself according to forty different rules. Sometimes she lived wholly on oatmeal, sometimes altogether on milk; sometimes she drank no fluids for weeks together; then she saturated herself with liquids. But the pain never abated.

* * *

She went abroad to consult the heads of the medical schools in Europe. They could make no more of her case than their American confrères. She was in the hands of the most eminent physician in England, who was experimenting in a blundering way, when, one Christmas eve, something burst inside her, a flow of fluid surged into the throat and suffocated her. The autopsy revealed the fact that she had had, for ten or twelve years, an abcess in the pericardium. If Professor Rontgen's instrument had been in use, the cause of the pain would have been revealed at the first examination, and a very slight operation would have cured her.

* * *

The report of the Postmaster-General states that more women were appointed postmistresses last year than in all previous years put together. Why not? Handling letters is a business for which women are especially adapted. But the fair creatures who accept Uncle Sam's commission must bear in mind that the privilege of receiving and distributing letters does not carry with it the right of opening and reading them. Ladies must restrain their curiosity, bearing in mind the law that the opening of a letter addressed to another is a penitentiary offense.

ISAIAH AT HOME.

THE MANNER IN WHICH PROFESSOR EUGENE REMOVES AN EVIL INFLUENCE.

Professor Eugene announces himself to the extent of a full page in the theater programs. His compeers are wiser in being more modest in their pretensions. They realize their imposture is only indulged by the privacy of its practise. As I read the amazing statement in which this individual sets forth the catalogue of his powers, I marveled at its startling impudence and mused over the patience of a community in which such presumption is possible. Curious to meet so daring a quack, I presented myself at his office.

It was the Professor's wife who said "Come in." I found myself in a little conventional parlor, furnished in imitation oak and lace curtains. I sank into a straw chair at the command of the same voice, and was confronted by my own image in a large mirror. When one is about to interview the "only clairvoyant in the western world who thoroughly understands the preparation and working of the real oriental Egyptian charms," it is not well to look too wise, so I assumed the sheepish expression proper to those who consult mediums, and then gazed at the Professor's wife. She bore my regard without flinching—a clean-looking young woman, inclined to comeliness, of fair complexion and mild address. Her gown was plain, rather worn, and the cape that hung over her shoulders was unmistakably rather of rabbit than sable.

Here was my first shock. Professor Eugene "locates mines and buried treasure; hundreds have become wealthy through his advice; he is constantly being consulted in cases involving thousands of dollars." Yet Mrs. Eugene was talking to a lady friend of a bargain she had found in cheap gloves. A moment more, the Professor's wife rose and gently knocked on the folding doors.

"In a minute," came a voice, with an unmistakable twang in its soft tones. "Perhaps," I thought, "the Professor is uniting a family, or reforming a drinking husband, or, maybe, showing a wayward girl the folly of her course." These, by the way, are extracts from his advertisement in the theater programs, in which Mr. Eugene calls himself the Isaiah of the Nineteenth Century.

I waited. Then the closed door slid back, and the Nineteenth-Century Isaiah appeared.

Imagine a little thick-set man, short of neck, corpulent, attired in conventional garb—as commonplace a little man as ever served sugar behind a corner-grocery counter. A big head was set comfortably on fat, round shoulders—the head of a mathematician—with a breadth of forehead, a little fleshy nose, a pursy mouth surmounted by a long, upper lip. Below, was a round, important chin.

"Come in," said the pursy mouth, and I entered a little bedroom disguised as an office by means of a desk, a small table, and writing materials. Think of the "only clairvoyant on earth, recognized by the profession as their brightest star," in such quarters. Another delusion vanished into thin air. The Professor wore no air of mystery. His pale blue eyes suggested no insight into future events.

"Sit down there," he commanded, in the same soft, twangy tone, and I seated myself beside the table. We looked at each other, curiously.

"What can I tell you?" he asked, just as though I had come for butter.

"What, indeed," I replied. "If you can only do what you advertise, it is in your power to help me."

"Indeed I can," he assured me. Here was another poor fool come to his net. He handed me the schedule of his prices.

"Pretty costly," I murmured, as I read, "Revealing life, $5; revealing future, $10 to $15; removing evil spirits, $50 to $150; six questions as to the future, $2; repairing family misunderstandings, $10; uniting sundered hearts with Egyptian charm, $15 to $25."

"But it is worth what I ask." The Professor fixed me with an eye. "You need me, I see. Your spiritual direction is beautiful, but there is a bad worldly influence at work which must be removed. You are under a curse, young man." This in as unconcerned a tone as if he had asked me for a cigarette.

My countenance fell.

"How can you remove the influence of a curse?" I asked, in a tone appropriately despondent.

Professor Eugene smiled complacently.

"It's difficult, but I can do it. If an evil spirit troubles your career, I get influences to work to convert it. We make it a good spirit, and then purify by fire. In your case—let me see—you have magnetism enough," he continued, patronizingly. "Magnetism is the secret of life. I can look into the past and future, and, young man, it is in my power to help you."

"But I am poor and unfortunate. I have not $15 to give you for removing an evil influence." I am sure I was properly sad.

"Never mind," Professor Eugene assured me. "You'll be all right. How much have you? Just

make a payment on account and I'll let you give me the rest later, as the treatment progresses."

"Alas, I only have two dollars," I said.

"That is pretty small," returned the modern Isaiah, "but you are a young man, and" (this magnanimously) "I'll give you a start. Here, write your name on this," —he shoved a slip of paper towards me—"and we'll begin."

I wrote a name and an address which the clairvoyant perused eagerly. He made some marks thereon—apparently calculations. Then he enclosed the sheet in an envelope, set it in a pigeon-hole of his desk with several others.

"It will take me seven days to remove that bad influence," he said, cheerily. "Can you be at leisure at nine o'clock for the next seven nights?"

"Yes, if really necessary," I answered.

"That is good; at nine, to-night, you go to your room, lock yourself in, concentrate your attention, and make a little wish—like this, 'I wish that Professor Eugene may succeed in removing the dark influence which overshadows my life.'" The modern Isaiah had assumed an important and business-like expression.

"And what will you do?"

"When you leave me I will make a token, or emblem, to represent the evil influence, and at 9 o'clock to-night I will go into a trance, communicate with the spirits, and find out accurately your condition. At the seventh night I'll burn the token, saying some words over it, and you will be free." He patted my hand, encouragingly. "Now, come to me on Saturday with a few more dollars, and I'll tell you all about yourself."

This seemed the end of the interview, but I proposed prolonging it just a little—I may say I am a fairly intelligent looking individual, and don't look a bit like an imbecile. But I was being fooled to the top of my bent, and so I went on:

"There's another direction in which I need assistance—a love affair. I wonder if you could assist me." I hung my head in the most sorrowful fashion as I made the confession.

"Never mind, my boy—that's easy enough—just tell me, and I'll straighten it out—the young lady is a bit cold, eh?" No divinity could have been more royal in his offer of aid.

"That's it," I said.

"Does she want to marry you—or are you after her?" he inquired, solicitously. "Has she any money?"

"She has no money, but her people are rich," I confided. "She used to care for me, but latterly she has grown indifferent."

"How long has this continued?" he pursued.

"About four weeks."

"She will be in your arms within a week," he announced, confidently. "I'll give you a charm that is certain to bring her around."

"What—you can do that with a charm?" I asked, incredulously.

"My boy, she'll be on her knees to you within a fortnight. If it cannot be effected by the charm, I'll give you a magnetic belt. No woman ever resists a man who wears a magnetic belt."

This was indeed encouraging.

"It sounds incredible," I ventured.

"Yes," he agreed, contentedly, "but I do it."

"And when did you develop this wonderful power?"

By this time Professor Eugene had made sure of me as a pigeon.

"Had it since I was a mere boy," he assured me, complacently. "You've got to develop the power, you know—but there's not much chance for a first-class man in my line out here." The star of clairvoyancy took a resigned tone. "Still, there's no opposition. Only one other man is against me, and he is not in my class."

"Are there classes among clairvoyants?"

"Indeed, yes, sir. Why, back East, a fellow has to hustle to hold his end up with fellows like Van Dyke, Hubbard, Beamish, and other big men. They make money, too, I can tell you." The Professor was treading on dangerous ground, but he did not guess it.

"Then it pays well?"

"Not out here." The Professor's face fell a bit. "You see there are so many inferior operators in San Francisco that the people have grown accustomed to paying about a dollar and they won't give-up more. But my prices are what we charge in the East. I make, in good times, about forty a day."

Then I rose to go.

"Don't worry, my boy," he said in a tone of voice that was a benediction by itself. "You are going to be all right. When you come in Saturday with that three dollars, I'll unveil the past and future for you, and we'll start that girl. Follow your first impressions, and remember nine o'clock."

He shook me gently by the hand and I retired.

The murder of the Queen of Corea is now known to have been a most atrocious one. After being tied hand and foot, oil was poured over her and then set afire. The murderers kept up the fire until the body was literally reduced to ashes. Several men and women shared her fate.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

PADEREWSKI CHATS ABOUT MUSIC AND BOOKS.

The great pianist had retired to his dressing-room behind the stage. Not that he especially enrobes himself for a performance, but he requires a respite, a brief moment of undisturbed tranquility with a cigarette, to catch his breath, to restore his equilibrium. We waited on the stage—three or four men, who stood in a little group watching curiously the machinery of the scenes and the movements of the sturdy porters who were hauling the piano to the rear. At a little distance off, their eyes fixed on the entrance to the sacred dressing-room, a thin young man in glasses and a young woman, waited. At last Mr. Gorlitz appeared. The young man and the young woman engaged him in hasty conference. "Go in," he authorized, pointing the way. There was a genial greeting, then, for the others, and we followed the unknown twain, who reached the presence of the great artist several steps in advance.

Musical enthusiasts, I thought. I wonder how she will greet him. She was round, dark, bright of eyes, a brilliant hue in her cheeks, and her manner was full of eagerness, of unsuppressed exuberance. It was evidently for her an occasion. She greeted Paderewski with tremulous warmth—introduced herself—(I did not catch the name)—and she said, with a little sigh:

"I have come so far to see you. I just longed for the chance of telling you the deep pleasure your playing has given me. But perhaps you don't care to be told that you give your audiences pleasure?" This, coyly.

"I am not indifferent to my audiences," Paderewski answered, with a little deprecatory shrug. But he had hardly ended his sentence before the little lady shot another query at him:

"And do you like playing to American audiences?"

"Yes—yes, indeed," he replied. "They are very enthusiastic."

"Enthusiastic?" she relentlessly pursued.

"I mean more enthusiastic than some of my audiences on the continent," he corrected.

"I would not have thought that," she returned, eagerly.

"More enthusiastic than the Italians or the Spanish, they are not so responsive to pianoforte music as the Germans and the English." Paderewski smiled in his kind and gentle way at the earnest little cross-examiner;

"And about San Francisco, do you find us enthusiastic?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, you are most responsive." Paderewski's manner is exquisitely polite.

"More so than the East?"

"This is not an interview," interrupted Mr. Gorlitz. It was the first chance he had to interfere, for the questions had been put in with a rapidity that took my breath away.

The little lady blushed.

"Why," she said, "I didn't think you minded. I thought Mr. Paderewski knew it was an interview." And the pianist smiled in the same mild, deprecating way.

"But," she continued, "never mind, never mind; I have only one more question, only one more." And before poor Gorlitz could interfere, or the pianist escape, she asked:

"Aren't you really a duke?"

This was too funny. Paderewski smiled softly to himself. Gorlitz's good-natured face broke into a genial laugh.

"No, Madame, I am not a duke."

The pianist disclaimed the title as politely as though he were regretfully denying the interviewer a favor.

At this, with profuse apologies and deeper blushes, she precipitately retired.

Then the other visitors were introduced, and greeted by Paderewski with a warm, strong handshake, full of individuality and magnetism. The talk was general. The pianist is interested in California, and he told us of his trip through Chinatown the previous evening, of the strange indifference and stolidity of the faces.

"They seem to care for nothing; they are as impassive as images," he said.

M. Paderewski is not nearly so formidable at a close view as he appears from the auditorium. That commanding imperiousness which then characterizes the expression of the eyes, the high nose, and the brow as it bends over the keys, has disappeared, or, maybe, is modified by the clear, blue softness of those eyes or by the beautiful effect of the aureole of reddish golden hair, which waves out so electrically from the broad, finely modeled brow. It is a very intelligent face, reserved, subjective rather than commanding, poetic, with the suggestion of a grave, sensitive, and gentle individuality, but with the firmness of persistence in the brood sweep of the jaw. I thought of Chopin, of Mendelssohn, as my eyes met his. But this was the face of the Paderewski who so tenderly caresses from the piano a berceuse or a nocturne, rather than the triumphant and irresistible artist who makes that piano an orchestra for the Hungarian Rhapsody and an organ in the wedding march. He wore the long frock coat he had played in, and at his neck—a powerful neck, square at its base, rising round as a pillar, the skin fine and white as a woman's—there was a loose sailor bow of soft, white silk.

I asked Paderewski if he had read Bourget's *Outre-Mer*.

"I have read that book," he said, with a quick, deprecatory shrug. "I don't think Bourget is right. His do not agree with my impressions." "It reminds me," he continued, laughing, "of Taine's *History of Italy*. You know, when Taine prepared to go to Italy, he read every book and every history he could find. Then he went straight to Rome and took a room. After being there nine days, he came to a friend and aid: 'I must leave here at once!' 'But why?' inquired the other in astonishment. Taine gravely replied, 'Everything I see and hear interferes with my conception of the country, and it is necessary that I go at once!' And yet," he continued, "Taine was one of the ablest men of the century."

"His history of English literature is the best—at least the most readable we have," said I.

"But your Carlyle wrote the best history of French literature," returned Paderewski, politely, "and you know that without Edgar Allen Poe, Baudelaire would have been impossible."

"It is true, also, that Bryce's history of the American Commonwealth is the most authoritative book on American institutions we have, and he was an Englishman," added one of the party—evidently a German.

I suggested that Bulwer Lytton's translation of Schiller's *Diver* was a better poem than the original. M. Paderewski would not agree to this, however, nor would his friend, who modified the claimed superiority by suggesting that the German of the Schlegel-Tieck translation of Shakespeare was as good as Shakespeare's English.

"A little better, I think," added M. Paderewski, "because it is more correct." And he laughed. Then we took up American writers and books. The great pianist has read quite extensively; he knows Mark Twain's books and Bret Harte's stories. He is really pleased at the manner of his reception here, likes the climate immensely, and told me that the stories about the wild enthusiasm of his ladies at his concerts had been exaggerated beyond all reason. A number of women were on the stage at one of the concerts he said, but that was because the seats in the auditorium were exhausted.

"But then," with the little deprecatory shrug—which, I suppose, means—"what would you have?"

ETC., JR.

THE IDOLATOR.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Methinks it is not strange that I should kneel,
For round thy head a golden glory plays;
Nor do I wonder that my senses reel,
Delirious with the glamors of thy gaze;
And when thy rich impassioned lips I press,
Life's cup is full, and death would be most sweet,
If I could breathe farewell in that caress,
And make thy snowy limbs my winding sheet.
Ah, no, dear love, unless my parting sigh
Mingles with thine, and in one joyous flight
Together we shall range the trackless sky,
Till havened in some heaven of delight,
I'd rather linger with thee on this sphere,
For heaven is close when thou, my love, art near.

When recently asked the value of his London real estate, the Duke of Westminster replied that he could not form an estimate of its value, but that he would not take £12,000,000 for his holdings in the metropolis.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

ALAS! I fear Colonel Dan Burns cannot yet expect the reversal of the ill fortune which follows his political footsteps, for I am told he has experienced extraordinary luck in his mining operations. One cannot hope to have everything in this life. He is on his way home from the Candelaria, after developing, through the medium of an accidental cross-cut, a splendid new body of ore, equal in extent to that which has yielded so plenteously to the treasury of the Colonel and his associates. Not only that, but he has obtained from President Diaz a magnificent mining concession consisting of rights over some ten square miles of mineral lands. Of course, existing claims are respected, and among these is the property of his old enemy, ex-Senator Johnny Wilson, who has a very good thing across the hill from the Candelaria. I am told Mr. Wilson is accumulating enough money to liquidate all his liabilities if he should ever feel so disposed. At least, the developing of his property ensures him champagne and cold turkey for the rest of his dear days. There is one prospect on the Colonel's zone, however, which promises to excel even the fabulous yield of the Candelaria, and, after the campaign, he promises to return and commence operations.

* * *

Apropos of mining, I am told Alvinza Hayward is again accepting congratulations, this time because of the success he has achieved in the Pine Nut District. The hardy old gentleman put a quarter of a million into a promising prospect up there, extracted all the gold there was in the first section of gravel, and, with his usual persistency, dug further down. At about one hundred and seventy-five feet, which is deeper than any one has ever been in that region, he struck another belt of rich gravel. From all appearances he is liable to keep adding some extra thousand per month to his income, which is already greater than that of any other millionaire we have.

* * *

There are good reasons for the wealth of certain of the rich. Many years ago a well-known railroad man was rushing down Pacific Street to catch the San Rafael ferry, which then started from the Jackson-street wharf. In the rapidity of his flight, he nearly tripped over a bulky purse that lay on the sidewalk. It was stuffed full of gold and greenbacks, and inside was the name of an Irish saloon-keeper who subsequently developed into a millionaire. The establishment of this person was a hundred feet or more out of the railroad man's way, but he rushed in and confronted the proprietor.

"Have you missed anything?" he asked, smiling.

The saloon-keeper felt his pockets; the expression of urbane self-satisfaction gave way to consternation.

"I've lost me pourse!" he ejaculated. "My, my, my, but that's bad."

"Here it is," said the railroad man, slinging the bag on the counter and turning to start for his boat.

"Sthop, sthop," cried the saloon-keeper. "Come back, man, till I see if all me money is here."

* * *

A VERITABLE business talent, as understood in certain avenues of commerce, is exhibited to better advantage in failure than in success. It is an aphorism of California Street that any fool may make money, but 'tis the wise man who compromises with his creditors. The suspension of Counselor Clarke, and his $350,000 liabilities, have set me thinking of bankruptcy as a means to prosperity. It is interesting to comprehend the mode of Clarke's operation, the ingenuity of which, applied in a good cause, might have relieved him of the necessity of swindling. It must be remembered that the law does not make the indorsement of a note a lien on property, as a mortgage is, and recorded of necessity; nor is it the custom of bankers to exchange confidences about their loans. If my friend B. has property, and will indorse my note for a thousand, C., the money lender, will readily give me the money, even though it is on the strength of B.'s name that I have just borrowed ten thousand from D., E., and F. But C. does not know this, for D., E., and F. never think of telling their business to one another, and each is satisfied by an examination of the Assessment Roll that B. is good for the amount of his individual advance. So as long as my friend's little property is unencumbered, I can obtain from the financiers cash on all his indorsements. If I were to go to the savings banks, however, the game must soon be discovered, for the transactions would go on record. Counselor Clarke had sand-dunes and scattered lots to a total of many thousands of dollars, making a brave and numerous showing in the Tax List. These assets were not all unencumbered, it is true, nor of the variety phrased "gilt-edged" in real estate circles. Still, when James G. Turner, a long, cadaverous individual, to whose appearance a dark, straggling beard, protruding teeth, sunken eyes, and a despairing expression gave the aspect of a bankrupt evangelist, came to one of our pseudo capitalists for an advance on his own note, indorsed by Counselor Clarke, he readily found accommodation and the several thousands he required. Why, Alfred Clarke was good for twice as much — at least the financier reasoned that way.

* * *

To what extent this enterprise was protracted I cannot exactly state, but the twain operated on an extensive scale, and when the field seemed exhausted, Turner disappeared and the financiers came on Clarke for their coin. Having transferred his best holdings to the wife of his bosom, it was not difficult for so adroit a schemer as the Counselor to plead that his confidence had been misplaced. He was a victim of mistaken generosity—he was ruined. They might take his property, take anything—everything; as for him, all that remained were gray hairs, sorrow, and the grave. Of course, when it is examined into, the whole plot is sufficiently palpable; but I am inclined to think Clarke has escaped the meshes of the law and will go free with his booty. But his success evidences the superiority of financial ingenuity over highway robbery.

* * *

THE HEROIC FIGURE of Ajax defying the lightning loses in impressiveness beside Dr. Happersberger, Inspector of Disinterments, calmly inviting his superiors of the Board of Health to go to Hell. The episode is the latest tid-bit at the City Hall, and, being good news, has escaped the reporters. To understand the situation, one must revert to the relations between the Doctor and the Governor before the latter became the choice of the people. They had bathed, fished, hunted together, and had cemented their intimacy by the consumption of whisky from the same flask. Had Damon been made Tyrant of Syracuse, I am sure he would have seen to it that Pythias had a fat office in the Palace, and Budd, in the triumph of his elevation, did not forget the advancement of Happersberger. At first, the latter was to have been Surgeon of the Receiving Hospital, but as Happ's knowledge of anatomy is derived in some measure from the study of his brother's statuary he preferred to avoid the embarrassments of a situation that meant adherence to the conventional human standard in general limb setting. Indeed, an ordinary conception of symmetry might have been translated into a criticism of Lick Statuary modeling. As an alternative, there was this position of Disinterment Inspector, which, while less advantageous in salary, was inimitable as a sinecure, inasmuch as the duties are nominal, and there is a deputy to perform them. The place is a species of political joke, perpetrated by a Legislature with several paralyzed and paresis-stricken friends out of position. It was instituted on the theory that resurrection is insurrection, and must not be performed without due process and observance. Indeed, the services of the Inspector are so rarely demanded that it is often difficult to find the official when he is really required. It is a City Hall tradition that Doctor Happersberger's predecessor had actually disappeared, and was only rediscovered by setting a detective to watch the Treasury.

* * *

There is the situation; the friendship of the Governor was expressed in providing Doctor Happersberger with $150 per month in return for the trouble of signing his own warrant and an occasional certificate. One can realize, then, the fiery anger which glowed in the Happersberger bosom when Health Officer Lovelace invited him to superintend the disinterment of certain coffins at the City Cemetery. Indignantly he explained that the duties he had accepted out of courtesy to the Governor began and ended at the City Treasury, and he declined the performance of any observance making the position less of a sinecure. It was then the turn of Doctor Lovelace to wax wroth, and he applied to the Board of Health for official instructions to the Disinterment Inspector. To assure his own triumph he served the order in person, and it was he who Happersberger requested to tell the Board of Health to "go to h—ll and be d——d." Rank insubordination of this character requires instant reprisal, and Lovelace promptly reported Happersberger's dereliction and message in the proper quarter. The very next day, a special meeting of the Board was convened, and Happersberger, cool as a cucumber, appeared in answer to its summons. Doctor Morse gravely called the gathering to order, and said to the culprit in hoarsely formal tones:

"Dr. Happersberger, you have been reported to this honorable board by Health Officer Lovelace, who states that you, as Disinterment Inspector, refuse to execute the orders of this Honorable Board, and, further, that you have even said that this Board might 'go to h—l, and be d——d.' What have you to answer in extenuation or excuse?"

"Nothing," was Happensberger's reply, "that's just what I said."

The complication is a pretty one. The Board of Health is appointed by the Governor, and its members are there at his pleasure. But Happensberger is so good a friend of Jim Budd's that the mere organization may well take breath before lopping off the favorite's head. Yet, that is the obvious course to pursue, for has not authority been boldly defied, and is not that treason?

* * *

THE DISASTER on Adolph Sutro's railway, fortunately for his pocket, affected only a handful of co-religionists. Doubtless he will obtain from them that tenderness which he would be the last to extend to others; for Adolph never missed the pressing of an obligation in his life. He is saddled, of course, with doctors' bills and the cost of invalidism, but he escapes the heavier charges of damages, over which any court and most juries would have been generous. With customary shrewdness the Mayor made a round of condolence visits, with many offers of wine, fruit, and delicacies, and he is liable to get off for next to nothing. In one instance the story goes that he overreached himself. Old Mr. Koshland was among the sufferers—a broken leg I think it is—and his family and friends, gathering around, tried to persuade him into accepting damages and giving a champagne dinner with the proceeds. But the old gentleman knows and admires the Mayor, and he steadfastly refused. However, when Adolph made his condolence visit and entered the invalid's room with a face as long as the broken limb, Mr. Koshland was so struck and amused by his alarm, that he authorized invitations for the champagne supper, which is to be served with due eclat as soon as he is convalescent.

* * *

One cannot help noticing how the Mayor has impressed his identity and character on the new Cliff House. The building is cheap, ostentatiously, nay, gorgeously, vulgar, and as inappropriate as its owner's affectation of philanthrophy. Doubtless it is the best and cheapest result attainable for the cash expended. There are three bars, several restaurants, and innumerable beer tables—the escape of an unexpended nickel will not be accomplished without running the gauntlet of a variety of temptations. But even the magnificent prospect does not mitigate the horrors of the carpeting, nor the chipper affectation of the imitation oak furniture. The structure is the apotheosis of veneer, and stucco, of fac simile, and false pretense, of decorative impostures, and machine-carvings. I hope the foundations are not constructed on the same economical principle.

* * *

The financial world has a subject in the smart advance of Hawaiian Commercial. The stock has gone from 6. to 11. with a bound. This is due, I suppose, to the Cuban rebellion, which, it is understood, has demolished the plantations of the Spanish island. In consequence, the Hawaiian sugar crop becomes of great commercial importance. In the absence of its main competitor, it will doubtless bring a profitable figure. The mind of the dealers is diverted by the idea of possible dividends, and the planters are rejoicing at the prospect of prosperity. The most interesting aspect of the new condition is its effect on the fortunes of the younger Spreckels.

THE WITNESS.

We have just added a new department to our business that should be of especial value to attorneys, dentists, physicians, and managers of hotels and resorts—that of writing and illustrating "write ups," more generally known as "pure reading advertisements."

The popularity of this kind of advertising is greatly on the increase. When well done it affords great opportunities to those who desire to advertise without appearing to be doing so.

We have specially engaged a man from Los Angeles, who has had long experience in this particular line, to take charge of this department. He will be pleased to call on any one desiring further information.

WILDER & COMPANY

Specialists in Advertising

621 Market Street San Francisco

THE MAYHEW COTILLION.

THE TALE OF A SOCIAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Four dances at the Craven party and six at the Brooke's, three calls in one week, and a whole Sunday afternoon on the red divan in the library," Dot wrote to her best friend, "and then not a word, look, or sign for two whole weeks. When he went away Sunday, there were violets in his eye, if ever I saw the symptoms. Why, I looked for them all the next day, and if I had known his florist, I'd have telephoned down to ask why they hadn't been sent. Not a violet, not a *marron*, not a note, not even a book! If he doesn't give some sign of life before long, first thing he knows I'll be in love with him, and how will he like that? How will I like it, I wonder?" And Dot stopped to give herself a little grin in the glass. "It's very clever of him to throw off on me just now," she added, impartially. "Before that Sunday, I shouldn't have given it a thought, for I didn't believe he was really so nice as he seemed. I didn't suppose any one could be. But he is, unfortunately. Oh, dear, Maisie, I wish you could see him. No, I don't, either, not till you're old and ugly. He told me he thought Platonic friendships might be possible, but would be 'deadly slow.' Wasn't that nice of him? I can't bear a man who feels a simple, honest friendship for you without any sentimental nonsense. Botheration! Here's a caller, and I'm not dressed. That comes of writing letters on your day at home." And Dot dried her pen and made a leisurely toilet, reflecting that if people would come so early they ought to be kept waiting a little.

Later in the day she added a postscript to her letter.

"I take it all back, Maisie. Here is the dearest note from him, taking everything up just where we left it that Sunday, without a word about the long interval between, and asking me to dance the cotillion at the Mayhew's party with him. Considering that it is day after to-morrow and the invitations have been out two weeks, it's rather delicious of him. It never seems to enter his head that I might be engaged for it. And the funny part is, I'm not. Pride isn't one of my vices, and I've deliberately saved it for him. Karl has been bothering the life out of me, but I kept him off by telling him I wasn't sure I'd stay for the cotillion. He will be wild, poor dear boy, but I can make it all right with him some way. I sent a most cordial little note of acceptance, which I was tempted to date 'the eleventh hour,' but didn't. His serene independence is quite the most fetching thing I ever encountered. Good-by again.

"Your own, "D."

It was nearly a week before Dot wrote again.

"Independence is very attractive, Maisie, but there is such a thing as carrying it too far," she began. "I'm in a state of boiling wrath, and I don't think Karl enjoyed the cotillion very much. Oh, yes, I danced it with Karl. Whom did you think I was going to dance with? Well, I might as well tell you all about it. The violets materialized the morning of the party—such beauties—not from Karl, you understand, and I went prepared to be my very nicest to Somebody. In the dressing room before we went down several of us were discussing our partners for the cotillion, and Karl's sister Emily—she's an awful bore, and I can't bear her—announced that her's was this same Somebody! I simply gasped. 'I thought he was away,' one of them said. 'He has been for over two weeks,' Emily answered with conscious pride, as though she had heard from him every day. 'I happened to meet him on a car the morning he left, and I promised to dance it with him if he got home in time, so last night he telephoned that he was back.' You can imagine how I was enjoying all this. I managed to take off the violets and stuff them down under some wraps, for though I wanted to believe she was bluffing, something told me she wasn't. Sure enough, he went right up to her and said something about 'my partner' the minute she came into the room. Then he turned and started to speak to me, but that was a little too much. I gave him a frigid nod and sailed off with Karl, and he actually looked surprised. Perhaps he had planned to split the cotillion between Emily and me. Independence certainly is a beautiful thing. What possessed him to do it? That's what I want to know. He tried half a dozen times to make it up with me, but met such a dead cold frost every time that he finally gave it up. I've read his note over again and again, and I can't make it mean anything else. Well, I'm sorry it is all over, for he was the nicest man that ever mangled my feelings. I'm furious at him, and furious at myself for caring. I think I must have somewhere in me a touch of the original squaw, who loves her lord the better for every beating he favors her with. He has left me adorably black and blue, and I only wail because he'll never have a chance to do it again. I thought he might make one more attempt to patch it up between us, so I gave orders I was not at home when he called. Sure enough, he came this very afternoon, and had no more than gone down the steps when Karl dashed up them and was admitted. He saw it all, and you should have seen the expression of his back as he walked off! I suppose the appropriate thing now is for me to fall in love with Karl out of pique. I believe I would if he didn't have such an absolute ninny of a sister. Emily and I would not hit it off together. Well, well, it hasn't been my fault. Enough of my blighted self. Write soon to

"Your snubbed and neglected "Dot."

"DEAR MAISIE—I think you're a mean, cross, disagreeable girl, not to be more sympathetic. I don't see anything to laugh at in the situation, and I wasn't planning to 'treat Karl in the same way' at all, for I had been particularly careful not to make him any promises about the cotillion. I can't help it if he took it into his head that I had. I'm not responsible for what he thinks. So your horrid, unfriendly little 'served you right' doesn't apply. Oh, dear, there is no use quarreling with you just because I'm not on speaking terms with somebody else. I sat next to him at a dinner last night, with Karl on the other side of me, of course. I wish people wouldn't insist on putting Karl and me together everywhere. Our dinner cards always seem to be looking knowingly at each other, and the very servants wait on us with a bless you-my-children air. Lately I've tied talking almost entirely with the man who didn't take me out, as a hint to my hostess, but last night naturally I couldn't. We frigidly ignored each other, that independent young man and I, and I'm sure his right ear was frozen by the third course; I know I've had rheumatism in my left shoulder ever since. I had to be awfully nice to Karl, and now he will bother the life out of me for weeks to come. I can't lose him. As we got up from the table, without any warning, my neighbor turned to me and demanded, 'Did you ever receive some violets I sent you not long ago?' It took my breath away, but I managed to drawl, 'Why, I really don't remember,' and it was over. We haven't spoken since. Did he think that a bunch of violets was a sufficient apology for throwing me over, as you suppose? What possessed him to ask me in the first place, if he was already engaged to Emily? I can't make it out, and there doesn't seem any possible explanation. I've puzzled over it till I'm dead tired of the whole subject. Society is a dreadful bore, anyway. I don't think I'll go out any more after this year. Write soon, and stop making fun of your forlorn old "Dot."

It was a couple of weeks later that another letter, a hurried, scrawly, incoherent one, set out in the same direction as the last.

"Maisie, my dear, it's horribly late, but I can't sleep till I've told you. Everything's all right, and nobody's furious any longer. I was going out this afternoon in a hurry and nearly ran into a certain person who had just come tearing up our front steps. I drew back in my haughtiest style, but he simply ordered me to come back into the house a minute, as he wanted to speak to me, and, rather to my surprise, I went. Then it all came out, and it wasn't his fault any more than it was mine. It seems that when he received his invitation to the Mayhew's the morning after that Sunday, he wrote at once asking me to dance with him; then, finding that he'd have to go away on business for a couple of weeks, and perhaps more, he decided not to send the letter, and left it all stamped and sealed on his desk—where his dear mother finds it two weeks later, and thinking he has forgotten to mail it, drops it in the box herself. My answer came before he reached home and was put where he did not see it till to-day, when the whole mystery came out. He was going to write to me about the cotillion as soon as he knew when he'd be back, but he met Emily on a car that morning, and she 'happened to mention' that I was going to dance it with Karl. I never could bear her, anyway. So then he asked her. He didn't say so, but I imagine she hinted at it strongly. It would be just like her. I know she put it into his head there was something between Karl and me, because he didn't write to me while he was away. He said he wanted to, but thought it 'better not.' Oh, my dear, he's such—I wish you could see him. Yes, I do, no matter how young and pretty you are. I'm not afraid any longer.

"Your soothed and absurdly happy "Dot."

"Wasn't it nice of him to throw me right over and refuse to write to me when he thought I was just playing with him? I do love independence."

San Francisco. JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

THOMAS W. KEENE.

"It was one of my teachers who first put it into my head to go on the stage," said Mr. Keene, after we had settled down into a corner of the comfortable reception-room at the Occidental.

"Whenever I made any recitations," he went on, "he would pat me on the back and say, 'Tom, my boy, you ought to be an actor.'"

"Were any of your family theatrical?"

"Not in the very least," replied Mr. Keene. "Until that time, I had no intentions theater-ward even—but those words remained in my brain and——"

"Took root," I suggested, as he seemed to hesitate.

"Yes," he answered, "they took root, and the idea that I *must* go on the stage became an irresistible impulse. Every one in the profession became the object of my profoundest interest. I even followed actors on the street to watch them."

The story is told of Keene, that once, when a boy, he followed John R. Scott, a long time, and finally plucked up courage to speak to him, telling him that it had been the one great desire of his life to make the acquaintance of such a great actor as he was—whereupon Scott turned upon him, scowling, and said: "Don't speak to me on the street, you little jackanapes—pay a shilling and come and see me act."

Keene, who was born in New York, received the usual schooling, and entered mercantile life at an early age; but he joined all the clubs where they ever did any acting, and even tried his hand as supernumerary at some of the theaters. He says of himself:

"I knew I would never be satisfied with any other life—so finally, I became an extra super at Niblo's, at the munificent salary of four dollars a week. Many years later," he added, with some natural pride, "I appeared at the same house as a star, at the head of my own company."

"And in the interval?" I said.

"Well, my real début was made in the title role of "King Henry IV." with Hackett."

"Falstaff Hackett?" I asked.

"Yes—that very same—the famous Hackett. Afterwards I played several short engagements elsewhere, and then entered the stock company of the National Theater in Cincinnati. I assure you," he went on, "I have had a wide and varied experience, from barn storming and playing the clown in a pantomime, to 'Macbeth.'"

"What might be termed an all around training, Mr. Keene," I remarked. "However, it is not necessary," I said, "to ask if you do not prefer the legitimate."

"I suppose not," answered the tragedian, with a quiet smile, "but it is a common enough thing for me to be asked if I do not think the legitimate drama is dying out."

"And your answer?"

Mr. Keene straightened himself up considerably, and said with some emphasis:

"As long as there are people who think, people of brain in existence, the legitimate will survive. Society plays, melodramas, are not food for thinking people; they amuse, and they are necessary, but they have no satisfying, staying qualities."

"So it seems to me," I answered. "Everything points to revival of Shakespeare before long. I am sure every one is tired to death of social problems, and fin-de-siècle drama, 'Where all the women are beautiful and all the men bad,'" I quoted.

"Well, perhaps not altogether," returned Mr. Keene. "You see, the theater must always be the mirror in which Society sees itself reflected. It is often said the theater s to blame for the example it sets. That is a mistake," continued the actor. "We give the public what it demands. The stage should be only a reflection, whereby the beautiful, the noble, the brave are encouraged, and the opposite shown up in all its hideousness, to be discouraged and discontinued."

"You think it may be made a power that can effectually 'the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us'—is that it?" I asked.

"Well, that is about what it should be."

After chatting awhile about more personal matters, I told Mr. Keene I had heard he preferred Louis XI. to any of his other character parts, and I asked him if that were true.

He pursed up his lips a bit, and a curious little smile crept up from the corners of his mouth to his eyes, as he answered:

"Well, yes—in one sense. It is a rest to play it."

"How so?" I asked, with some surprise.

"I will explain," began Mr. Keene. "It is more restful than my Shakespearean roles in this way. Shakespeare's characters are surrounded by a certain atmosphere of romance. I am a firm believer in natural acting, up to a certain point."

"Or *down*," I suggested.

"Or down," repeated the actor. "It would not do to act too close to human nature. Shakespearian characters are sustained more or less on stilts—not very high ones, you understand," he went on, and he measured about a foot from the ground with his hand—"but just enough to escape the earth, earthy. Now, with Louis, I drop the stilts—I am relieved of the strain."

"I wish you would tell me," I said, "how you study up a character like Louis."

"Well, began Mr. Keene, placing the tips of his fingers together—"I took Guizot, Walter Scott, and Balzac, three classics, as authorities. I could not ask for any better, could I?"

"No," I admitted.

"Now then, Guizot gave me the fundamental historical facts with reference to the man. I then turned to Scott for the romantic side of his story, and Balzac furnished me with the grosser and sensual characteristics of the man."

"Then, of course, you had portraits to go by for your make-up?"

"Yes," replied Keene, "and putting the mental and moral peculiarities together, one conceives certain ideas as to his eccentricities of gait and gesture.

"Is it true," I asked, "that a man must *feel* emotion in order to properly represent it?"

"No—no," replied Mr. Keene, with emphasis. "I hold with Talma, that an actor should *simulate* feeling—not actually feel."

"But you believe, do you not, that in order to simulate adequately, he must, at some time, have *felt*?"

"Yes, but you can see that when an actor actually feels with passionate intensity, he is no longer master of the situation. He is controlled by his feelings instead of controlling them. Why, an actor could not deliver his lines properly if he were to choke up with emotion. You know," he added, "Talma said, 'The art of acting is merely a cloak which the actor throws off when he leaves the stage.'"

Mr. Keene has a quiet, simplicity of speech and directness of manner which go far to convince one of his utmost sincerity and earnestness. He has an intellectual face—one on which thought and study and sorrow have placed their tokens. The high white forehead, the dark, intensely dark, deep-set eyes, bespeak him a virile mentality—and the aquiline nose and firm, prominent chin, look combative, and as if their possessor had plenty of that potent factor in any great career which men call "pluck." E. D. H.

THE THEATERS.

Was the tragedian descending to low comedy when he hopped gaily across the stage on his knees Tuesday night, or was he unconscious of the burlesque? Whatever his idea, instead of impressing me with Louis XI.'s fear of the clergy and his intense desire for the absolution and remission of his sins (without giving up, however, any of his perquisites in the way of abduction, murder, and sudden death), this comical canter only made me hope his knees were well padded, and brought up a vague memory of Ferris Hartmann in some Tivoli extravaganza. It seems to me that this spirited skip ought to have been more like a crawl. In any event, it should not have been so prolonged and grasshopper like—that is, to carry out Keene's idea of the part.

Not that I think his conception of it the best one—far from it. He seems to have forgotten that Louis was but sixty years old when he died, and that (even making due allowance for ill health and nerves unstrung by an uneasy conscience) a man is not in his second childhood at that age. Keene represents this terrible King as mouthing and mumbling in the querulous and petulant fashion of a weak, hysterical woman in her dotage. He represents him as without "the froth of a fringe of a frayed edge" of a virtue; with absolutely nothing to mitigate our scorn except the pity we feel for old age and feebleness. To be sure, his love for Maria of Commines is referred to, but it is not very evident—so little evident, in fact, that one feels that Sieur de Commines is reckoning without his host when he says that Louis loves Marie too well to harm her. True, he says this to Nemour, and may, therefore, have expressed more confidence than he felt, but throughout the play he shows a lack of apprehension on his daughter's account, which argues that the dramatist had tried to depict a somewhat different Louis from Keene's—or else he was a poor dramatist.

I am not a stickler for adherence to facts, and therefore excuse the turning of a sixty-year-old man into one of ninety. The principal fault I find is that Keene did not depart even farther still from history, and give Louis at least one attribute, or even a half of one; which would excuse the Dauphin's affection for his father, and give us something upon which we could hang a little bit of sympathy. It is probable that Louis was quite as despicable as Keene represents him as being, but that cuts no figure. The question from an artistic standpoint is, Which is the more enthralling figure—one of unmitigated depravity, or a wicked one streaked here and there by courage, or freakish kindness, or any of the more kindly human traits? The test seems to me to be in their relative power to stir emotion and interest. I think there can be no doubt that light and shade is more effective, in this way, than utter blackness. Once accepting, however, Keene's conception of Louis XI., it must be admitted that, barring a few slight defects, his rendering of the part is most excellent. He does not, in this play at least, rant, as people are so fond of saying. However, it would be indeed remarkable and inhuman to make a feeble and dying old man split the roof.

I wonder why it is that in so many plays the women are made to address their betrothed by their last names, as we would a butler. Suppose your name was Philip Smith, or James Hogg, and your sweetheart had a habit of throwing herself in your arms with the tender cry of "Smith! Smith!" or "Hogg! Hogg!" wouldn't you hunt another girl? Yet that is what Nemour had to stand from his Marie, who, by the way, was represented by a young woman with several claims to beauty.

Monday night, while Paderewski was throwing half of his audience into real, and the other half into feigned, rapture, a handful of people at the Tivoli were gathering second-hand ideas about him that would make My Lady Goldenlocks tear his (her) precious hair. According to Hartmann, Paderewski is a bad, bad man, with baseball hair; he even intimates that P.'s proclivities are Turkish, for he says:

"The ladies rush upon the stage, and cover him with kisses. Do you want to hear the rest, or—shall I stop?"

Ferris also told us (what we already know too, too well) that "those articles queer, the bloomers, are here; they are scraggy and saggy, and awfully baggy, and—look better in the dark."

He announced that the advanced woman has discarded skirts, and wears what she calls pants, and demurely asked what will she wear next year, "if she continues to advance?"

Do you want to hear the rest? I think not. All this was in the intervals of "The Latest Thing in Abductions": Conducted by the Gentle Savage, assisted by "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-a, or Man-not-afraid-of-his-face," and "Little Willie Walter, or One-leg-longer-than-it-oughter-be," and carried out in spite of a duenna who wouldn't let the Gentle Savage "duenna thing" but make love to her.

This rather unusually coherent absurdity probably calls itself a satire. While satire is all well enough in its way, it does not get an audience into that happy-go-lucky mood which makes even a poor joke amusing, and a good one side-splitting. The average mortal wants something jolly, rather than sharp; absurd, rather than satirical. We like to satirize the players, rather than have them satirize us. I suppose this had much to do with the lack of enthusiasm with which "The Gentle Savage" has been received. Our own dear Ferris looked positively handsome in his elegant black hair, his boiled shirt, and his kindly moccasins (his legs should always be clothed in moccassins or top boots). The stage settings were very pretty, the costumes ditto, the songs better than usual, the Spanish dances very good, yet—with the best intentions, and a stern determination to be amused, I could not get up more than a watery smile or two. The truth is the little play lacks spontaneity. It is full of puns and headachy fancies, but it lacks verve; seems to need fresh air and a good tonic. This is particularly noticeable in the Gentle Savage's tirade against Society. The only tolerable part of it is when he says that "once in Society you are a marked man; you cannot escape the fact, and even if your children and friends try to forget it, you make them remember it." Quite the best thing in the play is Thomas Leary's remark that somebody (it doesn't matter who) "belongs to the Army of the Lord, and is a long way from headquarters."

As for you, Ferris, dear—I have loved thee well. I have laughed at your jokes when my heart was heavy. I have even applauded your songs. But, Ferris, get you back to your red halo of hair, your Irish brogue and blunders, your mouth which began, no one knew where, and went, no one knew whither; for, Ferris, I like you not when resplendent in satin small clothes and red and black feathers, and I'll go back on you if all this elegance keeps up.

I don't object, though, to that little song of yours and the sumptuous Mabelle's about

> "A-billing and a-cooing,
> Lots of foolish things you're doing,
> For it's different, very different,
> When you love."

This week brought me a very charming and gratifying letter wherein the writer assumed that I—Peggy!—was a certain prominent female journalist of this city! How she would tear her tawny locks could she but know that my stuff (oh, yes; I know it's just as good as hers—of course, of course) was supposed by so competent a judge to come from her facile pen. Mrs. ————, if you read this I offer my condolence. PEG WOFFINGTON.

C. P. Huntington was asked how he managed to build two railroads across the continent in so short a space of time. He asked the inquirer: "Can you lay one rail?" "Why, certainly," was the answer. "Well, that is just the way I have worked. I have laid one rail at a time and the two great connecting links have been completed."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Notwithstanding the presence of the Paderewski in town, the interest in other performances has not seemed to flag. The Tavary Company has had good houses all the week. Mme. Dorré has earned a generous share of the appreciation shown this company. Her spirited performance of Santuzza has added one more leaf to her laurels. Mme. Tavary has given us some excellent singing with Guille as Edgardo, while Guille acquitted himself with rare skill. The company remain another week, and on Monday play the "Huguenots," Tuesday, "Lohengrin;" at the Wednesday matinée, at which popular prices prevail, "Mignon;" Wednesday night, "Lucia," and "Cavalleria Rusticana;" Thursday, "Faust;" Friday, "Bohemian Girl;" Saturday matinée, "Carmen;" Saturday night, "Trovatore."

"My Partner" at Morosco's has aroused a great deal of interest and enthusiasm among its patrons. The play is filled with life and action, and those who presented it were in touch with their audience from the first, and did not allow the interest to flag for an instant. Miss Hall, who is soon to leave the company, was never seen to better advantage than as Mary Brandon, and Mr. C. Brinker made a very interesting Ned Singleton. Next week the company presents "Wife for Wife," under the management of Louis Imhaus.

The Columbia has had another prosperous week, although Corinne had already been here a week at the California. On Monday, Katie Putnam, who has just returned from a tour of Australia and the Sandwich Islands, will present her new play, "The Old Lime Kiln." Miss Putnam is a very bright, clever little actress, well able to furnish an interesting evening to theater goers.

A very good bill at the Orpheum this week, with four new features added to the best of last week's, which were retained. Among the new were Tina Corri, a male impersonator, who was not bad. The travesty artists, the Garrisons, who were good, and the Pantyer Brothers, acrobats, who were better.

"The Gentle Savage" has gone smoothly on its way at the Tivoli, the little pickaninny scene by Gertie Carlisle being one of its most welcome features. Next week "Der Freischutz" will be revived, with Ida Valerga and Kate Marchi in the cast.

Yvette Guilbert has left these shores. She sailed for Europe on Wednesday last. It is her intention to return to this country next December, for a longer and more extended tour of the American cities.

A concert is announced by the members of the California Quartet, in aid of St. John's Presbyterian Church, on Thursday, February 20th. The program offered is an interesting one, and the event should prove a success. The concert will be given in St. John's Church, on California and Octavia Streets.

At the performance of Rice's "Excelsior Jr." at the Olympia, a stout gentleman was observed in one of the boxes, in his shirt sleeves, convulsed with laughter. When expostulated with by one of the ushers, he remarked, "It's too funny, and I must save my coat."

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Made instantaneously. Simply needs dissolving in boiling water, and set aside to cool. Makes one quart of delicious jelly. Ask your grocer for it.

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A POINT FOR INVESTORS.

No person should purchase real estate without having the title insured. Property which does not have a pefect legal title cannot be sold with facility. Besides, it is a constant source of annoyance and expense. All trouble is obviated by taking out a policy of insurance upon a title in the California Title Insurance and Trust Company. This corporation has a capital of $250,000, and a cash reserve fund of $25,000 with which to defend its policies. For a single premium, which is generally less than the cost of an abstract and lawyer's opinion, it guarantees a perfect title, and becomes liable in case defects are afterward discovered. The Company owns the best abstract plant west of the Rocky Mountains. It is thus enabled to make abstracts for purchasers who may prefer them. It is also authorized by law to loan money on real estate. The office of the Company is in the Mills' Building, and L. R. Ellert is the Manager.

Foot Troubles

You may now avoid them. "Foot Comfort," a booklet, tells you how. Write for it, and wear Goodyear Welt shoes. All kinds are made—all dealers sell them.

Goodyear Welts are leather shoes, not rubber.
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FIRST BENEFIT CONCERT
—OF THE—
Saturday Morning Orchestra
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MR. ALFRED RONCOVIERI
At the Metropolitan Temple
Monday eve, February 17, 1896
Reserved seats, One Dollar—On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, on and after Friday, February 14th.

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. MAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.
Next Week—Monday, February 17th
Third and last week of the
TAVARY GRAND OPERA COMPANY
Repertoire—Monday, Huguenots; Tuesday, Lohengrin; Wednesday matinee ($.50, $.75, $1.00 Mignon; Wednesday night, Lucia and Cavalleria Rusticana; Thursday, Faust; Friday, Tannhauser; Saturday matinee, ($.50, $.75, $1.00) Carmen; Saturday night, Trovatore.
Monday, Feb 24—FREDERICK WARDE

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL. MAYMAN & CO. INCORP'D PROPS
Next Week, Monday, February 17th
Second and last week of
MR. THOMAS KEENE
Presenting the following classical plays:
Monday & Saturday Matinee..Merchant of Venice
Tuesday and Saturday Night.....Richard III
Wednesday.....Richelieu
Thursday.....Hamlet
Friday.....Othello
Sunday.....Louis XI
Monday, Feb. 24th—Jolly Nellie McHenry

Columbia Theatre.
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Commencing Monday, February 17th
A feast of Fun, Song, Dance. The charming comedienne, Katie Putnam, in a rich and elaborate scenic production, showing scenes from Yellowstone Park.
THE OLD LIME KILN
Written by C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky"
A clean, wholesome play, touching the heart. All special scenery painted by St. John Lewis
The play is a symphony in ferns and flowers
Katie Putnam in new songs and dances
Reserved Seats—15, 25, 50 and 75 cents—No higher.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
To begin Monday, Feb. 17th
Every eve.—Von Weber's romantic opera, in 4 acts
DER FREISCHUTZ
OR THE SEVEN CHARMED BULLETS
The most wondrous Brocken scene ever shown in this city
Reappearance of Mlle. Ida Valerga and Miss Kate Marchi
Next Opera—RIP VAN WINKLE
POPULAR PRICES - 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, - Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of—My Partner
Monday, February 17th
John A. Steven's Picturesque Comedy-Drama
WIFE - FOR - WIFE

ORPHEUM
O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Week of Monday, Feb. 17th
—A Magnificent Bill of Novelties—
The Wiltons, acrobatic bar comedians
The Pantzers — The Garrisons
Stanton & Corri — Carroll Johnson
Billy Carter
And a Great Vaudeville Company

GROVER'S ALCAZAR
Superb and emphatic success of
THE WHITE SLAVE—Old Times in Kentucky
A carnival of Jubilee Singers
Buck and Wing Dancers — Piccaninny Band
Monday, February 17th
The Great FAUST
Night Prices.....10, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents
Matinee Prices.....10, 15 and 25 cents

SPLASHES.

WHAT is the matter with the débutantes? The Society columns, to a very considerable extent, are devoted to the record of their entertainments, but no one seems especially enamored of their attainments. It is alleged that in general intelligence and brightness they do not compare favorably with their predecessors of last year; that, though they offer one or two beauties to the view, the majority are better to look at than to listen to. I was asked by an experienced matron to explain what these young women had been doing in school to be so utterly lacking in accomplishments. It seems they spin not, neither do they play the piano. If they sing, it is "the music of no tone." They appear content to be, rather than to do, and their function in life seems to be eating and dancing. If you ask them to dinner, they partake of your plats, but add nothing to the entertainment. Some of them have infectious laughs, others have adorable eyes, but however gracious or admirable these functions or faculties may be, they are hardly adequate for sustained intercourse. In the olden days, the education of young women was considered incomplete unless it included some knowledge of music, some pretentions at French or German, together with a proper installment of poetry. The latest specimens of new womanhood are accused of lacking these characteristics and are not offering aught in compensation. Actually, they force one to wonder what they have been doing throughout their schooldays.

* * *

A sphinx-like silence is being maintained by even the least discreet of the maidens who compose the smart sets over their intentions concerning the Mardi Gras Ball. The credulous might imagine from the denials that are exchanged that the guests must be gathered from the highways and byways, for not one of these festive belles will admit she is to be there. The fun of such an affair is the mystification that may be indulged in, and disclosures thus early might arouse inconvenient suspicions. The fact is, Society is to be adequately represented, and some of the costumes now undergoing evolution are most bewitching fantasies. The girls are trying to invent some small mask which, while disguising, will not render them absolutely hideous—some little conceit of satin and lace with plenty of room for the eyes, and with a flounce of lace to conceal the mouth. There is a general desire to appear in something entirely new, and I hear that the Marie Stuarts, Queen Elizabeths, Flower Girls, Follys, Spanish Maidens, and peasants and other familiar figures are for the nonce to be consigned to an oblivion almost Cimmerian in its density. Instead we shall be overpowered by Trilbys in costumes ranging from the ragged military to the spotless blanchissense, Gibson girls, Beardsley's creations with flying hair and long weird draperies, decadent dreams in sallow greens and yellows, Joan of Arc, Constance de Beverly, and, of course, the New Woman. I hear of numberless dominoes who will not wear fancy costumes and intend retiring before the unmasking. All the girls are anticipating much fun and are employing endless artifices to conceal their identity from even their chaperon and escort.

* * *

No pains are being spared to make the Mardi Gras Ball the most magnificent spectacle ever witnessed here. The Hopkins house lends itself very readily to decoration, and Mr. Stanton, Douglas Tilden, and others have been turning it into an Oriental palace. The walls are hung with rich stuffs, medallions representing the arts placed in the main hall, and hundreds of incandescent lights set in bunches and bouquets throughout the building. The carnival party will be represented by Amadée Joullin as King, Tarn McGrew as Prince Carnival, and the ever familiar figure of George T. Bromley as Court Poet. Captain Robert A. Fletcher the author of "Johnstone Sketches," and "Marjory," has written the Royal Proclamation. The Queen and Princess Carnival will be chosen out of the ranks of the lady maskers. The grand march is to begin at ten sharp, when the participants will pass through the rooms before the assembled spectators. If the event realizes the success anticipated, the management have decided to close each season by a similar entertainment.

* * *

OUTSIDE the hallowed limits, the distinction of receiving an invitation to the Monday Evening Dancing Class does not seem to be recognized. But when one remembers that out of the many popular débutantes few have been bidden to participate at these festivities regularly, while others have not received a single invitation, the honor must not be reckoned an empty one. The Leap Year Dance on Monday night, in spite of the overweening attractiveness of the initial appearance of Paderewski, was the most successful event of the kind given this season. The girls took every advantage of their position, and the manner in which some of the men were sought after was distinctly amusing. The handsomest man present is generally conceded to have been Mr. George Wheaton, who is very tall, broad, and striking-looking, with gray eyes and light hair. The girls singled him out for their most assiduous attentions. Another peculiarly attractive man is Mr. Fred Greenwood, who has the reputation of being the lightest and airiest dancer in the set. Mr. Ernest Folger's charm has been greatly accentuated by the removal of a mustache, which concealed rather than adorned, and he, too, enjoyed considerable vogue. Mr. Addison Mizner looked blooming in a white waistcoat, which set off his fair coloring to advantage. Mr. De Long is another clever dancer, and figures among the very popular men. Of the benedicts present, Mr. Tom Magee and Mr. Paul Jarboe divided the honors. I regret that it is impossible for me to dilate on the clothes of these beaux, for their costumes were strictly conventional. There was nothing new or striking in the gowning of the girls. Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Rose Hooper, and Miss Daisy Van Ness looked especially well. Of the matrons, Mrs. Will Taylor made an effective picture in a combination of gray and pink.

* * *

There are two exceedingly interesting engagements announced this week—the first, that of Miss Fannie Crocker and Mr. McCreary. Miss Crocker is a daughter of Mrs. Clark Crocker, and a rather pretty and popular girl. She made her début last season. Mr. McCreary is well known in Sacramento, where he is engaged in the milling business. The second is that of Miss Helen Frank and Mr. Lucius Solomons. Miss Frank is a very striking-looking girl, and both bright and attractive.

* * *

THE OFFICERS of the "Cristoforo Colombo" are having a better reception than is ordinarily accorded to visiting men-of-war's men. They have been fêted quite generously at Burlingame, and have won much favor by their horsemanship. The Prince of Savoy, it seems, has equestrian talents of the first order, and quite puts to scorn all the conventional jibes at a sailor on horseback. He and five other officers were guests on Sunday last of Prince Poniatowski and the Will Crockers at Burlingame. The six reached the Country Club by the first train, mounted ponies which were waiting for them at the station, and, piloted by Mr. Beylard, went off for a cross-country run. They streamed over the San Mateo hills, over fences, ditches, and brush, and certainly had a jolly ride, arriving with fine appetites for lunch. Afterwards some of them, including the Captain, were taken round in Joe Grant's coach, and the rest went down to the polo game. It was a fairly good game, too, they saw—Joe Tobin, McCreery, and Wheeler against Dick Tobin, Simpkins, and Hobart. The first trio won by half a point. The news of the distinguished party had evidently been noised abroad, for there was quite a crowd down to lunch, and the polo had a large and highly fashionable audience.

* * *

The equestrian talents of the Prince, Count Cini, and the other Italians have attracted the attention of the racing men, and they have arranged for Saturday a steeplechase at the Ingleside Track, in which the distinguished visitors are to ride. A number of Burlingame men will doubtless participate, and give the Prince a run for his money. On Thursday, Prince Poniatowski arranged a pigeon-shoot for his Royal Highness. Friday the Italians were given the freedom of the Spring Valley Lakes, and enjoyed a duck-hunt on those excellent preserves.

* * *

Some time ago it was said that "the Naive Son takes his pleasures seriously," but any one who attended the Inaugural Ball given by the organization on Tuesday evening would have disputed this assertion. It was not a very large affair; on the contrary, the attendance was not up to the standard, but what it lacked in numbers was made up in jollity, and the dance went off with éclat. The recently erected building of the Native Sons' Association is really perfect in point of detail and convenience. The dancing hall is almost square in form, and is considerably larger than Odd Fellows' Hall. It is admitted that it has the finest dancing-floor of any building in town. The decorations are exceedingly simple, the walls being white, the woodwork and doors in oak. The ladies' dressing-rooms are upstairs—an innovation, I believe, and are perfectly appointed. I should not be at all surprised if it eventually superseded Odd Fellows' Hall as a place for Society functions, as it is centrally situated, commodious, and adapted to decoration. On Wednesday evening the El Dorado Parlor gave its annual dance, and on Friday the Pacific Parlor had a thoroughly enjoyable party, though the fact is the Pacific's affairs have always lots of swing to them. I believe it was the original intention to give this dance on Thursday evening, but even the superior intelligence of the Native Son is not proof against the superstition of the number thirteen.

* * *

EVERYTHING, it seems, is being crowded into the last week before Lent. The officers of the Presidio gave one of their informal hops on Tuesday. It was hardly up to the usual standard of enjoyment, owing chiefly to the surplus of maidens. These Presidio hops are gaining in popularity to such an extent that the army women are besieged for invitations. A number of the officers are becoming decidedly weary of the affairs and welcome the advent of Lent gladly. Of the girls I especially admired were Miss Mae Moody, who looked exceedingly pretty in a simply made frock, and Miss Jennie Catherwood. The final hop, which is to be a very smart affair, takes place on Monday evening.

* * *

Comparatively speaking, there have been fewer card parties given this season than ever before. Many of the débutantes show a dense ignorance of even the more popular games, while Cavendish and Poole are meaningless names to them. There are a few clubs, but the members are usually the older girls and the matrons. In the East, much attractiveness is lent to the card parties by their being combined with dinners and dances. There, however, but few of the men care for euchre, and the maids dread the silence necessary to the successful game of whist. One of the few euchre parties of any magnitude was given by Miss Frances Currey, on Wednesday afternoon, to a bevy of buds of this and last year. There was nothing especially striking in the playing—few girls even attempted lone hands. The best card players among the girls are alleged to be Miss Mills and Miss Baldwin—both are quick, shrewd, and, while cautious, appreciate the value of an occasional leap for luck.

* * *

It seems the components of the Fortnightly Cabinet had not arrived at that perfect mastery of their various roles which the Regent, Mrs. Kauffman, demands, and, in consequence, the initial performance has been postponed until to-night. Rehearsing, however, has been active, and the chances seem to be that a fairly good rendering will be given.

* * *

There are two rather important afternoon receptions on Saturday. Mrs. J. K. Cunningham gives a musicale. It is to be a very large affair, I understand, and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gives a girls' tea. The latter is especially interesting as it is the first entertainment of any magnitude given by Mrs. Spreckels since her marriage. Her house is admirably adapted for entertaining, and all those who have known her as a maiden will be interested in her first appearance as an entertainer under her own roof.

* * *

THERE IS NO EVENT so dear to the heart of the débutante as an entertainment at the University Club, and the man or maid who wishes to be assured of a perennial popularity has but to give an occasional luncheon or dinner within the sacred precincts. Whether it is that the environment lends a subtle charm, or that the chef is especially happy in selecting dishes peculiarly pleasing to the feminine palate, I know not, but the fact remains that no regrets are ever sent to the smallest affairs given in the Club. Not the least elaborate of this week's entertainments was Miss Emma Butler's luncheon there on Tuesday to twenty-eight maids and matrons. The table was arranged in dumb-bell shape and decorated with violets and jonquils. Great baskets of these fragrant blossoms half overturned were placed on either end of the table with the flowers scattered carelessly over the cloth. Bunches tied with purple and yellow ribbon adorned each place, and four baskets fastened in similar fashion formed a center-piece. The affair went off very well, and the girls did not make a move until after half-past four. Another luncheon that was among the events of the week was given by Mrs. Major Darling on Friday afternoon.

* * *

THE CONCORDIAS last Informal occurred rather too late for notice last week. The show was a great success—the most interesting the Club has had since its feminine minstrel performance. The big ballroom was converted into the semblance of a roof garden—palms, shrubs, lanterns, elec-

Swain's, at 213 Sutter Street, is the only place in the city at which one can find first-class pies, cakes, and confectionery.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

Dainty and Refreshing
PAR EXCELLENCE
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

tric lights, in all the shades of the rainbow, the floor covered with burlap—hanging gardens of orchids and ferns—all enclosed with a picket fence—the effect charming. An advertisement curtain with grotesque announcements hung from the proscenium arch, and in the center was a round, white dis cutilized for a stereopticon. Throughout the evening a series of funny pictures was thrown on this disc. Some one had evidently stolen photographs of the wives and sisters of the prominent members, and these were tricked out in fantastic garb. Some faces were mounted on ballet girl's shoulders; others were tricked out to represent the occupations of their husbands, a group of recently engaged girls were entitled, "Sentenced for Life"; the series provoked much diversion. The performance itself was arranged by Mr. Friedlander of the Columbia, who deserves the main credit, though he was ably assisted by Mr. Morris Rothschild. It was a veritable variety show—Jap jugglers, wrestlers, there were a boxing bout, songs and dance art, ventriloquism, besides vocal music which Miss Kalisher and Mrs. Joseph Rothschild contributed. The latter rendered an amusing parody on "Sidewalks of New York," entitled "Tales You Hear on Battery Street," full, of course, of local allusions. Altogether it was a jolly show, though it does establish a standard the Concordia will find it hard th approach.

* * *

The past week has been signalized by one large tea and several smaller events, dances, dinners, etc. The tea given by Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels as an announcement of their return from Europe was quite a large affair, and was followed by a dinner to those who assisted in receiving. A small dance was given by Mrs. Samuel Bigelow to her daughter, Miss Romola Bigelow, one of the buds of next season. She is a tall, fully-developed girl, with a bright, merry face and attractive manners. The Bigelow house is a veritable treasure mine of articles de vertu, for during their travels abroad Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow collected the national costumes of the various European and Asiatic peoples. They also have rare pieces of statuary, curios, and beautiful China. Among the luncheons of the week, two large affairs were given by Mrs. L. L. Baker and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

* * *

AN INTERESTING matrimonial event was the wedding of Miss Henrietta Sullivan, which was quietly celebrated at the bride's home on Wednesday evening. It was a thoroughly informal affair, all the guests being intimate friends. The bride looked exceedingly handsome as she came in on the arm of her brother. Her gown was not the conventional ivory satin, but an exquisite shade of peach blossom pink, covered with mousseline de soie and cut décolleté. Her sister, Miss Georgia Sullivan, and Miss Lou Sheehy, wore pale blue satin dresses covered with chiffon, and Miss Ada Sheehy, little Misses Ashley, Turner, and Gladys Sullivan were daintily robed in pale pink. The ceremony did not differ in any essential from the conventional service, and was followed by the invariable congratulations, and then with dancing and music. The event of the evening was the supper; there was a plentitude of champagne, and the toasts by Judge Coffey, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Cheeseborough, Dr. Shiels, Father McCue and Mr. Vogelsang, were very clever and amusing. The bride's going-away frock was a pretty concoction of light drab cloth. I especially liked the manner in which the house was decorated; California wild flowers were bunched, banked and wreathed throughout—a pleasing innovation upon the everlasting lilies, roses and violets, which seem, because of their familiar and frequent use, to be indissolubly associated with the wedding ceremonial.

* * *

Mrs. Page Brown talks of accompanying her brother back to New York for the spring and summer, to the home of her father, Judge Pryor. This means that some one else will occupy the villa which has so long been identified with her husband, as she proposes renting it furnished, together with traps, horses, etc. I am told that the late architect's affairs have been satisfactorily settled, and that his widow is very comfortably provided for through the blessed ministrations of his insurance policies.

* * *

I hear that Dr. Clinton Catherwood has received a call to the French Hospital in New York. Dr. Catherwood has but recently graduated, and as the appointment is a valuable one and eagerly sought after, he deserves congratulations.

* * *

In these degenerate days when the almighty dollar takes the place of even sixteen quarterings, it is pleasant to find the Society of the Colonial Dames in so flourishing a condition. The ladies composing this august body have really pedigrees quite awesome in length. Mrs. Wright, the President, numbers among her ancestors one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and can carry back her family tree some five hundred years. Mrs. Moody is equally well connected, and traces her family away beyond the days when the first Dutch settlers formed a colony in New York State. Their last entertainment was a very smart affair given by Mrs. John Drury Tallant, a daughter of Mrs. Wright. The house was arranged in Colonial fashion, the guests being met by Mrs. Tallant's two boys, attired as pages in blue and black satin heavily ornamented with silver. During the afternoon Miss Eva Moody gave several selections from Schubert on her mandolin. She looked exceedingly pretty and was effectively gowned. There have recently been two new members admitted to the Society, Mrs. Hervey Darneal of Alameda and Mrs. Rodgers at present residing at Fort Schuyler.

* * *

Considerable interest is being expressed in musical circles over the concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra which is to be given on next Monday evening. It is the duty of every one to patronize this entertainment, as it is the initial benefit concert given by the Society which has now been in existence nearly six years. During that time the members have been most assiduous in their efforts to aid the various charities and have never asked aught for themselves. They are to be assisted by the members of the Philharmonic Society, and the program is decidedly interesting. Mr. Roncovieri has done some very good work, especially, with the brass and wind instruments which were vetoed by Scheel. Now all the instruments are pretty much on a par so the concert should prove a success.

* * *

Among coming events is an entertainment of the "Doctors' Daughters" at Mrs. Clark Crocker's residence on Sutter Street, on Thursday evening next. There are to be tableaux from Gibson and other artists, besides features of musical interest.

* * *

In spite of the enthusiasm over Paderewski, and the numberless theater parties given, there were no more successful affairs during the week than the luncheon given to Mrs. Abe Stern of New York, on Tuesday, by Mrs. Jack Stern and Mrs. Sam Heller, and the dinner of Miss Florence Lippit.

* * *

It is interesting to know that the tongues of the gossips, who predicted all sorts of disagreeable contingencies from the continued absence of Mr. Frank Miner in the East, are soon to be silenced, for Mr. and Mrs. Miner have taken rooms at the Colonial, where they anticipate residing for the present.

* * *

A number of swell gowns were seen at the first reception of Miss Jennie Schwabacher on Sunday last. Miss Schwabacher wore a gorgeous confection—a Parisian importation, I am told. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Block, Miss Sutro, Miss Slessinger, and Miss Minnie Schwabacher.

* * *

There is to be a tremendous rush to Sausalito this season. Can it be because of the excellent example which Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have set so early? Whether or no, there is a bustling demand for cottages; rents have risen sky-high, and the prospects are that the crowd will be almost as fashionable as that which seeks a Sunday at Burlingame. By the way, Gaston, whom every one knows as the relieving culinary institution of Sausalito, will reopen with the coming of spring.

* * *

NOW THAT the Saturday Fortnightly Cotillion Club has held its final meeting, it would, perhaps, be interesting to learn a few of the laws which governed the organization. It appears there was a committee on arrangements that alone had the power to issue invitations, and wo to the unhappy member of the club who dared invite any one without consulting this body. On several occasions girls brought escorts, and were severely criticised and frowned upon by the committee, who would gather in corners and discuss the presumption in question. A very amusing incident occurred in connection with the Dimond-Jarboe party some weeks ago. It appears the affair took place on the night when the Saturday Leap Year party was given, and various among the young men and maids announced their intention of going first to this entertainment, and if it broke up early enough, to finish the night at the club dance. "What! give up the club which has afforded you so much pleasure throughout the season, for a Living Picture show—preposterous!" said the committee. "But," objected the young people, "we have the club every fortnight, while an entertainment of this kind is given but once in a decade." And go they did. The committee debated long and loud on what they termed the contemptuous conduct of the offenders, and decided to punish them. On the eventful night, when the miscreants appeared, radiant with enthusiasm over the success of their entertainment, they were met with cold greetings. None of the young men were asked to dance, and the girls who had had the audacity to bring uninvited guests were given a most unpleasant time.

* * *

OAKLAND has been fluttering on the wings of pleasure during the past week. Events that might have been distributed throughout the season are being crowded in before the beginning of Lent. The most important of the social functions was the closing cotillion of the Deux Temps Club. It quite rivaled the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball in the breadth and beauty of its decorations, and the variety and glory of the dresses. In accordance with the desire of the Committee on Arrangements, most of the maidens appeared in combinations of pink and white, which lent much to the mise en scène. The decorations were in white bunting, which was draped in Colonial fashion, and caught here and there with pink roses. The cotillion, a Leap-year affair, was led by Miss Joliffe and Mr. Friend, and admirably managed. I have rarely seen Miss Joliffe looking so well, and her rather lily-like style was charmingly set off by the simplicity of her frock. The young people aver that it was by far the pleasantest dance ever given under the auspices of the Club. The girls sustained their parts readily, and a number of the more popular, who came as rovers, had a glorious time. Among these I noted Miss Mira Prather, Miss Glascock, and Miss Belle Mhoon, who have carried off the honors of belledom for two seasons. The dancing was continued until two o'clock.

* * *

Prior to the cotillion several ladies gave dinners to the young people who participated, among them Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Van Winkle, Mrs. Glascock, Mrs. Folger, and Mrs. Mhoon.

* * *

Few afternoon receptions have received the degree of congratulatory compliment as that of Mrs. Kittredge, which was given on Saturday last. The whole house was decorated in violets, which were banked on the mantelpieces and arranged in clusters round the rooms. One room was decked out in daffodils with superb effect. Mrs. Kittredge was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Coogan, Miss Barker, Miss Holt, Miss Whitney, and Mrs. Sterrett.

* * *

Of the minor events, one of the prettiest was the farewell luncheon given by Mrs. George Grayson to Mrs. Pennoyer. The guests were all the most intimate friends of Mrs. Pennoyer, and many were the expressions of regret over her anticipated departure. Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Spiers, Mrs. Ralston, and others, were invited. The table was daintily decked with dark California violets and maiden-hair fern.

* * *

Quite a pleasurable degree of enthusiasm is being displayed by the members of the Friday Fortnightly. They show the keenest appreciation for the delights of dancing, and the last few meetings have been very well attended. There is now no complaint that either boys or girls line the walls or fly to the dressing-rooms to smoke cigarettes, as was formerly their custom. The cotillions, too, are very much better managed than heretofore, and at the dance of last Friday evening both Miss Pauline Fore and Mr. Harry Chickering received encomiums on the originality of their figures and the successful fashion in which they were carried out. Among the prettiest girls I noted Miss May Bell, a tall, dark maiden who was sweetly gowned in white; Miss Quinen, a striking-looking girl in a smartly-cut blue frock, and Miss Lulu Holcomb, who looked very piquant in yellow. The final meeting of this club was held on February 14th, too late, however, for aught but a mention.

* * *

Teas continue to be the favorite pastime over in Oakland, and the ladies vie with one another in the variety of the innovations introduced. A very smart event was the four o'clock tea given by Mrs. Remi Chabot on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Chabot was assisted in receiving by Miss Josephine Chabot, Mrs. Moffit, Mrs. Ralston, Mrs. Knight, Miss Dunham and others. Mrs. Wheaton is giving a series of teas on Tuesday afternoons in honor of her niece, Miss Sterrett. They are informal affairs, but very jolly. A luncheon is to be given on Thursday by Mrs. Will Henshaw, for which a number of invitations have been issued. **THE GOSSIP.**

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well-known one of Duff Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff, Gordon & Co. Sherries.

Deutz & Geldermann's "Gold Lack" is, without doubt, the finest dry champagne imported. No connoisseur should fail to try it.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

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RIPPLES.

LEAVES FROM TOMMY'S COMPOSITION BOOK—APPAREL.

Teacher read us a short yarn on apparel to-day, and then requested us to write a composition from memory on what she had read, and if we couldn't remember anything about what she had read, to write an original composition on the same subject.

As my memory ain't very good, I'll have to write an original one on the subject, as the only thing that I can remember what she read was something about "the apparel oft, proclaims the man," which I don't see no sense in nohow.

Apparel is a great thing. Without apparel one fellow would be on the same bare footing as another fellow.

Apparel makes the dude, the laborer, the banker, the pauper, and everything else. Apparel makes more paupers than anything else among men, especially if they are married to women who love dress, which is apparel, and pa says all women, not excepting ma, that he ever knew, love dress. Men don't love dress, specially when their wives want one. They admire the dress on the other fellow's wife better than they do the dress on their own wife, unless they know that the dress their wife has didn't cost more than two bits a yard and was made by herself.

Men are funny about new clothes. When a man gets a new suit of clothes he springs it on the public gradually. First he wears the new vest. After he has worn the new vest for a couple of weeks, he adds the coat, and about a month later wears the pants. When he wears the new suit complete, he covers it all up with a long overcoat, which he wears for awhile, and then he takes off the long overcoat and wears the suit boldly.

Women are different from men. A woman no sooner gets a new dress home from the dressmaker's before she is on the street, and she comes pretty near staying there until every one has seen it, and then she wants another. Every one sees it inside of two days.

Apparel tells you which is the ballet-girl and which is the skirt-dancer.

If we were back to the anti-clothing dealer times, when Adam and Eve were first on the turf and were the only members of the four hundred of that day, there would be mighty few of us in it. The only way we would be able to tell the tramp from the banker would be to see which fellow had the most dirt on. The only way we would be able to tell the politician from the laboring man would be to look at their hands.

When you come to think of it, apparel is a mighty funny thing, and I think the time is not far off when we will, maybe not go back to the days of the fig-leaf, but be back almost to the days of the breech-clout; and I don't think we are far from that now, according to the ways the women undress when they go to what they call a full-dress party. It strikes me as being funny, that the less they put on the fuller dressed they are.

While apparel is making Solomon Levinsky wealthy, it is breaking Jones, Smith, and Robinson. This is history, and history is a repeater.

Without apparel we wouldn't be able to tell a policeman from an every-day citizen, unless we asked him some simple little question, like, where would we have to take the train for the State Capitol? If he were a politician, he would be able to tell you; but if he were a policeman, he wouldn't know. Instead of telling you what you asked for, he would send you to a saloon, where you might find out.

I don't see how people used to get along without apparel, for without apparel you would be without pockets, and where could a fellow carry his tops, and marbles, and strings, and nails, and—and—everything else? That's what I'd like to know.

SMOKING.

Smoking is a very nasty and expensive habit. The reason I don't smoke is not because it is a nasty habit.

A great many people smoke in this world, but I believe the majority smoke in the other.

Some people smoke tobacco, and some people smoke cigarettes. I used to smoke hams, but I gave that up some years ago. The only smoking that is done in my house is done by the stove and the lamps.

No one has yet been able to discover from what cigarettes are made. Some people claim they are made from old hair mattresses, while others claim they are made from the sweepings of a feather foundry. Anyhow, when a cigarette is lit it smells like *everything*.

I presume cigarettes were made for the purpose of enabling the public to distinguish the men from the Cholly-boys.

Some people claim that it's the pace that kills, but they don't know what they are talking about; it's the cigarettes.

The cigarette is a necessary evil. Without it, in these days of arbitration, we would have no means of disposing of our surplus undesirable population. The cigarette, therefore, takes the place of war, and the result is that many good men are spared to the world for the purpose of living useful lives, while the undesirable are spared the world by taking the cigarette route.

Five cents invested in a pack of cigarettes will give the purchaser in return, besides the cigarettes, several hundred scents.

The below carefully prepared analysis of a cigarette was obtained from a well-known analytical chemist. This analysis was gotten up by request at my own expense for distribution among the scholars of the public schools:

Paper	.05
Flour	.01
Aqua fortis	.03
Ammonia	.10
Arsenic	.20
Opium	.05
Coal	.10
Hair	.30
Lime	.10
Nicotine	.06

Tobacco, very slight trace.

Several packages of cigarettes were analyzed, but no two cigarettes analyzed alike, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the professor was able to strike an average. I might also add that the professor experienced as great difficulty in collecting his fee for the analysis, as he was compelled to strike me about 'steen times a day on an average, for two months, before I gave him any encouragement. I feel, however, that I have done something for humanity, and am satisfied.

ENJOYED HIMSELF.

Old Bill Worley, whose wife was known to be one of the neatest housekeepers within a radius of one hundred miles of the little town of Enigma, situated on the line of the O. & C. R. R., recently made a trip to the metropolis on a "kind of vacation trip," as he called it. On his return, he was asked by an acquaintance if he had an enjoyable time.

"Never had a better time in my life," answered Bill.

"Did you go to any of the theaters?"

"No."

"Went out to the park, of course?"

"No, didn't go to any park."

"Well, you visited some of your old friends, didn't you?"

"No, didn't visit any friends."

"Well what the Dickens did you do to enjoy yourself?"

"Sat in my room at the hotel, and spit tobacco juice on the carpet. First chance I've had to spit on a carpet for nigh onto thirty-seven years. I never enjoyed myself so much since being married. I'm going to make another trip just as soon as I can fix it with the old woman."

AS IN THE BEGINNING.

Railroad Manager—Here, Blobbs, this new time-table won't do at all!

Blobbs—I thought it very explicit, sir.

Manager—That's just what's the matter. The first thing you know the public will be able to understand a time-table as well as we. See if you can't complicate it a bit.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

Blossom (who has just answered a ring at the door)—Why, how are you, Doctor! Come ri—— oh, excuse me, Doctor, but is this a professional or a social call?

Doctor—Social, of course, my boy.

Blossom—Come right in, Doctor, come right in; Mrs. Blossom will be down in a few minutes.

THERE ARE TIMES.

First Boy—Do youse see any good in a feller going to Sunday-school?

Second Boy—Yer bet yer life I does—er long about Christmas.

HIS REASON.

First Tramp—Why not walk over the railroad track?

Second Tramp—Do yer think I want the farmers to take us for actors? Nix.

AN INSULT.

Waiter (to barnstorming Tragedian)—Will you have some eggs, sir?

Tragedian (in deep chest tones)—*Eggs! Eggs!* Out upon you, you low, groveling menial! I eat not eggs. I *hate* eggs.

THE FIRST TO GO.

School Principal (to visiting Director)—This school is full of numbskull teachers, sir, and there must be a change.

School Director—You are the principal, are you not?

School Principal—I am, sir.

TAKE 'EM IN.

"Does Mrs. Snooper take in boarders?"

"Take 'em in? Well, I should say so. You ought to see the food she sets out for the boys."

BRUNO.

A SAN FRANCISCO CYCLER AT THE EASTERN BICYCLE SHOWS.

BY GODFREY EDWARDS

Mountains, deserts, snow, more mountains, plains, wind—Chicago! That expresses very well the trip to the first of the 'cycle shows, held in Tattersall's, Chicago, from January 4th to 11th, inclusive. Chicago had a grand show, and had not New York held her exhibit would well have been proud of Tattersall's, but as it was, to New York must in all fairness be awarded the palm for the grandest and most largely attended exhibition of the silent steed ever held in the world.

Almost every bicycle made in this country, and several of foreign manufacture, were represented. The only one noticeably absent was the Victor. Every exhibitor did his best to outshine his neighbor in decoration. Electric lighting was largely resorted to, and furnished very striking signs. The largest and most expensively fitted booths were those of the Columbia, Rambler, Barnes, Stearns, Fowler, Spalding, and Syracuse. Wheels having a distinctive color had an advantage in decoration, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. The Syracuse, Stearns, and Barnes booths provoked much admiration, the Syracuse being entirely in red, the Stearns yellow, and the Barnes a snowy white, set off with an occasional dash of purple. Many of the exhibitors employed special "drawing cards," such as heavyweights, dwarfs, Indians, bloomer girls and Chinese.

Taking the 1896 standard machine all through, one notices about the following changes over last year: large tubing, running from one inch in diameter to one and a fourth inches; barrel hubs; improved adjustments throughout, especially the chain adjustments; choice of adjustable or fixed handle bars; detachable sprockets; improved pedals, slightly heavier than last year, and weights from twenty-one to twenty-five lbs. Treads are slightly narrower, and most of the standard makers have improved their method of attaching the cranks to the axle so as to avoid the use of troublesome crank pins. This is done in two ways: the Columbia style, which has a divided crank shaft, each crank forming half the axle, and the Barnes method, which uses one solid forging of tool steel for both cranks and axle. The latter method is extremely simple and practical, and has many imitators.

Many improvements are to be noticed in tandems. All the large factories show tandems, both diamond frame and combination. I saw one very pretty tandem with a double drop frame for two ladies, and one with the drop frame in the rear, which allows the lady to protect herself from the wind and is also safer in case of accident.

Pneumatic tires exhibited were slightly heavier than last year. Many forms of nonpuncturable tires were displayed—all of questionable merit. Among the clincher tires I was especially struck by the Liberty; it seems to be a modification of the Dunlap, having provision for easily tightening the wire that passes around the edge of the tire. The Morgan & Wright people had a large and splendidly furnished booth, containing just one of their already famous "Quick Repair" tires. The Vim Company had in operation a patent vulcanizer, showing how readily the largest cut could be permanently repaired in the hose pipe style of tire.

Among saddles the changes are many and good. The Mesinger saddle is undoubtedly one of the best in the market, being well shaped and provided with a recess, relieving the delicate structures at the pelvis from friction. The "Reform," the "Rogers," and several of the pneumatics, notably that shown by the Sager people, are all good and decided improvements over last year's patterns.

The best novelties of the show were the sextuplets. Two of these huge "six-seaters" were displayed. One was geared to 150 inches, weighed 135 pounds, and cost to make about $1000. The makers expect to run miles against time, dangerously close to one minute. The Fowler people are reported to have challenged the Empire State Express for a half mile flying start, against time. The Wolff-American house showed wheels fitted with rapid fire magazine guns for field service, also a bicycle device for laying military telegraph and telephone wires. Wooden bicycles were numerous, but strange to say, all weighed more than the steel ones.

Several improved electric lamps were shown, some within reasonable limit as to weight. One lantern especially attracted my attention. It burnt compressed gas which was stored in the tubing of the bicycle. I looked in vain for the much-vaunted Simpson chain. The only one I saw while East was at the Columbia factory, where, I understand, it has been tested and found wanting. We shall soon have an opportunity of watching the Simpson in competition with chains of regular make, as young Michael, the European crack who uses it, is matched in ten events in this country against Johnny Johnson, the "White Flyer."

The most wonderful thing about the cycle shows was the crowd that attended every day. The halls were packed continuously and the intense interest manifested by all classes bodes well for the bicycle dealers. Considering that there was no attraction whatsoever aside from the bicycles, an attendance of over 11,000 people daily is a most encouraging sign that the bicycle has fought its way against sentiment to the summit of popular favor, and is there to stay.

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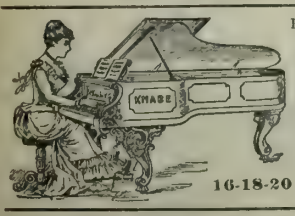

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BOOK TALK.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES—THE MANNING BIOGRAPHY SCANDAL.

The *Century* has certainly gained a prize in securing the publication of General Horace Porter's personal reminiscences of General Grant. General Porter, who shares honors with Chauncey Depew as the best after-dinner speaker in New York, was on General Grant's staff and was one of the first to discover his great ability. He had intelligence enough to keep track of the hero's conversations, and his note-book forms the foundation of the reminiscences upon which he has been engaged for a year past.

No one denies the value of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. It is one of the most interesting and most ably edited of the monthlies, and whosoever purchases it for ten cents has a right to feel himself richer at least by fifteen cents. But approval of its interior is not sufficient ground for admiring its latter-day covers, which are a detriment rather than an adornment. The blonde lady, whose coy profile is the feature of the February number, is doubtless very charming and worthy of admiration from a physical point of view, but she would be more in place in Mr. Bok's magazine than on that which Editor John Bresber Walker gives himself so much trouble to get out. By the way, protracted hard labor has undermined Mr. Walker's health, and in consequence he has appointed Editor Mitchell, of *Life*, to supervise the magazine while he recuperates in Florida. It seems, he is given to superintending every detail of his institution, press rooms, editorial rooms, and business office. This is rather more than the ordinary individual can carry and Mr. Walker is paying for it now.

The place of honor in the February *Atlantic* is given to Mr. Henry James, whose story, "Glasses," is a compendium of his greatest vices and dearest virtues. However strong the inclination to admire the medium, the opinion is forced upon one that the vices are rather gaining on the virtues. In "Glasses" there is that marvelous execution which leaves the ordinary craftsman in the attitude of a bungler. It is full of admirable passages, subtle, graphic, dextrous; one revels in the perfect phrasing much as one listens to Paderewski's playing. It is all so delicate, so admirable, so neat, so facile. And yet, after the little drama unrolls itself full length, and you realize the mysterious affliction of Flora Saunt, the unworthiness of Lord Iffield, the ugliness of Mrs. Meldrum, and the courtship of Geoffrey Dawling, "who falls in love as he might have broken his leg," one is forced to regret that a talent so inimitable should exercise itself upon a subject so trifling. For those who read politics, there is a well-considered article in this number on the pretensions of Speaker Reed to the Presidency, in which the point is made that Mr. Reed is little more than a successful politician, whose talent is that of a party leader, whose principles are those of a strong partisan, and whose abilities are the reverse of executive. The old contention that any respectable man who has made no party enemies is a fit candidate for President is combated, and it is pointed out that the President has always a more important part to play than mere party tests contemplate. The writer announces that the nomination of Mr. Reed by the Republicans would mean the notification of that party to the world of its intention to keep our politics in the old rut. The memories of Hawthorne are continued in this number, and make most interesting reading.

Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning* has created a terrible scandal among English Catholics. The biographer is accused of having told both too much and too little of the dead Cardinal's life, for out of the mass of correspondence, letters, and other material presented, Manning emerges a crafty diplomat with the exterior of an esthete and the principles of a Jesuit. E. S. Purcell, the author, was entrusted with all the dead Cardinal's papers by one of the executors, and has spent the years since in preparing the work. The result is that great church secrets are exposed; the relation between the Churches of England and Rome, and the negotiations between Manning and the Holy See are all set forth with embarrassing frankness. Cardinal Vaughan calls the book a scandal and almost a crime, the biographer is called a traitor, there is talk of lawsuits, and altogether the tumult over the book has not been equaled by any literary sensation since Froude's life of Carlisle. Purcell quotes Manning's fellow students at Oxford as stating that the dead prelate was self-conscious, even in his nightcap. He had a natural intolerance of a losing case, was narrow minded, loved power for its own sake, and was incapable of understanding the value of co-operation.

Most people who take the February *Century* will doubtless do as I did, turn first of all to the story of the development of Africa by Henry M. Stanley. The potent fact is brought home to the general reader that in 1870 Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone were the only two white men in equatorial Africa from the Zambezi to the Nile. To-day the Congo Free State, which has been in existence but ten years, covers 900,000 square miles, and has an ascertained population of between fourteen and fifteen millions, of which 1400 are white. Marion Crawford's article on Pope Leo XIII. is an admirable piece of literary and descriptive work. The industrious novelist is a great admirer of His Holiness, whom he describes as a great statesman and litterateur. These are but two among the notable articles in this number, which is the best the *Century* has issued in months.

The last issue of Macmillan's Novelist's Library is Mrs. W. K. Clifford's book of short stories entitled *The Last Touches*. I had the pleasure of reviewing the volume when it appeared in more expensive form. Some of the tales are very clever, and the rest are readable.

Max Pemberton's exciting story *The Sea Wolves* is the last issue of the Globe Library. There is a lot of cleverness in the construction of this book. The plot turns on the robbery of a gold shipment ordered from London to St. Petersburg, and it is really a fact that the possibilities developed by the author compelled London bankers to find a new method of transmitting their specie.

The last issue of the Windemere Series is Edgar Saltus's light-and-dark-shadow novel *Mary Magdalen*. Most of us have read this brilliant production which has a chariot race in it and various other literary features. Those who care for the garish but extremely clever style of Edgar Saltus may easily be persuaded to read it again.

The February *Harper's* takes one over a good deal of ground. One can see what is west of Baltimore with Stephen Bonsall, and Caspar Whitnet will take you "On Snow Shoes to the Barren Ground" 2600 miles after musk-oxen or wood-bison; later on you are privileged to accompany Henry Loomis Nelson to Alaska, where the fur seal lives. Mr. Nelson, by the way, believes that all sealing ought to be stopped for at least three years and after that the season should be extended; but under the Paris Award this condition appears impossible. Poultney Bigelow is familiarly instructive on the subject of the German struggle for liberty. Theodore Roosevelt, in his vigorous style, tells the story of St. Clair's defeat, which describes the ill-starred expedition against the Miami Indians undertaken during Washington's first administration by General St. Clair.

The *Pocket Magazine* which is the Frederick A. Stokes Company's monthly, for every prominent publishing firm must have a monthly nowadays, contains lots of readable matter and presents on its front cover some very prominent names for ten cents. Among them I find Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Eugene Field, and S. R. Crockett. I might suggest, though, to the F. A. Stokes Company that "How the Brigadeer Played for a Kingdom" was published in the Christmas number of the New York *World* and a week later by the *Examiner;* so the tale, which is a good one in its way, comes to us without the prestige of novelty. The little story by Eugene Field "Peace Hath its Victories," is a bit disappointing, for it begins most promisingly and concludes without due performance.

It seems that Anthony Hope is highly indignant over the publication of the *Frivolous Cupid* stories, which he says he knows nothing whatever about. It was an unpretending little volume, and contained three or four tales that, if he was not guilty of, there is no necessity of pleading guilty to, inasmuch as the real author may come forward with no discredit to himself. Anthony insinuated, it seems, that they are earlier essays and, through *The Bookman*, announces that he is in the habit of subjecting his initiatory attempts at literature to severe censorship.

The spring publication announcement of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. includes *The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, by J. T. Morse, Jr., a book about Joan of Arc, Vol. 4th of Herbert Tuttle's *History of Prussia*, Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan*, novels by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *Pirate Gold*, by S. G. Stimson, which has been appearing in the *Atlantic*, a new addition of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Pink and White Tyranny*, biographies of Bayard Taylor, W. H. Seward in the Men of Letters and American Statesmen series, together with some important religious and philosophical books. The house also offers the notable edition of Robert Burns which W. E. Henley is editing, besides a new book on Japan, by Lafcadio Hearn. There are many others besides these which individuals of literary inclination can look forward to with interest.

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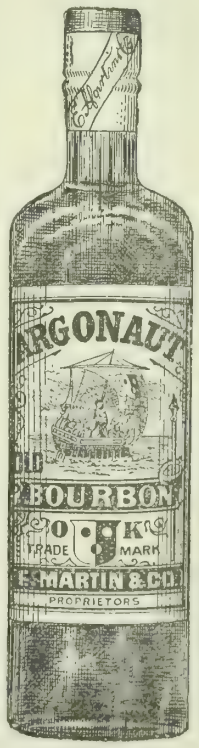

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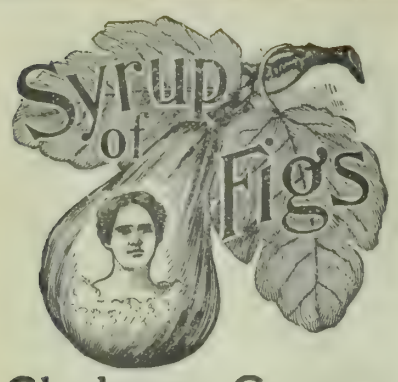

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FANCY COSTUMES.

King Carnival is here and the principal topic among the female portion of the community is what to wear at the Bal Masque on Tuesday night. One very desirable point in fancy dress is to have the gown made so nearly up to date that it can easily be converted into a fashionable evening dress. The "Rainbow" gown is a good example of this and very effective. The under dress is of shot sky blue and white silk, and the over dress of white accordion-plaited chiffon with seven rows of half inch satin ribbon in rainbow colors of red, pale green, orange, lemon, moss green, blue, and violet around the bottom, with a quarter of an inch space between the rows. The bodice is veiled in chiffon and trimmed with summer flowers, roses, Jessamine, and forget-me-nots, trails of which fall on the skirt and catch up the transparent sleeves of chiffon. The whole dress is lightly spangled with crystals to represent raindrops and a few loose strands fall from the waist, sleeves and blue and white silk parasol. The spray of flowers in the hair glistens with crystals, and the shoes and stockings are of sky blue.

Russian costumes are extremely effective as they supply so many ways of using the fur trimming now so fashionable. A Russian Countess skating dress is of pale blue velvet trimmed with swansdown or any other white fur. It is ankle length—the underskirt is long and full, the overdress being caught up on one side showing the fur trimmed skirt. The bodice is made in military fashion trimmed with silver braid and edged with swansdown, while long angel sleeves fall to the bottom of the skirt and are edged with fur and lined with white silk. High strapped boots reaching to the knee and white stockings are worn with this costume. The hair is dressed high and a flat toque of blue velvet embroidered in silver and edged with fur is perched jauntily on top.

The costume of the "Witch" is very fascinating on a tall, slender girl. It is of flame-colored tulle and black velvet. The skirt and under bodice are of tulle. Lizards and rats are embroidered all over the skirt, in tints true to life. A black velvet bodice laces with a gold cord. A black cat perched on the left shoulder adds the necessary grotesque touch. A gay witch's hat, flame silk stockings, and satin shoes complete the costume.

"Lady Teazle" is a very gorgeous costume. The dress is of violet velvet with baby waist and full Watteau plait. A deep ruffle of lace about the neck, and frills finishing off the tight sleeves, give the medieval effect. A wig of short golden curls is worn with this, and, if desired, canton flannel may be substituted for the velvet.

A very striking costume is "Helen of Troy." A Grecian drapery is caught at the shoulders and bordered in Greek patterns outlined in silver. White challie may be used effectively, as it is soft and lends itself readily for draping.

"Incroyable" has the advantage of novelty and is very easily arranged. For this a striped skirt, quite plain, and a deep red or green coat and brocaded silk vest are needed. The lace cravat should be full and large. The felt hat must be bent in triangular shape and decorated with short tips. A tall cane is carried, together with tortoise shell lorgnettes, which may be freely used to sustain the character.

The jewelled capes worn by Catherine de Medici and Anne d'Alençon are especially becoming to young girls, and as the modern evening costume needs only this addition it makes the dress very unexpensive. Many Parisian women just adopt fanciful headdress, and the more peculiar the effect the more desirable. The high steeple hat worn by the Normandy women being one of the very popular. A gown which represents the "Morning Glory" flower has a green underskirt decorated round the edges with sprays of the flower. The gored underskirt of white satin is lined with stiff muslin and striped with bands of shaded red velvet. The waist is of satin, trimmed with flowers and the hat is shaped as nearly like the flower as is possible.

The peasant girl is always a convenient and inexpensive character to copy, for the dress is effective and becoming to nearly every one. The Swiss dress has an underskirt of red wool and an over dress of black velveteen. The tight fitting waist is cut square over a chemisette, and sleeves of soft white silk or lawn. The neck band is of black velvet as is the cap which has glacè wings and silver buckles on either side.

Then there is the "New Woman," a rather manish-looking costume, with long ulster and derby hat. In the hand is carried a text book, either of law or medicine. Another modern character is the "Bloomer Girl," and, of course, "Trilby." I fancy the favorite costume for this will be the military one which she wears during the first act; but a soft white party dress of clinging material may be worn with pleasing effect. A cluster of long-stemmed lilies carried in the hand gives the necessary cachet.

There are some positive rules that should never be disregarded while wearing fancy costume. For a classical gown the hair should always be dressed in a low Clytie coil and filets of gold or silver bound about the head. An Italian girl should wear two long plaits tied with bright ribbon. "Marguerite," "Undine," "Snow," and "Ice" should have their hair loose and carefully powdered.

A pretty fancy for a neck finish is a frill of silk finely plaited, standing up at the back and sides from a plain velvet collar band. This frill ends just in front of the ears, leaving the front entirely free, and may be of almost any color that is becoming. If you are young and have a pretty throat, it is well to cut your waists a little décolleté, and large fichus of chiffon or lace are a complete and dainty trimming. They may be easily put on and taken off, and make a gown serve two purposes, as it can be made plain underneath.

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$7 PER TON DELIVERED

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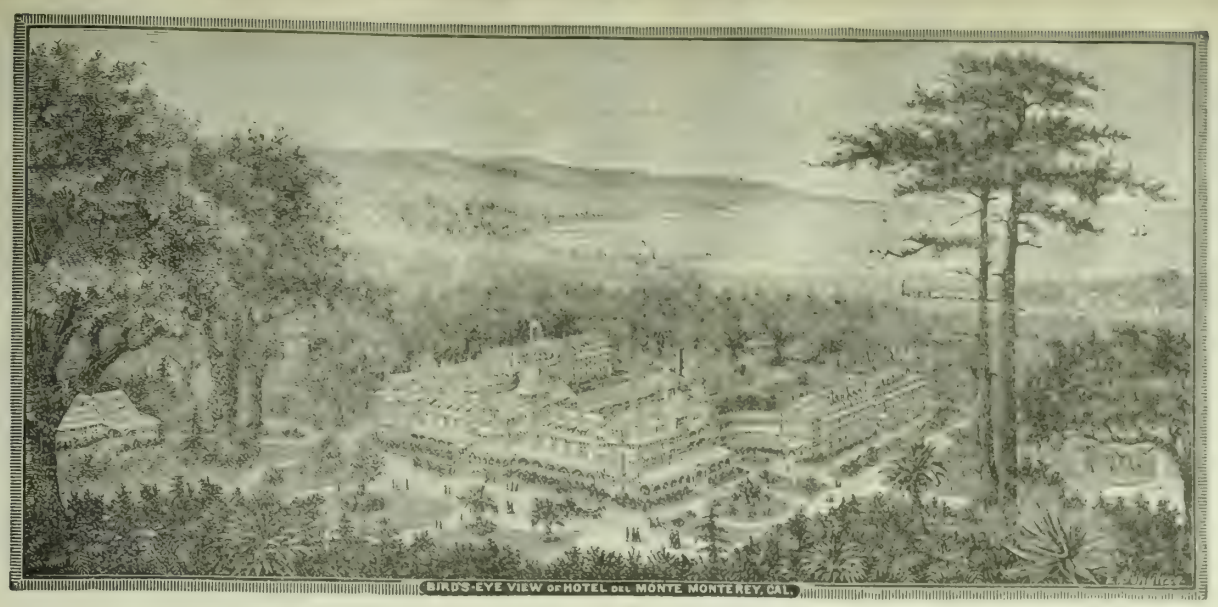

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America's Famous Summer and Winter Resort

The Most Elegant Seaside Establishment in the World

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers"

G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

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Will take Visitors DIRECT to the

2 FAMOUS FESTIVALS 2
..OF THE SOUTH..

No loss of time! No extra expense!
—All the Comforts of Home en Route!—

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Begins FEBRUARY 19, and for four days that interesting frontier city will

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There will be Indian and Cowboy Sports, all kinds of Games, Tournaments, Races, Music, Pageants, Parades, and unrivaled

Wild West Exhibitions.

Phœnix distances the world in last-named feature.

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Leaving SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 15th
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OF NEW ORLEANS
Takes Place FEBRUARY 17th, 18th, 19th.

The unique and intensely fun-making character of this time-honored festival is too well known to need other mention than the bare announcement of dates.

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(FREMANTLE) AUSTRALIA

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First-Class.....$220
Steerage.....110
Lowest rates to CAPE TOWN

S.S. "Australia," **Honolulu** only, Saturday, February 15, 1896, at 10 A. M.

S.S. "Monowai," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, March 5, 1896, at 2 p. m.

Special Parties—Reduced special rates for parties, Feb. 15th and March 10th, 1896.

Ticket Office—**114 Montgomery St.**
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For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 19, and every fifth day thereafter.

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GENERAL AGENTS,
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Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

THE WAVE CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1896

By special arrangement with the Publishers, THE WAVE is prepared to offer the following list

SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE

THE WAVE and	CENTURY	$6 00
" "	ARENA	5 00
" "	LITTELL'S LIVING AGE	7 75
" "	ART AMATEUR	5 75
" "	LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE	4 50
" "	MUNSEY'S	3 50
" "	ATLANTIC MONTHLY	5 75
" "	YOUTH'S COMPANION	3 75
" "	NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE	5 00
" "	HARPER'S MAGAZINE	5 50
" "	HARPER'S WEEKLY	5 70
" "	HARPER'S BAZAAR	5 70
" "	HARPER'S ROUND TABLE	4 00
" "	SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE	5 00
" "	REVIEW OF REVIEWS	4 50
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" "	OVERLAND	4 75
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" "	FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE	4 90
" "	PUCK	6 50
" "	JUDGE	6 50
" "	LIFE	7 00
" "	LIFE'S COMEDY	3 50
" "	LESLIE'S WEEKLY	5 70
" "	DEMOREST MAGAZINE	4 00
" "	SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN	5 00
" "	SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN SUPPLEMT	6 50
" "	N. Y. DAILY SUN	8 00
" "	" SUNDAY "	4 50
" "	CASSELL MAGAZINE	3 75
" "	ARGOSY	3 50
" "	PUBLIC OPINION	4 50
" "	SUNDAY WORLD	4 75
" "	CRITIC	5 5
" "	FORUM	5 00
" "	NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW	6 50
" "	TABLE TALK	3 25
" "	NINETEENTH CENTURY	6 25
" "	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	6 25
" "	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	6 25
" "	BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE	6 25
" "	TRUTH	6 25
" "	DELINEATOR	3 50
" "	VOGUE	5 50
" "	TOWN TOPICS	7 50
" "	DAILY JOURNAL	5 00
" "	SUNDAY JOURNAL	3 75
" "	ILLUS. AMERICAN	5 75

TALES OF THE DAY

Said a New York railroad president in discussing the attitude, or want of attitude, of the several Republican Presidential candidates on the financial question: "Oh, Allison is all right, but he can't change the mental habits and political methods of his life. Why, Allison could walk on piano keys from New York to Omaha and never sound a note."

Mr. Chamberlain, the British statesman, once remarked to a member of the House of Commons, who was notoriously lazy and vacillating: "My dear boy, observe the postage stamp; its usefulness and value depend upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."

Of the recent water famine in Johannesburg many weird stories are told. A lady who has just returned from the Rand tells of an experience in a leading Johannesburg hotel. She happened one day to see two cans of water standing outside a bathroom door, and the temptation to take a bath was too strong to be resisted. While enjoying the luxury so long denied her, the lady was startled by a clamor at the door, and a voice which implored her, in broken English, not to pull up the plug. "Do not use too mooch zoap, madame; I vant ze vater for ze gonsomme!" Our informant did not dine at table d'hôte that evening.

An English nobleman had imported two emus with the hope of breeding from them, and, as he was to be away from his estate, gave orders that the greatest care should be taken of the lady emu, if she produced the desired egg or eggs. The egg was laid, but the lady declined to "sit." The steward was a man of resource. He wrote his master: "The emu has laid an egg, but she would not sit on it: I did what I thought was best, and, in your Lordship's absence, I have placed the egg under the biggest goose on the estate."

The Emperor of Germany has a neat turn at compliment. He went to the performance of a Danish violinist, Mademoiselle Friêda Scatta, and when she was presented to him after the recital, he said, in her own language: "Mademoiselle, you play the violin very well. With my eyes shut, I should suppose I was listening to the great Sarasate; but I prefer to keep them open."

A wag on Wall Street on the day of the President's message anent the Venezuelan question, presented a cable to the President of the Board of Trade purporting to have come from the President of the London Exchange. It ran thus: "In case of war, if England's fleet comes to America, what guarantee can you give that we shall not be disturbed by American excursion boats?" Dunraven will never hear the end of his fuss about the excursion boats."

Apropos of the Vanderbilt-Belmont nuptials, some one asked Mrs. Vanderbilt why she wished to marry Mr. Belmont, when she was so independent with two hundred thousand dollars a year and no one to consider but herself. "Ah," she replied, "I wish to be superior to the Vanderbilts. Mrs. Belmont led New York society long before a Vanderbilt was heard of, and I shall be Mrs. Belmont."

The late George Augustus Sala once arrived at Victoria Station with very little luggage, and, hailing a cab, ordered the driver to take him to the Buckingham Palace Hotel. The Jehu, thinking he had an unsuspecting foreigner to deal with, drove all round the town, and, after a journey of eleven miles, arrived at the destination. "Silly ass," was Sala's only comment as he handed the man the shilling which was rightfully his due.

The Queen of Denmark is a very sensible woman. It reached her ears that one of her grandchildren had spoken slightingly of a poor officer about the court. The next day the queen took the child for a walk in that part of Copenhagen where rank and fashion are unknown, and, pointing up to a humble-looking house, "The King lodged there once," she said, "when he hadn't as many kroners in a year as my grandchildren have now for pocket-money. He was a poor officer in the late King's service, much poorer than Colonel ———; he always thinks of that when the people cry, 'Long live the King!' It is not a bad thing for a prince to be poor."

An amusing anecdote is told of Bismarck and his physician, Doctor Schweninger. Doctor Schweninger recognized at once the strong temperament with which he had to deal, and resolved to assume the whip-hand at the very outset Three days after his advent the Chancellor fell ill, and the Doctor forbade his eating a certain dish of which he was very fond. Bismarck rebelled, and ordered the dish; he was just in the act of eating it, when Doctor Schweninger came into the room. The Doctor looked at the Chancellor, took the dish forcibly from his hands, and, without saying a word, quietly threw its contents out of the window. Bismarck found he had met his match, and was ever afterwards the most docile of patients.

FREE EDUCATION AND PROFESSIONAL TRAINING

"THE WAVE'S" LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

This is the age of Education. To accomplish aught in business, in the professions, in the arts or in science, training is necessary. In every line of endeavor there is much that the beginner must learn. Would he be a miner, it is better that he know engineering, and it is essential that he study geology, chemistry assaying. Would a woman become an actress or a musician or an artist—no matter what the degree of her talent and perseverance, it is necessary first that she study and work in some recognized institution. The finest voice, the highest genius, is but the diamond in the rough. To give out its inherent light and brilliancy, it must be cut and polished by skilled workmen. But education costs money; not to every one is it given to enjoy the means by which training may be had. To become a doctor or a lawyer requires years of study, costs for fees and books and instructions. To become a surveyor or an assayer requires less time, but is yet a costly course. To become an actress, an elocutionist, a musician, necessitates study under the best masters.

ALL THIS THE WAVE WILL AFFORD IN RETURN FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ANNUALLY AND SEMI-ANNUALLY, OR QUARTERLY.

The proprietors of THE WAVE have made arrangements with the most prominent schools and colleges throughout the State, and are now prepared to offer scholarships and courses in the leading educational institutions free of charge, for all who will obtain subscribers to this popular weekly.

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A single year's course at the University of California, or at the Leland Stanford Junior University, for 185 annual subscribers. This offer includes room and board, and all other necessary expenses attached to the course. For 750 subscribers we offer a four years' course.

MEDICAL COURSES.

One year at the Cooper Medical College will be given for 125 subscribers. This includes books and incidental expenses attached to the course.

A single term at the Medical Department of the University of California for 100 subscribers.

For 500 annual subscribers we offer the full four years' course at the Cooper Medical College. This offer includes all incidental costs and fees, except board and lodging.

We offer the four years' course at the Medical Department of the University of California, for 400 subscribers.

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The course at Hastings Law College for 250 annual subscribers. This includes books and other expenses attached to the College, for a period of three years, and the privilege of studying in a first-class law office.

A three years' course at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art for 250 annual subscribers. A year's course for 85 subscribers.

A course in any department of Van der Nailen's School of Electricity and Engineering (except Department of Assaying) will be given for 125 annual subscribers. A course in the Department of Assaying for 20 annual subscribers.

A six months' course in either the Business Department, or the Department of Stenography and Typewriting of Heald's Business College, for 50 annual subscribers.

A nine months' course in the Columbia School of Dramatic Art for 75 annual subscribers.

A three months' course at the Meisterschaft School of Languages for 40 annual subscribers.

The course at the California School of Elocution and Oratory for 35 annual subscribers.

Tuition in music, vocal or instrumental, from Francis Stuart, S. G. Fleishmann, J. H. Dohrmann, Sigmund Beel, Nathan Landsberger, Lesley Martin, or H. J. Stewart. A course of twenty lessons from any of these gentlemen for fifty annual subscribers. For 100 annual subscribers a course of twenty lessons each in piano, singing, harmony, or any other branch of music.

To Avoid

Constipation is to prolong life. Ripans Tabules are gentle, yet positive in their cure of constipation. One Tabule gives relief.

Ripans Tabules: Sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

Ask your Blacksmith to shoe your horse with
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GIVE THEM A TRIAL

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Agent and Importer of Foreign Wines
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Kidney and Liver Trouble
At All Drug Stores 25c per Bottle.

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AWARDED
THREE
HIGHEST AWARDS
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OF SIX MEDALS
AWARDED TO CALIFORNIA
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WETMORE-BOWEN CO.
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Under Occidental Hotel

UP-TO-DATE
TAILORING
AT MODERATE PRICES
J. H. HAWES
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COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company Pacific Coast
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For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

ABRAMSON-HEUNISCH CO. (Incorporated)
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
Brewers' and Bottlers' Supplies, Corks, Druggists' Glassware, Etc.
26-28 Main St. San Francisco

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

There is something sweetly and deliciously naive in the magnanimity of President Dole in pardoning Liliuokalani, and granting her the freedom of one of the islands over which she once ruled as queen and mistress. By right of birth, by right of inheritance, by the laws of her land, and by the recognition of all the nations of the world, this poor, partially pardoned woman was but a few years ago the lawful and accepted ruler of the Sandwich Islands. Her predecessors in office, from whom she deraigns her title to the throne, were hospitable people, who gladly and with open arms welcomed within the borders of their island Kingdom the merchants and missionaries of foreign states. They permitted the traders to come and to go untrammeled. They encouraged modern civilization, and invited settlement in their midst of the adventurous from other, stranger lands. They were a progressive, confiding, hospitable people. One bright morning, these guests of the nation, these civilized intruders, who were there by the kindly sufferance of the sovereign, conceived the idea that the Government was inadequate and unsatisfactory. Thereupon, the ungrateful guests banded themselves together, dragged the astonished Queen from off the ancient throne, and assumed the reins of government themselves. With an indignation most natural, the deposed sovereign resisted this encroachment upon her rights, and struggled for the restoration of that which was hers by every rule of justice; struggled to maintain in their integrity the things which had been recognized as hers for generations. The clever guests, however, now acting as the rulers of this newly hatched government, framed strange sets of laws wherein it was declared that should this sovereign and deposed Queen seek to assert those prerogatives, or to secure their restoration, the act should constitute a criminal offense. As these novel statutes did not deter the lady from attempting to assert her prerogatives, she was promptly jailed like any common felon. And now, after having served a long and painful sentence, and being in a properly subjective frame of mind, Mr. Dole, one of her former guests, now ruler of the island over which her forefathers long ruled, pardons her upon condition that she does not quit the Island of Oahu. Outside of comic operas, the parallel to this proceeding would be hard to find.

THE PATRIOTIC PRESS.

Had Satan, in a mood most happy and inventive, set out to conjure up a something which would at once destroy the morals and jar heavily upon the well-being of humanity, no happier design could have left the laboratory of his fertile brain than the modern press, of which the *Examiner* stands typical. Enquire among men of intelligence, and you will ascertain, with them, its influence is practically no greater than that of any other lying, bullying swaggerer upon the streets. But there is a class of people—a class probably only reached by it; a class among which it is difficult to correct error; a class upon which the weight of accumulated falsehoods has made deep and lasting impression—which probably believes in the integrity and patriotism of its purpose. Such people, though ignorant and ill-advised, though misled and deceived, are, under our beneficent laws, entitled to a vote having as much weight as that of the most intelligent citizen of the community, and therein lies the danger of such journalism to vested property rights. If one could only elicit an honest discussion from such a paper, much might be done to correct the misinformation that it spreads; but it will not discuss; it simply abuses. Charge it with lying, and it is silent. Prove its statements to be falsehoods, and it smiles with superior wisdom and lies again. Its love of a truth is measured by the affinity the nickel may have for that particular truth. Its patriotism is of the style that offends the least numbers. Its principles are those enunciated by the loudest lungs; and Reason appeals purposelessly to its judgment, unless Reason may likewise show a throng of noisy, subscribing followers. It blacklists those who do not agree with its illogical conclusions, and, unless the disagreeing citizen advertises in its columns, pelts him with abusive epithets for daring to think without its permission. The reader who swears by its integrity to-day, may to-morrow have his reputation torn to shreds and tatters by it. Generally speaking, these wrong doings and departures from truth are destructive only to personal rights and personal interests, but it has been found that statements, intended purely as personal attacks, often result in distinct detriment to public welfare. Probably every San Franciscan will remember the great "scoop" accomplished by the *Examiner*, when it smuggled aboard one of our home-built cruisers a reporter in the shape of a stoker. Its enterprise was the theme of conversation in the clubrooms and upon the streets. Probably every one will remember that the sensational report, which appeared a few days later, concerning the trial trip of that vessel, was condemnatory of the handiwork of our great local ship-building works. The articles pointed out, with much attention to detail, numberless defects which absolutely had no existence outside of the brain of their author. The every-day citizen was inclined to applaud an act so public-spirited, and thanked God that there was one journal in San Francisco which was determined that the Government should not be imposed upon. But the statements turned out to be false; simply bare, sensational lies. When the falsity was exposed, the citizen naturally imagined that the mischief of the lie ended. This was a long way from the truth, however, for it has been developed that every item published by the press of America reflecting upon the construction of American ships, or recounting accidents or misfortunes happening to them, has been cut out, and they have been collated and forwarded to the Marine Department of Japan by the agents of British ship-builders; and these disproved statements of American journals have been strongly urged upon that Government as arguments against contracting for ships of American build. A gentleman in Japan interested himself personally in this matter, and was shown these very slips, many of them from our local dailies. Prominent among the clippings was the infernal statement that the "Olympia" was top-heavy. Another statement ran to the effect that the "Monterey," when making her famous cruise from Valparaiso to San Diego, had developed a weakness of construction in connection with her boilers, which would necessitate entirely replacing them. This statement was absolutely false, and nothing of the kind has ever been found necessary by the Navy Department. The truth is, that on that cruise the "Monterey" achieved a speed and made a record, the parallel to which is not to be found in the record of any trip of any monitor built here or anywhere else. It was an achievement over which the press of America should have glorified. Another statement carefully preserved by the Japanese Government, runs to the effect that the "Texas," when docked, showed that her bottom was injured. Of course, it was a hand inimical to American interests that forwarded these documents to Japan, and it was a press thoughtless to those interests that originally published them. The breaking of the piston on the "Charlestown," after ten years of pretty active service, was also heralded to the marine Bureau by way of clippings from the American press. The persistent statements, in regard to imperfect armor-plates, were used as reasons why Japan should secure armor elsewhere than America. These charges running to defects in armor-plates have never been verified, and no armor has ever been removed from the ship on which it was first placed. The officials who certified to defects in armor are the very same officials who passed upon, and are now using, the very things in which defects were claimed. Perhaps these things may strike the everyday reader as being harmless; but when you consider that Japan is now in the market prepared to offer contracts for the construction of new cruisers and men-of-war; when you consider that a local journal, which should be interested in fostering and encouraging local enterprise, rather than tearing it down, freely gives voice to statements derogatory to the ability of local concerns to construct men-of-war; when you consider that none of these unproved statements are in fact the truth; when you consider that the English ship-builder has deemed these attacks of sufficient importance to be forwarded to the Japanese Government; when you consider that the Marine Bureau of Japan gives full weight to these lying statements, assumes their correctness, and places the burden of elaborate disproof upon the unlucky ship-builder—it must be apparent to any one with a perception extending beyond the tip of his nose that such lies do not die; that they are expensive to the community, and are likely to divert millions of dollars that otherwise would have been expended among us. Competition between nations for the building of ships is sharp. To secure contracts for such work is not only a matter of monetary importance, but it should be a matter of national pride as well. It is from this point of view that other peoples and other nations regard it. Patriotic Japan cannot realize that home papers would untruthfully decry home products; and anything pub-

lished in such papers, whatever the motive, however unreliable, is used by our competitors in advancing their own and destroying our material interests. Probably these senseless and inexcusable attacks have cost this city millions of dollars, and have resulted in the enforced idleness of thousands of men, who would have been employed in the construction of vessels of war.

Another statement of the same character and effect was that in regard to the Postoffice site, wherein this tinselled, twaddling "monarch" of a herd of hungry ruffians charged that the location selected for the Postoffice in San Francisco was in truth a swamp and morass, and that hidden beneath its fair surface were quicksands of unsounded depth, wherein any structure placed by the Government would practically sink out of sight. Doubtless many citizens still believe the truth of these reports, notwithstanding the fact that the Government has bored holes and tested the plot of ground in every quarter and in so doing failed to find a trace of marsh or quicksand or bog or morass. Among the unsuspecting, it is naturally presumed that the press was merely mistaken; that it labored in good faith, and for the benefit and welfare of the community; that the pictures of bogs and bridges and flowing streams with muddy banks, which were portrayed in the daily papers, and which were mere figments of the reportorial brain, were merely but mistakes in judgment. They were something more than that. They were deliberate falsehoods. There is another side to this question, and this is it: A real estate dealer, having another site for sale, offered to divide with the daily press of San Francisco the sum of fifty thousand dollars if it could but accomplish the defeat of the rival site and the sale of his own. Within twenty-four hours after this proposition was made and accepted, the press of San Francisco found bogs and bridges and morasses and quicksands where bogs and bridges and morasses and quicksands had never been before. And so, instead of seeking to advance the welfare of the public and to wisely guide the Federal Government in its selection, the daily press was simply endeavoring to earn fifty thousand dollars. Such a scandal did they raise that the Government delayed making further expenditures in that behalf, appropriations were indefinitely postponed, and the million or more of money that would have been expended among our people lies locked in the treasury vaults at Washington.

The press and the courts have received considerable attention at our hands. That anomalous publication, *The American Law Review*, has been heretofore rather inclined to pat the lay press on the back for interfering with the orderly method of judicial procedure. From time to time, the *Examiner* has reprinted from its pages the words of the very wise old man who edits that journal, but we venture it will not reprint the following, which is taken from an article treating upon the Durrant case which appeared in the last number of the *Law Review*, and which concisely and thoroughly reviews the attitude of the press of San Francisco during the trial of that case. We commend its reading to the friends of sensational journalism:

The same unpleasant necessity for guarding the administration of justice against what is so weakly and inadequately termed "contempt of court" was also illustrated by two incidents involving questions of newspaper ethics. First, at the outset of the trial, and while the jury was being impaneled, the defense asked for an order in contempt restraining the local journals from attacking the character of jurors and witnesses. The order was refused, partly because of the delay necessary to adjudicate a merely incidental matter, partly because the adjudication might result in giving a bias beforehand to the proceedings, and partly because (as the Court thought) a hint to the editorial sense of propriety would be sufficient. Whether the particular offense charged by the defense was repeated does not appear. But, certainly, the newspapers did not cease to do that which would seem to present itself to the ordinary intelligence as grossly unfair, and beyond the limits which even the mercenary sense allows itself. The issue being mainly one of alibi, each additional witness was of consequence, and a new one might naturally appear at any time; and the newspapers amused themselves and excited the community by bringing out, from time to time, supposed new witnesses, who saw this, that, or the other, and who would testify to it; while on the next day it appeared that this person did not after all see this, that, or the other, and could not testify to it, and on the day afterwards the character of this person was exploited and the chances of his testimony discussed, until a new sensation was invented. In a similar way, the genuine witnesses, who afterwards took the stand, were badgered by reporters so assiduously that their full testimony was often published beforehand in a shape which differed materially from what they afterwards said on the stand. One consequence of all this was that a good deal of the cross-examination consisted in confronting the witnesses with the reporters' fictions of what these persons had said, and a good deal of the re-examination was taken up with denials of the various fictitious sayings attributed to them by reporters. Another, and more serious consequence, was that the public mind was kept in a constant state of morbid excitement over these sensational promises and prognostications. So far as the leading newspapers were able to effect it, the attitude of the community during the trial was of the sort usually found on the turf or in the stock exchange, and was far removed from the serious, unprejudiced, responsible state of mind which ought to, and would normally, prevail in considering such a trial.

If the great newspapers are to throw aside all sense of responsibility and propriety at such times, the law must come to our aid. If there is one point at which it is easiest and most important for the community to take steps to check the degradation of justice, it is in assuming the control of the newspapers. The good old traditions of journalistic decency still obtain in England, where editorial good sense, and if not that, the courts, avail to check such deplorable methods. But the time has come here when the Legislature must restrain in some way two practises, which are forbidden in the commonest principles of fair play:

1. Editorial comment during a trial on the issues of fact or of law.

2. Reports during a trial about any witness or juror, or about any witness's story, except by way of a report of the proceedings in court.

The Bar Association could not employ itself to better advantage than drafting a law upon these lines and presenting it to the next Legislature. To the proposed law might be added a section making it compulsory for the publisher to print the signature of the author to all criticisms and attacks upon courts and the judiciary.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MRS. SHATTUCK.

Mrs. Shattuck, now at liberty by grace of twelve duly qualified and highly unfit jurymen, is, viewed in her ordinary aspect, a woman of most commonplace type. Thrust into passing prominence as the living exponent of a system grievously and dangerously wrong, she becomes interesting. Possibly, she feels grateful that the chill walls of San Quentin are no longer her home, but she seems to have no regret that her hands are bloodstained. To her dull intelligence the verdict of the jury setting her free may have seemed the wiping out of the stain. The treatment of this woman has been a travesty. According to the statutes, as interpreted for the other sex, she should have been hanged. Judgment, tempered with mercy, would have sent her to prison for life. Mercy, untempered by judgment, has turned her loose, with tacit liberty to slay at will.

The case is familiar. Mrs. Shattuck, with the utmost deliberation, killed an unarmed, defenseless, and unsuspecting man, whose presence in her house was at her own solicitation. Living with Mrs. Shattuck was her daughter, a girl of some beauty and no brains, singer in a chorus, and striking figure in an Amazon march. Naturally enough, the girl had admirers. Among these was Harry Poole, a young man of neutral quality; neither very good nor very bad. At the time of the murder, he was the girl's favorite attendant. What the relations of this pair had been, matters nothing, as whatever they were, it is certain that Mrs. Shattuck was fully cognizant of them; yet she made no protest—at least, none strong enough to lead Poole to think himself an unwelcome guest in the household, where he was accepted, virtually, as a member of the family. Poole had, prospectively, a considerable estate. From a material standpoint, he was a desirable "catch" for the Shattucks. Possibly, his attentions seemed to wane in fervor.

One Sunday a note was sent to Poole—a note dictated by the mother and written by the daughter. This note implored him to call. It was a bait luring him to death. That such was its deliberate purpose there has never been the slightest reason to doubt. Coming in answer to the summons, Poole was received by Mrs. Shattuck, who demanded that he marry her daughter at once. He indicated his willingness to do so, but explained that no license could be procured that day. This seemed satisfactory, and he went into the next room, assisting the girl about the homely duties of the kitchen. Mrs. Shattuck called him back, and, without further exchange of words, shot him. He was dead in an instant. He had been assassinated as part of a malign and elaborate plan. There was no shadow of palliation. If ever murder demanded justice of Heaven, then a cry went up from the place where Poole lay in his blood.

A plea of insanity was made, a plea recognized by thinking men as being generally at once an admission of guilt and a defiance of the law. Experts swore that the woman was crazy. What of that? Experts will swear that any person accused of crime is crazy, if this be the chosen method of escaping punishment. At no time was there the shadow of circumstantial evidence to support the theory of lunacy, and so Mrs. Shattuck was convicted of murder in the second degree, and sent to prison for twenty-five years.

The ground on which a new trial was had, in the eye of the layman, would have been insufficient, but it is not for the layman to declare. There are those who are to decide such matters, and on their wisdom we must rely, and in their probity have full confidence. It is but mild to say the second trial was a farce. It was an insult to the community, a reproach to citizenship. It was an exhibition of degeneracy of mind and morals. Taking into account statements not given in evidence, not borne out by facts, this jury declared Mrs. Shattuck innocent. As well have declared black, white. The jury knew better. It could not have been made up of fools. The men simply threw away common sense, and escaped the hardship of long deliberation by rendering a verdict reeking paresis. No wonder they are now quarreling among themselves about the shame of responsibility, and that the Judge, disgusted and disheartened, turned them, with scathing reproaches, from his chambers. If Mrs. Shattuck was right in setting a trap and coaxing a man to his death, then murder is ever right, and an attempt to punish it a waste of time and an infringement upon human privilege. By this verdict every woman becomes empowered to kill, without fear of consequences, any man whom it may please her to remove. Precedent is given much weight. Mrs. Shattuck's experience constitutes a precedent big with evil.

There have been other instances in which justice has been turned sadly awry, but none here in which a jury has taken so wantonly indecent a part. The wrong of it is shown by numerous contrasts. In the heat of passion a man strikes down another, and the law does not hold him blameless, even though he repent in bitterness and anguish. The Shattuck woman was angry, but her anger was a sordid and sullen determination to wreak vengeance, and her cunning and cruelty stamp her as a dangerous character, one to be shunned and feared, and now she has a vindication—a license to kill.

There is a habit, not a good one, of railing at courts. It must be remembered that the courts are not apart from the people, and the man who violates the spirit of his oath as a juryman, ignores law, ignores facts, ignores equity because of a maudlin sympathy, which is in itself reprehensible, is guilty of a crime, and an accessory to many crimes yet to be. The Judge is helpless, yet on him carelessness will place an odium. A lawyer is as often employed to belittle and trample upon the statutes as to dignify and uphold them. Such is a peculiarity of his profession. But men who sit as a jury have no ethical defense when they turn the tribunal of Justice into a stage for the presentation of farce.

SUPPOSE WE MEND OUR MANNERS.

When Paderewski was asked what he thought of San Francisco, he paid the city the customary compliments, but he added: "One thing rather surprised me; that was the rather rude reception which I received from your street boys. They followed me in a great crowd to my hotel, crying, 'Paddy! Paddy! why don't you get your hair cut?'" Similar remarks have been made by other distinguished visitors, who were puzzled to account for the frankness with which they were accosted by the gamins of Market Street. In other cities, street gamins are apt to enthuse over notable strangers, but when their enthusiasm takes vent in approbrious remarks, the police generally interfere, and inculcate the virtue of politeness with a few smart taps with a baton. The Paris gamin is the most irrepressible of his race; but when he ventured to hoot the King of Spain at the time of the Hohenzollern incident, and when insults were playfully aimed at the Dowager Empress of Germany, the gens d'armes sent the howlers home with sore heads, and some of them learned a lesson which will last them for a lifetime.

This is a land of liberty, and everybody is free to make a ruffian of himself if he chooses. When the grocer's boy "heaves a rock" at a poor Chinaman on his way to market, or John has his queue pulled by the members of a labor union, the police are careful to look the other way at the time of the transaction, and the police justice—if the case reaches him—is indignant that his time should be taken up with such trivialities. Even the fat and greasy burgher laughs, and forbears to rebuke young Hopeful who threw the stone. Thus, a sentiment is engendered that insults aimed at the weak are venial offenses, and that the duty of politeness is mere mawkish sentimentality. And the sentiment grows and expands. The youth who stones a Chinaman, hoots Paderewski, and the hoodlums who shriek with delight when the stone is well aimed, think it a capital joke when a scion of Belial inquires why the great pianist does not get his hair cut.

They are encouraged by those who should know better. With few exceptions, newspaper editors and reporters smile indulgently at examples of rudeness to strangers as playful ebullitions of juvenile spirit. Hardly a day passes that opprobrious epithets are not applied, in the hearing of their objects, to Chinese or Japanese; they never elicit reproof. On the contrary, the reporters manage to convey in their headlines a covert sympathy with the dirt-thrower. Reporters do not, perhaps, invariably belong to the caste of Vere de Vere, but they are men of some education, and they ought to know that insults to a stranger, because he is a stranger, imply a low order of civilization and call for rebuke; whereas, in fact, they describe them as if they were a good joke. It seems impossible for a reporter to describe a trip through Chinatown without applying grossly insulting epithets to its inmates. If the Chinese used similar language in describing life

among Americans, we should regard the fact as an indication of their lack of culture.

Primarily, the responsibility for the coarseness of the San Francisco populace lies on the shoulders of the press. The mob is what the papers make them. But a part of the blame attaches to the common school teachers. In training their pupils, too little attention is paid to the amenities of life. A fault in spelling is punished more severely than a fault in manners, while, in reality, the latter is a far graver offense than the former. People may get through life though they spell breeches with an a, or meat without one; but if their manners are such that people eschew their society, and they make enemies, unconsciously, wherever they tread, they handicap their ability and stand in their own light.

Youth should be trained in school to be polite and considerate to all, strangers as well as fellow countrymen. They should be taught that it is bad form to say disagreeable things, and, above all, to call names. This is a wide world, and there are many sorts and conditions of men in it who differ from us in speech, habits, customs, faith, and color. If we aim at a place among the cultured, we must treat all alike, and avoid the provincialism which inspires prejudice of race and opinion. It is remarked that prejudice of race flourishes most luxuriantly among aliens. Hostility to Asiatics prevails chiefly among the Irish and the Germans, who themselves would be ostracised if Americans meted out to them the measure they would mete out to others. It should be the business of the public school teachers to inculcate upon the children of these foreign-born residents the duty of shaking off prejudices which are the offspring of narrow-minded ignorance.

In Germany are two great nations—the Empire of Germany, and the Empire of Austro-Hungary. Between the people of the two Empires there is one wide difference. The Nord Deutcher is, as a rule, partly in consequence of his military training, overbearing, rough, and intolerant to the foreigner; whereas, the Austrian is invariably polite, courteous, solicitous to please, and considerate of the amenities. It is because of this difference that Vienna is the most delightful city in Europe, next to Paris; but nobody ever wants to go twice to Berlin.

LABOR'S LATEST PLATFORM.

Again the representatives of organized labor have met in convention and declared their principles. The sight would be far more amusing if it were much less melancholy. Whenever these worthy men of toil meet they contribute greatly to the gayety of nations by the beautiful simplicity of their schemes for reforming the world. But they add much, likewise, to the grief of nations. What more pitiful spectacle can be witnessed than a half thousand men, chosen men of their class, claiming to represent a very considerable proportion of our voting population, who are so dull of mind, so lacking in mental grasp as to meet the great social and economic questions of the day with three columns of resolutions! These men believe—we must presume—that life under present conditions has become an "insufferable burden," for so their resolutions declare, yet when asked what remedy they propose, they utter words—nothing but big mouth-filling words. When the second Republic of France was being overthrown, and Paris was in the throes of revolution, it is said that Victor Hugo being discovered in a cab was hailed by a mob with the cry, "What shall we do to save the country?" and Hugo stuck his picturesque gray head out of the cab window and shouted back, "Everything, everything." So with these representatives of "down-trodden labor"; not knowing what to answer to the demand of the mob, they deliver themselves of generalties quite as amusing as that of Hugo.

It may not be space ill spent to consider some of the demands of labor. It is proposed to take from the inventor his invention and give it to the world at large free of cost, the Government "remunerating" the inventor. Upon what basis would such remuneration be figured? Why should all be taxed to pay an inventor for the article used by only a few? Who would have the profitable job of deciding on the inventions to be paid for? All pauper, tramp, and conspiracy laws are to be repealed, so that men who are willing to work may be pursued to death by those unwilling, and the thrifty forced to support the drunken, shiftless, and lazy. "The United States shall obtain possession of the railroads, canals, telegraphs, telephones, and all other means of public transportation and communication," but as to just how the United States is to do this the platform is silent.

The Convention unanimously adopted a resolution, declaring that "after due deliberation," etc., the accredited representatives of the trades and labor organizations of San Francisco "proclaim it to be our sincere conviction that the present anarchical system of private individual land and tool owning which places the many at the mercy of the few, is the fundamental cause of the industrial distress and economic slavery of the masses of the workers." And they further resolved to go into politics and destroy competition and set up socialism. In other words, since we haven't brains enough to get to the top, let us pull all others down to our level; since we are not ambitious, but simply envious, let us despoil the successful man of all that he possesses; since we can't compete, let us kill competition.

The political creed of these self-confident gentlemen is even more wonderful than their economic profession of faith. They want the veto power abolished, the representative character of the Legislature done away with, and all public officers made subject to "recall" by the mob. This ideal has once in history been fully realized—at the time of the French Revolution. Then there was no executive with veto power; the Legislature did what the sansculottes directed, and all officers were subject to recall, by means of the guillotine. Marat and Robespierre believed honestly and firmly in just such a government as these reformers now demand. They tried to maintain it and only did for less than half a decade; and then only by turning France into a great slaughter-house. No government the world has ever seen was so brutal, so false, so unreasoning, so tyrannous, as that government of the Parisian mob. And out of that revolution came Napoleon, who allowed no word to be spoken that he disapproved—Napoleon the Absolute. Ten years of government such as is proposed by this labor convention would make any people welcome a Napoleon.

It was but fitting that these "reformers" should denounce the new charter. If they had approved it the suspicions of the sane would justly have been aroused. They are against the new charter, the best instrument of municipal government ever offered to the people of this city,—and why? What is the deep, broad reason for this antagonism? What defect have they found in this scheme of government that makes it dangerous or impractical? The charter provides that public works shall be conducted as private ones are, by contract, if that is deemed best—hence the outcry.

There are millions of thoughtful, sensible, practical workingmen in this land, and one of the greatest pities of the day is that they allow themselves to be represented by the unfortunate cranks and worse than criminal demagogues who seem to take possession of all labor organizations. It is not to be believed that the workingmen of San Francisco even know of the nonsense that is preached as their gospel.

CONSUMPTIVES, HOPE.

In this age of miracles, while science is striding onward with resistless force in the field of discovery, one may be forgiven for doubting the first rumors escaping from the laboratories. The ordinary senses are astounded, and our credulity severely taxed, before realizing and accepting as true the existence of hidden, potent forces and the uncovering of unknown wonders constantly being laid bare to the common gaze, by the patient, scientific enquirer. In the science of practical medicine, more than anywhere else, probably, has there been definite progress during the last ten years. Bitter disappointments have been more than compensated for by the brilliant successes achieved by patient investigators. To think that two diseases hitherto absolutely fatal—tetanus and diphtheria—are now under the control of the modern practitioner, seems, to the ordinary mind, miraculous. Such is the fact, however, and with these conquests of science over disease we need not wonder at the ardor with which we embrace each newly heralded consumption cure, or marvel at the bitter disappointments with which it is reluctantly abandoned. When Koch first made known to the world his discovery of the cholera bacillus, it was not long before methods were discovered to prevent cholera and lessen the fear of that dread scourge. The late successful battle made against cholera invasion showed plainly the magnificent results of Koch's investigation. Subsequently, when this same investigator gave to the world that most dreaded thing of all, the tubercle-bacillus, it was little wonder that physicians of every nation dreamed of a delivery from consumption and confidently sought the cure. Koch, himself, led the way with his famous tuberculin injections, which resulted only in failure. Since then the number of "cures" that have been brought forward is legion. All that have been thus far given a trial seem to have fallen short of expectations. Some of the later cures still exist, sustained by the enthusiasm of the experimenter, or the lingering hope of the sufferer, for consumptives are notoriously the most hopeful of all patients. It is difficult to account for the failures of science in this respect. It must be admitted that the bacillus is known. We put it up in test tubes, destroyit with ease, and multiply it with still greater ease. It can be found whenever wanted. One has but to examine the sputum of a consumptive patient, and if it is in the body at all it must be found there. Fortunately, it is often in the sputum, and nowhere else, and many patients have been condemned by their physicians, who afterwards completely recovered. The cases account, perhaps, for the great number of reported "cures." No less an authority than the celebrated Doctor Alfred Loomis of New York was compelled to recede from his position upon finding that his patients would recover after he had given a fatal prognosis. True, the patient had a cough, was emaciated, and the examination showed clearly the bacillus of tuberculosis. Perhaps the best known destroyer of the bacillus is our ordinary phenol, and in nine-tenths of the so-called cures, phenol enters as the chief ingredient. Up to the present time science has been unable to introduce sufficient of this drug, or any other for that matter, to destroy the bacillus without fatal results to the patient. This is one cause of failure; but examine closely the real cause. What are the changes that take place in a person affected with tuberculosis? Simply the destruction of the lung tissue proper. The tubercle absolutely demolishes the delicate organism of the lung. The tubercle is a mass of dead lung t ssue, swarming with bacilli ready to invade every inch of territory surrounding them. We can easily perceive that there is no limit to these ravages. They even do not hesitate to travel and invade every nook and cranny of the human frame. The bacillus may carry its destruction to such an extent that large cavities are formed in the lungs, and, what is more astounding under these conditions, the patient may, eventually, practically recover and die of old age. Cases of this character have been clearly proven by post-mortem examination long before the era of tuberculosis bacilli. No power can restore a lung once destroyed. It is dead. The best that can be done is to check further ravages. Nature is generous in our aid, and many an unfortunate owes the prolongation of his life to nature's sweet aid. Fresh air, generous diet, and proper hygienic conditions have accomplished more than all the cures. Since we have discovered the true nature of tuberculosis, we have been better enabled to understand how the affiicted unfortunates should live. Hence the apparent success of the various cures. Let it not be understood that a consumption cure is impossible. A bacillus destroyer may yet be found that will not be destructive to the entire economy. Where the lung has been once invaded, that part is forevermore dead, and the best that can be done is to make the healthy part do duty for both itself and its dead brother. To what extent destruction may take place and the patient still live has never been determined, and in no case can one say with more truth than in that of consumption, while there is life there is hope.

Lord Dunraven has lost all his journalistic supporters in London. The *Field* has thrown him over, his own *National Observer* is silent, and it is generally suggested that he had better make the amende honorable to America in the shape of an apology. Indeed, the Prince of Wales is said to have advised Lord Dunraven to make up for his affront, and open the way for a renewal of cordial relations between yachtsmen of the two countries.

Never in the history of America has this Nation owed so little to the remainder of the world. Since the enactment of the Sherman Silver Law there has been a steady withdrawal of foreign capital from the United States. The supply of speculative stock in London is actually exhausted, and foreigners have practically no American securities, except of a gilt-edge character, in their strong boxes.

The finest cigars made in Havana go to England. Some of them cost at wholesale in Cuba a dollar each, and the men who make them get thirty cents for each perfect one. They are put together with so much care that the best workmen can turn out but twenty or thirty in a day. The fine grades of cigars sell at retail in Havana at about one-half of what we pay in America; that is, a twenty-five-cent cigar costs there about ten cents. The best cigars are sometimes packed in glass tubes in order to preserve their elusive Cuban flavor.

The goody-goodies in London and New York are now all in favor of arbitration. It does them good to preach the gospel of love. Dr. Depew, with a fine old Joe Miller on his lips and an olive branch in his hand, and the venerable Atherton Jones, suggesting that the Venezuela dispute should be referred to the *Times* correspondent in the United States, are spectacles which should be commemorated in bronze. But when John Bright proposed arbitration with Russia, just as the Guards were embarking for the Crimea, and John Tyler, at the head of the Crittenden Committee, proposed a new compromise on slavery in the territories, the voice of the charmer in both cases was drowned by overwhelming shouts of derision. Boundary disputes and questions of damages may be settled by arbitration, but when the blood of a people is up, to talk of arbitration is like warning a grizzly bear to pause and consider.

A DEAL IN OSTRICHES.

BY H. G. WELLS.

[H. G. Wells is the author of "*The Wonderful Visit*," and is regarded as one of the coming men.]

"Talking of the prices of birds, I've seen an ostrich that cost three hundred pounds," said the taxidermist, recalling his youth of travel. "Three hundred pounds!" He looked at me over his spectacles. "I've seen another that was refused at four."

"No," he said, "it wasn't any fancy points. They were just plain ostriches. A little off color, too—owing to dietary. And there wasn't any particular restriction of the demand either. You'd have thought five ostriches would have ruled cheap on an East Indiaman. But the point was, one of 'em had swallowed a diamond.

"The chap it got it off was Sir Mohini Padishah, a tremendous swell, a Piccadilly swell you might say, up to the neck of him, and then an ugly black head, and a whopping turban with this diamond in it. The blessed bird pecked suddenly and had it, and when the chap made a fuss it realized it had done wrong, I suppose, and went and mixed itself with the others to preserve its incog. It all happened in a minute. I was among the first to arrive, and there was this heathen going over his gods, and two sailors and the man who had charge of the birds laughing fit to split. It was a rummy way of losing a jewel, come to think of it. The man in charge hadn't been about just at the moment, so that he didn't know which bird it was. Clean lost, you see. I didn't feel half sorry, to tell you the truth. The beggar had been swaggering over his blessed diamond ever since he had come aboard.

"A thing like that goes from stem to stern of a ship in no time. Everyone was talking about it. Padishah went below to hide his feelings. At dinner—he pigged at a table by himself, him and two other Hindoos—the captain kind of jeered at him about it, and he got very excited. He turned around and talked into my ear. He would not buy the birds; he would have his diamond. He demanded his rights as a British subject. His diamond must be found. He was firm upon that. He would appeal to the House of Lords. The man in charge of the birds was one of those wooden-headed chaps you can't get a new idea into anyhow. He refused any proposal to interfere with the birds by way of medicine. His instructions were to feed them so-and-so, and treat them so-and-so, and it was as much as his place was worth not to feed them so-and-so, and treat them so-and-so. Padishah had wanted a stomach-pump—though you can't do that to a bird, you know. This Padishah was full of bad law, like most of these blessed Bengalis, and talked of having a lien on the birds, and so forth. But an old boy, who said his son was a London barrister, argued that what a bird swallowed became ipso facto part of the bird, and that Padishah's only remedy lay in an action for damages, and even then it might be possible to show contributory negligence. He hadn't right of way about an ostrich that didn't belong to him. That upset Padishah extremely, the more so as most of us expressed an opinion that that was the reasonable view. There wasn't any lawyer aboard to settle the matter, so we all talked pretty free. At last, after Aden, it appears that he came round to the general opinion and went privately to the man in charge and made an offer for all five ostriches.

"The next morning there was a fine shindy at breakfast. The man hadn't any authority to deal with the birds, and nothing on earth could induce him to sell; but it seems he told Padishah that a Eurasian named Potter had already made him an offer, and on that Padishah denounced Potter before us all. But I think the most of us thought it rather smart of Potter, and I knew that when Potter said that he'd wired from Aden to London to buy the birds, and would have an answer at Suez, I cursed pretty richly at a lost opportunity.

"At Suez, Padishah gave way to tears—actual wet tears—when Potter became the owner of the birds, and offered him two hundred and fifty right off for the five, being more than two hundred per cent on what Potter had given. Potter said he'd be hanged if he parted with a feather of them—that he meant to kill them off one by one and find the diamond; but afterwards, thinking it over, he relented a little. He was a gambling hound, was this Potter, a little queer at cards, and this kind of prize-packet business must have suited down to the ground. Anyhow, he offered, for a lark, to sell the birds separately to separate people by auction at a starting price of £80 for a bird. But one of them, he said, he meant to keep for luck.

"You must understand this diamond was a valuable one—a little Jew chap, a diamond merchant, who was with us, had put it at three or four thousand when Padishah had shown it to him—and this idea of an ostrich gamble caught on. Now it happened that I'd been having a few talks on general subjects with the man who looked after these ostriches, and quite incidentally he'd said one of the birds was ailing, and he fancied it had indigestion. It had one feather in its tail almost all white, by which I knew it, and so when, next day, the auction started with it, I capped Padishah's 85 by 90. I fancy I was a bit too sure and eager with my bid, and some of the others spotted the fact that I was in the know. And Padishah went for that particular bird like an irresponsible lunatic. At last the Jew diamond merchant got it for £175, and Padishah said £180 just after the hammer went down—so Potter declared. At any rate, the Jew merchant secured it, and then and there he got a gun and shot it. Potter made a hades of a fuss, because he said it would injure the sale of the other three, and Padishah, of course, behaved like an idiot; but all of us were very much excited. I can tell you I was precious glad when that dissection was over and no diamond had turned up—precious glad. I'd gone to one forty on that particular bird myself.

"The little Jew was like most Jews—he didn't make any great fuss over bad luck; but Potter declined to go on with the auction until it was understood that the goods could not be delivered until the sale was over. The little Jew wanted to argue that the case was exceptional, and as the discussion ran pretty even, the thing was postponed until the next morning. We had a lively dinner table that evening, I can tell you, but in the end Potter got his way, since it would stand to reason he would be safer if he stuck to all the birds, and that we owed him some consideration for his sportsmanlike behavior. And the old gentleman whose son was a lawyer said he'd been thinking the thing over and that it was very doubtful if, when a bird had been opened and the diamond recovered, it ought not to be handed back to the proper owner. I remember I suggested it came under the laws of treasure-trove—which was really the truth of the matter. There was a hot argument, and we settled it was certainly foolish to kill the bird on board the ship. The old gentleman, going at large through his legal talk, tried to make out the sale was a lottery and illegal, and appealed to the captain; but Potter said he sold the birds *as* ostriches. He didn't want to sell any diamonds, he said, and didn't offer that as an inducement. The three birds he put up, to the best of his knowledge and belief, did *not* contain a diamond. It was in the one he kept—so he hoped.

"Prices ruled high next day all the same. The fact that now there were four chances instead of five, of course, caused a rise. The blessed birds averaged 227, and, oddly enough, this Padishah didn't secure one of 'em—not one. He made too much shindy, and, when he ought to have been bidding, he was talking about liens, and besides Potter was a bit down on him. One fell to a quiet little officer chap, another to the little Jew, and the third was syndicated by the engineers. And then Potter seemed suddenly sorry for having sold them, and said he'd flung away a clear thousand pounds, and that very likely he'd draw a blank, and that he always had been a fool; but when I went and had a bit of a talk to him, with the idea of getting him to hedge on his last chance, I found he'd already sold the bird he'd reserved to a political chap that was on board; a chap who'd been studying Indian morals and social questions in his vacation. That last was the three-hundred-pound bird. Well, they landed three of the blessed creatures at Brindisi—though the old gentleman said it was a breech of the Customs regulations—and Potter and Padishah landed too. The Hindoo seemed half mad as he saw his blessed diamond going this way and that, so to speak. He kept on saying he'd get an injunction—he had injunction on the brain—and giving his name and address to the chaps who'd bought the birds, so that they'd know where to send the diamond. None of them wanted his name and address, and none of them would give their own. It was a fine row I can tell you—on the platform. They all went off by different trains. I came on to Southampton, and there I saw the last of the birds as I came ashore. It was the one the engineers bought, and it was standing up near the bridge, in a kind of crate, and looking as leggy and silly a setting for a valuable diamond as ever you saw; if it *was* a setting for a valuable diamond.

"*How did it end?* Oh! like that. Well—perhaps. Yes, there's one more thing that may throw light on it. A week or so after landing I was down Regent Street doing a bit of shopping, and who should I see arm-in-arm and having a purple time of it, but Padishah and Potter. If you come to think of it——

"Yes; *I've* thought that. Only, you see, there's no doubt the diamond was real. And Padishah was an eminent Hindoo. I've seen his name in the papers often. But, whether the bird swallowed the diamond, certainly is another matter, as you say."

Eminent New York orators are becoming advocates of the siesta. Colonel Ingersoll, prior to making an evening speech, insists on an afternoon snooze. Lillian Russell goes to bed for two hours every afternoon, and ascribes her perennial youth to the habit. Chauncey Depew spends an hour before a dinner at which he is to speak, lying on a sofa with every muscle relaxed. Peter Cooper insisted that his afternoon sleep was instrumental in keeping him alive.

PRIZE STORIES.

POSTAL CARD YARNS FROM THE LATEST LITERARY CONTEST.

Story competitions have a great vogue, both in New York and Chicago. The *Times-Herald* offered a series of prizes for poems and short tales of various kinds, and the *Illustrated American* has just announced the result of its postal card competition. It cannot truly be said that the matter produced under the stress of these contests has much literary value. The system does not seem to be successful in evolving new geniuses. One is forced to believe that the available literary talent of the country is in harness. The prize winner of the postal card competition is rather a pastel than a story. The "Told by Letters," which I reproduce, took the second premium. The others, though amusing, were not successful. "Their Little Pilgrimage" won the *Times-Herald* prize as the best street-car incident. The several stories of adventure that obtained recognition were not notable. This seemed the best of the specimens that were published.

TOLD BY LETTERS.

HAVENDEN'S, June 1st.

DEAR A.:—Please express me that new rod we talked of. The fishing is superb. I send you a string of the trout. They are beauties. There are a few people in the house here, which is a nuisance, and more coming to-morrow, but I hope I sha'n't need to see much of them. Yours, J. L.

HAVENDEN'S, June 8th.

DEAR A.:—I wish you would send me some civilized clothes, and a lot of those new neckties. There are some quite pleasant people here, and I don't want to be the only savage among them. Yours, J. L.

HAVENDEN'S, June 14th.

DEAR A.:—Yes, the trout bite as well as ever, but I have been busy about other things the last few days. I would be awfully obliged if you would send me some candy—a big box. Yours, J. L.

P. S. Make it nothing but candied violets and marrons glacés. You might as well tell the people to send a box regularly once a week.

HAVENDEN'S, June 20th.

DEAR A.:—Yes, the candy was just what was wanted, but I haven't had time to write. Would it trouble you too much to go round to the florist's and tell them to let me have some flowers once in a while?—the best you can get. Yours, J. L.

HAVENDEN'S, June 30th.

DEAR A.:—They are getting up a dance on Thursday—a little birthday festival for one of the young ladies. I want a *big* bunch of the most exquisite rosebuds you can find—pink and white. See to it yourself, there's a good fellow, and don't spare trouble. I will do as much for you some day. Yours, J. L.

HAVENDEN'S, July 1st.

DEAR A.:—To-morrow you will get my trunk back by express, with a lot of togs in it I don't want. I start for the woods this afternoon on a hunting trip. Don't know when I shall get back. Don't care if I never do. For heaven's sake stop those flowers and the candy. Oh, confound it all! J. L.

BY SARAH A. DANA, BOSTON, MASS.

LEAP-YEAR TACTICS.

She had just proposed. A light of joyous expectancy shone in her eyes. He loved her, *that* she knew, and so felt confident of his reply. With bowed head he stood; "twixt love and duty" his heart was being tossed like a shuttle-cock. Should he say "Yes," and so follow the dictates of his heart, or "No," and follow those of his proud and aristocratic mother, whose ambition for him soared to higher altitudes? Swayed by doubt, he paused, while she pleaded with all the fervency of her youthful love. At last, recalled to a fuller sense of duty by the clock striking two, he should have been home by twelve), he passed one hand over his brow with a despairing sigh, gently released himself from her embrace, and drawing his muffler closer about his neck, in a voice (that sounded strange even to himself, he replied: "No, Lucille, it is impossible. I can be a brother, but, Heaven help me, nothing more." Another moment, and he was gone. She turned, and "leaping" up the stairs two at a time, remarked to herself, "I simply *had* to do it, or he would have stayed all night."

VICTORY!

The captain's face was stern and his jaws rigidly set as he scrutinized his little band drawn up for the final struggle. The men stood on the alert, with every muscle strained to its uttermost, waiting the word of command. The signal was given. Every man jumped upon his antagonist with fierceness of tigers after their prey. The enemy stop; they stagger under the onslaught. They rally again only to fall back, while cheer after cheer rises from the side lines as the victorious eleven carries the ball behind the goal.

THEIR LITTLE PILGRIMAGE.

He was short, round, and rubicund, with merry blue eyes and a stout fringe of sandy-gray hair showing under the old-fashioned Derby. His chin was bewhiskered, but the clean upper lip denoted shrewdness and determination, despite the soft curves at the corners. He bustled into the car at Polk Street, struggling cheerfully with a huge oilcloth valise. She followed, and was tall, gaunt, and careworn, although her expression of childish expectancy made the old face almost young.

She wore a "turned" merino gown, and on her faded bonnet bloomed a bunch of brave new daisies.

We soon learned that they were "goin' to s'prise Henry."

"Y'ain't los' the apples, father?" she inquired.

He displayed three enormous red ones. "Reckon the young'uns eyes'll shine!" he chuckled.

At Twenty-second Street a fashionably dressed couple entered; the country people started; the old lady's eyes filled, and she nervously pulled off a cotton glove, exposing a work-worn hand.

"My son!" she breathed, and raised a radiant face to his. His sentiment, however, was curbed by conventionality, and while he greeted "mother" and the "gov" good-naturedly, he ignored the expectant lips and only pressed the hand. "Gertrude's" greeting was polite—and cold.

A look of astonishment and pain settled on the old man's face.

"Go right up to the house," Henry said; "awfully sorry, but Gert and I have an engagement; the girl'll take care of you until we get back."

They got out at Twenty-eighth Street, and at Twenty-ninth the old man signaled the conductor.

"I guess we'll go back to the 'Corners,' mother; I 'low we've made a mistake."

Passing out she murmured: "They wuz ashamed—they wuz ashamed."

Looking back as we jogged on we saw the quaint figures waiting for the "up" car. His blue eyes were no longer merry, and on her faded cheeks were traces of tears. BY ANNETTA A. CRAFTS.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

One more Washington's birthday! Who said that every anniversary of a birthday is the dispelling of a dream? How many dreams have faded since we rejoiced at the recurrence of the holiday when books were laid aside for ball and vaulting-pole and bowling-piece! How many visions of an existence, which rose superior to the natural and social law, have evanesced in thin air since we first aired our infant oratory in praise of the Father of his country! How many fancies, begotten of primitive delusion, have evaporated in contact with the hard facts that have risen to the surface since the days of Washington and Walpole!

* * *

Washington was in the prime of life when Blackstone wrote his commentaries; he had been dead thirty years when Kent published his commentaries, and over thirty years when Story supplemented the work. How little of their law survives to-day! Who studies a medical book that was written in Washington's time? In the very year of his death, conservative minds protested against inoculation as a defiance of Providence. Long after Washington's death, map-makers drew a vertical line along the hundredth parallel, and marked all the territory west of that line as the great American desert, and Fenimore Cooper sadly remarked that the country west of the Mississippi could never be inhabited by man; now Professor Hilgard at Berkeley says that alkali land will some day become the most valuable portion of our prairie land, when cultivation has neutralized the alkali.

* * *

Washington was alive when John Adams derided the capacity of the people for self-government; after he had been dead half a century, conscientious divines and ripe statesmen declared that involuntary servitude was the normal condition of the negro; over three-quarters of a century after his death, well-meaning economists insisted that the more a people were taxed, the more prosperous they became. How much we have learned in the hundred and sixty years which have elapsed since the event which we commemorate to-day!

* * *

The attempt of certain labor agitators to galvanize the labor unions into life as a political factor at the coming election, has resulted in meetings whose proceedings the newspapers have cruelly reported. The report shows what we might expect if these agitators obtained influence. Resolutions were presented denouncing "the competitive system of industry as an insufferable burden and an undeniable oppression of the wage-earning class," and calling for "the substitution of universal co-operation founded on the socialization of the earnings of production, land, tools, and capital." In other words, we should substitute socialism, communism, and paternalism for the regime under which we live, and the idle and the shiftless should be carried on the backs of the industrious and the thrifty. How would honest, hard-working toilers like that?

* * *

The trouble with the labor unions of San Francisco is that they have always been run either by ignoramuses, who know nothing of the laws of trade and industry, or by loafers who wanted to live without working. How much they have done to retard the natural growth of San Francisco, it were difficult to reckon. They boast that they have kept up the rate of wages, and excluded Chinamen. The former has diminished the volume of work; the latter has prevented the normal growth of the fruit and wine industries. If the population of the city and State are at a standstill; if the wine product is no larger than it was ten years ago; if the raisin industry has been crushed in the cradle, the glory of these achievements belongs almost exclusively to the labor unions.

* * *

Now, the railroad has got an organ, and if it be rightly handled, the Company will be a gainer by the acquisition. It is well that it should have a sheet in which to contradict lies. When a man is clubbed at every street corner, common sense suggests that he should buy a club to hit back with. But the value of the club will largely depend on the judgment with which it is wielded. It is on record that the Irishman who went round with a chip on his shoulder got into a good many unnecessary fights. It is also recounted in the Chronicle that the usefulness of champions who went into battle in heavy panoply of war, and encased in ponderous armor, became problematical, because, when they were overthrown, they lay prone on their backs, being unable to get up again.

* * *

One of the smartest of our State politicians, being advised to buy a newspaper to fight his battles, replied that he would do so if he could feel sure that the paper would be an element of strength and not of weakness. A newspaper can be so handled as to get its owner into more scrapes than it gets him out of. If it blunders or falsifies, he is held responsible; if it makes a feeble defense of him, it creates an impression that he is indefensible. To be of use to the railroad, its newspaper champion must not only be truthful and sound, he must be bright, quick-witted, and nimble in fence, and he must so demean himself that readers will be inclined rather to like him than to regard him as a fawning parasite. But the Company has had so much experience with newspapers that it must be perfectly aware of all this.

* * *

Thomas Hardy has revived Mona Caird's problem—Is marriage a failure?—with a vengeance. The natural impulse of the average male is to treat Sue to a good spanking; and, if a share of the chastisement fell to the lot of Jude, no one would weep. But all said and done, the world is full of girls who having married for the purpose of emerging from the obscurity of spinsterhood find that they have made a mistake, though their grievances are not absolutely intolerable to the commonplace eye. What are they to do—to seek a separation, and risk the derision of their friends, and the glassy eye of Society, or to go on to the end of their lives enduring the crucifixion of the soul?

* * *

A man may make a woman's life unbearable without beating her or getting drunk or stinting her supplies or cavorting with Delilah. By exhibiting an utter lack of sympathy, by showing her at every turn that they have not a thought in common, that his fibre is the coarsest worsted while hers is the finest silk, he may subject her to an endless torment which is a foretaste of Gehenna. Is anything worth such perennial torture? Take a woman of lofty aims, noble purposes, and large capacities for adornment and usefulness—is she justified in stiffling all these for the purpose of leading a life of torpid subjection to a brute of a man who has the instincts of a hog and the soul of a cow? Has she the right to commit moral suicide?

* * *

The Prince of Savoy has produced a decidedly favorable impression. He is a well-bred, genial, affable young man, as to whom Edmund Sparkler would have said that he has no bigod nonsense about him; he can ride, and he can shoot, and he can flirt as well as he can handle a ship. He has not as yet announced his intention of carrying off a California girl to his castle in the Abruzzi; but there is no saying what two or three weeks may bring forth. It is well that he came here, if for nothing else but to show that all Italians of rank are not Colonnas.

* * *

The appalling headgear which a certain class of ladies wear at the theater has been knocked into a cocked hat by a decision of Judge Johnson of the District Court of Colorado. The Tabor Opera House at Denver is in the hands of a receiver appointed by the Court. He laid down the rule that ladies could not wear tall hats at the theater. A monumental hat-wearer appealed to the Courts, whereupon Judge Johnson ruled that no spectator had a right, at a place of public entertainment, to wear a hat which prevented others from enjoying the performance, and he upheld the receiver in excluding such selfish persons from the house. In this city we have had no such ruling; but it is now becoming understood that no one wears a tall hat at the theater, unless she hails from South San Francisco.

* * *

The Woman's Federation calls for the abolition of the Morton-street dens, and other abodes of sin. The sweet creatures, who thus exhibit their zeal for purity, are like the female philosophers who propose to abolish marriage. Being beardless, they do not haunt barber shops, and they are unfamiliar with the cry of "Next!" They do not realize that when you uproot a long established custom, because it is an evil, you must devise a substitute. There were till lately two cities in Europe where the doctrines of Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster and her sisters were put in practise—Vienna and Rome. How the thing worked, and what were the results on society, the ladies can ascertain from gentlemen who inhabited those cities twenty years ago.

* * *

Do you know how many immigrants came to this country last year? There were about two hundred and twenty-five thousand steerage passengers to start with. On the whole, they were a very decent lot of people, and only a surprisingly small number could neither read nor write.

Would you be an actress or a vocalist? See how you may have the best tuition free of charge. Page 16.

KATIE PUTNAM.

AN ACTRESS WITH DOMESTIC TASTES AND LITERARY AMBITIONS.

A bright, little room, in which the shades were half drawn, to shut out the over-zealous sun, whispering of summer at the open window—a profusion of flowers, an open piano strewn with music, a few books, and a letter or two lying neglected on the lounge where they had fallen from undetaining hands, some views of a lovely country-seat on table and mantel—these made up the attractive and homelike *entourage* in which I found myself when ushered into Miss Putnam's pretty parlor at the Baldwin, where she has been resting a few days prior to her engagement at the Columbia. I amused myself, while waiting, by looking at the photographs on the mantel, evidently views of some delightful woodland home, with wide lawns and overhanging trees, with here and there a stretch of tangled wood and shadowed brook. It was thus pleasantly occupied that Miss Putnam found me, as she entered from an inner room, and greeted me, commenting on the lovely weather we were enjoying.

"So little like February at home, you know," she said.

Miss Putnam is little and lithe and shapely. While she is not, perhaps, what one would call distinctly pretty, she is very fair, and has a decidedly attractive face, of gentle expression, "exhaling all that is good in woman,"—sympathy, sensibility, and a commendable measure of strength. Her eyes are blue and very bright, nose slightly tiptilted, and a mouth refined and expressive. Soft, fair hair, in light curls about her forehead, crowns the whole of a very pleasing *ensemble*, stamped with the nameless something we call *charm*.

"I am fascinated with these views," I hastened to explain in apology for displacing them; "do tell me where they were taken."

"These are views from my home at Benton Harbor, on Lake Michigan," she answered. "You must be as fond of the country as I am," she went on, as I gave free rein to my expressions of admiration.

"Is not that nearly always the case with those who are city born and bred?" I asked.

"Well, perhaps," she returned, "I was born in Chicago myself, just a few miles away from this spot," pointing to the photographs.

"This is really my treasure house," she continued, "where my husband and I gather together all the souvenirs and curios we have picked up in our travels."

"Then you have traveled much?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," came her answer, "a great deal and not enough—that sounds contradictory, does it not?" this with a pretty smile stealing over her face; "but what I mean is, that although I have traveled a great deal, I have not seen yet half there is to see."

"I understand," I put in.

"Home is really the dearest place to me," continued the young actress; "indeed, I am so prejudiced in favor of my own country that none other seems to present quite such favorable aspects or conditions to me—but there is so much to learn in travel, it takes a long time to imbibe it all."

"I judge from your remarks that you have been abroad," I said, "or have your wanderings been confined to this country?"

"I have traveled both in Europe and in this country," she replied. "Also in Mexico, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands."

"What countries abroad have you visited?" I asked, eager to compare notes.

"I've seen some years in Europe myself—but, no," I said, interrupting myself, "begin at the beginning, if you will, and tell me when you went on the stage first, and then, what led you to travel. Was it with your company?"

"Oh, no," answered Miss Putnam, and pausing a moment, she went on with deprecating manner, "I am afraid I can hardly tell you anything interesting about myself. I have had the quietest, most humdrum sort of life, you know."

"Humdrum," I said, "with all your travels to remember—you surely do not mean that?"

"Oh, well, I mean," she went on, "that I have never had an adventure by sea or land—nor have I lost any jewels," laughing quietly, "nor have I a past to relate, and I haven't one fad. That doesn't sound very promising, does it?"

"That depends," I replied. "Tell me, were you on the stage young?"

"At eighteen months of age."

"Eighteen months," I exclaimed. "What could you do at that age?"

Miss Putnam laughed at my astonishment, and said:

"I wasn't even an actress—only a property baby—a tot who stared up into the high lights probably, and I may have 'gooed' and gurgled at those who held me, tradition doth not tell."

"Then some one in your family was on the stage, I fancy."

"My mother," came in reply. "My father died shortly after I was born, and my mother adopted the stage as a means of support."

"And you followed in her footsteps," I said, taking up the thread of her story.

"Yes, but not until I was sixteen. I was at school till then. My debut was made as Nell and the Marchioness in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'"

Then a few short engagements under management followed Miss Putnam's debut, until she brought together a company of her own with which she has been starring some years.

"When did you first go abroad?" I asked.

"Right after my first season," answered Miss Putnam. "I was not strong and my dear old grandmother took me to England. I shall never forget that trip. My mother was an Englishwoman, and my childish brain had been fed on all the romantic lore of English history. Every step I took was full of interest to me. Later in my life," continued she, "I visited Switzerland—there is lovely country for you—but," hesitating somewhat, "I believe I admire the scenery in my own country just as much."

"I do, far more," I answered with fervor. "Switzerland is exquisite, sunny, pure in color and outline, but for rugged grandeur and majesty, some of our own old canyons are far and away ahead of Switzerland. How did you like the Islands?"

"Oh, they are delightful," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in a sort of ecstacy, "the climate is lovely, the people and customs so different from anything you see elsewhere, so interesting. Mexico is another country which attracts me, continued this wanderer in strange lands. "I obtained some beautiful bits of lace and Guadelajara there. Oh, I have stores of material laid up," she continued, "and some day when I retire from the stage, I mean to write stories and make use of it all."

"You are ambitious," I remarked, "most women would be satisfied with having made a name on the stage."

"But I have always wanted to write," she replied, "and I mean to do it, too, some day."

"I suppose you will have a 'den' somewhere in this pretty home," I said, rising, and looking at one of her photographs again as the boy brought in cards from some visitors. "I wish you all success in your literary path. Get well shod before you start on it—it's a very stony and thorny one to tread. I'll watch with interest for your first volume." And shaking hands, I retired.

E. D. H.

HER DAY AT HOME.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"Dear me, I've been saving up something all day to ask you, and now I can't remember what it was," says her visitor, settling himself on the divan.

"Now, don't add 'it must have been important,'" she says, somewhat crossly, keeping her pen suspended over her interrupted letter.

"It wasn't so very," he answers, serenely. "I remember now. I was just wondering whether you would want me to put on my dress suit for dinner every night if we were married."

The pen descends on the half-filled sheet.

"If you're going to be funny, I wish you'd choose some other time for it," she says, writing busily. "I want this letter to catch the Overland."

"Are you writing to that everlasting best girl of yours?" he asks.

"I'm writing to Miss Austin, if that is whom you mean," she answers, coolly.

"Well, tell her there's a tiresome man just come in to propose to you, so you must tear yourself away long enough to accept him," he says, putting another cushion behind his head.

"I never say what isn't true in my letters."

"Don't you? Oh, mine are a perfect tissue of falsehood, though I'm not much of a liar in everyday life. I don't exactly mean to, but I'm always finding myself writing, 'All the city is asleep. The house is mysteriously silent, and my fire turned into Cinderella as the clock struck twelve, but I must send you a line before I——' and so on, when, really, it's ten o'clock in the morning and I'm sitting between a typewriter and a telephone. I suppose it's my picturesque imagination that makes me do it."

"Or perhaps the idea of a possible biography," she suggests, not without scorn.

"How would you like to write it?" he asks, unruffled. "We could work it up together, and you could add the last sad touches after I had flickered out. The other day I was looking over the various letters and notes you've favored me with, and I decided you would be just the person for it. You have rather a nice little way of expressing yourself."

"Do you mean to say you keep your letters?" she asks, in a tone of surprised remonstrance.

"No, but I keep yours," he answers, smiling contentedly at her and feeling for a cigarette. "May I?" he adds, striking a match and shielding the flame in his hand.

"No, I'd rather you didn't," she says, intent on her letter. "It is my day at home, and more people may come, even yet."

He blows out the match with a sigh, and drops it down behind the divan.

"Aren't you going to let your husband smoke on your day at home?" he asks.

"He won't be around on my day at home," she says, laughing a little in spite of herself. "He'll be down town trying to pay for the tea and cakes."

"Poor devil," murmurs her visitor, rolling the cigarette affectionately between his fingers. "Wouldn't you want to have him around?" he asks, presently.

"Depends on the man," she says, half absently from her desk. "How do you spell *psychological?*"

"I don't," he says, resolutely. "I wouldn't for anything. You never mind my dropping in at tea time, do you?"

"H'm."

"You'd find it rather pleasant to have me dropping in every day about this time, and staying to dinner, wouldn't you?"

"What *are* you talking about?" she exclaims, lifting her head impatiently.

"Why, if you should marry me."

"Well, I'm not going to marry you, and I'm not going to get this letter finished if you don't go away."

There is a silence, broken only by the frantic scratching of her pen.

"Some one wishes to speak to you at the telephone, miss," says a voice from the doorway.

"As usual," she murmurs, rising hurriedly and shutting the door behind her with a bang. The draught blows a sheet of her letter off the desk, and wickedly drops it on the edge of the divan. Her writing is abominably clear. He catches sight of his own name, and, for a second, is lost. "He has just come in, in his dear little jolly way, pretending never to mean anything, and really meaning everything. I'm going fast. If men only knew enough to use personal violence, they'd often—" He suddenly realizes that this is base treachery, and, resolutely shutting his eyes, replaces the sheet on the desk as he hears her step in the hall. She comes in, all unsuspecting.

* * * * * * * *

Her letter did not catch the Overland that day, in fact it wasn't even finished; and he never said anything about its little adventure. Sneaking, wasn't it?

San Francisco, February 22, 1896.

PADEREWSKI.

A COMPARISON OF HIS TALENT WITH THAT OF RUBENSTEIN, LIZT, AND ROSENTHAL.

Naught but praise is, or, indeed, can well be, written of Paderewski; so the critics—Good, Bad, and Indifferent—breathe freely. The Good know the position this countryman of Chopin holds in the musical world, whilst the Bad and the Indifferent, taking their cue from the former, know that their encomiums cannot hit so very wide of the mark. Occasionally, though, a Bad or an Indifferent tells the world wherein Paderewski failed to do the composer justice; and only one of these, possibly, would be so bold as to make comparisons between the great artist and others of his craft—hence this article.

Much has been said about Paderewski's beautiful tone, and beautiful it is, too. However, he does *not* produce those marvelous imitations of stringed and other orchestral instruments that one of the daily papers told you he did. Instead of that, he produces a fine pianoforte tone, but hardly so full and round as Rubenstein's. No master, living or dead, has ever brought forth such glorious tones from a piano as did Rubenstein. How he acquired it, no one seems to know. Many assert that it was due to the size and peculiar shape of his fingers. This may be, but it is a fact that he imparted it, to a certain extent, to one or two of his most gifted pupils. While Rubenstein could play with all the delicacy of a Paderewski, yet he was often positively boisterous, particularly in some great climax where he was accompanied with an orchestra. In such moments he completely lost self-control, and often-times struck the keys with his clenched hand. Magnetism he possessed in abundance, and carried his audience as completely with his fierce, almost demoniacal abandon as does the equally magnetic but diametrically opposite Paderewski with his elegance, refinement, and self-control. Paderewski, too, pays far greater attention to detail than his brother artist ever thought of doing. Perhaps the most delightful feature of Paderewski's art is the fine finish he gives to every phrase, every period—indeed, his interpretations may be said to be rhetorical, in a musical sense. That he plays compositions of widely different character equally well is not so remarkable as many seem to think. The true musician—a comparatively rare bird, be assured—knows *instinctively* how any composition of merit should be given and will come very near to the proper tempo even though no mark is there for his guidance. This unerring instinct, together with great intelligence and a well nigh perfect technic, constitutes Paderewski's genius. In point of technic though, Rosenthal is undoubtedly his superior. Rosenthal's technic is something stupendous. At one time it seemed as if technic was the goal of his ambition—in fact, he had little else to recommend him to public favor. But of late he has given more thought to the musical side of his art, and now ranks with the great musical thinkers. Technic, with Paderewski, is merely a means to an end—as, indeed, it should be with every conscientious artist. The favorite pianist has in Joseffy another formidable rival. Many able critics regard Joseffy the greatest classical pianist of the present day, now that Von Bülow is dead. In technic, too, he is probably nearer to Rosenthal than is Paderewski. But certain it is that neither does he, nor did Von Bülow, possess the glowing temperament of Paderewski.

Another great classical player, particularly a Beethoven exponent, is Eugen d'Albert. Whoever has heard D'Albert play the Beethoven E flat concerto is bound to admit that it could scarcely be better done. In short, before the advent of Paderewski, Rosenthal, and a few others, D'Albert was looked upon as being about the greatest pianist of the younger generation. But of recent years he has neglected the piano for composition, in which branch of art it is to be feared he will not attain the same heights he has in piano playing. It is said that Paderewski also contemplates giving up playing in public for the sake of composition. He, too, has yet to prove that he will be as great a composer as he is pianist. Rubenstein was a most unhappy and embittered man, because of his failure to become a great composer. It is to be hoped that Paderewski will not be disappointed should he decide to follow in the footsteps of D'Albert and Rubenstein. Among the younger pianists who have recently come prominently to the front are Sauer, Reisenauer, Soloti, and that admirable American artist, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler. Soloti played recently in London, and created a great sensation. Several eminent musicians pronounce him a more satisfactory, a more intellectual player even, than Paderewski. Perhaps, among the women pianists of to-day, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler is more deserving of mention, as compared with Paderewski than any other. She also is gifted with a warm temperament, and is the possessor of a great technic. She plays scale passages marvelously, and in this particular respect can hold her own with the majority of her male confréres.

While there are many pianists in the field who equal Paderewski in certain respects, and a few who excel him in others, yet he is, doubtless, the most satisfying artist, all things considered, before the public just at present. A comparison with Liszt can hardly be made, anyhow, as Paderewski is only beginning his career. Liszt was the Paganini of the pianoforte and the founder of a school—in short, he was Liszt, the incomparable. The man who may prove to be the peer of Paderewski in all respects—Soloti—is a pupil of Liszt. But it will require at least another season to decide whether or no he is all the critics represent him to be. Probably where Paderewski is really greater than any of them is in his Chopin playing. Not even De Pachmann, essentially a Chopin player, can excel him in the interpretation of these masterpieces. The enchanting melodies and the subtle, ravishing harmonies of Chopin seem to appeal more directly to Paderewski's refined, sensitive nature than do the works of any other composer.

P. C. Allen.

A DOMINO DELUSION.

BEING AN UNREHEARSED DOMESTIC EPISODE AT THE MARDI-GRAS BALL.

The white domino that shrouded her slender form hung in soft, silken folds to her feet. She was light, graceful, and as sprightly as a bird. Her eyes glowed mockingly at me through her mask, the outline of the rounded chin was a provocation to one's lips and a reproach to the memory.

"You don't know me," she laughed. "Oh, most unfaithful and forgetful of men!"

"For no man ever knew a woman," I quoted at her.

"Once you vowed it was impossible ever to forget," she murmured, coquettishly, in my ear.

"Not once—a thousand times," I retorted. "That is no hint. But I'll find out."

Before I could raise a desecrating finger toward the provoking mask the girl darted quickly off I followed through the maze of maskers. It was the moment when the pageant of King Carnival had been dissolved, and the great hall was thronged with the array of brilliant figures. The rhythm of a delicious waltz throbbed in the air. But I cared nothing for its melodious pulsations. The charm of the scene, the soft influence of the harmonious coloring, were lost on my senses. Dimly I apprehended the green and gold of the hangings, the lustrous Oriental draperies outlining the arches, the red light glowing in the great vase which swung, festooned with roses and creepers, high above the dancers. I slipped quickly passed a Marguerite in blue satin, blonde, and graceful, who tempted me with a touch of her fan. A charming Directoire lady set herself determinedly in my path. The white domino twisted with magical swiftness through the throng, disappearing behind pillars, darting into the gallery, reappearing later a step in advance of me with the mocking grace and coquettish glance so intangibly familiar—tantalizing as the scenery of a vision. Once, indeed, from the gallery I caught a glimpse of her amid the ferns and foliage in the conservatory, just the suggestion of the outline that seemed glazed in my retina, against a fairy vista of foliage and drapery, amid which red lights glowed like giant fireflies in the gloom of tropical verdure.

It may be true that pursuit is more fascinating than capture, that illusion has bewitchments undreamt in the philosophy of attainment. But, then, baffled and tired, the sense of irritation strong in me, hating my failure, cursing my awkwardness, I sank down in the shadow of a drapery, deep in the embrasure of an arch. The music echoed softly through the mansion; it rose to me accompanied by the murmur of many voices, the whirl of the dancers' skirts, with occasional bursts of laughter—which recalled to my wearied mind the gaiety of the scene below. My eyes saw nothing but the gracious lines of the white domino—the winning curves of that supple figure as it fled before me—the rounded chin, full and firm, as the suggestion of the bust—through the clinging silk of its baffling envelopment—those eyes, glowing with mirth, serenely and consciously bewildering, cajoling and coquettish like the eyes of a Circe—the little ringlets of blonde hair clustering like tendrils beneath the hood.

But here are footsteps.

Again the mocking laugh. The white domino stands before me in the semi-obscurity—the head, thrown back, reveals dark hair; the mask no longer conceals and bewilders; the rounded chin no longer tortures with its intangible familiarity; the cheeks glow with a fine color; the eyes glisten lovingly, brimming with the joy of success.

"What a chase you have given me," she panted, rapturously.

It was my wife.

"But how did you ever know me in a blonde wig?" she pursued, taking my arm.

I did not, but I said never a word.

Etc., Jr.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

THE TALENT for being simultaneously on several sides of a given question is variously phrased—diplomacy, inconsistency, versatility, unreliability, or treachery. In deciding, one is insensibly governed by one's interest in the question. Most politicians have been tagged by the terms in one connection or another, and, in the world's eye, their characters are not sensibly darkened by the implication. For instance, Stephen M. White, who is, of course, a great statesman, thinketh no evil of himself for pledging each of four candidates for one office the full measure of his support. Indeed, if there came along a fifth, equally well backed, depend on it, he need not long lack a promise of the Californian's influence. This is, or is not, legitimate, according as you are concerned in the issue; but the condition wears another aspect when the pledge is sanctified with ink, paper, and a signature. Some years ago I was privileged to relate the divergence between the Senator's genial letter of support to Charles Weller, who wanted to go as Consul to Kanagowa, and his equally generous assurance, over the same autograph, to another candidate, and I am reminded how smartly he played with the pretensions of Dwyer, Shanahan, and Gould, when each was certain the Senator had pledged himself to his individual cause. The latest instance of this kindly impartiality is afforded by the contest for the post of United States Inspector of Hulls and Boilers, a Government position, worth several thousand a year.

* * *

In the field there are four candidates. Congressman Maguire, early in the contest, enlisted for Mr. Forseman the aid of White, but as is typical of Maguire's selections, his friend is as impossible as perpetual motion. Later on, Sam Terry, a son of the unfortunate Judge, an engineer by profession, heard of the vacancy and persuaded an intimate friend to solicit the Senator's good offices. Now it happened that Stephen, in the achievement of his various ambitions, had been much beholden to this particular friend, who, in writing the request, said that all obligations would be considered off, in return for the favor. Not Lord Chesterfield at his best, or the Turkish Ambassador at his deepest, could have been more genial in reply. Steve assured his correspondent that he had lived in hope of just such an opportunity, and he thanked heaven that the friend had at last put it in his power, in return for so trifling a service, to express his gratitude, and requite the favors crowded on his career. It was really touching, and the friend concluded Terry as good as slated, though the latter, knowing the Senator's proclivities, was less sanguine. A third Richmond took the field later, in the person of H. D. Knight, ex-coiner of the Mint, who enlisted influential Eastern and local support in his cause, and on going to Washington to press his candidacy, was given the "glad hand," by the diplomatic Senator. Indeed, he could not see what chance the other aspirants had with Knight in the fight, and was so ready of assurance that the latter began negotiations for the purchase of a dwelling-house. As the matter now stands, Steve is absolutely committed to each of the trio, but it has just transpired that none of them enjoys his favor. It seems his choice first and last is a young engineer, the son of Martin Bulger, for whom he has worked with a consistent loyalty, which he enjoys as a new sensation.

* * *

The most important mining development in the State is that which goes forward on the Boston-Montana property adjoining the Freeman grant. Organized by two active prospectors, Palmer and Coram, who made a big stake in Montana, and substantially added to it by backing young Davis in the successful contest of his father's, the millionaire ex-Governor Davis, will, at least a million has already been expended, and the quantity of ore displayed is so great that the stock advanced by leaps and bounds from fifteen dollars to forty-five dollars. It is curious to notice that the Transvaal method of piercing the vein has been utilized here, for, after ascertaining its dip, a straight shaft was sunk from a point 600 feet distant to cut it. This simplifies materially the extraction of rock from the lower levels. Though there is a 60-stamp mill in operation, it is but a temporary structure in comparison with the plant which is planned, and is used rather as a prospecting mill. The expenditure of so much money seems to have revived the fortunes of Coulterville. Already the old town has taken on an air of prosperity. There are mines springing up all around, and, from all appearances, that section of the Sierras will soon be more active than the environment of the only Utica.

* * *

WHAT A FICKLE DAME Fortune is, and how often is she cold even to those who woo her most boldly. The story of the iron ship "Sirius" is the history of a series of maritime mishaps sufficiently serious and sustained to warrant the idea of a veritable hoodoo. After her last accident, in which she was stranded, I think, her owners gave up the "Sirius" in despair, and she lay at anchor for months an abandoned hulk, though neither then nor now is there afloat a better and stronger craft. About the moment at which the South African excitement waged briskest here, a smart speculator determined to make a bid for the "Sirius," and head her for Cape Town, take in passengers and freight, and clear enough by the voyage to requite the investment. The idea was timely. Without difficulty a bond was obtained on the hull, and without delay the speculator commenced to advertise the voyage. At once he was deluged with applications, and in two weeks one hundred and eighty-eight passengers had signed the list and had deposited in the bank, subject to call, of course, the amount of their passage money. Unfortunately, this fellow was not happy with the legitimate progress of his project, but determined to cultivate an artificial enthusiasm by means of a lecture. There lives in San Francisco a certain Doctor D'Evelyn, an Englishman of education, who spent some time in Her Majesty's army, and, in the Zulu War, figured in the engagement in which the Prince Imperial perished. He left a leg in South Africa, and departed thence with much knowledge, a trunkful of pictures, and considerable thankfulness. But he readily acceded to the speculator's proposition to deliver a lecture, and promised that it should be made interesting with stereopticon views of Johannesburg, Natal, Matabeleland, and around there.

* * *

Well, the lecture was billed throughout the town and in the country, and on the appointed night there was not standing room left in the hall. The speculator rubbed his hands gleefully, and bright prospects of exceeding the 300 limit swam gloriously before his eyes. Dr. D' Evelyn was a trifle late in beginning, but was soon in the midst of a narrative that transcended all expectations, and, instead, sent chills down the spines of the assemblage. In place of the roseate description that had been anticipated, he told of chills, fevers, and famines. Into the Zulu war he plunged with bloody detail, and flashed picture after picture of battle and carnage on the screen. The gathering soon lost its buoyancy; its numbers and enthusiasm subsided together, and next day 120 of the prospective passenger list had withdrawn their names, content to bear present rather than endure future ills. The worst of it was, too, that the doctor had drawn his pay in advance, and so had revenged himself at a profit. That settled the "Sirius"; a day later the unfortunate speculator, convinced now of the hoodoo, withdrew his bond, and for some months afterwards she lay at anchor, a spectacle of desertion and rust, and yet, withal, the soundest, strongest vessel in the harbor. But now no one could be persuaded to have any dealings with her. In despair, at last, the owners offered her to ex-Mayor Pond for some nominal price—$13,000 I think it was—and Captain Nillson and Mr. Gage associated themselves in the purchase. The misfortunate craft was then towed to the Union Iron Works, was overhauled for a thousand or so more, and returned to the bay—the "Sirius" no longer, but the "Kuhuilui." Hardly had she emerged, than the Spreckels chartered her to carry merchandise to Honolulu, and in the 8 months of her service she has reversed her record, and has already netted the new owners several thousands more than the amount of her purchase money. After all, the yarn does not prove much more than the old aphorism, that to them that hath is given.

* * *

The captious Supervisor, who, emerging out of the shadow of a corner grocery into the glare of public life, presuming to criticize public works and enterprises, is too familiar a figure in the municipal landscape to give more than a passing laugh. Some time ago, when the month had come for the fixing of water rates in Oakland, President Pierce of the Contra Costa Company brought a party of Councilmen to examine the works at Lake Chabot. They stopped in front of the great dam, the strength and cost of which were specifically detailed for their information. One of the City Fathers, who prides himself on smartness, remarked:

"Come now, Pierce, this here dam is away too strong. With all those there promontories sticking into the water (pointing to the bluffs and headlands which jut into the lake) there's no great pressure, and most of this is waste."

"Pity there were not a few more of such indentations," returned Pierce, dryly; "and according to your calculation we would not require a dam at all."

* * *

NEWSPAPER REPORTS of great trials being merely renderings of the words rather than the spirit of the event, seldom afford the reader a direct impression of what has happened. The great irrigation argument in Washington, in which the destinies of the Waite law were tested before the Supreme Court, was an important event for California. Curiously enough, both sides put weak men forward to state their contentions, and it was not until ex-President Harrison and Joseph Choate set forth clearly the question at issue, that the Judges arrived at a definite understanding of the facts and conditions involved. The speech of the former was admirable for its logical statement, but was less attractive or insinuating than the talk of Choate, who varied his arguments with neat comparisons. He pointed out the inconsistency of investing with powers of eminent domain persons merely engaged in furnishing a fertilizer, empowering them to tax not only land owners who can use their commodity but also those who cannot. "It is water, to be sure," he said, "but what is water after all but a fertilizer? Suppose, your Honors," he continued, "that up in Vermont, where the farms are all fairly worked out, a clever fellow should go into the business of manufacturing a manure for the purpose of fertilizing these very properties—would it not be ridiculous if the Legislature of the State of Vermont should empower this purveyor of manure to tax the lands?" Judge Dillon, who replied to Choate, consumed his allotted time combatting the points the latter had made, and was evidently at a disadvantage. His oratory showed breadth and superiority of mind, but left the audience regretting the non-delivery of his own carefully prepared speech.

* * *

The Bay District Track will finally disappear at the close of the present season. Indeed, Warren & Mally are now under contract to sewer and grade it, and only hold off from beginning operations at the expense of the Association, which can afford to pay them several thousand a month during the period of delay. However, the Ingleside combination cannot rejoice in the destruction of a competitor, for Williams and Colonel Burns transfer their interests to the Golden Gate Track, in Oakland, and will re-erect there the several structures removed from the Bay District. Oakland will then have the benefit of the expenditures which the maintenance of the great stables compel, and it is thought that the public will as readily patronize racing across the bay as at Ingleside, provided the racing is as good. The journey to the Golden Gate Track is both shorter and more interesting than the long ride to the Ingleside course, and other things being equal, the Colonel and Mr. Williams will doubtless arrive.

* * *

Porter Ashe, avocat, is winning prominence and affluence at the bar. Luck has turned at last, and the fickle dame is now at his heels, wreathed in smiles, and ready of her favors. Much of the racing business, which has become so prominent an interest here, is being confided to Porter; the fight over the stallion Morello is but one affair in which he is engaged. His familiarity with that subject stands him in good stead, and in due time he will be able to smile at his enemies. No one has ever borne the assaults of misfortune more graciously, and one may be certain prosperity will never alter his smile.

* * *

The *Call* is to be represented in New York as well as its competitors, and Bob Davis, accompanied by F. A. Nankiville, goes on to the metropolis in its cause. He is to interview the national celebrities, while F. A. N. will make pictures of them, and together they should get up some attractive matter. Davis's best work has been done under the head of "Corridor Stories" for the *Call*. These yarns have become quite a feature of the mother of the dailies, and have been copied all over the East. The supply is by no means exhausted, and it may be said that Bob is an interviewer of such resource and imagination that neither fact nor fiction holds terror for his pen.

* * *

It is rather more than a suspicion that William Greer Harrison had considerable hand in selecting the new Bohemian Club ticket, which makes Dr. Chismore president, and sets sundry other good fellows in the minor offices. If he had not, the new board is the achievement of some clever diplomat who enjoys his confidence, as it is largely composed of associates and sympathizers. As the Club knows, the retirement of Harrison was the culmination of considerable friction between the powers that were and that wanted to be. There was evidence of the desire of the present regime to prolong its sway, and this might have been accomplished but for the drastic policy which Harrison adopted. Possibly there will be an opposition ticket, for some of the names presented are not agreeable to the institution; but Dr. Chismore should have following enough in the board to accomplish whatever policy he inaugurates during his term.

THE WITNESS.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

FIRST SESSION OF THE ORGANIZATION TO PROMOTE READING AMONG BOOK-REVIEWERS.

The young person who escorted me to the Contributors' Club took pains to impress my understanding with the honor. Its sessions are intensely private. An occasional guest is admitted, but only in the guise of a candidate for membership. His name must be proposed and presented ere he is invited for inspection. In my case the formalities had been complied with, and the attitude of the gathering as I entered and made the introductory rounds was sternly critical. There are but a dozen members on the Club roll, and, considering the importance of their professional function, it is not astonishing they take themselves seriously.

"For the information of our guest," began the President, a tall young man in spectacles and a velveteen coat, "I will state briefly that the Contributors' Club is aimed to assist book reviewers in the performance of their duties. For many years the function of criticism has been confined to writing of books rather than reading them, and the consequence has been differences of opinion, mystifying both to publishers and the public. As a reviewer yourself you must realize how hard it often is to write knowingly of what you know nothing. You would enjoy reading, doubtless, if social duties were not so exciting; if you could escape the conventionalities of dinner calls, and the rigors of afternoon teas. But there must occur spare moments even in the life of a reviewer, and we ask our members to utilize these moments for the skimming of a single volume per week; indeed he or she"—he bowed to the feminine members of the Club—"may enlist the services of valet or maid in performing this little task. But we exact it under heavy penalties.

"You made me pay half a week's salary at our last meeting," interrupted a fashionably gowned young woman, who writes authoritative literary comment in the *Dispatch*, "and it was just because my poor maid had not a moment the whole week through."

"It will be two hundred dollars next time, Miss Arnold, instead of the 'hun' I dragged you for," returned the President, reprovingly. "However," he continued to me, "when you come here you have only to tell us the plot, characterize briefly the treatment, inform us as to the possibilities of a lengthy essay, happy extracts, and all that. The Secretary, in the meantime, takes it all down in shorthand, and next day each of our reviewers has a quantity of choice matter which is easily fitted for immediate publication."

"It works capitally," announced a young gentleman, glancing apprehensively through his monocle at the President, "but in view of the illness of my man, I must admit having read but one-half of the German Emperor's Life which I was assigned. You must remember Society is exacting in its demands before Lent, Mr. President, and between dinners and the Mardi Gras ball I have been much occupied."

"Twenty-five per cent of your salary this trip," was the verdict of the President, who, by the way, does books on the *Pioneer*. The culprit, with a sigh, turned over fifty dollars to the Secretary.

"Now, Mr. Meredith, what have you to say for *Wandering Heath*, to which some of us think of giving a little space?" resumed the functionary.

This is the formal and antique person who delivers literary rodomontades on the *Bugle*. He rose, adjusted his eyeglasses, and began:

"Mr. President, I find myself incapable of doing justice to the stories composing this book. While clever, and all that, they yet lack the true Scottish flavor, and are not devoted in the correct degree to events in French history. No properly constituted writer but should form his style on the noble lines of Ian Maclaren, or S. R. Crockett, or Stanley Weyman. Quiller-Couch writes of a barbarous part of England called Cornwall, and though he is happy at times, I think his independence is the mark of a narrow intellect." He paused.

At this juncture the President called impatiently to a bright-eyed and rather long-haired young man, who had champed and fretted at his predecessor's remarks.

"What have you to say, Mr. Crane, about the stories of 'Q'?"

"It is an outrage thus to characterize stories so full of feeling and literary grace," exclaimed Mr. Crane. "I'll admit the *Bishop of Eucalyptus* is far-fetched, and that the *Looe Die-hards* is unnecessarily burdened with dialect, but I refuse to any of you the right of denying the beauty and skill of *Wrestlers*, or the exquisite idyllic charm of *Visitors at Funnel Rock*. The description of the young wife and the newborn babe going out to the sailor husband on the lightship is one of the delicious memories of recent fiction. Besides, there is a highwayman tale that, if less daring than *Galloping Dick*, is as neatly turned as the ankle of Cleopatra."

"Cleopatra's limbs are foreign to the topic," corrected an elderly female in gray curls, who sat over a beribboned MS. in the corner of the clubroom.

"Mrs. Bok is right. You must not refer to legs or things before the Contributors' Club," commented the President. "Keep flesh tints for the public."

"I have finished two books of short stories which I should like to say a word about, Mr. President," interrupted a new voice. It came from a bustling and business-like female in black alpaca.

"Miss Gullder must have the floor at any cost," admitted Mr. Crane, sinking to his chair.

"The first is entitled *Jacques Damour*, by that most reprehensible Frenchman, Emile Zola," commenced Miss Gullder, whose prurient sense of propriety has made the fortunes of several fleshy tales. "Admitting a specious cleverness in the form of narrative, and a certain interest in the episodes, it cannot be denied they are in themselves demoralizing. This Jacques Damour is an impossible person married to a handsome wife—the fleshy type of female so frequent and unwelcome a figure in latter-day fiction. He becomes a Communist, is deported to New Caledonia, escapes, passes for dead, but returns and finds his wife married and happy in the society of another husband. Such subjects exist, indeed, but should not be mentioned in polite society. Consider also the grossness of 'Mme. Neigeon'—a tale imbued with suggestiveness, the story of the courtship of a married woman by a young Frenchman, who is tricked by this designing coquette into the impression that he is loved. She seizes the moment of his declaration to announce her virtue, but only after using his devotion to further her husband's political prospects."

"I've read *Jacques Damour* myself, and found none of the suggestion you discover in such profusion," interrupted Crane. "I believe you have a contract with the publishers to boom the book, and are using this organization for the purpose of earning a percentage."

"I quite agree with Miss Gullder," chimed in the elderly spinster in gray curls. "Virtue must have literary observance if us reviewers are to do our duty. I have here collated certain passages from *Jude the Obscure* which I consider most reprehensible."

"Read the extracts, Mrs. Bok!" shouted an Oakland reviewer seated in the back row.

The President tapped his gavel on the desk.

"This is extraneous, ladies," he said, "besides, Miss Gullder read us all the worst parts of *Jude* when she reviewed it."

"May I not say a word for Zola and Jacques?" cried Crane, and without waiting he went on. "The book is an admirable literary study, for it gives us a new mood of the creator of the Rougon-Macquart family. 'Nantas,' especially, is a tale that has no prototypes in English—the story of a career, founded on hopeless beginnings, but through a compromise with fortune, develops into brilliancy. The hero, a tragic figure, marries a woman who has been dishonored, to save her name, and by the use of her fortune becomes great. But he falls in love with his wife, who hates him, but in the end his power, constraint, and passion win. It is a fine example of idealism as opposed to the realism of 'How we die,' or to the broad humors of the 'Coqueville Spree.'"

"Is Mr. Crane to rule the Contributors' Club, Mr. President, or are our by-laws to prevail?" Miss Gullder and Mr. Emerson, of the *Mohawk*, had both risen in protest.

"I want to talk about *The Stolen Bacillus*, which are rattling yarns," continued Emerson. "If Crane is to continue to interfere with these subversive ideas of his, we can't get anywhere at all, and I'll have to take out a chapter or so of something to fill my page up."

"Mr. Crane, you are fined $100 for personal criticism."

The President rapped loudly.

"I'll pay up if you will use some of the money in buying bloomers for Miss Gullder's piano," exclaimed Crane, in excited tones.

'About *The Stolen Bacillus*," pursued Emerson, "well, some of the yarns are rattlers, and the chap seems posted on science, no end. We used to crib this stuff of Wells, years ago, when it first appeared in Willie Astor's late *Pall Mall Budget*. There's one daisy in the book called "Aepyornis Island," about a scientific chap finding the egg of an extinct bird like the moa in the mud at Madagascar. He gets shipwrecked and cast on a desert island, where, strange to say, the egg is hatched in the hot sand, and I'll be hanged if a blooming Aepyornis does not trot out. The joke being, you know, that the species is obsolete over five hundred years; like that blooming mammoth up at the Academy. Well, sirs, the thing is nice and quiet at first and he calls it Friday, but it grows up till it is fourteen feet high, and has a bill like a pickaxe. Then it develops a temper and gives the chap a bad time; has to live up a tree, you know; but finally he lassoes the brute, cuts its throat, and is delivered. And then——"

"Mr. President."

The Secretary, who alone of the gathering of reviewers had preserved silence, raised a soft ladylike voice, and a much beringed forefinger.

"What is the difference between the comment of Mr. Emerson of the *Mohawk*, and criticism?" she asked.

"Stuff and bluff," growled Crane.

"The purpose of this organization is to further the cause of criticism by persuading reviewers to read, I think," the Secretary continued, adjusting her blonde bang. "Yet, if reading induces eulogy of this character, possibly we might be more authoritative in ignorance. For my part I wish to say that I shall publish in my own paper a notice of the collected works of Ibsen, which it has been my task to write, but in view of what has transpired here, I shall decline to read it before the rest of you."

The Club rose to its feet en masse.

"Mr. President," chorused a dozen voices, "the Secretary proposes to scoop us."

"No one leaves this room without my permission," announced the President.

"Take her manuscript from her by force," suggested Miss Gullder.

"The idea of a column on Isben in the *Molly Coddle*, and not a word in the *Mohawk*," sighed Emerson. "We can't allow it. I'd be fired."

In the meantime the Secretary had passed her papers to Crane who, amid the uproar, was quietly reading the disputed criticism. He began a fierce chuckling.

"Ho, ho; what's this?" he cried. "Why, Mr. President, the Secretary has cribbed George Bernard Shaw without credit, and gives us Nym Crinkle without quotations. I don't want the stuff."

"Move we adjourn," shrieked the Miss Gullder. There are moments when the presence of a guest deters an appropriate denouement. Noticing that the assembled critics refrained from blows only because of my presence, I hastily withdrew, and therefore not to be blamed because neither the *Molly Coddle* nor the *Mohawk* had critiques the following Sunday. But Mr. Emerson and Mr. Meredith had admirable black eyes.

ORACLE, K. B.

NEW BOOKS.

Brought into the perspective of Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's story entitled, *The Cup of Trembling*, are four pretty solidly distinguishable supports to a rather whimsical fancy. They are: first, a mountain covered with snow; second, a cabin half buried about midway up the slope; third, a man and a woman taking refuge in the cabin from a Society which they have outraged; and, fourth, a huge bank of snow on the mountain top getting ready to slide—all of which are defined with Mrs. Foote's usual serenity and unvarying facility of expression, bespeaking no faintest consciousness of any possible incongruity between the details and the pretty idea of calling the combination a "cup of trembling." However, the facile parlancists have it that all proverbially ill-fated people are, at some memorable moment in their lives, presented with a "cup of happiness," which, subsequently, is "dashed from their lips" in fulfilment of the proverbial ill-fortune aforesaid; and, certainly, this man and woman on the mountain-side may have their fate metaphorized according to so obvious a rule of the politer colloquialists, when it is known that, in their act of tasting the sweets they had stolen, that bank of avenging snow came rushing down upon their hiding-place. The intervention of obliging Providence, bending down to thus wash the stain from Society's uplifted hands, may be cited as a moral persuasion and applied to some future case of like revolt; but, as a story, *The Cup of Trembling* lacks substance. In point of style, Mrs. Foote is always faithful to adopted types, as well as mistress of her own, and her versatility in all ranges is afforded the freedom and grace which an expression naturally in sympathy with its opportunities alone can grant.

[Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.]

It has been many a day since the lover of actual tales, raking about in the literary patch where all the novelistic aspirations are dumped, has upturned so good a pearl as was recently thrown in his way in the shape of *The Lost Stradivarius*, by Mr. J. M. Falkner. Here is a story for entertainment of the tiredest, the most petulant of critics. It is as clear of any discordant note or jarring animadversion as was the musical instrument of which it tells the tale; it runs its course with the smoothness of unproverbial, unperverted romance; it occupies its subject wholesomely, and goes directly to the prime purpose of narration. I cannot overdraw my admiration of it in this day of missionary "fiction"—and I cannot composedly retire with a comparison of it to an oasis in a desert dropping unctuously from my lips, for that comparison has become particularly odious. But I *can* attempt a tolerable medium by declaring it to be the best novel I have seen this year. It is about an old violin, which, for a long time, lies hidden behind a secret panel in a room occupied by a musical student, and, unknown to him and his friends who come there to practise violin-playing, it wields a strangely conceived power over their senses whenever they play a certain ancient air. This air is from a faded music-sheet rescued from the last century; and it ultimately transpires that the old Stradivarius, synchronously existent, in those early times had associations with this composition, which became ingrained and intonated in its magical frame, and subsequently played such fantastic influences out upon those who awakened the inspiration of it from the faded manuscript. This is but the barest outline of the plot, and not one-tenth of its full significance; but the book alone is able to afford the rest.

[D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.]

Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban has had the impudence to assert, sub-titularly, on the cover of his latest book, that *The King of Andaman* is "A Savior of Society." The imaginary being thus honored with a distinction which no living human would have the hardihood to think himself worthy of—I speak not of idiots—is set before us crowned with the additional favor of Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban's serious attention. So serious is it, indeed, that on closer inspection we find, in sheer amazement, the hero set up in a semblance of mythology, and all his surroundings termed with mystical phrases and thy-and-thou accompaniments of speech. Altogether, the creation, which is to be handled with considerable gingerness, seems a trifle vague in the interior, after offering an affront on the outside; and it occurs to the careful mind that the thing may offer quite as much safety to one's mental life, if quietly dropped out o' the window, as it now offers in its insistent invasion of the immediate circumjacence to one's valued nose.

[D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.]

If some sort of remark was not considered obligatory on the appearance of every new book that comes under the sun, such colorless objects as *A Ruthless Avenger* would be the least likely to catch a mention in the public prints. For *A Ruthless Avenger* contains nothing bad enough to specially condemn, and nothing good enough to strike for particular approval. It is just like an ordinary brick going toward the construction of a wall—there are a thousand of the same uneventful shade, and they all go to form the utility wall of literature. There come plenty of better-fashioned bricks to compose the ornamenting, with an occasional odd one from the commoner mold, rendered uncommon by virtue of its mischance, which invariably rises to the top of the heap and sheds wealth upon its lucky author. *A Ruthless Avenger* is by Mrs. Conney, and tells how a presumably illegitimate branch of an old family tree finds himself to be of proper lineage after all, but forbears to disclose the circumstances which would make paupers and outcasts of the proud family with whom he has grown from infancy under the kindest care, and which would divert all their boasted affluence to himself. A pretty cousin has considerable to do with his forbearance, and she is yet good enough to marry him at the end, even in his apparently nameless plight, whereat the last chapter dutifully leaves them to be happy ever after.

[J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers, Philadelphia.] C. M. C.

The Harpers say that *Trilby* sold as well last year as it did the year before, and that it has started off in 1896 as well as it did in 1895. They also tell me that Trilby hearth-brooms and Trilby knick-knacks of all sorts, not to mention Trilby boots, are to be found in Germany and France, as well as in England.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Wandering Heath" by "Q." Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers.

"Jacques Damour" by Emile Zola; translated by W. F. Apthorp. Copeland & Day, publishers.

"America Liberata" by R. H. Vickers. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., publishers, Chicago

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THE THEATERS.

UNBIASED IMPRESSIONS OF PADEREWSKI, KEENE, AND KATIE PUTNAM.

The editor of this paper is an inhuman monster. Fancy being told, with unflattering emphasis, "Somebody else will 'do' Paderewski: you stick to the theaters." You see, he suspects me of having low tastes because I could not help enjoying "In Old Kentucky," or liking Corinne's legs. Moreover, he has heard me humming "The New Bully," and other nice lively little songs with tunes, that don't get tired in the middle and give out altogether before the end. But I ask anybody if it isn't inhuman to expect me to skip Paderewski when every other dramatic critic in town has taken a crack at him, no matter what sort of music they like or how little they know? It is worse than inhuman, it is positively stupid, for, who knows, I might have gotten some one to help me write a critique, which would have been at once so full of long words and high enthusiasm and so rich in common sense, that even a cross between the *Argonaut* and *Chronicle* articles would be crushed to the wall.

Think, too, of the pleasure of writing about a musician who does not read press notices! It gives one a charmingly irresponsible feeling that is very restful to the critic, who, poor fellow, generally suffers from the consciousness that he is gratuitously insulting persons who have done absolutely nothing to him—except lower his estimate of human intelligence a trifle.

I have it on good authority that women have actually wept at Paderewski's recitals. I believe it, for I came very near doing so myself. Nothing saved me but the recollection of how (in my ranching days) the hounds used to howl when the bell was rung for the "hands'" supper. The resemblance between these dogs and me was unpleasing, but too obvious to be dodged. I suppose their embryonic musical senses were affected by the ringing of the bell in much the same way we weepers are by Paderewski's playing. Anyway, the idea kept my handkerchief in my pocket. As for this great musician's playing, even the vandals (I'm one) who like ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay things, must feel its insidious charm and find at times a real, honest pleasure in it.

Without Keene, the theater-goers would have been in a bad way for these two last weeks, but we would have been even more in his debt had he been ably supported. The weakness of his support was particularly noticeable in "Othello"; for, though Hartwig, with his muscular legs, straddling gait, and swash-buckler air, makes a good Nemour and an excellent Gratiano, as Iago he lacks sublety. Though I cannot put my finger on any great defect, Keene himself is unsatisfactory in this play; his Othello is not convincing. For one thing, he looked neither the warrior nor the Moor, but rather like a student who had made too free with a burnt cork. Also, his sighs, like the groaning of a yacht in a high wind, were somewhat too stupendous, and, did we not all know the lines, "Cassio, I have loved thee well, but nevermore be officer of mine," it is twenty to one that we would not have been able to catch them. Miss Belgarde, as Desdemona, was, as always, winning and graceful; but I have never been able to get up any enthusiasm over anybody's Desdemona; it is too sacharine a role. Imagine a woman loving a man who called her "wanton"—aye, and loving him enough to try with her last breath to hide the fact that the stab in her breast was his work with a "Commend me to my sweet Lord." Miss Tembermann made so satisfactory an Emilia, that her Portia was a terrible shock to me. To many small crimes (among them that fearful plush dress) she added the State's-prison offense of murdering Portia's beautiful exposition of mercy. Ah! if she could but hear Miss Terry speak the lines, and absorb something of the delicate scorn with which she floods the line, "The quality of mercy is not *strained*." She lingers a little over the "strained" with a faint, fine shadow of scorn on her face for the Jew's, "Who shall compel me?" Pretty Mr. Eagleson, with his nice, fat legs, made a very tolerable Bassanio, and Mr. Baker (they have no first names) gave us a laugh or two (we were hard up) as Gebbo; but, alas! could anybody feel sorry for Mr. Ahrendt's Antonio? Not I; it even occurred to me that he could lose a pound or two of flesh without damage, nay, even with benefit.

Keene's Shylock is excellent. Just such a man as Shakespeare must have had in his mind's eye. He brings out the nobler traits; the nobler lines—"'Twas the ring my Leah gave me when a bachelor; I would not have lost it for a thousand ducats"—and, again, the scorn of "These be ye Christian husbands." He shows us the hatred this fierce and revengeful spirit had for all Christians, particularly this Christian, Antonio; the hatred born of years of oppression, which almost justified the tenacity with which he adhered to the letter of his fearful bond.

What have we done to deserve "The Old Lime Kiln?"

It is a play on the lines of "In Old Kentucky," without any of its good points, all of its bad ones, and several extra idiocies, which "Old Kentucky" did not get within a mile of thrown-in. Like "In Old Kentucky" it has its country girl (but alas! not the same country girl). There is also the country girl's "eddicated" lover, and her loutish admirer, who, as in "Old Kentucky," tries to kill the "eddicated" man. The city girl is not quite so insufferable as "Old Kentuck's;" the villain is a trifle different, and, instead of rescuing a noble horse from the flames, her sweetheart is the unworthy object of the young woman's efforts as a fireman. But, nevertheless, it is very like "Old Kentucky," with all the life, fun, and ginger gone. They resemble one another as a glass of soda resembles to-day what it was yesterday when fresh from the fountain. As for Katie Putnam herself, like Iago, her "Words and her actions are no kin together." From her words we must suppose her to be a remarkably up-to-date, but tender and innocent little mountain maid, but it is a struggle. Oh! but it is a struggle, for her gestures and inflections are of the tough girl order, and never even saw hay—unbailed. There are no jolly darkies, such as are in "In Old Kentucky," for the first act is in the Yellowstone among the Geysers ("where hades boils over, and Nature has not even the decency to keep the lid on,") and the others somewhere in northern latitudes. Neither is there any dear, old "Neb," but two hard-worked, ever-present Irish grotesques, with faces like gargoyles, for family servants and heavy humorists.

The cast is made up from inadequates, my particular aversion being a statuesque-looking male, who has all the physical beauty the women in the cast lack, and is sweigh-backed from vanity in consequence. The only two people in the audience who really seemed to enjoy themselves were two small boys, pale, big-eyed children, who laughed until a tinge of color came into their unhealthy little faces. Their pleasure, however, was more than balanced by the terror of a little chap, who thought somebody was getting hurt in the Lime Kiln scene, and yelled vociferously.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian bath which is now being constructed. This is a pleasure which has only to be tried to be appreciated. It has all the latest improvements, which include needle-showers, steamrooms, etc. The pumping facilities have recently been so improved as to enable the emptying and filling of the great tank in the space of an hour, and whoever cares to witness the operation may do so any evening of the week.

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. Brown's Bronchial Troches will give effective relief.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The last week of the Tavary Company's engagement at the Baldwin, will terminate to-morrow night with a double bill, including all the Company in "Trovatore" and "I Pagliacci."

Sunday night, Paderewski will give his last recital at the Baldwin, and on Monday night, Frederick Warde will begin his engagement at this theater.

"Der Freischutz," at the Tivoli, has crowded the house all the week. Next week, "Rip van Winkle" will be presented, with Mr. Hartman in the title role, which is one of his best character bits. Gertie Carlisle will take the part of Hans, and Pearl Landers will play Meenie.

The Carleton Opera Company will open at the Alcazar on Monday, the twenty-fourth, for a two weeks' engagement.

In the great church scene of the third act of "Heart of Maryland," Maurice Barrymore is compelled to stand tightly bound, while Mrs. Leslie Carter and John Kellerd indulge in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match. This is a humiliating position for a leading man, and particularly for one who was the amateur boxing champion of England, and who was once wounded in defense of a woman.

"No," said Barrymore, apologetically, the other day, "I'm not an actor in that scene—I'm merely 'Exhibit A.'"

The Columbia was filled from pit to dome on the opening night of "The Old Lime Kiln," in which Katie Putnam made her appearance, and she has played to good houses all the week. The play is full of life and action and pretty scenes. Miss Putnam has surrounded herself with a good company, who furnish a very pleasant evening's entertainment. This play will continue next week.

"Wife for Wife," a thrilling melodrama by J. A. Stevens, has been the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week. Miss Essie Tittell, who takes Maud Edna Hall's place as leading lady of the Stock Company, made a very good impression, and did one or two very good bits of acting during the evening. Mr. Vinton, the new leading man, bids fair to fill Brinker's place quite satisfactorily. One of the best impersonations of the play was that of a mulatto by Eugene Moore. Next week, "The Pulse of New York."

The Orpheum bill has had but one new number this week—that of the triple horizontal bar artists, the Wiltons. The old numbers, however, were sufficiently good to bring out big crowds. Several new features are promised for the coming week.

Thos. Keene's final week at the California has been, if anything, better than his first. His engagement closes Sunday night. On Monday, Nellie McHenry plays a short engagement at this house.

We note the coming of the Chicago Lady Quartet to co-operate with our Knickerbocker Male Quartet in their next quarterly concert.

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Ever since "Johannis" figured on the menu of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding breakfast, this fine Table Water has become a great favorite with Society people and good livers. No menu is considered complete without it; and this popularity rests on its own merits, for the water is unsurpassed for purity and flavor. "Johannis" is bottled with its own natural gas at the springs at Zollhaus, in Germany.

The following is told of Wilton Lackaye. It seems that Sydney Rosenfeld has organized a corporation to produce his own plays. Last Monday he ran across Wilton Lackaye, who was over from Philadelphia for a few hours.

"Ah Rosenfeld," said Lackaye, cheerfully, "I see you have formed a Sidneycate out of yourself."

To encourage the English silk industry, the Prince of Wales has consented to set the fashion by wearing many-hued silk waistcoats when appearing in evening dress.

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Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee, THE MONTEBANK; Tuesday and Thursday nights, THE LION'S MOUTH; Saturday night, VIRGINIUS.

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One week only—Saturday matinee
——The Idol of the Fun-Making World——

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And her excellent farce-comedy company, presenting the enchanting, effervescent, lyrical, cyclo novelty, for the first time in San Francisco,

THE BICYCLE GIRL

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FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO. LESSEES AND MANAGERS

It was the hit of the week
Only one week more—The charming comedienne
KATIE PUTNAM
In the elaborate scenic production of the picturesque Comedy-Drama written by Mr. C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky"

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——Reserved Seats 15, 25, 50 and 75 cents——
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This evening—Magnificent Electric Production of Von Weber's

DER FREISCHUTZ

OR THE SEVEN CHARMED BULLETS
The most wondrous Brocken scene ever shown in this city
Ida Valerga, Martin Pache, W. H. West, Kate Marchi, John J. Raffael, Marcel Perron, Arthur Boyce, in the cast—Grand chorus—Superb orchestra
Next Opera—RIP VAN WINKLE
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To-night—Great success, elaborate production of the great master drama, from the immortal Goethe's lay—FAUST—The famous Henry Irving electric effects; grand and awe-inspiring scenery; a redoubtable cast; Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Matinee Prices.....10, 15 and 25 cents
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Monday Next

The Carleton Opera Co.

SPLASHES.

IT SEEMED a pity that so comparatively small a number of girls appeared in costume at the Mardi Gras Ball. The domino is, at best, a hideous disguise, and, when there are so many charming National habiliments to choose from, donning so unbecoming a garment is a confession of ineptitude. However, certain gowns were well worthy of description and eminently becoming. The Pompadour costume came next in favor to the domino, probably on account of its exceeding simplicity, as the only addition to the ordinary evening garment consisted in powdering the hair and adding a few patches. The Misses Emily and Alice Hager and Miss Van Ness were among the more attractive of Pompadour maidens. Mrs. Joe Tobin looked stunning as La Tosca, in a handsome directoire gown, with fichu of chiffon, Tosca flowers, and big picture hat with drooping plumes. Miss Rose Hooper made a bewitching little Watteau Sheperdess in a little pink Dresden silk trimmed with blue. Miss MacNutt looked very attractive as Folly, in a white gown with green ribbons, cap, and bells. Miss Hobart was also a Folly in white, with pink ribbons and silver bells. Miss Annie Clark made a fine Spanish duenna in black and yellow. A stunning gown was worn by Mrs. Arthur Barendt as Satanella. It was of white satin brocaded in silver, with Turkish trousers and long coat falling below the knee. Of the matrons, Mrs. Kruttschnitt, as Night, looked very handsome in black, with gold stars. Mrs. Dean wore a perfectly beautiful dress of white silk, brocaded in shaded silks, in Egyptian fashion, and trimmed with exquisite lace. Mrs. Tom Magee was a fascinating figure in a pretty combination of white silk and gauze.

* * *

Among the men the honors are divided. Mr. Tarn McGrew made a capital Prince Carnival, and looked as though he was just out of a picture. Mr. Fred Greenwood was a courtier in black satin knickerbockers, black coat with lace front, and cuffs, and shoes with silver buckles; he wore a blonde wig which quite disguised him. One of the most perfect disguises in the room was Mr. Eric Powers impersonation of a Mexican gentleman, in white and silver, with large sombrero. Mr. Greenway was a Toreador, in black and red—a capital and very swell costume. Mr. Will Heath was a Colonial gentleman, and Mr. George DeLong was Romeo, in blue velvet and satin. All the Italian officers wore black satin cowls with figures on the shoulders. The Army and Navy men wore full-dress uniform, and the Burlingame Clubmen appeared in their red hunting coats.

* * *

The Presidio season closed on Monday evening with a cotillion which was quite the most pretentious affair the Army has yet given. The girls wore their best bibs and tuckers, and after the entertainment supper was served. Mr. Joyes and Miss Graham led the german, the figures of which were exceedingly pretty. There were any number of good-looking girls, and conspicuous among them I noted Miss Emma Butler in yellow silk. Miss Gertrude Bates, who looked unusually attractive in a sweet little green Dresden silk, with flowers strewn over it. Miss Meeta Graham wore pink silk, and Miss Harriet Graham a dainty organdie trimmed with lace, and a wide blue sash around her waist. Another Monday evening dance was given by Mrs. E. V. Hathaway and Miss May Hathaway in honor of Miss Blanchard, Miss Taylor, and Miss Sabin. It was a very agreeable affair and thoroughly informal. Some rarely pretty gowns were worn. Miss Hathaway's, a combination of white silk and pearl passementerie, being decidedly striking. A very sweet gown was worn by Miss Jessie Hooper, being white silk trimmed with lilies of the valley. Miss Coleman looked well in yellow, and Miss Blanchard in an effective looking green silk. Misses Alice and Fay Rambo wore dainty dresses of white and pink silk.

* * *

IT IS INDEED a feather in the caps of Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Blanding that the Leap Year Cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly was so smart an event. The precautions taken lest any guest "not in wedding garments" should gain admittance were most rigid, and unless one carried the yellow ticket which tallied with the list, the gates were barred against admission. The consequence was that there are no complaints of undue overcrowding, and every one had a good time. It was amusing to watch the girls walking around in pairs with the casual indifference of old beaux, or else scanning the ranks of the men as if debating upon their merits, ere making a choice of partners. A number of the older girls had been invited, and these in particular showed a delightful cynicism as to whether they danced or not. Miss Ella Hobart led the german, and chose simple marching figures, the effect of which was much enhanced by the calcium lights, which were thrown upon the dancers. Among the girls who looked well were: Miss Hobart in a pretty gown of white silk; Miss Williams and Miss Goad in pale blue silk. Miss Olive Holbrook looked exceptionally pretty in a sweet little pink frock; Miss Blanding also looked nice in pink, and Miss Dottie Ames in white chiffon. Pink and blue appeared to be the popular colors, which added much to the spectacular effect of the dance. The girls did not show any undue enthusiasm over their leap year privileges. They did not escort their partners to their seats after a dance; did not fan them or pay them any especial attention, as has been the fashion at other leap year affairs. The only way one could detect that the cotillion was other than usual was the pleasure the maidens appeared to take in one another's society, and their apparent indifference to the attentions of the young men.

* * *

There is no end to the pleasures of the unexpected, and this, in all probability, accounts for the popularity of the impromptu parties. Girls will give up engagements of a week's standing if they are suddenly bidden to an impromptu dinner or dance. One of the jolliest parties of the season was the Leap Year Cotillion given on Monday evening by Mrs. J. N. K. Cunningham. The invitations were issued the forenoon of that day, and at that Mrs. Cunningham merely invited the girls, bidding them bring their own escorts. The affair was thoroughly informal, the favors dainty little conceits hurriedly gotten up. About forty young people took part. The success of the event was in some degree miminized, owing to the Presidio Hop, and Miss Hathaway's reception, which took place on the same evening.

* * *

One of the interesting features of the Cunningham cotillion was, that after supper the men retired to their dressing-rooms and donned mask and domino. Then they returned to the ballroom and had much fun at the expense of the girls, who tried in vain to penetrate into the mysteries of their incognito.

* * *

In spite of the crowd that assembled at the Mardi Gras Ball, there were several other eminently successful affairs given on that evening. Perhaps the jolliest of these was the musicale and dancing party given by Mrs. Luke Robinson to her daughter, Miss Lita Robinson. It was a charming affair, and several old-fashioned games were played. After supper the young people danced until the crowing of the neighboring cocks announced the advent of the Lenten season.

* * *

In these times when originality is at a premium, and a new sensation is almost an unknown quantity, it is most agreeable to participate in an event which savors of the unique. Miss Maggie Douglas, who seeks the novel in entertaining with the keenness displayed by the ancients in regard to the Philosopher's Stone, or the Nansens in their efforts at finding the North Pole, decided to give an original valentine party. She, with the aid of two Japanese artists, turned her garret into a tea-garden, with little bamboo houses dotted about. These houses were covered with Japanese vines, which lent an air of realism to the scene. Maidens in graceful kimonos, their hair arranged in Japanesque fashion, served tea, cakes, and salads on small trays, each bearing, instead of the conventional forks, a pair of chopsticks, which were carried off by the young people as souvenirs of the occasion. During the evening, amidst this strange environment, progressive hearts was played.

* * *

With the advent of Lent comes the taste for the so-called quiet house-parties, and the happy possessors of country homes are already organizing these affairs.

* * *

The Misses Tompkins propose spending the last few days of this week at their San Rafael home, and have bidden a jolly crowd accompany them. Another house-party has been arranged by the Misses Havens, of Oakland, at their Sonoma County ranch. Their entertainments are usually jolly and informal and invitations are sought for.

* * *

The general expression among the maidens who enjoy the social whirl is that they don't intend spending the season of Lent in sackcloth and ashes. That was all very well last year when there were so many parties and dances, but this season, though entertainments have been numerous, real events were rare. Indeed, the month of February was veritably dull. Said one of the pleasure-loving maidens to me, some days ago:

"No, we don't intend to confine our attention to sewing bees and desultory teas, but anticipate a few impromptu dances, dinners, and the usual round of gaiety."

Of course, dancing classes are among the tabooed pleasures, but calling will be kept up, and numberless smaller entertainments; theater parties and card parties, which have been almost unknown during the more lively season, are to have quite a vogue.

* * *

Society will have no difficulty in remembering the identity of Baron Euchtritz, the lofty German who was conspicuous in San Francisco some two years ago. He was tremendously tall, extremely thin, and was possessed with the impression that every young woman he met was anxious to marry him. There was no secret about the character of his intentions in coming to America. He wanted an heiress; and it now seems he has discovered one in the person of a Miss Crocker of Cleveland, who he met in St. Augustine last winter. Miss Crocker is tremendously rich, but she is accused of a propensity for frizzes, and has been seen to use a tooth-pick after dinner. I wonder what method the Baron, who is Chamberlain to the German Emperor, will use to moderate and ameliorate her manners.

* * *

The debutantes are dissatisfied with the season. They aver it was the shortest for many years. The fall weather being especially warm and delightful, people did not return to town until October was on the wane, and there were no important social events until the middle of November. It is said also that the exodus for the country will begin immediately after Easter, which bars important post-lenten gaieties. The bicycle is again to become fashionable, and a riding class has been started under the auspices of Mrs. Wm. B. Hooper. This class is to meet for ring riding every Friday evening, when the various high-school steps will be taught. A band is to be in attendance, and the affair should prove a success. I understand there are now fourteen members, all of whom have had some equestrian practise, and several no small degree of skill.

* * *

REALLY, it was a capital dinner that Mr. Shortridge gave for M. Paderewski, in the Tapestry Room at the Palace, the menu sumptuous, and the company of the best. The sole criticism one might make is in itself a compliment, for the dinner was too good. One certainty there is—the great pianist thoroughly enjoyed himself and pronounced the affair the most charming he had assisted at in America. Paderewski makes an ideal guest; his manner is exquisitely courteous, and deserves in its fullest sense to be termed charming. He entered fully into the spirit of the occasion, and his speech thanking the host for the compliment was set in capital English, as naive as it was graceful in expression. In fact, Paderewski captivated the company, and then, after dinner, delighted them by playing Beethoven and Chopin on Mr. Shortridge's piano. The gathering consisted of such good talkers as Greer Harrison, Judge van Fleet, and D. M. Delmas, and there were much fun and repartee round the board. The best speech was that of Mr. Delmas—a felicitous tribute to the great artist, and a classic of its kind.

* * *

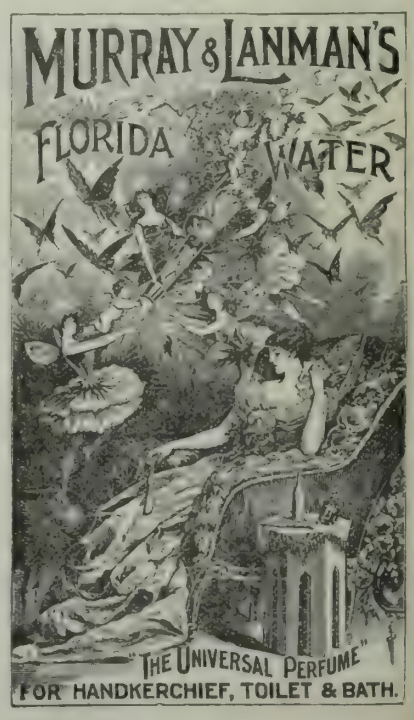
An impromptu dinner and theater party, which more than realized the fondest anticipations, was given by Miss Rose Hooper on Saturday evening. Promptly at half-past six, the young people assembled at the Occidental, and were divided into parties of sixes. They then dined, and later proceeded to the Tivoli to hear "The Gentle Savage," the same people who dined together being seated in the same rows, which prevented confusion and added much to the enjoyment. After the show they again returned to the hotel, and partook of a real German supper in the dining-room. An immense table was arranged, and the forty-two young people seated themselves around it. On the same evening Major and Mrs. John Darling gave a Tivoli party to thirteen people, in honor of the Misses Bee and Ethel Hooper.

* * *

AMONG THE MAIDENS the relish for the peculiar pleasure of a luncheon at the University Club is ever on the increase, and I understand not even the advent of Lent will deter them from this epicurean tendency. The "new woman" has in many ways proved a benefit to her sex, for the girls of a generation ago would never have dreamed of discussing the merits of a dish, and when they were invited to such a festivity, considered it greedy and vulgar to display any pleasure even in the most piquant relish. They would play with their

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.



food, eat a mite of chicken not sufficient to keep a bird alive, and sip at their wine, taking care not to allow more than a soupçon leave their glass. The cultivation of the palate, the appreciation of the aroma of a liqueur was left to the matrons and the men. But we have changed all that. Even the child of to-day shows a knowledge of the pleasures of good eating, and the plain teas with a plentitude of buns, cookies, and preserves would be greeted with scorn by the lad or lass invited to sit down to so simple a menu. No, the children's party is no such inexpensive event as it was some ten years ago. Salads, ices, and pâtes—not to speak of abundant pastries, rich cream, cakes, and candies—are expected by the fin de siécle youth. They sow the seeds for a dyspeptic future, but hugely enjoy the present.

* * *

A girls' luncheon was given at the 'Varsity Club, by Miss Helen Boss, on Tuesday last. There were seventeen girls invited, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Will Taylor. The floral accessories were the usual violets and daffodils, which lend a sweet savor to most of the luncheons of to-day. There were some pretty spring toilets shown, and the affair was altogether agreeable. Another luncheon to an older set of girls was given by Miss Farquharson to Miss Blanche Castle, whose engagement to Mr. Farquharson was recently announced. The 'Varsity Club was the scene of this festivity also. The chief dissimilarity lay in the decorations, which were in hyacinths and red ribbons.

* * *

WITH THE SOLE exception of the Mardi Gras Ball, no entertainments of any magnitude were given during the week. Teas in variety have occurred, but then teas are only signalized by the remarkable resemblance they bear one to the other, a few card parties, and an impromptu reception or so. Of the teas the Southern set was well represented at Mrs. A. D. Bagley's "at home" last week. A more important affair was the tea given by Mrs. Joyes at the Presidio, which was largely attended. There is one thing about a Presidio gathering which adds much to the popularity of any event given there—one is always assured of meeting a number of men. A girls' tea that was in every way satisfactory was given by the Misses Graham to the Misses Hooper on Monday afternoon.

* * *

The especial features of the Darling luncheon, given in honor of Mrs. Captain Niebaum, were the beauty of the table appointments and the charmingly pretty valentines painted by Miss Jennie Catherwood. The table was decked in the cavalry colors—the cloth, an unusually handsome piece of damask in the American flag and eagle design, forming a most appropriate foundation. Mrs. Oxnard was also the hostess of a married ladies' luncheon last week.

* * *

The process of exchanging hospitalities, of gauging the merits of one another's cuisine, has been carried on during the week with unabated zeal. There is a great deal of pleasure experienced by the hostess at an event of this kind. It affords her an opportunity of displaying the treasures of her linen and china closets to the admiring eyes of her friends, who, with perhaps equal appreciation, have lacked the opportunity of acquiring a similar collection. The chances for gorgeous gowning, too, are admirable, as there is no danger of being crushed and the circumstances are peculiarly appropriate for setting off the merits of a rich toilet.

* * *

Of the card parties one of the most enjoyable was given by Mrs. Sanchez to her niece, Miss Laura Crittenden. Progressive euchre was played. Miss Crittenden is a very pretty girl, with a milk-white skin, and real sun locks; her hair being a sort of ruddy gold. The guests were principally the younger girls. Mrs. Maynard McPherson gave a jolly "Jenkins" party on Thursday evening. A number of the girls were very prettily gowned. Miss Bertie Thomson wore a white satin, brocaded in lover's knots, that was very fetching; the front was covered in pearl passementerie. Miss McMullin was also handsomely gowned in Persian silk of shaded red and white, with straps of bluette velvet and white lace. Miss Lita Robinson was daintily dressed in black mousseline de soie, covered in red roses. Among the prettiest of the girls was Miss Sophie Coleman, in a simple frock of lilac mull, trimmed with ribbons.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

* * *

Nothing shows more plainly than the history of the Young Ladies' Saturday Morning Orchestra the capricious character of the San Francisco Society maiden. The orchestra has now been in existence some six years, and during that period, most of girls who had any musical pretensions have been enrolled in its ranks. When it was first started, the members were chosen rather for their social attributes than their musical ability. In those days, a concert given under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Orchestra was an event more interesting to Society than to the musical public. The interest that any undertaking, other than the strictly social, possesses for the Society maiden is at best evanescent, and gradually the smart set has dropped out, and its successors are more talented if less fashionable. The last concert showed a distinct improvement in the ensemble playing. The strings did exceedingly good work, although Miss Ames was missed from her post as leader of the first violins. The wind instruments were rather overpowering, and some of the best numbers were marred by this fault. The Rubenstein Melody, the Sullivan "Graceful Dance," and the overture from Semiramide, were easily the best things given. Miss Little, who sang several selections, has a most agreeable personality, which lends much charm to her singing. Her voice is a very light soprano, which hardly filled the Metropolitan Temple. Mr. Henley carried off the honors of the evening. His rendering of "Calm as the Night" was delightful, and he was recalled several times. Mr. Roncovieri deserves credit for the manner in which he has directed the efforts of the young ladies, and although it must be admitted that he has paid more attention to the wind instruments than to the strings, the playing was infinitely more even than on former occasions.

* * *

PRINCE LUIGI of Savoy has certainly had an active week. After the paper chase at Burlingame on Sunday, in which he and Dick Tobin distanced the field in fine shape, he enjoyed a capital lunch at the Crockers, and, later in the afternoon, saw a good polo game. He dined with General Forsythe on Monday night, and was at the masquerade Tuesday night, seemed to thoroughly enjoy the fun of it, pronounced it a big success, and almost worthy of Florence. He has become thoroughly enamored of Burlingame, however, vows it is a great place for sport, and has arranged to have another paper chase there next Sunday. But this is not the only arrow the Country Club has in its quiver, for, inspired by the Prince's interest in sport, the directors have arranged a steeplechase for the Sabbath over a very difficult course, and I am told that His Royal Highness proposes to make the affair perennial and has offered a magnificent $700 challenge cup to be held in possession by the winner until some bolder horseman snatches it away.

* * *

The value of Burlingame is specially exhibited in the instance of such men as the Prince, Count Cini, and other noble visitors who find there the pleasures which endear life to men of sporting tendency in the Old World. Here they have hunting, riding, fishing, and shooting, besides plenty of men who are ready and have the leisure to accompany them. It is very certain that the gay and wealthy element whose recreation is now found at Burlingame, would not remain a month of the year among us but for the opportunities the club affords them.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St

* * *

IT IS ONLY in the springtime of youth that one experiences a keen appreciation of the pleasure of dancing for dancing's sake. After even one season of social triumphs, the merits, or demerits, of a partner enter largely into the enjoyment of a dance. At first, nothing matters; and to thoroughly understand this sensation of love of motion, one should attend a cotillion given by the Oakland Friday Fortnightly or the "Little Ducks," as the club is more familiarly termed. The members are all young enough to enjoy themselves in a naive and ingenuous fashion delightful to behold. Last week these young people gave their closing cotillion—a leap-year affair, led by Miss Bertha McElwrath and Mr. Tom Knowles. The first was the "blue and gold figure," with hearts and darts for favors. The second, the butterfly, and the third, a marching and fan figure, very prettily carried out. There are a number of quite handsome girls in this club, which is a pleasing prospect for next year, when they will appear as débutantes. Miss McElwrath is a tall girl, very dark, almost Oriental in coloring, with fine eyes, and a very bright, attractive expression. She wore a combination of yellow and black, which was fetching. Miss Pauline Fore was extremely pretty in a watermelon pink. Miss Mary Randall looked lovely in white gauze, cut décolleté, and showing to advantage her well-set head. Miss Holcomb was charming in a pink mull over silk, cut square and strapped over the shoulders with pink rosebuds. Miss Alice Knowles was in pale blue silk. Miss Etta Havens looked very chic, as did Miss Carmen Moore, who was becomingly gowned in pale pink. One of the features of the event was the supper, the ices being in the shape of ducks emerging from their shells, suggestive of the nickname of the club—a rather quaint conceit.

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A medieval prince was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, but fin de siecle Oakland is deluged in oceans of teas. The first seems a rather unpleasant fate, but when viewed from the everlasting shadows of countless teacups, it begins to assume a more agreeable aspect. Mrs. Howard Bray gave the first of the series on Saturday afternoon in honor of the engagement of Miss Maerie Pope. Mrs. George Wheaton gave her second "at home" on Tuesday. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Adams and Miss Ella Sterrett. Mrs. Landers, assisted by Miss Bernice Landers, was "at home" at the Metropole. In Berkeley they have shown a similar fondness for the cup that cheers but not inebriates. The "C. A. T. S.," as the girls' fraternity is called, gave a big reception on Saturday afternoon. This was jollier than the usual cut-and-dried tea, as several of the professors and numberless lads had been invited. The Fraternity house, a pretty building on the Berkeley hills, was rendered especially attractive by the original decorations. Branches of acacia, jonquils, and blackberry vines covered the walls, and the rooms were redolent with the perfume of flowers. The girls all looked pretty in light spring toilets.

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Miss Head gave her annual tea on Tuesday afternoon. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Mabel Urmy, Miss Bridges, Miss Ransome, the seniors and post-graduates. The decorations were quite a feature, wild flowers being used almost entirely. Miss Head also gave a dancing party to the juniors and middle classes on Friday evening. It was an unusually enjoyable event, owing to the presence of the University students, who, as a rule, are splendid dancers. Among the girls whom I especially admired were Miss Lesley Green, a piquant little maiden with chestnut hair and dark eyes; Miss Gertrude Gould, a tall, dark girl; Miss Lena Robinson, and Miss Willhoit of Stockton, an unusually striking girl, tall, fair, and with a sweet expression.

* * *

COEDUCATION has its disciples as well as its opponents, and even the latter will admit the benefits to be derived from the social side of a collegiate career. The steady tedium of the ever-recurring lecture would prove unendurably monotonous were it not for the teas and afternoon receptions which are constantly being given by the girls, and which prove an ever-welcome relaxation to the hard students, as well as to those butterflies of literature who have not yet discovered the manifold dangers of a little learning. A tea at Stanford, even with the tiresome trip by train, is a temptation difficult to withstand, as many of the San Francisco maidens insist that the students are even more attractive than the Berkeley lads, and twice as hospitable. One of the largest teas of this term was given on Friday afternoon at Robley Hall, by Miss Blake, Miss Seet, and Miss Markham. The hall was charmingly decorated, and the girls, in their light, spring frocks, were bewitching.

* * *

The Mardi Gras dinner given by Mr. Frank King at the Chi Phi Fraternity house was a very smart affair. There were covers laid for twenty, and the decorations were in excellent taste. Among those invited were Miss Myra Prather, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Belle Mhoon, etc.

* * *

No longer is the light silk waist and darker skirt the correct costume for a luncheon. The maiden who wishes to be fashionable must appear at these midday feasts in a plain tailor-built frock. This was especially noticeable at the "Valentine" luncheon given by Mrs. Will Henshaw to Miss Hall, who has lately returned from Europe, when all the girls appeared in plain cloth frocks absolutely lacking in adornment. The decorations were in jonquils and violets, and the valentines, little hearts exquisitely contrived, were very dainty. Among the girls invited were Miss Nellie Chabot, Miss Emma Ferrier, Miss Grimes, Miss Mattie Knowles, and Miss Amy McKee.

* * *

A very jolly party was that given to the "Thirteen Club," of Oakland, on Friday afternoon, by Miss Emma Mahoney. They were driven all over Golden Gate Park in four-in-hand, inspected the conservatories and the museum, and then went to Mrs. Joe Austin's home, where they were charmingly entertained. Among the girls belonging to this organization are: Miss Ethel Kittredge, Miss Emma Mahoney, Miss Selby, the Misses English, and others.

THE GOSSIP.

We wish to call the attention of the connoisseurs to the fine line of Duff Gordon Sherry and Oporto Ports presented by the old established house of C. Meinicke & Co., 314 Sacramento Street. Although not so much the fashion now to indulge in old port and sherry amongst the younger generation, yet nothing pleases the palate and gladdens the heart so much of "one who knows" as a good glass of sherry before dinner, and a nip of choice and old port after dinner. With business cares gone for the day, and a bottle of these choice wines on the table, life is worth living.

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BEFORE...

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NO REPAIRS

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"Built Like a Watch"
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RIPPLES.

LEAVES FROM TOMMY'S COMPOSITION BOOK—BREATH.

Breath is what we breathe. If we didn't have breath we couldn't breathe, and if we didn't breathe we wouldn't have any breath, and the result would be that we wouldn't be.

You will often hear people say that they were out of breath, or that they were breathless. It's only the unthinking people who speak so, usually women. If a person once runs out of breath that person ain't going to tell many people about it. When you get out of breath you can't send to the grocer for two bits' worth, like you can if you get out of spuds, or something like that. I heard ma ask pa where he got his breath the other night, and pa said he got it down to the corner, but I know pa only meant that he got the flavoring for his breath at the corner. When pa wants a friend to drink with him, he doesn't say, "Let's have a drink"; but says, "Let's have a breath."

It's a cold day when we see our breath. Usually we cannot see our breath, but we know it's there. If it weren't there, we wouldn't know anything about it.

Everybody has breath. A person doesn't have to see breath to know that other people have breath; 'cause what the eyes don't see the nose doesn't grieve after, in a great many cases.

My pa once knew somebody that knew somebody else that knew of a man that once was acquainted with another man whose uncle had such a strong breath that he became wealthy by hiring himself out to the ferry companies in foggy weather, and simply breathing over the waters and dissolving the fog that the ferries might cross back and forward without accident. They say a sleeping car in the morning would have smelt like a fashionable perfume alongside of his breath, but I don't think it was as bad as that. He spent lots of money trying to get rid of his bad breath, and after trying most everything, the doctors finally gave him up and suggested that he see a plumber, as the only way he could get rid of his bad breath would be to swallow a sewer-trap, which he refused to do. Instead, he went out west and worked in the deep mines, and, by so doing, made all the doctors out liars; for he had not worked in the mines one day before he was strung up by the neck for asphyxiating a dozen miners underground.

HIS SUCCESS.

"To what do I owe my success in life?" repeated the magnate reflectively, as he snapped the ashes from his three-for-a-half. "Yes, I believe I may say truthfully that I owe my success in life to my poor handwriting. This may seem strange to you still it is nevertheless true.

"Many years ago, when the idea was first conceived to build the road of which I am now the president, our president at that time, came to me, then a poor clerk, and stated that the company was in need of a treasurer, and wished a specimen of my handwriting. I was always good at figures, but my handwriting was, and is to-day, something horrible. I can assure you it was with some trepidation that I scrawled my signature upon a slip of paper and handed it to the president, never dreaming that I would be considered.

"'Just the thing!' exclaimed the president, as soon as he had caught sight of my scrawl; 'that would look well at the foot of any check. You are the only man in our employ who can write a signature that no one can make out. Look at the writing of your fellow-clerks,' continued the president, bringing forth slips on which had been neatly written the signatures of my brother slaves. 'They all look as if they had been written by a lot of boys just fresh from school! They write good hands to fill in the body of the checks, but not to sign 'em. Hereafter you shall be our treasurer at a salary of five thousand per year, to be increased annually as our business becomes in better shape.'

"I might add that I did not marry the president's only daughter, but did marry his widow, the president having died a few years after my appointment."

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Mr. Blossom had probably been asleep three hours, when he suddenly awoke with a feeling that something foreign was adhering to his leg, just above his knee. He made no move to place his hand on the spot for fear it might prove to be a poisonous insect. The more he concentrated his mind on the spot of oppression, the more he felt convinced that there was a poisonous insect of large size resting on his leg, waiting for him to make a move, when it would strike him with its poisonous fangs, and probably poison him to death. He had read in the paper only a few days before where a man had brought home a scorpion in a bunch of bananas, and the narrow escape one member of the family had from being poisoned. He remembered he had himself that evening brought home some bananas for his better half, and would have wagered that he had brought home a poisonous insect with them. The more he thought, the more he was convinced, and he perspired freely. What should he do—wake his wife? No; she was a woman and would probably faint. He thought if he had his pistol handy he might take a haphazard shot at the annoying spot on the leg, and, might perhaps, kill the insect. Then he happened to think if he hit the insect he would also hit his leg. What could he do? Ah, happy thought! He doubled up his fist and drew it close to his face; then with all his strength he dashed it downward and struck his leg directly over the spot of annoyance with a blow that would have felled an ox. As it was it very near broke his leg. The jar of the blow, of course, awoke Mrs. Blossom, who yelled, "For Heaven's sake, Joe, what is the matter, is the house on fire?"

"No!" yelled back Joe, who had jumped from the bed as soon as the blow had been delivered, and who was now stumbling about the dark room in search of a match.

"I've been bit by a rattlesnake or something. Where are the matches? Damn that chair!" he ejaculated in the same breath, as he stubbed his toe against the rocking-chair, and as the chair rocked back and one of the rockers scraped up and down his shins, he ejaculated another "*damn*."

"Where are those matches?" he yelled. "A man can't find anything in this house excepting rocking-chairs, and they are always right under his feet." He had hardly finished this last sentence when there was a crash, and Mr. Blossom was heard to say, somewhat emphatically, "Damn it!"

"Joe Blossom, what under the sun are you trying to do?" fairly yelled Mrs. Blossom from the bed.

"Trying to pull the house down in search of a match," sarcastically replied Mr. Blossom.

"Why don't you look in the match-safe?"

"Because no one was ever able to find a match in a match-safe when it was wanted."

"Feel on top of the bureau."

"There's nothing on the bureau. Didn't you hear me pull everything on to the floor?"

"Well, feel on the floor, then."

"I am. Ah! here's one at last." As he spoke, he scratched the match and lit the gas, as Mrs. Blossom said:

"Now, for goodness' sake, tell me what is the trouble."

"Trouble enough, I've been bitten by a tarantula or some other poisonous insect; but I guess I've killed him."

It was some time before Mr. Blossom could gather up enough courage to look at the spot where the mangled remains of the poisonous insect was supposed to be. With all of Mrs. Blossom's coaxing, he would not look for the bite until he had drank half a bottle of whisky. When at last they did look, Mrs. Blossom laughed outright, while Mr. Blossom muttered, "Well, I'll be hanged."

There certainly was something adhering to Mr. Blossom's leg, but it was not a spider, scorpion, or any other poisonous insect. The object of their scrutiny was a corn plaster which Mrs. B. wore on one of her toes when she retired for the night, but which in some way became detached and adhered to Mr. Blossom's leg.

ALWAYS.

Blossom—I see the lawyers have found a way to break old Skinflint's will.

Bloomer—Where there's a will there's a way.—S. F. WAVE.

THE BRUTE.

Mrs. Blossom—Joe, I wish you would bring up a scuttle of coal and some kindling.

Mr. Blossom (musingly, as he wanders toward the cellar)—The evil one always finds work for idle hands to do.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Officer Casey (who is about to go on duty)—Here, Katy, you had better hide these four dollars about the house whoile Oi do be on duty to-noight.

Mrs. Casey—Why don't yo' be taking dem wit yo'?

Officer Casey—Oi do be afraid Oi may be stood up by a footpad to-noight.

OLD RECOLLECTIONS.

New Missionary (to Fiji)—Did you not like my predecessor?

Fiji—Oh, yes; but he little too old.

New Missionary—But he was a good man.

Fiji—Yes, pretty good; but little tough.

HELPED OUT.

Tramp (to manager of large store)—Excuse me, sir, but I'm in distress. Will you kindly help me out?

Manager—Certainly. (Calling porter.) Here, Mike, help this man into the street.

FOR DRINKS.

She—Mr. Bangs must have a grand voice. He told me that a few nights ago he sang at the Opera House.

He—Yes; I heard him. It was at the Opera House saloon, and he had a jag on.

MISINTERPRETED.

Bloomer—Blossom, my boy, she has the finest set of limbs I've ever seen!

Blossom—Is she fast?

Bloomer—Fast! Well, I should say yes. I was out to see her yesterday, and——

Mrs. Bloomer (who has entered unobserved)—You mean, contemptible wretch! I've heard every word you've uttered. I'm going home to mother right away.

(It took Bloomer and Blossom three hours to convince Mrs. Blossom that their conversation referred to a noted race mare.)

AFTER THE BALL.

Wife—Did I look handsome to-night, dear?

Hubby—Indeed you did; but there were several things about you I didn't like.

"What were they, hubby?"

"Cholly-Boys." BRUNO.

SHEARINGS.

"Mamma, can I invite Freddy Sanborn over to slide down our cellar door?"

"Won't you enjoy it just as much alone?"

"No, there are too many splinters in it now."—*Life.*

Wife (at the piano)—John, you're singing dreadfully to-night. There, you've skipped a bar!

John—Didn't skip any on the road home.—*Judge.*

"Doctor, don't you think whisky is the best thing for this cold of mine?"

"If whisky were any good the cold would never have entered your system—*Life.*

"Young man," said the merchant to the prospective office-boy, "are you fairly well educated?"

"I be," replied the boy proudly.—*Judge.*

Bilkins—How do you make a hot Scotch, Miss Vassar?

Miss Vassar—Call him an Irishman; if that doesn't make him hot I don't know anything that will.—*N. Y. World.*

Advice to a brunette who is about to become a blonde: Keep it dark.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

"Before I leave the city I'd like to take in the Hebrew quarters."

"You can try it, but I think they'll be more apt to take in yours."—*Life.*

The Poet—No; I shall never marry.

She—You'd rather keep on writing poetry, would you?—*Puck.*

At the shop window.

"Ain't thim iligint dimands?"

"Yis; fur th' love of hiven look at thot tarara!"—*Judge.*

She—Since Folsome took to bicycling, I suppose he is often seen on the road.

He—Yes; I saw him there five times within a mile, the other day.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

She (romantically)—Ah, George! would you could—like the knights of old—do some brave, heroic deed to show your love for me.

He—Haven't I? Why, I have worn this hand-painted necktie you gave me Christmas every day since.—*Puck.*

Askins—Rather than go to work you refused a salary of thirty dollars a week?

Legpully—Sure! I can make more than that by borrowing.—*N. Y. World.*

Mamma—What are you playing with, Essie?

Essie—A caterpillar an' two little kittenpillars.—*Judge.*

Willie—I knew you were coming to-night.

Castleton—Why, Willie?

Willie—Sister has been asleep all the afternoon.—*Truth.*

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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No person should purchase real estate without having the title insured. Property which does not have a pefect legal title cannot be sold with facility. Besides, it is a constant source of annoyance and expense. All trouble is obviated by taking out a policy of insurance upon a title in the California Title Insurance and Trust Company. This corporation has a capital of $250,000, and a cash reserve fund of $25,000 with which to defend its policies. For a single premium, which is generally less than the cost of an abstract and lawyer's opinion, it guarantees a perfect title, and becomes liable in case defects are afterward discovered. The Company owns the best abstract plant west of the Rocky Mountains. It is thus enabled to make abstracts for purchasers who may prefer them. It is also authorized by law to loan money on real estate. The office of the Company is in the Mills' Building, and L. R. Ellert is the Manager.

seed time

The successful farmer has learned by experience that some grains require far different soil than others. He knows that a great deal depends on right planting at the right time. No use complaining in summer that a mistake was made in spring. *Decide before seed-time.* The best time to treat coughs and colds is before the seeds, or germs, of consumption have begun their destructive work.

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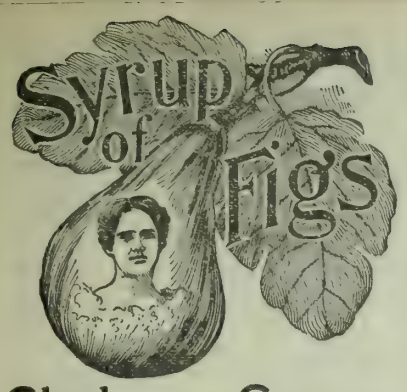

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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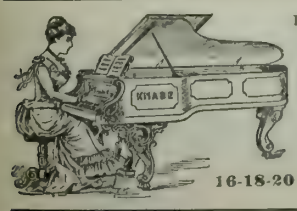

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PUBLIC PEOPLE.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MOMENT.

Bismarck is a large manufacturer of paper and supplies, and among his customers numbers several English firms. He is a keen man of business, and keeps in touch with even the most minor changes in the paper market of the world.

Count Leon Tolstoi is a vigorous hater of England. He says the English and the Zulus should be herded together as the two most brutal nations on earth. He regrets that he has not time to write a book on the English people.

Doctor Milburn, the chaplain of the United States Senate, is blind. Ever since he was five years old he has been deprived of sight. He cultivated his memory and is able to repeat the longest chapter in the Bible after having it read to him twice, four verses at a time.

President Cleveland works very hard and pays a good deal of attention to details. Congressman Barham of California, who is much interested in the Nicaraguan Canal, called at the White House to ask why the report of the engineers had not yet been sent to Congress, as it had been submitted to the President early in December. "The truth is," said Mr. Cleveland, "that I have not yet had time even to open the envelope containing the report, much less to examine it. There is one improvement in nature which would suit my convenience very well, and that is, to have forty-eight hours a day."

Miss Corinne Blackburn, daughter of Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, is a new woman in its best sense. She is a first-class politician, and was of great assistance to her father during his campaign. She has a wonderful memory for faces and names, and her father seeks her advice on all occasions, and relies almost absolutely on her intuition. She manages the whole of his correspondence, and it was largely owing to her instrumentality that he was elected Senator by the Kentucky Democrats.

The first time that the Empress Eugenie saw Napoleon III. she was a child of fourteen—he, a prisoner. It seems the Countess de Montijo and Madame Delessert, wife of the Prefect of Police, were great friends. The Countess was visiting Madame Delessert when Louis Napoleon, who had been arrested at Strasbourg after his unsuccessful revolutionary attempts, was brought in. He was a miserable, dejected-looking man, and the ladies expressed deep commiseration for him.

Mr. Ruskin delights in precious stones, which he carries loose in his pocket. On one occasion he was calling at a friend's house in Hamstead when he took out some of his costly gems. While showing them, one—a most valuable and beautiful diamond—fell on the floor and speedily rolled into some corner, where it could not be found. Great was the friend's consternation; chairs were moved, carpets ripped up, while Mr. Ruskin quietly begged them not to bother, said: "Let it remain where it is; it is gone now." At last the gem was found, and Mr. Ruskin leisurely put it back in his pocket and continued his conversation as if nothing had happened.

Calvé does not care for Society. I live only for my art," she says, "And why should I desire to have people say to me, 'You never sang better than you did to-night in such and such a soug," when I am conscious that at that time I was off the key. Do you think *ignorant* people give me pleasure by their silly compliments? Then," she went on, "the talking that goes on I can hear and it is most annoying. One will say, 'Calvé looks tired, to-night'; another, 'Melba is my favorite'; a third, 'Calvé is quite graceful considering her size.' Ugh, I hate it! Then insult is added to injury by the late arrival of some one of the 'smart set,' who has brought back a jeweled comb from the other side which she arranges for the benefit of those who can see her, and sets up a rival performance by her actions and noise."

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SONGS OF THE HOUR.

TO HER SILKEN SHOE.

This dainty little silken shoe,
Which hangs upon my study wall,
Was once a fairy bark—the crew,
Five elfin passengers so small
That when across the dews they went,
Scarce were the billowy grasses bent.

And, in the hold for merchandise,
Were carried silks of divers hue;
White ivory such as kings might prize,
And marble veined with softest blue:
My lady's foot, that has no peer
In either earthly hemisphere.

Ah! happy little shoe that bore
A burden light as thistle-down,
Here are you anchored evermore,
Into a peaceful haven blown;
And now and ever shall it be
That you are honored so by me.

For through the seasons I will wreathe
Your silken sides with fairest flowers,
Which, with their perfume sweet, shall breathe
Of summers gone and scented hours,
When you, in all your pretty pride,
Upon my lady's service plied.

—*From Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In that burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

—*Richard Burton in Dumb in June.*

BELINDA'S FAN.

Waif from days of puffs and patches,
As it wafts its hint of musk,
Eerie strains of glees and catches
Seem to echo through the dusk.
Powdered dames in satin shimmer,
Dashing gallants, gay to scan,
In the ghostly twilight glimmer,
As I wave Belinda's fan.

I can view the lusters flashing
Down the bright assembly room;
I can hear the fountains plashing,
I can scent the soft perfume.
Scores of eyes are softly beaming;
Let them beam as best they can—
Who can match the azure gleaming
Eyes beneath Belinda's fan?

In the courtliest of dances,
Fancy limns the fair coquette,
Thrilling hearts with dimpled glances,
Gliding through the minuet.
I can see the beaux a-flutter,
I can read the plots they plan,
And the vows they long to utter,
Whispering o'er Belinda's fan.

Out amid the gusty porches
Stands Belinda's sedan chair;
Drowsy lackeys wait with torches
For the footsteps of the fair;
And the gallants, when the revel
Withers 'neath the morning ban,
Wish the dawn were at the devil,
Bowing o'er Belinda's fan.

Never owned a monarch's scepter
Half such power for weal or woe;
Venus's girdle never kept her
Votaries in half the glow;
Circe's spells in magic spoken
Weakly pale and yield the van;
Think of all the gay hearts broken—
Broken by Belinda's fan.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

If giving careful attention to detail and keeping constantly in touch with the very latest ideas in London, Paris, and New York has anything to do with artistic hairdressing, Mr. Lederer, 111 Stockton Street, would seem to be San Francisco's best coiffure-maker.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, dece sed, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, Room 9, 309 Pine Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 17, 1896.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

TOILETS.

The delightful suggestiveness of summer in the air, with its anticipatory warmth, has tempted the shopkeepers to display their spring and summer novelties—dreams of dimities fresh as dawn, in white, pink, and light greens, with blossoms straggling over them, printed lawns, dotted swisses, and ribbons, are in the windows. I have never seen such exquisite ribbons, shaded and printed in pansies, violets, rich geraniums, and the multitudinous conventional flowers.

The fancies in shirt waists appear to increase in daintiness. There is a decided leaning towards delicate flimsy cottons, in place of the cambrics and percales of last season. Figured stuffs made up into waists, with the latest and tallest of white collars and turned back cuffs, are in all the shops, and plain linen waists with fancy fronts, little lace-edged tucks and delicate insertions, are the principal styles, so far. As the outdoor season gets nearer, more ideas will spring up.

The sleeves in all the shirt waists are great, big, bishop-like affairs, with deep cuffs. The bishop sleeve is also fashionable for silk waists and gowns, and though it is a change after the oft-repeated seasons when the leg o'mutton has reigned supreme, it leaves much to be desired in the matter of gracefulness.

Velvet ribbon is to be much used in the trimming of the summer gowns. It will form the belts, collars, rosettes, bows, etc., and will wind its weary way in and out of the open lace insertions. Black velvet ribbons will divide the honors with the new brilliant shades; but, as no Frenchwoman ever considers a gown chic without a touch of black, I dare say that it will be brought in in some fashion.

The new tailor cloths for street wear repeat the same soft mixtures that have been so popular for the past few years. There are no strikingly new colors or weaves in the spring cloths. There seems to be a greater demand than ever for the light cheviots, which are firm in texture, and not loosely woven like the Scotch homespuns. They make splendid summer traveling dresses, as they are light and shed the dust. All the goods of smooth finish are now called "faced cloths." This season these cloths are shown chiefly in fine mixtures of color, where the various tints are dyed in the wool, and irregularly carded together before the thread of the warp and woof is woven into the cloth. These mixed cloths are sometimes crossed by an indistinct plaid formed of a slightly heavier thread of plain color.

Steel buttons are very fashionable, particularly on black satin dresses and capes. I notice, too, that all the new jackets have buttons either of silver or gilt, and are frequently piped with some bright shade.

Mohair is to be used extensively for walking dresses this season, as is alpaca; the latter especially in the lighter colors. White alpaca will almost supersede duck as a material for seaside and yachting costumes.

Dead leaf green is to be the favorite color in hats and bonnets. There is to be no real "spring bonnet" this season, for the bonnets are going to be toques. There are no shapes that can be correctly termed bonnets, and only two that even suggest them. Of these, one is a modification of the Holland cap, close and tight behind the ears. The second is called the "Granier," and is quite like a toque, only the trimming is massed very full and high about the face and is set rather far back on the head.

The fancy straws are fascinating, and it is unlikely that there will be any of the plain straws worn. There is one pretty moss-like straw, and another called caracole. The "ribbon straw" is delightful—it is a moss straw with a wide, smooth, ribbon-like straw running through it and making little loops.

The regular style for trimming is entirely abandoned. Hats are turned up in every odd way possible, and toques are trimmed either in the front or on one side, so as to do away with all regularity of form. Some little toques have crowns of cloth-of-gold; others have wings of cloth-of-silver embroidered in gold.

Why will girls with pale complexions and eyes of no especial color wear a dark ribbon round the throat and a tremendous splash of some bright color stuck on one side of the hat? It robs them of even a soupçon of color, makes the complexion sallow, the eyes paler, and the effect blotchy. If color be worn around the neck it adds to the color in the skin, but above the face, unless the eyes are dark and bright, is especially unbecoming. One can always safely wear a color that blends or harmonizes with the eyes, but not one that makes too vivid a contrast.

Hats are to be worn tilted forward over the eyes. Girls who wear them in cartwheel fashion, as a few still do, are quite out of it; but they imagine them more becoming, I believe. But could they guess what a lovely shadow a brim throws over the eyes, they would soon abandon the beloved background effect. Violets are with us quite as much as ever, and the deep purple native violets are arranged in a loose bunch. The flowers are large and perfect, but the leaves are jagged and irregular. The large, bluish Parma violets are quite as conspicuous, and more fashionable even than the other. Fashion says that one may wear violets with everything, but one sees frightful travesties of color when a violet-crowned hat is combined with the brighter tones of blue, arsenic green and red.

An uncommon but striking-looking costume is of red Amazon cloth. The skirt is formed of eight godets—six behind and one on either side. The front breadth is plain, but is trimmed on each seam with seven rows of narrow black silk braid. The jacket fits closely in the back, but is loose in front. In the middle of the back is a flat plait stitched with eleven rows of silk. The seams at the back have also three rows of stitching. The front is trimmed with four rows of passementerie, and is fastened with olive-shaped buttons. The collar is a mushroom pattern, rounded in front, and the outer side is red cloth. Inside at the reversible side, the collar is half black velvet and half red cloth stitched.

Shot silk, in combination with cloth, is much used. A violet cloth gown has a waist of this silk in two shades of violet, made with a full yoke of mousseline de soie, and trimmed round with a band of violet silk embroidery on coarse écru linen foundation. This is a very novel trimming which has not yet become common. Taffeta silks in large plaids are gaining in favor, and will be very much worn for entire gowns, with black and white accessories, black chiffon being especially effective with the bright colors. BABETTE.

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FOR 1896

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TALES OF THE DAY.

A brother of the famous Chauncey M. Depew lives a quiet, uneventful life in St. Paul. In gatherings, however, where the names of famous men are mentioned, he always sees that his brother is not neglected, and shines in the reflected glory of his halo. A wag, knowing of Larry Depew's weakness, began abusing the Republican party in this wise: "There ain't an honest man in the whole Republican party. There was Hayes; he stole the Presidency. There's Grant; he stole a second term. And there's Platt; he has stolen all New York State. Why, there ain't an honest one among the lot of them." "What's that?" said Larry Depew. "What you say isn't true. There's my brother, Chauncey M. Depew. What did he steal, eh?" "Why, Larry, he stole all the brains of the Depew family, for one thing."

A lady who lives near Dublin was surprised the other morning when the servant came and told her that a certain workman had called and asked permission to look over the house. She acceded to his request as she had known the man some time, but before he left she sent for him and asked him his reasons. He explained that they had had a meeting in the village and drawn lots for the various properties in the neighborhood which they were to have when the Socialists were in power. He had drawn her house and wanted to inspect his lot.

This letter, written by an English seven-year-old, is vouched for as genuine: "Dear Doctor X:—I would be pleased if you would let me have a baby for one guinea. We want it on the fourth of February for mother's birthday. We would like it fat and bonny with blue eyes and fair hair. We children are going to give it to her ourselves. Please answer at once. Yours sincerely, Archie. P. S. Which would be the cheaper, a boy or a girl?"

A story is told that during Queen Victoria's stay at Osborne Castle, an Irish nurse brought the children of the Duke of B. to visit the children of the Princess Beatrice. While the party were at tea in the nursery, the Queen entered unexpectedly. Irish Nelly stood up pale and trembling. The Queen presently saw her, and said kindly: "The children are a credit to your care of them." On this, Nelly fell on her knees in a frenzy of embarrassment, crying out: "Yes, O Queen! No, O Queen!" bowing her head at each sentence. "It's from County Cork I came and little does me faythe know I do be acquainted this day wid the greatest Queen of the world!" The children roared with laughter but the Queen bade the woman rise and sent her on an errand until she should recover her wits.

Colonel Theodore Hallam, the distinguished lawyer of Covington, was met by a number of attorneys the other day with, "Well, Theodore, so the Kentucky Legislature is going to close."

A kindly tale which shows Jay Gould in a more tender light than that in which the world is accustomed to regard him, is told in the *Youth's Companion*. The millionaire said to a friend once that a certain letter from the minister of a frontier Methodist Church had given him more pleasure than the accomplishment of his biggest deal. This is the story of the letter:

Mr. Gould and another railroad magnate were delayed for a few hours in a small Western town. They started to occupy the hours by making a tour of their surroundings. They had not gone far before they heard the mournful clang of an auctioneer's bell, and came upon a crowd of curious people surrounding the seller.

The auctioneer was crying "Fifteen hundred dollars! fifteen hundred dollars! Am I offered more?" when Mr. Gould touched a tall Texan on the arm, and asked him what the sale was for.

"Pard," said the ranger, "this is a knockout for the parson."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Gould.

"You see, pard, the parson built this church, but the tin petered out, and now the wood-butcher is selling the whole crowd out for his coin."

Mr. Gould stepped up to the auctioneer, and asked for the contractor who was closing out his lien. The auctioneer pointed out the man, and Gould approached him and asked the amount of his claim.

"Seventeen hundred dollars and costs," said he.

"What will you take in settlement?" asked Mr. Gould.

"I'll settle for fifteen hundred dollars, and donate the balance," said the contractor.

Mr. Gould, taking from his pocket several bills of large denomination, gave them to the contractor, and took his receipt in full, with the cancelled lien. Just then an old man, who had been a witness of the transaction, going up to Mr. Gould, said, "Stranger, what are you going to do with the claim you've just bought?"

Mr. Gould looked the man over in that calm way he had, and asked why he wanted to know.

"Why," said he, "I am a steward of this church. The members and Sabbath-school scholars are in the church, with the presiding elder and pastor on their knees, praying God to come to our help and save the church."

Mr. Gould said nothing, but taking the receipted bill and cancelled lien, he gave them to the steward, and turning towards the depot, walked rapidly back to his train.

The steward entered the church, now free, and told the people what the Lord had done, and they sang the Doxology on their knees. Then they went out into the streets to find the stranger. They soon found that the little man was none other than Jay Gould. His train had gone, and only a cloud of dust on the far-away prairie indicated where their benefactor was.

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A single term at the Medical Department of the University of California for 100 subscribers.

For 500 annual subscribers we offer the full four years' course at the Cooper Medical College. This offer includes all incidental costs and fees, except board and lodging.

We offer the four years' course at the Medical Department of the University of California, for 400 subscribers.

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The course at Hastings Law College for 250 annual subscribers. This includes books and other expenses attached to the College, for a period of three years, and the privilege of studying in a first-class law office.

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A six months' course in either the Business Department, or the Department of Stenography and Typewriting of Heald's Business College, for 50 annual subscribers.

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THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

THE W. C. T. U. AND THE WAR SPIRIT.

THE WAVE is informed, through Mrs. Frances W. Leiter of Mansfield, Ohio, that Senator Carter of Montana has introduced a bill in Congress which aims to secure military training in the public schools. To enact such a law, says the good lady, will be "the educational blunder of the century." THE WAVE is therefore asked to join in an effort to prevent such legislation.

It is always with regret that one declines to aid a woman in a warfare she is making for a cause she believes right. For even the "new woman" is countenanced more by man's gallantry than his reason. But gallantry must have its limits. THE WAVE therefore refuses, most politely, to join in the crusade against the Carter bill; in fact, if the bill will do what Mrs. Leiter fears it will, we most fervently hope it will become the law.

Mrs. Leiter modestly carries the title of Superintendent of the Physical Culture Department of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. One would naturally think that whatever made for the better physical condition of the race Superintendent Leiter would favor, since with physical degeneracy comes the craving for strong drink which Miss Willard's organization is endeavoring to overcome. But there seems to be almost as much danger in putting a gun into a boy's hands and training him to drill, as there would be in giving him a glass of beer and telling him to drink. In a word, the philanthropic women of the W. C. T. U. fear that military drill will cultivate the war spirit in our youth. Drill is good, they confess, but drill with guns is wicked.

The spirit that animates this protest against military drill is a spirit that would destroy patriotism and promote cowardice. If we have a country that is worth living in, it is one worth fighting for. If we hold principles worth teaching by example and precept, they are surely worth maintaining on land and sea. Men may have become so interdependent that they will hesitate longer than in the days of King Arthur before falling upon each other; nations may be so bound together in trade and sympathy that they will refuse to go to war upon the slight pretexts which availed in Charlemagne's time; but the man who does not hold himself ready to resent insult is called by the same name to-day that he was ten centuries ago, and the nation that meekly submits to imposition, no matter how rich, can never be great either in the eye of its contemporaries or in that of history.

There need be no fear that war will come too soon, or that by the training of boys to obey orders and march in line a demand for war will be created that will force a supply. The business of the world affords ample opportunity for men fond of contest and supremacy. So long as our college presidents, like Andrews of Brown, charge their young graduates to conquer the world by making fortunes, there need be no protest raised against the development of the spirit of war. Every dollar in a savings bank, every wheel in every mill, every barnful of hay, every brick in every building, is an obstacle set in the way of war. There never was a war from the day of Priam to that of Lincoln against which the thrifty and conservative did not protest. And as wealth becomes more generally distributed, the number of those who had rather fight than work becomes fewer. There are brakes enough on the coach to keep it from getting out of control.

On the other hand, there is an extreme aversion to war even more dangerous to a people than the Napoleonic love of war. While, as Charles Sumner so eloquently taught, the true grandeur of a nation lies not in the victories it has won, it is equally to be remembered that the nation that will not fight well will do nothing else well. Take from a people that desire to excel, that pride in themselves, that vanity—whatever you may call it, the quality that leads them to desire distinction among the peoples of the world, and you take from them the quality that not only makes good soldiers, but good craftsmen. The test is history. Where is the people we admire which is cowardly? Or, if objection is made that cowardice and aversion to war are not synonymous, we change the question, and ask for the name of that people which we respect and would emulate which is not always ready to fight.

If, out of a sentimental notion that the millennium is approaching, we wish to destroy the militant spirit in youth, there is much more for Mrs. Leiter to do than the sending of petitions to Washington against the Carter Bill. For every star in the flag that waves over the schoolhouse calls to the boy's mind some battle where American boys fought for independence or union. Should that flag come down? On every page of our history is told the story of some heroic Farragut or Decatur, of some Sheridan, Sherman, Lee, Johnson, Wayne, Putnam, Scott, or Grant. Shall these pages of history come out because they make hot youth thrill? Shall we throw the Iliad into the fire and expurgate the Bible? To ask these things is just as reasonable as the demand of the Department of Physical Culture of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Men need to fight now and then, good ladies, to keep this poor old world from becoming stagnant, ill-smelling, and unwholesome.

A QUESTION OF ALTERNATIVES.

The proposition to refund the railway debt, besides being one of dollars and cents, involves broader questions of equity and justice, involves a consideration as to what course would best subserve the interests of the United States Government, and locally the interests of the State of California. Involved in this controversy are broad questions of public policy worthy of the attention of great statesmen, but all of which seem to have been recently swept aside and subverted by the friends of the corporation to the central proposition of "refund, or accept Gould or Vanderbilt as your masters." God knows there has been a lot of unnecessary rubbish lugged into this controversy, but it has always been at the instance of the opponents of the bill, never by its friends. Under the scheme of diplomacy now laid down, Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt are to be made the alternative of refunding, and are to be shaken at the opponents of the measure in the hope of deterring them in their unwise and unjust course. Their argument runs to the effect that the interests of Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt are in the East, and that their management of the road would be infinitely worse for the State of California than the present management. No doubt this is true. No doubt the interests of the present owners of the road are more closely akin and allied to the interests of the State of California. Under the most favorable condition of affairs, the interests of Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt could never be so linked and interwoven with the interests of the people of this State. But the argument, to have any weight at all, must be premised upon the supposition that the people of California know this to be so.

Imagine for a moment there is no such thing as a refunding bill. Suppose it was announced that a combination consisting of Gould and Vanderbilt proposed to construct a transcontinental line of railway into San Francisco. Does any one dream they would not be received with open arms? Is there any doubt but what they would be granted the broadest possible privileges and rights, depot grounds and terminal facilities? It would be preposterous to doubt it. The spirit that would welcome a competing line of railway in the hands of Gould and Vanderbilt is the same spirit that would welcome the ownership of the Central Pacific Railroad by the same interest. Not that they love Gould and Vanderbilt more, but they would argue in a spirit of short-sighted hatred, that, while these two conflicting interests were cutting each other's throats, the State would reap the benefit, which, by the way, it would not. The anti-railroad press need but hold its peace from this on, and permit the friends of the railway to promulgate the idea that the only two questions presented are refunding or ownership by the Gould-Vanderbilt combination; and the fate of the funding bill will soon be determined, and that against the bill. A sane man does not hang his boots upon a peg or lay his hat upon the floor. The Gould and Vanderbilt argument is as out of place in California as a cuspidore upon the etagere of a ladies' drawing-room. The mass of the people of California have not been educated to discriminate in the matter of the Gould-Vanderbilt and the Southern Pacific management. For years they have had it dinned into their ears that the Southern Pacific Company was a corporation strongly inimical to every interest of the State; that it bled, robbed, and oppressed the people; that its freight rates were regulated solely upon the coldly calculated rule of "all the traffic would bear." One cannot begin to go into the details of all the infamous things that have been charged against it. We do not believe a tithe of the charges so made have attached to them a semblance of truth or a shred of reason. But no one has ever gone to the pains of denying them. So often have these charges been repeated in the daily press, on the stump, and from almost every pulpit and platform in the State,

that a great many honest-minded people have come to believe them to be true. They have believed them to be true very largely because the corporation never seems to have taken the trouble of nailing the lies as they were invented. As an individual, a citizen would not permit the press to lie so infamously concerning his undertakings as has this corporation, and it is difficult for a citizen to understand why the corporation has permitted it. The most dishonest man in the community may file a complaint in the Superior Court, charging the most honorable man of the community with sins and crimes of a most monstrous nature. Unless the accused appears and defends himself against these charges, judgment will be entered up against him by default, and the order of Court in this respect will be just as binding and just as conclusive as though made after trial had. The complaints against the railway company have been filed, the charges made, but no answer has been forthcoming, and judgment by default has been entered up against it at the bar of public opinion. There is no doubt that the Pacific railways, in the hands of Gould and Vanderbilt, would be less likely to be solicitous for the welfare of the State of California than would the same road in the hands of Messrs. Huntington, Stanford, and Crocker; but it is going to be a difficult thing in this short time to make a large number of the people believe this, simply because they have been educated to believe different, and no step has been taken to correct that education.

THE WAVE supports the funding measure, where it supports it at all, upon good, sound, logical arguments, and it fails to perceive just why the sane side of this question should be ignored for what seems to be the side of folly. What the agitator is pleased to call "the people" of the State of California, are before Congress in the shape of a memorial. So far as a member of Congress sees the California protestants against the bill, so far as he may view the premises upon which their conclusions are based, he has nothing before him except the memorial recently sent by the Committee of Fifty. The memorial bears the same relation to Congress that a complaint does in a civil action in a trial court. It is typical of the individual complainant. It stands for him. It speaks for him. It sets forth his cause of action. It sets forth the statement of alleged facts upon which he relies for his judgment in the case. He stands or falls by its integrity. This memorial sets forth, or pretends to set forth, a certain series of facts and state of affairs existing in California, coupled with certain conclusions based upon those facts. It stands before Congress as representative of what the agitator is pleased to call "the people." It is a mass of lies. THE WAVE demonstrated that conclusively a few weeks ago. Ananias could not have crowded within the same space an equal number of plain, absolute, unequivocal, and inexcusable falsehoods, was he to put his hand to drawing memorials. We challenged any of its signers or supporters to defend the miserable document. We challenged the *Examiner* to assume its defense, but no one was mean or imprudent enough to raise a voice or utter a word in behalf of its integrity. Yet Senator Morgan says he knows some of its signers to be honest men. Let the Senator name one man who will stand sponsor for the statements in that memorial, and we will prove him to be an unconscionable liar. So far as Congress is concerned, all the anti-funding howl that has gone up from California is based upon this memorial. Destroy its false and lying premises, and its grave and serious conclusions must fall to the ground, a purposeless thing, without a foundation to support it. Why, then, permit the infamous document to stand a moment unchallenged and unstripped of its miserable pretensions?

Either the cause of justice and the interests of the United States and of the State of California happens to favor the railway side of this controversy, or it does not, and it is the determination of this bare statement that the success or defeat of the funding bill should depend. The enemies of the railway appeal to hatred and to prejudice. It is their sole stock in trade. The Vanderbilt-Gould combination scheme appeals to the same unholy passions. These two things should cut no figure in this discussion. And it surpasses comprehension why a cause so strong and just should be weakened by resorting to the very weapons the use of which has been so much condemned in the daily press.

A year or so ago the questions presented were Refunding or Government Ownership. To put it mildly, one is lost in wonder why they are not the issues of today.

Take, in comparison with western methods, the argument of General Hubbard delivered before the House Committee at Washington during the week. It was a clear and masterly presentation of the case, going to the very root of the controversy. It was addressed to reason and to justice; it appealed to intelligence and comprehended broad questions of equity and public policy; it was such an argument as elicited the attention of honest men and commanded their respect. If we could have in California a discussion of this question on the lines laid down by General Hubbard, if some champion of refunding could meet an antagonist and discuss the subject without recourse to abuse and personalities, the noisy sentiment against the bill would soon subside. For the reading public would soon discover the hollowness and wickedness which abides with the agitating side. THE WAVE has endeavored by every means to lure some one of intelligence into such a discussion, but without avail. Some time ago a professional gentleman—a physician—took occasion to disagree with our editorial views upon the subject. His contrary expressions were couched in those warm, glittering, meaningless generalities that go hand in hand with railroad hatred out west. So strongly did the gentleman express his opinion, that we entertained a hope it might be possible for him to put his conclusions down in writing and give good reasons for having such conclusions. Rare judgment is necessary in a physician, and not only rare judgment, but a high degree of intelligence is requisite as well. We wrote to the medical gentleman expressing a cheerful willingness to publish his views against the funding bill—a thing we would have done with a great deal of pleasure. Persuaded, as we were, that a gentleman following such a high profession and expressing so strongly a given set of views, might be able to contribute a forceful, logical, and convincing argument against the funding bill, we invited the good doctor to send us such an article, and offered to pay for the same. Not only did we offer to pay, but offered to pay double the regular price for such an article. The gentleman was as silent as the *Examiner* when charged with falsehood, and as mute as Estee when interrogated on a question of public policy upon which the mob has not expressed its views.

If Mr. Estee, or Mayor Sutro, or any of the other noisy gentlemen who are prominent against refunding, will father the statements contained in the memorial to Congress, signed by them, we will pay them for articles presenting their side of the question, or give the money to such charitable institution as they may designate. Surely this is a liberal offer.

THE LENGTHENING ARRAY OF CRIME.

The tendency towards crime seems of late to have received a mysterious quickening into action. When the perpetrators of evil deeds often go undetected, and, in any case, the deeds multiply, thoughtful men begin to study the situation, to wonder at it, but they cannot explain it. Whence comes the sudden impetus to violence and crime? It cannot be ascribed to any sudden change in social conditions, to any unparalleled laxness on the part of the police. Yet the hand of the law seems often powerless. Ready to grasp an offender, the offender slips away in the darkness, and the old belief that murder will out, is no longer accepted as a truism.

A casual glance at the daily press shows that elsewhere murder in its most brutal form is alarmingly prevalent, but there is no necessity for looking away from home. The Ware murder of months ago has never been divested of any part of its somber mystery. Following close upon it came the Emmanuel Church slaughter; but in this case the assassin left so plain a trail that he was easily overtaken, and set in the path towards the gallows. It might naturally have been thought that his fate would have served as a check, but it did not. A little later the community was shocked by the assassination of Miss Harrington, in broad light of day, and in the heart of the city. Her hardly pulseless body had been set on fire, but the flames could not conceal the scars of her deadly wounds. In this instance, the name of a reputable citizen was dragged in, but the man was accidentally killed before he could face his accusers. He went to his grave under whatever odium is impressed by an unproved charge, and this odium has been allowed to rest upon him.

There have been bold robberies, to any one of which murder could well have been an accessory feature. When a car was looted at Ingleside of a large sum, and one of the passengers wounded, the police promptly took up the pursuit, and, without unnecessary loss of time, arrested the wrong men. The criminals have not yet been deprived of liberty, and, in all probability, have added many to their nefarious exploits. The more recent burglary of the Franklin residence is an even greater puzzle. True, the butler was found, wounded, beside a dying stranger who had no right on the premises, but an intimation has even been made that the stranger was a harmless tramp, and lured to death for the glory of the butler. That a story so highly improbable should for an instant receive credence, shows that the spirit of distrust is in the air. Probably never before was an individual, killed in the act of burglary, suspected of being an honest man. The accomplices of this burglar, if any he had, are unknown. The name of the burglar himself was never ascertained. Detective shrewdness, given the substantial clue of a cadaver, yet was completely baffled. There is encouragement for the housebreaker in this simple fact.

Next came the robbery of a bank at nine o'clock in the morning on the principal thoroughfare of the city, with people passing the door every instant. Nevertheless, the robbers got what they went for, and made escape as easily as they had made entrance. This robbery, also, was not regarded by everybody as an actual fact, but nothing has developed to show why a bank should elaborately plan to rob itself, and the story of the victims must be accepted. Interest was soon diverted to a terrible and ghastly murder in Morton Street, where the assassin did his awful work quietly, and flitted away with all the secrecy of the Whitechapel demon. Many people must have seen him come and go, but he was very like the other human wreckage of the vicinity, and no eye marked him. He may have mingled in the throng that came to view the chamber of horrors of his own creation, but yet he must go unwhipped of justice, unless his conscience still has a lash. Soon after there was another murder near by, but in this instance the slayer elected also to become a suicide, and the public at least has the comfort of knowing that his homicidal fury is no longer a threat. But a day or two passes by and a drunken baker murders his wife in a most brutal and deliberate manner. In his sober moments he expresses no regrets, says she was a kind mother to his children by a former wife, but that she called him a "black dog," for which he murdered her.

These are a few of the principal crimes that are on record, but interspersed among them have been the feats of the footpad, oftentimes exceedingly bold, while the lesser criminal has not been idle. How a change is to be brought about is difficult to conjecture, without tacitly indorsing the theory of the numerous prophet who proclaims that the millennium is at hand, when all things shall be changed. This theory does not appeal to the practical. In dealing with crime, there is no doubt that the local courts strive to do their duty, and if any leaning be discerned it is towards severity. The footpad gets twenty years, at least, in the penitentiary. The burglar is retired for a long term. The murderer is sentenced for life, or to the gallows. Though there have been examples of gross miscarriage of justice, they are not so frequent that a murderer can safely count upon one in his own behalf. Yet all of these classes continue to prey upon society. The latest murderer seems to have killed his wife simply because he had the means to secure a pistol. The footpad does not learn that where one of his craft makes a successful haul, two are arrested. The burglar continues to ply an unprofitable and risky vocation. Police activity may do something to lessen the prevalence of crime, but it cannot dam the flood of it. Courts can do something, but in the place of the criminal they punish, two criminals spring up. The suppression of the criminal is not a mere matter of punishing him. In the light of the apparent fact that the world is growing worse, it stretches into a broad and deep economic and social problem.

A FUTURE FOR MORTON STREET.

The talk about changing the character of Morton Street has a familiar ring. We welcome it as an old and well-meaning friend. Every time this street does something to emphasize its character, the remark is made that it must go. Having performed this duty the remark retires from active service. Morton Street makes for a time a pretense of reform, and then tearing off its mask, proceeds at the usual pace; but it never goes. It is not the purpose here to discuss an evil that exists, and that probably always will exist, but simply its visible and insolent parade of itself. The latter is something that can be checked. If wanton crime must be tolerated let it pay to the rest of the world the compliment of retreating to a distance.

It is a sad commentary upon the character of the human understanding that argument concerning material things must rest upon a sound financial basis. An appeal in the name of philanthropy often is unheeded, but the ears deaf to it can catch the clink of coin. That it is useless to ask the owners of Morton-street property to turn out the tenants who pay exorbitant rent has been clearly demonstrated. Doubtless these owners view themselves as respectable. It would shock them to have to go from door to door along the unsavory row of dens and collect midnight rental; but if they could have the property so employed that to collect the rent would not be a disgrace, certainly they would lose nothing and gain much. Suppose the owners look at the matter in this light, rather than think they are yielding to the sentimental demand for the sweeping away of a lot of noisome and polluting rookeries.

The location of Morton Street is such as to make the property there valuable. It could be made to pay better than it does, and the money would be clean. The street is admirably situated for retail trade of an attractive sort. Lined with bazars, it would become, instead of a pestilence, a picturesque and popular thoroughfare. It is easy to reach, running as it does from Kearny Street. It is too narrow to be used as a place for wholesale traffic, nor is it adapted to vehicles. But it could be turned into a double line of bazars and

reproduce a street in Cairo—not the cheap imitation street of the passing show, but one such as is famed among travelers for its beauty and its wares. To stock this street with all the booths necessary to fill it from end to end would not require the bringing to the city of a single new establishment, although it might result in bringing many. The cosmopolitan character of San Francisco is shown in nothing more clearly than in the character of its little stores. There are places where the Turk sells his tapestry and rugs, the Chinese and Japanese their carvings and pottery, the Egyptian his spices, and the Russian shows his wares on a counter, behind which smokes the samovar. The French, Italian, Spaniard, Mexican, Slavonian, the native of Central and South America, and the stranger from the isles of the sea, are here, and each nationality sells to others of the race, and to visitors, goods characteristic of the people. Induce these bazars to concentrate and San Francisco would have a perpetual exposition at once instructive, beautiful, and profitable, and the Morton Street of to-day would become but a vague and fading memory. It would be well to change the present name. So long has it stood for an evil place that there is a curse upon it.

Of course, an architectural change would be a first necessity. The wooden shells that echo now to drunken shrieks and bear the stain of murder are unsightly, and useless for any but the foul purpose of the present. With their tenants evicted, they must stand idle, if permitted to stand, and, therefore, the only chance to begin reform will be to raze them to the ground. Ministers make talk, police threaten and temporize; but so long as the houses exist in their usual form, they will be filled with a brood of ill-omen. People who have enjoyed rental cannot be expected to relinquish it for nothing. Such a course would be lofty, praiseworthy, but it wouldn't be business. Tear out the shanties and replace them with structures not necessarily more than two stories high, but of Oriental design. Let there be here and there a minaret or a mimic dome, and on the inside Moorish arches and fret-work. It would not be necessary to beg for tenants, but the most desirable would flock in, and the good work of effacing a disgraceful and dangerous menace to public safety and municipal reputation be accomplished.

It is not to be supposed that the property-owners will take this view of the matter until it shall be forced upon them. For this reason the police and the people have a part to perform. The weight of public opinion must keep the authorities alert. If opinion can drive out the horde of harpies and keep them out long enough to stop the dollars which now sooth the landlord conscience, the landlords will do the rest. It is useless to appeal to their feelings; appeal to their pockets, where their hearts are.

A VICE-PRESIDENT FROM CALIFORNIA.

If the people of California stand convicted of any one charge; if they have a ruling fault or a predominant imperfection, it is an irresistible tendency to tear down and belittle our public men. Let a Californian elevate his head ever so little; let ambition move him to rise above the ordinary, and at once a shower of ridicule and abuse is pelted at his unfortunate pate, until, compelled to give up in despair, he drops back to the common level. Our great men are in our cemeteries. To achieve distinction with us, one must die. Not until then, apparently, do we awaken to the greatness that has passed away. Time and again it has been possible through united effort to advance a Californian in national politics. During President Harrison's administration a cabinet officer was a possibility. But such was the wrangle aroused that the possibie was rendered impossible. President Cleveland is reported to have said that the jealousies existing in California, the rivalries of opposing candidates, and the bitterness of feeling prevalent here, made the State one of the most difficult he had to deal with in the matter of appointments. No one has ever yet attempted to analyze this sentiment, or to demonstrate just what might be its cause, but that it exists we must all admit. It is time for California to take on another and a different spirit. Our losses in the past should profit us in the future. The error of our course has been patent and productive of nothing but disappointment.

The coming presidential election offers another opportunity, if the masses can but unite upon the Western man. It is but perfectly natural that the first advantage should be given to California, because the State is the oldest and most densely populated of all its Western sisters; and it would seem, at least from a Republican point of view, that we are equipped with an individual who would, in all essential particulars, fill the requirements. The rumor comes from the East, and it has been reprinted in the daily press of this city, that there is some talk of nominating George C. Perkins, under certain conditions, for second place upon the National ticket. We do not know that Senator Perkins is a candidate for this office; in fact, have always understood he was completely satisfied to represent the State in the United States Senate, and was grateful to the people for the opportunity so to do. But no man, whatever his position, would refuse to accept such a nomination if tendered to him; nor could Senator Perkins, if his constituency in the West insisted upon adopting him as their favorite, be heedless of their desires in the matter.

In every public office Senator Perkins has been a faithful public servant. He has never been, in any sense, an office seeker. What honors have been vouchsafed to him were rather thrust upon than sought by him. He is a typical Californian, a man of the people. He landed in this State in pioneer days, a poor boy, and has achieved within its borders a competency without sacrificing the esteem of the great masses of the people. In the Senate he is reported as being one of the most popular members of the Republican side of the house, and presents from every point of view an ideal man for either first or second place upon the National ticket. Of course, the former is probably out of the question, but the latter is certainly within the range of possibilities, and it needs but united and concerted action to approach a realization of the hope.

We do not select Senator Perkins as the only person in the State worthy of the consideration of the honor, for there are many others; but he is to-day in the public eye, and, from his present position, occupies a place that peculiarly brings him into prominence in considering available men. The press of the interior cannot do better than to discuss this subject and give voice to its views.

THE AFFILIATED COLLEGES.

It is an interesting study to trace the development of popular taste as expressed by the architecture of different periods in the history of this State. True architectural style and beauty are the gradual evolution of certain principles of decoration. The master minds of the past have given us definite forms and classes of architecture, in which proportion and disposition have a certain meaning, and from which are evolved intelligent effects. Nowadays, unfortunately, architecture as a profession has fallen into dis-esteem, and able men of to-day are devoted largely to the accumulation of wealth, or to invention. Time was, when the greatest minds of the world turned to less mercenary thoughts, and architecture was a profession embraced by the student of promise and the man of parts. Its practise as a profession of art to-day is largely in the hands of copyists and imitators, whose work is rendered easy by the publication of classic examples, and the illustrative power of the camera. Rapid transit affords easy methods of travel from provincial states to historic ruins. Characteristics of style, peculiar to certain countries, are carried from one land to another, and are finally obliterated by indiscriminate imitation. Above all, the architect of to-day has been corrupted in his methods by the prevailing greed for gain that modern life has introduced into almost every path of endeavor.

In our own State, the earliest expressions of architectural taste were, of course, produced in the now half-dismantled missions of long ago. The charm of this architecture dwells in its simplicity. Its decorative features are due to the Spaniards, who, naturally enough, were influenced by recollections of Spain and Mexico. Next, in our history, came the pioneer days, and, with them, the classic simplicity of the French and Italian Renaissance. Then followed the bonanza days. Riches were the question of a night, and the vulgarity of the noveaux riche found expression in the buildings of the time. Then followed the day of fads—architectural fads. In succession came the Eastlake craze, the Queen Anne wave, the Romanesque period, and the old Colonial days, to say nothing of the bay window insanity, and other ills of deadly effect.

These fads had a vogue pretty much all over the country, but, during the past decade, concerted and intelligent effort has been made by the leading minds in the architectural profession to foster an appreciation of art. The artistic success of the Columbian Exhibition was due to an effort in this direction.

It would be something akin to criminality to allow this movement to languish, and we unite with the hope of impressing upon the public bodies charged with responsibility in such affairs, the necessity of taking a decided stand in encouraging true architecture. The regents of the State University are now more particularly in view in this respect than any other public body of which we know. They are about to supervise the erection of a building for the affiliated colleges, and, if correct architecture should prevail anywhere, certainly an institution of learning is the most fitting place. It is reported that the regents, in the face of protests from architects of reputable standing, ignored well-intentioned suggestions as to the proper manner of procedure in competing for designs. It is also reported that the scheme of competition prepared, disregarded established precedents approved by architectural societies the world over. A correspondent writing to THE WAVE, with some bitterness, declares, "They wrongfully withheld technical information procured at the cost of the State." He states that, prior to the competition, an agent of the Board, on behalf of the State, was sent on a tour of inspection for the purpose of procuring information vital to the proper interior arrangement and construction of the building, such as its peculiar use would require. It is claimed by our architect correspondent that this information was purely technical and could play no part in the question of artistic treatment of the building. He claims the withholding of it was a "sign indicating that architects would be expected to produce convenient arrangements and technical features, and was accepted as notice that merit in design would be a secondary consideration." Certainly, the result, whatever may have been its cause, was most lamentable. Besides Mr. Sutton, but four out of nearly two hundred local architects submitted designs. The communication closes as follows:

"There is but one course for the regents to pursue in view of the failure of this competition. That is, to declare none of the designs received to be worthy of execution, and to institute a new competition on the lines approved by the architectural profession. Such a course is said to be impossible owing to a provision of the law which requires that one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars be expended in building operations by the first day of next July. The fulfilment of these conditions is obviously impossible, and the condition requiring it unfortunate, but it is not to be compared to the misfortune of having another unsightly group of buildings added to the list of public edifices to which no citizen of taste can refer with pride. The regents of the University of California are gentlemen of prominence and influence in the State. They are away above the ordinary office holder who orders the construction of public buildings. Their action thus far will justify a continuance of the scheme that has so long ground out county courthouses and public school buildings that are a disgrace to the State, and a sad reflection upon the taste of the people. Architecture has received a setback that it will require years to overcome."

If our correspondent's statement of facts is accurate, it would appear the Board had erred in not giving the widest publicity to such technical details as had come to it. According to our correspondent's statement the information was the property of the State. It had been gathered for the purpose of securing as nearly a perfect building (so far as its interior arrangement goes) as possible. Concealing or withholding this information could not contribute to this end, but would rather diminish the opportunities of general competition of design. In fact, this course narrowed the competitors down to those architects having some technical knowledge of the interior conveniences necessary for an institution of the character contemplated. Confessedly, the possession of this specific knowledge does not argue a wide acquaintance with true architectural knowledge. The plans submitted rather prove than refute this. If it is too late to remedy the wrong, then it is also too bad. If not too late, then haste should be made to apply the remedy. Let the regents of our University set the pace for others to follow, and yield a gracious ear to the prayer for pure architectural style, so that others following in their path may emulate their example.

Once again Bohemia accepts the verdict of its nominating Committee—the new ticket seems to have met general acquiescence—and, under Doctor Chismore, Peter Robertson, and Donald Graham, the institution is surely destined to thrive. An interesting consequence of the change will be the return to the Club of William Greer Harrison, who is in sympathy with the new regime and as devoted to Bohemia as ever. His reentrance will doubtless be marked by specific rejoicings in the shape of a big breakfast, for it is generally admitted that he won a great victory by resigning, and the composition of the new directorate is attributed to his guidance.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, who is the latest London fad, has set all the girls to measuring their legs. In his new novel, which has just been begun in the *Savoy Magazine*, he describes his heroine as follows:

"Helen was adorably tall and slender. Her neck and shoulders were wonderfully drawn, and the little malicious breasts were full of the irritation of loveliness. Her arms and hands were loosely but delicately articulated, and her legs were divinely long—from the hip to the knee, twenty-two inches; from the knee to the heel twenty-two inches—as befitted a goddess." If these proportions are accepted as the ideal of end-century beauty, what is to become of the short girls? Shall we have to follow the example of the Chinese, and drown them?

Would you be an actress or a vocalist? See how you may have the best tuition free of charge. Page 16.

JERRY.

A BOY IN THE HOUSE.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

If you were engaged for the first time, and were leaning with your betrothed out of an open window to watch a glowing, golden sunset and to drink in the fragrant breaths that came drifting over the lawn from the alders by the creek; and if, at the highest point of exaltation, when your feelings were too great for speech, a voice from the world you had left behind suddenly exclaimed:

"You're simply filling the house with flies! Do shut that wire screen." I think you would be justified in saying exactly what Roger did.

"Dear me, it hurts to come down to earth so hard," said Gertrude, rubbing her elbows.

"It was like falling out of a balloon," Roger added. "Let's go out in the garden and bandage up each other's injuries."

"But Olive is there in the hall," Gertrude whispered. "Don't you hear the thump of her clothes-brush? Let's get out of the window."

The two culprits carefully helped each other out, then ran hand in hand through the garden and seated themselves on a little bridge over the creek, their feet swinging deliciously near the water.

"Gertrude, this sort of thing has got to be stopped," Roger began seriously. "When we only see each other once a week, it's too bad we shouldn't have that time in peace. Olive is worse than a private detective."

"I know," said Gertrude, "I never feel really easy except when we are out doors. I am so afraid you will put your feet on the wrong stool, or empty your pipe on the floor. You see, she isn't used to men in the family."

"You seem to take to them naturally enough."

"But I'm ten years younger, and I'm not so particular about things. Do you know, Roger, sometimes I'd give anything on earth just to pitch my hat on the floor and put rubbish in the fireplace and leave every screen in the house wide open."

"Isn't there any way of making Olive see that order and cleanliness aren't the highest good when they involve making everybody around wretched?" he pursued, reflectively. "When she goes down on her knees and brushes up a ridiculous little piece of dirt that I've brought in on my shoes, I want to swear. She ought to be taught that houses were made for us, not we for them."

"A small boy in the house for a week or so would give her some new ideas," Gertrude began, then she and Roger looked up with inspiration in their faces, and both exclaimed at the same moment, "Jerry!"

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, Olive," said Gertrude from the door, with a by-the-way air, "I have asked Roger's little brother to come down for a few days this week. It is his vacation, and I should like to do something for him. Small boys do enjoy the country so."

Olive nearly dropped the brass candlestick she was polishing. "Of course, if you really want to have him, but he will get the house so horribly dirty," she said, in such genuine dismay, that Gertrude felt a little conscience stricken. "When will he be here?"

"Not till the afternoon train. Roger is going to put him on, and one of us can drive down and meet him."

"Well, we must do the best we can. I suppose you really ought to ask him once," said Olive, with a troubled expression. "I'll go and take some of the silver things off the toilet table in the guest room. A boy wouldn't need them, and I've just rubbed them up. I suppose I can meet him when I do the marketing."

"If you will trust the errands to me—"

"Oh, no, I'd rather do them myself. I can meet him perfectly well.

Olive pulled up her cart at the station that afternoon with a heavy sense of dreaded responsibility. She had not known any children for so long that she had almost forgotten what they were like, and they made her feel strangely embarrassed and ill at ease. Would a boy of nine need any help with his strings and buttons? Did you cut up his meat for him and show him pictures, or did he play football and study Latin? And what should she talk to him about on the way home? Jerry and she had only met a few times, and there had never been any intimacy between them.

The train stopped, and a young person carrying a grip came grandly down the steps, evidently very much impressed with the dignity of traveling alone. Once past the conductor, however, the small boy came to the front again.

"Hello, Miss Olive," he said, jerking off his hat and pitching his bag and himself into the cart with joyful recklessness. "Just kick that bag if it's in your way. I wanted Roger to lend me his dress-suit case, but the mean old thing wouldn't. I'd have hooked it if he hadn't been going down to the station with me."

"But that is a very nice bag," said Olive, and then wondered if the remark would sound as flat to the boy as it did to herself. "You don't need many clothes when you go into the country," she added, quickly.

"Well, I brought a duck suit because I like to get good and dirty," he said, and Olive shuddered. Suddenly he began to laugh. "Say, I'll tell you something if you won't give it away?"

"What is it?" she asked, relaxing a little.

"Roger told me to give Gertrude his love—and a *kiss*," he whispered behind his hand, his eyes brimming over with laughter. "When no one's around, you know, and I'm not to look myself."

"Did he give you the kiss?" she asked, smiling from sheer sympathy.

"Not much. He wanted to, but I wasn't going to have him kissing me, so I told him I'd make one up. Isn't it funny? I'll tell you what. You can be behind the door when I do it, and watch. She'll get red as fury, and won't she be mad!"

"What makes you think that?" Olive had quite forgotten her anxiety about making conversation on the way home.

"Well, once there was a lot of people over at our house, and she and Roger came into the room, and I hollered out, 'Find the girl that's been kissed in the last ten minutes!' That's written under a picture, you know. My, but she got red! Everybody laughed and laughed, and Roger was just hopping. Say, don't you think you'd better let me drive?" Olive had her doubts about it, and gave him the reins, with a warning to be very careful.

"I know; I've driven a team," he said. "Just hand me the whip, will you?"

"But we never take the whip to Rose," she said, anxiously, wondering what she should do if he persisted. "She doesn't need it. We just speak to her when we want her to hurry."

"I like to have it in my hand," he said, but did not follow up the subject. "I've got a new hat on," he announced, presently. "See, it's got a jigger in the back to fasten the string to, just like a grown-up one," and he took it off, coolly dropping the reins to show her its grown-up properties. They were going slowly, and Olive caught the lines before Rose discovered that anything had happened.

"My dear!" she exclaimed.

"They were all right; I had my foot on the end of them," he answered, placidly. "Perhaps you'd better drive the rest of the way, though. I might turn down the wrong road."

The next morning Olive was deep in her last sleep when a cannon apparently went off very near the bed.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up half dazed, her heart beating wildly. There was a giggle from the hall, and a curly head poked around the corner of the door.

"Hello," said Jerry, cheerfully. "I just thought I'd wake you up."

"But what was that awful noise?" she demanded.

"Me knocking, I guess. I'm all dressed but my necktie. Will you tie it, please?" And he marched in without further ceremony, and leaned on the bed with uplifted chin. Olive was astonished and a little overcome, but found it hard to be ungracious in the face of that serene, childish naiveté, so she tied the bow, inwardly resolving to lock her door after this.

"You're easy; I only gave one knock," said the unconscious Jerry. "I always wake the girls up at home, and I have to just pound."

"I envy their nerves," thought Olive, whose heart was still thumping.

"Now I'll go and wake Gertrude," he continued. "Which is her door?"

"Well, I think I'd let her sleep a little longer," suggested Olive. "You see, it's early yet."

"All right. You hurry down and we'll take a walk before breakfast. I like to be up early."

"Very well," said Olive. Anything to get rid of this disturbing masculine presence. It annoyed her to have even Gertrude come into her room and find her in the negligée of sleep, for she shrunk morbidly from any kind of intimacy, but this stumping little boy set every nerve quivering.

"How long will it take you, Miss Olive?" Jerry called through the keyhole.

"Thirty-five minutes," she answered, hastily locking the door.

"Oh, dear, that's a long time to wait. Can't you skip your washing just this once? I did." Miss Olive gasped a little, and thanked heaven that there were no boys in the family.

The sound of a jolly little laugh made her smile as she started down stairs half an hour later, but the smile froze as she reached the landing. The wire door of the big square hall below stood wide open, caught against the mat, and reckless flies danced cheerfully through the sunbeams. On a rug in the middle of the floor lay Jerry, his legs more or less in the air, and one arm around Nick, the great St. Bernard, who stood with tail at half mast and shifting eyes, the guiltiest dog that ever disobeyed his conscience. At sight of Olive his tail disappeared altogether, and he fled back to his own dear stable, where there were no terrible women to frighten a dog to death. Olive came on down with an expression that Gertrude had learned to interpret before she had mastered her letters, but Jerry was not accustomed to watching for atmospheric changes.

"I guess Nick heard his breakfast bell," he said, picking himself up. "Shall we go out now?"

Olive flung the rug over the railing of the porch, and brushed it in silence, then began to flap a duster at the other intruders.

"Let's drive them all out," said Jerry, waving his hat. "Look at them go! There, one got past you, Miss Olive. Say, this is fun, isn't it?"

"You must be careful not to leave the wire door open, you know, Jerry," said Miss Olive, rather mildly, considering the occasion. Gertrude would not have been left off so easily. "We don't like to have flies in the house. Will you try always to shut it after you?"

"Yes, I'll shut it. Now I guess they're all out? Let's go and get Nick again."

"We never allow Nick in the house, Jerry," said poor Olive, to whose forehead this morning was adding new lines of care. "He sheds his hair all over everything. You can play with him outdoors all you like. Here comes Gertrude, so we will go to breakfast now. You can go out with her afterwards." And she led the way to the dining-room with a sense of exhaustion.

Gertrude, seeing how things stood, wisely took the little boy off with her for the whole morning, and the day passed with no worse mishaps than a spot or two on the tablecloth, which disturbed Olive a good deal, for she only gave out a clean one every other day, and one now would put the whole week wrong.

Late that afternoon, as Olive was sitting in front of the fireplace, wishing she could ever get a maid who would polish the andirons to suit her, a tired little figure came and, without warning or apology, flung himself into her lap. She sat in rigid amazement for a minute, too startled to speak. Then the little figure gave a wiggle or two, and she put her arm around him and drew him up into a more comfortable position, and, half unconsciously, began to rock.

"You might tell me a story," said Jerry. "No, I guess I'll tell you one." Olive forgot all about the andirons for the next half hour, as she sat listening to the voice rather than the words. When she heard Gertrude coming, she put him down rather hastily, saying that it must be dinner time, and her sister wondered why she was so flushed.

It was several days after this that Gertrude, finding Olive at the desk in the hall balancing up her accounts, slipped into the morning-room to read her daily letter undisturbed. Presently she was brought back to this world by a strange slop-slopping across the porch, and looked up in time to see Jerry, dripping with water from his new hat to his muddy shoes, come trailing in the front door and straight across the polished floor, whose shadowy gleam was the pride and anxiety of Olive's life. It was too late to stop him, and Gertrude trembled. This was carrying things a little too far.

"Look at me, Miss Olive," said Jerry, with a giggle. "I fell kerchunk, right into the creek. I'm just sopping." Gertrude heard Olive spring to her feet with an expression of anguish, and nervously hoped that she wouldn't jump on the little fellow too hard. But Olive only exclaimed:

"O Jerry! Wait just where you are a second," and dashed up stairs. In a moment she was back with a towel, which she spread on the floor.

"Here, sit on that and take off your shoes," she said, attacking the muddy pools with a flannel cloth.

"I can't undo 'em. They're all in hard knots," said Jerry presently. "You try." Olive, with a despairing glance at her immaculate fingers, was gingerly taking hold of the slimy string, when a sneeze nearly shook Jerry off the towel.

"You are taking cold," she exclaimed, with a new concern in her voice. "Run up and change your clothes as quickly as you can, and I'll get some scissors to cut the strings." And the two hurried off together, Jerry still dripping water at every pore.

Gertrude smiled to herself as she called the housemaid and fell to work. When Olive came back all traces of the deluge had disappeared, and the floor was in its usual state of polish.

"I'm so sorry it happened," said Gertrude, feeling that an apology for her guest was due.

"Oh, I don't think he'll take cold," was the unexpected answer.

"Roger's mother wants me to come there to-morrow and stay over Sunday," Gertrude went on. "I can take Jerry back with me."

"Well," said Olive after a slight hesitation, "he can stay a few days longer if he likes, and I'll look after him. He seems to enjoy it, and he isn't so much trouble as I expected. There he comes. Suppose you speak to him about it."

"Jerry," Gertrude called, "I'm going over to your house to-morrow for a visit, but if you want to stay

here longer and take care of Olive, I'll send you some things."

"Oh, goody!" said Jerry, hopping down step by step. "Katy said she was going to make doughnuts soon, and I was so afraid I'd miss them. I brought plenty of things, though. I thought maybe you'd ask me to stay longer, though mother bet you wouldn't."

The next day after luncheon Olive drove Gertrude down to the train, then hurried through her errands to get back to her little visitor. Jerry had been invited to go, but had preferred Thomas and the dump-cart. He was not around when she reached home, but the big hall bore witness that he had been recently. Rugs were tumbled up, a bound volume of *St. Nicholas* lay open on the floor, a pile of pencil shavings and a gory little rag that had been tied around a cut finger decorated the window ledge, and marks of dusty little shoes criss-crossed the polished floor in every direction. Olive shook her head with a sigh and fell to straightening things up.

"I suppose I ought to see where he is, but I must make this a little more respectable," she said to herself, removing a doughnut from the head of a plaster cupid. Evidently Jerry's sense of humor had been stronger even than his appetite, though the crumbs on the floor testified that the latter had not been neglected. She was startled by hearing the clock strike five.

"I'll go this minute," she said, resolutely refusing to see that several shelves of the bookcase were in wild disorder. "There's the dump-cart now. Thomas!" she called from the doorway, "isn't Jerry with you?"

"No, ma'am, I haven't seen him for two hours or more," was the answer. "He said he was going into the kitchen."

Probably he was there all the time. Olive hurried out, trying to reason herself out of her uneasiness. No, Jerry had not been there since early in the afternoon, when Katy had given him some doughnuts. Olive ran upstairs to be sure he was not there, then, hurrying out into the garden, searched all his favorite haunts; but no Jerry could be found.

"If only I'd looked right off, instead of fussing over that abominable room," she thought, bitterly, after a long hour's search, with maids and men to help and call and follow anxiously down the little creek. "If I hadn't cared more for having the room in order than the child in safety! I'm a miserable old maid, and I ought not to be trusted with anything human." Half-past six came, but there was no fire in the kitchen stove, and old John was still patiently waiting to be released from the dump-cart. Seven, and a party was made up to go back into the woods that lay to the north. Olive went into the house to get extra candles for their lanterns, but sank down on the stairs with a sudden sense of exhaustion.

"Whoo oo!" came a little voice from above, and down the banisters like a rocket slid a small boy. In the dim light she could see that his face was strangely flushed.

"Jerry! Where have you been?" she exclaimed, taking him in her arms. Jerry giggled a little.

"It's a joke on me, but I don't mind," he said. "I saw you fixing things in here with your down-town hat still on, so I sneaked up the back way, and hid under your bed to scare you when you came up to take it off; but you didn't come, and I guess I must have fell asleep there. I was sort of tired, anyway. Wasn't it mean? I wanted to scare you."

"You did, my dear. Don't trouble yourself on that score," Olive murmured, hiding her face for a minute in his little jacket.

"I'm hungry," said Jerry. "I wonder where I put that doughnut?"

Gertrude stayed a week in the city, and she and Roger came home together, walking up from the train in the early summer dusk. They heard Jerry's voice coming through the open front door from the hall, and tiptoed up to give him a surprise, but stopped short in amazement at the threshold. Warm as it was, a fire burned on the hearth, explained by a corn-popper lying face down on the rug, an empty soup plate, and a sprinkling of white kernels for several feet on each side of a little boy, who lay stretched at full length with his head in some woman's lap. Yes, it was Olive—Olive sitting on the hearth-rug to furnish a pillow for Jerry, who, with fingers tangled in a piece of string, was teaching her to play cat's-cradle, while from an old sheet spread beside them, Nick beamed and thumped approval. There was a tiny film of dust on the table which held the lamp, and a fly buzzed past the wire door.

Gertrude gave Roger a pinch, and they both shook with triumphant laughter. Then Olive turned her face a little, and they saw such a new expression of serene content that they were sobered, and crept away again hand in hand; and five minutes later, leaning over the railing of the little bridge, they had completely forgotten Olive and Jerry, and all the other unimportant components of this world. For they were young and love was new to them, and we have it on excellent authority that it is sweet to play the fool in the right place.

San Francisco, February 29, 1896.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

An encouraging sign of the times is found in the *Examiner's* comment on Governor Budd's speech before the Iroquois Club; the organ of the Democracy commends appointments to office for merit without regard to politics, and permanency of tenure during good behavior and efficiency of service. It likewise favors the raising of revenue by a tax on corporations, and a uniform tax on liquor. Coming from such a source, these eminently wise and patriotic suggestions have caused people to rub their eyes.

* * *

Everybody who is not a politician admits that the evils of our administration of the public business can be traced to the pernicious effects of the rule of rotation in office. But the trouble is, that, after an election, the very publicists who have been most vociferous in favor of fixity of tenure, turn up with friends whom they desire to reward. For half a century every President who has sat in the White House has groaned over the custom of rotation in office. The duty of having to appoint partisans to place has been the blight of his life. But no President has ever been brave enough to proclaim the principle of fixity of tenure. Cleveland came nearer doing so than his predecessors, and the consequence is that among professional politicians he has not a friend.

* * *

As to taxation, no reasonable man will object to an increase in the tax on liquors. The use of spirits is the chief cause of the increased appropriations for prisons and asylums; it ought to bear its fair share of the burden. It is not, perhaps, so easy to discern the grounds on which special taxes should be levied on corporations. A corporation is a mere aggregation of individuals; why should the individuals be taxed more heavily when they are assessed collectively than when they are assessed individually? The call for increased taxes on corporations proceeds for the most part from a demagogic desire to curry favor with the masses; but let it pass.

* * *

The Supreme Court appears to exist for the purpose of knocking out laws which are intended to purify politics or to mend morals. It has a nose for unconstitutionality; no matter how well-intentioned a law may be, the Court is sure to find in it some flaw, which makes it void. One of the best meant statutes of the last Legislature was the Act regulating primary elections; if it could have been put in force, it would have largely diminished the control of nominations by party bosses; but the Court says it is special legislation, and therefore unconstitutional. It seems odd, that, with all our cleverness, we cannot frame laws that will stand the test of an appeal to the Supreme Court.

* * *

When Balzac planned his series of novels on cotemporaneous life, he gave it the generic name of "The Human Comedy." The closer current events are watched, the more clearly is the aptness of the title discerned. Is any theater anywhere producing more genuine comedy than the criminal courts of this country and Great Britain? Here is the filibuster, Jamieson, who has been brought from Africa to England to be tried for raiding the territory of the South African Republic, and causing the death of several score of people. Among the audience which assembled to witness his arraignment were the Duke of Abercorn, Viscount Chelsea, the Earl of Arlington, Lord Salisbury's private secretary, and sundry government officials and members of Parliament; these, and the public generally, showed by their behavior that they regarded Jamieson, not as a criminal, but as a knightly and chivalrous hero. The magistrate released him on his own recognizance, and his release was welcomed with a wild outburst of cheering.

* * *

Simultaneously at Washington, Elizabeth Flagler, daughter of our General Flagler, Chief of Ordnance, was sentenced to a fine of $300 and to three *hours* imprisonment for the deliberate murder of a little negro boy, in broad daylight. The boy was stealing pears from a tree growing in the General's orchard. Seeing him engaged in this felonious work, Miss Flagler went upstairs to her bedroom, seized a pistol, and, firing through an open window, shot the boy dead. It is stated in the dispatches that a secret arrangement was made between the District Attorney and the lawyers for the defense, that she should plead guilty of involuntary manslaughter, and that the Court should impose the sentence above stated. With judicious thoughtfulness, the Court was opened and the sentence rendered half an hour before the usual time. There was thus no audience to applaud the magistrate for his impartial administration of the law. Who cares? What does it matter? Why make a fuss over one little negro boy?

* * *

Edward Vroom's adaptation of Coppée's "Pour la Couronne" was produced, a few days ago, at Palmer's Theater in New York, and scored a failure. Upon this, Mr. Peter Robertson of the *Chronicle* makes a few sensible observations. He says:

"We are not going to benefit one jot by the establishment of a fad theater, managed by people who put up money to have things done their way, because they assume themselves to be, intellectually and artistically, above the best educated class of theater-goers, when they are really only cranks."

He develops his idea in the sentences:

"There is too much purely business enterprise in the dramatic art now, admittedly. It is managed for profit in money, not for any education or development in taste. The 'ideal theater' is not going to change that; is not going to do anything to make the public any more interested in plays and acting that do not entertain."

* * *

I am not as sure as Mr. Robertson is that a subsidized theater would not assist the development of the American Drama. We subsidize schools, colleges, and universities to the manifest advantage of the people: why not theaters, to promote the growth of pure dramatic taste? If it were feasible, it might not be such a bad thing. At the present hour, the hope of the American drama rests on the unprofitableness of book-writing. No writer, unless he have risen to the very highest rank in his profession, can live on the earnings of his pen; almost the only branch of literature which pays is the theater. A man of genius, who feels that he has something to say to the public, and a vein of wit and humor and wisdom to say it in, will set himself to writing a play, and will hawk it round among the managers in competition with the old classics and the Brass Monkeys of the present day. Every help which such a man got might enure to the public advantage.

* * *

Poor Bill Nye, who died a week ago, was one of the few American writers who made money. His income was said to be $30,000 a year, $10,000 of which he derived from writing for a syndicate, and $20,000 from his lectures. But Bill Nye was exceptionally gifted. He was a humorist who possessed the rare art of making people laugh. His appearance was droll; his accent was droll; his ideas were droll. He bubbled over with fun—good, honest fun, without a spark of ill nature, or a tinge of impropriety. People were always ready to pay money to hear or to read such an irresistible mirth-provoker. His notions and his style were not foreign, like those of most of our comic actors; he was genuinely American, racy of the soil. That he should have made money is not surprising; but where shall we find such another?

* * *

Mark Twain once possessed Bill Nye's gift, perhaps in a higher degree. And he made a fortune out of it. If he had not got off the track, he would now have been living in ease and affluence, owing no man a dollar. When he went into trade, his energies were diverted into a new direction; in his effort to succeed in a calling in which lots of shopkeepers were his equals and some his superiors, he allowed his special attribute, in which he was peerless, to grow rusty and unwieldy, so that it ceased to come at his call. In his prime, he was as rare a creature as an intelligent protectionist.

* * *

We now see why the Reverend Chancellor Yorke was created. People used to wonder what he would do with the mass of curious information which he had collected, and the astonishing polemical powers he had acquired; it is now discerned that he was intended to keep the A. P. A. alive. That institution was dying when the Chancellor took it in hand. He rubbed it and scrubbed it and massaged it and treated it with counterirritation and fly-blisters, until it is now the liveliest corpse you ever saw. The late Mr. Pixley labored to foster anti-Catholic spite till the sweat poured off his brow, but he only provoked contemptuous smiles. It took Father Yorke to quicken sectarian bias to venomous activity. He knew where to prod the Protestant body so as to make it writhe with rage. He was aware of the precise spots where a drop of controversial acid would exacerbate the cuticle of the placid churchgoer. And he applied his tools with unflinching severity. If, hereafter, he should find religion figuring in politics, he will know how it got there.

* * *

Mrs. Doctor Crosbie says that men who write about the aspirations of women sometimes light upon a stray truth, but when they do they remind her of a rooster who having found a worm chuckles to call the hens round him, then swallows the worm himself, with elevated head, and stalks off leaving the hens wondering what he made that noise for.

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

THERE ARE designing politicians who believe the fierce warfare between Governor and Colonel, which keeps filling our dailies with vituperation, is the result of a program. The participants have reveled in all the darksome glories of print, and have had their celebrated names shouted at the populace from contending columns. Surely glory consists in no more than headlines and vilification. While the giants are throwing stones at one another, 'twould ill become me to criticize their aim or the swing of their arms—that is the office one owes the survivor. However, the Executive, though without the literary reputation which the Colonel distinguishes, can occasionally encompass important results with commendable brevity.

* * *

A story that has escaped from the Legislative wreck and was told amid the din of words this week, has as its dramatis personæ, the Governor, Senator Hugh Toner, and Senator Percy Henderson. It must be known to most people who have visited Sacramento in the session, that the togas have a distinction which their temporary wearers do not possess. Prior to election, Toner presided over a wheel at the Mint, and saw to the proper oiling thereof—a post of usefulness, doubtless, but not of prominence; while Senator Henderson, who, it may be remembered, accomplished the defeat of William Woods, was a fairly good bookkeeper whenever fortune afforded him a desk and a ledger. Naturally, they basked in the sunlight of that notability which makes of a Senator a personage in Sacramento, and the welcome which both found in the gubernatorial office was not of a character to lessen their contentment with the kindly consideration of the people of California. Being Democrats in a highly Republican Senate their word and voices counted for something in its deliberations—served often as expressing the policy and intentions of Budd. In their leisure hours, the trio, very naturally, talked appointments, and the new Board of Health formed an inviting topic on which they all dwelt hopefully, the Governor listening to their utterances as fraught with great wisdom.

* * *

Toner, having a reasonable competence in the Mint, desired berths for certain sisters, cousins, and aunts, whereas, Henderson was content with the prospective superintendency of the City Cemetery, a remunerative sinecure whose obligations consist of being "seen" by Celestials whose relations' bones have arrived at the proper condition for disinterment and shipment to China. Though it is not accused that the gubernatorial word was actually pledged, both statesmen regarded their futures as fixed. In due course, there arose the Board of Health controversy, to which the dailies were so generous of their space. The community waited, breathless, for news of appointment, but Toner and Henderson, who had fondly anticipated being taken into consultation, heard never a word after returning to San Francisco. The Executive ceased, apparently, to regard their advice in the light of a valuable consideration. This obliviousness naturally hurt their feelings, but, anticipating a reference ere the final conclusion, they were silent. Toward the close of the controversy, the twain met on Kearny Street, and discussed the situation, sympathizingly, lubricating the difficulties of the position with cocktails. Finally, toward evening, they joined in the composition of a telegram which is certainly a gem of its kind. It read thus:

> Have waited some time to hear from you regarding San Francisco Board of Health. If you wish to consult us act promptly. Telegraph answer—be brief. Toner.
> Henderson.

This important missive sped on its way. They waited close to the end of a wire for the reply. It arrived a brief hour later, and was hastily torn open by Henderson:

> To Percy Henderson and Hugh Toner:—No. Is that brief enough? J. H. Budd.

Nowadays both statesmen re-echo the sentiments which Colonel Irish so lavishly expresses about the Executive, and like the Member of Parliament who was set for a speech after Edward Burke had exhausted the subject, announce to their friends, "We say ditto to Mr. Irish."

* * *

AMONG THE journalists there is deep interest over the anticipated return of Sam Chamberlain, who retires from the managing editorship of the *Journal*, and resumes his old post on the *Examiner*. The success of the new venture is ascribed, in great measure, to his brilliancy and fertility of resources, which at once individualized a characterless sheet, and made the most of the opportunities which the news afforded. But Chamberlain hated New York, though it is the natural field for the display of his talents, and between the climate and the hard work he has broken down. His return will release Ed Hamilton from his uncongenial duties, and set him free once again of the local columns, from which his clever pen has been missed.

* * *

The prominence so suddenly won by the *Journal* shows the responsiveness of a big community to smart newspaper work. Hearst, on entering the field in which the *Recorder* was struggling for existence, commenced by engaging the most expensive men in New York for his staff. Such a concourse of stars properly exploited and made revolve in their orbits, soon attracted the attention of the classes while the masses were won by sensations, portraits, and glaring headlines. It must be admitted that the paper is capital reading, and the recognition of Pulitzer's *World*, which has come down to the cent basis, is proof that its competition is telling among the giants. In retaliation, it seems that Hearst engaged, at a liberal advance of salary, the entire Sunday *World* staff, writers and artists, including the redoubtable Nym Crinkle, and many others of lesser degree. All this, of course, has not been won without terrific cost, but then, the prize to be played for is well worth the effort to secure it. I presume that Mr. Hearst's next venture will be made in Chicago or Philadelphia, so in due course he will really be a Napoleon of journalism, with organs of expression in all the big communities. Since the advent of the *Journal* his stock has advanced in the estimation of New Yorkers by leaps and bounds.

* * *

THE LAMENT of a very patriotic friend of mine, who, to an Englishman, was deploring the lack of American feeling in the younger generation of our school children, drew out a strong dissent and this curious story: A London banker, who had recently married, was sent to Philadelphia in charge of certain large interests of his firm. Circumstances compelled to delay him in America twelve years or more, and, on returning to the British metropolis, he was at the head of a sturdy family of boys and girls. Now, these youngsters had flourished vigorously and had imbibed from their playmates a veritable love for the land of their birth. The father and mother, loyal subjects of Her Majesty, never permitted the children to forget their alien parentage, but in spite of all efforts, a certain strong feeling of patriotism grew up among them. They were as American as the offsprings of a Sheridan or a Paul Revere. As youngsters will, they acquiesced in the change to England, but brought with them certain little American flags—the stiff little stars and stripes of the kind that are used for decorative purposes, and these they treasured as an Indian does his amulet. The affection the urchins lavished on these ensigns was so curiously intense that the parents finally took notice. Then the father explained to his boys that they were not Americans but English, and their allegiance and devotion were due to the Union Jack and not to the Stars and Stripes. This intimation was received in stubborn silence. Thinking to shift the current of their thoughts the mother purchased for them a beautifully designed Royal Standard, embroidered in silk, supposing of course, that the coloring and design would win their admiration. The new ensign was given into the hands of the eldest boy at dinner one night, and afterwards the parents went out. Returning about ten o'clock, they heard in one of the rooms a strange uproar—hysterical cries and shrill huzzas. The door was locked, but they entered by another way and found their boys and girls marching around with little American flags raised aloft in their hands, and, on the floor, trampled, mangled, and soiled, was the beautiful silk English standard that had cost so much money. So excited and hysterical was the condition of the youngsters that neither parent dared offer a rebuke, but contented themselves with snatching the flag from the floor, and permitting the continuance of the curious rite. It may be we build here better than we know, and that the growing generation has in a full degree the spirit of its predecessors.

* * *

THE CAREER of President Foster of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad is illustrative of the rise to wealth and prominence of many young men of his generation. Hamlin Garland, in his latest novel, points out to an ambitious litterateur the history of the ordinary American's career, his struggle with early obstacles, the rapid acquirement of vast wealth and power, as being more romantic than the life of a New England village, or the petty love affairs of Darby and Joan, and worthy the pen and mind of the writer who is also student and artist. Foster, a North of Irelander by birth, came to New York, a broad-shouldered, shrewd, and steady youth, who, entering a dry goods house, soon attracted the attention of his employers, and subsequently won their respect. He was rising steadily in favor when there came a crisis in the fortunes of the institution—a trusted agent managed to get away with a large sum of money under circumstances which rendered the intervention of the police impossible. It was a case similar to that of Cashier Flood, though this man had the money in his possession. California had been his goal, and to Foster was deputed the delicate task of recovering the gold. He came here, located the thief in Calaveras, and, after much negotiation in which he developed a real strain of diplomacy, obtained the return of the major portion of the defalcations and a very substantial reward for his exertions. But he had tasted the fascinations of California life, and, instead of returning, he was given a desk in the office of Mark L. McDonald, then one of the most successful stockbrokers on Pine Street. The city was then in the throes of its great Comstock craze, and fortunes were won and lost every day. Foster dabbled a little in a conservative way, carefully watching his opportunities, but hazarding his accumulations with great care. As time went on, McDonald retired from stocks, and Wakefield succeeded to his clientage, Foster being his head clerk at first, and, subsequently, his partner.

* * *

Soon after, the long-awaited opportunity of fortune presented itself. There had been much talk of the Contention mine, and the public had purchased eagerly of its shares. But through mismanagement, or ill luck, the expected dividends did not materialize, and gradually its price fell to nothing. Foster knew something of the Contention through the report of his expert, and very quietly commenced buying up its stock. One bright morning it was announced that a great bed of rich ore had been found, and the rise left Foster a millionaire. He has a beautiful villa and gardens at San Rafael, where he lives the year round, and it is owing to his daily patronage of the Donohue ferry that he subsequently developed into a railroad President. In his management of the road, Foster has shown the same shrewdness, patience, and energy that have made him a millionaire. Just at the moment he is before the public on account of the manipulation of the Stetson-Borel contingent, which has designs on the North Pacific System, proposing to unite it with their own barren and unproductive Narrow Gauge. The syndicate, of which Foster is a member includes Sydney Smith, the well-known lawyer, who drew up the agreement whereby the several holdings of stock are voted in a block, according to the dictum of the President. It was an agreement entered into in good faith, and it was assumed, of course, that in his double capacity of associate and counsel, Smith might be depended upon to draw an instrument strong enough to withstand, at least, his own attacks.

* * *

Strange to say, he is the one who has formed the combination with J. B. Stetson and Antoine Borel; they having obtained quiet possession of a parcel of stock which the Seligmans had kept. This, added to Smith's holdings, commanded a slight majority, and the program at the last meeting was to unseat Foster, and oust his forces. The manner in which this scheme was defeated showed the President had profited by his experience on Pine Street. The forces were all drawn up as he entered and peremptorily summoned the gathering to order. After the roll-call, the voting began. The Secretary called first the name of the President, and Foster quickly voted the entire stock which stood in his name on the books, including the holdings of Sydney Smith. Smith protested, but was so taken aback by the suddenness of the move that he lost self-possession and forgot to have his friends vote him a member of the directorate. In fact, his faculties suffered a total eclipse; instead of achieving victory he retired shorn of all his glory. Of course the struggle will be renewed next annual meeting, when Smith will probably enjoin Foster from a similar procedure. He has a hard man to fight, however, and there is a whole year to elapse. THE WITNESS.

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A CHAT WITH FRED WARDE.

THE STORY OF HIS DEBUT IN MACBETH.

"I am an Englishman, with American improvements," said Frederick Warde, in the course of a conversation I had with him at the Palace a few days ago. I laughed as he made the remark.

"That sounds well to American ears," I answered, "especially coming from an Englishman, but what do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Mr. Warde, "that I am a naturalized citizen of these United States. I came to this country in '74; since then I have lived here, and have acquired property in different parts of the country; my children have been educated here; we enjoy certain privileges accorded by your institutions; it seems to me right and proper that we should become citizens."

"Few Englishmen seem to share your ideas on this point," I remarked.

"Perhaps," returned Mr. Warde, "but that may be because they have an idea that it is disloyal to adopt any other country than the one they are born in, but I do not feel so, I have reaped certain benefits here, it would seem natural that here I should 'pay taxes, tremble, and obey; isn't that the way it runs?" he asked turning to me for reference; then, he added, with a little smile, "I do not, however, forget that I am English by birth. You remember what Bolingbrokes says in Richard II.

> Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
> Though banished, yet a true born Englishman.

Our conversation was interrupted for a few moments by a message for Mr. Warde. When we resumed, I said:

"You started to tell me about your debut, a few minutes ago."

"Oh, yes," began Warde. "Never shall I forget my condition the night of my first appearance in public. I was only a boy, barely seventeen, you know. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; my knees shook; I was in a cold perspiration."

"Was it a very difficult part you had undertaken?"

"No," came with good, round force from Mr. Warde's lips, "I was only the second murderer in "Macbeth"; but, of course, it was an event of overwhelming importance to me."

"Where was this," I asked, "in London?"

"No," replied Mr. Warde. "It was at the Lyceum Theater, Sunderland, Durham, under the management of Sam Phelps—a good old actor of the Macready School; a fine fellow every way. You see," Mr. Warde explained, "I had run away from home to become an actor. I was studying law at the time, but I disliked it very much, and I was fascinated by the stage and everything connected with it. I lived close to the Sadler's Wells Theater, London. You remember where it stood, don't you," he said, turning to me. "Well, in the building where I was, there was a window looking down on a passageway used by the actors in going to the stage door, and I used to linger there, watching them. Finally, my infatuation became greater than I could bear, and——well," shrugging his shoulders, "I just ran away. I applied to a dramatic agency in London, and before I knew it I was down at the Lyceum, and cast for the second murderer in "Macbeth," as I told you. The manager's son was the first murderer."

"And when it was over, were you satisfied with your performance?"

"Oh, thoroughly," replied Mr. Warde, "until the manager's daughter, who was an actress, and much older than either her brother or I, said she had seen many murderers, but we were, without exception, the two worst she had ever seen."

"That was unkind," I began.

"But probably quite just," added Mr. Warde.

"Did you always play in Shakespearian roles until you came to this country?"

"Yes, and for some time after," returned Mr. Warde.

Two years after his debut, Warde was supporting Adelaide Neilson in Romeo and Juliet. This must have been in '69 or '70. In 1874, he came to this country as leading juvenile for Booth, with whom he remained some time.

"I have played with Booth, Barrett, and McCullough," he said, half sadly, as he recalled the dead.

"I suppose," I said, "it goes without phrases, as Edgar Saltus says, that you prefer Shakespearian parts to any others?"

"Infinitely," replied the actor, earnestly; "there is no comparison to be made between Shakespeare and any other. It is impossible for any one to study his works, or, indeed, to dip into them lightly, without increased mental development. One meets constantly with ideas which open up new fields of thought. And one does not always pluck the best fruit, at first. As you develop yourself, you seize upon new truths, not understood before; and so on, more and more, as you become interested. His works form an inexhaustible treasury. You know," continued Mr. Warde, "the earnest student, the successful artist, does not derive pleasure from the financial success alone, which the study of his art brings him. He does not overlook that side—in fact, it is nesessary to him, even in the pursuit of his art—but he derives also immense pleasure from the study itself, and the self-development which it entails. Look at Paderewski. You do not imagine that financial success is his only pleasure, do you? He deserves every moment of success he has had; for there isn't a harder working man anywhere; but he derives a distinct pleasure from the work itself, and also from the delight which he gives others."

Pausing a moment, Mr. Warde went on: "It is the same with the exponent of Shakespeare. Not only does the good derived from the study of the great master pay him, but it also adds greatly to his pleasure to be able to impart to others what he has himself acquired. 'The service and loyalty I owe, in doing it, pays itself,'" quoted Mr. Warde, as we parted.

Frederick Warde is a good-looking man, of somewhat over forty, I should think, of medium height, broad-shouldered and muscular. He has a fine brow; showing no small measure of intellectual and perceptive power; his nose falls in an almost straight line below—the line of moral rectitude—prominent at the base, from the lip, outward, denoting ambition; his mouth, moulded on ample lines, is talented, and shows the somewhat thick, clean-cut under lip which belongs to perseverance; he has fine, dark eyes, clear and *round*, rather than *long*; they indicate honest, outspoken methods as characteristic of the man. His bearing is proud, his manner courteous, but business-like; a man ready to work and fight, if necessary, for what he wants, and who would not easily relinquish anything he undertook to do, and endowed with the dogged and persistent perseverance for which the sons of Albion are justly famed.

E. D. H.

THE EVOLUTION OF A COMPOSER.

EPISODES FROM GOUNOD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It would appear on examining the forces which nourish individual character that men of genius owe more to their mothers than to paternal or scholastic influences. This is obvious in Gounod's autobiography, in which is described the self-sacrificing devotion of his mother, who gave up everything, even the simple necessaries of life, to educate her boys and fit them for their work. Written in a delightfully simple style, *Memoirs of an Artist* disappoints most by its brevity. When the reminiscences of the great composer begin to assume a vital interest to the world at large—after he has had his first taste of fame—he stops abruptly. After all, youth, the period of growth, does not offer the best biographical material, especially when the writer is inclined to conceal his private thoughts and aspirations. This autobiography possesses few of the virtues we demand in a work of its character. One expects to obtain from it an insight into the inner life of Gounod—the thoughts which gave birth to his various works and the personal recollections, frivolous or otherwise, which aided his development—here, however, we have a mere record of impressions, a few character sketches of the great painters and musicians of the early portion of the century, and some description of foreign travel.

Gounod was naturally exceptionally gifted. From his father, who was a brilliant painter, though a man of rather weak character, he inherited a facility at drawing, and as a child, he loved nothing better than lying flat on his stomach on the floor, in the middle of the studio, scribbling with crayon on a varnished blackboard. Undoubtedly, he would have become an artist, but for the influence of Madame Gounod, a trained musician herself, who, in nursing the boy, made him imbibe as much music as milk. Indeed, she never performed that function without singing, so, quite unconsciously, he gained a correct idea of intonation, and, almost before he knew how to speak correctly, his ear had become properly trained. The mother was so proud of this ability that she had a master named Jadin to call on the boy, and he, seating himself at the piano, improvised a series of chords and modulations, asking at each change, "In what key am I?" The little youngster made not a single mistake. However, as he grew older, the love of music developed, and then, deciding for himself to make a profession of it, he encountered the opposition of that mother to whose encouragement he owed his tendency. Gounod attributes his determination to become a musician to an evening at the Theatre des Italiens, where he was taken to hear Rossini's "Othello," in which Malibran and Lablache appeared. After that, he thought of nothing but composition. He scribbled music under his desk and often gave the time he owed to his tasks to youthful struggles at song writing. Madame Gounod remonstrated with M. Poirson, Principal at the Lyceum, and he, calling up before him young Gounod, tried to laugh the boy out of the idea.

"It is nothing to be a musician in this world," he said.

"What, Monsieur! Is it nothing to be Mozart or Rossini?" queried the little composer.

Instantly, the face of Poirson changed expression. "That is what you think about it. Very well, we will see if you are able to make a musician. I have had a box at the Italiens for ten years. I am a good judge." He wrote some verses on a sheet of paper, and said, "Take this and set it to music."

Gounod rushed back to his studies and in the next recreation hour wrote the theme, and then ran in haste with it to the principal.

"Sing it to me," said Poirson.

"But, sir, I need a piano for my accompaniment."

"That is unnecessary," said he. "I don't need a piano."

"But I do, sir, for my chords."

"And where are they?"

"Here, sir," said Gounod, pointing to his forehead.

"That makes no difference to me. Sing all the same. I shall understand very well without the chords."

Gounod goes on to say, "I saw that I had to do without accompaniment and began. I was scarcely in the middle of the first part when I perceived the face of my judge softening. This encouraged me, and I went on with confidence. He said then, 'Now, come to the piano.' When I had finished, Poirson, completely vanquished, with tears in his eyes, took my head in his two hands and embracing me, said, 'Go on, my child, with your music.'"

The mother was reluctant to accept this decision, but, seeing there was no hope for it, escorted her son to Antoine Reicha, the professor of composition at the conservatory, whom she asked to make the study as difficult as possible, and hinder the boy's ambition by as many obstacles as he could think of. Reicha told her, subsequently, that there was no way to tire the young composer, he did everything with so much pleasure. At the close of his scholastic career, Gounod was sent to the conservatory, where he studied under Cherubini and Halevy. After three trials he won the Grand Prix de Rome, and set off for Italy to study for the three years to which that premium entitled him.

M. Ingres figures quite largely in these memoirs. He was Director of the Academy of France at Rome, and a painter of great skill and individuality. To him are ascribed the famous sayings, "Drawing is the probity of art," and "There is no grace without force." He became specially interested in young Gounod on discovering accidentally in him a talent for drawing. It occurred in this wise. The young composer was in the habit of carrying a sketch-book in his excursions, and, one day, returning from a trip, met Ingres.

"What have you under your arm?" said he to Gounod.

"But, M. Ingres, a sketch-book," replied the musician, confused.

"A sketch-book! for what purpose? Do you draw?"

"Oh, no, M. Ingres, that is to say, yes, I draw a little, but very little."

"Indeed!" said Ingres. "Ah, come let me see." Opening the book, he found some clever drawings, and his eyes fell upon a small figure of St. Catherine, which he had copied that very day from a fresco in the old basilica of St. Clement. Assuring himself it was the work of the young man, he congratulated him, and persuaded him to do some tracings and sketches, and assured him that if he wished to go back to Rome he might do so with the Grand Prix for painting.

Among the interesting people whom Gounod met in Rome was Fanny Hensel, the favorite sister of Mendelssohn. Madame Hensel was a musician beyond comparison, a remarkable pianist, and a woman of superior mind; small and thin in person, but with an energy that showed itself in her deep eyes, in her fiery glance. She was gifted with rare ability as a composer, and to her are due several of the "Songs Without Words," published in the piano collection under her brother's name. She would place herself at the piano with the good grace and simplicity of those who make music because they love it, and, thanks to her fine talent and prodigious memory, I was brought to a knowledge of the chef d'oeuvres of German music.

Shortly after this meeting with Madame Henzel, he left Rome for Vienna, and subsequently, at Leipsic, met Mendelssohn, with whom he was charmed.

"Mendelssohn received me admirably," says Gounod. "I used this word purposely in order to express the gracious condescension with which a man of such distinction treated a young fellow who could have been nothing, in his opinion, but a pupil. During the four days of my stay in Leipzic, I can say Mendelssohn devoted himself entirely to me. He questioned me concerning my studies and my works with the liveliest and sincerest interest, and he asked to hear upon the piano my last composition, and I received from him the most precious words of approbation and encouragement. I will mention but one of them, which I have always been too proud of to forget. I had played for him the "Dies Irae" of my Vienna requiem. He placed his hand upon a part of it written for five voices without accompaniment, and said: 'My friend, this part might be signed by Cherubini.'"

However, it was not until he was nearly thirty years of age that Gounod's real vocation was revealed to him. He then realized that however excellent for study, the directorship of a choir was not a field for his ability. The violinist Laghers brought him to Madame Viardot, who asked to hear his compositions; and offered then, if he would write an opera, to sing the leading role. So he begged Emile Augier to compose a poem for him, and thus "Sappho," his first opera was produced. Madame Viardot was pleased with the music, and Gounod relates that in a very few days she had so acquainted herself with the score that she accompanied herself upon the piano almost entirely from memory, which he says was the most extraordinary feat of musical memorizing which he had ever witnessed.

The performance was a great success. His mother witnessed it from one of the boxes, and as he was leaving to rejoin her in the hall where she was waiting for him, he met Berlioz, whose eyes were filled with tears. Says Gounod, "I sprang to his neck, saying, 'Oh, my dear Berlioz! Come show those eyes to my mother. That will be the best criticism she can read upon my work.' Berlioz yielded to my wishes, and, approaching my mother, said, 'Madame, I do not remember to have felt a similar emotion in twenty years.'"

Though "Sappho" was not a popular success it had great results for his career. He was asked to write the music for the choruses in "Ulysse." It was produced at the Theatre Français. He was subsequently appointed director at the Orpheon, and vocal instructor in the public schools of Paris. His career after that was a series of almost uninterrupted successes. He wrote one opera after another, and finally "Faust," which was put in rehearsal in the month of September, 1858. At the first rendering, Madame Carbalho was so deeply impressed with the part of Marguerite she begged that it be assigned to her. Curious to say, the first production of this admirable opera did not create a remarkable impression. Yet it acted as rather a surprise to the public, for nothing he had written gave any reason to expect from him a score of its character. It enabled Madam Carbalho to reveal the masterly qualities of execution and style which placed her in the front rank among the singers of the day. Gounod finds this to say of the opera, and of dramatic art in general:

"Can it be said to be my best work? Positively, I do not know. At any rate, I see in it a confirmation of the thought expressed above, upon the subject of success, namely, that success is rather the result of a certain combination of fortuitous circumstances and favorable conditions, than a proof or measure of the intrinsic value of the work itself. It is by the surface that the favor of the public is first gained; it is by the depth that it is maintained and strengthened. It requires a certain length of time to seize and take to one's self the expression and the meaning of the infinite number of details of which a drama is composed. The dramatic art is a kind of portrait painting. It should interpret characters as a painter reproduces a face or an attitude: it should gather up and fix all the features, all the inflections, so variable and fleeting, which, taken together, form the individuality of physiognomy that is called a personage. Such are the immortal characters of Hamlet, of Richard III, of Othello, and of Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare; the impersonations having such a resemblance to the type of which they are the expression, that they remain in the memory like a living reality; therefore they are justly called creations. Dramatic music is subject to the same law, outside of which it has no existence; its object is to specialize physiognomies. Now, that which painting represents simultaneously to the mind, music can only say successively; this is why it escapes so easily from first impressions.

[Rand, McNally and Co., publishers.] ETC., JR.

Do you wish to learn the languages, or music, or oratory, or elocution from the best teachers and without expense to yourself? See page 16.

BOOKS BY LETTER.

THE IMPROBABLE FINALE OF A WEDDING JOURNEY—A QUESTION OF REALISM OR ROMANCE.

MY DEAR JASON:—It is books to the front of me, magazines to the rear, bibelots and Sunday journals strewing the carpet, and a terrible sense of obligation in my heart. Not because there is nothing to say have I procrastinated over this communication, but on account of the profusion of material. Here is a *Yellow Book*, for instance, brimming over with poems, stories, and pictures. Here, also, is Howell's *Day of the Wedding*, with a captivating problem to try your brain—which shall I tell you of first? It may be, indeed, you read Zangwill's eulogium of the new writer, Logan Pearsall Smith, of whose *Youth of Parnassus* the clever critic announces: "Such sense of style and form, such chastity and austerity of execution, are rare in any language, and, outside of Hawthorne, I know not where in our tongue to look for a short story so restrained, so suggestive, so poetic, as that which leads off this volume." Does not that whet your curiosity, arouse your literary interest? Well, I have just read the book, together with Walter Blackburn Harte's *Fly Leaf*, the reorganized *Chap Book*, and Louise Imogen Guiney's stories.

As the Scriptures tell us that the last shall be first and the first, last, suppose I commence on *Lovers' Saint Ruth*. You will agree that, typographically, this little volume of Miss Guiney's is perfect—the prettiest cover of the season, and such fine, thick white paper, broad margins, and clean type. Are the stories worth it? A leading question, my dear sir, and hard to answer. Sometimes there occur passages of description infused with a quality of sumptuousness which harmonizes with the luxury of the setting. The narrative of the initial tale has in it such charming bits, beautifully modulated phrases, with the suggestion of depth in the manner of their weaving. But, as story telling, that is another question. There is absent the sense of form, the attitude of life, the manner of fiction. The beauty of the little medieval love story is neutralized by the awkwardness of its approach. The circumstances of its telling are as curiously unskilful as the construction of "Our Lady of the Union"—a strangely far-fetched tale; or, "An Event on the River"—quite preposterous in its unreality. It is, indeed, apprentice work, as the author admits.

I am anxious to learn your impression of *The Day of Their Wedding*; to my mind, the denouement is unnatural—improbable, perhaps, is the better word. Yet I must not forget the accuracy of Howell's power of observation, and his analytical skill. The situation, briefly, is this: Lorenzo and Althea, members of a Shakers' settlement, having, in the midst of the "Angelic life" conceived for one another a very human passion, determine to marry and live in the world. He goes first to prepare the way, and she follows, and to Saratoga they hie for the wedding. Instead of proceeding directly to the house of a clergyman, they wander around sightseeing. He buys for Althea a new dress, a hat, and a cape, which quite transform the dim little Shakeress into a fashionable maid. Later, directed by an impudent hackman, they find themselves in the presence of a minister, who lectures them on the importance and irrevocableness of matrimony, and so moves the trembling soul of Althea that she asks more time to consider. They go out from his presence with the promise to return later. The rest of the morning is spent at the hotel listening to the music, and here young Mrs. Carstairs, a bright blonde just married to a drummer, is introduced as an alternative type of love. She gushes over Althea, confides the details of her own courtship to the prim maiden to whom the world outside is still a strange and dangerous region. Late in the day this curious but ingenuous twain repair again to the minister, who formally weds them. Ahea, on the way home to the hotel, has grown strangely quiet and grave—the contrast between the new life and the old is heavy on her soul. Instead of stopping at Saratoga, they decide to leave it at once; she goes to their room to prepare for the journey. He returns and finds her in the Shaker costume which she had discarded, and she tells him she is going back to the "Family"; that the influence of the old life is too strong for her. He accepts the decision; nay, concurs in it, and together they return to the Shakers, after exchanging but a single kiss.

Does it seem natural that a man and a woman imbued with the primal instincts of sex—who lived years of longing for one another's lips, having taken the step to sanctify their union, would thus tamely abandon the joys of possession and love? It is not as if Althea belongs to the square and stern faced type of woman, to whom a principle is a devotion and faith an enthusiasm. Here is her portrait "as she appears to Lorenzo on the train."

She looked like a pretty boy, with her dark hair cropped to her head all around, and her severe turn-down collar, which came so high up on her throat that her soft round chin almost touched it. She had dark eyes, very tender and truthful, a little straight nose, and a mouth that smiled an unspeakable question at the young man, with its red lips; delicate brows arched themselves above her dove-like eyes, and her forehead was a smooth and white wall to the edge of her hair.

Nor was he a dark, thin-faced ascetic, but a buoyant, handsome youth, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and golden-haired. In going out into the world, abandoning the traditions and principles of the family, they had taken a step so daring that its pursuance to the natural conclusion seems logical. Yet we must assume the old influences are too strong, the contrast between the freedom of the world outside and the restraints and conventions to which they have grown accustomed are too glaring for their courage, and back they retreat into servitude, for that is what the life of the Family means. The story becomes a problem, and gains in dramatic value by the conclusion, but one cannot help the question, Is it true? Is this the real solution of the problem? Would a veritable Althea and a living Lorenzo, full-blooded, ardent, youthful,—would they, on the eve of love, have relinquished each other after a single kiss? Otherwise, you will find the story full of dextrous touches, simple, graceful, idyllic, with traces in construction and context which remind one of the *Lady of the Arostook*. Nor does this story, as the *Coast of Bohemia* did, sag hopelessly in the middle. There are neither subsidiary interests nor loose ends. The book ends with the episode.

It may be you saw the *Argonaut's* red-eyed denunciation of *Jude the Obscure*. I have just read the *Saturday Review's* critique, which commences, "It is doubtful, considering not only the greatness of the work but also the greatness of the author's reputation, whether for many years any book has received quite so foolish a reception as has been accorded the last and most splendid of all the books that Mr. Hardy has given the world." It is pointed out that the main theme of the novel is not sexual, but an indictment of the system which closes the three great English universities to the workingman, and concludes with the statement that there is no other novelist alive with the breadth of sympathy, the knowledge, or the power for the creation of another Jude. But to pass from this sane and just review, let me suggest the reorganized *Chap Book*, in which there is a capital ghost story by H. G. Wells, and an amusingly affected essay of Max Beerbohm's. I have not yet read the Davidson ballad, but found in the notes rather a good little story; it is about Miss Guiney and Miss Alice Brown, who, together, some years ago started a paper called *The Pilgrim's Scrip*. At the top of the editorial page they inscribed this quotation:

"*Ave! Morituri te Salutamus.*"

Save for Mr. Harte's own essay, which he calls "A Modest Proposal for the Rehabilitation of Letters in the Literary Show," the *Fly Leaf* does not appeal to me as equal in interest to its predecessor. The proposal in question is for the establishment of a Sunday Fair for literature, each writer crying his wares and writing his own appreciations. There's not a mother's son in the whole scribbling guild can get his fill of praise, Mr. Harte believes. "Such scraps of comfort as occasionally fall to our lot are almost invariably disappointing, for our friends are perversely addicted to flattering us in good, round, general terms, which save thought and lack positiveness. Besides," he adds, "these sugared things which authors crave can only be supplied by other writers, who demand similar favors in return." The situation is saved by the psychological interview in which the author draws out from himself, in dialogue form, the less obvious excellencies of his work, and the more subtle qualities of his individuality, revealing both with proper discrimination. To pass onwards to Mr. Pollard's story—it belongs to the type of sketch he has so long cultivated—a far-fetched situation, tinctured with some breaths of sentiment—interesting but indefinite.

But I promised to tell you of the *Yellow Book*, now the most readable of the periodicals: Here you will find an admirable demonstration of the new men. Kenneth Graham, Richard La Gallienne, Marriott Watson, Ella D'Arcy, H. G. Wells, George Gissing, and Henry Harland are all represented. No other magazine presents names so notable. The aroma of Beardsleyism has quite disappeared from the pictures which, like the prose, exhibits the finest and most poetical work of the younger generation of artists. It is indeed a beautiful publication, this *Yellow Book*, and mentally a feast for lovers of good stories.

As for the *Youth of Parnassus*, it is caviare. The subdued and studied refinement of the style reminds one rather of the manner of Walter Pater. There is no brilliancy, no descriptive limelight to glamor the lover of prose pyrotechnics; the illumination is a finer, a rarer light, like that which lingers in the heart of the opal. The method is indirect, suggestive—a word and an attitude make the plot; only the shadows of events are reflected in the narrative. I can imagine how you will care for certain of its passages, how the art and indirection will appeal. But I have exhausted my space, if not my material or your patience, and am regretfully,

ORACLE K. B.

BOOK TALK.

It is dangerous to underestimate the importance of Hall Caine. He confides to *McClure's Magazine* the important fact that he draws both his plots and his phrases from the Sacred Book. "Whatever strong situations I have in my tales," he says, "are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and the 'Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah."

James L. Ford has a story in the *Journal* which beats the famous yarn about Bok and Rudyard Kipling. It seems Mike Wolf, the well-known illustrator, whose pictures generally represent a supposed conversation between Miss Anastasia McGillicuddy, aged eight, and Mr. Lancelot Shaughnessy, aged ten, in which Miss McGillicuddy spurns the love of Mr. Shaughnessy because he doesn't cut as good eagle's wings on the ice as Mr. Percival Dooley, aged eleven, evolved a sketch in which Miss Anastasia made use of the following words: "No, Reginald, I can never love a man who will wear bloomers on golf links." Satisfied with the idea, he sent the design off to Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of that popular juvenile publication *St. Nicholas*. Two days later the drawing was returned, accompanied by a little note reading something like this:

MY DEAR MR. WOLF—I am extremely sorry that we cannot make use of the drawing which you so kindly sent us, owing to the fact that you have used in your letter press the word "love." You ought to know by this time that *St. Nicholas* never uses the word "love." Very sincerely,
MARY MAPES DODGE.

Wolf, a bit chagrined, tossed note and drawing into a corner of his studio, and was surprised to find in his mail next day a second note in the same script. He read:

MY DEAR MR. WOLF—In writing my note of yesterday, in which I stated that *St. Nicholas* never used the word "love," I was over hasty, and so beg to inform you that *St. Nicholas* never objects to the words "mother's love." Sincerely,
MARY MAPES DODGE.

Mrs. Craigie has come and gone, and her saying about Mrs. Blank, the authoress who wished to be kissed to death, has gone over the country. Another story apropos of the twain is given in the latest *Vanity*. It seems both were invited to a tea, but Mrs. Blank did not appear. Next morning Mrs. Craigie received a letter saying she admired so much the writings and the portrait of John Oliver Hobbes, that she did not care to have the illusion spoiled or marred by a meeting.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling attends to all of her husband's correspondence, and carefully guards him against would-be intruders. He is said to be the most unapproachable literary man in the world.

The name of Mr. Howell's new novel—the only long piece of work which will appear from his pen during 1896—is *The Landlord of the Lion's Head*.

The Scribners are to have the publication of Julian Hawthorne's $10,000 prize story. Mr. Hawthorne is said to have written the story in nineteen days. In its book form *Between Two Fires* will have restored to it the 20,000 words cut out for purposes of serial publication in the *Herald*. Harpers are to publish Miss Molly Elliot Sewell's $3000 prize story.

Stephen Crane, author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, was a student at the Syracuse University, and made a reputation as a baseball player. His realistic description of a battlefield will be readily understood by any one who has ever attended a college baseball game.

Marion Crawford gave interesting details of his method of composition and his literary attitude to Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known correspondent. It seems it is the custom of Marion to work out his stories long before he takes pen in hand. He makes the outline as complete as possible, writing out the heads of the chapters, arranging climaxes, in short, constructing the skeleton. Of course, like the majority of other great novelists, he claims that his characters are real persons to him, and shows thereby an imaginative capacity of which his work gives no hint, for we all know his dramatis personæ are always more interesting than real. As he proceeds in literature, Crawford finds he writes with a greater facility, and is compelled to guard against a tendency towards sensationalism, which those who read *Casa Braccio* undoubtedly noticed. Speaking of great writers and the time of the production of their chef d'œuvres, he modestly disclaimed any idea that he himself is a great novelist. He does not pretend to write for a purpose, but merely to interest, amuse, and make money. He has no great lesson to teach, no moral interest to further. Apropos of the great American novel, Crawford says that American life is as full of exciting situations and interesting characters as any life on the globe. We are, next to the English, the most sentimental people of the world. Love, in its highest form, he thinks is to be found among us and the English. As for the great American novel itself, it will hardly be produced in New York or New England, but will probably be written by a man from the middle West.

Anatole France, who was recently elected a member of the French Academy, is best known for his contributions to *Le Temps*, wherein he writes weekly a column which, under the pretext of criticism, touches on all sorts and conditions of subjects in a manner graceful and cultivated.

The latest object of Aubrey Beardsley's pictorial fancy is "The Rape of the Lock," upon which he is just now wreaking his weird and fantastic fancy. The illustrations he made for Malory's *Morte d' Arthur* have made that volume valuable to the bibliophile. Instead of selecting Pope, what a pity it is Beardsley does not try Poe.

The latest historical subject for literary treatment is John Randolph of Roanoke, one of the notable figures of American politics. He is to be the subject of an article in the March *Century*, by Powhatan Bouldin, in which a number of letters of an intimate nature from the celebrated Virginian are presented. One of these contains Randolph's candid opinions of his own gifts of oratory.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Day of Their Wedding," by W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

"The Youth of Parnassus," by L. Pearsall Smith. Macmillan & Co., publishers.

"Lovers' Saint Ruth," by Louise Imogen Guiney. Copeland & Day, publishers.

"The Yellow Book." Copeland & Day, publishers.

Take Comfort.

Wear Goodyear Welt Shoes; better than hand-sewed, and cost less. "Foot Comfort," our booklet, will tell you all about them. Write for it—free. 47

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THIRD GRAND CONCERT
—OF THE—
KNICKERBOCKER
MALE QUARTETTE
Assisted by the
CHICAGO LADY QUARTETTE
And NETTIE M. JACKSON, Impersonator
MR. ROSCOE WARREN LUCY, Pianist
Wednesday Eve., March 4th, 8 o'clock
Odd Fellows' Hall, Seventh and Market Streets
Tickets, 50 cents, on sale at all music stores

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL HAYMAN & CO INCORP'D PROPS
CONCERT
Friday Night, March 6th
FIRST VIOLIN RECITAL MARSICK
The Great Parisian Violinist
A Brilliant Program
Prices: Orchestra, $1.50; Dress Circle, $1.00
Balcony, 75c.; Gallery 50c.
Seats ready Monday at the Box Office of the Baldwin Theatre. NOTE—Marsick will appear on Sunday Evening, March 8th, at the Baldwin Theatre in a Grand Orchestral Concert.

GOLDEN GATE HALL
TO-DAY at 3:15 P. M.——
50TH CARR-BEEL
SATURDAY
POP CONCERT
MR. CHAS. J. DYER, Vocalist
MR. SIGMUND BEEL, Soloist
ADMISSION 50 CENTS

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SOME FOLKS think that the cards we print from your plate for One Dollar per hundred are of inferior quality. This is not true; try us, or ask some one that has.
PIERSON BROS.
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Keeping abreast of the times is essential in the hair-dressing business. That's what I do, and that's why I am considered the most up-to-date hairdresser in the city. All kinds of coiffures for all occasions. G. Lederer, 111 Stockton Street.

THE THEATERS.

What is it that the populace likes so much in Frederick Warde? He has rather a handsome face, a well-formed body, and a not unpleasant voice, but his methods are those of a sign-painter rather than of an artist. He is lavish of black and vermilion; he throws on his colors with an abandon which is beautiful to behold, but how about the fine shades and the delicate tones? Still, he brings down the house.

In "The Mountebank," Warde's weakness for melodramatic attitudes and intonations was not so noticeable as usual, his chief defect being an apparent inability to put an end to the second act, the scene in his home in Angoleme. He kept circling about that shawl-bedecked chair and sobbing and kissing the shawl until he lost the hold he had gotten over his audience, and fell completely out of touch with it. We settled back into our seats and watched him, as calmly as if he were a kitten in a cage. It was an opportunity to play upon our feelings, which ability would have grasped, but I do not believe that Warde caused one throat in the crowd to choke up, though even the bald outline of the scene is rather touching. Think of it—this mountebank, a devoted though somewhat obtuse husband, notices how pathetically inadequate the little square of cloth is which his wife calls a shawl, so he buys (with the money he has saved to get a much needed pair of boots for himself) a new one for her, and a tiny tin kitchen and a doll for his little ailing daughter. He brings them home in triumph; he spreads the shawl out carefully on two chairs, that its size may be seen at a glance; he puts the little kitchen in front of the shawl, and the doll (alas, too big for the kitchen) close by. He talks all the time to his small son of his little Louise's delight when she finds these treasures, forgets all about his own wants, and fairly overflows with simple-hearted joy. When everything is arranged to show to the best advantage, Henri, the son, is sent to bring his mother and sister to see and admire. The child returns alarmed—his mother is gone. The Mountebank hurries to his wife's room; she is not there, and the little Louise's cot is empty, too.

So far, Warde is fairly good, but here he begins to tear his hair and kiss the shawl, which, it seems to me, should have been an object to be thrust out of sight rather than caressed. He does the last act rather better than any of the others, perhaps because the situation is so admirably planned that it almost acts itself. It is a matter of much wonder to me that the brain which was capable of contriving so good a situation as this could have been guilty of some other parts of the play. I am inclined to believe that the deadly hand of the adapter is to blame. Throughout, Warde is rather careless of detail; as, for an instance, the boots, which he said let in the water, are too obviously whole; so, too, is the rest of his dress for a wandering mountebank. His steed, "Mutton," however, seemed poverty-stricken enough for anything. He looked like a skeleton, or the photograph of a horse taken by the cathode ray.

It is impossible to judge of his support from this play, as it has but two parts. Miss Craig Garrick, as the dashing danseuse, made several very pretty pictures. I thought, though, she never stayed still long enough for me to be quite sure, for (like Nellie McHenry) acting with her means perpetual motion—jerky motion, too; but she's young.

As for "Jolly Nellie McHenry, everybody's favorite comedienne," she is not jolly, but most depressing, and she is not a comedienne. The best things in "The Bicycle Girl," are, the "tramp 'cyclist," a rather pretty little dark-haired woman in blue and white, who swayed about quite rhythmically in the cake walk, or whatever it was they did, Charles P. Morrison, and two or three funny little notes in Laura Bennett's yodling songs. The rest of the combination should put their heads together, and write a little manual on, "How to put people to sleep, by those who have done it."

Keene, with his tragedies "in five acts by William Shakespeare," has gone, but Warde takes up the thankless task, and to Othello, and Julius Cæsar he adds this year King Lear. Why, I can't fancy, for Shakespeare spells ruin. Julia Marlowe, it seems, does not think so, for she is to try it on New York again, in spite of her dismal failure, from a financial standpoint, of seven years ago.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Fred Warde is to talk about the women of Shakespeare at Golden Gate Hall next Wednesday afternoon, the proceeds of the entertainment, if it may be so called, to go to the Women's Exchange. Mr. Warde is supposed to have cultivated certain broad ideas about the ladies who stalk through the tragedies and comedies of the Bard of Avon, and will doubtless amuse as well as instruct. Being Lent, and for other reasons, he is reasonably certain of a good-sized audience.

The fiftieth Saturday Pop is to be duly celebrated. It is certainly an achievement for Mr. Beel and Mrs. Carr to have given such a series of high-class musical entertainments in San Francisco. We have enjoyed and patronized seasons of Scheel and other great people, but, though they have done fairly well in their way, that way was not as complete as Mr. Beel's really is. On Saturday, after the concert, the subscribers and other patrons are to have an informal reception in the parlors of Golden Gate Hall with Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, David Bixler, and Mrs. Oliver Evans as especial hostesses.

Sousa, with his band of fifty, opened at the Auditorium last night. He is assisted by Miss Myrta French, soprano, and by a young violiniste, Miss Duke, who has already made quite a record for herself. Also by Mr. Arthur Pryor, a skilful trombonist. Tickets, at popular prices, are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. To-night, to-morrow night, and Monday's performance will close the engagement of this popular organization.

Frederick Warde opened his two weeks' engagement at the Baldwin, on Monday last, to a satisfactory house. He has played a varied repertory during the week to fairly good audiences, and opens his second week with "King Lear," to be repeated Thursday, Friday, and at Saturday matinee. Tuesday, "Damon and Pythias"; Friday and Saturday, "Julius Cæsar."

Katie Putnam has had another good week at the Columbia, and closes her engagement to-morrow night. Little Gertie Carlisle has some very bright songs between the first and second acts. Next week, Canfield presents "A Railroad Ticket" at this house.

Louise Thorndyke Boucicault, widow of Dion Boucicault, has been engaged by Augustin Daly to play Hermia, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The company for which she is engaged is one now rehearsing in New York, and which will go on the road April 1st.

Morosco's has been packed this week to see "The Pulse of New York," a startling combination of stage effects, and deep, dark, and thrilling intrigue. Miss Florence Thropp distinguished herself in no less than six different impersonations, in some of which she could not have done better. The honors, however, have fallen largely to Miss Adelaide Wise, who played the part of Mrs. Florence Dennison, and made her quite charming. Messrs. Butler and Swain deserve praise also for unusually good work and it may be said of all the company that they seem to have taken on new life, and to present evidence of earnest study and conscientious work. Although the scenes in this play have required many and various changes, they were all very quietly and effectively managed, and certainly reflect great credit on the stage manager and his assistants.

Nat Goodwin, who will be here in the near future, is scoring the biggest kind of success in St. Louis, in his new play, "Ambition." He has surrounded himself with a very good company, and is running a repertoire of "In Mizzoura," "David Garrick," "A Gilded Fool," "Ambition," and "Lend Me Five Shillings," while en tour.

The Tivoli management opens the coming week with "Rip Van Winkle," with Mr. Hartman in the title role, which is a very good bit of character work in his hands, and Gertie Carlisle as Hans. Pearl Landers will play Meenie.

The Orpheum has never had a much better show than this week's bill. Several of the numbers are new, and quite as good as those retained from last week's program, which was an excellent one.

"Whenever Crane, the actor, is in town," says the New York *World*, "there is a perfect swarm of people to see him, who have plays for him to read, many of which are not worth the paper on which they are written. Some of the plays are very weird affairs. 'I wrote this for Edwin Forrest,' said a poor-looking little woman whose corkscrew curls were of the fashion of forty years ago, 'and he would have presented it if he had lived. His death was a severe blow for me. It is not everybody I would let play it, but I will let you have it, for I need the money.' 'This is a play that I will let go for a sacrifice,' says another. 'I wrote it for James O'Neill, years ago, and he said it was so good, it would be a shame to waste it on the public.'"

Marsick, the violinist, in combination with Ignace Paderewski, on Sunday night, at the Baldwin—Paderewski's farewell. Seats, one and three dollars.

The Carleton Opera Company remains here three weeks. Next week, "Fra Diavolo" will be given the first three nights of the week.

One of the strongest musical combinations in this country, including Oudricek, the violinist, and Madame Materna, the great Wagnerian singer, will shortly appear at the Auditorium, under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. Herr Oudricek is court violinist to His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Austria.

Next week, at Morosco's, Louis Eagan's scenic drama, "Midnight Flood."

Following Sousa at the Auditorium, March 2d, The University of California Glee and Mandolin Club will give a concert, in which they will introduce all the latest Glee Club songs from the East. This organization will be assisted by Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder, contralto, and Chas. E. Parcells, violinist. This combination would seem to promise a delightful entertainment. Souvenir programs have been prepared by Mr. Quinan, of *The Josh*, for the occasion.

Anna Eva Fay, who opens an engagement at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, March 3d, and whose remarkable performances have puzzled the ablest scientists in all parts of the world, has quite recently returned to this country from a tour of India, where she went in quest of the "Talking Head," said to have been operated on by the late Madame Blavatsky. She was accompanied by Doctor Franz Holtzman, secretary of Madame Blavatsky, and while her mission was failure so far as discovering the "Talking Head" was concerned, she developed, while in that country, a series of remarkable experiments of a most startling character, which she will introduce in her entertainments to be given soon in this city.

A cough should not be neglected, Brown's Bronchial Troches, are a simple remedy and give immediate relief. Avoid imitations.

A PANEGYRIC.

"More than any other volume it is indispensable to the student and scholar.

"It is a working library in itself, and will answer almost every question we can put to it.

"It contains more knowledge than any other single volume in the world.

"It is a photograph of the present state of civilization. All sciences, philosophies, arts, customs, and histories are condensed and reproduced in it.

"If one were required to deposit a single volume that would reveal to future ages the present state of the world, the Standard Dictionary would be the book. More than any other volume it would tell the story.

"It is full of suggestion, and the imagination flames as we look through it.

"It is stored with the raw materials of all science and literature.

"The thoughts of coming generations are already mirrored on its pages. Coming events here cast their shadows before.

"Matchless poems lie scattered through it; all that is needed is the poet's pen to pick them out and put them together.

"Words that breathe and thoughts that burn are here waiting to thrill the world. 'Nothing is wanting,' says Emerson, 'but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature, and cartilage.'

"To turn its pages and become familiar with it is an education.

"It is the latest university.

"After the Bible it is the first book one should own.

"Sell your coat and buy it.

"Keep it in the study, home, office, store.

"No one can live with this book and not have his thoughts widened with the process of the suns.

"For twenty-five years to come it will shine in the literary heavens as a star of the first magnitude, to enlighten and guide the millions of the English-speaking world."—REV. J. H. SNOWDEN, in *The Washington Jeffersonian*.

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Whatever you see in A. Hirschman's stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc., is of first quality. Mr. Hirschman has decided to retire from retail business and is selling at cost.

Racing! Racing! Racing!

California Jockey Club

WINTER MEETING
BEGINNING THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH
BAY DISTRICT TRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or Shine. Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P.M. sharp. McAllister and Geary street cars pass the gate.
R. B. Milroy, Secretary. Thos. H. Williams, Jr., Pres.

THE AUDITORIUM
Cor. of Eddy and Jones Sts.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.... Lessees and Managers

Sousa's World Famous Concert Band

Friday, Saturday and Sunday Eve. and Saturday and Sunday Matinee
Feb 28th and 29th and March 1st.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, the March King, Conductor; assisted by the brilliant artists:—
MISS MYRTA FRENCH, Soprano
MISS CURRIE DUKE, Violinist
MR. ARTHUR PRYOR, Trombone
Audience Captivated Everywhere—
Prices 25, 50, 75 and $1.00
Box Office Open from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

BALDWIN THEATRE (AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.)

Monday next—Second and Last Week of
FREDERICK WARDE
Monday, Thursday and Friday Evenings and Saturday Matinee ..... KING LEAR
Tuesday Evening .. . DAMON AND PYTHIAS
Wednesday and Saturday Eves..JULIUS CÆSAR
Monday, March 9th—A MILK WHITE FLAG

Columbia Theatre.
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Week Starting Monday, March 2d
Saturday Matinee Nothing but fun. Dwarfing all former triumphs in farce comedy's realm. A gigantic, sweeping and triumphant centralization of America's best and newest songs, fun and dances introduced by Freeman's funmakers, headed by everybody's favorite, Eugene Canfield (late of C. Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" Co.) presenting the cyclone of mirth
A RAILROAD TICKET
In three coupons, punched up to date.
March 9th—THE WICKLOW POSTMAN

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
This evening—Second and last week.
Magnificent Electric Production of
DER FREISCHUTZ
Cast includes Ida Valerga, Kate Marchi, Anna Schnabel, Martin Pache, John J. Raffael, W. H. West, Marcel Ferron, and Arthur Boyce.
Grand Chorus—Superb Orchestra
Next Week Monday, March 2d
—RIP VAN WINKLE—
POPULAR PRICES - 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, - Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of Pulse of New York
A Marvel of Realism
MONDAY, MARCH 2d
Louis Eagan's Famous Drama
...MIDNIGHT FLOOD
The Usual Popular Prices

ORPHEUM
O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Week Commencing Monday, March 2d
A Big Importation of New Talent
8 Celebrated Artists 8
Alburtus and Bartram
Champion Club Swingers and Jugglers
Wills and Collins, the Travesty Stars
Al The Andersons—Mamie
The best Colored Comedy Team in the business
The De Filippis
European Grotesques and Character Dancers
and Our Great Vaudeville Company

GROVER'S ALCAZAR
CARLETON OPERA CO. in Sir Julius Benedict's
LILY OF KILLARNEY
The operatic success of the season
Monday, March 2d
FRA DIAVOLO
For Three Nights Only
Night Prices.....15, 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents
Matinee Prices.....15, 25, 35 and 50 cents

SPLASHES.

A WAVE of religious enthusiasm has swept over the fashionable portion of the community since the advent of Lent. Instead of gaily gallivanting to countless teas, and discussing the latest item of gossip over the cheerful clatter of china and porcelain cups, we find the maidens decorously dressed in somber shades with violet bedecked toques and tippets, demurely wending their way toward church, and patiently listening with apparent devotion to the sermon. It is a new sensation, at first, to go and spend an hour within the precincts of a dimly lighted chapel—to dream of past dissipations and future triumphs to the accompaniment of the monotonous voice of the preacher who discusses the religious and social questions of the moment. But even this becomes wearying as the dreary days of Lent drag on, and what was at first a pleasant pastime becomes a dreaded duty.

* * *

Just now, however, the enthusiasm is at its height, and the churches are crowded. There is a distinctive difference, too, in the worshippers. The débutantes and butterfly element seem to prefer the Cathedral wherein to perform their Lenten penances, and Grace Church is crowded with numberless bright-eyed maidens and even an occasional straggling man. In St. Luke's the girls belong to the older set, and, as a rule, appear more sincere, more interested in their devotions than in their fellow worshipers. There is an absence of that semi-subdued tittering which one is conscious of in Grace Church. At Trinity, however, one meets the matrons, the solid, substantial people who seem to really enjoy the Lenten season, and work as well as pray for the good of their souls. Thus far there has not been any marked increase of devotion among the maidens of Catholic persuasion; but then, their services are not so convenient nor so fashionable. One girl remarked the other day, "We have to give up so much, and abstain from so many things, and so we are only just as good as is consistent with propriety." However, their time is coming, for even the most lax among Romanists are debarred from all pleasure during the closing weeks of Lent; and I suppose they think "the sun only shines when it's fine," and make their hay while they may.

* * *

SOCIETY is in revolt against certain local conventions. The system of alternate reception days is a cause of continual confusion. Even the most punctual of matrons find it difficult to keep track of first and third Mondays, or second and fourth Fridays, and the result is continual embarrassment and loss of time. Nowadays, the seasons have definitely limited periods of three or four months, and it is not too much to ask of those ladies fortunate in the enjoyment of extended visiting lists, that they should afford their friends the opportunity of one afternoon every week to pay their respects. Another source of confusion is the assumption that it is proper or necessary to pay tea calls, when the very function that the tea performs is that of discharging such social obligations. Still, quite a number of women assume that a tea is virtually an entertainment, and consider themselves slighted if it is not recognized as an obligation. There is no question but that San Francisco Society has broadened out enormously. Every debutante brings into "the swim" a new family, and these, with their connections, consider themselves disregarded if not invited to cotillions, card-parties, and dancing-classes. Besides, they must be called upon once or twice every season. A normal visiting list of five years ago seldom included more than two hundred names. I know quite a number of women who are compelled to make six or seven hundred calls to discharge their obligations.

* * *

IN SPITE of predictions to the contrary, the Huntington mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, is at last the habitation of the Huntington family. The great house has been years in building, and represents the mature ideas of the President of the Southern Pacific Company in architecture and decoration. It has picture galleries, magnificent drawing-rooms, a superb bathroom, and its other accessories are equally luxurious. This mansion was fittingly inaugurated by the marriage therein of Miss Carrie Huntington and Edmund Burke Holliday, on Tuesday. Both bride and groom are well known in San Francisco, Mr. Holliday being Secretary of the Bar Association, and a son of S. W. Holliday, the well-known attorney. The bride is the sister of H. E. Huntington, and a niece of C. P. Huntington. It was a family party that assisted at the wedding, which was performed in the grand salon. Mrs. Holliday, Miss Clara Huntington, Mrs. Isaac Requa, and Miss Requa were the only Californians present. The happy pair, after a trip abroad, are to return to San Francisco, where they will live. Miss Huntington is a young woman of many accomplishments and broad culture, who will certainly be a valuable addition to Society here.

* * *

ONE OF THE MOST original of the Leap Year entertainments was the "proposal party" given by Mrs. E. V. Hathaway. The Hathaway house has recently been remodeled, and Mrs. Hathaway, who is a most enterprising woman, decided to give an entertainment that should be quite unique. She arranged in her reception-rooms and hall, cozy corners, and into these the young people were ushered and given five minutes to propose, prizes being offered to those whose methods were the most up to date, original, and appropriate. One girl, whose efforts were not crowned with success, is said to have dropped on her knees before the man of her choice, and with her hand on her heart and her eyes discreetly lowered, said "Will you be mine?" The male thus honored put his hands behind his back and answered most decidedly, "I will not." No acceptances have been recorded. Some of the proposals were both amusing and original, although many of the girls were nervous, and the shortness of the time precluded any assistance on the part of the men. The affair was given in honor of Miss Taylor of Sacramento, who is at present visiting Mrs. Hathaway.

* * *

WHAT A PITY it is that more of the matrons do not introduce sewing-bees, and spend an afternoon a week in doing some trifling service for the poor. I remember a season or so ago that Mrs. Salisbury got up a series of "Thimble and Scissors" parties, which proved universally popular, and the girls eagerly sought for invitations. Now, it appears the poor are no longer fashionable, and the sewing-circle is condemned to absolute desuetude. It affords an opportunity of learning how to make useful garments, or of applying the knowledge, too often merely theoretical, of that most womanly art—needlework. Besides, sewing-bees are really much more amusing than the cut and dried tea. The girls sit around and employ their tongues, as well as thimbles, manufacturing articles that may afterwards prove beneficial to some indigent child. I am glad to say that a few of the more conservative matrons still cling to the sewing afternoon. An unusually pleasant one was that of Mrs. Thomas Cole last week, when an old-fashioned patch-work quilt was brought to light, and the ladies amused themselves weaving weird devices over the patches, and dexterously fitting patterns together. I noticed a number of the literary crowd there, and several Century Club women, who are as clever with their needles as with their pens.

* * *

A pleasurable degree of enthusiasm is being exhibited by the members of the Fortnightly Dramatic Club, and I understand they have some ambitious plays under preparation. Mrs. Kaufman is rather rigid in her exactions, and requires perfection, or a near approach thereto. The last meeting, which took place at Miss Girvin's, was merely to discuss matters in general, and arrange things on a proper basis. The first play will be given at Mrs. Will Crocker's.

* * *

A number of the girls anticipate spending the month of March out of town. Miss Jennie Catherwood leaves for Coronado early next week, where she will remain some little time with her aunt, Mrs. Jerome, who has a cottage there. Miss Laura Bates has gone to Sacramento, and Miss Minnie Jolliffe has gone with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels to Honolulu. I understand Miss Lottie Moulder, who left for the Sandwich Islands some six weeks ago, is being delightfully entertained. Several of the native gaieties were gotten up in her honor, and she has had some charming trips around the Islands. She is much stronger than when she left here, and is quite fascinated by the life there.

* * *

THOUGH MATRIMONY is hardly to the fore, proposals are by no means out of date. Thus far, I have not heard of any of the girls taking advantage of their Leap Year privileges, but one is told many stories of semi-engagements existing between young people in their teens. No debutante regards the season properly closed, or her social success assured, without the scalp of a brownie or two, and I am told of several affairs flourishing with a reckless disregard of circumstances and conditions, which would be amusing if it were not so serious. Some of these entanglements, it is true, do not go so far as an announcement, but others threaten to end in ridiculously early marriages. There are instances of young men whose salaries do not exceed thirty dollars a month, offering matrimony to maidens of eighteen and a half whose parents are at wits' end to keep them in party gowns. Such affairs are preposterous, even if hero and heroine are blissfully endowed with the world's goods, for early marriages are an error. However, the disinclination of the college-bred woman to the wedded state is neutralized by the predeliction which the Society maid has for a husband.

* * *

Two interesting engagements have just been announced—the first that of Miss Grace Young and Mr. Churchill Williams of Philadelphia. Miss Young is well known here, as she and her mother usually winter at the Occidental Hotel. She is a pretty, clever, vivacious girl, rather chataigne in coloring, and of medium height. She graduated from Ogontz about a year or so ago, in the same class, I believe, as Miss Della Mills. Mr. Churchill Williams is one of the promising journalists of Philadelphia, and belongs to a well-known family there. The second engagement is that of Miss Anna Duprey and Mr. Orville Baldwin. Miss Duprey is a sweet little girl, still in her teens, and Mr. Baldwin has not yet completed his course at the University of California. The young people are quite devoted to one another, and though the parents at first opposed the match on account of their extreme youth, they have finally consented.

* * *

IN SPITE of the abstinence ordinances of the season, the dinner-giving habit is daily on the increase among us. Nowadays, no matron of social prominence but boasts of her cook, and there is a tendency towards elaboration and vintages which bespeaks culture and a growing luxuriousness. The fact is, but a few years ago good dinners were given in the clubs, or at the restaurants. Now, you will be served a more gracious and interesting meal at many private houses. One of the most charming of dinners was that given on Friday by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Probert. Everything was in red—flowers, candles, shades, and favors. The table was decked in red roses, which stood in a great bowl in the center of the table, and straggled gracefully over the cloth. The Morgan dinner and card party on Wednesday was also a jolly affair, and some very dexterous and skilful playing was done. On Thursday evening the Stetsons gave a married people's dinner; quite an elaborate affair. Covers were laid for fourteen. The officers of the "Christoforo Colombo" acquitted themselves most hospitably on Wednesday afternoon, when they entertained on board a number of the prettiest debutantes. The girls had a splendid time, and say that the officers are even more attractive than those of the U. S. Navy.

* * *

The great Polish pianist has an epicurean tendency, and has thoroughly enjoyed himself in San Francisco. He has been alternately host and guest at dinners and suppers, and has haunted Chinatown in his spare moments. On Sunday night he gave a splendid supper at the Pup, and on Wednesday the same restaurant was the scene of a dinner in honor of Marsick. He was at Jack Parrott's Monday afternoon, returning from there by special train at midnight. Tuesday he spent wandering through the city with Marsick. On Thursday he was Mr. Babcock's guest at Burlingame, and on Saturday he went to San Jose. There is sure to be a great crowd at the concert to-morrow night, at which he plays with the Parisian violinist, for every seat is sold, and the musical enthusiasm waxes rather than wanes. A farewell supper will follow, at which his friends will have an opportunity of paying their adieus.

* * *

Society is resting. Collectively speaking, it has done nothing thus far. The first week of Lent has been eventless, though the informal entertaining goes on as usual. Religiously speaking, Lent has never been taken quite so lightly, and the girls who formerly abstained from theaters, lunches, and teas, etc., have announced the intention of participating in all of these pleasures. Dancing, alone, seems to be tabooed, but, doubtless, if this religious indifference continues, we shall soon hear of various "small and earlys." One of the most agreeable of the minor events was the tea given on Monday afternoon, at the Palace Hotel, by Mrs. J. D. Whitney to several of her most intimate friends. It was a jolly little affair, like Mrs. Whitney's entertainments always succeed in being.

* * *

It would be worse than obvious to state that the week was unduly dull, but nevertheless such was the case. The sole feature was a dinner given at the University Club by Miss Lizzie Carroll to a large party of young people. The success anticipated by those who participated in the Living Pictures, in aid of the Doctor's Daughters, at Mrs. Crocker's last week was hardly realized. Howsoever it may be, there was a lack of verve in the affair. The young peo-

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ple were tired, and the show was neither so entertaining nor well managed as the similar affair given at General Dimond's.

* * *

The tea that was to have been given by Mrs. Robert MacLean on Februarv 15th, and was postponed on account of illness, is to take place this afternoon.

* * *

The only card party of any importance announced is to be given by Miss Jean Harwood on Saturday afternoon. Thus far the girls have shown no desire to form whist clubs, which were one of the most popular relaxions of Lent a year ago. In fact, I hear that some of the larger euchre clubs have ceased operations since the beginning of Lent.

* * *

One of the largest card parties of the week was given, on Saturday afternoon, by Miss McFarland. There were forty ladies invited, and progressive euchre was played. The prizes were both pretty and in good taste. And still another luncheon at the 'Varsity Club! This time a married ladies' affair by Mrs. Horace Hill.

* * *

UNDOUBTEDLY, Prince Luigi has captured Burlingame. He has certainly proved an attraction of the first water. On Sunday last, the Club turned out in force, and the countryside assembled its numbers for the pony steeplechase, for which the Italian nobleman had offered a big silver punch bowl. It is something to look at, that punch bowl—a great embossed affair, handsomely ornamented — but to become the property of any member, it must be won three times. The several paddocks west of the Burlingame villas served as the steeplechase course, and there were plenty of fairly stiff fences and a few small ravines and ditches by way of diversion. It is a pity the way around was not more accurately marked, for several errors were made by the riders. Indeed, it was because of defective flagging that the immediate custody of the punch bowl was awarded to McCreery rather than to Simpkins, who would otherwise have won. It seems, just at the end, both Simpkins and the Prince ran outside the flags, and, though they came in ahead of McCreery, who was four or five lengths behind, his superior knowledge of the way made him victor. Just what Hobart's Brandy might have accomplished if he had not balked at the first hurdle is hard to say, but he carried one hundred and ninety-five pounds, which is a pretty stiff weight for a polo pony. The race was a very exciting affair; the eleven ponies, as they streamed down the slope, made a very pretty spectacle, and it was quite the most sensational entertainment the Club has had for many months.

* * *

The second event of the day was a race between Lawson and Captain Wainright for Dick Tobin's cup. This was over the same course as the steeplechase, and, though confined to but two riders, was decidedly exciting. Lawson won after a sharp struggle. In the afternoon there was quite an exciting polo game won by Dick Tobin's team. There were some sharp plays, and so much good form as to warrant a prediction that the Riverside men in the event of a second meeting will not carry their laurels South. I am told arrangements are in progress for a polo tournament this spring. The Riverside men will again be persuaded to come to us. and our men will endeavor to wrest the championship from them. There are now two practise games a week. The players are in earnest training, and between their greater experience, and the improvement in the ponies, should certainly reverse the former verdict.

* * *

A big crowd assembled at the clubhouse for lunch—in fact, gave the institution all it could do to feed them. The Prince, with Count Cini, and several others, lunched at Crocker's, where he has a room while at Burlingame. Subsequently he assisted in celebrating Mr. McCreery's victory in sundry bumpers of champagne. He has certainly won distinct popularity, and has been introduced to so many people that now he takes it for granted he knows every one, and is quite ready to converse with all who come along. In fact, he is more thoroughly democratic than his hosts; has charming manners, and is a real sport.

* * *

Some time ago, the Burlingame directors invited the members of the Gun Club and the Country Club to use its traps for their monthly and semi-annual matches. On Saturday last their invitation was accepted by the Gun Club, whose meet attracted quite a crowd. Some very excellent shooting was had, Ed Donohoe and Fred Webster tieing for first place and George Lent winning the second prize.

* * *

The Wednesday Night Euchre Club anticipates much pleasure at its next meeting, which is to take place at the Held home. It will be somewhat in the nature of a housewarming, as the Helds have just moved into their new residence, and this is to be the initial entertainment. Architecturally, there is quite a similarity between it and their former home, only it is more commodious and is exquisitely furnished.

* * *

The fashion for giving theater-parties to Morosco's seems rather to have fallen off recently, but last week Misses Carrie and Hattie Sachs gave a very successful party there. The young people were all on pleasure bent, and afterwards went to the Sachs house for supper. A party to Morosco's is good fun, and is generally a revelation to those scoffers who imagine there is nothing good below Market Street.

* * *

For some years past, the desire for foreign travel has been in abeyance; this year, however there is to be quite an exodus for Europe. The travelers are all, or nearly all, going on prolonged tours of a year or so. Among those who leave here early in April are, Mrs. and Miss Simon, Mrs. Martin Sachs, Miss Jessica Peixotto, Mrs. I. D. Hellman and family, and Mrs. Hecht and her daughters.

* * *

The next important wedding is that of Alfred Simon and Miss Stella Greenebaum, who are to be united, on the evening of March 11th, at the home of the bride's mother. For very obvious reasons, invitations are restricted to the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, for the Greenebaum clan is a host in itself, and is connected with all the most prominent Jewish families. The happy pair were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. A. Mack at a dinner at the Cliff House last Thursday night.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Ruby Lowenberg and Mr. Abe Brown is to take place on March 24th. In the meantime the young people are being wined and dined by all their friends. A very smart event given in their honor was the dinner by Mrs. Fischer last week.

* * *

The Sunday observances in England, which fill with awe the visiting foreigner, are cultivated to their utmost extent by Oaklanders during the Lenten season. All pleasures, even the most simple, must be eschewed, and a funereal aspect demonstrated. Truly, they "eat their ashes with bread, and mingle their drink with their tears," in that city of churches. Even the young people participate in this ascetic observance, and there is not a semblance of gaiety anywhere. Thus far, the classes for instruction, which form the amusement of the Society maiden at this season, have not been introduced, and the liveliest of butterflies passes her time between eating and sleeping, with occasional visits to church. The bicycle parties which formed so pleasing an enlivenment to the Lenten season of a year ago, have not even been discussed, although the weather has been beautiful, and the roads excellent. Somehow, the degree of enthusiasm which the Deux Temps set exhibited last season has evaporated. Among the young girls were then found the most earnest partisans of wheeling parties. Of course, the novelty has worn off—the bicycle no longer claims the credit of a new sensation, and broken ankles, dislocated shoulders, and bruised knees are among bygone pleasures. Even that modicum of enjoyment known as a sewing-circle does not find many followers in the ranks of Oakland girlhood, and there seems a general tendency to regard Lent as the old-fashioned regard the Sabbath—as a resting time.

* * *

In University circles there has been much complaint of dullness. Into the breach have come the members of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, who gave a very swell dinner to the officers of the "Christoforo Colombo." All the officers, with the exception of Prince Luigi, were present and impressed the boys delightfully, as they are all cultivated men, and speak English remarkably well. The dinner was a very large one, as all the members, past and present, of the Fraternity, as well as the Alumnæ, were invited.

* * *

Of course, even the most "rigidly righteous" turned out to hear the great Paderewski on Saturday evening. But they did not try to alleviate the gloom by getting up the theater party, which is among the most popular methods of entertainment in Oakland. Every one who went, went alone, or with his or her own people. However, the Lenten spirit could not cast a pall over the playing of the great artist, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. He received quite an ovation, and not to have heard Paderewski in Oakland is to have been guilty of a faux pas.

* * *

One of the prettiest of the early spring luncheons was that given last week to Mrs. Mark Requa by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller. It was a real "bridey" affair. The table was decked in apple blossoms, and the guests, who were for the most part Mrs. Requa's bridesmaids, appeared in the pink frocks and hats they had worn at the wedding. The effect was decidedly good and the lunch enjoyable. Among those invited were Miss Booth, Miss Herrick, Miss Moore, Miss Liliencrantz, Miss Miller, Miss Tucker, Miss Mhoon, etc.

* * *

A jolly little dance was given on Friday evening, by Miss Horton, to her older pupils. The rooms were very tastefully decorated in flags and the national colors. Among the prettiest of the girls present were Miss Irish, Miss Whitney, Miss Viva Nicholson, and Miss Bessie Eby.

* * *

An informal tea that was exceedingly agreeable was given by Mrs. John Hayes, in honor of her mother, Mrs. McMullin. All the old friends of the family were invited—the McKees, Prathers, Pierces, Glascocks, Walls, etc. Mrs. Hayes is one of the most popular hostesses, and her entertainments are always enjoyable.

* * *

The concert given in aid of the First Presbyterian Church was very well attended, and a great social and financial success. Mrs. Maud Berry Fisher sang "The Secret of the Lilies" particularly well. Mrs. Dickman was in excellent voice, and her rendering of Chadwick's "Because I Love You" received much applause. Madam Marquardt's harp solo was also encored.

* * *

Among the minor festivities of the week were a card party given by Miss Mamie Taylor on Monday evening, and a reception on Thursday by Miss Bourdette, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Hartmann.

THE GOSSIP.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

BOOK NOTES.

The March *St. Nicholas* reproduces Roybet's charming painting, "The Saraband," and has the usual variety of interesting and entertaining articles intended for the young, and adapted to all other ages. There is a clever article entitled, "The Goodly Sword," besides stories by Charles F. Loomis, W. W. Stoddard, and Albert Sterns. Lieutenant Ellicott, in an article "Into Port," tells how ships are brought to harbor at the end of their voyage, and how channels are marked with buoys and lights. The series of natural history papers, by William T. Hornaday, which has been a feature of the Magazine for a year or more, is brought to an end in "The Lowest of our Quadrupeds." There are the usual number of poems and jingles, and a prize puzzle, "The Fairy Godmother," is printed.

The March *Century* opens with a bright article by F. Hopkinson Smith, entitled "A Personal Arrest in Constantinople." There is also a sketch of the elder Dumas, by Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent; John Randolph of Roanoke is presented in an interesting light; "Tom Grogan is concluded; the fifth installment of Sir George Tressady shows the hero and his mother in the midst of a difficulty, in which he has her extravagances revealed to him; Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton contributes a graceful essay on the author's choice of company, and Doctor Adam Hamilton has an article on the perils of small talk.

The new book by Anthony Hope, entitled *Comedies of a Courtship*, which the Scribners are to publish, contains a charming and graceful little story, "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," which appeared also in the *Frivolous Cupid* series. The authorship of the latter has been denied by Mr. Hope, though I assume the denial does not include "The Philosopher." It is a charming, graceful, and admirably put together little tale that is composed of the dialogue between a pretty girl in love with a philosophical young man, from whom she is endeavoring to draw a statement of affection. She does not succeed. It is infused with a delicate pathos that Mr. Hope's literary work lacks.

In 1884, the late Eugene Field wrote a story which he called "The Werewolf." A year afterward he rewrote it. In 1886, he revised it, and during the nine years between that time and last November, he rewrote it eight times. His last revision pleased him, and he decided to print it; but death came, and the story was found among his effects. Mrs. Field has given the story to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, in which magazine all of Mr. Field's work, except his newspaper articles, was presented to the public. It will appear in the next issue, with illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle.

What was the secret of the little room? Was it an Indian spell Aunt Hannah had concealed in the old chest? How on earth was the little room converted into a China closet? And why? And why was Margaret's husband so obviously distrustful of his wife's veracity, over what was apparently a mystery? The authoress of *The Little Room* owes us the explanation of these disputable points, for now the story is as mystifying as "The Lady or the Tiger." The other tales are less infused with the art of construction, though "In Granada" is a pretty sketch, and "My Ghost of a Chance" is a clever idea.

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RIPPLES.

UNCLE ISAAC.

"Vat? How long vas I in der bawn proking pus'ness? Vel, I vonder. I can't remember ven I vasn't in it. Our family has peen in der pusiness since der days of Solomon. Vat? Yo' thinks that diamond r-r-ring vas a peauty? Vell, I vonder! Yo' doesn't vant to puy it, yust to look at it, eh? All right, mine frient. Yo' thinks it has a hist'ry, vat? Vell, yo' pets yo'r lives it has. If my shop vindows could talk, Holy Abraham! vat dey vould say.

"Dot diamond r-r-ring vas pought some years ago py a young Gentile, as an engagement r-r-ring. Der r-r-ring answered the burboses for vat it vas pought for vich, an' der young gouble vas married. Dey lift happily toged'er undil dot huspand, for some reasons, or some udder reasons, took to drinks, and dot settled it. He lost his jop, and von night, vile going home intoxicated, vas run over py von of dose electric gable gars dot pass down near dot gorner, and vos killed. I tell yo' it vas toughf on dot girl vith her liddle papy. Ve bawn prokers vas have hard names, but I tole yo' ve have hearts yust like a butcher, or some-t'ings else. Vell, I vonder! Pecause ve von't advance yo' more moneys on an articles den it vas vorth, ve vas sons-of-sea-cooks, eh? And if ve advance yo' more than de article vas vorth, ve vas suckers, ain't it? Vell, I vonder! Ve doesn't comes to yo' and asks yo' to bawn yer trinkets; yo' come to us. And der man vat vants must pay. Dot vas pus'ness, ain't it? Der last t'ing she bawned vos dot r-r-ring. No, she never came back; for some fishermans found her and der little papy floating in der pay. Yo' pets yo'r lives she vas a prave girl. Vat? Vell, I vonder! Vat else could she do? Go to dose churches? Vat? Do yo' suppose dot dose churches vould fix it all right vid her? I vonder! Dose churches have no times for somebodys unless dey have moneys to pay dose pew rents, ain't it? Dots all right about dot cheztnuts about dose friends in needs vas a friends indeeds, but dose church beebles thinks dot a friend in need vas a damn nuisances, ain't it? Vell, I vonder!

"Dot friend to dot poor vas de bawn proker. Yes, and dot friend to der bawn proker vas der poor. Vidout dot poor dere vould be no bawn prokers, and vidout dose bawn prokers dere vould be no boor. No, I don't means dot; I mean dere vould be no need for dose bawn prokers if dere vas no boor, ain't it? Vell, I vonder!

"Vell, young voman, vat yo' vant? Yer vant to bawn dot pracelet, ain't it? Vell, I'll give yo' a quarvarter on it. Don't vant it? Vell, keep dot pracelet; I don't vant it. Yo' vill take dot quarvarter, eh? All r-r-right, here it vas.

"Dot girls vat yust vent out vas vat dey calls a chippie girl. She vill spend dot moneys for opium. She vould pe a prave girl if she vould jumb into dot pay some nights. Boor girl, she vould pe petter off dot earth den on it, ain't it? Dot's vy I say dot girl vat owned dot ring vas a prave girl ven she yumped into dot pay. Vot a future dot papy vould have had, ain't it? Yo' pets yo' lifetimes dere vos vorst beebles in dis world den bawn prokers.

"Vas dot yo' calling, Rachael? Vat? Vell, vat yo' vants? Don't yo' see dot I vas talking mit a gentlemans? Vat's dot? Ikey vants me to help him vit an oxample? Vot? Vy, dot poy must be foolish. Vot's dot cavestion again? If he had a stock of goods valued at twoventy t'ousand dollars and all he vould be able to realize at a forced sale vould pe den ber cent, vot vould he have? Vy, dot jackanapes vould have a fire, ain't it? Vell, I vonder? Ha, ha, um yah!

BILL'S MISTAKE.

"Say, Bill," remarked the city visitor to Surly Bill, as he took a seat beside him on the veranda of the El Dorado Saloon, "do you think there is anything in that mine of yours?"

"I know it."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I know there is at least five thousand dollars in it, anyway."

"But how do you know it?"

"Because I put it there myself."

"That may be; but do you think you will ever strike anything in it?"

"Why, I struck something to-day."

"Is that so?"

"Yep, I struck a drill,"

"Do you think there is any money to be made in mines?"

"There's more to be made out of them."

"Don't you know that a great deal of money is being taken out of the mines?"

"I know that a darn sight more is being put into them up in this section."

"How long have you been working your mine?"

"I ain't been working it; it's been working me for the past seven years."

"You don't seem to have much confidence in mines."

"I allow I have pretty much of everything else in 'em."

"You are a cynic."

"Don't call names, stranger; I'm nothing but a miner of to-day."

"The magnificent residences of mine-owners in 'Frisco show there is money still to be made in mines."

"For a few, yes; but for every mansion you can show me that mines have made, I'll show you more than a thousand shanties they also made."

"Then, confidentially, your mine is no good."

"It's good enough for me to get a living out of."

"How do you manage?"

"By having the store-keepers grub-stake me."

"Why do they do that?"

"They think I might strike something rich some day."

"How many of them grub-staked you, as you call it?"

"Every one within 'er hundred miles from here."

"My boy, Jack, informs me that you told him you never found anything in the shape of gold in your mine."

"Who's your boy Jack?"

"He is a student of geology, and he spent his vacation up here last summer."

"So that's your boy, is it? He's a fine lad, and I like him."

"Well, ever since his return to the city he has talked of nothing but mines, and wants me to purchase him one. He suggested that I purchase yours. Now, I have a few thousand dollars that I can afford to throw away to humor the boy, and, if possible, I would prefer to purchase a mine that does not contain the slightest trace of gold, that he may be broken of his fever for mines. From what I have gleaned from you, your mine will answer my purpose. How much do you want for the property?"

"As much as I can get."

"Yet you admit there is nothing in it."

"My living's in it."

"True; what do you say to one thousand dollars?"

"Make it two and it's yours; it will be worth twice that much as a teacher for the boy."

"Very well, it goes."

* * * * * * *

Two weeks later Surly Bill was found seated on the veranda of the El Dorado saloon surrounded by a number of his friends to whom he delivered the following:

"Yes, I sold the dog-gasted mine to the kid's dad for a few measly thousand dollars, and two days afterward th' darned kid put in 'er blast that uncovered a ledge of almost virgin gold. Somebody must have told him it was there. Then, the ungrateful little cuss wouldn't even give me th' position of superintendent on the mine. Dog rot these geological cusses, anyway."

THOUGHTFUL.

"No, sir," remarked Mr. Swagger, emphatically, to the electric bell man, "I don't want any electric bells in my office. I believe in treating my clerks like white men, not like servants; and no man in my employ shall ever be compelled to answer a bell. Here, Jones," he yelled at the top of his voice to one of the clerks in the outer office, "see that these papers are properly filed and be quick about it. Take good care you don't make the blunder you did yesterday, or else you will be looking for another employer." Then in modulated tones to the visitor, "No, sir, I have no use for electric bells in my office."

THAT'S WHAT.

Rasher—Do you believe that *woman* will ever be at the head of the house?

Enpeck (mournfully)—Do you believe that *man* will ever be at the head of the house?

A RESEMBLANCE.

Nurse (to little Ethel)—Don't you think the baby looks like your papa?

Little Ethel—Yeth, 'specially its bald head.

OF COURSE.

Employer—How do you account for the shortage in your account, Mr. Mudhead?

Mudhead—I can't, sir. That's just it, yer know; if I could account for it, sir, it would be there, yer know, sir.

TIMELY.

While the train was crawling through the sagebrush district, an Eastern capitalist, espying an apology for a dwelling in the midst of the bleakness, remarked aloud:

"A man must be a blamed fool to live in such a God-forsaken country as this!"

"Excuse me," answered a native, who had boarded the train at a watering station, "but I think you are mistaken in calling that settler a fool. It takes a blanked smart man to make a living in this country, while any idiot can make a living in a city."

THE SECRET.

Mrs. Blossom—I don't understand how you manage to keep your husband from going out between the acts. How do you manage?

Mrs. Bloomer—I insist upon his going out.

Mrs. Blossom—How does that keep him in?

Mrs. Bloomer—He's afraid to go then, for fear that I want to get up a flirtation with some other man.

HE MEANT WELL.

When Pat Lynch boarded a horse car the other morning, it happened that the passengers, all men, were seated on one side of the car. Pat seated himself in a corner on the vacant side, and glared at his fellow passengers with no little contempt. After riding a block he could contain himself no longer. Springing to his feet, he angrily said:

"Youse all do be lookin' loike intilligent gintlemen, but Oi must say that from th' toime Oi first saw th' loight of day, Oi niver before saw such a lot of unfeeling iguoramuses as Oi do now. For th' love of hivins, phy doesn't some o' yez distribute yerselves on this soide o' th' car and aqualize th' t'ing so one poor horse won't be doin' all th' pullin'."

BRUNO.

SHEARINGS.

Mr. Meanitall—What do you suppose, Mrs. Emancipus, will be the direct result of women wearing bloomers?

Mrs. Emancipus—A glorious broadening of the mind, sir.

Mr. Meanitall (pensively)—It is passing strange how women's minds will shift from one thing to another.—*N. Y. World.*

Police Justice—What's your name?

Prisoner—M' name ish Szczyz.

Police Justice—How do you spell it?

Prisoner—S-Z-C-Z-Y-Z.

Police Justice—What's he charged with, officer?

Officer—Whisky.

Police Justice—Umph. Judging from his name, I thought he was charged with soda water.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

"Let me alone! I'm tough that's what I am!" growled the beefsteak.

"Sorry, but I'll have to run you in just the same," said the fork—and he did.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Lakely—Your son seems to play the horses for all they are worth.

Rakely—Yes. And for all I am worth, too.—*New York World.*

"I hear Jack Fortescue is ill. What is the trouble?"

"He was frost-bitten."

"While he was skating?"

"No; he proposed to a Boston girl."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miriam—He's one of my warmest friends.

Millicent—You don't mean to tell me he's dead!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Fakeleigh—I want you to give me a testimonial for that new patent medicine of mine.

Lakeleigh—But, my dear fellow, I have never used it.

Fakeleigh—Of course not. Do you think I would ask you for a testimonial if you had?—*N. Y. World.*

Amy—That young man who sings in opera, and who always brings down the house, called last night.

Anita—Did he sing for you?

"Yes, indeed."

"And did he bring down the house?"

"No; he only brought down papa."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in *b minor* graced the program of the symphony concert given by the San Francisco Orchestra. The concert was last Friday afternoon in Golden Gate Hall. Mr. Howe has shown not a little executive ability in bringing together an orchestra for concert purposes so shortly after Mr. Scheel's success and ultimate failure in the same field. Doubtless Scheel would have experienced some difficulty in inducing musicians to go in for symphony concerts had he, like Mr. Howe, come here entirely unheralded. As it was, the concerts he gave at the Midwinter Fair and in the Metropolitan Temple with his excellent, though incomplete, orchestra, made it comparatively easy for him to organize an orchestra for the following season. Indeed, he might have had the very best artists in the city—for they all recognized his good qualities as a leader, and would gladly have played under him; but for inexplicable reasons he chose to favor personal friends and to ignore the very men who would have been the making of his performances. In consequence his concerts could not, and did not, prove otherwise than unsatisfactory. Mr. Howe, apparently, has not been able to choose just the men he may have wanted. While some of the members of his band are all right, others are either inexperienced or incapable, as Friday night's concert plainly evinced. The beautiful overture, "Magic Flute," was read and played in a manner distinctly un-Mozart-like. It is a strange fact that many good conductors utterly fail to give a Mozart composition in the proper spirit. It must be because they are not great enough to appreciate the *naive simplicity* of this master. This is certainly true in the case of Mr. Howe, for not once did he show that he was in the slightest degree in touch with the charming music. As to the unfinished symphony of Schubert, it should not have been attempted at all. This work demands of the horns, reeds, and flutes such delicacy, such absolute purity of intonation, that only the most skilful performers of the best permanent orchestral bodies ever do it full justice.

Mr. Howe brought out but few of the beauties of the composition, and the entire performance was a disappointment because of one horn and several of the reeds being so far off the pitch.

The Boccherini Minuet was played without deviation as to tempo or volume of tone, except that a slight rallentando was made on the closing cadence. This number was, perhaps, the most pleasing on the program, and was warmly applauded. Mr. Otto Bendix was the soloist. He played Saint-Saens's fine *g minor* concerto with orchestra, and for solo numbers the well-known "Rigandon" by Raff, and a "Tarantelle" of E. Moszkowski's. This artist hardly did his reputation justice on the first movement of the concerto, but the second movement went decidedly better. Indeed, it was very neatly played, the finale taken at a good tempo and given with plenty of dash and fire. The two solos were rendered in a musicianly manner, but here a slight hardness of tone was, at times, perceptible—not so noticeable in the concerto because of the orchestra—and the pedal was too much in evidence. It must be admitted his performances were the most enjoyable of the afternoon, however. The concert closed with the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin."

It is said that the members of the orchestra give their services with no hope of remuneration, unless the concerts prove successful. This is very laudable on their part and is, indeed, the only method by which San Francisco can hope to have a permanent orchestra, at least for some time to come. But even this plan, to be successful, would have to be carried out under the most favorable auspices. The services of the very best musicians would have to be enlisted, and only a first-class conductor—a consummate musician—could accomplish it. However, let us hope that the enterprise will succeed, and that the concerts will constantly improve. The next one takes place Friday, February 28th. This will be the fifth popular program.

Marsick, a noted French violinist, appears in concert with Paderewski at the Baldwin Theater, on Sunday evening. M. Marsick is a professor of violin in the famous Paris Conservatory. He is said to be an elegant and refined performer, with a great technic. To hear such an artist with Paderewski is, indeed, a treat out of the ordinary. Speaking of a violinist in conjunction with Paderewski brings to mind the fact that the great pianist has written a violin concerto, which is still in the manuscript.

The Carleton Opera Company is playing Sir Julius Benedict's romantic opera, "The Lily of Killarney," at the Alcazar Theater this week. The Lily of Killarney is an adaptation from Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," a subject which does not lend itself gracefully to operatic treatment. It is not of the right *character* for a musical setting, and the action is not swift enough. Much of Benedict's music, however, is charming. The singing of Miss Atkinson and Messrs. Taylor and Campbell was very pleasing, as was also the acting of Mr. Tom Ricketts. Messrs. W. T. Carleton and William Hamilton both sang and acted well. Miss Wells as Sheelah was very good indeed. The chorus was small and uncertain, and the orchestra poor. This was Tuesday evening—by now, everything may be perfect.

P. C. A.

THE WHEEL.

Ball bearings on bicycles are to be followed by ball tires, if the plan now being tried by an inventor is successful.

The new tire is an arrangement of independently detachable hollow rubber balls, held in position by a channeled aluminum rim. The balls when inflated will stand a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch. The outer surface touches the ground, and as the wheel revolves three of the balls are always in contact with the surface and bear the weight of the rider. "The great advantage of the ball tire," said the inventor, yesterday, "is that if one is punctured the buoyancy of the others will prevent the tire collapsing. One third of the balls might be punctured without causing a bicyclist to end the trip, for the tire would still be buoyant enough to support his weight. When necessary, a used-up ball may be taken out and a new one inserted with but a few minutes' loss of time."

Considerable interest is developed in the success of the Bicycle Show, which opens on Thursday next. The Mechanics' Pavilion has been secured, all the manufacturers have taken space, and we will have an opportunity of seeing all the very latest in the matter of equipments and improvements. Of course, there are to be races during the exhibition, and we are promised that the track will be in very much better condition than last year.

A new toe clip has just been invented which seems to possess many desirable features not found in other clips. The construction of this new clip is such that when the pedal is not in use, and hanging downward, the toe clip swings out of the way so that the pedal may be caught by the rider's foot without any attention being paid to the clip. The instant the foot is placed upon the pedal, the clip flies up into position where it locks firmly, and when the foot is removed from the pedal it turns with the clip on the under side, the mechanism immediately unlocks of itself, and is at once ready for further use. By the use of this clip the side guards on the pedal may be dispensed with, as the clip is provided with a metal strip which acts as a guard, and which can be made wider or narrower, to suit the rider's foot.

The variety of attitudes at the Park on Sundays is as innumerable as the number of wheels. The scorchers sit forward, the beginners are hunched, the ladies are generally hunched on their cycles. There is one right way to sit in the saddle of a bicycle, and that is the upright position. In this way one has plenty of room in which to breathe, and the benefit of a good chest development follows the habit of deep breathing. The chest ought to be out and the shoulders thrown back and the head held up. The only use for the hands and arms in bicycle riding should be for guiding and balancing the machine. The position of the saddle has much to do with one's correct posture, and while it should not be too far back, but placed so that the movements of the feet should be as nearly vertical as possible, care must be taken that it be not too far forward, and in a position to make the pedaling slightly backward in direction.

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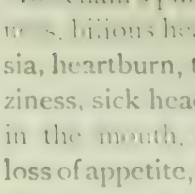

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, Room 9, 3 9 Pine Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 17, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

TOILETS.

The day of the large sleeve is passing, and ere another season greets us its reign will be well over. There has rarely been a fashion that has enjoyed the extreme popularity ever accorded the large sleeve. It made the slim woman appear plump, and the woman to whom nature had been too prodigal of her favors, in proportion. The tight sleeve is, at its best, extremely ugly, and carries in its train discomfort. Of course, were the small sleeve just on the loose coat order, it would not be so bad; but, as exaggeration is always the beauty of fashion, the dressmaker endeavors to make the sleeve skin-tight, and it is a physical, mental, and moral impossibility for a woman dressed thus to raise her arms, put on her hat, or exert herself in any fashion. The new sleeve has a flaring ruffle at the elbow, but is tight above and below, ending at the wrist in a bell cuff. This sleeve, the coat and the bishop sleeves, will be the more popular styles during the coming season.

Not every woman will wear at first the small, tight-fitting, and perfectly plain coat-sleeve. It will appear in many and varied designs. One of the new sleeves for tailor gowns is the coat sleeve made a trifle larger than usual. The material is put on the shoulder seam in small plaits, and cut so that the outside arm seam shows all the way down the arm. This seam is then stitched or trimmed with a line of tiny buttons, or in some sleeves the seam is strapped with leather. The bell cuff will be high in favor, and will appear not only on cloth, but silk and organdie gowns. This cuff is exceedingly pretty and graceful, especially if the hand be slender. It may be made to look like a graceful bell, or it may be slashed and trimmed with lace. There is no doubt that before the summer is over the sleeves will all be tight from shoulder to wrist, but as yet the change is a gradual one. Women who do not care to adopt the extremes of fashion will be devoted to the bishop sleeve, which hangs in graceful fulness from shoulder to wrist. The newest bishop sleeves are smaller than ever before, and are made with a variety of different cuffs.

Fancy taffetas, embroidered crépes, soft foulards and moirés are to be immensely popular this year. The patterns are, as a rule, very large. To be sure, there are daintily flowered silks among the novelties, but the distinctly original patterns are large and spreading in character. They are so remarkable that many of them are only suitable when combined with some plain goods or silks. The shot or changeable silks are still worn, but this fabric is now generally used as a foundation, with embroidered flowers and designs upon it. The chiné silks are also popular, but the Pompadour roses are things of yesterday, having been entirely superseded by the more conventional designs. A novelty in silks is cream-colored, with a tiny oval spot in green in it, and embroidered with stiff little baskets of flowers done in old red, something in the style of those worn some fifty years ago.

Stripes are also to be fashionable, both plain, embroidered, and chiné. The graduated stripes appear in new combinations of color both startling and inartistic, but manage to attain a surprising vogue.

There are some pretty conceits for neckwear. Here is one that is especially simple and chic: It has a band of blue ribbon, and over it is a turn-over collar of white embroidered lawn and lace. The ribbon ties in a bow in the back. Another is a turn-over collar, arranged in a high band of white satin beautifully embroidered in gold thread and edged with narrow lace. Under the collar is drawn a scarf of white tulle, which ties in an immense bow under the chin. Tulle is frail at the best, so that the economical damsel had better cut the tulle and fasten the collar in the back. The bow then can be securely sewn and need not be untied.

In the early spring, while fur collars and tippets are still worn, a lace ruche is inserted beneath the rolling collar, or an immense tulle bow with a bunch of violets is worn in front with a delightful effect suggestive of the season.

Some early spring frocks that have recently been imported show a few of the changes in style. An afternoon gown is of fancy green wool, with an untrimmed skirt. The skirt is cut almost straight in front and on the sides, with godets in the back only. The waist has a bertha-shaped empiecement made of green velvet, lined with white satin. This turns away about the bust, showing the white lining. The choker turns over in points on each side, these points being faced with velvet, About the choker is drawn a scarf of white satin, which is caught down in front with a tiny yoke and tied in the back with a fancy bow.

Stockings are very gay this year and are vieing with the rainbow in the brilliancy of their coloring. Black yields precedence to color, and now the fashionable maiden must have her stockings match her frock. Some very charming stockings have the old-fashioned clock instep; others are embroidered with tiny vines or single flowers. More gorgeous stockings have a line of openwork resembling a hemstitched pattern alternating with a delicately embroidered vine. Another new style is ornamented with diamond-shaped bits of open work at intervals from ankle to knee. Of the bright stockings the Scotch plaids are the most popular and the most hideous. A black or brown ground, with hair line stripes in blue, green, yellow, and red is a favorite design.

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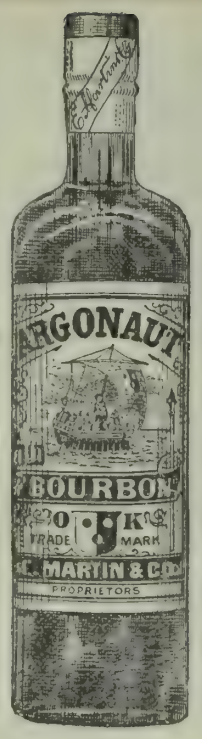

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FOR 1896

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TALES OF THE DAY.

A well-known politician, canvassing for votes near Phillippi, in West Virginia, came to a cabin where a young woman was holding a man on the ground by his ears. "Done got enough?" she asked. "I give up," he said. Then the girl released the man, who went away looking very much abashed. "What's the trouble?" inquired the politician. "Thar wa'n't no trouble," replied the girl. "He jus' axed me ter marry 'im, an' I've allus said I wouldn't marry any man I could whop. Kinder looks like I couldn't fin' one. I've tried mos' of 'em 'round hyar, an' none of 'em ain't any good. I tol' 'im all about it, an' I didn' want ter whop this un much, but he jes' went down soon as I tackled 'im. I reckon I'll hev ter be an old maid. I kain't abide havin' no man that ain't mo' of a man than me."

Senator Vest is a plain man—plain in his dress, his likes, and his speech. He went into the Senate restaurant a few days ago. "Dick," said he to the waiter, "I want a plate of cold turkey." "Yes, sir," said the man, as he moved away. "And, Dick," said the Senator, calling him back, "I don't want it decorated with any of that d—— grass, either!"

And so when the plate of cold turkey appeared the usual garnishing of green parsley was omitted.

James W. Morrissey, the inventor of the Emma Abbott kiss and other incidents of dramatic life, tells of an incident in his management of Mademoiselle Rhea. It was at a western junction and the train was late. On its arrival, a polite attendant walked up to the Belgian actress and her manager, and said: "This way to the rear coach." Rhea opened wide her beautiful black eyes, put on her prettiest smile, and exclaimed: "Good gracious! They have named a car for me already! Thank you—thank you!"

Two characteristic stories of Tom Reed's quickness at repartee are told in *The Atlantic*. When as speaker he was counting a quorum in the House, one angry Democrat strode down the aisle, exclaiming, "How do you know I am present?" Reed replied: "Does the gentleman deny that he is present?" A prosy Democratic member, in the course of a debate, remarked that he would rather be right than be President. "Don't be alarmed," Reed replied. "You will never be either."

"I was in what is known as the 'flag pond' district of Unicoi County, Tenn.," said a traveling man to a *Star* writer, "when a young man rode up in front of the cabin where I was stopping and spoke to a girl, who was dipping water from a spring.

"'Howdy, Sal.'

"'Howdy, Tom.'

"'Come, jump on the hoss an' go to Erwin with me.'

"'What fur?'

"'Ter git married.'

"'But yo' hain't done co'ted me yit.'

"'I know I hain't, but I've been too pestered with work. I allus intended to marry yer, though.'

"'But I hain't got no clo's,' remonstrated the girl.

"'Well, we'll jess ride on yon side of Erwin to Sister Mag's in the cove, an' I'll git yer a dress.'

"'Sho'ly, Tom?'

"'Sho'ly, Sal.'

"'What kin' of a dress?'

"'Best thar is in Lowe's sto'.'

"Not another word was said. Sal dropped the bucket and jumped on the horse, shouting to her mother:

"'Mam, me an' Tom is going ter git married at Erwin. We'll be by here in the mornin'.'

"The mother started as if to call her back, but the horse was galloping down the lane, and she went and carried in the bucket of water without comment."

The reputation of journalism in France is not high, though there the individual journalist has loftiest standing. At the playgoers' dinner in London recently, Mr. Spence of the *Pall Mall Gazette* told that when traveling in France in his bachelor days, he used to describe himself as "journalist" in filling up the answers to the hotel-keeper's list of questions, and he noticed that, though his clothes were decent and his luggage was heavy—chiefly with old pewters and brasses—the hotel-keepers would never accept his check. On his first expedition to France after his marriage, he was going to set down "journalist" as his profession, when his wife—partly French by birth, and, therefore, "in the know"—stopped him, and said: "Put *avocat* instead." He has followed her advice, and never since had any difficulty about getting checks cashed.

Mrs. Anna Fall, the woman lawyer of Malden, Massachusetts, thus defines kissing: "Osculation may be taken to mean, in the eyes of the law, the act of two mouths coming together so as to have a common curvature at the point of contact."

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A single term at the Medical Department of the University of California for 100 subscribers.

For 500 annual subscribers we offer the full four years' course at the Cooper Medical College. This offer includes all incidental costs and fees, except board and lodging.

We offer the four years' course at the Medical Department of the University of California, for 400 subscribers.

The two year's course at the State Normal School at San Jose, for 600 subscribers. This offer includes board, lodging, and books. A single year for 160 subscribers.

The course at Hastings Law College for 250 annual subscribers. This includes books and other expenses attached to the College, for a period of three years, and the privilege of studying in a first-class law office.

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A course in any department of Van der Nailen's School of Electricity and Engineering (except Department of Assaying) will be given for 125 annual subscribers. A course in the Department of Assaying) for 20 annual subscribers.

A six months' course in either the Business Department, or the Department of Stenography and Typewriting of Heald's Business College, for 50 annual subscribers.

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THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 7, 1896.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

SPAIN, CUBA, AND THE UNITED STATES.

The attention of the world has been called, during the week, to the almost forgotten fact that there is such a country as Spain. A few misguided and riotous students, by tearing the flag of the United States and stoning the American Consulate, have elevated the peninsula into prominence, and made men think of the Spain that was, and contrast her with the Spain that is. It is now almost the twentieth century and Spain occupies even a more insignificant position than she did at the dawning of the tenth century. Her proudest day was that of Charles V., something over three centuries ago; and from the time of his son, Phillip II., her decline has been rapid and her history unworthy, save and except for the gallant and patriotic fight made against Napoleon. Of the entire Western Hemisphere, including both continents, which was hers by right of discovery and most of which she claimed by right of conquest, only two comparatively insignificant islands remain to her. That country, at the threat of which Europe trembled three centuries ago, is now defied by a beggarly army of untrained and poorly equipped rebels in her most important province. And this is the country that prates of proclaiming war with the United States because Congress has requested the President to recognize the Cuban patriots as belligerents! Spain knows we would have no war with her. Not that we would fear such a war or would recede from any position we might take out of sentiment for the land that started Columbus on his world-making voyage, but for the better reason that she is too small, too insignificant, too unworthy the honor. The fighting spirit of Americans is no more aroused over the possibility of war with Spain than would be that of Hercules over the wry face made by some woodland sprite. It must fill the heart of the Spaniard with bitterness to see how different the reception given his threat of war from that given the bluster of John Bull some weeks ago. There is no disguising the fact that we, as a people, are getting somewhat "willin'." We are not looking for a fight, neither are we struggling to avoid one, but when the time comes, we want, as the street gamin would say, "to go up against somebody our own size."

A war with Spain would be exceedingly unpopular in America, even if every student in Spain used the Stars and Stripes as a handkerchief. If we want anything that Spain has, we have money enough to buy it, and Spain would rather have money than a fight in these degenerate days. No excuse for the Spanish war talk has as yet been given. The recognition of the Cuban patriots as belligerents is a right we have, and so conservative an expression is one for which Spain should be grateful. As long ago as 1825, Henry Clay, then Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, declared that "Even Spain has not such a deep interest in such a multiplicity of forms in the future fate of Cuba, whatever that future may be, as the United States." At that time Cuba was in rebellion and we so far interfered as to instruct our Ambassador at St. Petersburg to urge the Emperor to persuade Spain to give up the hopeless struggle. We even went further, and informed Spain that under certain conditions "the Government of the United States might feel obliged to interpose."

Seventy years, and Cuba is again struggling for freedom. The rule of Spain has been tyrannous, brutal, inequitable, and hated. Prompted by the example of the American colonies and by that of the South American states, and urged by patriotic sentiment and their own future welfare, the people of Cuba have risen in rebellion, declared and established a provisional government, and provided, equipped, and sustained an army which has driven the Spaniards within the walls of Havana. Spain has sent to control its forces a General noted for his inhumanity and ferocity; a wild animal has been turned loose on a people whose only offense is their hatred of tyranny. For one year there has been a popular government in Cuba. Are we premature in recognizing these rebels as belligerents? It has been laid down by the New York Court of Appeals that "when a portion of the citizens of a civil government has rebelled, established another government, resorted to arms to maintain it, and the rebellion is of such magnitude that the military and naval forces of the government have been called out to suppress it, they are to be regarded as belligerents."

All these conditions obtain in Cuba. Why, then, should offense be given if the fact is recognized and these struggling people are called by their right name?

The authority quoted above continues: "To create belligerent rights, it is not necessary that there should be war between separate and independent powers; they may exist between the parties to a civil war. A civil war exists whenever the regular course of justice is interrupted by revolt, rebellion, or insurrection, so that the courts cannot be kept open." The decrees of the Spanish courts are set at defiance throughout the greater part of the island of Cuba; hence, civil war exists, and in recognizing the revolutionists as belligerents, we take no side, but simply recognize a fact. The real meaning of the Senate's resolutions is that Spain must fight Cuba fairly, man to man, nation to nation, and it is to be hoped that the Administration will make the most of this opportunity to further impress on Europe the significance to the American mind of the Monroe Doctrine. We don't want Cuba, as Senator Sherman said, but we do want peace along our borders, and Spain should be made to know that there is a limit to the time we will allow a foreign fleet to lie at our doors killing the commerce we would carry on with a friendly people.

REASON AND UNREASON.

The Kentucky Legislature has refused to repeal the charter of the Southern Pacific Company. Only eight beggarly votes were registered in favor of the repealing Act. There was never anything but a disgraceful hatred and spite behind the movement. Reason was not its prompting spirit. Indeed, the economical and proper management of the railroads, efficiency of service, the safety of the traveling public, all argue strongly in favor of some such central organization as the Kentucky corporation. To have succeeded in this adventure against it, to have deprived it of a corporate existence, would have answered no good purpose. It would have been a victory of malice over reason, of hatred over justice, and of misrule over law and order. Neither the State nor its people would have benefited to the slightest extent by the Act; only a useless and annoying derangement of railway affairs would have followed, contributing to no end but the intense glee of the discharged railroad employees, and other wreckers.

Another happening during the week, and one for which we are profoundly grateful, was the decision in the Stanford suit. Except for the fact that the final determination of the case removes from her the oppressive burden of uncertainty, Mrs. Stanford is not to be congratulated as much over the victory, probably, as is the State itself, its youth, and its unborn children. The store of wealth and benefits impounded by this legal controversy, being let loose, contributes nothing to her individual comfort; but rather multiplies her cares, increases her burdens, and crowds new responsibilities in upon her declining years. Hers, certainly, is a most heroic figure in our history. When the world learns what she has undergone to maintain, unimpaired and undisturbed in its integrity, the great University founded in the name of her dead boy, it will marvel that a lonely and grief-stricken woman should have unmurmuringly sacrificed so much, and levied such onerous taxes on her comfort and her physical health for the well-being of mankind. The motherhood of coming generations will bless her memory, and manhood acknowledge its debt of gratitude to her. The burdens of posterity will be lighter because she has lived. Of the press, it must be said that even the portion of it most given over to abuse was kind and even generous to Mrs. Stanford throughout the litigation. Such an evidence of decency is not without its cheering features.

"The Wave" does not consider the daily press entirely a hopeless lot. True, its policy generally follows along the line of profit. It is sometimes vindictive, and often with premeditation adopts a policy beneath contempt. It is frequently mistaken, often unreasonable, and not seldom flies in the face of decency and assails the interests of the very State, the protection of which it claims to be its highest duty.

There are some interests in this State toward which the daily press appears to be deliberately and intentionally unjust. We believe the condition can be mended, and that, too, without resorting to mean methods. From our point of view, the Railway Company had not yielded enough consideration to the newspaper liar. The Sacramento *Record-Union* refuses to believe there is any hope for the falsifying scribbler, and is not inclined to accede to the full extent suggested by us that the railway corporation should concern itself with nailing the lies of the daily press in relation to its business. Perhaps there is some basis for its assertion that one cannot corner a newspaper liar. The *Record-Union* claims it is absolutely useless

to attempt to wring the truth from the unscrupulous press, or to crowd a word of verity into its columns, inasmuch as that press feeds upon every denial and vindication for the production of a new batch of viperish untruths. Conceding all this, however, one may at least convict the liar of the crime, and correct the misapprehension he has created among men who desire to be honest and impartial. The constant reiteration of a lie gives to it the color of truth unless denied. The constant, one-sided statement of alleged facts, inimical to the railway corporations of this State, has produced a condition of public mind that is far from healthy, and has often made it difficult for officers influenced by public opinion to render unto the railways even fair treatment. An unhealthy condition of public mind is a detriment to every citizen of the Commonwealth, and the larger the interest involved the greater the benefits that flow from a healthy state of public mind. While it may be impossible to compel a liar to speak the truth, there is something due and owing to decency and to decent men. To refuse to correct the falsehoods so common against it, is to confess a reckless disregard for public opinion, and lends excuse to the opposition of honest men to its undertakings. The public should not be left floundering about 'twixt doubt and belief in a matter of this sort. There is danger to every citizen of the community in the spirit of hatred and malice that is being engendered. We hold to the doctrine that the law insuring to the citizen his life, his liberty, and his property, is the same law which guards and prevents encroachments upon corporate rights. We maintain that if the rights of the individual citizen are ever crippled, whittled down, or destroyed, it will be done in response to some popular demand against some unpopular corporation, and only after the mischief is irreparable will the blunder be discovered. To invade or impair corporate property rights is to imperil the rights of every citizen of the Nation. The integrity of a principle does not depend upon the popularity or unpopularity of the individual evoking its protection. It is the shield of the weak as well as of the strong; the safeguard of the hated as well as of the popular. Holding firmly to these views, we feel that educational efforts in this behalf are not misspent.

So far as our California railway corporations are concerned, it would not be a bad idea for them to educate the men who draw their salaries from the corporation. They more than often believe the falsehoods told of their employer, and are quite as often apologists for their employment. The lack of ability among them to justify or to explain false charges made in their presence frequently gives the color of truth to falsehood. The writer has in mind a gentleman connected with the institution whom the boys of the daily press maintain to be as strongly anti-railroad as they are themselves. They further declare that had *he* the power, this or that wrong would be promptly corrected and this or that oppression removed. He protects himself from personal assault by appearing to agree with these harpies of the press, but he damns his employer in the doing of it. A short while ago, in a controversy pending before the Oakland City Council, wherein was involved the extension of a street in which the corporation was interested, the railway company was represented, in part, by a division superintendent. Discussion over the subject of the street opening grew warm. A member of the City Council with cheerful irrelevancy announced his opposition to the corporation's desires in the matter of the street because the railway discriminated as to freight rates against Oakland. The officer of the company had no reply to make to this charge, but indignantly declared, "You mustn't punish us for the sins of the freight department. We are not responsible for their discriminations against Oakland." It does not require the assistance of a surgeon to demonstrate that this kind of ignorance is a something which ought not to exist.

The mere presence of a railroad man often suggests the discussion of the railroad question, and it happens only too frequently that the employee, whose interest begins with his salary, and ends there, too, for that matter, when questioned as to the truth of a fresh newspaper lie, is stupidly ignorant, and strongly inclined to admit a wrong where probably no wrong exists. Lack of information is, as often as deliberate intent, the prime cause of railroad animosity. We have in mind an editorial writer whose employment had called from him editorials severely censuring the corporation. He confessed that, until he had read the statement in these columns, he never knew the corporation had set aside a single dollar toward the payment of its Government indebtedness. And this was but one of the confessions he made to an ignorance of facts the contrary to which he had been preaching for years.

There is no good sane reason why a business enterprise in the hands of a corporation should be hated any more than a business enterprise in the hands of an individual. In the abstract, there is nothing to hate about a railroad; ties and rails and fish-plates and spikes are not calculated to conjur up hatred. A man cannot say that he hates a train of cars or the rails it runs upon. These things are, in themselves, developers. They are a benefit rather than a curse, a help instead of a detriment. It is intensely stupid to declare that any corporation is throttling or retarding or destroying the interests of a State traversed by its line of railway. Such an act would be simply suicidal. If any one has an interest in the material development of the State it is the carrier. The mere statement of such a charge answers itself. About the only way that it is possible for a railway corporation to throttle interests or retard enterprise is by charging enormous freight rates, a continuance of which is a constant invitation to a rival railroad to enter the territory and share the spoils where such charges are possible. It is a fundamental rule of railway management that industry and enterprise must be encouraged in the territory through which it runs. It is as necessary to its profits, it is as necessary to its life, that Jones or Green or White, living along the line of their iron highway, should succeed and prosper, as it is to Jones himself; for upon their thrift, upon their industry, upon their success depends the success of the railway itself. It often happens that the enforcement of a general rule will work a peculiar hardship in a given case, and that is so, even in the law, which is supposed to be the acme of justice. It is, no doubt, the application of this general rule that often gives rise to many of the complaints made against the railways, not only here but throughout the Union. They have, in legal practise, a thing called equity, which is a correction of law wherein, by reason of its universality, it is deficient, or may work hardships. Perhaps there is something discoverable in railroad management which might occupy the same relation to it that equity does to the law.

Coming down to the question of animosities displayed in certain quarters toward our California railways, there are reasons existing outside of freight or passenger rates which tend to engender this feeling of hatred. A citizen cannot hate the road itself, and one must look further than the ties and rails for the cause of so much feeling. Large institutions, such as this, must of necessity employ thousands of men. In some neighborhoods, a single individual stands for the corporation. One may well imagine two stations in the San Joaquin Valley, at one of which is an agent, surly, impolite, and over-bearing, unaccommodating to the shipper, and to the neighboring farmer and townsman, while but a few miles distant is another agent of an exactly opposite temperament. These men, so far as the neighborhoods wherein they dwell are concerned, stand for the corporation, represent it, speak for it, and are in point of fact the railway itself. It is easily conceivable that the surly man might breed in the community wherein he lives, a deep hostility, not only toward himself but toward his employer. One need not run to remote possibilities to declare that the feeling of hatred will find expression in the jury-box, at the polls, and in the legislature. While one agent may breed strife, another, but a few miles away, may be responsible for an altogether different and better kind of feeling in the community. Perhaps in the last few lines above written, may be found a reason for much of the anti-railroad feeling. Perhaps it may explain why many are all too willing to believe the evil stories told of the railway managers. Perhaps the surly station agent has been promoted; perhaps he occupies a position bringing him in contact with the great public. Perhaps there is too little thought of public opinion; too little care of what others think; too much recklessness of the rights of others. And perhaps, too, were this evil mended, and the accommodating agent substituted for the surly employee, there might be another and a better feeling; and the every-day citizen, who may now feel the sting of insult ringing in his ears, would then obtain a fair hearing, and go abroad with the knowledge that he had been fairly treated. Perhaps this is where education in railway matters might begin.

MARRIAGE AS A JOKE.

That marriage as a joke is a failure, will probably be conceded by any thoughtful man who takes time to pass judgment upon a question, apparently, so trivial. That any one should explain his own marriage on the basis that it was "only a joke," would naturally be accepted as a frank but round-about confession to being a fool of peculiar and irritating density. Such a groom is now a prevalent curio. He invites attention to himself by many words, and he affords a convenient object-lesson. Having made this use of him, it will be pleasure to bid him farewell, wondering at his luck in evading an asylum where the weak mind is a specialty.

Aside from the circumstance of being born, and the inevitable circumstance of dying, getting married may justly be reckoned the important event of the human career. The marriage ceremony has rightly become invested with a dignity almost sacred. The civil contract is regarded oftentimes as merely an essential part of this proceeding, and yet where the marriage is wholly civil there is in the compact a natural solemnity and effect that does not obtain in the closing of a realty deal or the recording of a mortgage. To step to the altar and take upon oneself vows that it is expected shall remain inviolate until death, is not the fitting climax to a jest. To invite a woman to wed in the same spirit that she might be asked to take a spin in the park, argues a mental void, and her acceptance in a similar spirit shows the foolishness to be mutual. But the groom to announce later that he was joking, adds insult to irreparable and wanton injury. He pleads drunkenness as a mitigating fact, but it really adds to the gravity of the offense. A man who is sober enough to secure a license and pay for it, to hand to the presiding justice the customary fee, and not excite suspicion that an intoxicated soul lurks within his person and guides his unfaltering footsteps, is sober enough to be disciplined. The habit of winding up a mild spree by getting married is not one to be encouraged. It adds a new peril to the mild spree, and establishes a dangerous precedent.

The loose marriage laws of California have in the past been a source of wrong, and a cause of reproach. It has been possible for rogues to make a pretense of getting married in good faith. Children have been enabled to evade parents and guardians, and be made boy and wife. Many crimes can be traced to the fact that marriage has not been hedged about with proper safeguards, and the sweeping away of the statutes permitting practises repugnant to ideas of social propriety, was a beneficent act too long delayed. But marriage pre-supposes the possession of intelligence on the part of the contracting parties. When a man can get married one day, and lightly excuse himself the next on the plea that he was joking, the written law has been violated, and the unwritten law which prescribes decency has been outraged. One incident of this sort would not be so distressing, except that it reveals possibilities. There are, doubtless, other mutton-headed young men who will be attracted by the idea without having an adequate reception of its seriousness. Such an occurrence could only have resulted from a wholly false estimate of the dignity of marriage. Common observation would naturally have impressed this in an ordinary mind, but there are minds not subject to wholesome impressions. Having noted that people rush into marriage with undue haste, this brilliant groom permitted himself to rush likewise. He represents the crystalized teachings of the unwise statutes, now abrogated, but not forgotten. Marriage could not be so lightly held for years, as it was held in California, without producing a demoralizing effect.

The outcome of this hasty and unhappy union—this rare jest of an adolescent wit—will probably be decided in court, unless some indignant father club the joker into a new jurisdiction. The exact outcome is not of public interest perhaps, but it is certain to be so different from that to be expected from a marriage between sane people that it conveys a salutary lesson. The next practical joker who shall feel his blithesome nature struggling to manifest itself in outward and visible sign, would be wiser to precipitate himself from the highest building he could find. In this event his course might be laid to eccentricity or accident, or something else plausible and respectable.

THE VOICE OF THE AGITATOR.

That the laboring men of this country have grievances nobody is inclined to deny. To be without them they would have to be translated to some sphere where human frailty is unknown. But in casting about for remedies for their ills, the workmen often add to their burdens, and in the adoption of radical methods, it is not of record that they have ever lightened the load. One mistake that is common, and yet so palpable that wonder grows it should ever be tolerated, is in listening to the voice of the agitator, an individual who prospers by the distress of those he vociferously pretends to befriend, and who leads into errors from which retreat is impossible, and in which ultimate defeat is assured.

Sometimes willing hands can find nothing to do, and the clamor for an opportunity to earn money merges into an actual clamor for bread. At such times in San Francisco large sums have been raised, not as a charity, but as a justice, and devoted to the hiring of men to do work in the Park—work that otherwise would not, perhaps, have been begun for years. It has not been practicable on such occasions to pay greater wages than a dollar a day, so as to add to the life of the fund. What has been the result? Invariably the agitator has raised his howl of protest at the "cutting of wages," has hung about the crowd of men who were glad to earn a dollar for their families, and has tried to incite among them indignation in place of gratitude. Oakland once devised a similar scheme, a generous citizen donating land which was to be used in filling a marsh. Quickly the agitator appeared on the scene. What! Pay men a dollar a day? Not if the agitator could prevent it; and he could and did. The land was never leveled, the marsh never filled, the money never expended. The agitator triumphed; and the men on

hose behalf he howled, continued to walk the streets ngry.

In the same blind way men are led into strikes. here is not here space for anything like a review of cent strikes, but it is instructive to learn from official ports covering last year, that strikes resulted in a rect loss to labor of $35,000,000, and employers st about $29,000,000. There were also many lock-ts, losses being to labor $12,000,000, and to capital lf this sum. To offset these vast totals labor has re and there secured a trifling victory. An intel-gent man has only to glance at these figures to learn at the profit in strikes is in not having them. In ldition to actual loss in money there has been the dis-mfort and expense of battling criminal charges, and veral, perhaps well-meaning, but certainly misguided, en have served, or are still serving time in prison. et the voice of the agitator is ever for war, and the rong hand of labor refrains from smiting him across e mouth. The forbearance is unseemly; patience is ot always a virtue.

Only the other day a man who had been talkative nd otherwise prominent in the Carnegie strike, boasted hat he had since then prevented the Carnegie Com-any from getting a ten-million-dollar contract from Russia, and one nearly half as large from Japan. Will e kindly explain, if this be true, which it probably is ot, what he accomplished by it for the cause of labor, hat, in theory, is so dear to him? Million-dollar con-racts mean the expenditure of large sums in wages. Driving the contracts to foreign lands is an odd thing o boast about. Perhaps the great heart of the boaster earns over the foreign laborer to whose interests he so eadily sacrifices the interests of his fellow citizens. Such spite work is costly and suicidal. Not long ago a San Francisco paper by decrying, and without reason, he work of a local shipbuilding concern, lost to this nstitution the chance of making contracts with a for-eign government, that would have meant to this city the distribution of no less than a million dollars in wages. But the paper is not bragging about its feat. Bragging s left to the professional friend of labor.

There is now a manifest tendency to oppose the pro-posed system of coast defenses on the ground that it is a scheme of the capitalist to farther arm himself against he larger body of men who are not capitalists. Such a charge, of course, falls to the ground by the weight of its own rank idiocy. The coast defenses will involve the expenditure of many millions of dollars for a long term of years. A great part of this sum must of neces-sity be devoted to wages, and the wages go to the laborer of every grade, from the man who uses the shovel to the skilled artisan who casts a cannon. The defenses once completed would defy foreign foes and remove forever the possibility that a hostile fleet could approach our shores and do, by a single onslaught or by a single demand for indemnity, damage amounting to more than the entire cost of the system planned. Directly or indirectly, the citizens of the nation would pay for the work, it is true, but taxes rest lightly on people who are employed regularly at good wages. All the work could be accomplished in its vast entirety without any perceptible drain on the national resources. Then why should the workingman, above all, object to it?

The inclination to think that every move made by Congress is inimical to labor, and calls for opposition, is an inexplicable absurdity, but it is carried beyond this, and applied to every move for public advancement. The charge has even been made in a gathering of work-men in San Francisco that the new charter is aimed against their interests. How can workmen without open indignation listen to such perversion of the truth? The new charter is designed for the protection of tax-payers, for a check upon official greed. It is opposed by every machine politician, by every wicked influence in this city. It is the only hope of the people for a clean municipal government, and the voice of the agi-tator proclaiming the contrary is the voice of an enemy. Yet for the voice to be in evidence and to obtain a hearing is nothing of a surprise. Its reception shows the popular desire to be humbugged.

The workingmen are greatly in the majority. Would they but cast off the meddlesome and conscienceless agitator they could be their own masters. They could, without violence, do the dictating. There is no need for them to wear a yoke, and there is no inclination on the part of anybody to make them wear it. They have simply listened to the agitator, been deluded by his sophistry and fed him for being a menace to their welfare and a nuisance to everybody. He is the real enemy they have to fear.

THE VICTORY OF A TRICK.

There are some things that even a Republican State Central Committee cannot with impunity attempt to do. It cannot afford to stoop to low cunning and deceit; it cannot afford to father brazen falsehoods; it cannot af-ford to open up a Presidential campaign with a lie upon its lips, deceit within its heart, and treachery as its watchword. It cannot afford to do these things upon the opening of a campaign, and at the same time hope to inspire confidence abroad in the integrity of its future undertakings. These unholy attributes belong not to State and National politics. They are the offspring and creatures of the ward clubs in the foulest quarters of the city, and should have their abiding place only among the scum and wreckage of political life. Cer-tainly they have no place in the central political organ-ization of a great National party.

We have not the slightest interest in the political aspirations of Mr. Spreckels, nor, for that matter, have we any interest in any other faction or individual of the Republican Party. No party boss or party lash shall direct our policy during the coming campaign, or devi-ate our course by a hair's breadth, from what we con-sider the way of truth and honesty. It is our purpose to exercise in these columns the functions and preroga-tives of an independent American citizen; and we shall not hesitate to point out, even if found within the ranks of the party whose ticket we may support, the short-comings, the wrongs and evils which may there abide.

It is well known that the Spreckels seek a place in the politics of California, and it is good that this is so. It is well that men of means and leisure should be will-ing to devote themselves to the welfare of the country. To us it is a matter of utter indifference what ambition may move Mr. Spreckels to enter politics. His eleva-tion to political office would afflict us with no pain. He is entitled to decent treatment, and, in the councils of his party, is entitled to hear the truth from the lips of his political associates when matters material to the welfare of that party are at stake. The wrong of which we complain was perpetrated at the initial meeting of the Republican State Central Committee. As is well known among politicians, certain County Committee-men are favorable to the interests of Mr. Spreckels. His enemies sought to strip him of the power that goes with such political control. At the last moment before the late meeting, he was informed that in the official notice of the Republican National Committee calling for the convention at St. Louis, there had been em-bodied certain instructions as to the methods to be employed in the several States for the selection of dele-gates to that convention. He was urged by his asso-ciates to abide by the terms of the instructions issued by his party, even though individually injured. With the full knowledge that to do so would be to cripple his political strength; with the knowledge that such a course would place in the hands of the opposing political fac-tion strength which properly belonged to him; with the instincts of a true National Republican, he cheerfully yielded his personal interest for what he had been in-formed were the wishes of the National Party, as de-fined by its National Committee. No one questioned the motive impelling Mr. Spreckels to this course. It was magnanimous, loyal, and decent; but what shall we say to the miserable tricksters who have imposed upon the credulity of the man and filled his ears with falsehoods; and, with a lie upon their lips, exacted from him a promise that was prompted by the holiest and most honest of political motives. The call of the National Committee says:

"The congressional district delegates shall be chosen at the convention called by the Congressional Com-mittee of each of such districts in the same manner as the nomination of the Republican is made in the same district."

The resolutions which Mr. Spreckels was induced by false representations to support begin with the lying words, "In accordance with the direction of the Re-publican Committee," and winds up with an interpo-lation, unauthorized by the committee, unmentioned in its call, unthought of by its fathers, that strips from Mr. Spreckels political power earned by him, and to which he was rightfully entitled had his associates been less in-decent and deceitful. This infamous resolution adopted by the State Central Committee, while it seems to fol-low the call of the National Committee, contains these words in place of those above quoted:

"The selection of the delegates of the congressional conventions shall be under the direction of the Con-gressional Committee of each district, and all primaries held for the election of delegates shall be held under the exclusive management and control of the Congres-sional Committee."

Any politician reading these two sentences will, at a glance, discover where Mr. Spreckels has been undone when it is considered that friendly to his interest were a number of County Committeemen who, under the practise contemplated by the National Committee, would have had charge of the primaries for the election of delegates. Under the instructions, the Congres-sional Committee was to be given the power of calling conventions, but there is not one word declaring they should have exclusive management or control of the primaries, or of anything else pertaining to the election. Their duty simply begins and ends with issuing the call. To the every-day citizen, the trick here accomplished may not be apparent, but it is a trick, and one which should excite the sympathy of the party for Mr. Spreckels, who so graciously yielded up his personal interests under the false and lying pretenses of his associates, from whom he had the right to expect and ought to have received nothing but plain unvarnished truth.

PULPIT POLITICIANS.

The Christian *Endeavorer* still insists that the man of religion should be a man of politics; still insists that the words of the Prophet Esaias defined the funda-mental principles of a working democracy, and outlined a wider ministry which includes within its purview politics and the like. We are willing to lay our views beside those of the reverend editor of the *Endeavorer*, and herewith present his latest screed, cheerfully sub-mitting it to the judgment of intelligent men. The good man declares that "The Wave" makes itself ridicu-lous by posing as a critic of the relations religion should sustain to politics. God knows the pulpit politician does much more than this for religion. He not only degrades his holy office, but repels the seeker after religious consolation from the doorway of the church. In reading the subjoined article, one should remember that the author is a man of God, and a follower of Christ. Picture the Savior fathering the statements here espoused, and ridiculing the idea of peace and tranquility and love in religion.

For some unaccountable reason *The Wave* and the *Endeavorer* do not agree. It is true that the editor of our contemporary does not belong to the Christian Endeavor society; he is not an ordained minister; he is not, we would candidly infer, a deacon, and yet he preaches and quotes Scripture and presumes to say who shall and who shall not go into politics. The *Endeavorer* took exception some time since to an editorial in *The Wave* which pretended to define religion. This definition would suit every rascal who is in politics for the sake of "boodle," and who should be taken out of politics for righteousness' sake. The editor made reply to our criticism of such an estimate of practical Christianity, in the course of which he gave a picture of his early life. It was very pretty of a "soul aweary ing of worldly strife, ahungering for the solace of that sweet consolation which religion alone can bring, fleeing in despair to the house of worship." Imagine the editor of *The Wave* fleeing in despair to the house of worship, that is, the church. He then gives us a suggestive picture, which, under the brush of Mr. Keith, would be a work of art as magnifi-cent as *The Wave's* description is sentimental; an open window, a glimpse of green, and the singing of the wild birds in the churchyard. Churchyards are usually very silent. We wonder what the wild birds were singing! Then he gives a glowing picture of the old divine with sparse form and thin gray hair "that still clings in manhood's memory." What would the dear old gen-tleman say if he read *The Wave* every Saturday? Behind this tranquil old preacher, the editor, who has been writing on "poli-tics and religion," hides the corrupt officials of San Francisco, every rascal who robs the people, and denies religion its right to seek out and correct public wrongs. Furthermore, he undertakes to inform the editor of the *Endeavorer* that the quotation from Isaiah, which begins with the familiar words, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," etc., is not from the lips of our Lord, but from the "Book of the Prophet Esaias." Nobody has supposed that these words were original with Jesus, and we did not say they were. We simply said that Jesus defined his mission and ut-tered the fundamental principles of a working democracy by their apt use in the synagogue at Nazareth. They were a Messianic prophecy of Jesus, which He appropriates to Him-self before His townsmen in Nazareth, and they outline that wider ministry which is the greatest moral force in the world to-day. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives and recover-ing sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised." That includes the problem of poverty, slavery, misery, ignorance, and the down-trodden. *The Wave* argues against an applied Christianity, a rational and aggressive pulpit, a religion that touches every phase of life and dares assert its rightful place in the affairs of men; Christians are supposed to be human beings, and a man never gets good enough to surrender his manhood. Clerical orders do not destroy citizenship. Religion is not a sentiment. It is a force, civic, social, and personal. Religion means giving bread to the hungry, and justice to the wronged. It is in conflict with sin. Religion is righteousness everywhere, and the man who fears the application of righteousness is in danger of the judgment, it matters not if he be preacher or layman. *The Wave* makes itself ridiculous by posing as a critic on the relation religion should sustain to politics. It may be posted on poolrooms, but not on the subject of applied Christianity, and from what we have read in *The Wave* on the general subject of religion, one suspects that the dear old pastor of the long ago, when the wild birds sang over the graves of the dead, would not be greatly pleased with the orthodoxy of his tranquil teachings as they crop out in the giddy journalism of the San Francisco *Wave*.

At last we know what constitutes "An Ideal Wife." The Philadelphia *Press* organized a competition to find out, and Mrs. Blair, a young matron, won the prize with the follow-ing:

"An ideal wife for any man is the woman who understands his particular disposition, and has the tact to cultivate and encourage his good qualities; in some cases overlooking and in others gently helping him to control those of an opposite nature. Such a woman must necessarily be one whom he respects, and, consequently, she will possess as many as possible of the virtues which entitle her to such respect. But be she 'new' or 'old,' dependent or inde-pendent, disposed toward cookery or inclined toward calcu-lus, a woman who has the ability to thus satisfy her hus-band, is to him the 'ideal wife.'"

Mrs. Blossom—I don't understand why daughter's com-pany should talk in such a boisterous manner this evening.

Mr. Blossom—Oh, don't worry about 'em; they're probably having a game of whist.

Freshly (seating himself beside pretty girl in car)—If you have no objection, I will raise the window; I do love the fresh air.

She—Can't say I love your fresh air. Leave the window as it is.

THE LORD OF THE DYNAMOS.

BY H. G. WELLS.

The chief attendant of the three dynamos that buzzed and rattled at Camberwell, and kept the electric railway going, came out of Yorkshire, and his name was James Holroyd. He was a practical electrician, but fond of whisky, a heavy, red-haired brute with irregular teeth. He doubted the existence of the Deity, but accepted Carnot's cycle, and he had read Shakespeare and found him weak in chemistry. His helper came out of the mysterious East, and his name was Azuma-zi. But Holroyd called him Pooh-bah. Holroyd liked a nigger help, because he would stand kicking—a habit with Holroyd—and did not pry into the machinery and try to learn the ways of it. Certain odd possibilities of the negro mind brought into abrupt contact with the crown of our civilization Holroyd never fully realized, though just at the end he got some inkling of them.

To define Azuma-zi was beyond ethnology. He was, perhaps, more negroid than anything else, though his hair was curly rather than frizzy, and his nose had a bridge. Moreover, his skin was brown rather than black, and the whites of his eyes were yellow. His broad cheek-bones and narrow chin gave his face something of the viperine V. His head, too, was broad behind, and low and narrow at the forehead, as if his brain had been twisted round in the reverse way to a European's. He was short of stature and still shorter of English. In conversation he made numerous odd noises of no known marketable value, and his infrequent words were carved and wrought into heraldic grotesqueness. Holroyd tried to elucidate his religious beliefs, and—especially after whisky—lectured to him against superstition and missionaries. Azuma-zi, however, shirked the discussion of his gods, even though he was kicked for it.

Azuma-zi had come, clad in white but insufficient raiment, out of the stoke-hole of the "Lord Clive," from the Straits settlements, and beyond, into London. He had heard even in his youth of the greatness and riches of London, where all the women are white and fair, and even the beggars in the streets are white, and he had arrived, with newly earned gold coins in his pocket, to worship at the shrine of civilization. The day of his landing was a dismal one; the sky was dun, and the wind-worried drizzle filtered down to the greasy streets, but he plunged boldly into the delights of Shadwell, and was presently cast up, shattered in health, civilized in costume, penniless, and, except in matters of the direst necessity, practically a dumb animal, to toil for James Holroyd and to be bullied by him in the dynamo shed at Camberwell. And to James Holroyd, bullying was a labor of love.

There were three dynamos with their engines at Camberwell. The two that have been there since the beginning are small machines; the larger one was new. The smaller machines made a reasonable noise; their straps hummed over the drums, every now and then the brushes buzzed and fizzled, and the air churned steadily, whoo! whoo! whoo! between their poles. One was loose in its foundations and kept the shed vibrating. But the big dynamo drowned these little noises altogether with the sustained drone of its iron core, which somehow set part of the ironwork humming. The place made the visitor's head reel with the throb, throb, throb of the engines, the rotation of the big wheels, the spinning ball-valves, the occasional spittings of the steam, and over all the deep, unceasing, surging note of the big dynamo. This last noise was, from an engineering point of view, a defect, but Azuma-zi accounted it unto the monster for mightiness and pride.

If it were possible we would have the noises of that shed always about the reader as he reads, we would tell all our story to such an accompaniment. It was a steady stream of din, from which the ear picked out first one thread and then another; there was the intermittent snorting, panting, and seething of the steam engines, the suck and thud of their pistons, the dull beat on the air as the spokes of the great driving-wheels came round, a note the leather straps made as they ran tighter and looser, and a fretful tumult from the dynamos; and over all, sometimes inaudible as the ear tired of it, and then creeping back upon the senses again, was this trombone note of the big machine. The floor never felt steady and quiet beneath one's feet, but quivered and jarred. It was a confusing, unsteady place, and enough to send any one's thoughts jerking into odd zigzags. And for three months, while the big strike of the engineers was in progress, Holroyd, who was a blackleg, and Azuma-zi, who was a mere black, were never out of the stir and eddy of it, but slept and fed in the little wooden shanty between the shed and the gates.

Holroyd delivered a theological lecture on the text of his big machine soon after Azuma-zi came. He had to shout to be heard in the din. "Look at that," said Holroyd; "where's your 'eathen idol to match 'im?" And Azuma-zi looked. For a moment Holroyd was inaudible, and then Azuma-zi heard: "Kill a hundred men. Twelve per cent on the ordinary shares," said Holroyd, "and that's something like a Gord!"

Holroyd was proud of his big dynamo, and expatiated upon its size and power to Azuma-zi until heaven knows what odd currents of thought that and the incessant whirling and shindy set up within the curly black cranium. He would explain in the most graphic manner the dozen or so ways in which a man might be killed by it, and once he gave Azuma-zi a shock as a sample of its quality. After that, in the breathing-times of his labor—it was heavy labor, being not only his own, but most of Holroyd's—Azuma-zi would sit and watch the big machine. Now and then the brushes would sparkle and spit blue flashes, at which Holroyd would swear, but all the rest was as smooth and rhythmic as breathing. The band ran shouting over the shaft, and ever behind one as one watched was the complacent thud of the piston. So it lived all day in this big airy shed, with him and Holroyd to wait upon it; not prisoned up and slaving to drive a ship as the other engines he knew—mere captive devils of the British Solomon—had been, but a machine enthroned. Those two smaller dynamos, Azuma-zi by force of contrast despised; the large one he privately christened the Lord of the Dynamos. They were fretful and irregular, but the big dynamo was steady. How great it was! How serene and easy in its working! Greater and calmer even than the Buddhas he had seen at Rangoon, and yet not motionless, but living! The great black coils spun, spun, spun, the rings ran round under the brushes, and the deep note of its coil steadied the whole. It affected Azuma-zi queerly.

Azumi-zi was not fond of labor. He would sit about and watch the Lord of the Dynamos while Holroyd went away to persuade the yard porter to get whisky, although his proper place was not in the dynamo shed but behind the engines, and, moreover, if Holroyd caught him skulking, he got hit for it with a rod of stout copper wire. He would go and stand close to the colossus and look up at the great leather band running overhead. There was a black patch on the band that came round, and it pleased him somehow among all the clatter to watch this return again and again. Odd thoughts spun with the whirl of it. Scientific people tell us that savages give souls to rocks and trees—and a machine is a thousand times more alive than a rock or a tree. And Azuma-zi was practically a savage still; the veneer of civilization lay no deeper than his slop suit, his bruises, and the coal grime on his face and hands. His father before him had worshiped a meteoric stone, kindred blood, it may be, had splashed the broad wheels of Juggernaut.

He took every opportunity Holroyd gave him of touching and handling the great dynamo that was fascinating him. He polished and cleaned it until the metal parts were blinding in the sun. He felt a mysterious sense of service in doing this. He would go up to it and touch its spinning coils gently. The gods he had worshiped were all far away. The people in London hid their gods.

At last his dim feelings grew more distinct, and took shape in thoughts, and, at last, in acts. When he came into the roaring shed one morning he salaamed to the Lord of the Dynamos, and then, when Holroyd was away, he went and whispered to the thundering machine that he was its servant, and prayed to it to have pity on him and save him from Holroyd. And as he did so a rare gleam of light came in through the open archway of the throbbing machine-shed, and the Lord of the Dynamos, as he whirled and roared, was radiant with pale gold. Then Azuma-zi knew that his service was acceptable to the Lord. After that he did not feel so lonely as he had done, and he had, indeed, been very much alone in London. And even when his work time was over, which was rare, he loitered about the shed.

Then, the next time Holroyd maltreated him, Azuma-zi went presently to the Lord of the Dynamos, and whispered, "Thou seest, O my Lord!" and the angry whirr of the machinery seemed to answer him. Thereafter it appeared to him that whenever Holroyd came into the shed a different note came into the sounds of the dynamo. "My Lord bides his time," said Azuma-zi to himself. "The iniquity of the fool is not yet ripe." And he waited and watched for the day of reckoning. One day there was evidence of short circuiting, and Holroyd, making an unwary examination—it was in the afternoon—got a rather severe shock. Azuma-zi, from behind the engine, saw him jump off and curse at the peccant coil.

"He is warned," said Azuma-zi to himself. "Surely my Lord is very patient."

Holroyd had at first initiated his "nigger" into such elementary conceptions of the dynamo's working as would enable him to take temporary charge of the shed in his absence. But when he noticed the manner in which Azuma-zi hung about the monster he became suspicious. He dimly perceived his assistant was "up to something," and connecting him with the anointing of the coils with oil that had rotted the varnish in one place, he issued an edict, shouted above the confusion of the machinery, "Don't 'ee go nigh that big dynamo any more, Pooh-bah, or a'll take thy skin off." Besides, if it pleased Azuma-zi to be near the big machine, it was plain sense of decency to keep him away from it.

Azuma-zi obeyed at the time, but later he was caught bowing before the Lord of the Dynamos. At which Holroyd twisted his arm and kicked him as he turned to go away. As Azuma-zi presently stood behind the engine and glared at the back of the hated Holroyd, the noises of the machinery took a new rhythm, and sounded like four words in his native tongue.

It is hard to say exactly what madness is. I fancy Azuma-zi was mad. The incessant din and whirl of the dynamo shed may have churned up his little store of knowledge and big store of superstitious fancy, at last, into something akin to frenzy. At any rate, when the idea of making Holroyd a sacrifice to the Dynamo Fetich was thus suggested to him, it filled him with a great tumult of exultant emotion.

That night the two men and their black shadows were alone in the shed together. The shed was lit with one big arc light that winked and flickered purple. The shadows lay black behind the dynamos, the ball governors of the engines whirled from light to darkness, and their pistons beat loud and steady. The world outside seen through the open end of the shed seemed incredibly dim and remote. It seemed absolutely silent, too, since the riot of the machinery drowned every external sound. Far away was the black fence of the yard, with gray shadowy houses behind, and above was the deep blue sky and the pale little stars. Azuma-zi suddenly walked across the center of the shed above which the leather bands were running, and went into the shadow of the big dynamo. Holroyd heard a click, and the spin of the armature changed.

"What are you dewin' with that switch?" he bawled, in surprise. "Han't I told you ——"

Then he saw the set expression of Azuma-zi's eyes as the Asiatic came out of the shadow toward him.

In another moment the two men were grappling fiercely in front of the great dynamo.

"You coffee-headed fool!" gasped Holroyd, with a brown hand at his throat. "Keep off those contact rings." In another moment he was tripped and reeling back upon the Lord of the Dynamo. He instinctively loosened his grip upon his antagonist to save himself from the machine.

* * * * * * * * * *

The messenger, sent in furious haste from the station to find out what had happened in the dynamo shed, met Asuma-zi at the porter's lodge by the gate. Asuma-zi tried to explain something, but the messenger could make nothing of the black's incoherent English, and hurried on to the shed. The machines were all noisily at work, and nothing seemed to be disarranged. There was, however, a queer smell of singed hair. Then he saw an odd-looking crumpled mass clinging to the front of the big dynamo, and, approaching, recognized the distorted remains of Holroyd.

The man stared and hesitated a moment. Then he saw the face, and shut his eyes convulsively. He turned on his heel before he opened them, so that he could not see Holroyd again, and went out of the shed to get advice and help.

When Azuma-zi saw Holroyd die in the grip of the Great Dynamo he had been a little scared about the consequences of his act. Yet he felt strangely elated, and knew that the favor of the Lord Dynamo was upon him. His plan was already settled when he met the man coming from the station, and the scientific manager who speedily arrived on the scene, jumped at the obvious conclusion of suicide. This expert scarcely noticed Azuma-zi, except to ask a few questions. Did he see Holroyd kill himself? Azuma-zi explained that he had been out of sight at the engine furnace until he heard a difference in the noise from the dynamo. It was not a difficult examination, being untinctured by suspicion.

The distorted remains of Holroyd, which the electrician removed from the machine, were hastily covered by the porter with a coffee-stained tablecloth. Somebody, by a happy inspiration, fetched a medical man. The expert was chiefly anxious to get the machine to work again, for seven or eight trains had stopped midway in the stuffy tunnels of the electric railway. Azuma-zi, answering or misunderstanding the questions of the people who had by authority or impudence come into the shed, was presently sent back to the stoke-hole by the scientific manager. Of course a crowd collected outside the gates of the yard—a crowd, for no known reason, always hovers for a day or two near the scene of a sudden death in London—two or three reporters percolated somehow into the engine shed, and one even got to Azuma-zi; but the scientific expert cleared them out again, being himself an amateur journalist.

Presently the body was carried away, and public interest departed with it. Azuma-zi remained very quietly at his furnace, seeing over and over again in the coals a figure that wiggled violently and became still. An hour after the murder, to any one coming into the shed it would have looked exactly as if nothing remarkable had ever happened there. Peeping pres-

ly from his engine-room the black saw the Lord
namo spin and whirl beside his little brothers, and
driving wheels were beating round, and the steam
the pistons went thud, thud, exactly as it had been
lier in the evening. After all, from the mechanical
nt of view, it had been a most insignificant accident—
mere temporary deflection of a current. But now
slender form and slender shadow of the scientific
nager replaced the sturdy outline of Holroyd travel-
up and down the lane of light upon the vibrating
r under the straps between the engines and the
namos.

"Have I not served my Lord," said Azuma-zi, in-
dibly from his shadow, and the note of the great
namo rang out full and clear. As he looked at the
mechanism, the strange fascination of it, that had
n a little in abeyance since Holroyd's death, resumed
sway.

Never had Azuma-zi seen a man killed so swiftly and
ilessly. The big humming machinery had slain its
tim without wavering for a second from its steady
ating. It was, indeed, a mighty god.

The unconscious scientific manager stood with his
ck to him, scribbling on a piece of paper. His
adow lay at the foot of the monster.

"Was the Lord Dynamo still hungry? His servant
s ready."

Azuma-zi made a stealthy step forward; then stopped.
e scientific manager suddenly stopped writing, and
lked down the shed to the endmost of the dynamos,
d began to examine the brushes.

Azuma-zi hesitated, and then slipped across noise-
sly into the shadow of the switch. There he waited.
esently the manager's footsteps could be heard return-
g. He stopped in his old position, unconscious of the
ker crouching ten feet away from him. Then the
g dynamo suddenly fizzled, and in another moment
zuma-zi had sprung out of the darkness upon him.

First, the scientific manager was gripped round the
dy and swung toward the big dynamo, then, kicking
th his knee and forcing his antagonist's head down
th his hands, he loosened the grip on his waist and
ung round away from the machine. Then the black
sped him again, putting a curly head against his
est, and they swayed and panted, as it seemed, for
age or so. Then the scientific manager was im-
lled to catch a black ear in his teeth and bite furi-
sly. The black yelled hideously.

They rolled over on the floor, and the black, who
d apparently slipped from the vise of the teeth, or
rted with some ear—the scientific manager wondered
hich at the time—tried to throttle him. The scien-
ic manager was making some ineffectual efforts to
aw something with his hands and to kick, when the
lcome sound of quick footsteps sounded on the floor.
he next moment Azuma-zi had left him, darted to-
rd the big dynamo. There was a splutter amid the roar.

The officer of the company, who had entered, stood
aring as Azuma-zi caught the naked terminals in his
nds, gave one horrible convulsion, and then hung
otionless from the machine, his face violently dis-
rted.

"I'm jolly glad you came in when you did," said
e scientific manager, still sitting on the floor.

He looked at the still quivering figure. "It is not
nice death to die, apparently, but it is quick."

The official was still staring at the body. He was a
an of slow apprehension.

There was a pause.

The scientific manager got up on his feet rather
wkwardly. He ran his fingers along his collar thought-
lly, and moved his head to and fro several times.

"Poor Holroyd! I see now." Then almost me-
hanically he went toward the switch in the shadow
nd turned the current into the railway circuit again.
s he did so the singed body loosened its grip upon the
achine and fell forward on its face. The core of the
ynamo roared out loud and clear, and the armature
eat the air.

So ended, prematurely, the "Worship of the Dy-
amo Deity," perhaps the most short-lived of all
eligions. Yet withal, it could at least boast a Martyr-
om and a Human Sacrifice.

[From *The Stolen Bacillus and Other Stories*, Methuen & Co., publishers, London.]

THE BIRD'S SONG.

BY DOLLIE RADFORD.

"Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind, with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare?
Because I hung it, in my pride,
So near the skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
It scattered lies?
I shall but build, and build my best,
Till, safety won,
I hang aloft my new-made nest
High as of old, and see it rest,
As near the sun."

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

Congress has voted, almost unanimously, that we shall thrust our finger into the Cuban pie. This decision having been reached by the National Legislature, it is the duty of good citizens to acquiesce. But, in the familiar words of Moliere—*Que diable avons nous a faire dans cette galère?*

* * *

Our propensity to meddle in affairs which do not concern us passes human understanding. We should blaze with wrath if the British Parliament or the Spanish Cortes called us to account for lynchings in this country, and warned us that if they were not stopped, Europe would have to interfere. Yet Congress is not restrained by propriety or delicacy from hectoring England about her dealings with Ireland, and Spain about her administration of her colony of Cuba. Is not this sort of thing both impertinent and ridiculous? Can we wonder that foreigners do not take us seriously, but assume that our politics are run on a platform of brag and bluster?

* * *

As far as the world knows, a majority of the people of Cuba, including nearly all the men of property and intelligence, are content with the colonial condition. The rebels consist mainly of a riff-raff of adventurers, the tagrag and bobtail of cities, and such rural vagrants as, in this country, constituted the industrial army, with no higher aims than the loot of plantations, plunder, outrage, and murder. They know no more about Republicanism than Patagonians, and are no more fit for free self-government than Choctaws. To the great mass of unreflecting Americans, they appear to be fighting for freedom and independence, as the Americans fought in the last century; but there is no more resemblance between them and the soldiers who served under Washington and Knox and Putnam and Lee, than there is between a jackal of the jungle and a Chief Justice of the United States. But Congress has spoken and good Americans will run mute.

* * *

Just about the time bicycles go out of fashion, flying machines will probably come in. Professor Lilienthal of Berlin has invented a sailing apparatus like the outspread pinions of a soaring bird; this he adjusts to his person on the top of a hill or building, and he is able to fly in any direction eight times as far as the elevation is high. He can overcome the resistance of a wind blowing twenty miles an hour. His rate of travel depends on the dexterity with which he manages his machine; thus, one aeronaut may travel faster, and for a longer distance, than another. Two or three years from now he expects to perfect his air-ship so as to be able to undertake long journeys. Thus, about that time, flying machine races from a tower on Nob Hill to an amphitheater in Tar Flat may be expected to be advertised.

* * *

Frederick Warde is something more than the last of the American interpreters of the old classic drama. He has assumed for that drama the office which Old Mortality performed for the tombstones of the covenanters; he has set himself the task of preventing its fall into decay and oblivion. If the time should come—as it may—that audiences will refuse to pay money to see such tragedies as "King Lear," it will be remembered that Frederick Warde consecrated his genius to preserve them from a fate which befell them through the perversion of public taste. One of the fundamental laws of the Theater Français requires that house to produce so many times a year the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine, so that the Parisians shall not forget them. Mr. Warde is doing the same thing for Shakespeare, and doing it at his own expense.

* * *

There are but two actors at the present day who play Lear—Warde and Henry Irving. Young people, whose souls delight at "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," yawn over the grandest creation of Shakespeare's genius, and the subtlest work of his exuberant imagination. They cannot appreciate such exquisite work without education, and it is only now and then that an actor competent to interpret such a part as Lear condescends to play schoolmaster for their benefit. Madame Modjeska said that she intended to play Cymbeline because she felt it to be a duty not to let so perfect a creation die out of men's memory; so Warde, who could draw much larger houses with pieces from the emotional drama, gives Lear as one of his many contributions to high art, as a proof of his devotional regard for the glory of the drama.

* * *

Perhaps there was more method in Chancellor Yorke's polemics than people have suspected. While the Protestant sects have been wasting their energies in trying to convert the Chinese and Japanese, who cannot be Christianized, and who are imbibing a deadly hatred of the nations whose missionaries infest their homes, the Catholics have been assailing Protestantism in its old strongholds in New England. At a late convocation of Baptist ministers in New York, it was shown on the authority of the census that while the total church membership in New England was 1,769,202, there were 1,004,605 Catholic communicants. The latter have come to outnumber the Protestants in every State. The Romanist priesthood have held their people to the faith better than the descendants of the Puritans have succeeded in doing. Verbum sap.

* * *

The publication, by William Archer, of a translation of Ibsen's prose dramas will enable the American public to form an intelligent opinion of the philosophy of the cynical Norwegian. He is a type of the modern pessimist. He started out from the plane which Thomas Hardy reached in *Jude the Obscure*, after a life spent in studying human nature. To him everything is bad, weak, false, hollow, and unsatisfying. There is nothing in love or friendship which deserves the attention of an intelligent being; nothing in social laws or religion or family ties or patriotic impulses that will stand the test of a searching analysis. He should take Apemantus' grace for his motto:

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never grow so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.

* * *

Nearly three centuries have elapsed since Shakespeare made Rosalind declare that love is a form of madness to be treated like other forms of insanity, with the darkened room and the whip; and now, in the American metropolis, philosophers are discussing the question whether "the intoxication of love" should not be classified with other forms of insanity and treated with drugs by alienists. The discussion has been provoked by the curious recurrence of cases in which young men and women, in the ecstasy of love, have taken their lives. We have had some such cases of late in this city.

* * *

Miss Rose Coghlan, being asked her opinion on the subject, says that she has known men who were madly in love with irresponsive girls, and who could neither throw off their passion, nor give it away, nor sell it, nor get rid of it in any way; such persons, she thinks, may fairly be considered insane. Their malady seems to be akin to alcoholism, and calls for a Keeley cure. A hospital exclusively intended for the reception of love-struck patients would be a novelty, to be sure; but this is an age of novelties.

* * *

There is a young lady in this city, beautiful, charming, and sweet-tempered, who, as the boys would say, has made such a mash on a perfect stranger that he is the bane of her life. He haunts the outer door of her house. He follows her in the street. When he finds her at a place of public amusement he glares at her with basilisk eyes. He has frequently tried to kneel at her feet in public, and to pour forth the torrent of his ungovernable passion. Her friends have had him arrested. He submits to his penalty, but on his liberation, he resumes the agony of his perfect love. Now this man is perfectly sane in every respect save his infatuation. Ought he not be considered a monomaniac? Yet he says that no woman's sides are strong enough to beat the wooing of so fierce a love as his.

* * *

Miss Marbury, who is nothing if not practical, says that the intoxication of love, if shared by the two objects, suggests a paradise rather than a madhouse, and that if the feeling is not shared, and the man goes round recounting his woes, an asylum might be built around him, though he might be successfully treated with a club, or another pretty girl. The latter treatment, on the principle of similia similibus, naturally suggests itself to the compassionate mind; though, in history and romance, rejected lovers who are really badly hit, generally acquire a disgust for other members of the sex.

The U. S. Mint at Philadelphia is coining gold at the rate of $150,000 a day. During the month of December $5,807,145 were coined, while the delivery thus far for the present month is $2,722,800. The greater part is being shipped to the sub-treasury in New York. Very little silver is handled, but the output of cents and five-cent pieces has been considerable.

The North Sea-Baltic Canal has stood the test of the first hard frost better than was expected. While navigation was completely stopped in the neighboring firths, sailing vessels passed through the canal without any impediment.

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

IN THE GOOD old pioneer days it was customary to celebrate the National Holiday with a grand banquet at Grass Valley. For that occasion the great men of the youthful State flocked to the little mining town—lawyers, and merchants, and miners—all those who had twenty dollars to purchase a ticket gathered there, and one heard oratory afterwards that was worthy the name. At the last of these Grass Valley spreads a curious episode occurred. As usual, the tables were spread under the oaks in the open, and in the seat of honor was the Governor, who acted as toastmaster. One by one the celebrated speakers of California rose at his behest, responding rhetorically to some patriotic sentiment. Some distance removed from the Executive's eye sat a big, thickset fellow, on whose face a bushy black beard conferred a most formidable expression. Evidently a person of importance, he waited for the Governor's summons to oratory, and by way of drowning impatience and disappointment, he took frequent draughts out of a beaker of whiskey. Finally, the long list was exhausted, and the Executive, rising, invited the gathering to sing "Auld Lang Syne." Convinced at last that he had wilfully been passed over, the stranger, with a fierce cry of "Halt," jumped on the table and strode toward the Governor. In the midst of his triumphant march he stopped, and raising his hand menacingly aloft, shouted.

"May be I'm not good enough to be asked to talk before yez all, and may be you don't know who I am."

"Who are you?" asked a little man in his vicinity.

"I'm the Grand Tioga of North America. I step from star to star, and hew the Universe."

* * *

The memory of the late Justice Baldwin of the State Supreme Court is preserved in many a good story. Years ago a cause of some moment was up before him on appeal from the decision of the lower court. The contest had been bitter, and, in his argument, the lawyer for the defense declared, with much solemnity: "Your Honor, I know of my own personal knowledge that Judge ——— received $5000 for rendering the decision from which we appeal."

Baldwin leaned over toward the excited advocate, and, in a low voice, whispered:

"Why didn't you offer him six?"

Completely surprised and off his guard, the lawyer, dropping his voice to the same key as the Judge's, replied:

"Because, your Honor, we didn't have the coin.',

* * *

CONSIDERING the gravity of the political situation, and the necessities of his revenge, one is permitted to wonder over the continued absence of Colonel Dan Burns. He remains in Mexico—presumably at the Candaleria, and matters of grave import are executed here without his participation. It seems the heirs of Abraham Powell, in whom the original Candaleria title was vested, have appealed from the first decision, which ratified the Colonel's possession. Powell, a lumber dealer of wealth and enterprise, bonded the mine when it was no more than an ancient hole in the ground, and his agents were instructed to complete negotiations. They neglected or refrained from doing so; the bond slipped through their fingers, and the Candaleria was snatched up by Burns. Powell accused his representatives of treachery, and brought the case into court. At that time the Powell interest made conditions in the environment very unpleasant. In Mexico possession is a title more valuable than right, and it is possible that if the great man were absent, now who knows but that a gang of marauders might not assume the control, and laugh at legal processes. Eventually, they would be ousted, but not without bloodshed and cost. With ownership and a decision already entered in his favor, the Colonel expects a secure title, and then, his base of supplies secured, will he enter politics. Apropos of the Candaleria, I believe it ranks among the large silver producers of the world. The ore, however, contains a fair proportion of gold, and it is the latter which enables the continuance of operations. Even though the white metal advances in value, its price is not yet high enough to warrant individual production, save, indeed, of a very high-grade rock.

* * *

Superintendent Daggett, who ranks as one of the skilled mining men of the State, has had his attention directed to the metallic zone of Mexico, and proposes investing and developing there on a broad scale. It is not impossible that he may transfer his attention to Mexico after his term in the Mint is ended, for he is convinced of the immense possibilities of the region. The second car of ore from the Santa Rosalie arrived some weeks ago, and netted some sixteen thousand dollars, I am told, which affords the stockholders a generous dividend on their investment. As an index of the process of reasoning which induced Mr. Daggett to invest in this Santa Rosalie, property, it is interesting to learn what was the evidence on which he purchased. In the environment of the mine are the remains of a town—houses, churches, and stores. For its existence this burg must have depended on the mine. Tradition ascribed to the Santa Rosalie great wealth, and the records of the church told that a congregation of peons with goat-skin bags contrived to keep down the water. No one claimed the property was exhausted. The Spanish owners had abandoned their rights because the water began to gain, and the peons were ineffective against the rising flood. Daggett calculated that with a large hand-pump he might keep the mine dry enough for working purposes, and the idea succeeded. He is developing the property rapidly, and the prospects all indicate a veritable bonanza.

* * *

A ROMANTIC episode in the career of the late Doctor James Ghislein, who died the other day at the Occidental, is of more than passing interest. He emerged from the Civil War with a fine record and the prestige of having served on Sherman's staff. A brilliant future opened before him and he would have had, in due course, the rank of Surgeon-General of the Army. Love intervened, however. He met at Washington a very handsome girl—the sister-in-law of ex-Minister Hirsch of Oregon, and was captivated by her physical and personal charms. She received his attentions with favor, for he was a man of distinction and character, but expressed a strong prejudice against marrying an army man. At first he declined to resign but she remained obdurate and returned to her home in Portland. He resisted for a time the violent temptation to follow, but it eventually mastered his judgment. Desperate, at last, he resigned, traveled post-haste to Portland, pressed his suit vigorously, but was rather coldly received. Alas, for the course of true love—three months later the lady, for whose hand Ghislein had renounced his career, was married to another, a younger, possibly a more attractive, man. It was a crushing disappointment but Ghislein rallied under it, and commenced the practise of his profession in Portland. He prospered exceedingly, soon had the best clientele in town, and, at his death, was worth several hundred thousand dollars. But he never married.

* * *

My story about the English children who had imbibed, contrary to the sentiment of their parents, a feeling of American patriotism, brought to my desk a dozen letters narrating incidents of similar character. The best story of the series concerns a well-known and very respectable English couple at San Mateo. They have a growing family of sturdy boys, at least two of whom are at school, but no attempt at political training has been made by either parent. Last Fourth of July the boys were celebrating with innumerable firecrackers and so much enthusiasm that Mrs. F——, thinking to point a moral, if nothing more, asked her eldest the reason of the general rejoicing, and if he really knew what holiday it was he made so much of.

"Why, mother, it's Fire-cracker Day, and every one shoots off fireworks and things," was the ingenuous answer of the little one.

"Don't you know, my boy, that it is the Fourth of July, the anniversary of the victory of the Americans and the defeat of the English army?"

The youngster reflected a moment; at last he said: "Then it's the day that *we* whipped you, mother."

* * *

ART IS IN the ascendant again. Not only has Keith sold pictures, but Peixotto is painting portraits to order. Reaser has lectured to such advantage in Oakland that he has been relieved of the necessity of painting. He has organized also a class of ten students to proceed to Holland under his personal conduct, which inaugurates a campaign against windmills, damsels, and dykes, without counterpart in our artistic annals. I am told Matthews employs his talent on an historic painting directed toward the Phelan prize. This afternoon Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan's collection of portraits and sketches will be on view in the rooms of the Art Students' League, and a little later the Sketch Club opens a "Black and White Exhibition," the first of its kind we have ever had here. More interesting, if only equally important, is the exhibition of Walter Stetson's pictures, which W. K. Vickery announces for next week. Mr. Stetson is an artist of distinct individuality, whose canvases have hitherto been displayed in New York.

* * *

Encouraging as this demonstration of artistic interest undoubtedly is, there are mitigating circumstances, such as the departure of Louis Heine, our foremost cellist, who goes East for the reputation he is denied here. Not that his talent lacks appreciation among the musicians, but there is considerable difference between recognition and celebrity. I have no doubt of the honors Heine will win in the East, and when he returns, a few years hence, the Bohemian Club will be tumbling over itself in an effort to do him honor. The difficulty with our community is that it distrusts its own judgment, and is quite without patriotism. It never acclaims aught that lacks the foreign stamp of approval. buys its pictures in Europe, though it has one of the greatest landscape artists in the world in its midst.

* * *

Confusion is no longer confined to the Democrats It has invaded the ranks of the Republicans. The clever trick by which a temporary victory was won over J. D. Spreckels has definitely split the party into hostile camps. Nothing that has happened in years has so awakened sleeping animosities, and as there is on both sides the quality of fighting blood backed by coin which contests bitterly for every advantage, one is safe in believing that fusion and combination are distant expectations. The situation in the Democracy is much better. Certainly the Junta represents the honest element of the party, while that which is led by Buckley is undoubtedly the corrupt and designing section which practises politics for its own ends. Thus there is a clean cut issue between good and bad. On the other side there is no such distinction. Good men are on both sides. Though Buckley may harass his opponents and attempt a diversion, in comparison to the Republicans the Democracy will present a united front. Undoubtedly, there will be consequences from the little entertainment of last Saturday afternoon—consequences its perpetrators had not the foresight to anticipate.

* * *

The proposed retirement of Chief Crowley, following closely after that of Inspector Byrne of New York, suggests an idea. These two men possess a larger knowledge of crime—as practised in the United States—than any two other men alive. They have known personally almost every great criminal, have learned all about his methods, have familiarized themselves with the devices by which he accomplished his ends and evaded detection. Crowley's mind must be a perfect encyclopedia of the criminal art. Why should he go to his grave without giving the public the benefit of his experience The memoirs of Patrick Crowley would command a large a sale as the best novel by Gaboriau. They would have as many readers in this country as the autobiographies of the great Paris *policiers* had in France. They would not only be intensely interesting they would be instructive, and would constitute a primer for chiefs of police. When Mr. Crowley retires he will have a period of leisure, during which, time may sometimes hang heavy on his hands. Suppose he turns it to account by dictating this story of his police experience to a typewriter.

* * *

The exactions of the Typographical Union promise to create trouble among the journals. When linotypes were first introduced there occurred a complete reorganization of the Union. Rules were made for the government of the operators, a rate of wage definitely settled, and eight hours set as the limit of a day's labors. Experience has shown the publishers that the exaction of these hours is more than the men can stand inasmuch as they are kept constantly at full speed In consequence they reduced the day to seven and one-half hours. Not content with this concession, the Union has reduced to the same limit the hours of foremen, proof and copy readers, and job hands, whose labors are in no sense as excessive as those of the operator. The action has created considerable feeling in the newspaper offices, and is resented as another exhibition of the tyranny of the labor unions.

THE WITNESS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE REAL PADEREWSKI.

ANOTHER PHASE OF THE GREAT PIANIST'S PERSONALITY.

Paderewski left us on Monday morning—left us regretfully. Not because of the fortune he carried away—over $40,000, I believe; not because of the enthusiasm of his audiences, because the population did not really develop excitement until the very last. Rather, he was sorry to go because he had thoroughly enjoyed himself in San Francisco. In an elaborate exposition of the great pianist, which appears in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, he appears as a musical bird of paradise, a sad-eyed, solemn creature, far removed from the attributes and characteristics of mankind. He is represented an ascetic—melancholy, sober, weary—brooding over the sorrows and disappointment of his early days, dissolving himself in music, and finding there oblivion and tranquillity. It is this aspect of the man which finds currency in the Eastern press. He is almost unapproachable; the interviewers come to his presence trembling and adoring; he is veritably a divinity, to be worshiped with awe and anxiety. My good fortune has enabled me to see something of Paderewski the man.

I met him first in his dressing-room at the California and found a gracious, alert, and magnetic being whose intelligence seemed as quick as his fingers. Quite unpretentious, he talked of men and books, of his audiences here and elsewhere, displaying a breadth of culture rare in one whose heart and soul are devoted to music. But not a trace of the icy ascetic; this was no melancholy Dane brooding over past sorrows, but a charming gentleman whose manner has that penetrating warmth which we call fascination. The agreeable and quite unexpected impression I had gained was deepened by the manner of the great pianist at Mr. Shortridge's banquet. He was full of vivacity that night, quick to recognize the point of the stories which floated round the table, appreciative of complimentary references and quite an accomplished trencherman. In English, which gained a rare touch from his foreign accent, he responded to a toast drunk in his honor and in the subsequent proceedings showed himself equal to all the emergencies of a banquet. It was the revelation of an interesting, an intense individuality, whose intelligence and powers were by no means exhausted by his musical attainments. That night he played at the request of Claus Spreckels, who preferred his petition in German, a language of which Paderewski is very fond. But he went to the piano unwillingly, complaining of the inability to do himself justice after a heavy meal.

A few nights later, Paderewski, Gorlitz, his secretary, and the writer dined at Martinelli's. We walked from the Palace along Montgomery Street, down to an Italian liquor store on Washington Street, where admirable cocktails and the best Chianti in town are sold. Thence up to the restaurant for dinner. It was late. We sat down hungry and tired, and devoured greedily the salads and hors d'œuvres that made their appearance. It was the first solid meal of the day for the artist. He had eaten an egg at noon, and a sandwich with a glass of porter after the performance that afternoon.

"What is the happiest moment in the every-day life of a man?" he asked. "Let us not consider love."

"The exaltation of success, the joy of attainment," I suggested.

"To me," he said, "it is the first bite of food after long abstinence—it unites the gratification of appetite with the sense of reward. I have worked hard and what I now eat I have earned."

We talked of all manner of things and people that night. Nothing escapes those quick blue eyes of Paderewski. Nor does a word or the shade of an expression elude his memory. He was especially taken with D. M. Delmas, whom he pronounced one of the most accomplished men he had ever known, and compared, in the range of attainments and the impressiveness of his manner, with Jules Ferry. Paderewski has one or two languages the advantage of the distinguished lawyer—the pianist speaks Polish, Russian, French, German, and English, together with a little Italian and certain Hungarian dialects. He is most easy and familiar in French and seems to prefer to converse in that tongue.

It was an excellent dinner we had that night, for the chef, in honor, of the distinguished guest, had exerted his talent to the utmost. Indeed, Paderewski insisted he had enjoyed at Martinelli's the best cooking in town. At each course he announced he would eat no more, but first the fish, then macaroni, at which both he and Gorlitz exclaimed, "Benissimo," later, the ravioli, and, subsequently, a squab and an omelet soufflé successively tempted him. We drank Italian wines—Chianti and Spumanti—which went admirably with the repast. Thence we wandered into Chinatown, examined the great temple, the Joss, and sat, until past midnight, drinking tea and listening to the weird strains of a Chinese orchestra, which iterated and reiterated its strange melancholy wailings to his great happiness.

The next gathering was at the Pup on Sunday night after the concert. He was very tired, for the labors of the week had been exhausting and he longed for rest and recreation. The conversation had a general range—music, the drama, Shakespeare. The pianist declared that his ideal Hamlet was that of a German actor whom he had seen in Dresden. Irving, he thought a man of genius. "Irving has moments of real inspiration" he declared. "The performance may drag along; you may rage against the artist's mannerisms but suddenly you hold your breath. You catch a look, an expression that electrifies, that elevates the impersonation out of the ordinary into art. It is the touch of inspiration, of real genius." D'Albert he regards as a great virtuoso but his playing lacks tenderness and feeling. As we retired—at a very early hour in the morning it was—he invited us to meet Marsick the following Wednesday night. The gathering was rather larger then, and included Donald de V. Graham, who immediately after dinner was escorted to the piano. He really sang delightfully, a charming little Creole melody captivating the two artists. Then Paderewski himself sat down and played an Adagio from one of Beethoven's Sonatas.

The final gathering of the series was on Friday night at the Cliff House, whence we drove in a four-in-hand through the Park. It was an imperial night—the full moon rising as we raced through the shadowy avenues, revealing silvery vistas incomparably beautiful. The view from the high balconies of the Cliff, the long beach shining in the white light, the snowy surges, the great dark expanse of water stretching to the horizon, the roar of the surf on the rocks beneath, made a memorable picture.

Hugo Gorlitz told me that Paderewski had thoroughly enjoyed his experience here—he had really entered into the enjoyment of living with more soul and gusto than elsewhere in America. He certainly proved an exhilarating, if a disturbing, influence in the lives of several rather staid and sober gentlemen. But his is an irresistible, an infectious, personality, and, when one knows the man, you are not surprised he makes a piano responsive.

ETC., JR.

M. F. MARSICK.

A CHAT WITH THE PARISIAN VIOLIN VIRTUOSO.

"When the waiting's done, will the music leap
At the bow's light touch, and from silence pass
With a swift, wild sweep, and a pulse of joy,
As a wild fire rides on the prairie grass?
Does it long to rise in the light free way
That the swallows sail in the summer air?
Does it dream of the time when its pleasure grew
Too strong and sweet for the strings to bear?

* * * * * * *

"I wonder, now
If the soul of a violin can cry:
Cry for the touch of the master hand
To free the music deep within."

Until I heard Marsick speak of his violin, as of something well beloved and almost personal, I never realized exactly the meaning of the phrase, "wedded to his art." Just now, the world seems addicted to the violinist. We have, on our own shores, Kivarde, Sauret, Ondricek, and Marsick, all men of note on this instrument, and across the water, the young Russian, Alexander Petschnikoff, a mere boy, and born a beggar, creating the wildest furor in music-loving and music-steeped Berlin. I am devoted to the violin myself, and I have longed to see one of these musical lights with my own eyes, and to hear with my own ears what he had to say of music generally, and the violin in particular. My opportunity came with Marsick's advent in this city. Foreigners dislike being interviewed. They are not accustomed to it, in their own country, and they do not understand it. However, a few polite remarks will usually produce the smile indulgent, and secure all we desire to find out.

Marsick lay back in his chair, hands behind his head—that head which has something leonine about it; large, powerful, and covered with a shaggy mane of iron-gray hair. It may be disappointing to know that it is impossible to ascribe to him the pale and sorrowful aspect generally attributed to musicians of note, or the unkempt, Bohemian appearance which most people believe to be the unmistakable mark of genius. On the contrary, Professor Marsick is alert and vivacious of manner, and bears the stamp of fastidiousness in his attire. His face is sensitive and refined; a trifle haughty, perhaps it is, more properly speaking, *masterful* in expression. In a crowd, I should select him as a man embodying great energy and will power; The middle face is unusually powerful—not in emotional qualities so much as in combative and concentrative points. His eyes are blue, keen, and kindly.

As he lay back in his chair, his head resting on his hands, clasped behind it, his eyes gazing into space, he said:

"The violin is the greatest of all instruments. It is not only the most difficult to handle, but one has actually *two* instruments to master in its study. You see," and he brought himself forward in his chair, caressing, as it were, a violin on his left arm, "I play one of them so—" deftly exercising his fingers on imaginary strings. "This is merely mechanism, tedious, monotonous, if you will, but absolutely necessary; but when I want to hear it speak, to draw out its very soul, I use the bow—so"—and with his right arm raised, he lifted the fancied bow, daintily, and drew it tenderly along the strings. "This constitutes an entirely different motion, which must be learned separately, and which creates the *voice* of the violin—the most human of all musical voices except the human voice itself. Few have the ability to make this voice speak. Many will make it ripple and gambol in a thousand fantasies, but few have the God-given power of speech. It cannot be acquired; it must be born in one. Ah," he sighed, as he dropped his hands to the arms of his chair, "only a few, here and there, now and then, have the great gift, like Vieuxtemps, *par exemple*."

"And what of Paganini," I ventured.

"Ah! Paganini—[illegible]—well, he had superlative technique, but he was not *virtuoso;* his was a marvelous acrobatic performance, a magnificent pyrotechnic display, but he lacked magnetism, soul, fire. Now, Vieuxtemps," he continued, "was all soul. I do not mean that he was lacking in technique—far from it; but he made the violin speak to you in such a way that you forgot everything else."

"They say it takes years to perfect oneself on the violin; is it true?" I asked.

"Ma foi, oui," he answered. "All oneslife it is unremitting study. I, myself, entered the Conservatory of Lieges at seven years of age—not to study the violin—[illegible]—as well as," "but for general musical education. My father was an amateur musician, and, as a child, I developed a decided taste for music. Before I was ten, I had taken a prize or two for singing and piano-playing; but I did not begin my work on the violin until I was ten."

"Why did you enter the Conservatory at Lieges? Has it any advantages over the others?

"Oh, no! but I was born in Lieges, in the very home of the violin," he replied.

"How is it the 'home of the violin?'" I asked.

"Well," he went on, "it is a mountainous and rugged country to begin with—uplifting and romantic in character. Then, it is on the border-land of Belgium and that Germanic land, where war and strife have held their sway many years; these several points furnish a thousand themes for composition. Besides, this border-land has produced some of the world's greatest violinists—Vieuxtemps, and others."

"Who do you think the greatest violinist of our time, Professor," I asked.

"Oh! Wieniawski," he replied, without a moment's hesitation. "After him," he continued, twirling his mustache vigorously, "there is Sarasate"—this with a gentle suggestion of shrug, as if he were not to be compared with the first-named—"and Sivori, and there is Joachim; but in earlier days, it was Vieuxtemps the immortal—for touch, soul, irresistible fire, he has had no equal."

"And do you find real appreciation of your art in this country?" I asked.

"Yes, yes"—this with a somewhat indulgent shrug. What would a Frenchman, or a Belgian, as in this case, do without his shrug? "Yes, among certain classes; but not so much in New York, or the East, as in the West. I like it better here. I do not care for the East—it is always business and money-making."

"More so than in the West?" I put in.

"Well, it is so all over your country n'estce pas? Always money, money," he replied.

It is amazing how persistently foreigners insist upon believing that we love our dollars better than all else, when we pour them so generously into their shekel baskets—so I said:

"But how should we get the other things, if we did not make the money. We are made to pay pretty high for them, too, sometimes."

"C'est vrai," he said, "there is something in that."

Then I chatted with him about the English language, and asked him if he found it difficult. He laughed, and said he was hardly competent to judge, as his vocabulary was limited to "how are you?" and "all right"; and, as a knock came at the door just then, I said "good-by" in English, which he repeated, adding, however, with true French politesse, "et, au revoir."

E. D. H.

THE VEILED LADY.

One evening, as Don Manuel, a young cavalier who had come to Madrid to attend the festivities in honor of the baptism of the Infanta, was walking along the street, with his hands on his sword-hilt and his cloak wrapped about him like one in quest of armorous or other adventures, a closely veiled lady, shrouded in a black mantle, suddenly emerged from a house as if in desperate flight.

At sight of Don Manuel, she ran up to him and said: "If you are in truth, Senor, as you appear to be, a cavalier of rank, you will save a lady whose honor and life are both in danger. I have narrowly escaped being surprised by my husband in a compromising situation at the house of one of his friends, of whom he is absurdly jealous. I had only time to seize my cloak and rush for the door. He is following me. Detain him at all hazards, I implore you! If he overtakes me I am a dead and a dishonored woman."

"Trust to me, and fly," said Don Manuel.

He calmly took a seat before the house, and the lady disappeared.

Soon the door opened, and out rushed a man in a disordered dress and a violent passion, swearing and gesticulating wildly.

"Senor," said Don Manuel, bowing very politely and deliberately, "in view of the fact that I have only been in Madrid a few days, it is not at all surprising that I have lost my way in your city, whose size is only equaled by its beauty. You will have the great goodness, I hope, to show me the way to Calle San Bernardino, where it is my good fortune to be awaited by a young lady, who is well disposed toward me and who has promised to open her window as soon as her duenna shall have fallen asleep."

"Let me pass!" cried the other. "Can't you see that I am in a great hurry?"

"But so am I, for the young lady who is awaiting my coming has the most beautiful eyes in the world. But you, perhaps, have some scruples about aiding me in a love affair? I can only admire the delicacy of your feelings, and I am quite desirous of gaining the friendship of so virtuous a gentleman. Never mind the Calle San Bernardino, but at least be good enough to direct me to some church containing relics of peculiar sanctity. I should be glad to pass in prayer the night which I was about to be wicked enough to devote to less pious uses."

"Go to the devil, and let me pass."

"What? You will assist me neither in love nor in devotion?"

"By St. Jago!" exclaimed the exasperated husband, "I believe you are making game of me!"

"If I had been in your place," coolly returned Don Manuel, "I should have discovered that long ago."

Then they drew their swords, and fought like tigers. Their swords flashed and clashed for a long time, for the combatants were brave and well matched.

"The veiled lady," thought Don Manuel, "has surely had time to reach a place of safety."

At this instant his adversary's sword penetrated deeply into his left breast, and he fell to the ground with a loud groan.

"God have mercy on your soul!" exclaimed the victor, turning on his heel.

"One word!" entreated Don Manuel, rallying. "The lady of whom you are in pursuit—is she young and beautiful?"

"How does that concern you?"

"It concerns me greatly. I should be sorry to die for an old hag with yellow eyes and a mustache."

"Know then that Donna Anna is just twenty years old and the most beautiful woman in Madrid."

"Then I die happy!" cried Don Manuel, and his eyes closed forever.—*From the French of Catulle Mendes.*

BEARDSLEY'S QUARTERLY.

THE MORALS AND MANNERS OF "THE SAVOY."

So this is *The Savoy*—the much-abused, generously denounced *Savoy*—edited and illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, full of contributions from decadent artists and poets. Will my morals survive the shock of opening this pink volume, whose cover presents a gigantic Diana of the Crossways, gazing disdainfully out upon the world, accoutered in an archaic riding-habit, a hunting whip in her gauntleted hand. Before her strides gleefully a tiny Cupid, and behind there is an Italian garden of Queen Anne's time, with inky foliage, a temple, and a sun dial. I breath freely—thus far I am safe. Now for the title page—a characteristic Beardsley production—curtains in flowing lines, candlesticks, and two Japanesque females in strange apparel, decorated with floral wreathes—grotesque, undoubtedly, but very graceful. Next, a huge George III. of a man—an impressive caricature of the typical John Bull, attired in the flowing folds of an immense cloak, ushers the contents table into view.

But let us continue to look at the pictures. First comes the reproduction of a pencil drawing, exquisitely soft and delicate, by Shannon; then "Mandoline," a curious picture by Chas. Conder. I am not up to Conder. But here is a drawing of Regent Street in the fine lines and dextrous touches of Joseph Pennell. Another Beardsley—the "Three Musicians," or rather two of them; the "Polish Pianist" does not appear. Where is the wickedness here? "They are all sensualists these women embodied in Beardsley's fine lines"—you say—"their lips and eyes are carnal." To me, they are merely grotesque, fantastic, often graceful. Look at the slender, dainty foot that peeps from beneath the cobwebby filaments of the lady's gown—who else has a touch so light, so fine? Bathers at Dieppe? Surely there is no incitement to the senses here; it is weird, preposterous, but not seductive. Next, I find a reproduction of F. Sandy's admirable picture of Harold—a tragic figure—illustrating Pennell's "Golden Decade in English Art." Here is a caricature of Beerbohm Tree, the well-known actor. I'll defy any one to find aught decadent in the charming group which follows—"The Norwegian Painter and His Family." The head of a woman, a clever study full of a mystic individuality, looks at me out of eyes that are brooding, rather than amorous.

And here is the "Flight of the Wild Ass" from Voltaire's La Pucelle, etched by Will Rothenstein—a curious affectation that introduces us again to Beardsley, this time the illustrator of his own novel, "Under the Hill." It is the hero, the Abbé Fanfreluche, who confronts us first—the most fantastic of figures—a mixture of Beau Brummel and Count D'Orsay—strangely, wildly becloaked, plumed—the very realization of an eighteenth century prince. Next appears Helen at her toilet, surrounded by figures more fantastic and ingenious than Doré ever embodied. She it is who is so adorably tall and slender, and whose legs are so divinely long.

Thus far my morals are intact. It is undeniable that they are affectations, these strange drawings—that they are meaningless and grotesque, that the faces are those familiarized by gargoyles, that the suggestion of Japanese effects is irresistible. But there is nothing debased or obscene or unpardonable. The prime offense of which Aubrey Beardsley stands convicted is his illustration of Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." His figures and faces have none of the rotundity of outline, the amorous fulness which is commonly associated with seduction. He is certainly singular, but his talent is undeniable. As for the letter press, his novel is but a fantastic fairy tale—high flown, extravagant, chimerical, resembling in the style of its imagery and the cumulation of similes, the fairy stories of Oscar Wilde. It is really very poetic, very imaginative, but makes for no purpose or object, save oddity. The leading contribution is from the pen of George Bernard Shaw, the well-known critic and dramatist, who writes a whimsical essay on "On Going to Church"—suggesting that this relaxation be not denied a man merely because he declines the accepted theories of faith. Frederic Wedmore contributes one of his subjective studies, "To Nancy"—full of an etherealized sentiment, laid in with the utmost refinement of phraseology, in a style reminiscent of Pater's. Ernest Dowson's "Eyes of Pride" is a well-turned story, with considerable constructive value. Arthur Symons writes gracefully of Dieppe, and W. B. Yeats, the new poet, contributes a pretty Celtic tale and two poems. There is much else—a Study of Zola, a paper on criticism by Selwyn Image, a poem by Mathilde Blind—all matter of high literary standard, but in no sense suggestive. ORACLE K. B.

NEW BOOKS.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY'S ESSAYS.

"No man can so write of poetry without having the secret of it." This is what John Vance Cheney says of Emerson, and it applies, in a measure, also to himself, as seen in his *Dome in Air* or "Thoughts on the Poets and Poetry." A poet himself, he reads with rare insight the poetry of others. From Wordsworth to Whitman, his attitude is sympathetic, not superior.

The Relation of Poetry to Life impresses on us again the fact that religion is the creation of the poets, and that just so surely as the world must always have religion, must it also have poetry and poets. "Our history and our literature, sacred and secular, rest on folk-lore, which is always suffused with poetry, luminous with it, and a minstrelsy, which is song itself." In relation to science, Mr. Cheney points out that the cold facts are of no value to the great mind and heart of man, until the poet changes them by his wondrous alchemy into pure gold. He might have added that the greatest poet, like Goethe, is also the greatest scientist. The style of this essay is full of charm, more poetical than much that passes as poetry. Such expressions, for example, as "the fresh, astonished outlook of the child-man," or this fine sentence, "This sea of happy imaginings, rich with the rose and gold of the rising sun, stretching betwixt us and the old shores of the unknown—this sea is poetry, and it was by the sound of its waters, and in the shine of their waking brightness, that the records of man began." In the other essays the writer seems to catch the style of the poet whom he criticizes, to some extent. The criticism itself is excellent. Of Emerson, Mr. Cheney says: "Sight, imagination, and inspiration standing foremost among his gifts, Emerson was a seer, a reporter, a mighty applier of ideas to life." He finds, with keen insight, the lack of depth in the brilliant Lowell, and his essay on Whittier makes us think of Ambrose Bierce's remark, that "he dared not tell this generation how great a poet Whittier really was." I. W.

[*That Dome in Air*, John Vance Cheney. McClurg & Co., publishers, Chicago. Price, $1.25.]

After playing Mr. Tyrawley an infinity of detestable tricks, Fate finally makes him heir to a millionaire and the husband of the adorable Nina St. Just. That is the admirable culmination to which the *Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley* refers. He is introduced as an Apollo of a fellow—the type of Ouida's guardsmen—over six feet in height, wavy hyacinthine hair, the complexion of a girl, and the thews of an athlete—the very devil of a chap. But he is terribly down on his luck, makes a precarious living at cards and billiards, hates it, being a gentleman at heart, and is moved to reform by Nina St. Just. The story, which is rather long for the plot, concerns itself with this profligate's redemption. His reputation pursues him relentlessly for some months but he finally tries costermongering in London, fits up a fruit store and is then delivered unto the millionaire as a long lost nephew. Then the scene is changed from orange-selling to luxurious dwelling in silken chambers with wedding bells in immediate prospect.

[Harper & Bros., publishers.]

The irrepressible Richard Harding Davis has been touring for Harper's publications among the Spanish-American Republics, and records his impressions in *Three Gringos in Venezuela*. One is not impressed with the depth of his observations, nor with the elegance of his literary manner. He is not a Pierre Loti, nor have his tropical descriptions the color and splendor of those in which Lafcadio Hearns typified the beauty and glamour of the West Indies. There is an easy flow to the style; a pleasant, genial babbling murmur, which entertains, while it does not instruct. An element of human interest is always woven into the narrative, and one reads his geography—for it is really a species of geography—as though it were a really a story book. It may be Richard Harding Davis did not tell all he knew about President Crespo, about the Lottery, or about Honduras, but he produces the impression that you are the participant of all his wisdom. You see as much of Venezuela as a properly regulated curiosity ought to demand, and it must be admitted that the story of the lottery especially is done with good coloring and cleverness. It quite escapes the literalness and factitiousness of the ordinary journalist.

[Harper & Brothers, publishers.]

The Spinsters' Scrip is discouraging reading for male or female on the verge of matrimony. It is a species of birthday-book, or year-book, with quotations upon the holy state, the majority satirical, the rest ironic, and all detestable from the point of view of a man in love. The extracts are highly modern, which is an admirable characteristic, and are drawn from J. M. Barrie, George Meredith, Stevenson, Tennyson, Kipling, Marion Crawford, and Zangwill, with a few of the older men sandwiched in to fill up the holes. Altogether, in the little oblong volume, one finds a body of matter at once amusing and entertaining, cleverly compiled, and directed with a fine eye toward the minimizing of Leap Year audacities.

[Macmillian & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.]

The idea of *A Self-Denying Ordinance*, by M. Hamilton, is the self-denial of a young maiden in a too quixotic determination to save from ruin the lover who threatens to go farther astray than he has already gone, which is quite far enough, Heaven knows. Her sacrifice consists of her entire self, and she surrenders the fearful price ungrudgingly, though without the inspiration of respect for the beneficiary. The latter, after having engaged himself to her, runs away with another woman, and a disgusting *liaison* ensues. It is at this point on his road to the devil, just beyond this escapade's termination, that the wonderful guardian angel of his former attachment steps in and offers herself as a stem to his wayward drifting. With all his first ("and only!") love revived, he embraces salvation and the girl—most consciously the girl—and starts out at the end of the book to be a better man.

[D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.]

THE MAGAZINES.

Surely, Harriet Prescott Spofford wrote "The Godmothers" to fit the beautiful pictures which are presumed to illustrate it. In the March number of the *Cosmopolitan*, I find a series of charming ladies in archaic gowns, each from the brush of some well-known artist; by themselves an admirable feature, but sadly misrepresented by Miss Spofford. I tried hard indeed to realize the sense of her allegory, but she was too much for me. More interesting is Adam Badeau's article on "The Mystery of Grant," in which there is a successful effort at suggesting a peculiar feature of Grant's individuality, and the strange contrasts which his career presents. His life was made up of the most tremendous successes and the saddest failures, and the explanation seems to have been that he required a cataclysm, virtually, to make him efficient. At thirty-nine, Grant was a little store-keeper in Galena; at fifty he directed a negotiation which averted a war between England and America. The contrast is set forth in an entertaining way, and gives an impression of the bent and tendency of the great General's genius. Jokai's "Last Mass" is hardly an effective study, though the great Hungarian did write it. But Californians will find much to interest them in "Upland Pastures," a description of sheep herding in Mendocino County, which Grace Hudson has cleverly illustrated. There are some excellent halftones of Russian River scenery, and one finds the descriptions very pretty. From an artistic point of view, the finest picture is undoubtedly Albert Sterner's "At Twilight," quite the prettiest colored illustration I have seen in a magazine, except, perhaps, a Japanese picture by Blum, which *Scribner's* presented a year or so ago.

Ninetta Eames, who writes of "Upland Pastures" in the *Cosmopolitan*, supplies to the March *Harper's Monthly* an essay on Arcadian Bee Ranching, in which appear some excellent descriptions of the mountain scenery of Southern California. The ranch described is in the foothills near Ventura, being situated in the Cañon of the Sespe. Colonel Washington is the latest American hero for literary treatment, and one gathers from the article by Woodrow Wilson considerable information about his youth, education, and early career. Besides all this, one can follow Caspar Whitney on "Snowshoes to the Barren Ground," and go to China with Julian Ralph, whose story, "The Boss of Ling-Foo," is entertaining reading. There are also "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," "The German Struggle for Liberty," and a good yarn by Owen Wister.

The March *Godey's Magazine* has a liberal allowance of pictures. This journal runs to brief stories and articles plenteously illustrated. There is much to read and much to interest, though it cannot be said the literary value of the various articles is of particular moment. The latest issue presents a Life of Cecil Rhodes, Pranks of Nature, a Biography of Jagurina, the champion feminine fencer of the world, whom we learn is a resident of Southern California.

Of the literary publications, *The Bookman* is easily first. Its literary gossip is the most interesting that is published. One learns from it what all the litterateurs are at, whence they come, and the wherefore of their attitude. Besides the gossip, one finds in the March issue an article about Gabriel d'Annunzio, the Italian poet-novelist, by Frederick Taber Cooper. H. C. Bunner considers Brander Matthews. George Gissing's *Odd Woman* figures among the "neglected books." A number of interesting novels are reviewed. There is some charming poetry, an installment of *Kate Carnegie*, Ian Maclaren's new novel, and the usual chronicles of the book trade.

The March *Pocket Magazine* presents as its main feature a story by Brander Matthews, which won the second prize in the Bacheller competition. The "Twinkling of an Eye" is a fairly good yarn, but the editor of *The Pocket Magazine* ought not to lose sight of the fact that it has been made familiar by frequent publications. First, in the New York *Herald*, later in *Chapman's Magazine*, and it is now to be had with Miss Wilkins's story, "The Long Arm," in book form. The booklet contains also a poem by Kipling, stories by Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Robert W. Chambers. It is certainly worth ten cents.

The March *Current Literature* reprints the *Saturday Review's* critique of *The Red Badge of Courage;* a fine chapter entitled "Chonita's Surrender," from Gertrude Atherton's *Doomswoman*, and "Q's" charming "Visit to the Gunnel Rock," surely a most graceful and delightful idyll. It also reprints a capital article from THE WAVE describing a vintage on a California vineyard. It is impossible even to briefly catalogue the variety of articles which this journal contains, but it is certainly full of most entertaining and readable material.

The life of Cardinal Manning continues to be a theme of controversy in the English literary journals. Cardinal Vaughan has called the biography a crime, and its author a betrayer of confidences. It cannot be said, however that Purcell told more than the truth, for his statements are all substantiated by letters and documents whose authenticity is beyond question. The secret history of the work indicates revenge. Manning, it seems, induced the author to invest a certain amount of money in a Catholic periodical called *The Weekly Register*. Like many another paper of its kind, the *Register* prospered not. Purcell lost all his money, and by way of recompense the prelate confided to him diaries and notes with a view of compiling a biography. The executors, in their turn, entrusted Purcell with all the manuscripts and papers which formed the Cardinal's effects, but omitted to make it a condition that the author should submit the proposed life to them when completed. The manner in which Purcell has utilized his material is undoubtedly open to severe censure. He has reprinted all the uncomplimentary refereuces contained in the private letters of the dead Cardinal, in communication with his ecclesiastical subordinates and superiors. Letters dealing with the most private matters are presented without comment, and undoubtedly the character of the great prelate is presented in its most unfavorable light. The executors now announce that they intend to publish a new life upon their own account; but this plan must result in aggravating rather than minimizing the mischief already done.

Mary Abbott, in the *Times-Herald*, points out a curious resemblance between the plot of Molly Elliott Seawell's novelette, which won the New York *Herald's* $3000 prize, and a certain short story in *Household Words*, entitled "The Way I Made My Fortune," published in 1851. Of course, the suggestion is that Mrs. Seawell obtained her idea from the tale in question, and as the details are by no means dissimilar, the accusation may be well founded. Still, it was not because of the excellent plot that the prize was awarded, but on account of the literary treatment—the verve and smartness of the narrative and the piquancy of the dialogue. What matters it if some obscure penman did present an idea similar to the basis of Mrs. Seawell's? Events are continually reproducing themselves. If one artist can give a better setting to a subject another has treated, why deny the privilege?

James Whitcomb Riley has retired from the lecture platform. He gives as his reasons, continually recurring stage fright and a strong aversion to travel. Familiarity with strange audiences and frequency of public appearance did not relieve his nervous tremors, and he suffered as acutely at his last lecture as at the first. Besides, he was utterly unable to understand a railway time-table, and lacking the sense of locality was continually being lost in strange cities.

The Sunday *Herald* contained an admirable essay on Dumas fils, by Henry James, done in the finest manner of this clever writer.

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THE THEATERS.

WARDE AS KING LEAR—CANFIELD AS A FUNMAKER.

This week has added something to Warde's reputation, but not enough, I fancy, to console him for the empty houses he has faced. On the whole, "King Lear" seems, to an outsider, to have been produced mainly for the good of John C. Hickey, for nobody else has gained much by it, while he undeniably made a decided hit as the Fool. I have seldom seen one so artistic and melodious, or more to my fancy; but does it not occur to you that something must be wrong when the Fool is the star in "King Lear"?

To criticise Shakespeare is to lay oneself open to unpleasant accusations, yet I must say that the first act of "Lear" seems to me to need re-writing. I believe that the great William left it much as it was in the old play, which furnished the foundation of his own, for I always have the feeling (even after making due allowance for his age and probably tottering mind) that the King's wrath is all out of proportion to its cause, and that his belief in Regan and Goneril's high-flown expressions of love is preposterous. Still, so the great master has left it, and so Warde acts it, without more ranting and fury than are customary, but with entirely too much to have been excited by such words as:

> "Unhappy that I am,
> I cannot heave my heart into my mouth."

and:

> "You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I
> Return those duties back as are right fit,
> Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
> Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
> They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
> That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
> Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
> Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
> To love my father all."

And this was said, remember, in "a voice ever soft, gentle, and low." Like Lear, Warde is much cleverer out of his mind than in it. As the mad King, he is excellent; as the angry one, mediocre. In the second act, there is one passage which particularly needs his attention. When Regan orders him to return to Goneril, and says, "Say you have wrong'd her, sir," and he replies:

> "Ask her forgiveness?
> Do you mark how this becomes the mouth:
> 'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
> Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
> That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food,"

he failed, it seemed to me, to make the sarcasm of his answer clear. When he kneeled, it had too much the look of an appeal to Regan, rather than an ironical adoption of the attitude she advised him to assume toward Goneril. Taken as a whole, the performance was very fair, though Ernest C. Warde's Oswald was rather improbable, and Fanny Gillitie's Cordelia was anæmic, and her emotion hollow and unreal.

Of course "A Railroad Ticket" is merely "a diversion played on a penny whistle," but it keeps one awake; it will wile away an idle hour. It has no plot, or at least so little that it could never be very much in anybody's way, and did not trouble Canfield and his company at all; they seemed never to think about it, and are altogether the most irresponsible set of fun-makers imaginable. Their abandon is delightful. "What do we care about a plot, or for rhyme or reason; let us kick up our heels and be merry." Without Robert Canfield they would be like a butterfly without wings. He constantly lifts them out of the quagmire of dulness into the region of fresh and infectious fun; they flutter or fall flat with him, and he carries the whole thing on his shoulders. The responsibility does not weigh him down, however; he seems absolutely unconcerned, and as cool and calm as a cucumber; there is no effort. "I just happened to be funny, that's all. I did not mean anything by it," he seems to say with his mild and rather apologetic blue eyes. The women in the outfit are quite attractive, Hattie Waters being the handsomest. She is a wholesome looking girl with a good figure, better features, and fresh lips which part over very regular and beautifully white teeth. Her face lacks the vivacity which some of her companions possess, and her voice, nasal and flat, is enough to undo the charms of a Circe. The unfortunate housemaid, Sallie Stembler, may, in time, do something in the comic line, for her mirth is infectious and she managed to look charmingly absurd, with her gorgeous hat over her eyes and the black smudges on her cheeks, after her unpremeditated descent into the cellar. When you have observed these things, and listened to the songs of the professors, there is not much left to please except a remarkably well filled pair of red stockings (belonging to Huldah, or Lou, I forget which), and little Mattie Lockette's pretty violet-trimmed petticoats.

It is an amusing enough little absurdity, but one grows tired of oscillating between amusing twaddle and imperfectly put on Shakespearian dramas. When are we to have a Daly, a Frohman, or a French who will spend thirty, twenty, or seventeen thousand dollars on a Shakespearian revival, or a new play, and protect it from the Katie Putnams, the Marie Wainwrights, and the Nellie McHenrys of the profession. We can endure being ignored by Duse, the Nethersole, and other celebrities, but to have all the failures, the feebleminded, and vulgar pretenders thrust upon us is insufferable. We ought to refuse to become a home for incurables. Between the first and the last day of May all the large Eastern cities are to be treated to "The Rivals," with Joseph Jefferson, Crane, Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson, Mrs. John Drew, and Julia Marlowe in the cast. Think of it. We considered ourselves lucky a few years ago to see it given by Jefferson James and Mrs. Drew. Of course we will miss it, but there is some consolation to be gotten out of the five dollars which they say is to be asked for each orchestra seat.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A rattling good fun-maker is "The Railroad Ticket" at the Columbia. It has no real dramatic merit, but serves as a conveyance for several good specialty stars, who are at their best in the various parts assigned to them. Canfield is noticeably good in his line of work, and Mattie Lockette does a pretty wing dance. There is a good male quartet, and several song and dance features, which go well. Next Monday "The Wicklow Postman" will be presented.

Morosco's has reveled in another lurid melodrama, the scenic effects of which were an important feature, and were successfully managed without hitch or accident. The Company played well, Mr. Benrimo giving a bit of character acting as Denkle, which was a surprise, and must have been a pleasure to those of his friends who witnessed it. Miss Tittell, who is young, good-looking, and natural, continues to improve. She dresses well, and speaks clearly and distinctly, but is sometimes a little perfunctory in some of her lines. Otherwise, her work is good and promises much. Gilbert and Goldie furnished their share of the fun, during the week, between the acts, and made a hit. "The Silver King," by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, will be given next week at this house.

Madame Materna who accompanies Ondricek, the court violinist of Austria to this Coast, was Wagner's ideal heroine as Isolde, Elizabeth, and Ortrud. She sat under the instructions of the great master, and it was he who taught her to sing his music, and also taught her why it should be sung in a certain fashion; he took her into the secrets of his mind, and added much to the certainty, the force, the dramatic quality, that make her the great singer she is. Ondricek himself, is spoken of by many of the leading journals of the world, as incomparably the most gifted and accomplished violinist of to-day, or since Wilhelmj. Mr. Isidore Luckstone, the well-known English composer and pianist, will also accompany Ondricek to this city. They will give two concerts at the Auditorium, under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., March 12th and 14th. The prices charged will be less in San Francisco than charged in any of the cities of the East. A reception will be given to Ondricek, Materna, and Mr. Luckstone upon their arrival at the Palace Hotel, March 11th.

Paderewski's father was a Polish patriot, who was banished to Siberia in 1863. After many years he was allowed to return, and his broken spirit is another of the burdens the young musician has to carry.

The De Fillippis from Le Moulin Rouge, at Paris, have favored the Orpheum audiences with a good bit of dancing, entitled "Sur le Boulevard," this week. There are some other new faces there, also,—among them the Andersons in their rough plantation sketches, and two travesty stars, Norma Wills and Montie Collins, in a little sketch called "Pygmalion and Galatea-up-to-Date," who have scored hits. Some champion club-swingers and jugglers have also added interest to the program.

Carleton's Opera Company, at the Alcazar, has furnished lovers of music with some very good entertainment this week in two operas. The first three nights of the week, "Fra Diavolo" was presented, with Carleton as the Fra, which suited him well. Miss Rena Atkinson made a very pretty Zerlina, and Hamilton and Ricketts provided plenty of fun. The last days of the week the company provided a change of bill in "The Bohemian Girl," which was prettily staged and well sung.

Rumors are afloat that Maurice Barrymore has signed a contract with W. A. Brady, by which he will star next season under the latter's management. The play used is one of Mr. Barrymore's own composition, entitled "Roaring Dick and Company," a strong society drama. Barrymore will play Roaring Dick, a part similar to Captain Swift.

February 28th the Bostonians celebrated the two thousandth performance of "Robin Hood," at the Broadway Theater, with Reginald de Koven leading the orchestra and Harry B. Smith as stage manager.

The management of the Baldwin announce Hoyt's farce comedy, "A Milk White Flag," for next Monday. To-morrow night, Marsick, the violinist, will give a grand orchestral concert at the Baldwin Theater. Seats from 50 cents to $1.00.

"Rip Van Winkle" has proved a drawing card at the Tivoli this week. The title role is one of Hartman's best—and Carrie Roma's reappearance has been greeted with enthusiasm by her old friends, who find her voice much improved. Little Gertie Carlisle and Pearl Landers make pretty features of the play as Hans and Meenie. The next opera will be "The Hoolah."

Mme. Patti was asked recently whether she intended to return soon to the United States, and, according to a reporter of the Paris *Figaro*, her answer was. "I am never going back to America. It is too fatiguing. Mr. Pratt of Chicago offered me $200,000 for forty concerts, but I would not accept it."

Every time Mme. Calvé appears at the Metropolitan Opera House she receives $1500. She has under consideration a proposition from Oscar Hammerstein to return to America next season to give fifty performances of Carmen through all the great cities. He offers her $2400 for each performance, or $120,000 in all—terms which Patti alone excelled, and alone justified. But not one of these artists ranks against Paderewski whose tour this season will net him at least $200,000.

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SPLASHES.

THE MATRONS of to-day who would rank as successful entertainers, do not judge of their ability by the appreciation lent their efforts by clubmen, but, rather, by the attention tendered them by the débutantes. Bereft of her illusions ere she is half-way through her teens, as captious as a dyspeptic, and critical as an unappreciated author, the débutante of the waning of the century requires a continuous round of novelty. The entertainment that pleased to-day, to-morrow palls—the success of yesternight becomes the failure of the morrow. One must be audacious, indeed, to attempt to dine a débutante, as it requires not alone a most artistically devised menu, but some post-prandial surprise. To sit around, sing a little, and pass an hour in conversation is voted a bore. This exotic of our day demands to be amused, regards conversation as an anachronism, amateur performances an abhorrence. To please these modern damsels the dinner dance and the theater party were inaugurated. But these are now entered among the list of the Twice-Told-Tale series, and are succeeded by the Cliff House supper, the final achievement of the enterprising matrons. After the consumption of a lengthy dinner the matron, accompanied by a bevy of maids and men, boards the cars or a four-in-hand for the Cliff House, where, having whetted their appetites by strolling around and contemplating the beauties of the ocean, they partake of an elaborate supper, and then return to town. With the approach of spring the popularity of these parties will be redoubled, and some of the buds are suggesting the advisability of starting a coaching line to the Cliff, as it would be much more fun than riding on the cars with the oi polloi. Mrs. Davis gave one of these dinners last week to a party of young people, and, later, they went out to the Cliff and had a splendid time. I hear of numberless similar affairs in contemplation, so we are compelled to conclude that the dinner of the future will be incomplete without this culmination.

* * *

Society seems to have settled down to its customary Lenten calm. Prevailing dissipations are of the mildest kind. There have been a few dinners, a luncheon or two, and an occasional card party, but with the departure of Paderewski, the last legitimate excuse for a theater party vanished. Of the dinners, an unusually pretty pink dinner was given by Mrs. W. E. Dean, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Woodside MacBride of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. MacBride are on their way to Japan, where Mr. Mac Bride has large interests in the tea plantations. Another large dinner was given by Colonel Fred Crocker to Baron and Baroness Von Eng'emuller, on Friday evening. Of the minor events are the Timothy Hopkins dinner, the Samuel Knight card party, a very informal affair, and the luncheon given by Mrs. Robert Fry in honor of Miss Sherwood of Tacoma.

* * *

In spite of the number of children who are seemingly indulged, children's parties are rare events. Whether it be because parents in general dread the noise of the little ones, or whether they doubt their ability to amuse them, the fact remains that these affairs are as far between as angels' visits. It is undoubtedly quite an undertaking, as the children are apt to quarrel, to get hurt, and meet with countless woes; besides, there is always the danger of their over-eating and being laid up for the ensuing week. Apropos of children's parties, an enterprising matron who has several offspring gave a Christmas party in San Jose, and no less than eleven of her youthful guests caught the whooping-cough. It appears that one of the children had already contracted the disease, and speedily affected the crowd. A very large and successful party was given by Mrs. Fry to her little son, Douglas, on Thursday afternoon. About seventy-five children were invited, and spent the time playing games and at the Punch and Judy show, which caused them great amusement.

* * *

MOST IMPRESSIVE was the gathering of foreign celebrities at Burlingame on Saturday. Frenchmen, Austrians, and Italians gave quite a cosmopolitan air to the assemblage that witnessed the steeplechase. Baron Von Englemuller and his handsome wife, Count Cini, Raoul Duval, De Beckmore, and Marsais, together with the young Lazards, formed an imposing European contingent. And those whose French was less than perfect, found themselves out of the general conversation. Indeed, the prevailing talk that day was a strange mingling of Ollendorff, Meisterschaft, and other methods. However, the steeplechase was a rattling good show. It was over the same course as that of last week, and was handily won by Harry Simpkins on Aladdin, though Raoul Duval, on Galloping Dick, gave him a hard tussle. The prize was a beautiful and very expensive loving cup presented by the Duke D'Abruzzi, whose generosity is certainly not the least commendable of his characteristics. He must have expended nearly $2000 on cups for the benefit of Burlingame. This one goes to Dick Tobin, I assume, since both Aladdin and Galloping Dick are his property. By the way, the foreigners pronounced Simpkins's riding admirable, and overwhelmed both Tobin and himself with congratulations. Walter Hobart destroyed his chances of success by the manner in which he rode Brandy in the start. He took his fences with a terrific dash and rush, and winded his pony before the course was half completed. The race was quite a pretty one altogether, and had as its audience half of San Mateo County, besides the Burlingame Clubites in numbers.

* * *

Altogether, Saturday was a great day at Burlingame. The entertainment commenced with a scratch pigeon shoot in which members alone participated. At lunch the crowd divided itself off into parties. Dick Tobin had a number of foreign celebrities. Fred Crocker had Baron and Baroness Von Englemuller. The Baroness is a tall, handsome blonde, a member of a swell Polish family. Joe Grant entertained Prince Luigi, together with a number of friends. And Walter Hobart had Miss Williams, Miss Hobart, and Miss Alice Hoffmann, whom he drove down from town on his drag. Later on in the afternoon there was an exciting polo game, won after a severe tussle by the team composed of Lawson, Simpkins, Hobart, and Thomas.

* * *

Among the notable foreigners in town are Raoul Duval, who is well known throughout America as the representative of Dagoret Champagne. He is accompanied this trip by De Beckmore and Marais, who are wine merchants on a large scale in Paris, and are here on business and pleasure. Teddy Holden, a London wine merchant and well known in the smart set, has returned, after seeing the California elephant. He was especially delighted with his visit to Del Monte.

* * *

Willie Macdonough is receiving congratulations on the latest addition to his stable, a colt by Ormonde out of the celebrated mare Jongleuse. The offspring is a frisky, brisk, and healthy horselet, with all the indications about limbs, head, and shoulders of his aristocratic breeding. By the way, three other colts by Ormonde are expected this season.

* * *

THE TOPIC under discussion around the tea-tables is the engagement of Miss Hannah Williams and Mr. Walter Hobart. Rarely has any betrothal caused so much genuine satisfaction. Both are popular—the prospective bride especially so; besides, she is the belle of the season, and Mr. Hobart, from several points of view, the best match. Ever since their meeting at Del Monte, where the young people met, Mr. Hobart has never wavered in his allegiance, and, although the engagement was only announced on Friday evening at the Hobart dinner, it was a *fait accompli* since Miss Williams passed the New Year at the Hobart home in San Mateo. That it was not anticipated sooner was chiefly due to the friendship existing between Miss Ella Hobart and Miss Williams, which made her brother's attentions lack any especial point. I understand that the marriage is to take place very soon after Easter.

* * *

One of the smartest events of the week was the card party given on Thursday by Mrs. Wm. P. Morgan, assisted by Miss Ella Morgan. Forty guests, chiefly married people, were invited. Another interesting affair was Miss Jennie Catherwood's farewell tea on Saturday afternoon. In the evening, Miss Catherwood and several of the young people went to hear Sousa's band.

* * *

The death of Mrs. H. J. Stewart is most regrettable. She was a woman of musical intelligence and personal energy, and had been admirably educated. Personally, she was a kindly and most generous lady, whose genial manners and generous heart had won her a circle of faithful friends. At the time of her death, Mrs. Stewart was organist of Rabbi Nieto's synagogue. She was a graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Paris, and also of Trinity College, London.

* * *

THE VEREIN JINKS, on Saturday night last, gathered the many forces of the institution within the clubhouse. It was a combination entertainment, the Calliopeans assisting materially with their brightest lights. Dr. Abrams was Sire, and introduced the various features in brief epigrammatic addresses. There were innumerable personalities, of course; there always are at jinks, but every one accepts the jokes in the spirit of their giving. Max Blum's poem, Ben Davis's imitation of Carroll Johnson, a duet by Louis Greenebaum and Joe Sloss, a duologue between Joe Hirsch as Adolph Sutro and Sandy Walter as C. P. Huntington, were amusing and interesting features, though one must not forget Mr. Dinkelspiel's imitation of Paderewski, and the comic sketch by Manney Brandenstein and Sim Meininger. It would also be unwise to omit mention of Edgar Peixotto's rendering of Father Time, which created a good deal of laughter and hurt no one's feelings in particular. This is really the most successful affair of the kind the Verein has had. It has never in the past been so successful in its jinks as the Concordia. The general results, however, were much more satisfactory, and the affair was certainly amusing.

* * *

A coming event is the Bal Poudre, for which the Verein has issued invitations. In the institution are any number of brunette beauties whose countenances and complexions will be admirably set off by a powdered coiffure. There is limitless liberty allowed in the matter of fancy dress, and, while the Empire costume will doubtless prevail, the girls are invited to appear in whatever guise they choose. It was first the desire that the men, in the matter of habiliments, should give their fancy play, but it did not meet with a very generous reception, and ordinary evening dress will be en regle.

* * *

Miss Jennie Schwabacher is the recipient of many congratulatory entertainments over her betrothal to Mr. Rosenbaum. On Monday night, Miss Minnie Schwabacher gave, in her honor, a box party at the Columbia, and subsequently a supper at the Maison Riché. There is to be another entertainment to-morrow night. Two marriages of moment are to be celebrated in this month: that of Alfred Simon to Miss Stella Greenebaum on the evening of the eleventh, and that of Mr. Abe Brown and Miss Ruby Lowenberg on the twenty-fourth. Both will be elaborate affairs, even though the invitations are confined to the relatives of bride and groom.

* * *

A very interesting wedding was that of Joseph W. Jacobi and Miss Selma Altmeyer, who were married by Dr. Frier in the new Bush-street Temple. It was the first matrimonial ceremony performed there. Another marriage was that of Miss Reine Nettle and Henry Yale Witbeck of Chicago, celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Blume on Golden Gate Avenue, on Sunday last. The groom is the only son of J. W. Witbeck, a millionaire banker of Chicago. He is a graduate of Yale, and a direct descendant of the founder of that college.

* * *

The Fortnightly Club's first meeting at the Willie Crocker's was thoroughly successful. The next affair is at the McNutt's. There is a strenuous effort at keeping all mention of the entertainments out of the press, and this proves easier because the organization is down to a working membership. No longer are there spectators to carp or applaud at the wrong time. The critics must all subject themselves to the ordeal of appearance, and the Golden Rule proves an adequate softener of verdicts.

* * *

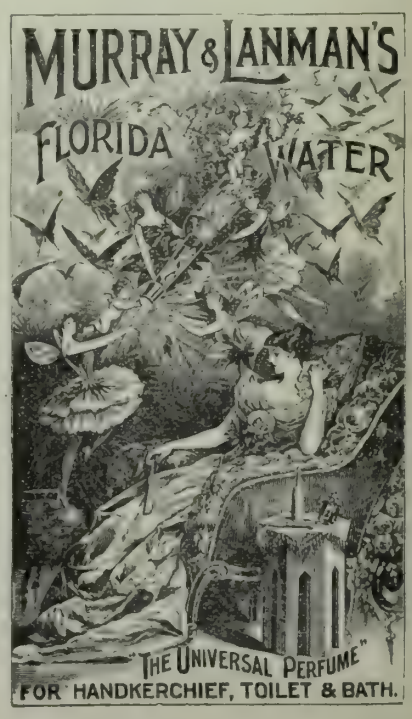
Sad news to communicate—a rift in the harmonious relations between Talbot Clifton and the Burlingame Club. No longer is Clifton regarded with favor there. Not because of his personal eccentricities, nor on account of his weird taste in clothes; nor yet because of his strange and daring horsemanship; nor even because of his love for White Hat McCarthy; but all on account of Bob. Bob is a setter, whose intelligence and education Clifton is fond of exhibiting to his friends. The dog is treated with tremendous consideration, and when master and Bob are at Burlingame both must be provided with separate apartments. But this policy does not harmonize with the directors' sense of the fitness of things, and quite recently they intimated to Clifton that he must find some other quarters than the Club for Bob. He responded that Clifton and dog were inseparable and that the expulsion of one meant the resignation of the other. Of course, this was a sad alternative to present to any institution, but the condition had to be met, and in consequence Clifton is now looking for quarters over at San Rafael, and proposes, I believe, transferring Bob and himself to the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais.

* * *

There is a new importation in slang, which hails from New York, and is the latest catch phrase in all the clubs there. It is, "Just

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.



tell them that you saw me," and is the first line of the refrain of a popular ballad. Everywhere you go, from Broadway to the Bowery, you are greeted with it, and it is fast ousting the popular "Chimmie Fadden" phrases which, until now, have reigned supreme. It is rather interesting to note the rise of a slang phrase. It usually hails from some theatrical show, and is adopted by the "Brownie," who uses it so constantly that very soon his sisters p'ck it up, and after awhile the mother of the family, who abhors slang, finds herself falling into the way of it. The school girls are, as a rule, most apt in picking up a phrase, and in some cases one hardly recognizes their idioms; it is Greek to the uninitiated, and often meaningless to themselves.

* * *

THE MUSICIAN'S CLUB is much aggrieved over the refusal of Paderewski to accept the banquet it tendered him. The eminent Pole is not given to formal festivities and availed himself of the privilege of his genius and refrained from the attentions of the several social organizations which yearned to do themselves honor at his expense. The banquet took place in the absence of the anticipated guest, however, but if his ears burned that night, he may know it was not without cause. He was actually accused of ingratitude, for the speakers succinctly dwelt on their own labors at plowing where he had reaped. One of them wanted to know where Paderewski would have been without them, and the answer was like that to the famous riddle about Moses and the extinguished candle — in the dark. The club flourishes and gives the musicians a chance to show they are not nearly so bad as they paint each other.

* * *

At the first session of the new Forum Club, on Monday afternoon, Fred. Warde talked of Shakespeare, and said some excellent things about the Bard of Avon, for which he was generously applauded. Besides the lecturer, there was but a single male present, and Warde is said to have caused him to blush by addressing the audience as "Ladies and Gentleman."

* * *

The Society of the Colonial Dames met on Tuesday last at the home of Mrs. Maddox, on Sacramento Street, and spent the afternoon discussing the affairs of the organization. At each meeting new members are added to the list, and the Society bids fair to assume formidable proportions. Thus far, there has been a fortunate absence of bickering, though, it must be admitted, that when the names of new members are sent in, the archives are not searched too closely. In Washington, recently, when one lady's name was proposed, another of the dames stood up and vetoed it, saying that her escutcheon was stained by the brand of illegitimacy some three generations back. This created a tremendous disturbance, and, it was feared, would break up the Society. The invitations are very dainty conceits, written on vellum in old English, and sealed with antique stamps. The next meeting is to take place at Mrs. Gibbons's home.

* * *

A few seasons ago, calling was among the tabooed pleasures of Lent, but this year marks a decisive change. No one formerly dreamed of remaining home on the stipulated reception days during the holy season. Now the parlors of the fashionable matrons are crowded with myriads of maids bent on fulfiling their social duties. After four o'clock, there is a general dispersion in the direction of church; but I hear that, although many of the girls set out with the idea of going to afternoon service, few carry their intention into execution. Indeed, the services are not so well attended as they were last year, and the worshipers, as a rule, do not belong to the ranks of the fashionables.

* * *

The god of Discord has entered into the Century Club and riot rages within. The Club is divided against itself, and two bodies, each fighting for supremacy, are causing sad havoc within the ranks. Owing to the air of mystery that surrounds the workings of this august body, only the most veiled hints are thrown out, but dark frowns hover on the brows of the Directorate. It appears that the first omen of disruption was given when Mrs. Whitney and her friends retired from the sacred band and started the Forum Club. Tired of the eternal secrecy and dull conservatism, which are the predominant features of the constitution of the Century Club, they proposed to form a society whose work should be for the public eye, and whose deeds should not seek the cover of silence.

* * *

Quite a considerable degree of interest is being shown among the older ladies in the Maria Kip Orphanage. Miss Gwin, Mrs. Evan Coleman, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Kip, and a number of others meet every week and make clothing for the orphans. The latest fad among them is the manufacture of the old-fashioned rag carpet, and it is very diverting to watch them cutting, tieing, and weaving the rags into this form. After the sewing, the ladies attend the services at Reverend William Kip's church. Mr. Kip has recently organized a retreat for the clergymen of the Episcopal Church, which is causing much comment and has quite a vogue among the more progressive members of that faith.

* * *

AS THE LENTEN SEASON progresses, and the maidens already ennuied by their irksome idleness are endeavoring to find fresh fields to conquer, chafing-dish parties which formed so popular a Lenten relaxation a year ago, are being revived. The most devoted adherents of this club are the Jackson-street set — the Knowles, Watts, Miss Alice Grimes, and Miss Nellie Chabot, all of whom are quite clever cooks and manipulate the dish with much skill. There is a pleasing rivalry, too, with regard to the concoction of untried delicacies, and each maiden vies with the other in setting forth some novel plat. Last season different girls prided themselves on their skill in cooking deviled lobster, each claiming the superiority of her own recipe. Another successful dish was creamed shrimps, while the more ambitious tried frogs and terrapin stews. This year the young people propose meeting every Saturday evening. These parties are informal and enjoyable, and the merriment caused by the mistakes of the cooks, the overturning of dishes, and the breaking of plates adds much to their popularity.

* * *

One of the most enterprising of the bachelor hosts is Mr. Fred Magee, who has been busy for some time past in acquiring a reputation as a giver of successful dinners. He gave a very jolly little dinner at his home in San Francisco, to a number of the Deux Temps girls on Monday last. Covers were laid for twelve, and afterwards all went to the Glee Club concert. Among those invited were Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Myra Prather, Mr. Allen Wright, Mr. Alick Baldwin, Mr. Frank King, etc.

* * *

In Oakland the Lenten luncheon is at the height of its popularity and the various maids and matrons are kept busy exchanging hospitalities. Thus far these affairs do not develop a distinct degree of difference from luncheons which occurred before the fasting season commenced. Unlike the Eastern maidens, who are ambitious for a little touch of novelty, the Oaklanders have not even attempted the fish and fruit luncheon which is the correct Lenten diversion in New York. Of the recent events in Oakland, the pink and violet luncheon given by Miss Blix Smith on Thursday in honor of the engagement of Miss Mamie Pope, was a very enjoyable affair. About fifteen girls were invited. Miss Pope is to be married immediately after Lent. I hear that the wedding is to be quite an event, and is to take place at the Church of the Advent, East Oakland. Miss Pope is a pretty girl and exceedingly popular. After her marriage she is to go to San Diego, where her future husband is engaged in business. The bridesmaids are Miss Hawkhurst of Livermore and Miss White.

* * *

A young married ladies' luncheon that was rather dainty was given last week by Mrs. Grayson. The decorations were in pink La France roses and maiden-hair fern. Among those invited were Mrs. Chas. Allen Mrs. Will Ralston, Mrs. Harry Hinckley, and others. Another pretty luncheon was given on Tuesday by Miss Ella Goodall to a number of San Francisco girls. Miss Goodall has almost totally forsaken Oakland this winter, as so many of her friends have gone to San Francisco for the season, among them Miss Coleman and Miss Minnie Houghton.

* * *

A jolly festival was given on Tuesday afternoon on board the "Monowai," by Miss Violet Carey, to the "Terpsichorean Club." The event took place in the afternoon, and was chaperoned by Mrs Jouett. Quite a number of the older men appeared, among them several officers from the Presidio.

* * *

Several of the ladies who have been rather quiet during the gay season, announce a series of receptions in March. Among them are Mrs. Irving Lewis and Mrs. Giles Eaton, who entertain on Monday afternoons. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Eaton were, when the Misses Phillips, among the most popular of Oakland maidens, and considerable disappointment was felt when the younger Miss Phillips married Mr. Eaton and went East to live. She is now out here on a visit, and anticipates spending some time with her sister. Another reception to be given on Saturday afternoon is by Mrs. Hayes in honor of Miss Blanche Castle, whose engagement has recently been announced. The afternoon is to be passed in playing some new games which are being introduced in Oakland.

* * *

It is a matter of some surprise, considering the number of wage-earners among women in the United States, that there are so few who have attempted to play the organ, and still a lesser number who have achieved distinction as organists. Miss Virginia de Fremery, who has recently returned from abroad, made her debut as an organist at the First Congregational Church on Monday afternoon. It was an invitation affair, and the church was filled with a musical and appreciative audience. The best numbers were Bach's Fugue in *g minor* and the Symphony No. 5 in *F*, by Chas. M. Widor. Miss de Fremery plays well, her technique is excellent, and she shows a keen appreciation of the phraseology and meaning of her selections.

* * *

The Annex to the Encinal Boat Club, which was opened about a month ago with a dance, affords much amusement to the Alameda ladies, who are becoming even more enthusiastic patrons of the clubrooms than their husbands. Every night, parties are formed, who go to play billiards and pool. Some of the ladies are beginning to show considerable skill in wielding their cues, and are becoming quite formidable rivals to the male members of the Club.

* * *

The Alameda Orchestral Society and the Ladies' Choral Society are working very hard to make their concert a successful social event. They have engaged Mr. and Mrs. Marquardt to give harp and violin solos, and Donald de V. Graham has promised to sing several selections.

THE GOSSIP.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Diamonds, Pearls, and Colored Precious stones in great variety offered at cost on account of contemplated retirement from the retail business.

A. HIRSCHMAN,
113 Sutter Street.

THE WHEEL.

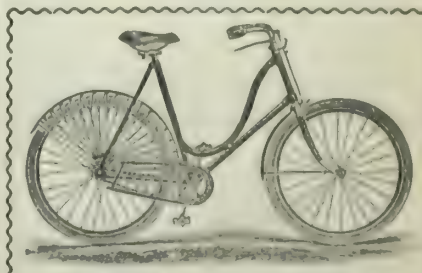
The action of a number of accident insurance companies, recently, in deciding to raise the rates of premium or reduce the amount of indemnity in case of accident to bicyclists, is only one of those incidents in which advantage is sought to be taken of a popular practise. A study of the causes of accidents published in the annual reports of many of these companies reveals the fact that a far greater number of casualties result from every other form of locomotion than from cycling. The accidents occurring while walking are fully twenty to thirty per cent greater than those happening while bicycling. Some of the leading companies have made haste to disavow any intention of charging a higher rate to cyclists.

The average gear on wheels this year is about sixty-six and one-half to sixty-eight. For ordinary riding purposes the gear should certainly not be higher than this, as it will be found hard to propel the wheel up a hill or against a strong wind. Do not let so much of the talk about how easy it is to acquire speed with a high gear lead you into ordering your wheel too highly geared. The saving in the number of pedal revolutions on a very high gear is not nearly so great as is commonly supposed, and it can be set down as a truth that if you wish to go fast you must pedal fast, while it is also true that the exertion required to make each revolution of the wheel increases proportionately to the height of the gear. The best average gear, it has been found from experience, is sixty-six and one-half.

Madeline Kilpatrick, the clever trick rider now performing in New York, is a small, delicate blonde, whose soft, curly, brown hair and big brown eyes suggest the ingenué, rather than the clever acrobat. But her slight figure is very muscular, and there is nothing she is afraid of. Speaking of wheeling, she commends the pursuit for women, advises them to wear bloomers, but attributes all dangerous ailments to bad positions. She said to a *Sun* reporter:

"In the first place, every woman should learn to adjust her wheel to suit her, and then, instead of sitting perfectly straight so that her backbone rests on the saddle, she should bend very slightly forward so as to take the weight from the backbone, and she should also learn to support her weight in part on the pedals and handle bars. She can stand more jar and weight on her feet and arms than she can on her backbone. Now, when I advise you to bend a little forward, I do not mean that you shall hump over like a scorcher, but, with shoulders erect, assume an easy, graceful attitude. If a woman sat up all afternoon in a carriage as straight as a ramrod, with her weight thrown entirely on her backbone, she would be completely worn out. Another mistake that women are apt to make is in riding too much. A woman will kill a horse much quicker than a man will, and I think that she has no more consideration for a wheel, or, rather, in this case, for herself, than she has for a horse."

French eye specialists have recorded numerous cases of visual disturbances among bicyclers. The most common form of the trouble is found in those who ride at a very rapid pace and climb steep hills. Riders are usually seized with severe vertigo, and a sudden diminution of vision in one or both eyes. When the eyes are examined by an oculist, traces of retinal hemorrhage are usually found. The heart also suffers as a result of scorching and long-distance racing. From over-acting it may become dilated and very much enlarged, causing serious trouble.



THE LADY STERLING—'96 MODEL

Girls

drop us a postal card and we will send you, free, the handsomest catalogue this season. The STERLING is the "Swellest" Wheel made and costs just $100. When you see our catalogue you will surely

Ride Sterlings

Sterling Cycle Works

WM. V. BRYAN, Manager

314 Post Street, S. F.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

RIPPLES.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

A young man who had served his apprenticeship on a country weekly, recently came to the city and was engaged on one of the metropolitan dailies as a general rustler to gather in items of news and any advertising that he might stumble upon. His first day out brought in the following:

"What came near being a serious accident this morning was fortunately averted by the prompt and brave action of one of our leading citizens.

"It appears that while Mr. Schemem, of the well-known real estate firm of Schemem & Soakem, whose office is situated in the Bills Building, room 1297, 27th floor, Main Street, accompanied by Mr. L. A. Collarbox, the well-known haberdasher, of 428 Mud street, where can be found at all times the latest creations in neckwear, etc., at reasonable prices, was driving down Rug Street, in one of those stylish turnouts of Feedem and Oattis, of 317 Fell street, the popular livery-stable-men, where can be found at all times the most stylish rigs in the city, which, by the way, were imported specially for the firm of F. & O., by the well-known house of Buggie and Traps, 327 Narroway Street, from the Booster Manufacturing Co., of Toledo, Ohio, on their return from the suburbs, where Messrs. Schemem and Soakem have many magnificent lots for sale in the Hard-times Track, which can be purchased on easy terms at prices ranging from five hundred dollars upward, (maps of the property and further information cheerfully furnished upon application), and while passing the popular grill and lunch room of Mr. Polivar, familiarly called "Dad," by his acquaintances, who can give for less money better meals than any one in the city; who keeps open all night and makes a specialty of rooms for ladies and their escorts, the horse, for some unknown reason became unmanageable, and, in some unexplained manner upset the buggy. Some of the by-standers claim that the horse observed a man on the opposite corner who was never known to advertise, and, naturally swerved to one side on seeing the unfortunate freak, which threw Mr. Schemem and Collarbox into the gutter. Dad Polivar observing the accident just as he was in the act of lighting a fragrant Colonel Jones, known by connoisseurs to be the best six for a quarter smoke this side of Tophet, (sold everywhere; G. Max, sole agent, 714 Mercial Street), ordered one of his gentlemanly-colored-twelve-dollars-per-month waiters to catch the bridle of the brute. By so doing Dad saved the lives of two of his most valued customers. The horse certainly would have dragged the occupants of the rig to their death over the rough cobbles of the street. The streets of this city should be paved with Pavers Patent Compound Blocks. This company's office is on the top floor of the Bills Building. The firm also solicits orders from private parties for sidewalks and garden walks. Give them a trial.

"As it was, however, nothing more unfortunate occurred than the ruination of Mr. Schemem's silk hat, which he immediately had replaced by Block, the hatter, 1127 Midway Street, who, by the way, has just received direct from the factory a large assortment of the latest styles of spring headgear. Mr. Block understands his business, and knows what the public wants. Give him a call and you'll never regret it.

"Of course, congratulations were in order, on the narrow escape of the two gentlemen, and the last seen of them was on the well-patronized boot-black stand of Antone Angelica, the reputed champion bootblack of the city, who can polish leather to answer the purpose of a mirror for the small sum of a nickel a shine. No extra charge for tanned shoes.

"The ever popular Bob Blivens, the accommodating agent for the Getoffshove Cycle, when informed of the accident, stated emphatically that the accident would never have occurred had the gentlemen been riding his Getoffshove Bicycles instead of the rig they had used. Bob was chewing a piece of the well-known brand of Jawbreaking gum at the time of his interview, and he stated it is the best. This we can substantiate, as we have chewed it often. The trade will be supplied by the well-known hardware firm of Rails & Nails, 777 Last Street."

NOT IN IT.

Snaggs (confidentially)—Say, Snipps, have you a loose thousand in the corner of one of your pockets?

Snipps—You must have a loose brain to imagine anything like that.

Snaggs—Haven't you five or six hundred then?

Snipps—Your suspenders must be very badly twisted, Snaggs.

Snaggs—Well, can't you raise a hundred?

Snipps—What do you take me for—a portable saving and loan society?

Snaggs—If I had only a few dollars I could make hundreds. Come, Snipps, put up your watch. You ought to be able to get at least ten dollars on it.

Snipps—Why, man, I put it up on your account a few months ago, and have hardly been able to pay the interest on the loan, leaving alone taking the watch out.

Snaggs—If you will raise for me an even hundred inside of five minutes I will promise to pay you everything I owe you before seven o'clock this evening.

Snipps—What do you intend doing with the money?

Snaggs—I have a straight tip on the races. The horse Staythere is selling for ten to one; only two other horses in the race: Skate and Roarer. It's a dead cinch.

Snipps—All right; I'll get the money for you. Come with me.

Snaggs (to pool-seller a few minutes later)—One hundred straight on Staythere.

Pool-seller (to assistant, after writing out ticket one thousand to one hundred)—Rub out the odds on the second race. Make Skate even money, Roarer two to one, and Staythere (pause) *fifty* to *one*.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Bloomer (to Irishman, whom he has met on a side street while on the way to the office)—Say, my man, have you a match? I neglected—

Irishman (drawing an old-fashioned pistol as he springs into the middle of the street)—No, yez don't, be hivins!

"Here, man, don't point that blamed thing at me; it might go off."

"Be hivins, it will if yez don't!"

"What do you mean, man?"

"Oi manes yez can't be playin' any o' yez shabby thricks on me."

"You don't think I intend to harm you?"

"Yez are roight; Oi don't. Not phwile Oi holds this resolver in moy hands."

"Come, man, put up that gun and tell me what you feared."

"Oi'll not put up th' gun, but Oi'll tell yo' phwat. Whin Oi waz walkin' along this same street th' other noight about elevin o'clock, Oi met two chaps. One of 'em, he sez to me, sez he, 'Have you a motch?' sez he. 'Oi have,' sez Oi, and wid that he hits me over the ear wid a club as big as a telegraph pole, and phwhich knocked moy sinses out entoirely. It waz a dhirty, shabby thrick, after axing a mon for a motch. Oi'll have none of yez dhirty thricks, so move on, or, be hivins, you'll foind me th' most sulphureous motch you ever tried to sthroike."

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

She (bidding him good-night as the clock strikes twelve)—I hate to have you go, Fred.

He—It won't be for long, darling.

She—Yes, I know; but it is so dark.

He—I'm not afraid of the dark, darling.

She—I know you are not; in fact, you seem to prefer it when you call on me.

He—Well, don't you, also?

She—Of course I do; but, Fred, there are so many footpads on the street at night that I'm afraid something might happen to you.

He—Oh! I'm not afraid.

She—Have you a pistol?

He—No, not even a cane.

She—Suppose a bad man should stop you while on your way home; what would you do?

He (bravely)—What would I do? Well, I'll tell you what I would do, darling; I would run.

A LONG FELT WANT (?).

Slick (to superintendent of laundry)—I have come, sir, to ascertain if you would like to purchase one of my new machines——

Superintendent—No, we don't want any of your machines; we have all the machinery we can use.

Slick—But, my dear sir, no laundry is complete without one of my machines.

Superintendent—What is it; a mangler?

Slick—No, sir; your manglers and ironers are not in it when my machine gets to work.

Superintendent—What is your machine for?

Slick—It's a machine made expressly to take buttons off garments. When it strikes a button, it removes the same in a twinkling and rips the garment from end to end.

Superintendent—Young man, you have a brilliant future before you. You may send half a dozen of your machines to the laundry at once.

BRIGHT BOY.

Teacher—Where is the North Pole, Tommy?

Tommy—Don't know, ma'am.

Teacher—Don't know where the North Pole is?

Tommy—No, ma'am; if I did there wouldn't be any use in sending explorers to look for it.

EXACT.

Mrs. Blossom—How many times did you drink to-day?

Mr. Blossom—Didn't drink any times, (hic).

Mrs. Blossom—Your breath smells as though you had.

Mr. Blossom—Oh, (hic), those ain't times, (hic), those are whiskies.

LATE VERSE.

POEMS BY BEARDSLEY AND SYMONS FROM THE NEW DECADENT QUARTERLY.

The Savoy, from which the following poems are culled, is the new decadent magazine formed by Aubrey Beardsley and Arthur Symons, when both were excluded from *The Yellow Book*. The allusion to Paderewski (a Polish pianist) is unmistakable, and a good pen picture. The twain met in London and were mutually impressed. Symons is among the Symbolists, and was a friend of Verlaine's, from whose verses "Mandoline" is a translation. He wrote the obituary of the French poet which the *Saturday Review* published.

THE THREE MUSICIANS.

Along the path that skirts the wood,
The three musicians wend their way,
Pleased with their thoughts, each other's mood,
Franz Himmel's latest roundelay,
The morning's work, a new-found theme, their breakfast, and the summer day.

One's a soprano, lightly frocked
In cool white muslin that just shows
Her brown silk stockings, gaily clocked,
Plump arms and elbows tipped with rose,
And frills of petticoats and things, and outlines as the warm wind blows.

Beside her a slim, gracious boy
Hastens to mend her tresses' fall,
And dies her favor to enjoy,
And dies for *réclame* and recall
At Paris and St. Petersburg, Vienna and St. James's Hall.

The third's a Polish pianist
With big engagements everywhere,
A light heart and an iron wrist,
And shocks and shoals of yellow hair
And fingers that can trill on sixths and fill beginners with despair.

The three musicians stroll along
And pluck the ears of ripened corn,
Break into odds and ends of song,
And mock the woods with Siegfried's horn,
And fill the air with Gluck, and fill the tweeded tourist's soul with scorn.

The Polish genius lags behind,
And, with some poppies in his hand,
Picks out the strings and wood and wind
Of an imaginary band,
Enchanted that for once his men obey his beat and understand.

The charming cantatrice reclines
And rests a moment where she sees
Her chateau's roof that hotly shines
Amid the dusky summer trees,
And fans herself, half shuts her eyes, and smooths the frock about her knees.

The gracious boy is at her feet,
And weighs his courage with his chance;
His fears soon melt in noonday heat.
The tourist gives a furious glance,
Red as his guide-book grows, moves on, and offers up a prayer for France.

—*Aubrey Beardsley, in The Savoy.*

MANDOLINE.

The singers of serenades
Whisper their faded vows
Unto fair listening maids
Under the singing boughs.

Tircus, Aminte, are there,
Clitandre is over-long,
And Damis for many a fair
Tyrant makes many a song.

Their short vests, silken and bright,
Their long, pale, silken trains,
Their elegance of delight,
Twine soft, blue, shadowy chains.

And the mandolins and they,
Faintlier breathing, swoon
Into the rose and gray
Ecstasy of the moon.

—*Arthur Symons, in The Savoy.*

SONNET.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Belike thou art a temptress come from hell,
The devil often dons a fair disguise;
And yet I like the laughter in thine eyes,
And for thy lips, I love them wondrous well.

They do remind me of an ocean shell
With all its murmurous melody of sighs:
Sweet luring logic—captive to thy spell,
What seemeth truth, may be love's perjuries.

Nay! Nay! I do thee wrong: Have I not felt
The rosy rebels into sweetness melt,
And seen thee swoon beneath my warm caress?

What matter if thy lips the word withhold;
In the mute music of thy pulses bold,
Thy love grows voluble and doth confess.

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MUSIC.

IMPORTANT CONCERTS BY SOUSA, MARSICK, AND PADEREWSKI.

MARSICK-PADEREWSKI.

On Sunday evening last, the Baldwin Theater was filled to suffocation with lovers of music who had come to hear Marsick for the first time and Paderewski for the last time. Indeed, holders of seats experienced no little difficulty in getting through the dense masses that blocked the aisles.

The two celebrities were warmly greeted. The opening number on the program was Paderewski's violin and piano sonata. It was not a particularly homogeneous performance, for obvious reasons. M. Marsick, with a tone which, even in the most impassioned moments, never rises above mezzo-forte, was plainly no match for the warm-blooded Pole, whose frequent outbursts almost smothered him. The sonata is good, scholarly music, but it leaves no particular impression and is rather long, besides. Paderewski has written better things—the "Cracovienne Fantastique," for instance, which he played later in the evening. M. Marsick was heard to better advantage in the "Vieuxtemps *d* minor Concerto," a work that gave evidence of careful study. The technical difficulties were easily surmounted, but there was a lack of breadth and power. Tone is M. Marsick's weakest point. The purity of that he has is often marred by the excessive use of the *vibrato*, which many critics define as French. Perhaps it is, but it is not good French. M. Marsick was best in the second movement of the concerto, where delicacy and tenderness are the chief requisites. The rhythmically difficult scherzo was omitted. The artist was vociferously recalled, and finally gave Godard's 'Adagio Pathetique." The "Laub Polonaise" and Wieniawski's "Airs Russes" were not given with the dash and abandon necessary to make them interesting. The harmonics in the latter number were often blurred and the intonation faulty. But Marsick played his own "Adagio" charmingly. In justice to the violin it must be stated that M. Marsick, excellent artist though he be, is not one of its great masters. He has many admirable qualities, aside from a good technic. But even an impeccable technic would not make him great, for his is not a great individuality. Nevertheless, every musical person is glad of the opportunity to hear the noted Professor from Paris.

Of Paderewski, suffice it to say that on this evening he was a veritable god. Everything he did was ravishingly beautiful; and after the Liszt Second Rhapsodie, which he gave as an encore to his final group of solo numbers, the cries of "bravo" and thunders of applause fairly shook the theater. It was a scene long to be remembered by those present.

SOUSA CONCERT.

Over two thousand people greeted Sousa and his excellent band at the Auditorium on Friday evening, February 28th, when the first of a series of four concerts was given. The program was decidedly popular in character, the Liszt Rhapsodie being the most ambitious number thereon. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and encore after encore was demanded. Especially were the opening measures of a Sousa march the signal for a spontaneous outburst of applause. A very good overture, "Thüringian Festival," by Lassen, opened the concert. After several encores came the well-known Second Rhapsodie of Liszt. It was faultlessly played, and showed the strength of the clarinets in particular. But the arrangement is by no means equal to that of Müller-Burghan's for orchestra. Mr. Arthur Pryor is a *great* trombone player. His tone is beautiful and his technic comparatively Paderewskian. Fleeting scales, arpeggios, diminished sevenths, etc., he rendered with apparent ease. His 'Air Varie" is not a particularly interesting composition, but it is better than "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Mr. Pryor was recalled, and gave a popular song with beautiful tone and finish.

There is not a great deal of material in the "Three Quotations," but the instrumentation is admirable. However, Mr. Sousa is not merely a composer of good marches—some of his larger works are very meritorious. Miss Myrta French has a fair soprano voice of considerable power, and she sings musically. In the "Delight Valse," by Luckstone, her voice blended well with the reeds and French horns. For an encore, she gave a bright little song with great charm of manner. The "Water Sprites" (Kenkel) is a grateful composition of the gavotte order, for the wood-wind alone. Of course, Sousa's "King Cotton" march brought forth several of the more familiar ones.

The extremely pretty violiniste, Miss Carrie Duke, chose Sarasate's familiar Ziguenerweisen for her initial appearance. Miss Duke has a full, rich tone and a goodly share of temperament. Her technic, too, is good, but hardly equal to the demands of the difficult Ziguenerweisen. Nevertheless, she immediately won the audience and was several times enthusiastically recalled. Miss Duke is an important adjunct to the Sousa Band. A Humoresque, "The Band Came Back," closed the concert. In this, the popular leader has given utterance to musical, as well as amusing, things. The oboe, left quite alone, sings in its plaintive voice, "You Can't Play in My Yard." Soon the second oboe enters, playing an obligato and eventually a counter-melody. The other instruments come in sections, playing familiar airs of various descriptions. Of course, tunes that amalgamate are chosen, but they are cleverly handled. The work allotted to the clarinets is dazzlingly brilliant and the French-horn quartet is of great beauty. The programs of the subsequent concerts were of a higher order than the first. The Auditorium was always crowded and many were unable to gain admission.

CARR-BEEL.

The fiftieth Carr-Beel concert, given last Saturday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall, was in the nature of a jubilee, and was attended by the largest audience of the season. To give half a hundred chamber concerts in a city no larger than San Francisco is an accomplishment of which Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel may well be proud; for no branch of music receives less encouragement from the general public than this, the highest. During five seasons over two hundred important chamber works have been performed, embracing writings of the earliest and most modern composers. Saturday's program is a good illustration:

1. String Quartet in F..... Dvorak.
2. Group of Songs..... Schumann.
3. Il Trillo del Diavolo..... Tartini.
4. Septet for Strings, Piano, and Trumpet..... Saint Saens

The usual participants were assisted by Mr. Chas. J. Dyer, vocalist; Mr. Keller, trumpet; and Mr. Spiller, contra-bass. The beautiful quartet was finely played. Especial praise is due Mr. Heine, the cellist, for the heavenly manner in which he gave the closing measures of the slow movement. Mr. Dyer, tenor, has not a great voice, but he sang the Schumann group of songs quite charmingly. The "Frulingsnacht" was given with much expression, and "Die Beiden Grenadiere" with plenty of spirit Mr. Dyer rendered as an encore still another Schumann song. Both his enunciation and his German are good. Mr. Beel, violinist, was given a warm reception as he came forward to play the very difficult Tartini sonata. It was admirably executed, for Mr. Beel has a remarkable trill. He was three times recalled, and finally gave the well-known sextet from "Lucia," cleverly arranged for violin alone. This he did not play so well. The septet for piano, strings, and trumpet was, for the most part, charmingly played. Only, in the last movement, where the subject is given out by the piano rather staccato, it was too broadly answered by the strings. The effect of this was not pleasing.

LORING CLUB CONCERT.

The Loring Club gave its third concert of the season on Friday evening, February 27th. As usual, every one who was fortunate enough to receive an invitation was present. The soloists were Miss Ardella Mills, vocalist, and Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer, violinist. The Club did its best work in the first number—"Vintage Song," Mendelssohn, and "The Parting," Isenmann, and in Dudley Buck's uninteresting "Nun of Nidavos." Mr. Desmond did the tenor solo of the latter number very nicely. Miss Mills was evidently suffering from nervousness, as she is said to have sung better at the last rehearsal than on this occasion. She gave Gounod's "Clinq Mars," and received an encore. Mr. Mollenhauer, the violinist, came late and played badly. Judging from the way the "Ziguenerweisen" of Sarasate went, he practised but little, if at all, with his accompanist, Mrs. Willard Bachelder, for there were several breaks perceptible to the most casual listener. His second number, an *a* and a *b*, went much better. The concert closed with "The Signal Resounds" from "Afar" (Buck), sung by the Club. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, accompanist of the Loring, did her work admirably. Mr. Hughes was the conductor.

P. C. A.

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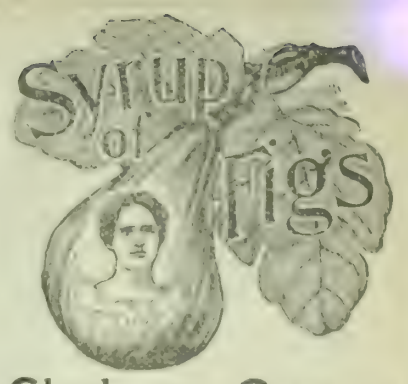

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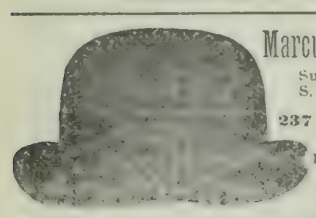

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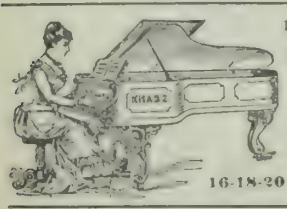

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FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

There is no sensation of pleasure so keen to the true woman as that of contemplating exquisite confections in millinery. There is something about these dainty trifles of lace, ribbons, flowers, and feathers that appeals to the feminine soul, and I have yet to meet the woman, no matter how progressive, who failed to become enthusiastic over some dainty bonnet. I dropped into Annie L. Stone's new store 217 Post Street the other day and was simply charmed by the beauty and neatness of the novelties which she has just brought with her from New York. Such is the array of exquisite creations in bonnets that it would tempt a Saint Rose from dreams of heavenly bliss, also hats that would be in themselves a compensation for the delights of a hidden stage.

The store is, in itself, a pleasant place in which to wile away an hour or two, apart from the contemplation of its treasures. Its ceiling is oval and is decorated with white and gold. From the center and from the sides are hung electric fixtures, the like of which are not to be seen in San Francisco, for Miss Stone brought them from New York. Its walls are upholstered in silk of a soft olive hue, and the floor is carpeted with the most exquisite carpet on which are scattered, here and there, rugs of rare design and beauty. On the walls there are octagon French plate mirrors which reflect back one's image and show off the hats from every point of view. The furniture in the store is particularly beautiful, it being of white enamel with gold trimming. At the end is a cozy corner fitted up with cushioned divans so that a frail woman need not tire herself standing while she fits on her hat. The decorations, as a whole, are beautiful, and every one who drops in to the opening, which is to be next Monday, should not fail to notice them, for I am sure their like is not to be seen outside of New York.

Now to describe the hats. The general effect of the new millinery is broad, especially in the back, and it would seem that the rainbow had been robbed, so many are the colors used in the trimming. The rough straws seem to be the more fashionable, although there appears to be quite a vogue for the Neopolitan and pineapple straws. A perfect love of a bonnet is in mohair lace and jet, with broad back and round in front, and trimmed with magenta geraniums and black poppies—a most perfect combination. A picturesque hat that I particularly admired in Miss Stone's has a wide brim, on the order of the Joshua Reynolds, and is of strawberry mottled rough straw. The trimming was quite novel. In the extreme a straw bow, and in the back high tips standing up, and one plume falling over on to the hair. Straw trimmings appear to be one of the novelties, and although it sounds stiff, it is really very striking. Another bewitching hat in Miss Stone's store was in black and tan Milan straw with a Tam O'Shanter crown garlanded with cerise roses, and trimmed with black and white aigrettes and violets.

The milliners are all busily preparing for their openings, and in the preliminary display are all sorts of fantastic shapes and curious combinations of color. There are both large and small hats with fluted brims, and many colors mixed in the glossy straw braid; others have chenille interwoven with the straw to soften the effect. There are bonnets with wide ribbon strings to fasten under the chin, and the old poke bonnet modernized has again been brought to light. It is very large, with the usual wide strings, and rather quaintly picturesque. Some of the earlier spring hats intended for immediate use have winter touches. A pretty one is of green velvet and straw trimmed with holly leaves and berries. An effective hat has a broad brim of black lace with crown of fancy black and white mixed straw; it is trimmed with bunches of violets and a scarf of white tulle. The greatest novelty in hats is the horsehair toque, made of finely woven horsehair with sometimes black or white lace figures inserted in it; it is also combined with straw, being either used as a crown or trimmings of the horsehair. Shapes called Louis Quinze and Louis Seize appear, and are turned up very high at the back and trimmed with a profusion of flowers and a high standing bow of ribbon on one side. Flowers are massed together in wide garlands around the crown this season, and wired to stand very high at the back or side. Ribbon five or six inches wide is used in the bows, which sometimes have seven or eight loops, and black and colored ribbons are often combined on one hat, the black in front, the color behind, or vice versa. Hats are all worn well over the face, with one or two exceptions. The toques bid fair to supersede all other hats in popularity, and there is no woman to whom some shaped toque is not becoming.

Of the cotton materials I notice a great variety of Japanese crêpes. For the women whose weekly washing is performed at home and who can personally supervise the doing up of their garments, this material is infinitely the most desirable. Japanese crêpe gowns are simply washed and pressed, not ironed nor stretched, and are among the most economical and comfortable of the cottons. They have all the good qualities of the ducks without their accompanying demerits. The Japanese crêpes do not shrink to any material extent nor do they fade. They are quite as warm as the ducks and peculiarly adapted for shirt waist or outing suit.

The dimities were never prettier, and the variety of design in these light cottons is simply wonderful. This season, too, the dotted swisses and organdies show various novelties in striped and flower effects.

Piqués, ducks, and light serges and alpacas are made up with the eternal coat waist, which is slightly varied this season by being cut loose, almost in blouse fashion, and belted with a narrow belt of leather, elastic, or folded ribbon. Gold ribbon, which is both flowered and plain, and comes in very narrow widths, is also used for belts. The coat opens in front with the usual revers, except that they are large and draped in effect, while the collar which turns down above is very wide.

Bands of ribbon put on bretelle fashion over the shoulders will be a feature of the waist trimming this season, and in dimity dresses they may extend to the knee or hem, ending in a bow. Valenciennes lace and insertion are to be much used for trimmings with large collars of alternate rows of colored ribbon and lace insertion. Some of the thin dresses are made with a low neck under bodice of white lawn, finished with a narrow edging, and the high-necked waist has the usual stock collar of ribbon. Another fancy for trimming dimity gowns is to set insertions of lace so as to form large plaits over the entire waist and sleeves. Dimities with colored grounds with scroll designs in white are very stylish, when made up over white dimity and trimmed with lace and white satin ribbons.

Among the neck trimmings and gewgaws for spring I saw some charming ideas. One in cerise velvet was composed of two puckered ribbons united in the middle and covered with black spotted tulle. At the back of the neck is placed a bow of cerise velvet very tight in the middle, composed of four rosettes with ends. Similar bows are placed on either side of the fastening in front, but on a smaller scale. Another neck trimming was made of green and violet Mechlin tulle, forming a kind of shot ruche composed of ten rosettes. A dainty ruche is of shot black and white taffeta silk with small stripes forming a wide ruching, stiffened to keep it upright. It is opened at the back, and at the fastening is placed a bow of the same material, also stiffened. Both ruche and bow are edged with mousseline de soie.

Some of the new petticoats are perfectly charming affairs. One I liked is made of striped white satin and black velvet. The satin stripes on a white ground are covered with printed flowers in the Louis Quinze style, connected by bands of blue ribbon. The petticoat is trimmed around the bottom with three flounces. The first is of accordion-plaited pink taffeta silk; the second also of pink silk, plaited and edged with satin, and over these a wide flounce of lace. The white petticoats trimmed profusely with lace and ribbon are very popular, and most American women prefer them for indoor wear. They are always so delightfully fresh and clean looking, and look so attractive.

The most fashionable note paper is stamped this season with a round circle about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Within this disc is placed the monogram in raised gold letters on a white background. White paper is considered in better taste than even the very delicate shades.

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Irritation of the throat and hoarseness are immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Have them always ready.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Keeping abreast of the times is essential in the hair-dressing business. That's what I do, and that's why I am considered the most up-to-date hairdresser in the city. All kinds of coiffures for all occasions. G. Lederer, 111 Stockton Street.

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The clerk might be "boss" if he had the head for it. The brains are there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble is often in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else.

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THE VERY BEST AXLE GREASE

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SAN FRANCISCO

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF MARIN. }

WE, the undersigned, hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State, at the County of Marin, and in the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of The Novato French Cheese Factory; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are James Newlands, Jr., Hermann Rudolff, and George Prinz; and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.

JAMES NEWLANDS, JR., San Francisco, Cal.
HERMANN RUDOLFF, Novato, Marin County, Cal.
GEORGE PRINZ, Novato, Marin County, Cal.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-sixth day of February, 1896.

JAMES NEWLANDS, JR.,
GEORGE PRINZ,
HERMANN RUDOLFF.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
NOVATO, MARIN COUNTY. }

On this twenty-sixth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, before me, J. Q. A. Haven, a Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Marin, State of California, personally appeared James Newlands, Jr., George Prinz, and Hermann Rudolff, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at my office in said County of Marin the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

J. Q. A. HAVEN,
Justice of the Peace of Novato Township, County of Marin, State of California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, Room 9, 319 Pine Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 17, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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The Most Elegant Seaside Establishment in the World

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And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

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—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

Flower Festivals
Fiestas
Rose Carnivals

. . . and the like, will be the delight of California for the next two or three months.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival, the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens **April 15.** *Queen Flora* will reign 3 days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

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The Carnival of Roses, to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th,** inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

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will be made by the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY for all these brilliant events. Arrange your programmes accordingly, and call on agents for particulars.

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NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

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Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

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TALES OF THE DAY.

It was during an exceedingly exciting scene in a congressional committee of investigation on elections. A witness for the Democrats was under examination when a Republican Congressman, with a decidedly nasal intonation, asked a question. The Democratic Congressman said, with emphasis, "I object." The Republican answered: "Why, I thought that Brother —— always wanted the trewth." The Democrat rapidly replied: "Yes, I want the truth, but not through your nose."—*Youths' Companion.*

When Mr. Edmunds was Senator, he gave as cruel a blow as was ever struck in Congress. A distinguished Western lawyer was speaking on a question in which Mr. Edmunds was interested on the other side. The Senator stopped the speaker long enough to call his attention to the Supreme Court decision in what are known as the "head money cases." "I know nothing about those cases," shouted the excited jurist. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Edmunds, in a tone of pained regret; "it was entirely unintentional. I supposed all lawyers were familiar with that decision." And he went back to his seat as though he could never forgive himself for so heedlessly wounding one who deserved his commiseration.

Another Senator, in referring to a well-known public man of New England, remarked that "the poor fellow had a mind like a Scotch farm—poor by nature and ruined by cultivation."

The Reverend Rogers, an old London clergyman, was reproved by his bishop for neglecting to pray for the clergy and the royal family. "Ah, my Lord, I assure you I did; but you slept during the service." On another occasion, when Doctor Temple, the present bishop, whose temperance principles are well known, was present at a service, the Reverend Rogers took for his text: "Drink no longer water; but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine own infirmities."

An Englishman, Frenchman, and German were at a dinner party, and were invited to make toasts. The Frenchman got up and said, "Here's to France, the sun of the world." Then the German arose and said, "Here's to Germany, the moon of the world." The Englishman sat silent a moment, and then, rising, said, "Here's to England, the Joshua of the world, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still."

A small boy, who had heard a good deal of conversation on the progress of civilization, went up to his grandfather and said: "Grandpa, tell me what is the difference between barbarism and civilization?" "Barbarism, my boy, is killing your enemy with a hatchet a distance of a step; civilization is killing him with a bombshell twelve miles away."

"Why," asked the Judge in a French Court to the man who had been caught stealing provisions, "did you attempt to rob this poor baker?" "It was hunger that forced me to it," answered the man. "When the forest wolf is hunted from the woods by starvation, he takes his prey where he can seize it—" "Hush," said the Judge. "He does nothing of the sort; he endures his ills, repents, and becomes an honest *man!*"

An Irishwoman sent for her lawyer in great haste, saying she wanted him in court at once. The woman's son was on trial for burglary. On his entering, the woman rushed up to him, and said, "Mr. B., Oi want ye to get a continuance for my Jimmie." "Very well, madam, I shall do so if possible, but it will be necessary to give some reasons. What shall I say?" "Shure, just tell the Court that Oi want a continuance till Oi can get a better lawyer to speak for the boy." The lawyer dropped the case.

The Bishop of Newcastle, while journeying toward the north, lost his bag. It was fortunately discovered before the train left, and handed into the carriage by a brother clergyman. The Bishop was absent-mindedly thinking of something else, but murmured his thanks, and, extending his hands, pressed a coin upon the astonished curate.

A woman of Thüringia went out into the fields to gather turnips, and was accompanied part of the way by her little boy, aged six, who was on his way to school. While busy, she was taken ill, and on her return home gave birth to a little girl. When the boy returned home, he was met by his father, who gave him a slice of bread and butter and told him he had a little sister. The child was delighted, and rushing to his aunt's house in another part of the village, told her the news. "How pleased your mother must be," observed the aunt. "Oh, she doesn't know yet," said the lad, she is busy in the fields digging up turnips."

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FOR 1896

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THE WAVE

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ADVERTISING rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220-221-222 Crocker Building. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 186-187 World Building, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 14, 1896.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

THE TEACHERS OF ANARCHY.

During the week that part of San Francisco not better employed listened, when applause permitted, to a debate concerning the relative deserts of anarchy and socialism. This remarkable episode took place in Bersaglieri Hall, the principal speaker was an Italian named Gori, the chief decorations were red, and the enthusiasm was evoked mainly by the incendiary sentiments of Gori, who is a stranger to the English language and tongued the doctrine of desolation into foreign ears. The affair did not, even by the frequent quoting of one Nieuwenhan as an authority, savor strongly of Americanism. The anarchist won the victory; whether from the vigor of his remarks or the flaming scarf worn where others of his kind have worn hemp, does not appear. Certainly he did not win on the merits of his cause, for it has no merits.

When anarchy is being openly preached, it is well to realize what it is—the absence of all law, all order, all authority, all government; a condition impossible to civilized men, impossible to savages, impossible to the beasts of the jungle, wholly unnatural, wholly repugnant. It is the expression of the incipient mob gathering to riot, the thief of itching palm, the hope of the cowardly cut-throat. It is the mad protest of the criminal against the hangman. It is evil demanding license as a necessity, violence objecting to restraint. There is about it no element of justice, nothing that admits of defense. And yet an alien unable to speak the language of the statutes he insults comes to this country to spread the creed of destruction, and finds listeners. Anarchy is a frenzied desire for change and a confession of despair of peaceful reform. It would raze Society, blot out property rights, and found upon the ruins—what? Even the most blatant howler of all who are permitted to howl dares not say. He only knows that he hates the present, and if he can hurl it to ruins cares not for the future. Perchance as existing institutions fell some booty might come into the unclean hands of the anarchist. It is not to see the downtrodden uplifted that is his hope, but to see the prosperous crushed. On this point he has become a maniac.

Mr. Gori explained that he had expected to refute argument and was aggrieved instead to be confronted with accusations of bomb-throwing. But it would seem that an accusation of bomb-throwing, well sustained, constitutes the most unanswerable argument against anarchy. At least it is not one to be swept away in a flood of fiery speech. It served the excellent purpose of sending one batch of Chicago anarchists to the gallows. It has sent others to the guillotine. What threw the bombs that slew scores of innocents at Barcelona? Anarchy. What caused a series of fatal explosions in France only a few months ago? Anarchy. What drove a knife through the heart of Carnot? Anarchy. It is not strange that Gori should have resented accusations. Yet, fire, dynamite, and assassination are the avowed weapons and methods of the anarchist, and he had no logical right to take exception to the truth. He knows that the anarchist who dies for the cause, or who gets into prison, is looked upon as a glorious martyr. And he ought to know that his own fellow who has by listening to Gori keyed himself up to the point of throwing a bomb or wielding a blade, generally becomes upon detection a shrinking, shrieking coward, begging piteously for the mercy he denied to others more worthy. Nothing honorable, nothing reasonable can be expected from one who proclaims himself an anarchist, for he is above all else vicious, beyond all else a fool. One who knows what the doctrine is, and still promulgates it, becomes accessory to every stealthy murder done in the name of the demoniac system. That Gori finds order repellant and restraint galling is not strange, but that on American soil he should find at any time an audience willing to hear, anxious to applaud, and to hiss every sentiment of decency expressed in opposition to his ravings, is more than strange; it is a marvel; it speaks of the inexplicable patience of the nation that not only accepts the riff-raff of other nations, but permits this riff-raff after its arrival to enjoy a liberty it never had at home and to which it has no right in any land where human conduct is regulated by law. Gori is one of the vipers upon whose neck belongs the heel of intelligence. The only legitimate use for the anarchist is to kill him. As a horrible example, dangling from the gibbet, he may fill a place in the great scheme of things. As an independent and unhampered entity he deserves no more consideration than a rabid dog, whose slavering is disgusting, whose snarl is a menace, and whose fang is deadly. To ask us to maintain an attitude of respect for the active anarchist, or to meet him in debate is too much. No argument is so faultless as to be able to withstand a bomb. No armor of logic can turn aside the point of the stilletto.

And more than all this, the red hag-virgin of anarchy—Louise Michel, is about due. She is not needed. Gori was not needed. America's most noted anarchists are under the sod. They wave no more the crimson flag and their friends are chary about sowing explosives. However, there was no great demand for their importations. It was bad enough that there should be a Gori, but worse if there must be the unspeakable Michel. She is the most dangerous of women because her perverted intellect is powerful, and because of her heart there remains a contradictory remnant not devoid of human feeling. Born in the wickedest period of French iniquity, growing up in an atmosphere of unrest, familiar with atrocities, it may be that her infant mind received impressions that turned it awry. In the days of the Commune she reveled in the crimes that made Paris a place of horror. It was then standing in gutters that ran blood, and amid circling flames, that she received her baptism. She was deported, but mistaken clemency allowed her to return. She has never repented. Her hand withers with age, but still it is against every man, and the only flag she acknowledges is the hateful rag that anarchy has chosen, fit emblem of itself. Shall Americans be taught by this screaming creature of terror? Gori may be regarded as little more than a jest. There is reasonable hope that he may shout himself to death, perishing with a final gurgle of contempt for all that is good. Nobody who thinks can for a moment take the gibbering of an idiot seriously; it is merely offensive. Michel is a more somber anomaly. A sexless woman, with an endless tongue, and a nature seething with bitterness, and yet with the magnetism that attracts followers, is something to be dreaded.

THE PRESS AND THE LAW.

The fever in the blood has broken out in a fresh sore, in a new place. Our journalistic friend, who once capered joyously through columns of nonsensical stuff in the *Examiner* concerning the judiciary, seems now to have quit the scenes of his early exploits and to have gone over to the *Call*. If it is not the selfsame chap who is responsible for a recent article in the latter journal concerning the powers of a judge, then it is some other fellow who is uncomfortably and unfortunately very like him, and the mantle of juridical lore formerly worn by the *Examiner* man has fallen upon the lean and fatless shoulders of an equally stupid and witless fellow. This chap, whoever he may be, would create a newspaper sensation out of the driving of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden if some one was indiscreet enough to tell him of that occurrence. Last week he had an article in the *Call* headed as follows:

"THE POWERS OF A JUDGE.

"DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN PEOPLE AGAINST KNUTTE.

"THE THIRTEENTH JUROR.

"CARROLL COOK SAYS IT WORKS ONLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE DEFENDANT.

"DISCUSSED BY THE LAWYERS.

"GREAT INTEREST OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN JUSTICE VAN FLEET'S OPINION."

One would imagine from the article that the legal fraternity had gathered in excited groups to discuss in heated phrases a decision which capsized every principle of jurisprudence handed down since Justinian's time. The article opened in this very serious vein:

Wherever two or more San Francisco lawyers met yesterday, whether in the nearly deserted courtrooms, at luncheon, at the Bar Association, or the club, if the conversation became at all general, it touched upon the decision of Justice Van Fleet in the case of the people against Christian Knutte as reported in *The Call*.

And usually it more than "touched" upon this topic; it discussed quite thoroughly and often at considerable length the merits or demerits of the decision.

How stupid this must all appear to Attorney Shortridge (brother to the editor) if he but knows the facts

of the case. The truth is, Justice Van Fleet's decision followed a well-beaten judicial path, a path hedged in by law and marked out by well-defined lines laid down in older cases, and which not only found support in a multitude of authorities but was and is maintained by the very statutes of the State as well as by universal rules of justice.

It seems that an individual named Christian Knutte was tried for the offense of obtaining money under false pretenses. After the prosecution had introduced its evidence and rested, and before the defense had opened, the Court advised the jury to acquit Knutte for the reason that the evidence was insufficient to support a verdict of guilty. This advice was given in the exercise of a clear judicial function; power for which is found in Section 1118 of the Penal Code, which declares that if, at any time after the evidence on either side is closed, the Court deems it insufficient to warrant a conviction, it may advise the jury to acquit defendant. The evidence of the State had closed. The Court deemed it insufficient to warrant a conviction, and so instructed the jury. Thereupon, that very wise body, with the exasperating perversity which seems to be natural to the average qualified juryman, returned a verdict of guilty. This cool indifference to the judicial instruction is, unfortunately, also warranted by the same section of the Code (1118) which says that "the jury are not bound by the advice" so given by the Court. (There seems to be no statutory provision running to the suppression of stupendous asininity in the deliberations and conclusions of a jury.) After entering this contrary, ill-considered, and unexpected verdict, the Court very promptly, and very naturally, too, entered an order setting it aside and granting defendant a new trial. From the latter order appeal was taken. It was this order the decision of the Supreme Court affirmed, in all of which the lay press claims to have discovered a judicial usurpation of the functions of a jury, and declares that the decision enunciates a new and dangerous doctrine of jurisprudence. The truth is, there is absolutely nothing new in the opinion. It follows a time-worn principle which holds that where the evidence adduced by the complaining side is not, in the judgment of the Court, sufficient to warrant a judgment for the plaintiff or a verdict of guilt in criminal proceedings, then the defendant is, in a civil case, entitled to a nonsuit, or, in a criminal case, to an instruction for acquittal. In one form or another, this rule has obtained ever since the inauguration of trial by jury. It is always within the province of the Judge not only to decide what *is* evidence in the case, but also to determine whether all the evidence of the complaining side taken together would warrant a judgment. This is not a question of fact in any sense. It is a question of law pure and simple. The jury might quite as well sit without a judge if it is to pass upon this point, for in so doing it would pass upon both the law and the fact. Even should the Court deny a nonsuit in a civil case, or refuse to instruct for acquittal in a criminal case, the duty would lie heavily upon it to grant a motion for a new trial if the evidence was "insufficient to justify the verdict or other decision," or the verdict "contrary to the evidence." One of the grounds, and one of the principal grounds, too, upon which courts must grant new trials in civil cases is stated in Section 657 of the Code of Civil Procedure to be

> Insufficiency of the evidence to justify a verdict or other decision.
>
> In criminal cases a new trial must be granted
>
> When the verdict is contrary to the law or evidence.

These are the identical words used in the opinion of Judge Van Fleet, and which this sad and witless young man of the daily press prints in bold-face type, as though they announced a something startling in our jurisprudence calculated to make the hair of affrighted justice stand on end. In the case under discussion, the Judge had already given voice to its opinion as to the insufficiency of the evidence. How, then, could he refuse a new trial when the statute plainly states his duty as to verdicts not sustained by the evidence? He could not fly in the face of his own judgment already expressed to a dull-witted and non-responsive jury. The only weak point in his action in the matter would appear to be his haste, prompted perhaps by well-founded indignation. The statute directs that a new trial may be granted upon the grounds stated *upon the application* of the defendant.

The daily press has been much given to criticising the judiciary for delays. One of the singular features of the case under consideration is that the trial court, instead of waiting for a formal presentation of the motion for a new trial, avoided that delay by disposing of the matter upon its own motion. Whatever else may be said of it, it certainly was an action looking to the speedy clearing of the criminal calendar. The practise in English courts is held up to American judges as an example to follow. In England, judges are vested with much wider powers than here. They not only grant nonsuits and instruct juries to acquit upon a failure in the evidence of the complainant or the prosecution, but they comment upon testimony adduced during the trial with a view of directing the jury to acquit or return a verdict for either party in a manner expressly forbidden by our laws. Any encroachments approaching the English practise would serve to reverse the lower court with us. Yet these very powers, now denied our judiciary, are the necessary means of expediting litigation. The recent disapproving criticism upon this decision, which to our mind proceeds from an entirely erroneous point of view, indicates that the Judge is not safe from attack if he exercises the little power stingily vouchsafed him in speeding matters of litigation.

Since the above was placed in type, in an article, "An Opinion Modified. Judges Must be Careful in Instructing Juries to Acquit," the same stupid reporter intimates that the Supreme Court has much modified its decision in the Knutte case by another and a later opinion, a statement for which there is not the slightest foundation. Mr. Shortridge should suppress the young man responsible for these articles, or let some competent physician inject the microbe of intelligence beneath his cuticle. The *Call* has recently enjoyed a reasonable degree of commendation for a reasonable degree of intelligence, which should not be sacrificed in such an unholy cause.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

On the eighteenth of next month Miss Florence Pullman, "daughter of the palace car millionaire," is to be married to Frank O. Lowden, "son of an Iowa farmer." So "The Wave" is informed in a circular letter issued by a progressive newspaperman of Chicago who offers a handsomely illustrated article on the marriage which will tell of:

1. Miss Pullman's former marital engagements and how they were broken; one of her discarded suitors is the nephew of the Emperor of Austria.
2. Her great wealth, actual and prospective, and how it is used.
3. George M. Pullman's detestation of foreign fortune hunters, and his insistence that his daughter's husband must be an American citizen.
4. Selection of an Iowa man, without wealth, receives parental sanction.

Here is outlined a most attractive article which is specially offered for the "woman's page," the price for the same being $3, illustrations and all.

It is only a newspaperman's advertisement of his wares, but it talks and talks loud to the American. Here is a rich American girl who is to marry a poor American man, and it seems necessary to the observant newspaperman to explain why so strange a thing is to come to pass. That it may not be thought for a moment that the girl could not have "done better," we are told that she refused the hand of the nephew of the Emperor of Austria. Being without the satisfaction of being herself addressed as "Princess" or "Duchess," Miss Pullman will find no end of satisfaction in having the world know that she might have enjoyed that luxury if she had but wanted to, or, rather, if her father had allowed her. Along with the announcement of his marriage to the woman who is supposed to love him better than all other men, Mr. Lowden is to have the pleasure of reading of the many other affairs of the heart his wife has had, and how she broke one engagement after another till reaching his arms. A glimpse is given of the wealth this young lady has, and is to have, and then the father is introduced, the man of millions, who refuses to allow his daughter to marry a foreign nobleman.

Where is the Thackeray to do this subject into a novel? Where the Sardou to make it into a play?

SCENE I. American girl surrounded by bags of gold. Enter European princes and dukes from all sides who beg for her hand. American girl willing.

SCENE II. Girl introduces princes to Patriotic Father and asks consent. Patriotic Father refuses consent and drives princes out. American girl disconsolate.

SCENE III. Farmer's son from Iowa appears. American girl repents of her folly, throws her arms around farmer's son. Patriotic Father appears and gives his blessing. [Tableau.]

What were the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs compared to those of this young heiress? Is Lear such tragedy? Forced by a cruel father to discard the titles of Europe and accept a farmer's son! What noble self-sacrifice! What beautiful subjection to parental control! What a fine old Roman of a father!

This is the matter of which women's pages are made up to day in the papers of Democratic America. Where is Thomas Jefferson with his high ideal of a Social Democracy? Where is the simple life of fifty years ago? What has become of the old idea of equality,—is it a discarded glove or old boot? Has it come to this, that an explanation must be made when an American girl marries a poor man?

It is no longer to be doubted that we are developing an aristocracy. The snob has come to stay. Europe has demoralized us. Perhaps, after all, it is not Europe that we are aping, for it may be that classes and caste are natural things, and in creating the rich into a class removed we are but following some innate law of snobbishness that sooner or later must show itself in all peoples. It seems to be the law, first, the plain people, poor and unaffected, then the upper class—call it what you will—rich, proud, and pretentious. But as we are to have an aristocracy, let us have one of American make. Away with the constitutional prohibition against titles! If American girls want titles, let them be not forced to go abroad. Give the Iowa farmer's son a chance to compete with the nephew of the Austrian Emperor without making necessary the interference of the patriotic father. If American women want to read of dukes and princes—and every American paper proves that they do by the amount of such gossip printed—give them to read of Count Carnegie, Prince Belmont, and Lord Vanderbilt. These are as good names as any others, backed by histories quite as creditable as most of those which now sustain such titles. If we are to worship snobbishly, let us worship ourselves, and so maintain the devotion of our women and decrease the export of good American gold. Who doubts but that a popular sale of titles would do more to replenish the Federal surplus than a popular sale of bonds?

The serious fact called to our attention by the circular letter from the Chicago writer is this, that the tone of the American people touching all questions of caste has undergone a most decided change within twenty years. Contrast any daily paper of to-day with one of a few years ago and the change is at once noticed. Coincident with the development of a very rich class and more intimate association with Europe has come not only a consideration for titles of rank and nobility which did not before obtain, but a recognition of all sorts of social gradations and distinctions which were before unknown. Social life is no longer simple, social equality is repudiated.

THE "CALL'S" ERROR.

The morning *Call* was good enough to reprint an editorial from these columns last week in which reference was made to the opening atrocity of the Republican State Central Committee. The *Call* wrongfully, hastily, and, we fear, without the slightest corroborating evidence, attributes the crime of which we made complaint to the operations of the railway managers. It has become a common California custom, if one has a a grievance, to declare the railway responsible therefor, in the hope of strengthening the cause by gathering about it the railway hater, and injecting his spirit of animosity into the quarrel. Before the era of railways in California Providence was blamed for local misfortunes. The railways have served to relieve the Almighty from some of the blame. If business is bad, or salt rheum or rheumatism comes suddenly upon some unfortunate Californian, it is quite fashionable to hold the railway answerable for the affliction. It is a cheap and unworthy character of diplomacy. Possibly our contemporary has given way to this weakness. Possibly it believes the charge to be founded upon truth. "The Wave" does not; in fact it doubts it most strongly; and denies it as even a remote possibility. In late proceedings of the Republican State Central Committee the hand of the railway has not been at all apparent. Certainly, it could ill afford to indulge in performances such as marked the opening proceedings of the Committee. The whole proceeding was indecent and inexcusable, and included not only cunning treachery, but forgery as well is charged. In the absence of distinct and incontrovertible proof to the contrary, we must steadfastly refuse to believe and must deny that the railway corporation had any connection whatever with the miserable affair. Colonel Crocker, who is now in charge of railway matters in California, is a man of high integrity, and our acquaintance with his character gives us the knowledge that he would not stoop to an act so contemptible; nor would he permit others to do for him a thing so highly distasteful and repellant to an honest man. The railway company stands accused of a good many political offenses which, like the other charges made against it, are more frequently false, malicious, and unfounded than true; but seldom has it been charged with anything quite so grossly, wantonly, and deliberately contemptible as this. No excuse can be offered in palliation of treachery and deceit, forgery and falsehood, within party lines, that one faction might secure advantage over another; and it is a serious matter to lay such a crime at the doors of any institution. Men capable of such performances as this are not politicians; they are mere tricksters, dignified by chance, to whom sinister design for personal advancement is the holiest purpose of political parties. They would sacrifice the honor of their party, imperil its welfare, and jeopardize its success, rather than yield up the idea of dominating the thing cursed by their allegiance. Republicans cannot view with unconcern the reputation which the Mahoneys are affixing to their State Central Committee, and there must be some method by which the leading spirits, the honest members of that party, may give

voice to their protests and evidence their indignation at this assumed direction of their affairs. From the daily prints it appears that Senator Mahoney is more largely in evidence in these proceedings, concerning which we complain, than any other one man. To say that Mahoney represents the railway company is to declare that the barnacle represents the pile, the leech the patient, or that the parasitic growth sapping the lifeblood from the sturdy oak represents the tree. When Mr. Mahoney sweeps his skirts through the Republican State Central Committee rooms, he brings with him a concentrated extract of the odor of the slime and dirt and filth of politics. He represents all that which is the worst in politics. He is the Sontag and Evans of political life, and politically occupies about the same relation toward the railway institution as did those two worthies.

Thus far, the only evidence we have seen that would lend excuse for connecting the railway institution with a kindly interference in these unholy practises, is the apparent distaste with which an occasional contributor to the daily press seems to regard our article of last week. It is not incumbent upon the railway company to disprove the charge made in the *Call*, but it certainly is incumbent upon the *Call* to offer some evidence to substantiate so serious an accusation against the corporation.

ONE AMERICAN NOVEL.

The recent American novel, *The Honorable Peter Sterling*, seems not to have been written without effect. Out in Des Moines, it is now proposed to license drinkers. There is pending before the General Assembly of Iowa, a bill prohibiting persons from drinking in barrooms who are unable to display a license issued by the proper authority giving them permission to drink. This very ingenious proposition originated in the novel, *The Honorable Peter Sterling*, written by Paul Leicester Ford, in which he makes his hero give voice to the following sentiments, in answer to a suggestion that it would be better to stop the sale of wine everywhere:

"That is neither possible nor right," says Sterling. "You can't strengthen humanity by tying its hands. It must be left free to become strong. I have thought much about the problem, and I see only one fair and practical means of bettering our present condition. . . . So long as a man drinks in such a way as not to interfere with another person's liberty, we have no right to check him; but the moment he does, the public has a right to protect itself and his family, by restraining him as it does thieves or murderers or wife-beaters. My idea is, that a license—something, perhaps, like our dog license—shall be given to every one who applies for it. That before a man can have a drink, this license must be shown. Then, if a man is before the police court a second time for drunkenness, or if his family petition for it, his license shall be cancelled, and a heavy fine incurred by any one who gives or sells that man a drink thereafter. . . . It would soon be so much a matter of course that it would be no more than showing your ticket to prove yourself entitled to a ride. It solves the problem of drunkenness."

Our local milk inspector, Dockery, who has been waging such a vigorous and righteous warfare against impure milk, might have found an example for his work in the same book. Sterling's first adventure with the corruption of New York was in the milky way. His initial appearance was in the cause of pure milk. From this, he rose in political life and achieved the gubernatorial chair as his crowning victory.

The writer has, at various times, presented fully twenty copies of this novel to as many judicial and civil officers. The verdict returned by them was unanimous in its favor. It is a novel calculated to fascinate even men who never read. While it makes political success come easy to the hero, and while the practical politician may find much to criticize within its covers, the influence of such a work, if widely read, can hardly fail to be decidedly elevating. Indeed, its influence is already apparent. It will be too bad if its author stops here. His pen might give us a series of American novels puncturing the fallacies and evils peculiarly American. He might give to us a novel upon American Labor Unions, the wrongs they visit upon American youth, the prohibitions they place upon the ambitious wage-earner, their political ingratitude, the insincerity of their leaders, and their proneness to follow the false cry of the agitator and the demagogue.

THE MAN WHOM STRIKES STRIKE.

If organized labor would best attend to its own interests, it must first expel from its ranks the infesting demagogue. His work is to set employer and employee against each other, to make foes of friends, and blind the laborer to the fact that the interest of one is the interest of both. The agitator is earning his money just now. He has used his tongue to lash up the strife on which he thrives. Not alone the music of his voice, nor yet the desire for glory, actuates him. He seeks fatness for his own ribs. Peace is his enemy and contentment a crime against his happiness. His selfishness can be understood; but the fact that he can delude others into following him, into plucking from the fire of needless controversy the unearned chestnut for which his small soul yearns, must ever remain a mystery.

It was only last week "The Wave" gave some figures demonstrating the inexpensive inutility of strikes. At that time the voice of the agitator was seeking the ear, but there was no suspicion that it was being listened to with a faith unshaken by the shock of repeated deception and almost uniform failure. Since then there has been a strike among painters and decorators, with members of other crafts hesitating about joining in the movement. "Surely," says an astute observer in a daily paper, "nobody would quarrel with his work unless jobs were plentiful." That writer is too sanguine. He goes on to argue that a strike is a sign of prosperous times. It is, and it is generally farewell to such times. It is apt to be a sign that prosperity is being driven away. It is the closing of the hand against the receipt of wages, and the doubling of the hand into a fist to shake menacingly at the wage-giver. Whether there be no work, or whether there be work, and men refuse to do it, is the same in effect. The laboring man voluntarily out of a job is as badly off as though he vainly hunted for one.

The strike is often unfair. It takes contractors by surprise after they have undertaken enterprises perhaps at scanty margin, basing their estimates upon current wages. All at once they are ordered to pay greater wages. Sometimes they cannot do this. Sometimes the demand comes in so insolent a form that they are bound in self respect to decline to acquiesce. In such instances unions defeat themselves by asking too much or by asking improperly. They set a certain scale at which members shall be permitted to work, and men not members, they decree, shall not work at that scale or any other. The unions, objecting to dictation, must not arrogate that right to themselves. Saying that every man shall be his own master, they cannot consistently claim to make every man a slave. A course so illogical tends to create a prejudice against the cause of labor.

While striking for $3 per day the painters are losing $2.50 per day. This is a total loss and it can no more be regained than a wasted moment can be recalled from the eternity of which it has become a part. Even if after long contention they shall win their point, they have struck a blow at the common welfare. A strike continued to a considerable length almost invariably leads to violence. Already in local affairs there has been brutal interference with men who dared to work without first obtaining the sanction of a union for the promotion of labor's rights. Such interference is always unjustifiable. The union has the privilege of withdrawing from any uncongenial field. It has in equity no privilege of telling others to keep out of that field. It becomes a paradox when it constitutes itself a monopoly. Furthermore the mere prospect of a strike is a threat sufficient to check capital and place a stay on improvements, in this way losing to labor far more than it can expect will be counterbalanced by an advance in wages.

The question at issue now is not one of half a loaf or no bread. Sometimes men are so ground down that there is nothing for them to do but rebel, and when they do rebel they have the sympathy and the support of every honest man be he rich or poor. Their triumph, if so be they secure one, is hailed as a public benefaction. But the painters, who inaugurated the prevailing trouble, were receiving good wages; not so good as they wanted nor so good as people who do not pay them would be glad to see them receive. They chose to give up these wages. At this point, regrettable as it may be, their rights end. In all probability no work day could be made so short and no wages so munificent as to abolish the strike. It is as inevitable as measles, but it tries the patience. At one time there will be a lament: "No work." When the work is forthcoming there will be a new cry that the pay is insufficient. This is invariable. The spirit of discontent cannot be smothered under plenty. It is so assiduously nursed that it is always alive and alert for a pretext. It was this spirit that permeated the printers' union for years, making it a terror to the employers, whom it ruled with iron hand. It was to be rid of this hard task master that the employers were glad to welcome the type-setting machine, that, with all its faults, is not an unappreciative tyrant.

The man who strikes himself into a long period of idleness often has confidence in the future because of a dole handed out by his union. But this is a small sum, and the stock of money is not unlimited. It has been contributed by the man and his fellows while they had positions. Virtually, he feeds himself while loafing. The bear lives on his own fat, but the bear emerges from the process without any fat. The man who does not know that the profit in striking is non-existant, is incapable of learning. The record of strikes has been kept. It is a record long and big with disaster. Under the whole burden of disaster, prone, helpless, may be observed the laborer, the man who struck.

THE OAKLAND TRAGEDY.

They were the only children in the family. Kate was ten and Ida half of that in years. Both were merry little tots, given to dolls and other childish fancies. Both were brimming over with sparkling, innocent fun. But a few moments before the accident they had kissed mother and gone forth to play, purposing, as was their wont, to meet their father returning by the evening train from his San Francisco place of business. Hand in hand, laughing and talking as only children do, and as only children can, they started across the street, first waiting for one electric car to pass, and then, darting behind it, came in front of another car passing in an opposite direction, and were dashed to instant death beneath its wheels. In the twinkling of an eye the merry, childish peal of laughter became a cry of despair, a wail of pain, a fluttering sigh of dissolution, and two little souls were ushered into another world. As the crowd gathered about the mangled forms, the father stepped from his train but a block away. He looked about for the infant faces of his baby girls, who usually ran with eager haste to welcome him. They were not there. Moving homeward, he approached the crowd to discover the cause of the excitement. He looked upon the first prostrate form, the mangled face was unrecognizable; but suddenly observing the other baby he cried, "My God! It is Ida!" The ring, the dress, the wearing apparel of the larger child soon told him that the body with the mangled, unrecognizable face, with the head of curly hair all matted o'er with blood, was that of his daughter Kate. Blinded by tears, racked by a mental anguish under which no man could live for long, he staggered from the wondering, awe-struck crowd and hurried homeward, but a few steps away—hurried to the stricken home to prepare, with all the gentleness and skill his great, overwhelming grief would permit, the mother, his wife, for the dreadful shock. The news had preceded him. . . . The prostrated and stricken sit alone in their cheerless home. Laughing babies out on the street, for a moment, deceive their senses, and for one brief moment they feel it all may be a horrid dream. Two little mounds out at "Mountain View" tell another tale—speak of realities—speak of what was and what is.

Briefly the foregoing sets forth the sad story of the sudden killing of the two daughters of Mr. Frank Booth in Oakland, one day early in the week. The story must appeal to every human heart, for it is pregnant with most distressing features—features that summon up a world of sympathy, even in breasts strangers to such tender sentiments. It is hardly an hour to draw a moral from this sad happening; but yet, what time is more appropriate so to do than while the awful fatality is still fresh in mind? The lesson is one that goes home to parents as well as to the corporation and its employees. It means, Care, Heedfulness, Caution, mutual and universal. It means nothing else. No one was wholly to blame, no one wholly blameless. This is the lesson, Care.

Six lines of the lost early English "Tale of Wade," which Chaucer makes Pandarus tell Cressida before introducing Troilus to her, have been discovered in a Latin homily of the thirteenth century, in the library of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

Mr. Rider Haggard has gone to South Africa—not in search of health, but in search of fresh material for a story. The original of Mr. Haggard's "Jess" is said to be a lady of Pretoria whose husband at the time of her marriage was quite wealthy. She was, however, forced to leave him, and he is now a journalistic hack in Johannesburg. He went through his fortune in a short time, and then fell back upon his wife's earnings, she having taken a position in a South African opera company which afterwards failed.

A Calendar of Scripture Quotations has just been issued by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son. It is not often that real genius is devoted to the compilation of works of this class, but such seems to have been the case in this instance. The author has undertaken to provide an appropriate text for every day in the year. This is the way he does it:

January 16th *Lady Hamilton died, 1815.*
"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."—Luke vii. 47.

January 17th. *Siamese Twins died.*
"In their death they were not divided." 2 Samuel i. 23.

February 1st. *Swinburne born, 1837.*
"Now will I sing . . . a song of my beloved."—Isaiah v. 1.

February 25th. *Inconvertible Greenbacks issued by the United States, 1862.*
"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee."—Acts iii. 6.

February 29th. *Leap Year Day.*
"In that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, 'We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.'"—Isaiah iv. 1.

April 7th. *Royal Titles Bill carried through Parliament by Mr. Disraeli, 1876.*
"Exalt her and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor."—Proverbs iv. 8.

May 14th *London Museum of Geology opened.*
"Stumble not among the stones."—Ecclus xxii. 20

July 3d. *Dog Days begin.*
"Deliver my darling from the power of the dog."—Psalm xxii. 20.

August 4th. *Army Regulation Act passed, 1871.*
"Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west nor from the south."—Psalm lxxv. 6.

September 18th. *George I. landed in England, 1714.*
"The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will, and setteth up over it the basest of men."—Daniel iv. 17.

October 12th. *First Social Science Congress, 1857.*
"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."—Job xii. 2.

December 5th. *Gladstone's Ministry assumed office, 1868.*
"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice."—Proverbs xxix. 2.

IN THE WINDOW-SEAT.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

They danced once around the rooms, threading their way skilfully, then were brought to a halt by a little group standing around a girl. She leaned easily against the wall, keeping them all in eager attention to herself and good humor with one another without the slightest apparent effort. There was no strained vivacity, no shouted repartee, just a word to one, a suggestion to another, a humorous reply to a third, and a smile for all.

The girl who was dancing glanced at the group with a little look of satisfaction. She was proud of her sister and exulted in the ever-present throng, even though her own glory was but reflected light, due to her good taste in being the sister of the most fascinating girl in town. A little jealous pain might creep in once and a while, to be promptly snubbed and thrust out again; but not to-night. She turned to her partner, radiant:

"It's too crowded," she said. "Let's sit down and talk."

"Here's a window-seat just made for us," he answered, piling up the cushions for her. "We weren't a second too soon. There were three couples headed for it."

She leaned back and stared contentedly at the gliding, weaving multitude. Fluffy skirts brushed past them. A burst of laughter came from the group around her sister.

"It's queer how we always shake down into our positions, isn't it?" he began. "How the ones that ought to know each other always do in time."

"Don't you believe it's just chance?" she said. "Besides, we never know what we have missed, the congenial spirits that we have passed without recognizing in the crowd."

"I believe that sooner or later we find them all," he answered. "Do you know, I almost never try to meet people or to see anything of them any more, no matter how much they attract me, I am so certain that, if we are really congenial, fate will bring us together some way."

"But that may mean waiting so long," she said, a little wistfully.

"But it is twice as good when it does happen," he said. "I like things to come about naturally. They lose half their value when they are forced."

"I'm not patient enough for that," she said. "When people attract me, I want to rush in at once."

"Where fools might fear to tread?" he added. "You spoil your illusions too quickly when you do that. I like to keep mine for a little while, and pretend that they are really about to come true. Dread of disenchantment is stronger in me than impatience."

"But as long as I can believe real enchantment possible, I can forgive any number of disappointments," she answered. "Oh, if I were a man, I would go forth and find day and night!"

He turned to her half impulsively.

"All this winter there has been some one who has attracted me more and more every time we were thrown together, yet I have hardly made one effort to know her better," he said, taking her fan and opening it stick by stick.

"But why not?" she asked, half under her breath.

"How could I suppose she would want to know me? She has always so many," he said, looking up from the fan with a sudden smile. A little laugh broke from her, quickly checked, but leaving its traces around the corners of her lips.

"The idea of descending to a conventional commonplace like that," she said. "Tell me honestly why you didn't try to see more of this girl—it was a girl, I suppose?"

"It was, and is, a girl," he answered, gravely. "I suppose it was one part fear of disappointment. She looked as if she were natural and straightforward and sincere and not given to watching effects, and that seemed too good to be true."

"One part that—" she said, with a quick breath.

"And one part—you won't believe it, but it's true—diffidence," he went on.

"You—diffident!" she exclaimed, shaking her head.

"Oh, I don't blush and put my finger in my mouth and fall over chairs," he said, "but there are other kinds than that."

"Well, I thought I had experienced every kind that ever existed, but I don't believe I know yours," she acknowledged.

"Perhaps it's a kind of vanity," he said, reflectively. "It all comes down to, What will I be to her, anyway? Where will she put me on her list? I am not willing she should be of such importance to me while I am merely one of a crowd to her."

"I should say you were the sort of man who chooses his own place on the list," she said, with shy honesty.

"No; I only choose whether I will be on it at all or not," he answered, with no thought of compliment given or exchanged, for which she was grateful.

"Are there any more reasons?" she asked, presently.

"Well, I suppose there was a dash of laziness in it, too," he confessed with a laugh. "I am always indolent about beginnings, though after they are once made—" He broke off, and they both stared thoughtfully out into the brilliant room. The music came swinging across to them with rollicking abandon. She smiled to herself as another man joined the group around her sister. The mean, ignoble, little pang was vanquished for all time.

"Well, I hope your theory of fate is true," she said, at last. "Now, I should think you might tell me who the girl is?"

"I should think you might guess," he said. They both laughed, and she again turned her shining eyes toward her sister. "Yes, you have guessed," he added, following her glance. "Your sister has more fascination for me than any woman I have ever known."

She was silent a few seconds, looking fixedly across the room, a smile on her lips.

"Don't be afraid to go on," she said, at last. "I don't think you will spoil your illusions. It is rather draughty here by the window. Shall we finish the dance?"

MME. MATERNA.

REMINISCENCES OF A MUSICAL CAREER. WAGNER AS A TEACHER.

Over the threshold of the humble little home which had witnessed her birth and sheltered her girlhood, in the quaint, old town of Gray, in Austria, Amalia Materna, at the age of fifteen, took her first step into that world, which has since acknowledged her one of its great vocalists, and the only interpreter of his genius whom Richard Wagner ever really recognized and believed to have been created for the impersonation of his great heroines.

Motherless from early childhood, her father's recent death had left her, with education but barely begun, dependent upon her own efforts. Like all children brought up under the wing of the Church, her first thought was to seek advice of the good old father, whose kindly voice and hand were familiar friends, and through his influence it was that she stepped into the ranks of those "soaring voices" of the old church choir—the voices which take up and carry the refrain, one after another, in the quaint, old Catholic Cathedrals. It was Herwegh, manager of the famous "Theater au der Wien," who, noting the quality of this young girl's voice, some years later, made her an offer of engagement, and it was under his management she made her first bow to the public; although her real début was in "Fidelio," at the Royal Opera House in Vienna. At the latter house she remained a number of years, counting among her managers such well-known names as Richter, Jahn, and others. It was while here she met Scaria, who first brought her to Wagner's notice, but of that later, in her own words.

When Mme. Friedrich-Materna arrived at the Palace, Tuesday night, it was late and she was tired and dusty, but, notwithstanding, she presented a bright, smiling face to those who were there to meet her. She was as pleased as possible to be at her journey's end.

"Ach!" she exclaimed, in her demonstrative German way. "So much dust, so much noise—I am so glad to get off the cars; we have come straight from Chicago—that is a long trip—all at once, nicht wahr? I am really in no condition to meet any one," she added. "I have had no time to bring myself—what do you say in English—together?"

"To collect yourself," I suggested. "Let us go over to this corner," and I pointed to a retired spot. "There we can be quiet, and then, presently, you can slip away."

So we settled ourselves on the sofa in the corner of her little parlor, and finding that she had some little difficulty in expressing herself in English, owing to her tired, excited state, although usually she speaks the language quite smoothly and with a pretty accent, I assured her she could resume her own native tongue and I would understand her. Thus, having made things easier, she spoke of her former visit here, and her present trip, and then, naturally, we lapsed into conversation about her musical association with Wagner.

"Was it not Scaria who first brought you to Wagner's notice?" I asked.

"Yes, Scaria, the great basso," she answered. "We were in Vienna at the same time. He knew that Wagner was seeking a voice to suit his great heroines, you know—Brunhilde, Isolde, Ortrud, Kundry,—but, above all, for his Brunhilde, in the Trilogy—the "Walküre," "Siegfried," and the "Goetterdaemmerung." So Scaria wrote to him, sending my picture. Wagner sent back the answer—'I cannot use her for my heroine of the Trilogy,' but Scaria insisted, and finally he induced me to go to Bayreuth with a letter to Wagner."

"And how did he receive you?"

"Well, in the first place," began Mme. Materna, "I had some difficulty to make him believe I was the same person as in the picture. Finally he sat down to the piano and I sang the great aira from "Tannhäuser," and he could not finish—you know, he was like a child in many ways—quick, excitable, and enthusiastic. He jumped up and after dancing around the room, he rushed toward me, and taking my two hands he cried out: 'At last I have found my Brunhilde—I have found my Brunhilde!'"

"And did you remain at Bayreuth, and begin your work with him then?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Materna, "I placed myself in his hands—I owe everything to him. He taught me how to sing his music; he took me, as it were, into the workings of his own mind. How often," she continued, "he would turn to me, when we had been running over a piece together, and say: 'How did you know that it must be sung so? I, myself, do not know how these things come to me, and yet, you sing them just as I would have them sung.' It is true, you know," she resumed, "he could not explain how he composed his works. He would say that he did not study them out—they came to him. It was inspiration, and we worked together so harmoniously that he really came to believe I had been created for the express purpose of interpreting his works. Oh! he really believed this," and she shook her head convincingly. "And while I am proud of my career," she continued, "and pleased with the honor shown me, yet I know that in my heart nothing makes me so proud as the fact that the greatest master of music himself proclaimed me, to all the world, his ideal heroine," and the tears stood in her eyes as she said this.

"Was not Wagner very difficult to please?" I ventured to ask. "I have heard he was irascible and vain."

"Vain? Irascible!" she exclaimed, with some resentment in her voice. "Ach, nein—er wahr so einfach—like a child, so simple and quiet; he was easily excited, but never irascible; oh, no," reproachfully.

"Perhaps I made use of the wrong word," I hastened to explain, searching in my foreign vocabulary for the right one. "Was he not often *impatient* with his pupils?"

"Oh, no." She shook her head slowly, with a little incredulous smile spreading over her kind face. "Where do people get such ideas? He was patience itself; he would go over a part again and again, and then he would say: 'Es war sehr gut,' so, and rubbing his chin" (Materna imitated her beloved master), "and then he would give his own idea, always as a suggestion—oh, no, *impatient*, never; he was delicacy itself, in his fear lest he should hurt another's feelings, and he was far too wrapped up in his music to be vain; he was all music."

Mme. Friedrich-Materna is a tall, fine-looking woman, of powerful frame and well-rounded figure. She is, in coloring, a brunette of pronounced type, of olive skin and dark hair. She has soft, dark eyes, affectionate and vivacious, and always very expressive, Her features are somewhat irregular, bespeaking the warm-hearted and impulsive temperament. Her mouth has good lines and expresses talent. The middle face shows all the lines of sympathy, and sensibility well developed. While her face is not one that would be called handsome, it is one you would turn to look at once, twice, and again—a remarkable face—attractive because of the combined strength and gentleness of it.

"The mind, the music, breathing from her face,
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole."

And the charm of her manner and conversation are such that one might be easily pardoned for forgetting the hour as I did, when the clock startled me. I rose hastily, with apologies for keeping her so late, and with a parting "Auf Wiedersehn" in my best German, I left.

E. D. H.

France's fastest express trains are: On the Nord Railway, the Paris-Lille train, whose speed, excluding stops, is 52¾ miles an hour; the Calais express makes 51 miles; on the Est, Orleans, Paris-Lyon Mediterranee, and Midi Railways, the trains from Paris to Nancy, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, and from Bordeaux to Cette, whose speed is 45¼ miles, and on the Ouest line, the Paris-Havre express, making 41½ miles. The law of 1853 limiting the extreme speed at any point to 75½ miles an hour is still in force.

Experiments made with electricity on the toxins on disease by MM. d'Arsonval and Charrin show that the effect is to attenuate the toxin, converting it into a useful antidote. The toxin of the diphtheritic and the pyocyanic bacilli was subjected to the physical action of currents of high frequency. The current had no direct influence on the vitality of the microbes themselves, but modified the liquid in which they live so as to render it noxious to them. The action of the current, it is asserted, is not chemical, but purely physical. In twenty minutes a virulent poison can be turned into vaccinating matter. Electricity is to be tried on animals infected with the toxins, to see whether the effect is the same on living tissue.

Verestchagin has been holding exhibitions of his new paintings at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and has aroused great indignation among Russians. There are eleven large canvasses representing in his realistic manner scenes of the French invasion of 1812, which offend Russian patriotism, while three shock orthodox religious feeling by depicting the French desecration of churches.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

What Morgan of Alabama expected to gain by badgering Mr. Huntington in the style of a police court attorney, it is not easy to see. If he imagined that his browbeating would coerce the President of the Southern Pacific to confess the secrets of the Contract and Finance Company, he must be very simple indeed. That style of examination may be effective in dealing with the robber of a henroost in Alabama; but in a committee of the United States Senate, with one of the foremost financiers of the country on the stand, it was pure vulgarity and foolishness.

* * *

The Civil War not only wrecked the Confederate States, but it seems to have wrecked the intellect of every one of their prominent leaders. For many years a strong desire has prevailed among the democracy to run a Southern man for President; if the right man could have been found, he might have been elected. But no ex-Confederate has ever loomed up whom either Democrats or Republicans felt that they could safely trust with power. Morgan is, perhaps, not a type; but he thrusts himself forward, so that he has come to be regarded as a type of an arrogant bully, full of the old plantation truculence, loquacious beyond human bearing, combining the spirit of a filibuster with the instincts of a demagogue and the habits of a sot; he appears to have been created in order to foster the delusion that the noble race of Southern gentlemen, who furnished this country with its ripest statesmen and loftiest types of manhood, is indeed extinct.

* * *

Spain is setting us an example by which we ought to profit. While Senators of the United States and Members of Congress are repeating lies about the Spanish attempts to suppress the rebellion, and the behavior of General Weyler; while our newspapers are vituperating Spain in the language of the blackguard, Senors Castillo, Sagasta, Castelar, and their compeers discuss American interference in Cuban affairs with calmness and respectful consideration, and the Spanish newspapers make excuses for our ebullitions of temper in phrases such as gentlemen use in intercourse with each other. Spain may be a benighted country, while the United States are eminent for culture and civilization; but somehow, in this Cuban business, we seemed to have changed places.

* * *

The silverites have justified their existence by bolting on the tariff question, and killing the bill which was intended to restore protection. Thus one set of blockheads has neutralized another set. And after all, come to look at it, how can you blame the honorable members from Silverdom? If the McKinley party may shape the fiscal policy of the Nation so as to put money into the pockets of the manufacturers of Ohio and Pennsylvania, why should not the representatives of Colorado and Idaho insist upon laws which shall tax the rest of the country for the benefit of the silver miners? In the game of grab, every player is entitled to thrust his hand into the bag.

* * *

Another intolerable invasion of American industry by the Japanese is reported in the papers. Certain nefarious individuals, secretly minded to destroy the prospects of the native hemp crop, have imported a variety of Japanese hemp, which is discovered to be exactly adapted to our soil. It will grow to a height of twelve feet, whereas the native hemp seldom reaches six feet, and each acre will yield two tons, worth eight cents a pound. What is to become of the native product if it has to face such competition? Now is the time for Senator Perkins or Congressman Grove Johnson to introduce a bill making it a penal offense, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to introduce Japanese hemp plants into this State.

* * *

Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, and Miss Anna Shaw are to lead the fight for woman's suffrage in this State this fall. They may win it if they go about the work warily and wisely. On this question voters are lukewarm to the point of indifference. The men who are ready to bestir themselves to defeat woman's suffrage are a mere handful, but on the other hand the men who are willing to work for the reform can be covered with a single blanket. What Mrs. Anthony and her friends must try to do is to inbue women with so profound a conviction of the advantage of female suffrage that they will lay an irresistible stress on the males of their household to vote for it. That can be better accomplished by a still hunt for votes than by campaign speeches. In the average man there is so much of the old Adam left that the voice of a female stump-speaker jars on his ear. The less she demonstrates on platforms, the better her chances of winning her case.

* * *

Paris papers are full of the saddest reminiscences of poor Paul Verlaine. He was a poet of the first order, whose verses will live when the follies of the author are forgotten. But he was a man of infamous habits: he had served more than one term of imprisonment; he was a drunkard and a masochist; he led a life of squalid crapulence. His poverty was so abject that he was often compelled to deny himself the solace of a cigarette, because he had not two or three sous to buy tobacco. He would often have starved but for the loyalty of a few friends. Yet when he appeared at a literary gathering, Ministers of State crowded round him, and such men as François Coppée were his constant visitors. During his last days, he lived on absinthe, which he drank till he relapsed into the insensibility of intoxication.

* * *

Fred Warde's inimitable performance of "King Lear" awakened theater-goers to their folly in not crowding the Baldwin during his short season. They may not soon have another such chance of seeing high art. Warde played Lear without the emendations which other actors introduced. He probably thought that if he began to alter Shakespeare, he might travel as far in that direction as the Manager of the Hof-Burg Theater at Vienna, who, in obedience to a hint from the Censor that it was treasonable to represent a King as dying insane, made the old English monarch pass away comfortably in his bed to slow music surrounded by weeping courtiers.

* * *

The opening of the Sutro Baths is an event in the history of San Francisco. It is the first serious endeavor to turn to account natural beauties which are unequaled in any other city in the world. There is no other city which offers the traveler a palace of pleasure on the edge of the broad Pacific, approached through a park gorgeous with perennial flowers, and made splendid by a combination of the marvels of Nature with the triumphs of art. Even Monte Carlo, with all its charm, is less attractive than Sutro Heights. There is nothing in all Europe like the seal rocks.

* * *

The opening day exhibits the new edifice in a rudimentary stage. It contains convenient baths, a restaurant which promises joys to the gourmand, balconies with noble ocean views, a museum with a fine collection of birds and beasts and curios and Japanese waxworks; but the true elements of a casino are still wanting. There should be a ballroom, where, every week, to the music of perfectly trained orchestras, assemblies could be held. The son of Belial thinks that there should be quiet, noiseless resorts, where a gentleman could trifle with a card and a pocketful of eagles; but God forbid that THE WAVE should commend such sinful doings.

* * *

The Sutro Palace is evidently intended not for the pampered aristocracy, but for the people. The price of admission to the baths is ten cents; dinner, including wine, is seventy-five cents. When assemblies are given, Jimmy may bring his Jessamy in a plain calico, without kotowing to a high-born Committee for a ticket of admission. When the casino is complete, it will be a place of general resort, where the crowd can enjoy a holiday, and, after a wash in waters flowing from the ocean, can eat a pleasant meal and drink a glass of native wine in sight of the breakers on one side and waving palms on the other, to the sound of music, which soothes the ear and inclines the gastric juice to perform the work of digestion.

* * *

One Sykes, a farmer in Florida, received notice from "regulators" that he must leave the country where he lived under pain of death. Instead of going, Sykes turned his cabin into an arsenal, and when the regulators came, he killed four and wounded six, so they are like to die. Sykes remarks that he proposes to stay where he is, if he has to kill every man in the country. Good for Sykes.

* * *

Miss Harraden's new novel will not appear till the fall. In the meantime, *Blackwood* will begin next month a series of California stories from her pen. Her health is so poor that she cannot live anywhere but in Southern California.

* * *

Amelia B. Barr says that discontent is bound up in the heart of women; that it is her original sin. She declares that housekeeping has fallen into disrepute, and that this is simply a revolt against natural duties. Some women fret if they have no children, others because children come. Then there is a great army of discontented women who clamor, justly enough, for their share of men's work and wages, they clamor for the same wages as men, forgetting that equal pay means equal work. Here are texts for the Women's Congress.

THE LATEST VERSE.

A ROUNDEL OF RABELAIS.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

Theleme is afar on the waters, adrift and afar,
Afar and afloat on the waters that flicker and gleam;
And we feel but her fragrance and see but the shadows that mar
Theleme.

In the sun-colored mists of the sunrise and sunset that steam
As incense from urns of the twilight, her portals ajar
Let pass as a shadow the light or the sound of a dream.

But the laughter that rings from her cloisters that know not a bar
So kindles delight in desire that the souls in us deem
He erred not, the seer who descried from the seas as a star Theleme.

The Pageant.

IN PROGRESS.

BY CHRISTIANA ROSETTI.

"Ten years ago it seemed impossible
That she should ever grow so calm as this,
With self-remembrance in her warmest kiss
And dim dried eyes like an exhausted well,
Slow-speaking when she has some fact to tell,
Silent with long unbroken silences,
Centered in self, yet not unpleased to please,
Gravely monotonous like a passing bell.
Mindful of drudging daily common things,
Patient of pastime, patient at her work,
Wearied, perhaps, but strenuous certainly.
Sometimes I fancy we may one day see
Her head shoot forth seven stars from where they lurk
And her eyes lightnings and her shoulders wings."

SONG.

BY W. E. HENLEY.

Oh, have you blessed, behind the stars,
The blue sheen in the skies,
When June the roses round her calls?
Then do you know the light that falls
From her beloved eyes?

And have you felt the sense of peace
That morning meadows give?
Then do you know the spirit of grace,
The angel abiding in her face,
Who makes it good to live?

She shines before me, hope and dream,
So fair, so still, so wise,
That winning her I seem to win
Out of the drive and dust and din,
A nook of Paradise.

-The Pageant.

A FEBRUARY ROUNDEL.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The heavy day hangs in a heaven of lead,
Sick-hearted, like a blind hurt beast astray,
On paths where light scarce lightened ere it fled
The heavy day.

The hollow darkness holds the light at bay:
Cloud against cloud, reluctant, yet makes head:
Hour against hour, wing-broken yet makes way,

Time hath no music in his darkling tread,
The wind no heart to wail, the sun no sway,
Ere night with starry shadow swathes her dead,
The heavy day.

—Saturday Review.

TWO SONNETS.

BY HON. MAURICE BARING.

Because she listened to the quiring spheres,
We thought she did not hear our homely strings;
Stars diademed her hair in misty rings,
Too late we understood those stars were tears.

Without she was a temple pure as snow,
Within were piteous flames of sacrifice;
And underneath the dazzling mask of ice
A heart of swiftest fire was dying slow.

She in herself, as lonely lillies fold
Stiff silver petals over secret gold,
Shielded her passion, and remained afar
From pity: Cast red roses on the pyre!
She that was snow shall rise to heaven as fire,
In the still glory of the morning star.

You were the Queen of the evening, and the skies
Were soft above you, knowing you w re fair,
With Sunset's dewy gold about your hair,
And Twilight in the stillness of your eyes.

You did not know your dear divinity,
And, childlike, all unconscious that you walked
In a high, mystic space, you smiled and talked,
And stooped to pluck a rose and give it me.

As at the gate of Heaven an angel-child
Might wonder at an outcast's pleading gaze,
An outcast kneeling at the golden bars,
And say: "Come be my playmate, here the days
Are longer and the ways outside are wild,
And you shall play with suns and silver stars."

—The Yellow Book.

Mascagni's new opera, one act, "Zanetto," taken from Coppee's "Le Passant," is described by the composer as his most original work. It begins with a chorus without orchestra behind the curtain as a prelude. The scene is the terrace of a Florence villa at night, and there are but two parts, a soprano and a mezzo-soprano, one dressed as a man. It will be given on March 1st at Pesaro. He is writing another opera, "Vestilia," one of the scenes in which will be a Roman amphitheater, with the episode of turning down the thumbs as the signal for death.

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

IN THE PROSAIC days among which we have fallen the acquirement of wealth is the basis of romance. The world belongs nowadays to the rich; to be poor is to be without consideration. Its financial return is the measure of professional ability or literary talent. Courage or heroism in fiction is rewarded with the love of an heiress; the value of a great achievement, the possession of beauty, are the opportunities of marrying money. During the regime of the Louisiana Lottery, murder and scandal paled in interest before those seductively worded interviews with men and women prize winners, which were then a feature of journalism. We are all striving, all working. Even at Burlingame the degree of leisure is modified by American conceptions. Pleasure has not yet become a profession. So it is not abnormal, this readiness to listen avidly to the tales of suddenly acquired fortune, this desire to glut our ears with the good luck of our acquaintances, or of the indifferent wayfarer, whose name stands out in the headlines as the discoverer of a mine, or the inventor of a device. For instance, there is E. A. Wiitse, who but three years ago left San Francisco practically penniless. A skilled engineer, versed in the details of mining, he found no opportunity of exercising his acquirements in our own great gold-bearing region. So he went to South Africa, found employment at a good salary, rose in the estimation of Rhodes, invested his savings in mines, and is on the way to San Francisco, now, forever relieved of the cares of wealth, possessed of half a million in gold. But he has done better than his associates, none of whom have acquired fortunes, though they are all well-to-do.

* * *

The manner in which the Fickle Dame pursues her protéges, persisting in attentions which they elude or mistake, is illustrated in the life of an American named Camden, who for many years kept a wayside inn near Redding called the Lower House. There is in that region a great mass of ore—a blending of copper, silver, and gold—called, I believe, the Iron Mountain. It came into Camden's hands in lieu of advances to the prospector who had located the property and, for over a score of years, he occupied himself in a vain attempt at selling it. There was never a question as to the rich possibilities it presented for the capitalist, but we all know how discredited the mining industry of California has been. First, two Boston men negotiated its sale and obtained a bond for $14,000 cash, promising the balance of $20,000 more in six months. Back, in due course, came the Iron Mountain to Camden—the speculation had been unsuccessful. Some years later another syndicate, attracted by fabulous stories of the wealth of the property, essayed the sale and after much bargaining closed a deal for $30,000 in cash with other instalments to follow. A fair time was given for the prosecution of their undertaking, but it fell through. Camden again became solitary owner of his Iron Mountain. Nearly a decade later a London engineer and a Colorado miner stopped at the Lower House and engaged their host talking of mines. He told them of his property and bewailed its vicissitudes; it was impossible to dispose of it, though he had been assured by competent experts of its immense value. The twain became interested, prospected the place, the Englishman had rich connections, and lo! a new company was formed, and, in exchange for $300,000, Camden finally relinquished control and retired from business. It is this company that has set about the development of the Iron Mountain. Already it has built a railroad and a huge smelter; it has run shafts in every direction, and there is exposed a huge body of rich ore, which must yield enormous dividends for twenty years to come. At least three million is being put into the property, and it is the fond expectation of the investors that they will all grow richer. Had Camden's first transaction been successful, his last would have been impossible, but the Fickle Dame protected her favorite, and finally endowed him with a fortune.

* * *

The romances of commerce are more improbable in their details that those of imagination. There is the fortune of the borax millionaire, F. M. Smith, for instance. The novelist who used the incidents of his rise to riches as the basis of a tale would be laughed at for a weaver of fairy yarns. When he dared the great borax deal he was poor but courageous. The opportunity he recognized, and he had the audacity to execute it. According to the terms of his bargain he was to pay $4,000 down, $96,000 after sixty days, $100,000 six months later, and the third $100,000 at the end of the year. A huge undertaking, if you have neither a bank nor a London millionaire to draw upon. It devolved on him to get the money out of the property, and he worked with such energy that at the end of sixty days he met his obligation, being aided materially by a rise in the price of the commodity. The second payment was made with greater ease, and before the term had expired, Smith had completed the purchase, and was the possessor of some $295,000—all the result of a year's operation. The Smith fortune is one that continually expands, for borax is practically a monopoly, and the use of the commodity is on the increase. No one is better able to afford magnificent mansions and the luxuries of travel.

* * *

The path of the foundryman is strewn with golden opportunities. To him the prospector who has found a mine turns for a mill. Even before the capitalist is approached, he is appealed to, and if the blood of speculation runs in his veins, he is sure to invest—supplying machinery in return for an interest. That is how Daniel E. Hayes of the Fulton Iron Works came to be interested in the great Kennedy Mine, which has made his own fortune and that of his associates. He is interested with Captain Griffith in the Tahoe Mine of Mexico, said to be the richest gold-bearing property in the territory of President Diaz. He controls the Anita, a new mine on the mother lode which shows splendid developments, and has also a fifth of the South Eureka, which is down only a thousand feet, and is in fine gold-bearing rock. Indeed, this is prospectively another Kennedy.

* * *

Considering his education and disposition, together with the fortune to which he was heir, the death of young Mr. Rideout is especially sad. He had the things which make life worth the living, and, moreover, was steady, cautious, and clear-headed. Withal a loose stone in the shaft of the Magalia mine ended his aspirations, his career, all in a moment. Rideout attended to the interests of his father at Marysville and gave general attention to the affairs of the Magalia in which J. B. Haggin and Rideout, Sr., are partners. Opening the mine has proven an expensive operation but there has just been completed a shaft to the channel which makes possible the exclusion of water. Operations were just about to begin on an extensive scale when the accident happened, for there is a splendid showing of gold. Mr. Rideout, though not a professional, had the mining sense, and his loss will be a considerable one to his father who must again take up the reins of business which he had resigned into the strong young hands of his son. There was plenty of character reserve and sturdy sense about Norman Rideout which might one day have adorned high political office.

* * *

WILL his retirement from the management of the London and San Francisco Bank diminish the elegance of Arthur Scrivener, I wonder? After many, many years' service, he leaves that institution to William Steele, and will either enter business here or return to London. By no means undeserved was the reputation Scrivener so long sustained of being the best dressed man in San Francisco. Not that he sinned in the direction of conspicuousness, nor did his attire ever suggest the extremes of fashion. The characteristic is extremely good taste—the fastidious elegance of a gentleman. But his clothes were always worn with an air; and, though I don't believe his tailor's account is half as heavy as that of certain clubmen—at least, his habiliments gave one the impression of fit and freshness, of which the secrets are a competent cutter and a careful valet. There are the usual rumors accounting for the change. The bank is certainly less prosperous than in other days. It lost custom heavily in the panic of '93, when the London Paris and American made such a winning. Besides, it has been handled in a careful, conservative way, which, while it makes for safety, does not develop prosperity. Mr. Steele is related, I believe, to the managing director of the London office. He is as violent a contrast to Scrivener as any one could imagine—rough where his predecessor is elegant, and quite regardless of the clothes question. He has lots of energy and vigor, however, and knows the tricks of banking quite as well as any of his competitors.

* * *

Every one regrets the misfortunes of Barney Murphy. The soul of generosity and kindliness, he is really the most popular of all Californians, and is esteemed from one end of the State to the other. The gift of a vigorous negative was not among his endowments, though the gods gave him character, intelligence, and wealth. That defect is responsible for the complications which have just culminated, for he ever yielded to the kindly impulse which bade him grant a request rather than refuse one. No man ever lived more tender and considerate of the feelings of others. However, it is not necessary to feel any fears as to his ultimate prosperity, for it is land-poor Barney Murphy is. He has broad acres in plenty, which, in due course, will supply him with funds for the relief of his necessities. Illustrative of his character and popularity, many a good story is told. For three terms he served as Mayor of San Jose. A committee came to him, insistent that he should again be a candidate, threatening, in the event of a refusal, to elect him in spite of himself.

"That is just what you did last time, gentlemen," said Barney. "I told you then I would not serve. This time I promise you that if the slightest move is made toward renominating me, I'll pack up instanter and go to Europe for a twelve-month; now go ahead."

That is the sole reason why Barney Murphy is not still Mayor of San Jose.

* * *

To the ranks of the balloonists has come a new aspirant for aeronautic honors—the third of the Adair sisters. She arrived from Honolulu the other day where she had the distinction of provoking a Cabinet Council and the wrath of President Dole. This daring young woman had brought a balloon from Melbourne and announced an ascension which promised to be a financial success. But there is among the authorities a strong prejudice against aeronautics since the death of poor Van Tassell whose air ship toppled him among the sharks in the harbor. So the project was forbidden. Not abashed and quite determined to have her way, Miss Adair had the balloon carted to a place near by, called Prince City, and up she went as comfortably as though the starting place had been Kansas City rather than a Pacific islet. However, President Dole was much enraged when told of the evasion of his rule, and at the Cabinet Council, next day, it was made a misdemeanor for balloonists to operate in Hawaii.

* * *

If the Buckley following expects to have its lamentations heeded by the State Central Committee, it will, in presenting its grievances, admit the jurisdiction and agree to be bound by the decision of that organization. For instance, it is not probable the Committee will waste its time listening to Mr. Nealon and other disciples of the Blind Boss, if, when its conclusions are announced, they are free to dispute them. However, their cause is doomed, for the State Central desires the exclusion of Buckley, and there is ability enough in the Junta to guard the Convention against his assaults. I am told of the active campaign which the Democratic leaders propose waging here. So, I assume there will be plenty to talk about.

THE WITNESS.

MATERNA-ONDRICEK CONCERT.

Ondricek proved a most agreeable surprise, for he is the greatest violinist who has visited San Francisco of recent years. While he has scarcely the power of Ysaye, he has a greater technic and is as thoroughly musical by nature and as artistic. The privilege of hearing a new man—at least new to this city—was decidedly refreshing.

The difficulties of the harp minor concert of Ernst were scarcely appreciated by the audience, although the great Bohemian was a pronounced success from the very first. Nothing could be more beautiful than his rendering of Schumann's "Abendlied," arranged by Joachim. It was simply heavenly. And the "Witches Dances!" What octaves, tenths, and *double* harmonics! Verily, this Ondricek stands on the dizzy heights with the *few*. After such a performance, even Sauret will have to look to his laurels. His bowing is well-nigh perfect. Such a quick, clean, and telling staccato is rarely heard. As for Marsick, comparison is entirely out of the question. His advent should tend to put an end to this nonsensical cant about French "schools," in fact, "schools" of any description. No musician, listening to Ondricek, could tell whether he had studied in Germany or France. As a matter of fact, he was a prize pupil of Massar, of the Paris Conservatory.

Materna, the once glorious "Isolde" and favorite of the immortal Wagner, is still able to show what an incomparable artist she must have been in her prime. Although the voice is no longer what it was, the *art* is still hers and it is a pleasure to any one familiar with Wagner's music-dramas to hear her in the strains in which she was once so famous. Her manners are charming, and she is eminently at home on the stage.

Mr. Isidore Luckstone came too soon after Paderewski to arouse much enthusiasm as a solo pianist; but he is a most sympathetic and musicianly accompanist.

P. C. A.

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PICTURES.

THREE IMPRESSIONS OF WALTER STETSON'S ART.

A slender young female of the esthetic type, whose accentuated features were rendered more significant by the prominence of her dark, yearning eyes, was gazing, utterly absorbed, at the picture of "Susanna and the Elders." The canvas is in the Vickery gallery and is the leading note in the Charles Walter Stetson exhibition of paintings.

At the spectacle of her interest, I was attracted to its object and as earnestly riveted my eyes on Susanna, who stands naked and quite unashamed between two ancient Hebrews. They are costumed with a careful eye to the perpetration of a sensational color effect, these aged elders, for one wears garments of red and the other is in yellow. The luminous whiteness of Susanna's flesh is contrasted against a background of pale gold; above her head hang oranges and a blue sky.

"How beautiful—how very lovely!" murmered the esthetic maiden. "How inimitable the reflection! How gracious the modeling."

Her admiration being evidently of the kind that required exterior assistance, I ventured to suggest that the attitude of Susanna's legs and thighs was contradictory to the expression of her face.

"How can you utter such an atrocity! it is above criticism," she announced. "How soft, exquisite, the lucid tones of the flesh! How subtly caught the sad melancholy of that beauteous face!"

"Mademoiselle," I interrupted, "that Susanna is a freak. The unfortunate elders are not gazing at her limpid limbs, but at the strange distortions of her physical structure. She looks toward the right, and yet her thighs are facing the audience. Besides, she seems amenable to their inspection, though one leg is inexcusably bent and her arm is modeled antagonistic to the instruction of anatomy."

The expression of cold dignity on the face of the esthetic female would have adorned the sign-post of an ice house. At that moment, just as she was about to leave me alone to realize the enormity of my criticism, Boothby entered and greeted her with the approach to cordiality, which characterizes his manner toward second-rate artists. Boothby buys pictures when he can afford it, and his opinion is accepted as a criterion of value by two millionaires. A moment later I had been properly presented to Miss Arraden, and we moved to the contemplation of "Delilah." This lady is curled up in an impossible attitude on an impalpable couch, her limbs (if she really has legs) covered by a skirt of vivid red, which sets off the lines of her breast and shoulders in rather more relief than their seductions warrant. In her hands is a plaited lock of ginger-colored hair, which the catalogue tells us is the hair of Samson.

"It's a libel on the biblical Sandow," I ventured to observe.

"She's adorable," corrected Miss Arraden. "Such a dear, delicious, little Hebrew—dark-eyed, fascinating."

"But the woman who could sit thus, does not live," I persisted. "Besides there is neither modeling nor bone beneath the pink-white of those shoulders. Look at the cheap turquoise ring on her finger and the single toe peeping out beneath the red rug. Why, it is as preposterous as 'A Sapphic' (No. 3) which is merely a raw blue sky, a bluer sea, and, by way of punctuation, a naked woman, who looks like a note of admiration on a blank page."

"My boy, the color is good—that blue is good, good enough without the girl there," said Boothby.

"So is paint good," I answered, "and whitewash and green grass, but they cannot help it."

"I know you will like this, Mr. Boothby," the esthetic maiden put in. She had become blissfully unconscious by this time of my existence.

We stood in front of a lengthy canvas—an aisle in a forest. Between the trees and against the sky two women stand—one in red, the other in the shade of yellow called cadmium—certainly an audacious combination, but with no real beauty or value.

"My, my," murmured Boothby, "why will clever fellows do this kind of thing. It has neither art nor sense nor originality. I'd rather hang up a crazy quilt than that. But here is something beautiful," he added, pointing to "An Easter Offering," (No. 2).

This canvas represents a field of calla lilies by moonlight, their pale petals shining softly in the silvery blueness of the atmosphere; behind, an admirably painted sky—deeply, darkly blue, and a clump of foliage softly outlined, breaking the horizon line. Really a poetic picture with the feeling of moonlight in its subtle shadows and transparent dusk.

"That is fine," he muttered. "I must have that."

"Here is a second almost as fine," I suggested. "'A Pasadena Moonlight'" (No. 10).

"See what good example may achieve," commented Miss Arraden, sarcastically. "Though I'm prejudiced in favor of consistency."

"It is the misfortune of some people to imagine a difference of opinion the result of prejudice," I corrected. "'The Moonrise' is a beautiful, a poetic picture, painted with strength and delicacy, just as 'Blossoms' is a charming bit of color and 'A Memory of Music' is harmonious in its tapestry-like effect, but that does not counteract the banality of 'The Chaste Susanna,' a lank and timorous backed damsel supported on a marble bench, one limb in full, if slim, evidence and the other, a vague and ungracious outline tucked quite out of sight and evidently out of the artist's mind."

"Quite right," commented Boothby, much to the maiden's chagrin. "There is undeniable talent here—the lilies are charming—but look at this 'The Church and the World,' monks filing down a chasm and naked girls with harps on the rocks above. Neither allegory nor imagination, and no semblance of sense—the canvas is ridiculous, though it is not so crude in its attack on the optic nerves as 'Water Play,' which is more unmitigatedly blue than 'A Sapphic.' I am ready to admit further that Stetson is clever at portraits. For instance, that is a good head, solid texture, firm surface, though a bit hard in outline—still right enough."

"You are both against me," bewailed the esthete. "To me the coloring at which you rail is full of audacity, daring as nature's self. These effects you call garish, are, to my mind, accurate and realistic. The contrasts you call improbable, are to me familiar."

"Nonsense," interrupted Boothby. "It's an affectation. But, my dear, even you won't say Stetson's drawing is good."

She has not yet. FTC., JR.

A QUESTION OF TEMPERAMENT.

As he sat beside her at the dinner-table, of what was, perhaps, the most beautiful house in London, he reflected that his future wife was a woman of whom any man could be proud, whom no man, having once seen, could ever forget. Even if, which, Heaven forbid, she ever ceased to love him, he felt that his feelings for her would never vary one iota from their present white-heat of passion, that she had engrafted herself into his existence so deeply that without her—or at least without the memory of her—existence would be purely impossible.

He was a peculiarly sensitive man, and little things that would not have caused others a second thought irritated him in an extraordinary degree. So it came that most of the women he had met, when they did not bore, annoyed him.

The wise ones of his country knew him for one of the greatest diplomatists the world has ever seen. The skilful way in which he had twice staved off a war with the most scheming of European nations was ample evidence that he was a perfect master of the arts of his profession. His extraordinary tact was the theme of journalistic comment and universal wonder; but, indeed, the man could not have acted otherwise than he did. He was a diplomatist by instinct, not only by profession. His career was but the outward index to his temperament. If his public acts had proclaimed him a diplomatist, his inner self confessed him one. There was no more strenuous opponent of the bludgeon form of argument, and outspokenness to his mind was the eighth cardinal sin. In society, his manner was instinct with old-fashioned courtesy, and it was the exception to come across a woman who did not vote him perfectly charming. But women, as has been said, generally bored him. Those who preserved a conventional frigidity he found dull, those who were youthfully inexperienced enough to give free rein to their natural impulses, offended his sense of the fitness of things in the first five minutes of their conversation. In truth, where women were concerned, he was obviously a difficult man to please.

How had he come at last to yield himself to this woman's charm? His own explanation of the phenomenon was very simple, and it was the only explanation possible. Accustomed as he was to constant analysis of his sensations, he had but little difficulty in perceiving that this women alone, of all the women he had met, of all the women he could imagine, realized his ideal of what a woman should be. Long experience of the sex had taught him exactly what he did *not* want in a wife. The rest was simple. As soon as he had chanced upon a woman who exhibited none of the traits that he had come to regard as inevitable feminine characteristics, the revulsion of feeling he experienced was at once extraordinary and overmastering. He fell in love with her at once.

For the moment she was engaged in an animated discussion with their host. The conversation had assumed a political turn, thanks to the news promulgated in that morning's *Times* that the Government was anticipating a defeat in the division on the question of the East African Expedition. The host thought that if beaten they were bound to resign. She differed. Her knowledge of contemporary politics was remarkable, and as he kept putting forward fresh arguments to support his opinion, she demolished them one by one with a flow of ready language, and a wealth of facts that spoke volumes alike for her eloquence and her memory.

Her lover took pride in her resources, but thought the host might have found a better opportunity for the discussion. It had monopolized her for the last five minutes. The fact irritated him. He was on the point of taking part in this duel of words himself, in order to bring it to a speedier conclusion, when, by an adroit thrust driven well home, she silenced her adversary, who, gracefully acknowledging his defeat, sought refuge in more champagne.

"Thank heaven," whispered the girl to her lover behind her fan, "that's over at last." A sudden impulse seized her. She glanced furtively round the table. For the moment, as it chanced, no eyes were cast in her direction.

With a quick dexterous moment her hand slipped into his. "I do love you so! Tell me you love me, darling," she murmured, between her half open lips.

He heard her—he must have heard her—but his lips did not move. There came over his face a strange look, half anger, half surprise, and the hand that lay within hers twitched sharply, as she released it. The next moment the ladies, at the customary signal from the hostess, were sweeping out of the room, and she had to submit to defer the question that had been on her lips.

* * * * * * *

The wine went round, glasses were filled and refilled, tongues loosened, the old stories retold, and in the general buzz of conversation his silence passed unnoticed. His life had been devoted to the concealing of his emotions, and the habit stood him in good stead now. The mask-like, impassive face gave no sign of the storm that raged wildly within the man's soul, yet he knew beyond the possibility of doubt, that between him and this woman all was over, that the idol he had worshiped had been shattered in a few whispered words. With a man of different temperament it might, nay doubtless would, have been otherwise. —*Pick-Me-Up.*

PUBLIC PEOPLE.

Paderewski is very kind in the matter of autographs. It is said that he has never once refused a request for his signature. A Richmond girl, hearing this, thought to go the autograph fiend one better. She waited till the great pianist arrived in town and sent him her banjo, with a request that he would write a short musical sentiment on the sheepshead. Of course, the courteous Pole complied with the request, and this is the sentiment to which he attached his signature: "I have not the pleasure of being a performer on this beautiful instrument. I am only a piano-player. I. J. Paderewski."

Cecil Rhodes had such decided anti-matrimonial views that he will not have any but bachelors as members of his private staff. He recently made the announcement that "marriage is a more difficult game than politics."

M. De Levandiere has written a most readable and chatty review of the French snobs of the nineteenth century. The following reminiscence of Count d'Orsay, the inveterate duelist, is given: The Count was dining one day with a certain agnostic, who told a story insulting to the memory of the Virgin Mary. D'Orsay called him out on the pretext that he would never hear any woman spoken slightingly of in his presence.

King Otto, the insane monarch of Bavaria, recently celebrated his forty-seventh birthday—or rather it was celebrated for him. Since his accession to the throne, the mad sovereign has never left the Castle of Fuerstenreid. Once a year his Prime Minister pays him an official visit in accordance with a certain law. His latest report says His Majesty's physical condition leaves nothing to be desired, but that his mental condition is simply pitiable.

Within a year Lady Henry Somerset has attended 115 meetings and 27 conferences, traveled over 8000 miles, and spoken in 20 different countries to over 200,000 people.

Qeeen Victoria will wear none but black gloves since her widowhood, and those of only the two-buttoned length. Her Majesty's glove bill for an entire year is less than $100.

Doctor Jameson is not an ideal jingo, either in appearance or character. He is quiet, reserved, and thoughtful in appearance, without theatrical mannerisms. He looks like a dreamer, rather than a resolute man of action. He is not the sort of individual who naturally fits in with melodramas like "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

The secret of Fitzsimmons's knockout blow is his enormous shoulder power. He has the largest and longest shoulder-blades, probably, of any man on earth. The muscles which grow over, and under, and about those huge shoulder-blades are worked with a giant lever of bone. His chest is nearly as fully developed as his back.

Europe is ruled by old people. Queen Victoria is approaching her seventy-seventh birthday. Lord Salisbury, her Prime Minister, is sixty-five. Prince Hohenlohe, the German Chancellor, is seventy-one, and Prince Bismarck, who still advises in the government of the empire, is eighty-one. Count Kalnoky, who has just resigned the office of Austrian Chancellor, is seventy-two, and his successor, Count Galuchowsky, is sixty-five. Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Chancellor, is sixty-seven, and Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, is seventy-seven. The most wonderful ruler of all is the Pope, who is eighty-six years of age. Then there is Mr. Gladstone, who is also eighty-six years old, and the influence of whose vigorous mind on British politics is still great.

Joseph Chamberlain, the politician who now fills the public eye in England, and is talked of as future Prime Minister, never suffered from bashfulness. When he was a new member of the House of Commons, he modestly asked an old and much-respected parliamentary hand to favor him with criticisms or hints on his speeches in the House. The old member reflected for a time, and then said: "It is all very nice, very nice, indeed, Mr. Chamberlain, but if you could occasionally manage to break down, the House, I assure you, would take it as a great compliment."

Mr. Mark Twain, who is now in India, or was the last time he was heard from, says that he works from eleven in the morning till it is time to dress for dinner, and then he doesn't stop of his own accord, but because his family drags him away from his desk. Mr. Clemens does not call writing hard work. He says: "The mere physical work would not hurt me or any one else—you can sleep that off; the mental part of it is nothing but amusement—it is not work." All the time he works he smokes, and he says that he could not work without smoking. He did not stop once for over a year, but in that time he did no work.

It is said that the Dowager Empress of Germany contemplates residing permanently in England. As far as the German Emperor is concerned the arrangement is said to be perfectly satisfactory—even more so. But the German Chancellor has yet to give his consent, which is unlikely, unless the Empress Frederick consents to give up part of her German allowances. Queen Victoria, with her proverbial thriftiness, refuses to consent to such an arrangement, and so the matter remains in statu quo. From England the Empress Frederick receives an allowance of $40,000 a year. But from Germany she receives, "all told," a larger allowance than comes in the coffers of Queen Victoria as reigning sovereign of England.

John Oliver Hobbes announces her lineage as follows: "My father, John Morgan Richards, is a son of the late Reverend James Richards, and grandson of the late James Richards, D. D. (Yale), both Presbyterians of the old school. My father is a first cousin of Judge Field, of the Supreme Court of Washington, and the Reverend Henry Y. Field, My mother was a Miss Arnold, and is connected with the Quaker family of Richardson."

Consorting with municipal officers is evidently as dangerous in the old country as in America. Lord Ranfurly recently had the Dungannon town council to dinner, and after they left found that a valuable heirloom, a gold snuff-box presented to John, Earl of Bute, by George II., had disappeared.

While the quality of Bordeaux and Burgundy wines this year is unusually good, the quantity, 600,470,415 gallons, is less than three fourths of last year's vintage, and almost one-half that of 1893. It is the smallest vintage since 1889. The yield of the other European countries for 1895 is: Italy, 551,250,000 gallons; Spain, 385,875,000; Austria and Hungary, 131,962,000; Germany, 82,000,000; Roumania, 700,500,000; Turkey, 58,000,000; Portugal, 44,000,000; and Greece, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Servia, and Russia, between them, 125,325,000 gallons. Algeria and Tunis produced 95,000 000 gallons wine

THE LATEST VILLAINS.

A FRANK DISCUSSION OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF CERTAIN NEW NOVELS.

"The villain still pursues us," said the man of letters, throwing down his book. "I suppose a novel of English high life wouldn't go without one, but such a weak-kneed, easily settled villain I never struck."

His wife laid down her embroidery to look at the book.

"*Successors to the Title*, Mrs. L. B. Walford," she read. "What is it about?"

"Absolutely nothing," answered the man of letters. "There's a foolish little doll that doesn't get compromised, and a simpleton who makes no blunders, a parvenu couple who are taken up and petted by the aristocracy, a course of true love that runs perfectly smooth, and a villain who hardly causes a moment's anxiety. The book has no excuse for existing."

"Well, I hate to be harrowed all through a book for fear something unpleasant is going to happen," said his wife, absently doing a violet in rose pink.

"This villain is so afraid he won't be found out, that he brings a friend up from London and takes him behind the shrubbery, on purpose to have him say, 'and sets you free to spoon with the little countess? ha, ha, ha!' and to tell him in a loud tone of voice that the countess who is, of course, on the other side of the shrubbery) is a jolly little thing, as green as they make 'em. I never saw a man take more pains with his downfall."

"I noticed you read the book through," said his wife.

"Well, I know it," admitted the man of letters. "And I don't see why, now that I've finished. The love affair is the tamest, most commonplace thing, and you aren't even let in to the proposal. It was probably too flat."

"Then why did you finish it?" she persisted.

"Well, Mrs. Walford has a box in which she keeps some very fair character touches and little realistic details, and she takes a handful out for each novel and sprinkles them through it," he said, thoughtfully. "I suppose one reads on from one of these to the next, as if they were milestones. And then she has a way of interesting you without the slightest excuse. But I can't forgive her that milk-and-water villain."

"Read *Stone Pastures*, by Eleanor Stuart," said his wife. "Quarry is wicked enough for anybody."

"Yes, Quarry is the genuine article," he answered, with some satisfaction. "When he wants to marry another fellow's fiancée, he lets the man get himself blown up by a blast, and everlastingly blinded and maimed. No milk-and-water about him."

"Rather gin and water," she said, ripping out the pink violet. "Still, Quarry, too, managed to get overheard and frustrated in the end."

"But he doesn't deliberately go behind the shrubbery for it," answered her husband. "Anybody might think he could talk freely in the next room to a man he supposed incurably deaf. Quarry is a first-class villain. The book deals with low life, but it's real life. Everybody in it is vitally real. The author has lived in Soot City and gone among the Swedes, and watched the glowing cinder flow down the trough to the cinder hill."

"Yes, it's a true book and a clever one," she said, thoughtfully, "but it's so unhappy, in spite of ending well. There is such a sense of dreary, dragging misery about it, with Quarry coming home drunk and making love to Emma and stealing her money."

"I didn't understand her letting him go to the purse," said the man of letters. "She was too shrewd for that—a woman who could always tell when Jerry Black had been to the city, he had 'such an extra green look.'"

"She was dazed with anxiety," said his wife, wondering if marguerites done in blue would pass as cornflowers. "She is splendidly drawn, anyway. I'll tell you a villain that would suit you—Dan in *The Parson's Proxy*."

"By Kate W. Hamilton? Oh, I know; Southern dialect, girl from the North, energetic young engineer, railroad opposed by natives, illicit whisky still—"

"No, it's a counterfeiting plant," interrupted his wife.

"So it is. Those Southern stories are all about the same," said the man of letters.

"It is only the setting of this that is hackneyed," she insisted. "The proxy idea is really original. A man unwarrantably injures a clergyman so that he can't preach for awhile, and, as atonement, preaches in his stead, and becomes a splendid character. I liked Nate."

"He got his religion too easy," answered the skeptic. "Just taking a sudden course of the Bible and telling others their shortcomings isn't going to cure a man of drinking, and turn him into a self-sacrificing saint all in a few weeks."

"I should think it might have, alone there in the mountains," she said. "Besides, he wasn't meek and mushy. Don't you remember how he says, 'Common sense an' a pow'rful fist is made for use?' I suppose Dan would have held himself very much above Quarry, in *Stone Pastures*, but I think he was a great deal worse, kicking his enemy's horse and terrifying his little sister. Quarry never pretended to be anything but a rascal."

"Dan isn't a very interesting villain," said the man of letters. "He is the kind that is inevitably punished in the end. You feel it from the first second. Now, Quarry might have lived to a peaceful and drunken old age, if they hadn't happened to shoot him."

"Yes, I didn't feel easy till he was really dead," she agreed.

"There are plenty of dark and evil deeds in this book of Frederick Moncreiff's, *The X Jewel*," said the man of letters, "though there isn't any specific villain."

"Everybody is one, except the hero," said his wife.

"Well, he is a good deal of a duffer," added the other. "He just floats around doing anything anybody tells him to, provided it is dangerous enough. I don't believe he knew half the time what was the purpose of his actions. I'm sure I couldn't find out."

"Nor their results, either. Historical novels are so apt to be confused," she said, "and this one is worse than most. I do hate maneuvers that no one could possibly understand without a chart. I think the author must have had a great deal in his mind that he forgot to put in his story."

"Most of the point of it, in fact," he added. "How is this new one of Rebecca Harding Davis's?"

"*Dr. Warrick's Daughters?*" she said, slowly. "It isn't a significant book?"

"Insignificant, then?"

"Yes, rather. It isn't effective. Milly is natural, with her struggles between marrying for love or for money, and her little fits of contempt for herself."

"Which wins?" he asked.

"Oh, money, of course. Her love for John was merely a little flash of sentimentality, without much of the spiritual in it, and never would have lived to grow up if she had married him. Marrying the other man idealized it."

"And did you like the book? Did it interest you?" he asked, turning over its leaves.

"Why, rather, in a quiet, Sunday-afternoon-in-my-wrapper sort of a way," she answered. "Yet not one of the characters has an attractive personality. Anne begins fairly well—vivid, impressionable—but she rather drops out of the story, and you leave her at the end explaining her model dairy and lecturing on different grades of milk. She makes Brooke a fine wife, of course, but the commonplace atmosphere she cried out against in the beginning is around her on every side. Anyway, I never liked her after she went to a dance in a high-necked black silk dress with a linen collar and cuffs—I don't care if her party dress had been left behind."

"Vanity, vanity!" said the man of letters.

J. W. T.

THE MAGAZINES.

The firm of Stone & Kimball, which has had such a remarkable success in the publication of belles-lettres, has divided itself to the extent that Mr. H. Ingals Kimball is to represent the institution in New York, while Mr. Stone, who edits the *Chap Book*, is to remain in Chicago, spending, however, three months of every year in London. Stone & Kimball have connections with the *New Review*, and are privileged to obtain stories from all of W. E. Henley's young men.

The Harpers have decided to send Richard Harding Davis to Russia for the Czar's coronation. Thence he goes to Athens to witness the revived Olympic games. However objectionable Mr. Davis may be in the role of the great novelist, he cannot be denied a happy descriptive faculty. He is light, interesting, and graphic, and can give a swing to an event even better than any of the journalists. His description of the Yale and Princeton football game, which the *Journal* published, is as good a piece of work of its kind as there is in football literature.

The English circulation of *The Century Magazine* has been increased from 8000 to 16,000 copies under Macmillan & Co.'s management, with the help of Mrs. Ward's new story. Fisher Unwin's *Cosmopolis* has been a successful venture from the outset; the second number, is strong and interesting.

What is literary fame after all? The *Chap Book* is authority for this melancholy story of mistaken identity: "Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Richard Harding Davis recently met at a reception. Miss Terry wanted to be nice, and remarked pleasantly: 'I have read several of your books, Mr. Davis; in fact, nearly all, I think—except the last one, the one that has been most talked about, you know—Jimmie Fadden, isn't it?'"

The Chicago firm of Stone & Kimball has made a reputation by the publication of poetry of the minor order in admirable typographical style, and is also responsible for the *Chap Book*. Editor Stone of that periodical tells of the visit of a gentleman who is a familiar figure in the offices of all London publicators. Seated in the editorial rooms one afternoon, and wishing to speak of a private matter, he looked doubtfully at the janitor's assistants who were engaged cleansing the windows, and asked: "Shall I go on freely? These men, are they—are they poets?"

BOOK TALK.

The discovery of Stephen Crane is an honor shared by W. D. Howells and Hamlin Garland. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a little book—*Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*—signed it Johnstone Smith and published it at his own expense. Though but a few copies were printed, Hamlin Garland obtained one and prophesied for its author a future. Indeed, he called public attention to the book in the *Arena*. Maggie is a Bowery girl who uses "langwudge" not intended for ears polite, but she does not resemble *Chimmie Fadden*, thank heaven. The book is to be re-published by the Appletons, having been revised in the meantime. It is to appear simultaneously with *The Third Violet*, a story of Bohemian life in New York—not the Bohemia of luxurious studios but of art life in the Student Quarter. Crane is at work on a new war story, *With the Regiment*, which is promised to *McClure's Magazine*. In the meantime, the young author is living with his brother at Hartwood, in Sullivan County. He spends much of his time out of doors but writes as little as possible. The story he contributes to the *New Review* called "Horses," has not found as many admirers as his *Red Badge*.

The second marriage of Amelie Rives is the text of a lengthy article in the New York *World*, in which there is attempted a demonstration that *The Quick and the Dead* and *Barbara Deering* are autobiographical. The first is supposed to represent the courtship of John Armstrong Chanler, who is the Jack of the novel, while the latter traces the consequences of the union. Mr. Chanler, it seems, was able to appreciate the physical charm of his bride, but could not sympathize with her mind. He longed for a tigress, and Amelie, it seems, was only the tigress of his desires in certain of her moods. Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy unites the dual role, for he is two inches over six feet in height, with a superb sweep of shoulders and chest. But he is also gentle; his face is frank and courteous; he paints portraits, composes music, and is altogether a charming fellow. The twain met at the Troubetzkoy villa on Lake Maggiore, where Mrs. Chanler was visiting Prince Pierre's mother, an American. The happy man speaks English as his native language.

The picture craze is invading the London dailies. One paper had two large pictures illustrating Jameson's raid in the Transvaal, another has illustrated Dr. Nansen's Arctic explorations. A series of Parliamentary sketches in a third, have caricatures by Harry Furniss. These pictures are all by celebrated artists, and certainly mark a new epoch in English journalism.

An interesting addition to the Stevenson literature is promised by the Scribners. It seems that Lloyd Osbourne and Mrs. Strong kept notes of the author's conversations at Vailima, and whenever he said a memorable thing, they jotted it down. These extracts have made a charming book, *Vailima Table Talk*, which is to appear very shortly.

George Moore has a new novel under way, treating the sex problem from his own somewhat inartistic point of view. There is no denying the great power of the author of *Esther Waters*. What a pity it is he cannot be taught how to write.

The latest story about Kipling proves that his verbal command is not obtained without effort. It is alleged he lies hours and hours in front of the fire, with an open dictionary, studying adjectives. Then it is his practise to take a sentence just written and rewrite it over and over, employing each time a different adjective until finally he discovers that which best expresses his meaning. Kipling is especially careful in the choice of titles, and holds that a name should be suggestive of the tale. Among the selection he has carefully put away for further use, is "At the End of the Vigor of Man."

Mr. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* is already in its fourth edition in this country, which indicates no lack of American appreciation of strong American work.

Mr. Crockett's new novel, *Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City: His Progress and Adventures*, is said to open new ground, and to be the most effective of his books in incident and humor. It is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., with several illustrations.

Mr. Howells is said to be dramatizing, with the help of Mr. Paul Kester, one of his best and best-known novels, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, which Mr. William Crane will probably produce.

Nietzsche, the German philosopher, who so sagely remarked, "One cannot get the people to shout hosannah unless one rides into the city on an ass," is to have his works Englished, and the Macmillans promise the volumes early this year. He is safe to be misunderstood and misrepresented, even as Ibsen was. The *Paragraph* translates several of his aphorisms as follows:

Not infrequently one meets with copies of great men; and, as with paintings so also here, most people like the copies better than the original.

We do not place a special value on the possession of a virtue until we have noticed its total absence in our opponent.

We are promised, by Roberts Bros., Robert Buchanan's new novel called *Effie Hetherington*.

Robert H. Sherard says of Paul Verlaine that he was much piqued at Max Nordau's personalities. He tells a story of seeing Verlaine spend two hours at the "François Premier" Café with a foreign poet who was a great and brilliant talker. Afterwards, he asked Verlaine what they had spoken of; he replied, "I don't know what he was talking about, but he smoked all the while, and, though I was without tobacco, he didn't offer me a bit."

The new *Chap Book* has a really good story by W. J. Locke, entitled, "A Fool's Honor." The leading article is a description by Miss Evelyn Nordhoff of "The Dove's Bindery," where Mr. Cobden Sanderson, the most eminent of English bookbinders, does his work. There is also a poem by Stephen Crane.

An interesting letter written to a lady by the late Alexander Dumas, has just come to light, in which he announces positively that women should enjoy absolutely the same privileges as men. The "new woman" will be pleased to learn that the author of *La Dame Aux Camélias* considers woman superior to man.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Successors to the Title," by Mrs. L. B. Walford. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Kitty's Conquest," by Captain Chas. King. J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers.

"Stone Pastures," by Eleanor Stuart. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Parson's Proxy," by Kate W. Hamilton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

"Dr. Warrick's Daughters" by Rebecca Harding Davis. Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers.

"The X Jewel," by Frederick Moncreiff. Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers.

MARSICK.

A second or a third hearing of M. Marsick but confirms the assertion that he is not one of the world's great violinists, despite his many artistic traits and his excellent musicianship. His playing is marked by a refinement verging on effeminacy, which accounts, in a measure, for the rather disappointing impression made.

In a certain sense, M. Marsick's art is one-sided; for he seems to think more of *violin effect* than of the spirit of the composition. He has a decided partiality for the works of that greatest of all violinist-composers, Vieuxtemps, which tend to display his best points, including a remarkable staccato bow. The "Kreutzer Sonata" (Beethoven) is not very interesting in his hands, except the violin variation of the second movement, which he bows beautifully. The most satisfactory playing M. Marsick did while in San Francisco was Sarasate's "Ziguenerweisen," the 'Czardas of Hubay," and two of his own compositions. His "Scherzando" is a decidedly good composition. It is well made, and the themes are by no means commonplace. The Parisian violinist may not have done himself full justice at any of these concerts, for he was certainly more or less hampered by both the piano and the orchestral accompaniments. As has often been stated, Marsick has a good technic; but Sauret, who is to play in this city in the near future, will demonstrate far more forcibly what violin technic really is. Indeed, it is doubtful if any violinist now before the public, excepting Caésar Thomson, possesses greater technic than Sauret. P. C. A.

WEDDING

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THE THEATERS.

Three cheers for the "Milk White Flag," for it is dedicated to fun—clean, refreshing fun—and though undeniably a farce, its lack of sanity—which it shares in common with other farces—is always amusing and never insulting. Possibly this is because it is so liberally streaked with comedy and vaudeville. Whatever the cause, the audience Monday night was in the best possible humor throughout the entire evening, and it is plain to be seen that the Baldwin will have full houses so long as it holds these battle-scarred veterans and their pretty vivandieres. Coming as they did after gloomy Shakespearian plays and some things too bad to mention, these jolly comedians in their setting of seductive women are doubly welcome. One wonders at the collection of attractive girls; there are several who absolutely stand opera-glasses and close scrutiny, that is, if one likes pretty dolls; even if one doesn't it is pleasant to look at such shapely figures and dainty costumes, and one of the vivandieres has a throat so soft, smooth, and young that it suggests cream and snow and doves. One expects her to say "coo," but she doesn't. Her little lips never part except to smile, and she exists like the other vivandieres, to strut about with a fetching little swagger and wear the prettiest combination of red, white, and blue imaginable to even the most patriotic citizen. The letter on her cap, I think, is D, but it may be B; anyway, B and D are the prettiest of the vivandieres, and wear their dark hair tucked neatly back under dear little black bows, and infuse into their swagger a certain daintiness which the others lack.

Clarissa Agnew, the star, I suppose, of the female part of the troupe, is a pretty, blonde, little woman, who looks irresistibly fresh in her white muslin baby gown and bonnet. She walks in her baby slippers in the enchantingly springy, melodious fashion which is possible only to the wearer of shoes with no heels or very low ones. The flowing motion of her pink tights and her delightfully elastic step ought to teach the deluded wearers of high heels a lesson. But it won't. When the slippers with five-inch high heels, to be found now in New York shops, appear here every woman in town will want a pair. Aside from the flexibility and smoothness of motion, I can't say that the little woman gave me much pleasure, though there was an occasional note in her baby-song-and-dance act which tickled me.

The brunt of the play was very properly borne by the men, who were all very good; George A. Beane, as the "Dear Departed" (the sham corpse), being funnier than even Hoyt could have imagined. Some of the situations are irresistible. When the private, for an instance, rushes in and says, "The funeral procession is licking the band," every soul in the house shouted, and continued to shout all through General Hurley Burley's active demonstration of the difference between an officer of the regular army and those of the militia. How the brick-bats did fly, and who but Hoyt would have thought of such a ludicrous, yet forcible, illustration of the idea. From beginning to end there are puns a plenty, and they are laughable, but when the wife of the deceased haggles with the undertaker over his charge, and says: "The dear departed only weighed 153 pounds, and I think a dollar a pound is enough," we did not laugh very hard over the undertaker's "Madame, we don't bury people by the pound," for it was too gruesome.

We stood the price of a corpse (fifty dollars) being considered "dead cheap" by one man and "a stiff price" by another; but the application of butchers' methods to undertakers' charges was too much. The "Dear Departed," though, was amusing, even if his wife wasn't. When, after shamming death, he comes out with his face pinched by cold and every sign of violent influenza, and plaintively asks his accomplice, the undertaker: "Why did you let them put me on ice?" even a confirmed dyspeptic would have laughed.

"Where," he continued, "did you get that hearse-driver; he stopped at eight saloons on the way home, and I was on ice! Once he left me on a railroad track and the train in sight! Oh!"

Throughout, fun is poked at the militia, and the play takes its name from the flag which was presented the Ransome Guards "a flag which they would never desert," the milk white flag of truce. The "whistling superlative" was not superlative, but good, and the imitation of a train very clever.

The program at the Columbia this week did not deserve even one full house, but I suppose John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan continued to attract a small crowd toward their end of the performance even as they did Tuesday night. Their three-round exhibition of boxing was, of course, no more like a prize-fight than was the embrionic chicken fight in the first act of the wearisome "Wicklow Postman," which formed the piece de resistance of the program. This so-called "comedy drama" is more like a quarrel between a cook and a garbage man enlivened by the wit and humor of a dull and vulgar housemaid and a vulgar and dull policeman, than anything else, and I, for one, can say with O'Rourke "Arrah, go on, go way," etc.

It did one's heart good to see the old gray-headed fellows applauding "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," "The heart bowed down," and "When other lips and other eyes," last week at the Bohemian Girl at the Alcazar. The younger generation sat dignified and quiet, but wherever you saw a gray head or a bald spot, there you saw satisfaction and unveiled approval. The rest of us, I fancy, felt rather depressed and empty, though the voices are fair, Rena Atkinson pretty, and Sara Carr and Ricketts possessed of considerable histrionic ability. It struck me, though, that the Gypsy hero ought not to have worn a "boiled shirt," but maybe I'm wrong.

The Tivoli has not done well this week, for though "The Hoolah" is well staged and the costumes are bright and pretty, the opera is thin, oh! so thin, and Ferris Hartman is forced to be funny over absolutely nothing at all. Altogether, excepting the "Milk White Flag," the theaters have been poor. But cheer up, oh, ye theater-goers—next month, the eighteenth, I believe, brings us the charming Ada Rehan and her company for three weeks. They will give "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "The School for Scandal," "The Belle's Stratagem," "The Honeymoon," "The Last Word," and "The Countess Gucke." They say that Miss Rehan is especially delightful as Countess Gucke, that she has given new proof of her cleverness in comedy. The New York *Tribune* says: "The warmth and light of the character, the mellow richness of it, the buoyant manner, the incessant animation and sparkle, the variety and piquancy, the cordial generosity of spirit, and at times the deep tenderness, revealed through rippling glee—are things possible only to an exceptional woman and to a comedy actress of the first order. Enthusiasm as to acting has usually been prone to stray from home, and especially to seek its idols among those who speak foreign tongues—but very much the best acting that has been done upon the American stage this season has been done by our own players, and especially, among women of the stage, by Ada Rehan and Ellen Terry. The boring for tears that goes on in various quarters is an industry that requires very little talent. 'Emotional' players have always been numerous. They come by the string—like onions; and they are equiped to produce the same watery effect. The actress of comedy is extremely rare, and the observer of Ada Rehan's acting will have to let his memory run back many years before he will recall any actress so powerful, so brilliant, so sumptuous, and so completely satisfying in this art."

All of which is very true though powdered too profusely with adjectives.

The Eastern papers have had a good deal to say lately about Marie Studholme's proportions. She is an English beauty playing in "An Artist's Model," and though not the model in the play, has often been one in real life. Hers must be the beauty of length of line, for she is five feet five inches tall and weighs but 120 pounds, her bust measure is 36 inches, her waist 20 inches, and her hips 38 inches, which seems to me rather unsymmetrical. What do you think about it, O fair and fat San Franciscans?

PEG WOFFINGTON.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"The Wicklow Postman," at the Columbia, has been a good comedy drama, played to fairly good houses. Of course, many were attracted to the theater by the announcement that John L. Sullivan and Ryan would spar three friendly rounds after the play, all of which was carried through in friendly spirit and made a very amusing farcical boxing match. Next week Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" will be presented at this theater.

Hoyt's farce, "A Milk White Flag," has seemed to go with decided spirit at the Baldwin this week, and, from beginning to end, seemed to create a laugh. Some of the men are clever, and most of the women pretty. There were some good songs and skilful dancing, and a good evening's entertainment.

The Tivoli Company has been busy with "The Hoolah" all the week, and have entered into their work with considerable spirit. Much new material, in the way of songs and dances, was introduced, and Hartman had the title role, which means that it was thoroughly well handled. Next opera, "Maritana."

The Orpheum bill has been an excellent one, including the Athos Family, who did a a capital bit of acrobatic work; Rachel Walker, the creole singer, who sang a few new songs, and a very good vaudeville company to fill out the program in other directions.

The "Silver King," at Morosco's, a well-known standard melodrama, has been very well presented by the stock company and Darrell Vinton, who was specially engaged to play Wilfred Denver, which he did in a forceful and effective manner. There was some very deep-dyed villainy in the play, which found an able exponent in Fred Butler. The part of the faithful Jaikes was taken by Frank Hatch and was a very excellent bit of character acting. Miss Tittell made a very sweet Nellie Denver, and Julia Blanc made a good thing of her part as the "Spider's" wife. The piece was beautifully staged. Next week, "Hoop of Gold."

Miss Anna Eva Fay comes back to the Auditorium for an engagement of seven nights, commencing next Monday. This return visit was arranged owing to the very successful results, both financially and artistically, of last week. There is much talk regarding Miss Fay's wonderful tricks and mind reading. It seems an usher circulates through the audience with slips of paper on which people are invited to write their names and questions. These they keep possession of. Then the medium, blindfolded and covered with a linen sheet, announces the name and sense of each message, even though they be hidden in the pockets, and answers them to the best of her ability. It is certainly a remarkably clever trick and is admirably performed.

The Ondricek-Materna combination on Thursday evening, opened to a full house at the Auditorium, and was warmly received. They will give another concert this afternoon at 2 P. M., and their farewell performance to-morrow night, the fifteenth.

Edwin Milton Royle returns to San Francisco for a two weeks' engagement at the California on the sixteenth. On this occasion Mr. Royle will present his latest production, entitled, "Captain Impudence, or A Modern Petrucchio." The play has special scenery brought here showing the courtyard of the Mission Dolores near Saltillo, and also the fortifications at Chapultepec, with a view of the City of Mexico in the distance.

By a contract recently made, Sarah Bernhardt is to receive $8,000 annually, for five years. This contract runs through summer and winter, the actress pocketing her $1500 every Saturday night. Calvé gets $1200 for each of her performances, but, then, her contract lasts only five months, during which time she sings, perhaps, three times a week, and then she returns to the moderate salaries of Europe. Melba receives $1500 a night in this country, but in Paris she has to be satisfied with $300 a performance.

The little Alcazar will open next week with a continuous performance modeled after those now running in New York at Proctor's and Hammerstein's. Popular prices are to prevail.

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and Our Great Vaudeville Company

SPLASHES.

AFTER A LONG PERIOD of happy exemption from newspaper attention, the Burlingame Club is back in the dailies. This time it is up for treatment because of some fifty or more resignations, and the suggestion is that the institution totters to a fall. We all know, however, that nothing helps a good club like a fight, and that there are factions at Burlingame no one will deny. The two hundred odd membership which it enjoyed last year was artificially propagated. A number of influential men organized the institution, and they persuaded their friends into its ranks. Many of those who joined lacked sporting proclivities and never went near the club house. In due course, not especially valuing their membership, and never having paid an initiation fee, they dropped out. This accounts for a certain degree of the recession. Prior to the last annual meeting the club was in the hands of certain prominent business men, who handled it and its funds with rather more strictness than its character demanded or its members relished. They kept a tight hand on the sporting crowd, and so irritated that set that vengeance was vowed and wreaked at the next election. Prior to that event there was much canvassing and discussing, and as the By-Laws of the club permit voting by proxy, the younger men were active enough to persuade all their friends to vote the ticket which they favored, with the result that the old crowd found itself snowed under when the votes were counted. The check was a very unwelcome one, was denounced by the vanquished as a trick, and was speedily followed by the resignation of certain of the directors, who, in due course, persuaded their friends to follow.

* * *

Since then various derogatory tales have been circulated about the condition of the institution. It was alleged that it did not pay its bills, that certain favored parties were allowed to pile up debts, and that the management was careless and insufficient. The facts, according to the statement of Secretary Carolan which has just been issued, show the exact contrary. Instead, the club is in a better condition than at any time in its history. It has systematized its affairs, increased its assets some thousand dollars; its monthly balances show a profit on the right side. All this in the face of the loss in membership. Under Mr. Brewer's direction, the stable, which was the main source of loss, now meets its own cost; and the Sharon estate has modified its arrangements with the club, affording the use of the grounds and the property for $125 per month, which represents about five per cent on the amount the estate originally advanced for buildings, etc. It still retains the privilege of purchase on the same basis as before. It is true there is some floating indebtedness, but this is expected in every new club, and is due to the dilatoriness of certain members who have been a bit careless about settling their accounts. They are all wealthy young men, however, who are well able to meet such liabilities, and already a demonstration toward a general settlement has been made. In order to prevent a re-occurrence of this condition, the directors have just adopted a rule which compels the settlement of monthly bills by the twenty-fifth, and after that date the credit of those in arrears is cut off. Failure to pay before thirty days later means suspension.

* * *

THE TIME has gone by when it was good form to jeer at Burlingame and its English characteristics. The fact is, the Country Club is a boon to the State. It keeps here and furnishes with amusement a number of wealthy young men who, in its absence, would certainly betake themselves to Eastern cities or the continent for that outdoor sport which the youth of the day craves. It has established a standard of good taste in matters equine, and if that standard happens to be similar to one which exists in England, it is merely because England has discovered the most practical way of governing and arranging all outdoor pleasures. To call Burlingame English, is as preposterous as it would be to call it Italian, French, or New York, as the standard of all taste in amateur sport, especially in that which pertains to the horse, is much the same throughout the world. It is often said that patriotism and good taste demands our men to ride in Spanish fashion, but after all, to what end? The carpers and critics would declare it theatrical, and it would certainly be without utilitarian purpose. There are other country clubs, of the same character as that at Burlingame, in Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, and New York. There they play polo, golf, and kindred games. The men wear riding breeches and leggings, but the mere fact of belonging to a country club does not make a man any less an American or more an Englishman. The establishment of Burlingame has really been a boon to California, for it furnishes a capital place for the entertainment of visitors, who can enjoy the sports which they are accustomed to at home. Such men as Prince Luigi of Savoy, Count Cini, and all our French and English visitors are loud in their demonstrations of approval of the club; nor is the fact to be passed over lightly that these gentlemen are liberal patrons and generous in their expenditures. Burlingame keeps money in California, furnishes fun, and with the recent horse shows has done more to give the State social prestige in Europe and the East than aught else it possesses.

* * *

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE for the revealing of the Fortnightly Club's secrets to the press? That organization has ever prided itself on keeping out of the papers, and lays special stress on the privacy of its entertainments, yet it is evident there is a leak in its holiest of holies, and its events are blazoned to the world in a most unseemly way. The resignation of Mrs. Kauffman from the directory is certainly a loss, for she has long figured as the organizing spirit of the institution. Under the circumstances, there was nothing left to her but to withdraw, as she has reason to feel her authority was not held in proper estimation. The entertainment at the McNutt house last week was a species of vaudeville, owing to the absence of a proper program. A little comedy was given with Frank Owens and Miss Hobart in the leading roles. There were also recitations, a speech by Mr. Phelan, and some singing. The next meeting is at the Houghton's. The cabinet is secrecy itself as to its intentions. Considerable effort is being made to induce Mrs. Kauffman to withdraw her resignation, but though the relatives of the offending party have proffered apologies, the ex-Regent is thus far obdurate in her determination not to return.

* * *

There is an opposition ticket in the field at the Bohemian Club. It is a little late in making its appearance and the members are not sure whether it is to be taken au serieux. "Ned" Hamilton is at the head of it and no man ever placed himself so literally in the hands of his friends. He is letting them do all the electioneering for him, and scarcely shows himself even in the newly decorated barroom or the café where election talk and other things are brewed. It is certain, however, that a strong man has been chosen and "the opposition" could not have selected any one calculated more surely to divide votes with Dr. Chismore. The latter represents the older element in the club, and all admire his skill as versifier and speaker and his genial manner as much as they appreciate the oratory, rounded, sonorous phrases of the brainy and companionable Hamilton. The second place on the ticket headed by the newspaper man, is accorded to Louis Sloss, Jr., whose opponent on the Chismore ticket is Peter Robertson. As Larry Bunton says, "it's a hard choice, for Peter is a Scotchman and Louis such a nice little fellow." One man figures on both tickets, and bouquets may be sent to him now, for it seems to be the desire of the club that William Sproule, the railroad man, should be a director.

* * *

Not only will the change of administration in the Bohemian Club bring the return of William Greer Harrison to membership, but it will call to the front once more the sire of many jinks, and one of the finest speakers, if not the best, the Club claims, in the person of General Barnes.

* * *

The new red carpet and the cafe-au-lait tinted walls of the Bohemian Club dining-room have been duly inspected and criticised. Scarlet-lettered invitations warned the Clubmen that the doors of their newly decorated dining-room would be re-opened, and on Saturday last no less than eighty-one men sat down to the round tables. There was nothing of the formality of even the monthly Club dinner (now a more or less lapsed institution); but there was an abundance of bright, informal talk, so that Horace Platt never presided at a more jovial gathering in the whole of his two terms of office.

* * *

Though the new Bourne house is up to half a story, its aspect must not be considered indicative of the structure which promises to be one of the handsomest and most imposing on Pacific Heights. It is the first real basement house we have, and is to be finished in clinker brick and brownstone similar to that of which Melrose Abbey is built. The style cannot be called colonial, Renaissance, or Gothic, but it is composite and individual, and emphasizes Willis Polk's originality as a designer. I believe the house, with its gables, is to be some sixty-three feet in height. The salon, or drawing-room, should make a magnificent apartment, for it is to stretch the entire width of the front, and will be lavishly furnished.

* * *

The new Dimond house is completed and the decorators are putting the finishing touches to the halls. It is a very beautiful interior. The drawing-room is in old colonial style, with arches at each end and a big open fireplace between. The reception-room is finished in ivory enameled woodwork and green brocaded silk. The hall is paneled in redwood; but the most striking apartment is the dining-room, done in oak stained a dark green. The ceiling is composed of heavy beams, the walls are paneled to the dado, and the general effect is medieval. Indeed, the apartment suggests the state dining-room of an old French chateau.

* * *

I was in the Grill Room at noon yesterday and counted a score of men who in other days never thought of lunching out of their clubs. The Pacific-Union seems to be the main sufferer, though the Bohemian was well represented, and there was a sprinkling of 'Varsity men also. Indeed, the attendance at the noon meal in the clubs has been seriously minimized by the Grill Room, which has the advantage of proximity to business and of rapid service.

* * *

The next Fiesta, I suppose, will be much after the fashion of the last for it has been bravely advertised. I have here a heavy paper invitation from Her Majesty, The Queen, which announces the date of the celebration to be April 21st to 25th, and it is presumed notable things will happen. There should be some fun over the choice of the presiding divinity, and possibly an entertaining development of minor jealousies.

* * *

The artistic set was well represented at the exhibition of Elizabeth Curtis-O'Sullivan's pictures, at the Art Students' League, Saturday afternoon. She showed quite a number of canvases, pastels, and sketches, all of which had that certain style inseparable from her work. In the pastels her ability is at its best. They have the quality of sketchiness, and are decidedly clever and suggestive. Of the portraits, that of Mr. Curtis is quite the best. The painting of the head and face is capital—being careful and finished, which is rather more than I would care to say of the other portraits. This artist has adopted a peculiar manner of washing in her heads, which, though dexterous, has rather a careless effect. Of the other pictures, I especially admired the Holland sketches, which are really charming. Mrs. O'Sullivan will return to London, where her husband is winning great kudos in the musical world.

* * *

Baby parties are the latest social diversion. Mrs. S. B. Johnson had one up at the Colonial the other day, and there was an admirable assemblage of infants under and over three months to gladden the occasion by their presence. The decorations were appropriate consisting of almond blossoms and roses arranged in wicker cradles, and, of course, there was a silver spoon for each of the newly arrived youngsters. I am inclined to think, however, that the babies were an adjunct rather than the event, for the young mothers had a thoroughly good time to themselves, a capital lunch, and found they had a single topic in common.

* * *

THE CATHOLIC ARISTOCRACY gather round the Madames of the Sacred Heart once a week, and sew vestments and altar cloths for the missionary churches. It is a fashionable assemblage that celebrates the Lenten season in the parlors of the Convent on Ellis Street. Reverend Mother O'Mera presides; the formula followed is to serve out the work, sew at it during the afternoon, take it home and bring back the task completed at the next meeting. It is returned to Madame O'Mera, who scans each stitch and objects frankly to all "scamped" work. There is no respecting of personages in this gathering; every one is similarly treated. Combined with the sewing is intellectual diversion in the shape of reading, a lecture by some of the priests of the diocese, and sometimes a little music.

* * *

Another Catholic sewing engagement is the Franciscan Society which meets at the St. Ignatius Church under the patronage of Father Varsi and his brother Jesuits. Here a great deal of good work is accomplished, and the ladies are diverted by addresses from the Fathers.

* * *

It is proper to count all Lenten entertainments as informal. One hears of informal luncheons, teas, and musicales. However, Mrs. S. D. Fry's luncheon in honor of Miss Sherwood last Saturday hardly figures in the "informal" connection. This was quite

Swain's, at 213 Sutter Street, is the only place in the city at which one can find first-class pies, cakes, and confectionery.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

Dainty and Refreshing
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"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
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FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

a sunny affair, with girls in spring costumes, the table decorated with wild flowers, and the delicacies of the spring season on the menu. An informal musicale was given by Mrs. Judge Meyrick on Friday.

* * *

The young Lazards continue on their trip around the world in the "China" on the 14th, and on the same steamer Harry Bowie, who is building a Spanish villa at El Cerrito, goes to Japan for a brief sojourn.

* * *

The engagement of Harry Babcock and Mrs. Favre can hardly be called a surprise, though the announcement was somewhat unexpected. Mrs. Favre is a very charming woman who, though she has lived in San Francisco in recent years, is not a Californian. She comes from New York, and her sister is Mrs. Lawrence Poole, whose name is familiar to readers of Gotham society notes. Mr. Babcock is a man of character as well as social standing. He is an active sportsman, a capital shot, an enthusiastic angler, and is at the head of one of the largest and strongest family connections in California. His father, the late William Babcock, was a partner in the banking business of the late John Parrott.

* * *

Frank Belcher, who in the olden days was one of the most popular of Olympic Clubmen, and who went into the world on the strength of a very deep toned base voice, is to have a concert in the Native Sons' Hall on the night of March 19th. He has been with Hallen and Hart for some nineteen months past, and has recently spent some time in New York, where he has studied under Madame Sarah De Lande, the noted teacher. He had been recommended to go to Paris to study for Grand Opera, and if this idea receives the sanction of his most circumspect friends, he will probably be found on the other side ere long. At his concert Mr. Belcher is to give the two latest songs, "Honey, Does Yo' Love You' Ma'am?" and "A Nigger With a White Spot on His Face," which are said to be bigger successes than "The New Bully" and "I Want You, Ma' Honey."

* * *

There was a gay gathering at the Schwabachers' Saturday night, the entertainment being directed at celebrating the engagement of Miss Jennie Schwabacher and Mr. Rosenbaum. A feature of the mansion is the great hall, which is admirable for entertaining in. In this a stage had been built and a vaudeville performance was given under the direction of Phil Hastings. A very fashionable audience attended and rapturously applauded the specialties. The Diata Brothers from the Orpheum did an act; R. Mitchell rendered his newest negro tales with much effect; Jimmie Swinnerton perpetrated caricatures of the various guests; and Phil Hastings, dressed as Paderewski, rendered familiar melodies with illimitable gestures. There was a splendid supper, and afterwards a dance.

* * *

Mrs. Roos sustained her reputation as a hostess by the very elaborate luncheon which she gave in honor of Mrs. Max Oppenheim of New York, Miss Schwabacher, and Miss Ruby Lowenberg, whose engagement has recently been announced. The tables were spread in the great basement dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with eschscholtzias and all manner of ferns and palms, and the tables were charmingly adorned with lavender and wild oats. Covers were laid for fifty. The menu was really admirable, for the Rooses have one of the very best chefs in town. There was music, of course, and all other accessories.

* * *

The first of the March weddings was that of Miss Stella Greenebaum and Alfred Simon, which was celebrated at the home of the bride, 1914 Pacific Avenue. The family connection is a very large one, comprising Slosses, Gerstles, and numerous families of Greenebaums, and it was well represented at the affair. The identity of the contracting parties is mainly the circumstance that distinguishes one wedding from another, so there is really not a great deal to be said save recording the event, except, indeed, that there were charming decorations and much magnificence in the matter of costumes. Doctor Voorsanger performed the ceremony in a bay-window decorated with apple and peach blossoms. Miss Annie Simon was the maid of honor, and Miss Greenebaum was accompanied by her brother. They are to reside at the Palace Hotel.

* * *

The greatest interest is manifested in the Bal Poudre at the Verein to-night. Hairdressing will prevail all day, for the number of professional artists is limited, and it is safe to believe that powdered coiffures will be a feature of many households from morn until late at night. One can easily imagine that the general effect will be very beautiful, for I am told of strenuous efforts in the direction of costumes. Miss Sadie Hecht has a dinner of twenty-five preceding the ball, and the party go from the Hecht mansion on Washington Street to the club house en grand tenue.

* * *

The engagement of Baron D'Euchtritz, Chamberlain of the German Emperor, and the Cleveland heiress, has been denied by her father, though the parties most concerned stoutly affirm its continuance. Of this designing nobleman rather a funny tale of his matrimonial chase is told in *Vanity*. It seems when he first came to America he announced the intention of discovering a lady worthy the honor of rehabilitating the fortunes of the Euchtritz family, as it devolved upon both himself and his elder brother to obtain coin in matrimony. He scouted New York and Newport, and then came afield to San Francisco, but all in vain, and returned to Berlin intending to suspend hostilities until the brother had captured some golden prize. Imagine his disgust to discover the hope of the family married to a poor little American music teacher, who had gone to Berlin to study and live economically. I am told the Baron is known among his American friends as "Dutch Treats."

* * *

THE CHARACTERISTICS of the Jackson-street set make for serenity. Lent, for them, means simply an extension of leisure. For instance, lunch parties are rather in abeyance during the holy season; and being good, rather than pious, they don't take generously to church. Among the several sets which compose Oakland Society, the Jackson-street clique is noticeably exclusive. Its men, it is true, dance with the girls of other streets, but the men of other sets do not seem to intrude themselves on the Jackson-street girls. It is a privilege to which they are either not admitted or have not the courage to seek. Indeed, these young women keep very much to themselves. They dine and lunch each other sedulously, but their parties are noticeable for sumptuousness, rather than for interest. There is more menu than movement, and the costumes are better than the conversation. Last year the wheel was in vogue among the Jackson-street maidens. For several months they cycled steadily. Some went on expeditions to Haywards; the more daring went down to San Jose. But this year one hears little or nothing of bicycling. The latest diversion of Jackson Street is physical culture. I don't think there is any ambition among its members to develop into Amazons, but, in a mild way, the fascination of exercise is on them, and once a week they are put through their paces by a muscular instructress. Being highly informal, these lessons are not dignified by costumes, and the exercises prescribed are rather Delsartean than violent.

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The Chafing Dish Club is under way now. It is composed of the Jackson-street set together with certain maidens from East Oakland. The girls gather every Saturday night at some one's mansion, and each member is required to execute some plat or other, which they do with varying success. The chafing dish is nowadays a feature of civilization, and a very useful adjunct to life in Oakland, for the restaurants there are more numerous than pardonable, and the partaking of iced soda is still a popular afternoon diversion.

* * *

Lent is being observed with more or less formality in Berkeley. From that region of enlightenment there comes but little to record in the society way, save a dinner given by Mrs. Spears for her son on Wednesday last—a birthday dinner, I think it was. There were blue and gold decorations, violets and buttercups, the usual array of students, and the same bevy of popular girls who may be found at all Berkeley festivities.

* * *

Lent is having a fine run in Oakland these latter weeks. Every one is sedulously engaged in doing nothing, and success crowns all their efforts. It is extraordinary that no enterprising woman has organized either lectures or classes. Even the sewing-circle, that popular panacea for unnecessary leisure, has but little vogue. Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, who is ordinarily a motive power of several intellectual diversions, is so deeply interested in educational projects that she has no time left for society. And Miss Maud's energies are projected in the same direction. Mrs. Howard is giving her mind to the cause of manual training, and is deeply interested in the effort to capture the Wilmerding school for the local Athens. I believe Mr. Shafter Howard's marriage to Miss Mollie Hunter is to be celebrated in the early spring.

* * *

The Unitarian Church is the scene of Mr. Reaser's art lectures. As I stated last week, he is arranging for a tour to Holland, and among those who will accompany him are a number of Oakland girls who have artistic aspirations. The Unitarain Church was also the locale of Mr. Frank Belcher's song recital, which was quite well attended. Mr. Belcher has just returned from a tour with Hallen and Hart, and he proceeds in the immediate future to Paris, where he is to study for grand opera. New York experts have pronounced favorably upon his voice, which is a very deep bass, and predict for him a brilliant future.

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Mr. and Mrs. Requa and Miss Requa return from New York next week. Their enjoyment was interfered with by the serious illness of Mr. Requa, though Miss Requa was quite generously entertained, and succeeded in deriving considerable enjoyment from the experience.

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An interesting engagement is that of Miss Maisie Blow and Leo Wild. This is a love affair of some standing, of which announcement has just been made. Miss Blow is a daughter of the late Walter Blow, and a niece of ex-Mayor Glascock, and Mr. Wild is a son of the composer of "A War Time Wedding," the opera which "The Bostonians" produced here recently. He is engaged in the Oakland Savings Bank. Miss Blow is an accomplished musician, and plays the piano very well, and Mr. Wild is also given to music, and sings in the choir of the Episcopal Church. So it may be presumed that this is matrimony founded upon music.

* * *

Miss Lou Bromwell and Mr. Shelby Martin were married at the Bromwell residence, Wednesday last. The bride really looked charming in her wedding garments. Miss Bromwell is a very pretty girl, and, moreover, is really nice, and very popular in the best way. Mr. Martin is teller in the Union Savings Bank, of which his father is president.

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The only social event with pretensions to be elaborate that presents itself for record, is the tea which Miss Lucy Hayes gave in honor of Miss Blanche Cassel. This was quite a gathering. Mrs. Hayes, who is quite a clever and well-informed lady, has returned recently from Europe with many of the spoils of travel. She is an enthusiastic hostess, and was prettily gowned in yellow mull and white lace. Miss May, her sister, and Mrs. Henshaw, assisted her to receive the guests. The entertainment consisted of a new game which is played by means of cards, on which floral conundrums are propounded. This is supposed to need much suggestive talent, and is rather good fun. Progressive euchre followed. Miss Hilda Cassel recited; and there were music and refreshments, of course.

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There was a very jolly evening at the Walls's Sunday night, the leading diversion, of course, being music. Mr. Dyer was heard to advantage in several Schumann songs. Mr. Bank Summers and Mr. Peterson sang, and Miss Bessie Wall played selections by the new composer, Rudolph. Miss Grace Barstow and Miss Wall rendered a sonata by Grieg in capital style. Miss Barstow is the step-daughter of ex-Judge Rhodes, and is one of the most accomplished violinists in San Francisco, a pupil of Joachim, and possessed of a technic which is far ahead of that of most professional artists.

* * *

There is quite an exodus to Europe this season. Miss Julia Heynemann accompanies Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan to London, where they propose to open a studio. Miss Jessie Peixotto, a very clever and a very pretty girl, after her post-graduate course at the University of California in economical science, goes to Europe to finish her studies. She intends spending some time in Lyons. Miss Evelyn Shepard, daughter of the well-known Oakland capitalist, has gone East for a vacation, accompanied by her sister. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Casey, Miss Dillon, and Miss Cosgrave leave for Europe at the end of the month, to be absent at least two years.

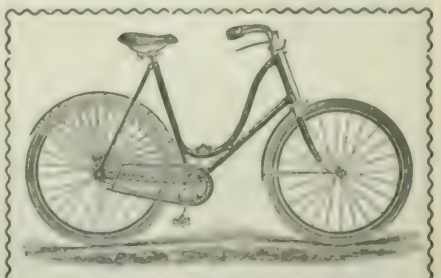
* * *

An engagement of much interest to Oakland people is that of young Mr. Selby and Miss Glen of the Glen ranch, Colusa. They are to be married very soon after Easter.

THE GOSSIP.

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well-known one of Duff, Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff, Gordon & Co. sherries.

Deutz & Geldermann's "Gold Lack" is, without doubt, the finest dry champagne imported. No connoisseur should fail to try it.



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RIPPLES.

UNCLE ISAAC.

"Vell, I'll advance yo' den tollars on th' vatch. Vat? It cost yo' er hundred? I bed yo' if dot vas dose cases, yo' von it in er vatch glub. Vat? Vell, I vonder! Vell, if yo' doesn't vant dot den, I doesn't vant dot vatch. Vat? Yo' t'inks yo' ought to have twoventy for it. Vat? Holy Abraham! Vy doesn't yo' t'inks yo' ought to get er hundred? It doesn't costs yo' any mores, and yo' stands yust as a better chances for gettin' it for vich. Don't talks, mine frient; dis vas not an orphan asylums for dose charities. Vat? Yah! All dright, take it to Einstein, and see vat he gifs yo'. I pet yo'r lifes he gifs yo' no more as two dollars and er helaver, and vill charge yo' dirty dree and er dird ber cent ber month. Vy, dot mans vas a regular hair cutters, he vas so stingy. Vy, dot mans vas such er son-of-er-sea-cooks dot he charges yo' twoventy ber cents for der brivileges o' breathin' in dot stores o' his for vich. Vell, I vonder! Vat, vat, vat vas dose? Er-her, yah! Yo' pets yo'r lifetimes. All dright, ve vill make it twoelve and er quarvarter, but I charges yo' den ber cend ber veek. Vat? Vell, I vonder! Goot by. Gall again ven yo' vas in vant of moneys. Yo' pets yo'r lifetimes yo' vill find yo'r Uncle Isaac always villin' to helb dose vorthy ven dey have dose good securities. Vat? Vell, I vonder!

"Yah, I have blenty of dose foolishness fellers like dot feller gome here for pusiness. Oh, yah, somedimes dey comes pack and somedimes dey doesn't comes packs. Oh, dese Christian ploods know so liddle aboudt pusinesses! Vat? Vell, I vonder!

"Vat? Yo' pets yo'r lifetimes dot vas er nice tiamont r-r-ring. Vell, I vonder! Ven I looks at dot r-r-ring it makes me smiles vid mineselves. Erboudt von year ago von of dose young fellers gomes in here and showed me dot r-r-ring. Ven he showed dot r-r-ring I said to him dot it vas a lady's r-r-ring. He said I vas mistaken; dot it vas his r-r-ring. I tolds him it vas a lady's r-r-ring, all der sametimes. Ven I said dot he got mat vid his face, and said it vas no lady's r-r-ring; dot it vas his r-r-ring, and dot no lady or voomans vould ever get dot r-r-ring. I told him if dot vas der gase, I vould advance him dirty dollars on dot r-r-ring. He tolds me dot the r-r-ring gost him von hundred and twoventy-fives. I told him dot I could not help dot; but I vould gives him dirty dollars on it if der r-r-ring only gost him den dollars. Ve had gonsiderable pusiness talks about der amount, and I bretty soons told him I vould advance him fifty dollars. Dot made him feel goot, and he told me his trouples. He vas engaged to be married, and porrowed some moneys from ernudder feller to puy dot engagements r-r-ring, and then he introduced dot feller to his girl. Dot girl vas ernudder frauds. She shook dot first feller and took up mit dot udder feller, and er few veeks afterwards dot first feller got vord to hurry cavick and pays dot moneys to dot udder feller, and dots der reasons vy he gomes to me for some moneys. Dot vas yo'r Christian vas do dot. Yo' pets lifetimes a Jew vould not do sometings like dot. Vat? Do yo' suppose a Jew vould pe so foolishness as to let dot girl return dot r-r-ring? Vell, I vonder! Dot girl vould have kept dot r-r-ring, and dot udder feller vould have got his moneys yust der same.

"Ikey, vat are you doin'? Vat? Yo' vas gold, vat? Vy doesn't yo' take your slate an' practise interest and forget yo'r troubles? Vat? Yo' vas tired, vat? Holy Abraham, vat dis risin' generations vas becomes vith demselves? Go next door to dot candy store, Ikey, and ask dot ladies to give yo' von of dose bebberment gandies; dot vill varm yo'r up goot. Vat, vell I vonder! Er-her, yah, 'um!"

THE NEW WOMAN.

First New Woman—Let's shake for th' drinks.

Second New Woman—What shall it be, razzle-dazzle or poker?

"Poker; one rattle out of th' box; no horses."

"Roll 'em out."

"You shook a straight."

"Isn't that nice (counting the spots), one two, three, four, five, six."

"Now, it's my flop."

"You shook a stiff."

"So did you."

"I did not. I shook a straight."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"I beat you, and you pay for the drinks."

"Well, I guess not. My shake was as good as yours."

"Well, let's shake it all over again."

"All right. Here goes. Ah, two twos."

"And I've shaken two ones. I've beaten you; ones are high."

"Why, no, they're not; twos are high."

"Oh, you don't know how to shake."

"If you say that again, I won't play."

"Well, let's shake it all over again."

"All right. You roll 'em out first."

"No, you roll 'em first. You want me to shake first every time."

"What's the difference? It doesn't give me any advantage over you."

"Why, yes, it does. You see what I shake and then you beat me."

"Why, how foolish you talk. I can't shake what I please."

"Well, you shake first, then."

"No, I won't."

"You're a mean thing, and I won't shake ——"

Barkeeper (interrupting)—Here, you two bloomers, shake yourselves out of here. We've had enough of your talk.

WHY NOT?

First Sack Sawdust—How do you feel?

Second Sack Sawdust—Fine.

HEAVENLY.

Mrs. Blossom—I dreampt last night I was in Heaven.

Mr. Blossom—What was it like?

Mrs. Blossom—An immense dry goods store, and I didn't have to do anything but shop. And, oh, Joe, you should have seen the bargain counter! Why, they had goods marked at ninety-eight cents that would cost a dollar here.

AS IT IS.

Wife—No, George; I can never be anything more to you than what I am: your wife.

Husband—Won't you be my friend?

WELL FIXED.

Sympathizing Friend—Didn't your husband leave a will?

Widow—Oh, yes; he left a Will, Tom, John, Bob, Mary, and myself.

THINK NOT.

"Do you believe the world is round?"

"I know it isn't square."

DIDN'T KNOW IT.

"Poor Jones is dead and he doesn't know it."

"How's that?"

"He lives in Oakland."

CURED.

"How did Blobbs stop drinking; did he take the cure?"

"No; he moved to a University town."

THAT'S RIGHT.

John L.—Say, Paddy, what can I do to elevate the stage?

Paddy R.—Keep off it.

! ! ! ? ? —— ! ? ? —— —— ! ? ? —— ! ! ! —— —— —— —— —— ——

A FREAK.

"I see Squibbs is going on exhibition in a dime museum."

"As what?"

"The only humorist who hasn't written a joke on the X rays. BRUNO.

SHEARINGS.

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night.

"No; what's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that hat, and we needn't fear burglars."

"But they might sit down on my hat, you know.—*Detroit Freee Press.*

Bacon—Isaacs made his initial speech at the dinner, last night.

Egbert—What do you mean by his initial speech?

"Why, nearly every other word was I."—*Yonker's Statesman.*

She—I don't care if the men do say such hateful things about big hats at the theater. It's a woman's prerogative to attract attention, and if she can't do it one way, why, then, she must do it another way.

He—I see; on the principle of "better be damned than mentioned not at all."—*Boston Transcript.*

Walls—There goes Swelton and his wife.

Stalls—His wife? Is that all?

Walls—What more did you think she was?

Stall—Well, from the way that he steps around when she speaks, I thought she must be his typewriter.—*New York World.*

"You say you believe there's a place for everything?" said the bright girl.

"Ya-a-s," stuttered the dude.

"Well, why don't you go home?"—*Yonker's Statesman.*

Mrs Taddells—Let's see! Susie Dimling is about twenty years old, isn't she?

Mrs. Wiffles—Susie Dimling twenty! Susie Dimling will never see twenty again if she lives to be eighty.—*Judge.*

Mattie talks in her sleep. It was this that led her little brother to say to her, the other day, while she was taking her morning nap:

"Hush, Mattie, not so loud, or you'll wake yourself up."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

"So you want to marry my daughter? Well, what can you do for her?"

"I can support her comfortably, sir."

"That won't do! I'm looking for a son-in-law who can support us both comfortably."

And the young man rode off on his bike and married an orphan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Buzzfuzz—That saying, "Marry in te, has repent at leisure," is all wrong.

Sizzletop—Think so?

Buzzfuzz—Certainly. After a man marries he has no leisure.—*Puck.*

"Look here! did you say I was a liar?" demanded the angry man.

"Calm yourself, sir. What I said was that you had mistaken your vocation. You ought to have been a diplomat."—*Judge.*

"Patrick, why do you join in the strike now, when you refused to go out with the men six months ago?"

"Shure, the ould woman wasn't at wurruk six months ago."—*Norristown Herald.*

Briggs—Miss Litehed worked hard last summer at the seaside to catch her husband, I understand.

Diggs—Yes, and she is working harder at typewriting now to keep him.—*New York Herald.*

Chappy—What's the latest thing in trousers?

Tailor—The bloomer-girl.—*New York World.*

Jack Asker—If a man threatened to kick you, what would you do?

Lay Conie—Sit down.—*Philadelphia Item.*

We may often learn a valuable lesson from the stubborn mule, and guard against the too protuberant use of our own ideas in opposition to other powers against which it is useless to contend. It may be wrong for giant powder to blow the top of a man's head off without cause, but repeated contests have proved that even when giant powder is in the wrong it is eventually victorious.

His Serene Highness, Prince Raoul-Joseph Wrede, the new Austro-Hungarian Minister to the United States, is a man of about fifty-three years of age, and a widower. His family is of Westphalian origin, but owes its princely title to Bavaria.

Joseph Howard says that when he first met Bill Nye, the humorist, he averaged about thirty dollars a week. Later on, his income aggregated between twenty-five thousand and forty thousand dollars a year. He had not only the faculty of making money, but the rarer gift of saving it.

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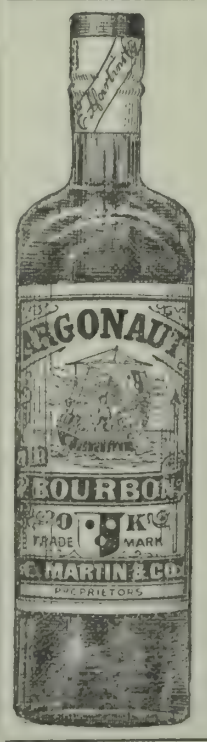

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THE LATE BILL NYE.

CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS OF THIS HUMORIST'S HUMOR.

It is quaint humor, that of the late Bill Nye—rejoicing in queer turns, droll descriptions, and odd characterizations. His attitude is that of the commonplace observer who mentally and laboriously exaggerates the whimsical phases of daily life. There is nothing essentially funny about a refractory cow, but the misadventure of the man who attempts the milking of such a cow gravely, nay, solemnly narrated, does make one smile. Or it is a goat about whose oddities of behavior we are seriously and pedantically told—the goat bucks into a mirror and marches down the street, its head in a frame—which affords the opportunity of descanting on goats in general, their odors, and mannerisms—which may not appeal to the risibilities of the lawyer or the journalist or the college professor, but which tickles the memory of Farmer Hayseed and his kindred out in the country, to whom such episodes are familiar. The fact is, Bill Nye was not a humorist of the cities but of the country, and his column was read by the plain folk of the ranch. There lay his popularity and his strength. The plain folk rarely tire of their favorites, and Bill Nye commanded a wide circle of readers among those to whom the grace and wit of the *Police Gazette*, for instance, would make no appeal.

An erroneous phrenologist once told me that I would shine as a revivalist, and said that I ought to marry a tall blonde with a nervous, sanguinary temperament. Then he said, "One dollar, please," and I said, "All right, gentle scientist with the tawny mane, I will give you the dollar and marry the tall blonde with the bank account and bilious temperament when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown-eyed brunette with a thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

He looked at me in a reproachful kind of way struck at me with a chair in an absent-minded manner and stole away.

A man works twenty years to become known as a scholar, a newspaperman, and a gentleman, while the illiterate murderer springs into immediate notoriety in a day, and the widow of his victim cannot even get her life insurance. These things are what make people misanthropic and tenacious of their belief in a hell.

Young man, do not stand lounging on the threshold of the glorious future, while the coming years are big with possibilities, but take off your coat and spit on your hands and win the wealth which the world will yield you. You may not be able to write a beautiful poem, and die of starvation; but you can go to work humbly as a porter and buy a whisk broom, and wear people's clothes out with it, and in five years you can go to Europe in your own special car. As the strawberry said to the box, "There is always room at the top."

I never saw you, but I can picture you in my mind's eye sitting there in your three-legged chair, with your feet up on the hat rack and your coat tails in the cuspidor.

"Spokane Ike," the Indian who killed a doctor last summer for failing to cure his child, has been hanged. This shows the onward march of civilization, and vouchsafes to us the time when a doctor's life will be in less danger than that of his patient.

A Colorado burro has been shipped across the Atlantic and presented to the Prince of Wales. It is a matter of profound national sorrow that this was not the first American jackass presented to his Tallness, the Prince.

Health journals are now asserting that to maintain a sound constitution you should lie only on the right side. The health journals may mean well enough, but what are you going to do if you are editing a Democratic paper?

THE WILD COW.

When I was young and used to roam around over the country gathering watermelons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I do not think so now. I do not milk a cow now unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high, and she was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a commonplace remark to her, one that is used in the very best of society, one that need not have given offense anywhere. I said "So"—and she "soed." Then I told her to "hist" and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it.

Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window.

I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was. Then I asked if the cow was injured much. They said she seemed to be quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little, and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns.

I am buying all my milk now of a milkman. I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I could trust him. Then, if he feels as though he could trust me, it is all right.

HUNTINGTON'S MANSION.

DETAILS OF THE WEDDING OF BURKE HOLLADAY AND MISS CARRIE HUNTINGTON.

I do not know in all luxurious New York an interior comparable to that of the C. P. Huntington house, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, into occupancy of which the family entered the other day on the occasion of the marriage of their niece, Miss Carrie D. Huntington, to Mr. Edmund Burke Holladay of San Francisco, who bears a cognomen well known on the Coast. There have been many speculations on the gray stone mansion, with its closed windows, and people have wondered what Mr. Huntington was going to do with his white elephant, and have even gone so far as to reckon the cost of it all, and to cast up the interest which it was losing. The truth is that the house has been practically finished for a long time. But the lord thereof holds to the very common superstition about what happens to a millionaire who moves from house to palace, so Mr. Huntington dreaded the flitting, and offered the building for sale. But even in billionaire New York people who can stand this sort of a mansion are rare, and finally Mr. Huntington braved the unknown and took possession, propitiating the gods by a sumptuous wedding feast. All this by-play was not known to the wayfarer, and still less did he know the treasures shut from his gaze by the impassive gray walls. Imagine a staircase of Mexican onyx circling from basement to roof, five stories of it, glowing in its veins and reflecting from its polished surface. It is rather hard trying to picture to one's mind such a gorgeous staircase, but just such a staircase there is in the Huntington palace, and it is impossible to give an idea of its glories on paper. After wandering and wondering about the state apartments, so to speak, and marking the fact that the ceiling of each room is painted by one of our best known men—Vedder, Frank Lathrop, and the like—we entered the great dining-room where the wedding breakfast was served. The magnificence of this room is really staggering. The ceiling or plafond picture is by Vedder, the ceiling itself being in squares of carved wood done in color and gold, after the fashion in which the French Renaissance furnished so many notable examples. The room is hung throughout its vastness with Gobelin tapestries, spoils of a French chateau on whose venerable walls they had hung for nearly two centuries. Beautiful and rare and priceless as is this tapestry, I couldn't help thinking of some grewsome microbe bacteria investigations recently made on antique carpets and arras, and speculating on how unpleasant it would be to have a sixteenth century disease leap forth and seize one by the throat. However, that is another story, and such thoughts are quite unworthy of a marriage feast.

The very beautiful scene of the ceremony was the white and gold Louis XV. drawing-room, whose domed roof, with its delicate coloring, is a joy to look upon. Everywhere there were masses of ascension lilies, white azaleas, white roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Before a small altar composed of large lilies and greeneries, the Reverend Frank M. Clendenin, of historic St. Peter's, at West Chester, performed the ceremony. The bride wore the traditional white satin gown trimmed profusely with point lace, and had her veil of tulle held in place by a small coronet of orange blossoms. She also wore some very handsome diamond ornaments, gifts from the groom and her uncle. There were neither bridesmaids nor ushers, the bride being attended only by her maid of honor, Miss Yager of Oneonta, and the groom's attendant, or best man, was Mr. Edward H. Pardee. Included among the guests, who were confined to the immediate friends of the family, were Mrs. Solon Huntington, mother of the bride; Mrs. Holladay, mother of the groom; Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, Mrs. John Sherwood, Miss Lucy Gaylor, Dr. and Mrs. Hillhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Gates, and Judge Ord of Washington.

Mr. C. P. Huntington's pictures are known to be well selected, but it is not generally known what a perfect collection he has been quietly gathering together, and how full and complete it is in various schools. Indeed, it is said to be the most perfect in the country. The superb picture gallery in the new house is a worthy background of all these treasures. For example, modern French art is at its best in the Geromes, Corots, Meissoniers, Viberts (the collection contains the best of all the Viberts, "The Missionary's Story"). There are several last century great English examples—Gainsboroughs, and Reynoldses, and Lelys, three of them—in short almost every painter of note in the past or modern times is represented by some world-known masterpiece.—*N. Y. Journal.*

The most fashionable millinery opening which will take place during the next week will be that of Sahlein, the Bon Ton Milliner, of 133 Kearny Street, on next Tuesday.

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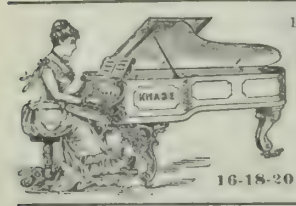
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FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

Here, at last, is a practical bicycle skirt—the invention of a smart English woman who sold the patent rights in it to a New York firm. It unites three different possibilities:

First of all, it is a trim, circular walking-skirt, closefitting over the hips and measuring about three yards at the hem. To adapt this skirt to the "drop frame" bicycle, the middle of the front breadth is pulled up by means of a shirring string run down the front seam between the lining and a narrow casing. This string is drawn through an opening at the waist, where it is fastened by means of a clasp under a neat pocket flap. The shirring reaches a short distance above the knees, leaving the skirt neat and smooth fitting about the hips and actually forming two loose bags in which the knees work up and down without the slightest dragging and pulling at the waist-line, which is the sad and daily experience of the women wearing the ordinary skirts.

The third possibility of this unique garment is developed by working the cords that run up the back seam and find an outlet under a tailor-made flap just over the hip. The pulling of these two side cords converts the skirt into a pair of neat and graceful bloomers that will permit the fair rider, in case of an emergency, to mount a "diamond frame" bicycle with all the grace and agility of a masculine wheelman. By the use of four square leads in the hem of the skirt the instant the strings are unclasped and the rider stands erect, the bloomers again become a wa king skirt. There is no pulling of the garment into shapes or adjusting of belt necessary. Simply press the clasps and the act of dismounting does the rest.

Undoubtedly, a new cut of skirt will prevail this spring, and the Parisian dressmakers are all eager for the honor of being its originator, but it is really too early yet to assert with confidence just what form the new skirt will take. Among the new gowns those of fancy silk are conspicuous. The patterns are so lovely and rich that a great deal of trimming seems quite unnecessary. Any amount of lace is used. A pretty frock of a fancy pink and green silk, arranged in hair stripes with embroidered leaves of white scattered over it, has the skirt trimmed about the bottom by fans of white chiffon, starting from under bows of lavender and green ribbon. The bodice has a coat-tail back arranged in little full godets which are lined with a deeper shade of green than occurs in the silk. The front of the bodice has a soft vest of white chiffon pouching out over a soft scarf belt of the silk, which is confined on each side by a series of little square bows of the two shades of ribbon. The sleeves, while they are practically almost tight—for they are simply wrinkled loosely about the arm from shoulder to elbow—have over them a winglike butterfly of chiffon, stiffened probably, and arranged with bows and loops of ribbon.

A correspondent writes about the gowns she saw at church on Ash Wednesday in Paris:

A great many of the skirts worn had narrow panels of another material at the left side or in the front. There was little, if any, fullness at the front or sides of the skirt, and at the back the fullness was plaited fan-fashion. The materials, too, are new. There isn't nearly as much crépon to be seen. The materials that are the most popular are the smooth glossy ones. Dull mohairs of all shades have made their appearance, and a fashionable couturier the other day told me that mohair would undoubtedly be the popular material of the spring gowns.

There is manifested in aristocratic circles in London a disposition to curtail the period of private mourning as much as possible. The London correspondent of *Vanity* writes:

Formerly it was understood that while crepe was worn all social relaxations should be prohibited. It seemed incongruous to appear at gatherings of a more or less festive character arrayed in the habiliments of wo. Society has rebelled against this rule, and to-day crepe is not worn at all in ordinary mourning. In the deepest of mourning it is worn, but much less conspicuously than formerly, even here where its use has never gone to the extremes deemed proper in the United States. Widows, of course, still wear it, but even this class lighten the gloom of the "livery of wo" as much as possible. "Complimentary mourning," as it is called, being of the least possible significance, so far as "going out" is concerned, is worn for connections and not relatives when a fortnight is the longest period and a week often suffices. As to those who are in deeper mourning (widows alone excepted) it may be said that invitations may be accepted when one-third of the period of mourning has elapsed. This is the accepted etiquette of to-day in London, and it will doubtless be copied in due time on your side of the Atlantic, for the rule is a sensible one, and all social etiquette is, primarily, based on common sense.

The most novel hat of the present season is made entirely of peacock feathers. It is a square turban shape, covered closely with the fine breast feathers of the bird. Resting upon the top of the crown is the peacock's head. The brim of the turban turns up at the back, and here pink roses are massed. This peacock hat is to be worn between seasons, before the straw hat is purchased.

The new chiffons for the summer girl look like painted gauze. They are exquisitely embroidered in fine silk threads, and cost $2 a yard. One of the most effective designs shows a careless vine of maiden-hair fern embroidered in green silk threads outlined with silver upon white chiffon, This design, made up over a green taffeta foundation, would make an ideal summer dancing frock.

An oddity in the way of hosiery is a stocking of cobwebby fineness and woven of cotton. They are exceedingly costly, but wear better than either lisle thread or silk. In silk the stockings are most elaborate. An entire instep composed of chantilly lace is one of the novelties. Another has a design in lace medallions outlined in seed pearls. So that there is no limit to woman's extravagance even in hosiery.

Green will be par excellence the color of the season, and it comes in several new shades. A stone shade of green which has not been seen for many years appears again, and all of the bluish greens, including turquoise and peacock blue, are conspicuous. There is a new green quite indescribable, called Normandy green, and there are numberless shades of foliage greens.

A street costume for Lent is made of dark Robin Hood faced cloth, the coat in a lighter shade than the skirt trimmed on the edge with tiny balls of green silk, copper, and oxidized tinsel. The yoke is of the light green cloth, outlined with mixed embroidery, and a vest below of Oriental silk.

High collars are as fashionable as ever and any amount of ingenuity is used in devising new shapes. A choker that is always popular, and may be added to any dress, has a tight band with a series of double ribbon loops falling over it. The flower collars are immensely popular in New York, and bunches of violets and forget-me-nots are used with tulle rosettes with most charming effect.

Printed velvets are very much used for blouse waists, some of them are cut out in the neck, which is filled in with a yoke of satin wih black or white lace frilled over it. Coloredtmoiré silks, which are watered in such a manner that there is a distinct pattern, are very popular for waists, and are also used for revers and collars on gowns and cloaks.

The latest craze in Paris among women who lavish their time and affection on pet dogs, is the worthy ambition of supplying their canine friends with a wardrobe almost as complete as their own. The dog tailor is consulted, and the result of their interviews is a full outfit consisting of reception toilets of silk, fur overcoats, waterproof bathing dresses for the seaside, and nightgowns of fine batiste and silk!

The spring hats are to be mainly trimmed with rosettes and aigrettes. The rosettes will be principally of ribbons and lace, the new watered effect being given to this blurred blossom ribbon. Black laces will be much worn and will be used as wings and also in Van Dyke points forming a coronet effect. An ecru gauze lace appliqued will be used in many fetching ways in the summer hat.

Queen Victoria's health is causing considerable anxiety in court circles. She has lapses of extraordinary weakness that require instant medical attention. It is said that Prince Henry of Battenberg's death was an awful shock to her.

One of the remarkable careers of United States army officers was closed the other day when First Lieutenant Swift shot himself, in Nebraska, leaving his books in a very bad state. He started in life as a telegraph operator in a small town in Virginia; entered the army as private, and soon rose to lieutenant. His telegraphic knowledge stood him in good stead, and he became instructor to the signal corps. He was ambidextrous, and would receive and copy a message with one hand and write and send a second with the other. He wrote beautifully with either hand and was one of the most skillful and rapid telegraph operators in the world.

Miss Lucile begs to inform the ladies that she will have a fine display of Hats and Bonnets on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 17th and 18th, 139 Post Street, Liebes Building.

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CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF MARIN, }

WE, the undersigned, hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State, at the County of Marin, and in the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of The Novato French Cheese Factory; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are James Newlands, Jr., Hermann Rudolff, and George Prinz; and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.

JAMES NEWLANDS, JR., San Francisco, Cal.
HERMANN RUDOLFF, Novato, Marin County, Cal.
GEORGE PRINZ, Novato, Marin County, Cal.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-sixth day of February, 1896.

JAMES NEWLANDS, JR.,
GEORGE PRINZ,
HERMANN RUDOLFF.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
NOVATO, MARIN COUNTY, }

On this twenty-sixth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, before me, J. Q. A. Haven, a Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Marin, State of California, personally appeared James Newlands, Jr., George Prinz, and Hermann Rudolff, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at my office in said County of Marin the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

J. Q. A. HAVEN,
Justice of the Peace of Novato Township, County of Marin, State of California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, Room 9, 3 9 Pine Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 17, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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Rose Carnivals

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The Carnival of Roses, to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th,** inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

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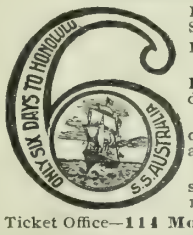

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TALES OF THE DAY.

Chauncey Depew was asked, What is Life? He replied: "A comic weekly; price, ten cents."

He has never been in the habit of punishing his children, leaving that disagreeable duty to his wife, but the other day, one of his numerous progeny became very unruly and he was obliged to say, "Flora, if you don't keep quiet I shall have to whip you." "Pooh," retorted the little three-year-old, with a contemptuous toss of her dainty head, "you isn't the mother."

A Cork Town Councilor is credited with having thus spoken: "There can be no doubt of the virulence of this epidemic, for I know of people lying dead from it who never died before." The same gentleman thus chivalrously defended a colleague. "I strongly protest against this attack on my absent friend, for surely it is not right to hang a man behind his back."

That law fixes the unity value, but cannot fix the value of the unit, is the dictum of Congressman Galusha Grow, who illustrates his point by the story of a woodchopper on the banks of the Mississippi River, near the close of the Rebellion. Hailed by a steamboat captain, who asked whether his wood was for sale, he answered, "Yes." The captain inquired, "How much a cord?" "How do you propose to pay?" "In Confederate money." "Then cord for cord."

The late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, posed as an Admirable Crichton. He was a sculptor, musician, orator, society man, and he spoke four languages, but he had excellent reason to dislike Whistler. It seems the author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* had listened patiently to a friend's recital of all Leighton's gifts and accomplishments, and capped the list with the remark, in his inimitable, strident drawl, "Yees, he paints a little, too, doesn't he?"

It was in the train, and he was trying to read. There was the usual variety of passengers, and among them a lady with a very sprightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold, and an inquisitorial tongue. She plied him with questions and toyed with his watch chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and, turning to the mother, said: "Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?" The widow smiled enchantingly, and replied with a sigh: "Etnel." "Please call her, then."

George Dyer, the English scholar and poet, and great friend of Chas. Lamb, was, at one period in his life, a Baptist minister. He was always being chaffed by his friends, and one of them, in referring to some incident, remarked: "Well, Dyer, you know that was before you drowned the woman." "Drowned a woman!" was the indignant reply. "I never drowned any woman!" "Haven't you forgotten? Don't you remember the time when, after a baptism, you left the woman in the water." "No! no! impossible," said Dyer; then, as the light struck him, "Oh, you are joking; it really could not be!"

Wilton Lackaye, on his way to rejoin the Trilby Company then playing in Philadelphia, was kept waiting at the New York ticket office while the agent was conversing with a friend. Finally, the official turned to him, drew from his rack a ticket, and said: "Want to go to Philadelphia?" "No," responded Lackaye. "You don't want to go to Philadelphia?" questioned the ticket agent in surprise. "I do not," said Lackaye. Whereupon the agent returned the ticket to the rack. Lackaye then pushed a five-dollar bill across the counter, saying: "Let me have a ticket to Philadelphia, please." "I thought you said you didn't want to go to Philadelphia," said the agent, much annoyed. "I don't want to go there," said Lackaye, "but I am going."

A savant noted for his eccentricities had a mania for collecting old books. Among other rarities he had a volume which he prized most highly, as he believed it to be the only one extant. Learning, however, that a second copy existed in Paris, he went over and drove straight to the address of his rival. "Sir," said he, "you have such and such a book?" "Yes, you may look at it if you wish." "I will pay you 1000 francs for it," said the savant. "I am not a dealer in books." "5000 francs?" responded the savant. "I repeat—" said the Frenchman. "10,000 francs?" was the sole response. "Well, I am not justified in refusing so generous an offer. The book is yours." The savant took it, paid the money, and after examining the treasure carefully, coolly threw it upon the fire that was blazing in the room. The Frenchman, horror-stricken, tried to snatch it from the flames, but the savant prevented him, saying, "Sir, I also have a copy of the work. It is now the only one in the world. Good morning."

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 21, 1896.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

A POOR TYPE OF WOMANHOOD.

To approach with patience, or even with toleration, the subject afforded by that peculiar type of womanhood represented by the Reverend Anna Shaw is a matter of extreme difficulty. Indeed, the necessity for approaching it in any frame of mind is to be regretted. But the Reverend Anna Shaw is in the arena, insistent, vociferous, and not to be avoided.

The people of the present are asked to regard her standard of femininity as superior to that which it has been, and still is, an honor and delight for men to reverence, as they reverence that which they know to be better than themselves, and which they take pride in keeping unsullied. It becomes necessary to put aside the memory of our mothers, concluding that the hand that rocked the cradle might have been more wisely employed, and to regard our complacent and affectionate wives as mistaken and abject creatures incapable of asserting their rights. In place of the old ideal we can put the Reverend Anna Shaw. This is asking much, and the demand for investigation becomes apparent.

Miss Shaw is a preacher, a lawyer, and a doctor, but chooses to be a lecturer, to go about with absolute and noisy freedom, prating that she is not free. She is highly educated, comely, of magnetic presence, with a ready command of language, quick humor, a modest store of invective, and a fund of sophistry that seems undiminished by any draft made upon it. Above all, she has a deep and abiding insincerity. Her intelligence is too pronounced to permit her to believe her own pernicious doctrine. She scatters the seeds of discontent and inharmony, recking nothing of the harvest. She is a dangerous and disturbing element. If a man, she would frankly be termed a demagog.

The Reverend Shaw wants her sisters to understand that they are downtrodden, that all laws are framed for their oppression, that they have no chance for independence, that the wife is a slave, and she confidently makes these unfounded assertions with no sign that thereby her conscience is troubled. Her conscience has not been seared as with a hot iron, but it has been lulled by the gleam and the clink of coin. It is not because blinded by enthusiasm that she is abusing talents that might have made her useful, but because her mercenary instinct is her guide. She is in the reform business for money. As a missionary she is fervid, but as a passer of the hat she is none the less regular.

The spinster can be an excellent spinster if she choose, but she cannot be in any sense the ideal woman. She cannot take a broad view of life. The best there is in it is to her a closed book. When she assumes to be the instructor of wives and mothers her impudence is little short of the sublime. But she can make the wife believe that the husband toiling faithfully and cheerfully to provide for this loved one is a brutal oppressor; that nature in making the woman bear children and care for them was guilty of a grievous wrong which man malignantly abets. She can cause them to chafe under imaginary shackles, coax them into hysterically tugging at bonds that never existed. She may even inculcate that wild and extraordinary desire to be "free" that has expelled the joy from many a home. The disgrace of being a helpmeet, the ignominy of being a vine to the masculine oak, the odium of being protected, even it may be petted, are very clear from the Shaw standpoint. It is not too much to say that she makes common sense tired.

This living refutation of her own arguments was in San Francisco a year ago jingling her chains. She seemed to be quite at liberty, but she said she wasn't. She was bound down, hampered, this poor lady, who has only been permitted to enter three professions. She said then that a woman had no rights, didn't own her own bonnet, or her own children. A very worthy woman, a mother, who earns her own living entirely without shrieks, heard these statements and wondered, as well she might. The woman marveled that she had been a slave all this time without knowing it, and went to a distinguished attorney to find out. She ascertained directly from the statute books that each statement made by the lecturer was absolutely untrue. She called this circumstance to the attention of the Reverend Shaw, who declined to answer. But later, the Reverend Shaw took every occasion to misrepresent this woman, attacking her in public and in private, and calmly continuing to draw conclusions from premises entirely false. When men do this, they are called to account. The Reverend Shaw must admit that being a woman has generally shielded her from the exposure she richly earns every time she attempts to delude her hearers.

When the Reverend Anna Shaw was a figure in a Fourth of July procession here, she wrote to a Buffalo paper a description of the enthusiasm that ran riot about her carriage. She imagined all of this. As a matter of fact, small boys yelled: "Hi, there, Anna." Men and women were silent, and in their hearts felt pity at the sight of the gray-haired lecturer, who was being made into a spectacle. Her published statement has, until now, gone unchallenged, but not justly so, for where a woman revolts against being a woman, she crawls from beneath the mantle of charity that humanity would, under other circumstances, be glad to cast over her weaknesses.

The avowed object of this disturber is not to drag woman from the high estate that is now her portion, but such can be the only result of her labors, provided there be any result. It is not deemed best by men who respect women that they should be dragged to the level of performing public duties, or mixing with the rabble, but if Shaws grow more common women will voluntarily leave this estate, and all that is lovable about her become a memory. It is a matter for gratitude that the vast majority of women are still ready to be women, and abjure the screaming sisterhood; even desire affection, and appreciate deference. The demand for equality is not a demand for betterment, but for a place on a lower plane. If women want home to become a travesty, and the female colonel to lead them to battle, they will naturally turn to a Shaw. But before taking any decisive step, it would be well for them to consult the husbands who love them, the sons who cherish and look up to them, the lovers whose dearest ambition is to make them a home. It is true that the Reverend Shaw would invade such a home as ruthlessly as the pagan iconoclast enters the sacred temple. She would upset laws, natural and artificial, that seem best to conserve human happiness. Fortunately, she can be stopped at the door. If confidence in men has already been in a measure shattered, let the doubting women consult others who have fulfilled the duties of wifehood and motherhood, and not turn to the preposterous anomalies, almost without sex, who have constituted themselves models. They speak with false tongues, and their example is corrupting, no matter how smooth their sophistry. One of the Shaw style is more dangerous than the anarchist. The anarchist is a folly so palpable that none of sense may be led astray by him. The Shaws are specious, cunning, and can bring to substantiate their arguments some show of reason, and give them a basis of deftly distorted fact.

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

The liquor dealers, represented by the California State Protective Association, propose to take in hand the regulation of the liquor traffic within the State themselves, and, so far as may be, to elevate the tone of the business and rid it of the disreputables who only too often seek it as a means of earning an easy living. They propose, if possible, to remove the liquor business from politics, and place it upon lines the same as any other business. Such a step as that proposed by the President of the association would go a long way toward benefiting the State. We know Mr. Edoff, the president, to be a man of indomitable will, high abilities, and honest purpose. He has no affection for the keeper of the groggery, and his point of view is very largely that of a sane, unprejudiced, unbiased thinking man; namely, that with the disreputable groggeries, dives, and pitfalls weeded out, and reasonable legal regulations strictly adhered to, the business may be made less injurious to the community which permits it to exist. It is his purpose, and the purpose of the association which he represents, to labor to that end. Heretofore, in California, the only questions presented in regard to the liquor traffic have been prohibition and unrestricted sale of liquor. The advocates of the former measure have thus far been unable to accomplish anything approaching a tangible result. We are now presented with an organization powerful in numbers, strong in purpose to accomplish great reforms within its own lines; but it will not be surprising if the temperance people refuse to lend their aid to this movement, which, if successful, would mean so much for the betterment of the State.

The following incident clipped from Mr. Edoff's public statement strongly indicates the character of the man:

It is not the purpose of our association to encourage the infraction of the laws that have been passed to regulate the retail liquor trade. On the contrary, it is our desire to see those laws strictly enforced, and we shall do everything to help the authorities in that regard. Let me recite you a case that will well illustrate what our position in this matter is. Not long ago a saloon-keeper in Oakland named Vananee was arrested on a charge of selling liquor to a minor. He was a member of our association and at once hurried over to this side and called upon me to aid him. I asked him if he had sold liquor to a minor and he tried to evade the question, but I insisted on an answer. He finally said: "I guess I did." I at once ordered him out of the office and told him that I would instruct the counsel of the association to aid in his prosecution, which I did.

There are some other expressions in the statement pregnant with meaning to the initiated.

We will not go into politics as supplicants. Neither will we allow any party to use us as their cat's paw to pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

If Mr. Edoff can steer his organization clear of these rocks he will accomplish much. He is a man of wealth and is above the necessity of trading off his friends for his own advancement. He is not an advocate: he is a principal thoroughly imbued with the justice of his cause; is a close student of the subject, and is really the brains of the association; and, what is all important, has a reputation for keeping his promises to the letter, notwithstanding difficulties that may interpose and delay.

During the last campaign, beyond a doubt, the liquor dealers were used by various parties to "pull their chestnuts out of the fire." As a result, nothing was accomplished, and a whole year of effort and expenditures was practically thrown to the dogs and distinct damage done to the advance of decency. Mr. Edoff promises to obliterate the dives and pitfalls if given the proper aid by the police authorities. Let our temperance friends join in a movement so beneficent in its purpose.

THE ACQUITTAL OF DOCTOR BROWN.

The verdict of the ecclesiastical council of the Congregational Church in the case of Doctor C. O. Brown is, in the main, satisfactory to good people. It is a verdict of acquittal on the charges against the accused; this is tempered with a mild censure of the Doctor for his harsh behavior to a lady who had shown a disposition to join hands with his enemies in hounding him. The public will easily acquit the minister for showing feeling when his good name was assailed through ignorance or ill-nature.

It will be remembered that the Doctor was accused of adultery with two women—Mrs. Stockton and Miss Overman—and of endeavoring to buy off the witnesses against him by paying five hundred dollars to one Mrs. Davidson, to whom he promised a further stipend of thirty-five dollars a month. These charges were brought by members of his congregation, who appear to have been mischief-making women. The Council found that, though the streets and by-ways have been ransacked for evidence against the Doctor, no evidence of adultery was adduced, and that the testimony of Miss Overman, who was the chief witness for the prosecution, was discredited by her confessed falsehoods, told previously regarding the same matter. As to Mrs. Davidson, Dr. Brown long ago instituted criminal proceedings against her for attempted extortion; she is out on bail pending the trial of her case. The Council might have added, had the members thought it worth while, that evidence was laid before them proving that Dr. Brown had not been at the places where his accusers declared his delinquencies took place, at the times alleged, or at any other times; and that the great bulk of the testimony for the prosecution consisted of street rumors gathered at second-hand by chattering, malicious women reeking a scandal.

These being the facts the case went to pieces when it was sifted. It would not have lasted a week if it had been tried in one of our Superior Courts. Such a District Attorney as Mr. Barnes would never have allowed it to come to trial; he would have his bailiff throw the female slanderers into the street. Unfortunately for Doctor Brown he is a clergyman, and therefore a natural target for scandal, that which in a layman is a venial offense, is high treason in a minister of the gospel. In a case involving the moral purity of a minister, accusation is equivalent to conviction. The world is full of vile creatures who are so conscious of their own depravity that a taint upon a clergyman is nuts to them, because it tends to set them on the same plane.

The verdict of the Council is satisfactory in the main, but not altogether. It was not its business to inquire whether Doctor Brown had resented fiercely, in the tone of righteous indignation, charges and insinuations which he knew to be false, and inspired by malignant spite. Like the prophet of old, he did well to be angry. The Council wisely declared that "the facts in the case have not left a trace of suspicion in our minds concerning the hitherto stainless reputation of this honored minister of the gospel." They should have stopped there. They had no right to censure him for using the hasty speech of an angry man toward those who were trying to destroy his character and his life. Are we to suppose that the pastors and deacons and delegates who tried Doctor Brown would meet charges ruinous to their reputation and their usefulness with meek resignation and self-abasement? Would Doctor McLean bow his head in lowly humility if he was accused of crimes similar to those laid at the door of Doctor Brown? Would Doctor Pond kiss the hand which smote him with a rod of infamy. Would Mr. Scudder stand upon the punctilios of etiquette if he had to answer a blackmailer who charged him with meeting a loose woman at a house of assignation. There are times and occasions when a virtuous man, falsely accused, is fully justified in letting the hot passion of his wrath boil over in fiery vituperation; and this was one of them.

The acquittal is a happy thing for this community. We have a rabble here—some of it in respectable station—which is imbued with a fanatical hatred of the clergy. The members of this rabble rejoice when a clergyman is detected in guilt. They chuckle over the crime of a minister of the Gospel, because his fall is the next thing to their own rise. They do not go to church, though they know they should; and they are imbued with a narrow spite against those who do, and call them hypocrites. A professor, and much more a minister, of religion is a living reproach to their way of life. They exult when they think they find that the occupants of pulpits are no better than themselves When the charges were first brought against Doctor Brown, the whole of this rabble shrieked in glee over the collapse of a clergyman. They would not listen to evidence for the defense. They would not see that his accusers were mean, malignant falsifiers, who would not be believed in any court of justice. The only object present to their eye was the prospect of the humiliation and degradation of a clergyman.

If Dr. Brown had been convicted, the blow would not have fallen on the Congregational Church alone. It would have been felt equally by the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Baptists. That valuable class of citizens which haunts barrooms, and professes agnosticism because it is ignorant of all forms of religion, would have gone round croaking, "There! see what your clergy are like! See what kind of rascals your churches breed!" It is indeed a mercy that the verdict of the Congregational council has not encouraged the demoralization of which such speeches would have been the outward and visible sign.

GREEK CURRANTS.

A curious state of affairs has recently arisen in Greece. It seems that at the time when the vines of France and Italy were destroyed by the phylloxera, there existed in Europe almost a famine, which was especially felt in France. Greek currants, which are largely used in the manufacture of wine and cognac, in consequence, came into great demand, and rose to an hitherto unknown price. The agriculturists of that country seemingly went mad; they began to destroy fruit and olive orchards, and substituted the vine. This unwise procedure has now brought them to disaster. Olive trees, which require, before coming into bearing, an age equal to that of the average human life, were cut down to make way for the vine. In Morea, mulberry-trees were destroyed for the same reason, and the silk industry injured to an irreparable extent. The whole agricultural community of Greece seemed to have gone currant-mad, with the result that that country now has but one crop to market, for which there is no adequate demand. Italy did not excel this little country in her olives and olive oil. "Greek wines," says the United States Consul at Athens, "which, properly managed, should equal those of France and Italy, have been neglected; silk making, as an industry, has almost disappeared; garden vegetables, which grow here of unsurpassing quality and flavor, are raised only in a few localities near Athens; raspberries and blackberries are unknown; strawberries are few, and high in price, and there is not a fruit cannery in Greece."

Meanwhile, the vines of France and Italy have been renewed; California's product overflows and seems inexhaustible. The demand for Greek currants has diminished to such an extent that the producer is reduced to the necessity of demanding Government aid. Parliament has been asked to adopt some measure to increase the price of currants. This seems to be a most startling proposition. The measure demanded by the people is about as follows: They ask that public depots be built for the storage of currants, and that only a certain percentage of the crop (the amount to be fixed by law) shall be put upon the market. Surplus currants are to be put in the depots and not sold until disposition has been made of the loose crop. The establishment of a currant bank is proposed in connection with this scheme, from which any shareholder may draw sums of money corresponding with the value of the currants deposited by him. Twice was this scheme brought forward, and twice rejected. But finally, the Greek Parliament has partially acceded to the demands of the agriculturists, and has offered to receive tax payments in kind from the producer in currants. Depots and stores are being rented by the Government to receive these products, and it is understood that they are to be used by the Government for uses other than those for which that commodity is usually sought in commerce. It will be interesting to note the result of this experiment at paternalism.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

The witless young fellow of the *Call*, who writes of The Thirteenth Juror, has not been entirely suppressed. He tilted his lance last week at some of the most ancient rules of practise, charged ferociously at things that were old and antiquated when the hair on the top of his devoted head was as thin and scanty as is his present knowledge of the law.

Speaking of the jury system, is it not rather a failure? One of the strongest arguments to be used against it is found in the fact that a lawyer with a weak case invariably demands a jury trial, and there is no doubt that many failures of justice in the administration of the law may be attributed directly to the practise—ancient but active of instructing jurors in matters of law. In the ordinary jury trial twelve laymen, taken from the body of the people, are sworn as jurors to render a true verdict in accordance with the evidence adduced. Assuming them to be honest and sincere, they are men whose minds are untrained as to the intricacies and subtleties of law; men who are unfamiliar with its philosophy and its logic; who, not understanding the fundamental principles of legal rules, are necessarily at a loss to understand the rules as mere abstractions. If you state to a man wholly unversed in mathematics that the square of the base of a right-angled triangle plus the square of the perpendicular equals the square of the hypothenuse, it will be to him a mere succession of words, and will convey to his mind no intelligible idea. So it is very frequently the case that the statement of a rule of law to the layman is quite as incomprehensible. Yet we constantly commit the folly of giving to the jury instructions which the judge and the attorney well know will not and cannot be understood by the talesmen.

An inspection of the decisions of our Supreme Court will indicate that a large number of the cases reversed by that Court have for the ground of reversal an error in the giving of these instructions, an error because they do not clearly and correctly state an abstract question of law. The verdict of the jury might not have been influenced in the least by these instructions, had they been according to law, for it is safe to say that in coming to their conclusion in the jury-room, the instructions were ignored, and the general trend of the evidence alone considered. The judge of a trial court is called upon in the rush and excitement of a trial, without opportunity for careful deliberation, to state the most intricate and vexed points of law in the form of instructions. If he errs, the Appellate Court must reverse the judgment and order a new trial, although, most probably, the verdict rendered would have been precisely the same had the point of law been accurately stated. These evils flow largely from a blind adherence to the time-honored folly of taking general verdicts. If the whole practise of instructing juries in the law, and the taking of general verdicts were abolished, much criticism would end; fewer errors would occur, and the administration of justice would be subserved. To cure this evil is a simple matter of legislative adjustment. It involves the amendment of a few sections of the Code of Civil Procedure to remedy the evil. Section 607 prescribes the manner of conducting a jury trial, and concludes: "6. The Court may then charge the jury." Section 608 says: " . . . the Court may state to them all matters of law which it thinks necessary for their information in giving their verdict . . ." Section 609 recognizes the right of attorneys to request specific instruction. Here is where an attorney with a bad case gets in his work to trip up the court and secure a new trial if the verdict goes against him. Of course, he takes exceptions to all instructions requested by him and refused by the Court, and likewise excepts to all given at the request of the other side, and stands a good chance of catching the judge in some erroneous position.

Section 624 of the same Code provides that a verdict may be either general or special. Section 625 provides that in certain specified cases the jury may, in their discretion, tender a general or special verdict, but not being versed in legal practise, they know nothing of it, and could not frame a special verdict even if they knew they had the right, and would not do so in any case unless required. In certain other classes of cases the Court may require the jury to render a special verdict; that is, to find the precise facts and leave the judgment to be rendered by the Court upon the facts.

Where a case is submitted for a special verdict, the jury have nothing to do with the law or the judgment

which the law will cause to follow the special facts found. Necessity for instruction by the Court here ceases. The jurors have only to consider the evidence and decide what facts are proven, and the Court pronounces judgment. Special verdicts are taken, upon issues framed, in the form of questions prepared by the Court, or by the attorneys with the approval of the Court, thus: "Did the defendant execute the bill of sale dated" etc.? "How much has the defendant paid on the account sued on by the plaintiff?" The issues in any case, civil or criminal, may be very readily reduced to a few simple, plain questions which an ordinary jury could, and usually would, decide intelligently and correctly. All that is necessary is the slight amendment of a few sections so that the law would provide for the trial of all cases upon special issues, and do away entirely with the general verdict, and at the same time with instructions. The Court, at the end of a trial, would simply say: "Gentlemen of the jury, here are a few simple questions in writing which you will take to the jury room. From the evidence in this case, you will determine how these questions should be answered, and write in your answers and return the paper to the Court. You have nothing to do with the law of the case, but when you find the facts, the Court, after argument by counsel, will determine what judgment should be entered."

As the law now stands, special verdicts might be required in many cases, but, so long as it is not imperative, the Courts usually prefer to take the easier course of following the old custom and allow cases to drift along for general results. If the law made it imperative in all cases to frame special issues, the Courts would soon perceive the great saving of time, the greater accuracy of practise, and the better results of trials; and if the Supreme Court found it necessary to reverse a judgment for error of law in the rendition of judgment on the facts found, it would order the Court below to enter the proper judgment called for by the special verdict, instead of advising a new trial.

An erroneous instruction given the jury vitiates the verdict and necessitates a new trial, but where the Trial Court makes a mistake of law and renders a judgment not sustained by the facts found, the Appellate Court, having the facts before it, can see just what judgment should have been rendered, and order it.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Mr. "Cy" Brown moved that the Legislature of Kentucky adjourn "everlastingly, eternally, and forever," which we surmise is Blue Grass for sine die. The motion was carried, and the Legislature went into history without having elected a successor to Senator Blackburn. Senator Lindsey, therefore, must play a lone hand in the Senate for the next two years. Washington will be deprived of one of its most picturesque characters and best story-tellers in Blackburn. But these are by no means the most significant features of the incident. The constitutional method of electing Senators has miscarried. The scheme devised by Madison and Hamilton for the choosing of a select body of legislators, representative of the sovereignty of the various States, has proved abortive. The obstinacy, or ambition, of five men, three, or even one, makes it impossible for a State to have her rightful number of Senators at Washington. This is surely a governmental problem worthy of consideration, and for which a solution must be found, for senatorial deadlocks, it seems, have become fashionable. Only in the last few years has it been thought justifiable for members of a Legislature, through partisan or personal zeal, to deprive their State of its full quota of Senators. Within a half dozen years, however, there have been as many deadlocks, which lasted until the Legislature's life expired. If the politician's code approves of such methods, the people will discover a means to save all future trouble over the question. They will probably take the electing of Senators into their own hands.

In the *Federalist*—that ablest, wisest, and most far sighted of all constitutional expositions—no evidence can be found that the makers of our Federal Constitution deemed it possible that such a deadlock would occur. They provided a court of appeal in the event of a tie in the Electoral College, but it never entered into their heads that States would be so indifferent to their representation at the National Capital as to allow a State Legislature to adjourn without having filled a vacancy in the United States Senate. Had any such objection been raised to the scheme of the Constitution, it would, no doubt, have been laughed to scorn even by the enemies of the Constitution, so jealous were the States of all that they were allowed. One never could have persuaded James Madison that a portion of the then State of Virginia would, a hundred years thence, forfeit one-half its representation in the Senate to the obstinacy of five men.

Such a thing could not be if patriotism were at its proper level, or partisanship were more exacting and absolute. Behind such a deadlock there must be something of the feeling that the country will thrive quite as well without the additional Senator as with him—a feeling not altogether without reasonable basis. Factional feeling dominates. The patriotic impulse is subordinated. Here is an indication that the issues at stake in the politics of to-day are not great enough to draw out the higher qualities in men. At a time of intense national, sectional, or party feeling there would be a coercive sentiment in the community that would compel the putting under of personal bias and factional fight for control. Hitherto the one strong argument in favor of the popular election of Senators has been the notorious corruption of legislatures by wealthy aspirants. Henceforward the deadlock will play a part in this agitation. The people will demand a method by which they may be made certain of full representation in the Upper House.

The one question that is to be determined by thoughtful men in considering the advisability of the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people, is as to which method would send the ablest and safest men to the Senate. It is probable that the strong men of the Senate would remain there if the system of election were changed. In this State neither Mr. Perkins nor Mr. White were elected by money, and both were popular leaders before being elected. Their chances of reelection would be improved, we should say, rather than diminished by the change. Mr. Hill of New York could have been elected to the Senate quite as easily as he was to the Governorship. But his colleague, Mr. Murphy, the Erie brewer, would have remained at home. Mr. Sherman could carry Ohio at the polls, but not so Mr. Brice. Most of the New England Senators rose from the House, indicating their strength with the people. So we might go through the country and find that the live and able men, those nearest approaching to statesmanship in the Senate, are strong with the people of their States and, therefore, need not fear any such change as is proposed. On the other hand, the men who have bought their way to the honor, and those who are but accidents, would find a seat in the Senate more difficult of attainment. The Upper House would then be made up of those thought worthy of promotion from the Lower House, a selected as well as select Legislative chamber.

A COMPLIMENT FROM NIHILISTS.

There are always troubles for Congress. If that body is active it is accused of being rashly radical, and if, in its struggle to be safely conservative it manages to do nothing, criticism of an adverse nature is not slow in finding expression. But seldom has Congress rested under such a load as now. It has stirred the wrath of the Russian Nihilists of Chicago and they have not only given voice, not unmixed with alcoholic fumes, to their disapproval, but have gone so far as to burn Senator Lodge in effigy. To be burned in effigy is not a particularly uncommon experience. It has never injured anybody. On the contrary, it has branded the burners as vicious, but too ignorant to find an intelligent method of conveying a sense of their disapprobation.

There is no reason, perhaps, to be lost in admiration of Senator Lodge. He is not, in the councils of the Nation, a towering figure. He talks much and not always wisely, and has succeeded on numerous occasions in acquiring a deep-seated and not wholly baseless dislike. But between the opinion of Senator Lodge and that of a lot of Russians who barely escaped exile to Siberia, who have known the touch of the knout, we must confess to a tendency to pin faith to Mr. Lodge. He thinks that there should be a more stringent assorting of immigrants, that the ignorant, the criminal, and the pauperized should be denied the privilege of landing here, and in this he is so indubitably correct that even the weighty hostility of the Nihilists cannot controvert his theory, nor his burning in effigy utterly overthrow the position he has assumed.

It is true that America has always welcomed the oppressed, but it is equally true that the time has come when the line must be drawn. When the oppressed drift naturally to jail after their arrival or are hanged before they have had time to become civilized and naturalized; or when they band themselves into groups of Nihilists and rail at the Government here as bitterly as they railed at monarchy abroad, then they forfeit all claim to consideration. San Francisco had an experience with victims of kingly cruelty when a boatload of escapes from Siberia landed at this port. They were received with open arms, and they repaid the debt. Several of them are in the penitentiary for such crimes as burglary, one was slain while attempting to rob a man on the highway, and one met on the gibbet a fate richly earned by double murder. These might be taken for isolated cases of depravity, and held to have nothing in common with the stream entering United States ports by regular methods, save for the existence of such aggregations of ingratitude as the Russian Nihilists, the Italian Mafia, and the anarchists embracing the scum of all the nationalities that in America find their cities of refuge.

In the instance under consideration, Senator Lodge stands for a principle upon which depends the welfare of this great nation, and in burning him in effigy the Nihilists burned in effigy every man who believes a foreign scoundrel or a foreign ignoramus should remain on his native shores, since he has demonstrated that if permitted to come here he will neither reform nor learn. Crime is often his chosen field, and in a lack of knowledge he finds a strange and lasting joy. The Association of Russian Nihilists, if bent on becoming useful, and in liberating friends yet forced to live under the iron rule of the Czar, could be viewed with patience, but this is not the line of conduct they prescribe for themselves. They choose still to remain haters of the government, none the less because it is a different government from the one they knew at home. They do not stop to inquire about it. They do not read about it, for they scorn to lay aside the language of their nativity, and so are not able to read, save the insane vituperation published by aliens in the interest of disorder. Because Senator Lodge does not encourage such outcasts to come here and nurture their doctrines, they conclude that he is not worthy. If he is a vain man it is natural to suppose that just now he is puffed with pride. The most scathing rebuke that the Nihilists could administer would be a compliment to decency.

As the country progresses, poverty is inevitable. From poverty ignorance springs, and crime is its companion. There is no need to import poverty, nor to send across the water to secure ready-made lawbreakers. They are here in an abundance that is more than plenty, and in themselves constitute a grave problem. The neglect to stop the inflow of the undesirable is an exhibition of cowardice, and is to be explained on no other ground. The Nihilist becomes a voter.

Altogether, upon analysis, this new burden placed upon Congress is not an onerous one. Properly construed, it is a compliment. The Congress that achieves the disapproval of the Nihilist has in it much that is good, and when it is burned in effigy by the alien mob, the blaze is a halo and the smoke an incense.

COMMENTARIES ON THE CONSTITUTION.

Mr. Roger Foster, lecturer on federal jurisprudence in the law courts at Yale University, has issued, under the auspices of the Boston Book Company, quite a pretentious work in three volumes, entitled, *Commentaries of the Constitution of the United States, Historical and Judicial*. The first volume, which has just come to hand, is quite exhaustive of the several topics of which it treats. The introduction considers up paper constitutions, hostility to the Federal Constitution, the anarchy preceding the Federal convention, and deals with the prototypes and models of the Federal Constitution, the compromise made in its drafting and the result of the Federal convention. Chapter II. takes up the nature of the Constitution and the Preamble, and gives the significance of a number of words and phrases. The lawyer will find that the author has exhausted every topic with which he has attempted to deal, and, in addition to this, adds to his chapters upon a given point, when the occasion requires, an appendix which throws sidelights upon the subject matter, and encompasses in one volume matter heretofore not obtainable except by prolonged research. Two instances of this are found in the second chapter, which deals with the nature of the Constitution and the Preamble, the appendix to which contains, verbatim et literatim, an act concerning alien sedition laws, Virginia resolutions of 1798, Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799, first ordinance of nullification and second ordinance of nullification. Again, in Chapter XIII., which deals most exhaustively with the subject of impeachment, there is attached an appendix of State impeachment trials covering some eighty pages, that is, in fact, a text-book in itself, on impeachment. The value of a work such as this to the student, as well as to the careful lawyer, cannot be over-estimated.

The book not only contains what might be termed a digest of all the judicial decisions bearing on the Constitution, but it also gives very full extracts of all the important State papers referring to the same subject, including Presidents' messages, resolutions of Congress, and reports of the committees of both Houses. Many of the latter are only to be found in a few of the leading libraries. Here, the substance of the opinions thus expressed is set forth in the text, and references are made to the sources of authority in copious footnotes. The author fortifies his conclusions by citations such as we refer to. These citations are partly from decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court and Courts of Appeal of several States on important constitutional questions that have been considered by those august tribunals, and also are taken from such valuable state papers as Madison's papers, John Adams's works, Maine on Popular Government, and the Federalist.

The article on secession, showing the action of the several States that formed the Confederacy, is very interesting, as is also the Constitutional History of the Confederacy. A comparison of the various sections in that constitution with the Constitution of the United States shows that our Southern brethren possessed advanced ideas in constitution-making that have outlived the defeat of battle. Among others first adopted by the Confederacy, was that giving the President the power to veto any item in an appropriation bill; this wise provision has since been copied into the constitution of nearly one-half of the States of the Union, including that of our own State. The appendix to Chapter VI. contains two valuable papers on the apportionment of Representatives; one from the pen of Thomas Jefferson, which discusses the Act of 1792, and the other by Daniel Webster, which was a very exhaustive report on the subject at a time when Congress was considering the apportionment of 1832.

The masterly manner in which the author analyzes each separate clause of the Constitution, showing the origin, which, in many cases, antedated its consideration by our Constitution framers; the clear account of the proceedings in the convention which adopted it; and the comparisons made with similar provisions in other constitutions, stamp the work as a most valuable treatise on the subject. We shall await the coming of the two succeeding volumes with expectancy and also the hope that they will follow the high plane pursued by the author in the volume before us.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has authorized Senator Mitchell to report a Constitutional Amendment providing for the election of Senators by popular vote. There seems to be some prospect of its passing. If it does, it is pretty certain to be accepted by the House, and ratified by the requisite number of States. In that case, the Federal Legislature would consist of two bodies, elected by the same constituency, and only differing from each other in the length of their term of service. Why would not one body suffice?

* * *

Charles Dudley Warner defines a "strong" story as one which verges on indecency, or is hysterical, or disagreeable, or repellant, or morbid, or tragical. He declares that that is the sort of story which the modern reader wants, and that the end-century man and woman crave ugliness, misfortune, suffering unrelieved, vulgar surroundings, dissolute characters, and an undeserved fate. If that is so, end-century people are much to be pitied. There is better material for good novels in the comedy than in the tragedy of real life. La comédie humaine is ever changing, whereas sorrow and death are always the same. In the evolution of civilization, new situations and new characters are always turning up with infinite comic aspects. Each generation begets new themes for laughter, as the old themes grow commonplace and threadbare. Drollery, pleasantry, humor, and wit, and the taste for them, are immortal.

* * *

The newest strike is that of the house-painters, who want three dollars a day, and who, by striking, are throwing out of work the great body of the carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, and other workmen in the building trades. They are pursuing the usual methods. Chairman Rose defined the position of the Union by saying that "laborers should only do laborers' work, and should under no circumstances be allowed to do the work of a skilled mechanic." At Strogen's building, on the corner of Octavia and Fulton Streets, a walking delegate found three men and a boy working. He induced two of the men to knock off work; the third said he was Strogen's brother-in-law, and was helping him out. The delegate warned him to stop work, and added that "he would return in twenty minutes, and if the brother-in-law was not away, *it would not be well for him.*"

* * *

Jerry Lynch, the new President of the Hale & Norcross, is having a taste of the labor unions' quality. When he assumed control, he appointed Mr. Tangerman superintendent; whereupon the miners refused to work under him, threw up their jobs, and left the mine. Their action was indorsed by the Miners' Unions. If any miner at Virginia City attempts to take their place, he will do so at the risk of his life. Thus the mine is run, not by the owners or the trustees, or the president, but by the men who work underground. And, then, people wonder the mines on the Comstock do not pay dividends.

* * *

The issue which has been raised at the Hale & Norcross is the problem of the mining industry on this coast. It is whether the mines shall be run by their owners, or by aggregations of workmen known as unions. Twenty years ago the miners fixed the rate of wages at $4 a shift, and denied the right of apprentices —even their own sons—to go underground to learn the trade. The industry was ruined; a few ores were rich enough to afford $4 a shift; most of them were not, though they might have been worked at $2 or $3; and the consequence was that all mines were shut down except those which were kept running for the sake of the mills. By an ingenious system of tricks, all that was in the ore went to the mill owner and the working miner; nothing was ever left for the owners of the mine.

* * *

When Jerry Lynch undertook to capture the Hale & Norcross, he did not foresee that he was going to grapple with the vital problem of Pacific Coast mining. It has been sprung upon him, and he has got to solve it or give it up. He is just the man to solve it, if it can be solved; ingenious, intrepid, persevering, and determined. But he may just as well realize now as later, that it is a fight to a finish between him and the unions.

* * *

A bank official, who has been for twenty years connected with a leading bank in this city, has resigned, intending, as he says, to make the experiment of trying to live in London on £400—say $2000—a year. The gentleman has lived a hundred and fifty years too late. Doctor Johnson told Boswell that "£30 a year was enough to live on in London without being contemptible." He allowed £10 for clothes and linen; one shilling six pence a week for a garret, six pence for dinner, and a penny for breakfast. By spending three pence at a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; on clean shirt day, he might go abroad and pay visits.

* * *

On March 13th, Queen Victoria, who has been Sovereign of Great Britain for 59 years, met for the first time Francis Joseph, who has been 48 years Sovereign of Austro-Hungary. What a curious interview it must have been! The Queen is eleven years older than the Emperor; she had been on the British throne for the same number of years when Francis Joseph assumed the sceptre of Austria. She was the mother of seven children when the Emperor married. Though he is a man of 66, and must be looking forward to his release from royal cares, he has probably not forgotten the time when, as a boy in jacket and pinafore, he read in the papers of the statesmanlike speeches delivered to Parliament by the youthful Queen of England. What a prodigious array of reminiscences these two old people must have had to exchange!

* * *

Philip Becker Goetz must have had the American correspondent in Cuba in his eye when he wrote the epitaph beginning with the lines:

> He lived on lies, and won such warm applause
> That truth became to him an eyeless myth.

* * *

Those who are fond of ghost stories should read Meade Falkner's *Lord Stradivarius*. The ghost has a faint flavor of *Frankenstein*, though it is not a monster, but a fascinating fiend, whose unspeakable and unimaginable wickedness freezes the marrow in one's bones. The ghost is recalled to life by strains of music which he loved during his earthly existence; then he falls in love, and the evil spirit dominates and wrecks his post mortem-life.

* * *

The memorable passage at arms in *Midshipman Easy*, known as the triangular duel, is being repeated by the leaders of the Republican party. From his earthworks at Columbus, Governor McKinley is taking pot-shots at Tom Reed, who is waiting, under cover of a bulwark of Congressional Rules, for his foe to expose a vulnerable part of his anatomy; and genial Mr. Allison, at the head of a party of mounted Cossacks, is harassing both with a stinging flank fire. Thus far, all three avoid the open. But that cannot last. As convention time draws near, they will all send their skirmishers into the field, and we shall then learn that McKinley robbed a church, that Reed throttled his grandmother, and that Allison never went sober to bed a single night of his life. The glory of our beloved country is the freedom of the press.

* * *

The land swarms with politicians who are making reconnaissances in force for the fall campaign. It is settled that the Democrats need not go to the trouble of making a nomination; the only question at issue is which of the Republicans will divide the honor and the glory and the profit of victory. Sitting in a luxurious parlor of the Palace, a famous wirepuller from the East was heard to mutter a day or two since: "Shall we not divide the prey? To every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of those that take the spoil."

* * *

The crusade against big hats at the theaters is being conducted with vigor in New York under the lead of *Harper's Weekly*. There, as here, the tenacious adherents of the odious fashion belong either to the lowest grade of the roture, or to the demimonde. Where a young woman wears a monstrous head-covering at the Baldwin, and waggles her head like a Chinese Mandarin, it is safe betting that her address is either in South San Francisco or in the tenderloin, and no usher need have any scruples in inviting her to take a seat in the upper gallery. There is talk in the East of reviving the old English custom of having a gallery especially set apart for Traviata; all the big hats would naturally be assigned to that part of the house.

* * *

The 400 in New York have gone into the ice business, having served an apprenticeship by freezing out aspirants to social honors. They have hired a big building with an area of 200,000 square feet and converted the ground floor into a skating rink. The ice is made by chemical process from distilled water and is to be known as hygeia ice. After the beaux and belles have skated on it all winter, the Company will sell the ice in summer to consumers who are willing to pay a fancy price. A similar institution flourishes in Paris; the temperature is kept all summer at a freezing point, and ladies in furs flock there to get cool, and to listen to songs by such vocalists as Yvette Guilbert. Perhaps it might be worth while to try such an establishment here in connection with the Lurline Baths.

MISS JUGGERNAUT'S CAR.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

I.

It is barely two miles to the Early English Station, and as I don't have to take the first train, I generally walk down. When I am about a quarter of a mile on my way, I sometimes see a commotion ahead of me. Teams pull out of the road, coachmen shorten up their lines and get their whips ready, and pedestrians show a nervous desire to get over the fence. There is a roar behind me, a thunder of hoofs ending in a clash at my side, and when I come to, Stephanie is looking down at me from the seat of a trap several miles high, while an Early English groom clings to the heads of two panting, snorting horses.

"I'll drive you down, if you like," she says. "I'm going for the mail."

"It is very kind of you," I answer, recovering my wits sufficiently to take off my hat, "but I think I'll walk. I want the exercise."

"Hurry up," says Stephanie, impatiently. "They hate to stand." The off horse rears a little and the on one playfully taps the dashboard with his heels, to bear her out.

"I've horses of my own, you know," I say, climbing up beside her. "I needn't walk if I didn't want to."

"Oh, yours!" she says, scornfully, flourishing her whip. There is a sudden plunge forward, followed by a slight thump behind, which means that the Early English groom has hit the seat. His aim is very good; we have never succeeded in losing him yet."

"I wish you wouldn't look so nervous," she says, presently. "I always drive twice as fast when people hold on to the seat and glare at the horses. It makes me reckless." I relax my gaze, though still careful to keep my feet disentangled from the rug. "We will go the long way," she adds. "There is plenty of time."

"Did you know that the Harts had a burglar scare last night?" I say, casually. Stephanie turns pale.

"No!" she says, with a little gasp. "How perfectly dreadful! It will be our turn next, you'll see. Oh, I wish you hadn't told me! I shall lie awake all night long." I smile contentedly.

"It is only in real life, Stephanie," I say, "that people are as gloriously inconsistent as you. Here you think nothing of driving wild horses all over the country, while the word 'burglar' sends you into hysterics. You couldn't put that into a book; nobody would believe you."

"How many were there?" she interrupts. "Did they get much?"

"I said a scare. I was going on to explain that it proved to be the butler coming home from a celebration. Butlers are apt to be intemperate. That's why we don't keep one."

Stephanie looks relieved, then glances suspiciously at me. I whistle softly under my breath, which is a good thing to do if you are afraid of looking conscious or giving yourself away. She frowns, and touches up the off horse to get even with me, and for the next few minutes there isn't time to do anything but wish one had led a better life, or carried an accident policy.

"Have you met the bride yet?" I asked, presently, when the worst is over.

"Yes, I called yesterday. She's dreadful."

"Why, I thought everybody——"

"Oh, she's nice enough, but she's so abominably domestic!" The corners of Stephanie's mouth curve down contemptuously over the word. "The kind of a woman that goes to market, and keeps accounts, and watches at the window for her husband. You know the type."

"She might have worse faults than those," I begin, cautiously.

"She has," says Stephanie. "She actually gets up and takes breakfast with her husband every morning, and he goes on the early train. She says nobody else can pour his coffee to suit him. Did you ever hear anything so idiotic?"

"I don't mind people's being a little silly when they are just married," I say, deprecatingly. "I think I'd like to be myself for a week or so, if I married the girl I——"

"Listen!" exclaims Stephanie, lifting her head. "Is that the train?"

It is the train, unmistakably, and we are some distance from the station. She swings her whip and off we go at a frantic gallop, spinning a butcher's cart out of our way and grazing the heels of scudding humanity. The train is already in motion when we dash up to the station. Oh, for the agility and training of an Early English groom! I catch the rail of the last car and ride horizontally for a second or two, until I can bring my feet down to the step. I get a flying glimpse of Stephanie waving her whip and laughing, then climb into the car, with clothes disheveled and nerves unstrung, in a highly exasperated frame of mind. But it's abso-

lutely nothing to the temper I'm in on the days when Stephanie doesn't go for the mail.

II.

"You'll miss your train if you walk," said Stephanie. "I started a great deal later than usual."

We compare watches, and though I am right and she is wrong, I end by weakly climbing up beside her.

"I was exactly right yesterday," I am beginning all over again, when a sharp pain just above my left shoe makes me start.

"What in Cain—!" I exclaim, and, diving under the seat, fish out a white bull puppy with an imbecile expression and a mouth apparently full of pins.

"Oh, I had forgotten Chauncey," Stephanie says. "Isn't he a lamb? I bought him yesterday."

"I hope it isn't another case of Tommy," I say, extricating the puppy's playful teeth from the hem of my trousers. Tommy was a Gordon setter, bought for a large sum, who surprised and grieved his mistress by becoming a mother.

"Isn't he precious?" she says, ignoring my remark. "Wait till I make him worry the reins. Shake 'em, Chauncey."

"I wish you'd look where you are driving," I put in. "You came within an ace of running over a little girl back there. Just think of the time you'd have squaring it with her family if you did."

"They wouldn't mind. Children are horrid little nuisances, anyway," answered Stephanie. "They always spill things over you, and expect you to kiss them when they are sticky."

"Wait till there is a little Stephanie, and you will change your mind," I say, patronizingly. Stephanie leans back and smiles.

"There won't be any," she says.

"I can see her driving four-in-hand at the age of six," I go on. "You'd begin to lace her up at seven."

"Wouldn't I, though. She'd have a good figure if she didn't have anything else." Stephanie presses her disengaged hand on her hip, and pulls herself up a little, a gesture not uncommon among girls who are stunning of figure.

"And powder her nose at eight," I continue, with a critical glance under the broad brim of her picture hat.

"And continue her right eyebrow with a lead pencil, if it was defective," adds Stephanie, unblushingly. A certain tendency to tell the truth is the one flaw in her character.

"I wonder what sort of a fellow you'll marry," I say, musingly. "Rich, of course. Would you marry for money?"

"No, I wouldn't," she answers with decision, but spoils the effect by adding, "I wouldn't marry without it, though."

"Oh!" is my comment.

"Well, how could I?" she demands. "You know I'm naturally extravagant. I can't help it. If I could find a man rich enough to pay all my back bills I think I would fall in love with him out of sheer respect. You know yourself I'd ruin a poor man in six weeks."

"Stephanie," I say, impressively, "if ever a man is fortunate enough to gain your love and win you for his wife——" Stephanie puts on a bored expression and begins to snap the long whiplash, "then God help him!" I finish. She looks relieved, and smiles genially.

"He'll need it," she says, with a complacent nod.

We reach the little town too early for the train, and drive around to the postoffice for Stephanie's mail. She glances through the notes and tears up the bills.

"They'll send them again," she explains; "they always do. Let's see what's in the paper." She hands me the lines and turns to the society page. Suddenly she begins to laugh. "Your engagement is reported again," she says. "Whom do you suppose it is to this time?"

"Who is the lucky girl?" I ask.

"I myself—God help you!" she says, with a little chuckle.

I glance up under the picture hat, but find only amusement, so I exclaim, "How perfectly ridiculous!" and roar with laughter.

"Shall we authoritatively deny it, or simply ignore it?" she asks.

"Oh, we can live it down," I answer. "I've had worse things than that said about me."

"I don't know that I have," she murmured.

"We might try living it down together," I am fool enough to say.

Stephanie gives a startled exclamation, and pulls out her watch.

"There, you've missed your train," she says. "We can't possibly make it now. Don't you hear it on the bridge? Well, you will only have an hour to wait, and you would have missed it anyway if you had walked. Au revoir, I must be off." I climb down in sulky dignity.

"Good morning. Thank you very much for the ride," I say, with cutting politeness, as I start for the station.

"Oh, do come back, just a second," Stephanie calls "I want you." I glance over my shoulder, and am turned into an abject idiot, which is less imposing than a pillar of salt.

"Well?" I say, leaning on the wheel.

"It's just—would you mind lifting Chauncey up on the seat?" she says. "Thank you *so* much. Well, good-by. Don't forget that your watch is slow."

III.

"Well," Stephanie begins, "how did you enjoy the funeral?" She has driven down to the station to meet her father, but he has missed his train, as he generally does when his daughter has elected to be his coachman, and she has picked me up in his place.

"He was a very good friend to me," I answer, gravely, wondering if there is anybody on earth whose funeral would dampen Stephanie's spirits. "I was awfully fond of the dear old man."

"That's too bad," she says, with vague politeness; then, feeling that she has done her duty in the line of condolence, she goes on, cheerfully, "I never went to but one funeral, and it was horrid. I vowed I'd never go to another."

"Except your own," I suggest.

"Yes, I shouldn't like to miss that," she admits. "And there are one or two others I'd go to with pleasure. Aunt Dora's, for instance." I look up, scandalized. "I could stand her," Stephanie goes on, "if she wasn't always wanting me to bring some sewing up to her room and have a 'cozy chat.' I-*mag*-ine—a cozy chat. Could anything be more dreadful?"

"Call it a tête-à-tête, and it isn't half bad," I say.

"Yes, it is, when she begins on 'A Daughter's Place in the Home,' or 'The Sinfulness of Encouraging a Young Man and Breaking His Heart,' or 'The Holy Joy of Wifehood and Motherhood.' She inveigled me into darning a pair of father's socks once, because it would please him so if his little girl did it; but the darns blistered his poor heels so badly that he said I'd better leave it to Jane after this. Aunt Dora almost wept about it. Don't you think I'm a saint, to get along peacefully with a woman like that?"

I take a good survey of the face beside me, whose beauty is certainly not saintlike, and feel two equally strong desires within me, one of which is to box her aristocratic little ears.

"Stephanie, haven't you any vital organs?" I ask, sorrowfully. "Are you nothing but sawdust and valenciennes?"

"There's considerable whalebone," she answers, placidly. "If you're going to lecture, I'll make the horses cut up."

"How well you do it," I break out, after a little pause. She evidently thinks I refer to her driving (we have just been trying to trade wheels with a passing carriage) and looks gratified. "It is an art to be as thoroughly, deeply frivolous as you are," I continue. "You are the only woman I ever knew who had the courage to carry it out to its last detail. Most of them backslide and show occasional glimpses of heart or conscience or feeling, or are weak enough to be really in earnest once in a while, but no one could ever bring such charges against you. You are perfect in your role."

Stephanie stares at me in open-eyed amazement as I speak, then smiles ironically.

"Wasn't the funeral a success?" she asks. "Or did it miss its little cocktail to-day?"

"Oh, I know it is breath wasted," I say, looking fixedly ahead. "One might as well try to raise feeling in a spring tooth harrow. If ever you marry, it will be your husband's income that will have to come up to your ideals, not himself." She flicks the whip back and forth, and we are careful not to look at each other for some minutes.

"No, I couldn't marry a poor man," she says at last, with unexpected mildness. "We would both be utterly wretched. You know it as well as I do."

"But if you loved him?"

"Spring tooth harrows don't love," she says, with a little laugh.

We drive on in silence for a mile or so, while I mentally pat down the earth on a certain diminutive grave and compose a neat little epitaph for its headstone. There is a relief in knowing the worst, when you were sure of it anyway.

"I suppose the will will be in to-night's papers," says Stephanie, breaking in on my private funeral. "Did he leave much to charity?"

"Yes, a good deal," I answer, "but more to his wife's relatives. He hadn't any of his own. If Harold had lived, he would have had it all." She sighs.

"Why couldn't he have left you a million or so," she says, pulling up at my gate. "One little million out of all his money wouldn't have been missed, and it would have been so nice for you."

"Well, you see, he did," I answer, preparing to get down. Stephanie almost drops the reins.

"He did? Really?" I nod in a matter-of-course way. "But why? What made him?"

"Well, partly because the Henry in my name was for him, and partly because I was Harold's great chum all his life, and partly, I suppose, because he was fond of me." Stephanie holds out her hand, frankly radiant.

"How perfectly lovely!" she says. "It's the nicest thing I ever heard of!" We shake hands, and she gives mine an undeniable squeeze, neither coquettish nor insinuating, but openly joyous.

"It's simply perfect," she repeats. "You must tell me all about it to-morrow. I'm going for the mail, and I'll take you to your train. Good night."

She is off at her usual pace, and I turn in through the gate. The facts are unchanged; but the small grave I have taken such pains with is all tumbled up, and the emaciated little figure I have buried so carefully is grinning at me, fat and healthy, from the top of his own headstone.

San Francisco, March 21, 1896.

PUBLIC PEOPLE.

"Mr. Whistler," said a certain English Duchess, "I was at Richmond the other day, and the view of the river was almost as beautiful as one of your pictures. Now Whistler's begin to look like nature has begun to look up."

The deposed Monarch of Burmah, King Thebaw, was asked by a firm of cigar-makers to write them a testimonial in favor of a certain brand of cigars. His ex-Majesty was pretty hard up at the time, and the testimonial meant a large "consideration," so he loosed the floodgates of his eloquence to this effect: "My late father, the Royal Mindom Min, the Golden-Footed Lord of the White Elephant, Master of the Thousand Umbrellas, Governor of the Sun, the Moon, and the Universe and Master of the Royal Peacocks, smoked the Esoof Cheroot whilst meditating upon the punishment to be dealt out to the mud-eating and frog-drowned inhabitants of England. But I, in the madness of youth—I was tempted to smoke the vile trash sent me from San Francisco—and I fell. Thebaw, formerly King."

Sir Arthur Sullivan has just confessed that he does not always work with the rapidity ascribed to him. "When the fever is on me and the subject excites my fancy I can turn out four numbers in a day. On the other hand, I have spent a week over a single song, setting it over and over again until I felt the melody interpreted the story of the words. I have thrown in the fire dozens of tunes that might have been used as 'pot-boilers' and sold to the music shops on the strength of the popularity of my name. But into the flames they went, and they never can rise up against me. There was a song, "The Merryman and the Maid," that gave me infinite trouble. I really believe I spent a fortnight over that blessed jingle, and must have set and reset it a dozen times before I was content."

Christina Rosselli, the poetess, was twice sought in marriage, and in each instance was well disposed to her suitor, but was withheld by religious considerations. The first suitor, a painter, was a Christian, but not in the Anglican Communion. The second, a scholar and literary man—and this was far the more serious affair of the two—either was not a Christian at all or else was a Christian of undefined and heterodox views. The first matter terminated toward 1850, the second toward 1864. Both men died during Christina's lifetime.

Patti is said to choose her servants for Craig-y-nos with an eye to their vocal powers rather than to their domestic attainments. The castle is always full of company, and as operatic performances in the theater of the castle are of constant occurrence Mme. Patti must recruit her troupe from the servants' hall. Patti is said to be such an admirable manager that the double advocations of her servants never clash. She pays them very large wages and treats them as companions. The little opera house costs her about fifty thousand dollars a year.

Queen Victoria has only once or twice availed herself of the privilege of driving down the middle of Rotten Row—a prerogative belonging exclusively to the reigning sovereign. From this ancient privilege came the name "Route due Roi," contracted into "Rotten Row."

Mr. Robert Barr, whose new novel, *A Woman Intervenes*, is just published, is a Scotchman by birth, a Canadian by early association, an American by immigration, and an Englishman by long residence. He has just returned to London from a visit to Germany, where he has been living in a castle that was begun in the year 1200. He took his typewriting machine with him, and has written a fourteenth century romance, with the castle for a background. When Mr. Barr first went to London, he and Rudyard Kipling lived in chambers together.

During the past year Sandow has become a confirmed bicyclist. He did not at first give his approval to this form of exercise, thinking it developed the leg muscles only. In his exhibitions at Proctor's Pleasure Palace, Sandow has demonstrated that he is much stronger than he was a year ago. He has increased his single finger lift from 600 pounds to 750, while the dumbbell that he raises with one hand weighs 255 pounds, an increase of 50 pounds over that of last year. His harness lift has been increased from 5,800 to 6,100 pounds.

Mr. F. H. Cowen, Sir Charles Hallé's successor at Manchester, is one of the most prolific and popular of English composers. Since 1876 he has published six cantatas, three operas, two oratorios, and countless minor works. For some years he acted as conductor of the London Philharmonic Society and of Her Majesty's Opera House, and in 1888 he was invited specially to visit Melbourne to preside over the music at the great exhibition. He is only forty-four years old.

Mr. Gosling, the well-known banker, who died recently, left £900,000, to be divided among seven sons and seven daughters. He was himself one of twelve children, and represented the fifth generation of bankers of his name who had carried on the business at "The Three Squirrels," opposite St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, for nearly two hundred and fifty years.

Each ton of coal used by the principal gas companies of London costs, on the average, 11s. 10d.; but as it produces 12cwt. of coke, 10 gallons of tar, and other risiduals, which sell altogether for about 7s. 10½d., the net cost of the coal is reduced to a little under 4s. per ton. A ton of coal produces between 9000 and 10,000 feet of gas.

THINGS AND PEOPLE.

THE LATEST "scoop" story in journalism records the success of Tom Sullivan of the *Examiner*, who obtained the verdict of the ministers in the Doctor Brown case some twenty-four hours before his rivals. Throughout the progress of this celebrated cause he seems to have had advantages which kept his competitors wondering, and they were all watching that he should not distance them in the final heat; but when on the last day they gathered at the door of the Assembly Room of the First Congregational Church, inside which the good men were deliberating, lo! there was no Sullivan. A stranger was there in his place, who represented the other as too ill to appear. That was not convincing for the anxious scribes, who surmised at once their slippery rival had found a way into the Council Chamber itself. It devolved on them, therefore, to equalize, somehow or other, the situation. Among the journalists detailed on the case was a capable young woman from the *Chronicle* and a bright reporter from the *Call*, who took counsel together and found a way in the emergency. The Congregational Church adjoins Bridges's livery stables in the Hobart Block, but between it and the church there is an alleyway, by which the Council Chamber derives light and air. Behind is the Native Sons' Building, with windows commanding the same alleyway, the entrance to which is guarded by iron gates securely locked.

In their desperate extremity, the two reporters determined to secure a location at the Council window, and Proprietor Bridges befriended them. After due deliberation, the young lady and the *Call* man were carefully lowered by the agency of a rope ladder and safety gearing from an aperture in the Hobart Building, and then comfortably settled themselves at the coveted window. From within rose the hum of voices, and it was quite possible to catch the words of the discussion. In fact, the stratagem had proved a brilliant success, when another journalist, the representative of an evening paper, saw the situation from the Native Sons' Building. This young man had tried the window himself and he was determined to keep the morning dailies out of the verdict, which he believed they could obtain in no way save by listening. So he went below and dug up a cobble from Mason Street and returning to his vantage point, flung it forcefully against the glass, skinning by a span the faces of the listeners. It was a mean trick for which he should be ostracized. It crashed through with a terrible report. Instantly the two reporters made a dash for cover. The *Call* man climbed the gate, and, there being nothing else for it, the *Chronicle's* representative was forced to the same extremity, skirts and all. A moment later, the sexton and two ministers were raging through the alleyway, but the birds had flown. Next morning the two papers had partially accurate accounts of the proceedings, with wild guesses at the verdict, while Sullivan, by favor of a certain church official, had heard the entire proceeding from an interior point of vantage, and was enabled to publish the exact summary of what transpired. I am told the achievement cost the *Examiner* a small fortune in liquor, for the official in question needed much priming and had developed an inextinguishable partiality for champagne.

* * *

Reverting again to that interesting subject—the vicissitudes of fortune—there is told a curious yarn about the Black Oak Mine. This property has just come into the possession of a syndicate in return for $300,000, and some prominent gentlemen with more than a passing knowledge of quartz are bewailing their lack of patience. The Black Oak was owned by the Scotts of Tuolumne and two Stockton men, and has been figured by such an expert as Captain Neville of the Rawhide as a capital property. For something like $60,000 it was acquired by Mr. Ewing of Oakland and several French capitalists, who spent some $20,000 in developments. When down a few hundred feet the prospect of gold seemed poor, for the ore was thin and the ledge slim. So they sent to the mine an expert—a gentleman of the old school—one of those antiques to whose mind quartz under fifty dollars per ton is worthless. He carefully inspected the shaft and the croppings, and warned his patrons off the premises. "Better get out at once," he advised, and they did. Back came the mine into the hands of the Scotts, who, with their newly acquired funds, promptly continued the development. Inside of a week they laid bare the apex of a new ledge of extreme richness, and soon afterwards they uncovered rock showing by measurement $150,000 of gold. The new combination is better prepared to sustain the expense of development than they, however, and doubtless we will soon hear of the Black Oak as among the important gold producers.

* * *

Corral Hollow, where the coal mines are situated, promises to become an important center of industrial activity. Quite a village is growing up around the pit mouth; the railway which is to convey the product to tide water is nearly finished, and in a few months more the great problem of cheap fuel will have been solved, practically, for the bay counties. Among the important enterprises hinging on the scheme is the project of a syndicate of Oakland men to utilize the slack. There is ever a great waste of this material round a mine, for it does not pay to transport, and is produced in too large quantities to be consumed. But it can be converted into power, and the new idea is to establish in the Hollow an electric plant of great capacity, and to supply light and power to manufacturing establishments in Oakland, Martinez, Livermore, and other neighboring towns. There is no prospect of obtaining natural power nearer at hand, for Alameda County does not rejoice in any miniature Niagaras. The enterprise is a notable one, and may mean much to our Athens. It is bold enough to deserve success, too. The arrangements perfected with the Coal Company give to the projectors the privilege of obtaining the slack in return, I am told, for a fair-sized block of stock in the new concern. Imagine all the fly wheels in Oakland buzzing under the influence of distant electricity, and not a wisp of smoke in the sky. It seems, but is not, an Arcadian ideal.

* * *

THE DIVINITY SYSTEM of the Democracy has undergone revolution. No longer are the gods in their old places on Olympus. A new and younger and brighter generation has arisen which knoweth not the power of their names. No longer is it presumption for a young man to aspire to office, nor is it probable that the places will henceforth be awarded to ancient celebrities. In olden days half a dozen of the Chivalry settled the destinies of the party over a basket of champagne. That procedure is out of date. Two years back it would have seemed audacious to mention more than half a dozen names as Gubernatorial possibilities. Depend on it, there will be scores of aspirants for honors at the next Convention. I am led thus to comment on changed conditions by the meeting of the State Central Committee on Saturday last at which the turning-down of Buckley was so neatly and so effectively accomplished. Strange to say the familiar names were rather on the side of corruption than with the visitors, and the old leaders seemed to lack their erstwhile supremacy. The fact was developed there that Buckley essays to meet new conditions with the old game; that he is putting past political methods against men who, in generalship, are his superiors. The fact is the party has really outgrown its old leaders; it has emerged from bondage, and will in future rely for guidance on the vigorous young men who have recently forced themselves to the front. They have the advantage of fresh intellects and honest hearts, and to the party their participation in politics opens up broad prospects of success.

* * *

The defeat of Buckley, though a foregone conclusion, was not accomplished without a hard fight. The associated villainies were leagued in his cause, and the tactics of obstruction were freely resorted to. However, Gavin McNab was more than a match for the Blind Leader, and, for once playing a single-handed game, routed the opposition and achieved a notable victory for decency. No wonder the vanquished felt irritated against the conqueror, for he had beaten them at every point, frustrated their cunningly devised schemes, and showed that ingenuity and capacity at dealing with emergencies which marks the born leader. Of course, the Buckley contingent underrated McNab's ability and were oblivious to his influence in the country. But he came to the meeting armed with proxies and backed by the good-will of the Democracy. He permitted no diversions; met his opponent's taunts with return jibes; scared and scarified them in his speech, and won handily, with lots of strength to spare.

* * *

Even the bitterest opponents of Gavin McNab must admit he has now won his spurs. His name is familiar to the Democracy as a stanch opponent of Bossism and an earnest champion of reform. His stalwart individuality has been developed in contests against the common enemy, and he is now a force to be counted with in the political game. McNab has many times been on the verge of supremacy, but, in the past, he delegated the important posts to his lieutenants, who, when in power, forgot their creator. He is clever and cautious, a Scotchman by descent, cool, shrewd, and trenchant of speech. His ability as a manipulator, however, does not detract from his sterling honesty and loyalty, for, though he is notably able at harmonizing apparently irreconcilable forces and handling combinations, his arm and voice are ever on the side of right and justice, which, with his ability, explains his success. By profession McNab is a lawyer, and, as those who have met him in court know, he is as handy with law and argument as he is in a political contest, ready of wit and epithet, and a convincing and vigorous reasoner. The manner in which he met the onslaughts of Reel Terry and Porter Ashe, both bright men, in the Livingstone case, showed him no whit their inferior in legal badinage, and General A. L. Hart, whom he encountered and extinguished in a lawsuit at Sacramento recently, is now aware of McNab as a foeman worthy his steel. Mining law is his favorite branch of the profession, and he has built up a strong clientele of foreign and California mining capitalists.

* * *

Chairman Frank Gould is recovering from his unpopularity with Governor Budd, and is liable to appear prominently before the Democracy in the future. He is established in the profession of the law at Stockton, and when the Governor was Jim Budd, a mere Slough City lawyer, Frank was his most intimate friend. Success alienates more intimacies than misfortune, however, and by the time Gould had developed an ambition to be Harbor Commissioner, Budd discovered his inadequacy for the post. The fact is, however, the former, though not a man of great force, is an admirable talker, whose speeches have grace and point, and oratory is still a valuable component in Californian politics. He participated nobly in the battle against Buckley on Saturday, and aided Mr. McNab with his influence and votes. Apropos of that meeting, and the anti-Funding Bill resolutions, I am inclined to regard the expression as inimical to Buckley and his associations, rather than to the corporation. There was an unfortunate mingling of issues on that occasion most liable to promote confusion.

* * *

There is much exultation among the *Examiner* contingent over the success of the *Journal*, whose circulation, I am told, attained the 200,000 mark on Sunday last. There is progress that discounts even the tremendous growth of the *World* under Joseph Pulitzer. It has been attained by smart journalistic feats, of course, and represents the triumph of flim-flam over fact and sensationalism over sense, but there are the results. The enterprise, I am told, has passed the corner financially, and its revenues have begun to meet the outlay. It cannot be said that Mr. Hearst has spared money in achieving his object, for his expenditures have been absolutely regal. The Sunday issue is an interesting and decidedly a sightly paper, and has more pictures than its rivals, the *World* and the *Herald*.

* * *

It cannot be true that we are to lose all our celebrities. Rumor has it that Gelette Burgess proposes to transport the *Lark* to Boston where this curious little opuscule enjoys its greatest popularity. It is said, too, that Mrs. Hearst has offered to send Jimmie Swinnerton to Paris for three years to study art, and that he proposes accepting the opportunity. Burgess is an original, dowered with real literary and artistic ability, interwoven with which is the whimsical vein that gave us the Purple Cow. That weird drawing together with the extraordinary verses which accompanied it made him a personality in the East and he has had innumerable offers to shift his locale. There have been some clever bits of prose and verse in the *Lark* recently, more valuable than its fantastic features and deserving of more attention and praise than they have attracted. It is to be hoped we may be able to retain both Swinnerton and Burgess for sometime yet.

THE WITNESS.

Do you wish to learn the languages, or music, or oratory, or elocution from the best teachers and without expense to yourself? See page 16

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOYT'S HEROINES.

CHARACTERISTICS OF TWO SOUBRETTES CONTRASTED.

There are two farces, both satires, playing in this city, at present, written by that most prolific and successful of farce-comedy writers, Charlie Hoyt—he of the little head and fertile brain—of the squeaky voice and bright sayings—the man who has taken more liberties with our most cherished traditions, and made more clean, harmless, irresistible fun out of them than any other dramatist of the day—the personnel of whose plays is purely American, and who involves his characters in more absurdly ludicrous situations in the course of one play than most people would conceive of in a lifetime—whose plots defy criticism, because they have neither beginning nor end, and disarm it by arousing heartiest amusement and mirth.

When I saw "The Milk White Flag" at the Baldwin I was rather attracted to the little girl, Clarisse Agnew, who does the baby act. On the stage she appears a pretty, blonde, lisping, baby thing in a fresh white gown and cap, and while neither her vocal notes nor her heels displayed much talent, they disclosed a certain ability, combined with extreme youth, which interested me. I found myself wondering where she came from. "From California," some one said. I grew curious enough about her to avail myself of the entrée which my vocation affords to professional circles, and I went over to her mother's house on Folsom Street, where she is stopping, and called upon her. I found Miss Agnew a bright, self-possessed young woman of about twenty, with a thin, rather shrewd face. Pretty? Well—yes and no. Pretty skin, good nose, rather good brow, broad lidded blue-gray eyes, which sleep and watch at the same time; line of lips unequal, and chin heavy, with no end of will power. She has a trick of head and shoulder which reminded me of Ada Lewis occasionally. Tough? Oh, no—just a suggestion of the same quality which makes Miss Lewis so successful in certain lines of work, and a manner labeled, "No nonsense about me." She was not shy about her debut. It was made at the Orpheum in this city. Why did she go there?

"Oh, because there was fun in it," she said, "I had a notion of singing and dancing, and it seemed a good thing to make a little money. Mother wanted me to go to school a while longer—I was only fifteen—and when she found I would keep at it, she sent me away East, on a pleasure trip. Well, now," Miss Agnew gave me a telling little look, emphasizing her remark by a rather scornful little laugh, "perhaps she thought she was going to cure me—not much—that only made me worse than ever. One day, I was talking the matter over with some friends, and as I made the remark, 'I'll never be satisfied till I am an actress,' a gentleman standing near, turned and looked at me curiously. It was John McVicker, who died a few days ago, you know. After a while he came to me and asked me if I really wanted to go on the stage. Well, I lost no time in convincing him that I did. I guess he saw I could act—don't you believe they can tell?"

She cut herself short, in her breathless little tale, to ask me this question. She speaks very rapidly in leaps and bounds—it is almost impossible to keep up with her.

"I am sure I don't know," I answered.

"Well, anyway," she went on, "he engaged me very soon after that for a light part, and I stayed with him awhile, and, finally, got into this company—I was watching for my opportunity. I believe in jumping right in when your chance comes, and I tell you what it is, I've made the biggest sort of a hit, too. Why," she continued, skimming right along, "all the papers East said Lydia Yeamans wasn't in it after they saw me do the baby—she would have to take a back seat," and she sent Lydia Yeamans flying backward with a sweeping motion of her hand.

Perhaps you think this little girl has a great deal of self-confidence and assurance? Well, so she has—but has not observation taught you that there are telling qualities in many successful careers? As she says herself:

"Whatever has any fun, it goes with me, whether it is 'shooting the chutes' or riding donkeys down at Coney Island, or driving across country with a party of girls—running into somebody's buggy and having to pay a fine of 'twenty-five dollars all around, please'—no use crying over spilt milk; but when its business, I am going to watch for my opportunities"—I look at her eyes, and I believe her—"and I am going to get there," and she will, with limitations attached.

This little talk with the "baby" was so unique, it rather whetted my appetite for more. I would go and see "Bossy"—pretty, plucky, level-headed little "Bossy"—so I traveled back across Market Street to the Occidental, where Miss Dorothy Sherrod was domiciled. Now, she plays a rather difficult part. You smile? Did you ever stop to think what it must be to adopt the air and manner of a swinging, happy-go-lucky, rough comedy part, and then to merge yourself gradually into a budding Society belle, and do it with ease, and naturally? It takes good acting to do this well, and Miss Sherrod does it well. She does not give you a rough tumble from one to the other—you slip so gradually into the notion, she leads you so gracefully into the situation, that you are there before you know it, and without casualties during the transition. Miss Sherrod is a fascinating little piece on the stage—don't you think so? Now, the woman who fascinates is not necessarily beautiful, but she must be a woman of infinite variety and resourcefulness, or, if beautiful, and you find it impossible to say of her, "She is charming," then she will not fascinate you.

Miss Sherrod is delightfully pretty—in the delicate Dresden China order—a round, shell-tinted, cherub face, big, appealing, hazel eyes, straight nose, and pouting lips, all set in a frame of curly, red gold hair—and all natural, too. Then she is charmingly modest and laughs at the sentimental notions she used to have about earning money. You see she was born away down in old Mississippi, where the idea of women as wage earners was never tolerated until the change brought about by that fateful day, nearly thirty-two years ago, and where they are still so old-fashioned that they scarcely know the "new woman."

"I used to imagine it would be lovely to be an actress," said Miss Sherrod, "if only to be allowed to act such noble parts. They were all so real to me. I went to the theater a great deal with my father and was wild over it. I actually used to pray I might become an actress. Then I was sent off to Baltimore to school, and during one of my vacations when in New York, I wrote to several managers. Mr. Daly was the first to answer, and he asked me to call, then he put me through an examination, and finally I signed a three years' contract with him, which I broke in six weeks."

"How was that?"

"Why"—blushing in the prettiest way—"I got mad with the manager, and then I went straight to Mr. Daly and said I wouldn't play any more. Mr. Daly was so kind," she went on, "and tried to make me listen to reason; but I wouldn't. I was such a goose. I had very high-flown notions as to the way men should treat women. I forgot I had begun my battle with the world. Shortly after, I signed with Mr. Hoyt and played Dixie Style before I did Bossy."

"Which do you prefer?"

"Oh, Bossy," she replied, with animation. "She is so human and honest."

Away from the stage, this little woman is a home-loving body, not given to wild trips or rough sports. She is essentially a gently bred Southern woman, whose home and music, books, plants, and pets are her delight.

Which of the two will succeed? Both, in different lines, we shall hear from both, further on, and one will rise sooner than the other. But *the other* will rise higher.

Which one?

I'll let you guess.

E. D. H.

MANNING.

THE FRANK HISTORY OF A PRIESTLY INTRIGUER.

The literary sensation of the year in London is not a novel, but Purcell's biography of Cardinal Manning. The late prelate was held in general esteem as a man of unworldly character and heavenly designs, whose progress to the head of the English Church was the triumph of spirituality over material ambition. A reverend and venerable figure, he incarnated for many all the saintly virtues, the charity, gentleness, and kindly zeal for celestial things which we all like to believe as characteristic of our great churchmen.

Alas! for these beautiful ideals. By documentary evidence in his own handwriting, Manning is revealed as the most adroit and unscrupulous of diplomats, a man consumed by ambitions, who believed the ends justified the means, and ruthlessly sacrificed to the cause of his own advancement the careers of his opponents. Nor is it possible to defend one's prior conception of the prelate by the presumption of his conception. The Cardinal himself furnished the material for the work, turning over to Purcell his letters and diaries. Through the medium of these literally transcribed, is the story of his life outlined. There is little suppression, no commentary, but the conclusions are enforced.

The most interesting portion of the biography is that which reveals Manning's relations with Rome, and the manner in which he attained his ambition. After being converted to Catholicism, he allied himself with Cardinal Wiseman, then head of the Church in England, and established through Monsignor Talbot, an Englishman who was Chamberlain to Pope Pius IX., relations in the Vatican which were invaluable to him in his future intrigues. Indeed, it is a strange history of ecclesiastical double dealing, this correspondence with Talbot reveals. Manning was as subtle as Talleyrand, and a match for even the Italians at diplomacy. The influence of his personality over Wiseman soon grew supreme, and it enabled him to cause the removal of Doctor Errington, whom the Cardinal had appointed Coadjutor-Archbishop of Westminster, with the right of succession. But Wiseman discovered when too late that Errington was a "minimizer," that is to say, not an "ultramontane," and he induced his superior to proceed against him. A Papal decree was issued soon after removing Errington and leaving the way to Westminster clear for the unscrupulous intriguer. He proceeded after that in a campaign against the "minimizers," being determined to crush them, and thus earn the gratitude of the Holy See. The record of these guerilla contests, in which Manning delighted, is not pleasant to read, and would often be ludicrous if it were not so sad—as when, for instance, we are informed that one of the bishops, being hard pressed by his enemies, set his nuns to praying against a certain move they intended to make.

Early in this campaign, Manning and Newman became estranged, and there is included in the biography letters from the bitter correspondence which passed between them. At the close of this, the latter informed Manning, whom he knew to have been guilty of double dealing, that he would say seven masses for him. In reply, Manning promised one hundred and twelve masses for Newman. His treatment of the great Oratorian was, in fact, unspeakably mean and malevolent. In the correspondence to which I have referred, Newman, it seems to us, clearly convicts Manning of having borne false witness against him, while he uttered no word of protest against the scurillous attacks on Newman by Warde and others. It is true he wrote deprecating these attacks, but, at the same time, he was writing to Talbot at Rome in terms that indicated his hostility to Newman, and Talbot, who was quick to take a hint, took good care that Newman should remain in bad odor at the Vatican. Mr. Purcell, in fact, admits that Manning virtually accused Newman of disloyalty to the Pope, and of worldliness, while at the same time he was assuring Newman of his friendliness. Subsequently he exhibited his enmity by passing over Newman in favor of Monsignor Capel on opening his ill-starred Catholic University, refused to inform him of a kindly reference from the lips of Pope Pius IX, though he knew the Oratorian suffered keenly because of his ostracism at Rome. And, last of all, when Pope Leo XIII. expressed an intention of making Newman a Cardinal, he spread abroad a false report that Newman would decline the honor, than which nothing could have been better calculated to cause the Pope to change his mind.

During the latter years of Wiseman's life, Manning devoted himself to strengthening his position in Rome. He made frequent visits there, and impressed himself on all who might be of service to him. When the question of the Pope's temporal power came up, his attitude was more Roman than that of the Pope himself. Indeed, he was "called down" by the Vatican for his overstatements on the subject. But at a hint from Monsignor Talbot he at once made his views harmonize, and was recognized by the Pope as a pillar of the Papacy. This reputation proved of the greatest service to him on the death of Wiseman. The Chapter of Westminster cordially disliked Manning, though he was one of its officers, and it is not surprising that his name did not appear among the three which it sent to the Pope. But if it thought thus to suppress Manning, it soon discovered its mistake, for through the able management of Monsignor Talbot, in Rome, the Pope was induced to pass over the three names, and name Manning. And so in the plenitude of his powers this able, ambitious, unscrupulous, and scheming Church politician reached a position of vast power and influence.

The last notable events in the ecclesiastical career of the great churchman were his participation in the discussions of the Vatican Council and his elevation to the Cardinalate. The Vatican Council was the opportunity of his life. There was a strong and vigorous opposition in the Council to the promulgation of the decree of Papal infallibility. Manning, of course, favored it, and soon became its leading champion. Its final passage by the Council made him, therefore, one of the most conspicuous ecclesiastics in the Church, and, best of all, persona gratissima at the Vatican. His elevation to the Cardinalate followed almost as a matter of course, and the evening of his life was spent in the enjoyment of his well-earned and, we must add, well-worn honors.

ETC., JR.

The czar of Russia proposes to adopt the Gregorian system of computing time after the end of the present century. The Russian calendar is twelve days behind the rest of the world's time, and it leads to all sorts of confusion. His Majesty has not yet decided whether to jump over the thirteen days at once, or to accomplish his object gradually by omitting the first twelve leap years of the century. It would then require forty-eight years to bring about the change.

A HEROINE IN SUPERLATIVES

THE TERMAGANT DUCHESS IN MRS. HODGSON BURNETT'S NEW NOVEL.

So formidable is the person of Miss Clorinda Wildairs, that I approach her veracious history with apprehensive trembling. She is *A Lady of Quality* in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's last book, and is at her zenith the most formidable woman in London, having the strength of an Amazon, combined with the beauty of a Juno. Size and comeliness are in themselves gifts so considerable that we are ready at once to be led at the victorious chariot of Miss Clorinda, but her creator has added to the panoply of her bewitchments the grace of intellect and the charm of wit. So here, indeed, is a most invincible heroine—strong, shrewd, and dignified, and so beautiful that the spectacle of her loveliness drives its audience desperate, and inflames the hearts of hero, first gentleman, and villain with inextinguishable desire. We are fortunate in having so ample a recital of Miss Clorinda's progress, for the reader assists at her birth, and is privileged to know her epitaph. She does not excite sympathy, it is true; I fear her morality is Jesuitical, but out of the "Arabian Nights," or the mythology, you will not find such perfections united in a single woman.

From the first, Miss Wildairs exhibits a superb vitality. Lady Jeoffry, her unfortunate mother, dies after giving birth to this, her eighth daughter, who shrieks her wants with savage shriliness, flourishes like the traditional green bay-tree (being wicked, I suppose), and grows up the tyrant of the stables and a queen among her father's grooms. Not until she is six, and an unmitigated termagant, does she encounter her progenitor, Sir Jeoffry, a sporting squire of bad repute and bibulous habits, whose neglect of his offspring is partially mitigated by obliviousness of their existence. Her shrewish temper, combined with a furious attack made on his legs with his own hunting whip, introduces to him both her temper and her violent individuality. She is taken to his heart, is presented to his boon companions, becomes their toast and their comrade, evincing even at that early age a command of vituperative language together with a knowledge of coquettish devices which would not disgrace a woman of twice her years. Not an oath in the vocabulary but she can match with its mate; not a song, however ribald, but she knows the chorus. Miss Clorinda is, indeed, a wild, wilful, and imperious maid, a lover of dogs and horses, with a quick wit, a ready hand, and a complete realization of her own charms. However, here she is at her fifteenth birthday, at which she makes her last appearance in boy's clothes:

> She wore knee-breeches of white satin, a pink satin coat embroidered with silver roses, white silk stockings and shoes with great buckles of brilliants, revealing a leg so round and strong and delicately moulded, and a foot so arched and slendder as surely never before, they swore one and all, woman had had to display. She met them standing jauntily astride upon the hearth, her back to the fire, and she greeted each one as he came, with some pretty impudence. Her hair was tied back and powdered, her black eyes were like lodestars, drawing all men, and her color was that of a ripe pomegranate. She had a fine, haughty little Roman nose, a mouth like a scarlet bow, a wonderful long throat and round cleft chin. A dazzling mein, indeed, she possessed, and ready enough she was to shine before them.
>
> When the last dish was removed and bottles and bumpers stood upon the board, she sprang up on her chair and stood before them all, smiling down the long table with eyes like flashing jewels. Her hands were thrust in her pockets with her pretty young fop's air, and she drew herself to her full comely height, her beauteous lithe limbs and slender feet set smartly together. Twenty pairs of masculine eyes were turned upon her beauty, but none so ardently as the young ones across the table.
>
> "Look your last on my fine shape," she proclaimed in her high, rich voice. "You will see but little of the nether part of it when it is hid in farthingales and petticoats. Look your last before I go to don my fine lady's furbelows."
>
> And when they filled their glasses and lifted them and shouted admiring jests to her, she broke into one of her stable-boy songs and sang it in the voice of a skylark. . . .
>
> The clock struck twelve before she returned to them. Just as the last stroke sounded the door was thrown open and there she stood, a woman on each side of her, holding a large silver candelabra, bright with wax tapers high above her, so that she was in a flood of light. She was attired in rich brocade of crimson and silver and wore a great hooped petticoat, which showéd off her grandeur; her waist, of no more bigness than a man's hands could clasp, set in its midst like the stem of a flower; her black hair was rolled high and circled with jewels, her fair long throat blazed with a collar of diamonds, and the majesty of her eye and lip and brow made up a mien so dazzling that every man sprang to his feet beholding her.

Three generations are required to produce a gentleman, we are assured, but Mrs. Hodgson Burnett converts Miss Wildairs into a lady in a single chapter. Out of the depths of her inner consciousness this hoyden evolves the idea that her own sex becomes her best. So she grows moderate of manner and language, eschews breeches for brocades, and straightway mingles in the society which has hitherto regarded her as an outcast. This disregard of human, and especially feminine, conventions is necessary for the evolution of the plot, it is true, but one is forced to protest against the startling rapidity of the conversion. However, it is here that the villain, Sir John Oxon, appears, and commences pursuing the young beauty. His wooing accentuates the fact of her sex, and there is skilfully woven into the narrative the suggestion of an intrigue sufficiently articulated to be beyond question, but yet without grossness of particular. Sir John, be it said, is as handsome as Miss Clorinda, as vigorous of form, and as fine of feature, but without the mental power and self-control which the author makes the basis of her heroine's achievements. But he wins her, and then flies off; his engagement is announced later with a Creole heiress, and soon after the twain meet at their old trysting place in the rose garden—she disdainful and indifferent, he enraged at her unconcern. It is a dramatic scene that then ensues—terminated by Clorinda flinging over her head a wreath of scarlet roses and ordering Sir John "to the kennels." That night she accepts the hand of the catch of the county, the aged Earl of Dunstanwolde, but is introduced also to her fate, the Duke of Ormonde.

At the pen of so inimitable a literary prestidigitateur as Mrs. Burnett, it is unnecessary to say that the hoyden develops the admirable qualities which adorn a great lady and a good wife. Her domestic ability is remarkable. She has the air of a queen and a goddess; her servants are filled with awe at her grandeur, and though secretly in love with the Duke, she gives no sign of the consuming passion. In the second year of her marriage the happiness of his lot is too much for the Earl; he dies, and his widow retires to the country for eighteen months, emerging into society more radiantly beautiful than ever. She is the belle of London, sought by the noblest.

To rehabilitate himself, he begins an impassioned wooing, and she, because of the past, dare not spurn though she disdains his attentions. When the betrothal of Clorinda and the Duke is announced, he threatens to acquaint her lover with the story of their intrigue, and here ensues the scene which is the tragedy of the novel. Forcing himself into her presence, he proceeds to rehearse the story of their youthful passion, and asked what proof he can submit he brings forth a little package folded in silk:

> He unfolded the silk and let other silk unfold itself, a great and thick ring of raven hair which uncoiled its serpent length, and though he held it high, was long enough after swaying from his hand to lie upon the floor.
>
> "Merciful God!" she cried, and shuddering, hid her face.
>
> "'Twas a bet, I own," he said. "I heard too much of the mad beauty, and her disdain of men, not to be fired by a desire to prove to her and others that she was but a woman after all, and so was to be won. I took an oath that I would come back some day with a trophy—and this I cut when you knew not that I did it."
>
> She clutched her throat again to keep from shrieking in her impotent horror.
>
> "Devil, craven, and loathsome—and he knows not what he is!" she gasped. "He is a mad thing who knows not that all his thoughts are of hell."
>
> 'Twas in sooth a strange and monstrous thing to see him so unwavering and bold, flinching before no ignominy shrinking not to speak openly the thing before the mere accusation of which other men's blood would have boiled.
>
> "When I bore it away with me," he said, "I lived wildly for a space, and in those days put it in a place of safety, and when I was sober again I had forgot where. Yesterday, by a strange chance, I came upon it."
>
> "And once"—she breathed—"and once I loved thee—cur!"
>
> He was mad with exultant villainy and passion, and he broke into a laugh.
>
> "Loved me!" he said. "Thou! As thou lovedst me—and as thou lovedst him—so will Moll Easy love any man—for a crown!"
>
> Her whip lay upon the table, she caught and whirled it in the air. She was blind with the surging of her blood and saw not how she caught or held it, or what she did—only that she struck!
>
> And 'twas his temple that the loaded weapon met, and 'twas wielded by a wrist whose sinews were of steel, and even as it struck he gasped, casting up his hands, and thereupon fell and lay stretched at her feet.
>
> But the awful tempest which swept over her had her so under its dominion that she was like a branch whirled on the wings of the storm. She scarce noted that he fell, or noting it, gave it not one thought as she dashed from one end of the apartment to the other with the fierce striding of a mad woman.
>
> "Devil!" she cried, "and cur! And for thee I blasted all the years to come! To a beast so base I gave all that an empress herself could give—all life—all love—forever! And he comes back—shameless to barter like a cheating huckster—because his trade goes ill, and I—I could stock his counters once again."

One might suppose the noble Countess frozen with remorse and horror at her deed, but she has the presence of mind to tumble the body of her recreant lover under a divan whereon she sits that afternoon receiving her visitors. Indeed, the terrible whip with which the murder was committed and which had performed its purpose in subjugating her fiery steed Devil, is the topic of conversation and drops from the slender hand of a fashionable lady who had essayed to wield it, falling perilously near the dead. That night Mistress Clorinda carries in her arms the corpse of Sir John down darkened stairways into an unused cellar, the entrance to which is subsequently bricked up by her orders. Afterwards she learns that her sister Anne, whose retiring womanliness forms a foil to her ambitions and predominant personality, had known of the terrible deed, had, indeed, saved her from discovery, mentioning never a word, however, of her melancholy knowledge.

But there are no consequences. This is a sin without retribution. The Duchess, it is true, traces down all Sir John's intrigues and takes kindly care of his ruined victims. Under the influence of a noble love she grows tranquilly beautiful; her wit loses its keen edge. To her husband she bears strong-limbed boys and Amazonian maids like unto herself. Save for the deathbed confession of Anne, there is no recurrence to the tragedy, no brooding over the sin, no remorseful necessity for confiding this guilty secret to the noble Duke. Her life touches the farmost limits of felicity, but instead of being removed to Olympus in a chariot of fire or in the arms of Mercury, as befits so superior a being, she dies, after a due measure of years, is buried, and a tombstone records her glowing virtues and her splendid beauty.

It is only a story, this history of an impossible *Lady of Quality*—an interesting, a dramatic tale, narrated with commendable smartness and knowledge of literary effect. Clorinda Wildairs is as improbable as she is magnificent; her beauty is as dazzling as her acumen is incredible. She has more perfections than Cleopatra, more seductions than Circe, more talents than Madame de Stael—with the ambition and will power of a Catherine de Medici. Had she less vigor, fewer superiorities, more humanity, Clorinda might be conceivable but she remains merely a concatenation of superlatives.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOK TALK.

A leading feature of the last *Flyleaf* is a conversational essay by the editor, Walter Blackburn Harte, on the interesting topic of how he proposes to demean himself when that bibelot shall have attained a million readers. It is reasonably presumable that the possession of such a circulation would afford an income adequate to satisfy his most lingering longings, but it affords a capital opportunity for dilating on the pangs and deprivations of a literary career, which he does with much humor and considerable felicity. "Life and Death" is a somewhat far-off sketch of a woman who married the wrong man. In "Bubble and Squeak" there are some vigorous jabs at eminent names and prominent literary institutions. I must take issue with Mr. Harte for his railings at what he calls "organs of British complacency and aids to prejudice." I am a reader of the *Saturday Review*, and insist it cannot truly be called "a dirty gutter rag of imbecile impertinence." Since Frank Harris has been at the helm he has redeemed its old reputation, and it is to-day a strong, vigorous journal whose critiques are full of earnestness and enthusiasm, and it certainly enlists the best English names as its contributors.

The prose and dramas of Hendrik Ibsen form a recent issue of the United States Book Company's "Lakewood Series." They are in convenient form, clearly printed, and include the most important works of modern dramatists. The most conspicuous among these are "A Doll's House," "Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," "A Lady From the Sea," "An Enemy of Society," and others, mainly translated by William Archer, the well-known English dramatic critic. For those with whom economy in book buying is a necessity, this issue will prove a prize, inasmuch as the two volumes are to be had for seventy cents.

A late issue of the United States Book Company's publication is *The Return of the Native*, one of Thomas Hardy's most notable books. Of the merits and character of this work it is unnecessary to speak here, but the availability of this novel in cheap form should induce a renewal of its original popularity.

Rand, McNally & Co. publish *A Grey Eye or So*," an exceedingly smartly written novel by F. Frankfort Moore. It is really the brightest and most readable of Mr. Moore's books, and contains passages of very beautiful descriptions and several ably depicted characters.

The last issue of Macmillan's Novelists' Library is *The Last Touches*, by W. K. Clifford. It is a series of very charming stories, by no means the least notable of which is that from which the book takes its name.

[Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.]

Though *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* is not the most notable of Marion Crawford's novels, it is a very well put together story, and the interest is better sustained throughout than in his recent publications in which the incidents are strung together too loosely. It is number eleven in Macmillan's Novelist's Library, and is for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Quite the handsomest publication we have, typograpically, is *The Traveler*, and the March issue is up to the standard of its predecessors. Curious as it may seem, *The Traveler* is the only effort at an illustrated paper we have in San Francisco. It attains some very excellent effects, and it is remarkable its success does not induce rivalry. Among the features of the March number are, "Mexican Types," "A Story of a Perilous Flume Ride," and "Nikko Temples," contributed by the editor and beautifully illustrated.

There is scant comfort for Nicaraguan canal theorists in the current *Forum*. In it appears an article by Joseph Nimmo demonstrating the impracticability of the Suez Canal. Mr. Nimmo bases his views not so much on the geographical difficulties of the undertaking as on the statistics which show that, even if the canal should be dug, it could not be made to pay. The author is well prepared to write on this subject, as he was at one time Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Harold Frederic's new novel will be out this month, and its publishers think it is going to be one of the sensations of the year. *The Damnation of Theron Ware* is the title, and the story is of a Methodist minister. In view of the predictions so often made that Mr. Frederic might some day write the long expected "American novel," this new book will be noteworthy.

Miss Alice I. Wolf, a San Francisco girl, and quite well known in Jewish Society, is the author of *A House of Cards*, the latest volume in Stone & Kimball's "Peacock Library." The characters and background are San Franciscan, and it will be interesting to see how she has handled the material.

The initial reviews of H. C. Lea's *Auricular Confession and Indulgence in the Latin Church* indorse it as a book of great interest, and, though very erudite, extremely good reading. The authorities quoted are entirely Catholic, the intention being to explain the institution of confession and absolution from an historical rather than from the polemical standpoint.

The *Life of Gibbon* which the world has known, is but a patchwork of extracts from the original MSS. There is now promised *The Unpublished Works of Edward Gibbon*—to contain the historian's seven autobiographies, correspondence, and much unpublished data. It is said the papers are full of entertaining matter.

Nym Crinkle does book reviewing for Will Hearst's *Journal*, and capital work it is. He concludes, thus, a review of Mrs. Ola Hansson's *Study of Modern Women*—a book founded on the lines of *Sonia Kovaleosky*, *Eleonora Duse*, *Marie Bashkirtseff*, and others of the same ilk: "We lay the book down with the impression that woman makes a fatal mistake in trying to be anything but woman, but we also feel that it is peculiarly woman-like to make so tremendous an induction from only six women."

Joel Chandler Harris is one of the most modest of men. He hates being interviewed, and when lionized by the Authors' Society in New York he disappeared in the midst of a reception given in his honor. The creator of Uncle Remus is described as rotund of body, short, stoopy, and ruddy as to complexion. He rejoices in simplicity of habit and has few wants. His greatest passion is roses, and in the early morning, when the dew is on the grass, one can hear the snipping of the pruning shears as Mr. Harris works in his garden—the finest rose-garden in Atlanta. He is one of the few men who confess to contentment with their lot.

Joan of Arc is the latest literary fad. Five books are announced this spring with La Pucelle as a raison d'etre, three of which will be stories of her marvelous life. One other will be a book about the times and people when she lived, and she will also figure as the main subject in the next columns of the *Putnam's Stories of the Nations* series. She has numerous admirers already who are dealing with her from the lecture platform as an inspiring topic of educational interest. Besides these is the Harper's biography accredited to Mark Twain.

There is much about wheeling in the latest Harper's *Bazaar*—articles from Dr. W. P. Hughes, Dr. Lucy Hill, Mary Sargeant Hopkins, and Ida Trafford Bell.

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THE THEATERS.

THE ATTITUDE OF AN ACTOR-AUTHOR ANALYZED.

At first glance it seems as if it ought to be the very apex of happiness to act the hero's part in one's own play, for, being the author, the play would seem capital to the actor, and, being the actor of so important a part, much of the performance would of necessity be done in a manner vastly pleasing to the author—he who generally sits through representations of his plays in torture which only another playwright, or a loving parent doomed to be still and see his child maltreated, can understand. It really seems a delightful state of affairs all around. It lures one to attempt to be an author-actor oneself.

After considering it a bit, however, one sees that in order to make the combination agreeable a large, large hunk of self-esteem (not to say conceit) would be a necessary concomitant. For just suppose for a minute that one had only a moderate estimate of oneself; merely thought oneself a very clever playwright (they mostly do) and only a middling actor—they mostly don't, but we'll suppose it—then the author part of one would cry out for an actor more worthy of the role. Reverse the case; suppose one considered oneself possessed of great histrionic ability and only a mediocre playwright—then would the actor part of the combination yearn for greater lines and greater situations. It is quite evident, therefore, that unless an actor-author thinks himself at once the greatest playwright and the greatest actor in the world, his lot is not a happy one unless other persons act his plays and he acts in other persons. Of course, he might think his play and his acting were two of a kind and equally poor, but such modesty is inconceivable in—an actor or in—a playwright. He might also think them possessed of the same degree of merit, neither superlative nor poor, simply good; but this case would be worse than any other, for there would be dissatisfaction on both sides. The author and the actor, two persons in one, would sing a duet something like this:

"Had I but {a great actor / great lines} then would {my play / I} make a hit."

So, after all, I do not now, as I first felt inclined, envy Edwin Milton Royle, the author of "Mexico," and one of the most prominent of the dramatis personæ. I am inclined to think him a better playwright than actor, though I can hardly judge as I have seen him but once. He has discovered, like many of us, that the John Drew style of acting is never obnoxious and generally pleasing, and seems to be striving in that direction. I do not mean by this that he imitates John Drew, but his methods are similar. Probably he has a natural tendency toward the self contained, impassive manner which we are accustomed to associate with Drew, and which, by-the-way, our youngsters are assuming to be the only manner possible to a man of refinement and self-respect. Taken as a whole, Royle's acting reminds one of General Ople's description of his residence, "gentlemanly, yes, gentlemanly." "Captain Impudence, or Mexico," is, for a wonder, just what it pretends to be, "A picturesque romantic comedy in three acts." The first act does not open well; we don't jump into the story as we should, but have to be led up to it by some explanatory remarks (a lot of them) from old Jim, who, by the way, is played very well indeed, barring a weak spot or two in the first act, by a man by the name of Ben Johnson.

Finally, though, we get started, and discover Captain Shields, U. S. A., is engaged to one girl (at home), making love to another (Lucretia Bugg), and seeming to be trifling with the affections of still another, the Mexican girl, Jovita Talamanca, a prisoner on parole. His conduct toward Jovita is thus explained: Because this quixotic Captain had killed Jovita's father, in war time, and "in fair and square open fight," he feels for some reason that he must watch over her. We are told that he feels this merely on account of the unfortunate little affair with her father, but we don't believe it; one has a lurking idea that Jovita's charms had much to do with his attentions to her. It seems that Jovita had some such idea herself, and so did a great many other people in the Mission; still, they did not know about the father, so I suppose I must believe the playwright—he ought to know—but it is not human. Anyway, a very pretty lot of complications arise. Lucretia Bugg (horrid name) returns the love of the Captain, but doesn't want to admit it. Major Bugg, U. S. A., her doting yet selfish father, is in love with his comfort, and doesn't want to admit that, but he gives it away when he accepts his daughter's promise to remain single so long as he does. The Captain goes to work on the spot to marry old Bugg off. Mrs. General Trigg is the instrument he uses. To incite her to the chase, he wagers his favorite mare against something—I forget what—that she can't captivate the old fellow. Major Genaro Mendoza, M. A., Jovita's cousin, and in love with her, urges her to break her word to the Captain and escape. To drive her to this he makes her believe the Captain is already married, and has made a dishonorable wager about her. She taxes the Captain with this wager; he, thinking of the one with Mrs. Trigg, seems to admit it. Mad with rage, the girl vows vengeance. "We women of the South," she says, "Mio Dios! how we love! Mio Dios! how we hate!" Arrested in the midst of their plans for escape and treachery, incriminating papers are found on Mendoza. He is sentenced to be shot, while the Captain allows Jovita to escape. For this he is finally court-martialed and condemned to be shot; but neither of these affairs coming off immediately, Mendoza improves the time by trying to poison the Captain. Matters miscarry, and the little Bugg girl gets most of the poison.

There you have them all very ingeniously tortured: The Captain to be shot; Lucretia Bugg to be crazy or dead, on account of Mendoza's dose of what is commonly known as "loco" or "rattle-weed." The Major frantic over his daughter; The Widow Trigg worrying about her deceitful conduct with the Major, and Jovita, poor Jovita, flown to the Mexican army with her heart sore and full of hatred, while old "Jim" is in an abject state of misery because he (meaning to keep the Captain true to his fiancée) had brought affairs to this unfortunate climax by collaborating with Mendoza in his lies to Jovita. It looks rather black, doesn't it, for a comedy? It all turns out well, however, and you really ought not to know any more if you intend to see the play. If you do, you will be very well amused, for after all, there are more laughs to be gotten out of it than tears, and, barring the bad beginning, it goes with quite a swing and the interest is kept up. The cast is fair throughout, though Wm. Bittner (Major Bugg) overdoes what ought to be a very amusing part. He lays it on too heavy. This is the fault of Gretchen Lyons (Lucretia Bugg); they should rub off some of their extravagancies—tone things down a little. Miss Lyons has a pretty, piquante little face, a tip-tilted nose, and, altogether, makes a very tolerable ingénue. Madeline Merli was very good indeed as Jovita; her face interesting and handsome, her make-up excellent, but her gown might have been prettier, and she need not have forgotten her accent so often when expressing emotion. She and Henderson (Mendoza) should come to some understanding about their little conversations. It is funny enough to hear two Mexicans—fully aware of each other's linguistical abilities, and with no one present save themselves—talking in broken English, but when one of them talks Mexican-English and the other wobbles uncertainly between Mexican-English and American-English, the effect is indescribably heightened — becomes quite piebald, in fact. Henderson was very good, though more like a "Greaser" than what I would like to believe a Major in any army (even the Mexican) to be.

Like the rest of Hoyt's plays, "A Texas Steer," gives one the impression that he could do infinitely better if he wished, that he was only playing when he wrote it and had not half tried, but it is funny, very funny in spots, and Tim Murphy as Maverick Brander the cattle king is a gem. If anybody wants to find flaws in his impersonation, very well, but I can't and wouldn't if I could. Perhaps the thing which brought down the house best was his remark to the little adventuress. She tells him that once upon a time "my mother was kissed by a great, great man—Daniel Webster—she often told me about it; now I would like to be kissed by a great man, too, won't you kiss me?" she said, affecting extreme coyness. After examining the premises to be sure that his wife is not in sight, Brander gave the little schemer a cautious peck.

"There," he said, casting doubtful glances about him, "I've kissed you, but—you'd better not *brag* about it until I'm as dead as Daniel Webster."

When the girl's accomplice produces a photograph of this chaste salute and demands hush money, old Brander quietly produced a hundred-dollar bill, with the question, "Did it cost Daniel Webster a hundred dollars, too?" One of his most ferocious jokes was his response to the statement that all some wretched little town in Texas needed was "good society and a little more rain." "Yes," he said, "that's all Hell needs." As for the rest of the Company, they are not at all bad, and "Bossy" barring the first act, is quite good. I don't think the little woman knows much about frontier girls, and she really ought not to disfigure her plump, partridge-like figure as she does with her cowboy costume. She looks clumsy in it, and her pistols destroy the waistline completely. Put 'm further front or further back, Bossy.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On Monday next, at the Columbia Theater, Mr. David Henderson will bring back "Sinbad the Sailor, or the Maid of Balsora." It is more in the light of a new production than a revival—the libretto has been overhauled, the costumes are entirely new, and the music has been, with the exception of one or two of the popular numbers, entirely re-written. Among the songs are: "I am the man," "The Song of All Songs," "In Gay Bohemia," and "It's a Way They Have in Frisco,"

The piece opens with a magnificent view of the Port of Balsora, at day-break. The populace is asleep, and Cupid awakes them. This first act is full of rapid motion and well-balanced stage pictures and it introduces the main characters of "Sinbad": a terrible sea pirate named Snarleyow, played by Hugh Chilvers; an idle apprentice who makes no end of fun, who is Oscar Girard; an impecunious Italian Count (Henry Carter) who wishes to marry; the charming sweetheart of Sinbad, taken by Frankie Raymond, and Sinbad himself, the fair and statuesque Louise Eissing, with other characters of the burlesque order. The music of this act is in Bachelor's matchless style full of spirit and catchy melody. The second act terminates with a realistic shipwreck. In the third act, there is a lovely tropical scene full of cannibals, whom Snarleyow subdues with his popular song "The Bogie Man."

The American Extravaganza Company has given the utmost care and attention to the ballet, which includes sleighing, tobogganning, and skating, in which Maria Ferrero and Signor Bioncifiori give examples of their skill. The transformation scene is entitled the "Origin of the Harp."

"The Milk White Flag" will give its last performances to-day and to-morrow night at the Baldwin Theater, and on Monday night James O'Neill opens in "Monte Cristo." The week's bill will include "Virginius," "The Courier of Lyons," and "Hamlet." The company includes Florence Rockwell, Hallett Thompson, and Wm. Pascoe.

"The Hoolah" has run its merry course at the Tivoli, but has failed to elicit the interest it did when first produced. A change will be made on Monday next, when Richard Stahl's romantic comic opera "Said Pasha" will be produced.

Edwin Milton Royle will continue another week at the California, in his new play "Captain Impudence." He closes his engagement on Sunday, the 29th, to make room for Peter Dailey in his new play, "The Night Clerk."

The Orpheum has had a fine program this week, and packed houses. The Carty Brothers did a very good horizontal bar act, and the Kins Ners, equilibrists, from the Nouveau Cirque, Paris, have done some of the best balancing ever seen here. Charles B. Ward, singing and character comedian, enlivened the bill with some new songs and Rachel Walker renewed acquaintance with her admirers. Wills and Collins, and the Andersons added no small amount to the week's entertainment.

On the 24th of this month, "Bob" Burdette, who has not been seen here for ten years, will give one of his humorous entertainments at the Auditorium, where he will appear in not less than twenty different characters.

Morosco's has been well filled all the week, and the company has given a very smooth performance of a well-conducted play, "The Hoop of Gold." Miss Tittell, who played Ruth Bullion, invested her role with rather more than usual interest. She was easy, natural, and graceful, and did better with her pathetic lines than she has hitherto. These are easily over done, and often fail of eliciting sympathy for that very reason. Miss Tittell always dressed her part well, and it is refreshing to see fresh, crisp gowns after some of the limp affairs of the past. Darrell Vinton was at his best as Richard Wrench—it is the best thing he has done since his advent at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Butler, whose very gentlemanly appearance rather belies the character of villain which he so often assumes, makes, nevertheless, so smooth a villain that one regrets he renders his lines always in the same monotone. If he would vary his inflections, and raise or drop his voice with his sentiments occasionally, it would leave little to be said of work which is usually sincere in effort and quite true in delineation. Charley Swain deserves more words than space will allow for his "Scottie," who was more than "a jolly good fellow when you knew him." Next week Mr. Carroll Johnson in his entirely new departure, "The Irish Statesman," written by Fitzgerald Murphy.

The Alcazar has done very well with its continuous performances. Two shows a day have been the rule for the past week, and the little house has been fairly well filled at each. The prices are on the popular order, the same scale prevailing for day and night, the highest price being twenty-five cents. At least eight numbers to every bill and usually a short comedy besides.

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SPLASHES.

THE RESIGNATIONS from Burlingame don't seem materially to disturb the equinimity of the remnant. There was a fair gathering at the Club last Sunday in spite of the rain, and no sign of consternation. I assume the next move will be a general meeting of the Club, and the appointment of a committee to canvass the situation, look over the books, etc., and then an effort at peace-making. There is, of course, a certain degree of irritation among the so-called commercial element over the predominance of the sporting set, but the sympathy won has really been gained by false pretenses, and the impression existing may be removed by more general explanations. Certainly the Club is in a fairly good position, has made, rather than lost money, and can survive as long as one hundred and fifty members are paying their dues.

* * *

Willie MacDonough has determined there is too little money in racing to encourage following it as a profession. While he has no intention of absolutely retiring from the turf, he has determined to materially reduce his string; so he is going to sell his stock, retaining only Orestes, Santa Bella, and Miss Brummell. In future, his main effort will be in the direction of breeding, and as Ormonde has recovered his pristine vigor there should be no difficulty in recouping the onslaughts of past misfortune. His main reliance this season will be on Orestes, son of Ormonde, who is pretty generally entered in Eastern events, and promises to duplicate the successes of his sire. He is a magnificent animal, with the fine lines and splendid limbs of his progenitor.

* * *

It is a bit curious that San Jose has not yet developed a polo club. There is quite an English colony there composed of the younger sons of well-known families, though it has never drawn conspicuous attention to itself by a development of undue nationality. I am told that a feature of the coming Fiesta at the Garden City will be a polo game between Riverside and Burlingame, which the San Joseans are busy arranging. This will probably be prior to the match at Burlingame, in which the local team will endeavor to wrest return honors from the Southern men.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB election is to take place on April 13th. Interest is not very great or very loud-spoken in the contest, and yet it may mean much to the institution. The proposition to add another story to the Club building and to create in this way a "jinks" room is sure to come up, and the supporters of this idea believe that the Hamilton ticket would favor such a scheme, whereas the Chismore ticket, with Peter Robertson in second place, would oppose it.

* * *

Arthur Scrivener is one of the regulars at the Pacific-Union Club who will be missed. He is among the little coterie that for years has daily dined at the institution, sitting on the same chair, at the same place at the table, and nothing would induce him to dine at any other place. He would rather go to a restaurant than be deprived of his seat at his own table. This attachment to a certain seat has driven more than one member to shun his club for weeks when he has found it occupied by some one else, or some one to whom he has not been partial has occupied a seat at "his" table.

* * *

The Press Club rarely misses a chance to do honor to a visiting celebrity, and more than once has anticipated the Bohemian Club in this direction, noticeably in the cases of Henry M. Stanley and James Whitcomb Riley. On Saturday last, it was once more ahead of the "jinks" givers, and entertained the Hungarian violinist, Ondricek, and the pianist, Isidore Luckstone. There was no time to issue invitations, and so the word was passed round to rally at the Club as soon as possible after eight o'clock, and in each of the "daily" offices a notice was posted to that effect. The violinist proved a very genial, sociable fellow. He played several tunes for the boys, and Luckstone did not confine himself to piano playing, but sang and whistled to his own accompaniment until his listeners grew boisterously enthusiastic.

* * *

Joseph D. Redding, over whose departure the Bohemian Club lamented at one of the jolliest dinners ever given, has suddenly returned. He has swung round the big New York and London clubs and slipped into the Bohemian Club on Monday evening, unannounced, and so to the great surprise of those who thought he had gone "it may be for long, it way be for ever." Everybody knows that he met Alexander G. Hawes in London and dined at a tavern; for the two filched a pewter pot, had it duly inscribed, and sent it to take its stand on the new shelf in the Club café, with the "Holy Grail," the silver, clay, glass, and porcelain loving cups which decorate the room. "Joe" will be here for about three weeks and will then go back to New York to carry out the original intention of his departure last fall—to practise law.

* * *

SOCIETY has little to talk about at the moment. Lent is well under way, and few entertainments are announced. There is considerable interest in the theatricals which Mrs. Hagar proposes to have Easter week. Details of the performance then to be given are sedulously concealed from all but the dramatis personæ, but a number of prominent people are to take part. A supper follows the performance, and later a cotillion.

* * *

The Hobart engagement continues the topic of greatest social importance, and some interesting gossip is circulated in regard to the engagement ring. It is an immense and very beautiful ruby, and was Walter Hobart's share of his mother's jewels. The value is estimated, I am told, at $7000. The marriage, to be celebrated at the Williams home at San Rafael, is to be a very quiet affair, only the intimate friends of the twain being present. Miss Juliet Williams is to be the maid of honor; Miss Ella Hobart and Miss Edith McBean will be bridesmaids, while Harry Stetson is to officiate as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Lester are to return for the wedding, and it is said that all the members of the family, married and single, will continue to reside at the Hobart mansion on Van Ness Avenue.

* * *

The Southard Hoffmans have rented the Woolworth house for two years. Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen are to leave for Europe for an extended tour. The John Boggs have gone to live at the Richelieu for the rest of the season. The Harringtons, who have been residing there, have left for their home in Colusa. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Harris have returned from their honeymoon in Southern California, and, at present, are residing at the Sullivan mansion on Oak Street.

* * *

Miss Williams and Mr. Walter Hobart have returned from Lakeport, where they have been visiting the Colliers. Miss Williams is busily engaged in shopping just at present.

* * *

Who is revealing the secrets of the Fortnightly? There is much anxiety within the ranks of the organization to discover the traitor. The announcement of Wednesday night's program in Wednesday morning's *Examiner* created something like consternation, especially as the same publication gave the details concerning the reconciliation of Mrs. Kauffman. A feature of the last performance, which took place at the Houghton house, was a minuet, performed by ladies who stepped out of massive picture frames arranged around the stage. They made rather an effective picture. Subsequently, there was performed a comedy called "Trial by Jury," besides some other sketches. The recent difficulties have been smoothed over by Mrs. Kauffman's deciding to ignore the slight to which she was subjected, the members having assured her against a recurrence of the offense.

* * *

THE GOLF CLUB was suitably inaugurated last Saturday afternoon, and its clubhouse ought to be the scene of interesting and fashionable gatherings. Of course, the exposed nature of the links must prove an obstacle to the popularity of the game, for the Presidio Heights is a favorite nesting-ground of the afternoon fogs. Otherwise, the ground is fairly well laid out. The Club already numbers several enthusiasts; among them Harry Babcock, Patrick Grant, and John Lawson who obtained his accomplishment in the land o' cakes. I wonder if the game will develop here the same enthusiasm as in the East. There Golf is a craze and there are dozens of Clubs and innumerable champions.

* * *

There is a strong effort being made to induce the St. Louis and Chicago polo teams to visit California and participate in the Burlingame Club's polo tournament this spring. Trophies to the value of two thousand five hundred dollars have been offered, and everything has been done to gather a crowd. The Penryn and Riverside teams, together with the Walla Walla cavalry team, are expected to compete. Even if the Eastern men will not accept the invitation to attend, there will be a vastly better show than last year. The Burlingame men are practising for all they are worth, and at least two afternoons a week are devoted to the game.

* * *

The Bal Poudré at the Verein Saturday night last was the most successful entertainment the Club has had. The ladies, who were in full control, organized the entertainment, arranged the tableaux, and exhibited the interesting fact that the conservatism accredited to the institution is the monopoly of husbands and brothers and not of their female relations. The affair was splendidly free and easy. The girls had all the privileges, invited the men to dance, and escorted them to supper. Perhaps the most novel feature of the entertainment was the living rose calendar. The stage was hung with a curtain on which pictures of roses were painted. These opened at a given signal and disclosed the faces of pretty girls. There was also a species of pantomime called "The Rise of the New Woman," in which two well-known ladies in bloomers went through a series of amusing evolutions. As I predicted, the girls and ladies looked charming in their powdered chevelures. Quite a number of Marie Antoinette gowns were displayed, and altogether it was a very good show.

* * *

Miss Carrie Heller, daughter of the late Moses Heller, and Mr. Isidore Fleischmann were married on Thursday night at the Heller residence, on California Street. The Rabbi Nieto performed the ceremony against a background of lilies and smilax. The wedding gown was very gorgeous, of white satin handsomely trimmed with real lace. After the ceremony there were supper and dancing, and later in the evening the happy pair headed for the California Hotel, where they remain until the departure of the steamer for Japan. Mr. Fleishmann is a nephew of I. W. Hellman of the Nevada Bank.

* * *

The recent weeks have been productive of several interesting engagements. Matrimony in San Francisco seems to be looking up. There is promised a fine crop of weddings after Lent, and from all reports the betrothals announced are but the forerunners of others to come. The last engagement was made known at a dinner at Mrs. René Schwerin's Friday evening last, at which Miss Emma Butler and Lieutenant Lopez were the guests of honor. Miss Butler is quite a pretty and decidedly a popular girl, and the only daughter and heiress of the well-known millionaire, C. C. Butler. She has been out two seasons, has made many friends, and has done considerable entertaining in a quiet way. Lieutenant Lopez is now attached to the Coast Survey steamer "Gedney." In May, 1892, he was appointed Lieutenant in the Navy, and was detailed to coast survey service. He is a tall, handsome man, whose Spanish ancestry is indicated by his dark hair. He is a great friend of the Schwerins and the Ellicotts, and is regarded as one of the rising men in his profession. They are to be married in October.

* * *

I am glad to learn that Mrs. Samuel Blair has recovered from the illness consequent on the sudden announcement of her brother's death. He died in the country, and the news came with cruel unexpectedness. She fainted and was unconscious for several hours. Miss Jennie Blair is down at Paso Robles during the Lenten weeks.

* * *

Among the young women whose custom it is to attend matinees, there is considerable disappointment over the loss of the opportunity to be impressed by Charles J. Richman when he was here. Mr. Richman appeared with Miss Coghlan in "Diplomacy," at the Columbia, and was boomed pretty extensively as a leading man of the future. Unfortunately he struck no one in the light of a revelation, and he was made little or nothing of. He figured in the performance of "As You Like It," out at Sutro Heights, and not a maiden fell in love with him. But now he is in New York, leading man for Augustin Daly, and is almost as great a success as Herbert Kelcey.

* * *

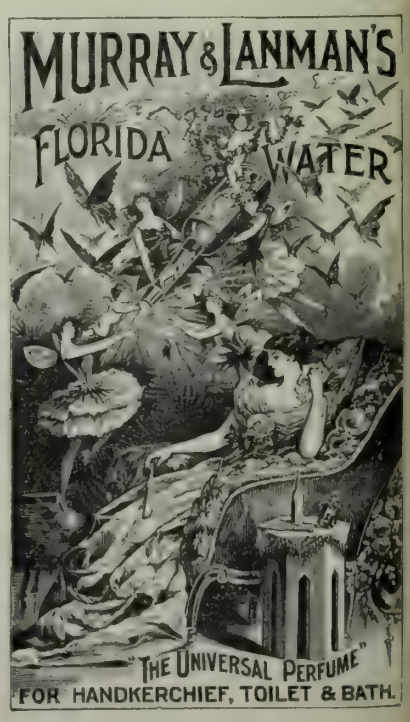
It may not now be long before the privilege is afforded us of again meeting Count and Countess Festetics. They are still voyaging round the world on the yacht, and by latest advices are at Yokohama. It is rather good to learn that J. B. Haggin is in a fair way to convalescence after his recent attack of appendicitis. The presence of his partner, Lloyd Tevis, who went East last week, will doubtless contribute to his recovery.

* * *

The Philomath is to be heard from this season, and inaugurated its campaign by entertaining Fred Warde in the banquet hall of the Y. M. C. A. Building. Mrs.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meats are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.



Lowenberg, the President, assisted by a number of very charming maidens, received their guests. During the afternoon Mr. Warde talked on Shakespeare, and at the conclusion of his address was presented with a handsomely bound volume called *Characters from Shakespeare.*

* * *

THE REJOICING over Miss Jennie Schwabacher's engagement continues. This fortunate maiden has been fêted in every way and has been the subject of theater parties, suppers, dinners, and luncheons. The Feckheimers gave her a lunch on Tuesday afternoon, quite an elaborate affair, and Miss Helen Sutro had a reception in her honor Friday evening last, these being but a few out of the abundance. Rather a pleasing story is told of the engagement. Prior to Mr. Rosenbaum's proposal, he had never been regarded by the Schwabacher family in the light of a suitor. He came often to their house, and was attentive to Miss Jennie, but rather as an old friend than in the role of wooer. That he entertained matrimonial intentions never entered into their minds. One afternoon, a week before the formal announcement, he was graciously permitted to take Miss Schwabacher out for a drive, and on the way back through the Park, proposed and was accepted. The story goes on to say that returning home the bride-elect rushed in to her mother and said: "Charlie Rosenbaum is to be married!" "To whom?" asked her mother in surprise. "Guess," suggested her daughter. Whereupon Mrs. Schwabacher enumerated a list of some fifteen or twenty young women who might be deserving of so golden a fate. The answer in each instance was in the negative, and finally Mrs. Schwabacher asked: "Well, who *is* he going to marry?" And Miss Jennie, gaily tapping her breast, retorted, "Me!"

* * *

There is quite an exodus of prominent Jewish people to Europe this spring. Among them are the Hellmans, Sterns, Sachs, Haases, and Roths. The entire contingent has booked staterooms on the "Augusta Victoria," which leaves New York on the 23d of April. The Sachs, who have already started, were the recipients of several teas prior to their departure. Quite a party accompanied them across to Oakland to bid them farewell.

* * *

Another engagement dinner was that given by Mrs. Dinkelspiel to Miss Lowenberg and Miss Gerst. Miss Lowenberg's marriage is set for the 24th.

* * *

The young Lazards were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern and were the recipients of considerable hospitality from the fashionable set. Mr. and Mrs. Abe Stern are comfortably installed at the Palace, where they have a charming suite of rooms. One of the presents of Mr. Stern to his bride was a handsome carriage and a swagger team of horses.

* * *

One of the prettiest brides of the winter season was Miss Bertha Haydenfeldt, who was married to Mr. Clifford R. Coulter of Ohio. Miss Haydenfeldt is a daughter of Charles Haydenfeldt. She is a tall handsome girl, whose dark eyes and reddish brown hair recall the style and beauty of Miss Nellie Joliffe who is now Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. The costumes of the bridesmaids were exceedingly handsome, and the bride herself wore the usual cream satin and orange blossoms, which fitted her graceful figure to perfection.

* * *

Among those who are going to Europe soon are Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Stern, Phil Barth, Mrs. Emma Joseph and her two daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Abe Mertief have returned from their wedding tour and are temporarily installed at the Palace. Doubtless, they will become house-holders ere long. Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle have recently bought a house on Washington Street between Buchanan and Webster. Mr. and Mrs. Hochstadter have just moved into their new home at 1806 Broadway, and will doubtless celebrate the occasion in the accepted manner.

* * *

The important weddings of the month will be that of Miss Schwabacher to Charles Rosenbaum, and Miss Carrie Heller to Mr. Isidore Fleischmann. Preparations for both affairs are elaborate, especially the former. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum go to Europe for their honeymoon.

* * *

The Calliopean Club was the scene of a very pretty supper on Monday night, when a party of the younger members entertained Miss Ehrman and Miss Helman at a theater party to the Columbia, subsequently adjourning to the dining-room of the pretty clubhouse, on California Street. There they partook of a capital menu and had a thoroughly good time.

* * *

OF THE OAKLAND SETS, the Jackson-street contingent, of which I spoke last week, is the most conspicuous. It is composed of the fashionably inclined, those young women to whom the covenances are a religion and clothes the foremost consideration. Its ideals are smartness and income. It displays itself of first nights at the theater, and enjoys those privileges which are the perquisites of social prominence. Next in importance to the Jackson-street set is the semi-intellectual contingent, whose expression is The Carlyle Extension Club. This coterie is not given to the things of the flesh, but practises the arts and preserves its accomplishments. Its members are often graduates of local or Eastern colleges; are not given particularly to lunches, and are more liable to be met at lectures than at afternoon teas. To this set The Carlyle Club stands in the same relation as The Chafing-Dish Club does to the Jackson-street contingent. At the Carlyle there are papers read and literary subjects discussed. Sometimes they give original plays. They are fond of Ibsen; are devoted to Browning, and have gone so far in their zeal for culture as to discuss the American poets. Certain members of the clique are given to wheeling, but athletics is not its conspicuous characteristic. It is more eloquent on books than on people, and, if less fashionable, is rather more estimable than its Jackson-street rival.

* * *

The youngest set had a dancing party at Military Hall last Friday evening, under the patronage of Mrs. Goodfellow, Miss Ethel Moore, Mrs. McKenna, and Mrs. McDermott. The future debutantes and beaux figured en grande tenue, and enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent.

* * *

The East Oaklanders have not forgotten the charming Mrs. Captain Edwards, who married H. A. Butters, a Colorado mining man, and accompanied him to South Africa. The latest news of this interesting lady comes from Mexico, where her husband has become the purchaser of the system of Mexican suburban railways, comprising some two hundred miles of animal traction, and steam lines. The actual price is stated at seven and three-quarter millions. This is really an important purchase, and, considering the extensiveness of the system, the sum is exceedingly low. Mr. and Mrs. Butters are accompanied by Mrs. Robt. Augusta Bray of East Oakland.

* * *

The inability of one's own country to appreciate prophetic power is equally true of prophetesses. The most adequate homage the California maiden has received is not at home, but abroad. It seems she must go forth to conquer, however. To the list of Oakland maidens who have found husbands North, South, and East, must be added the name of Miss Claire Ralston, whose engagement to Dr. James Bullitt, from Louisville, has just been announced. Miss Ralston is decidedly a pretty and, especially, a nice girl. She has been prominent in Oakland since her debut, and her friends are properly regretful over the prospect of losing her. She is a daughter of A. J. Ralston, President of the Selby Smelting Works, and a niece of the great Ralston. Miss Ralston has been visiting Mrs. Wilders at Louisville, and there met Dr. Bullitt, who is a son of Judge Bullitt, one of the eminent jurists of the Kentucky capital. He is to come to the Coast in August, and the marriage will be celebrated early in the autumn.

* * *

The second of Miss de Fremery's organ recitals was hardly as generously attended as its predecessor. The Presbyterian Church in which she played was but half full, which seems a pity, considering the merits of the performance. The program was rather substantial for a woman, embracing many of the standard selections; but the organist hardly attained her best form. Perhaps the best selection was the final sonata, which was given with considerable spirit. However, this young lady is certainly to be congratulated on the degree of her accomplishment.

* * *

CONSIDERING the paucity of audience at the MacDonough Opera House on Monday night last, the degree of enthusiasm displayed over Materna and Ondricek on the same afternoon at the Unitarian Church reception was somewhat disproportionate. The entire musical set gathered for the occasion and hovered exultingly round the great twain as though the community thought of nothing but music and considered artists divinities. It is not that the homage rendered was ill-judged, for Ondricek and the great Wagnerian singer are worthy all the honors that could be bestowed. Unfortunately the preliminary enthusiasm was without subsequent development, for at the theater there could not have been over four hundred or five hundred people. The assumption is justifiable that the fashionables took out their musical infatuation in conversation rather than in performances. The reception was organized by Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. Stratton, and Mrs George C. Perkins, and was in every way a commendable and interesting affair. By the way, if Oakland is going to treat its visitors so cavalierly as it did Paderewski and Materna, it will lose its reputation as the Athens of the West, as both artists were seriously disappointed at the financial results of their trip. On the other hand, Fred Warde has drawn huge houses across the bay, and has been a tremendous success. In fact, he seems to have rehabilitated his treasury after the inadequate patronage of San Francisco. In addition to performing at night, he lectured nearly every afternoon on some phase or other of Shakespeare—once before the Girls' High School, for which he was rewarded with a gold watch case, and on another occasion for the Woman's Exchange, on whose behalf he actually filled the big Presbyterian Church with ardent and anxious females. I wonder what it is that they find so attractive about him over there? Perhaps the great and generous wealth of his voice.

* * *

The May-day festival is engaging, in a mild way, the attention of Society. Mrs. Renie Chabot has undertaken the management of the fête, and the fashionables have promised to participate. Let us hope the day will be somewhat less of a scorcher than that which was celebrated last season, so that the flowers will have less of an opportunity to wilt.

THE GOSSIP.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

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OPORTO PORTUGAL.

Of the numerous vintage ports we tasted, none were more interesting than the collection shown us at the Douro Lodges and Vineyards of Messrs. D. M. Feuerheerd, Jr., & Co. This firm keeps certain of its vintage wines from particular quintas intact, and here we tasted the "Commendador" of 1870, remarkable for its delicacy and fine flavor; also a sample of 1873 from the Quinta de Roncao, dry and full of flavor. We were also shown some other natural ports without any addition of spirits, vintages of '75 '73, '71, 72. The latter was a well-rounded wine of singularly refined flavor.—*Vizetelly, in "Facts about Port."*

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Poisons
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Entire theatrical profession of this city
and visiting companies
NOTE—Curtain will rise promptly at 1.30 P.M., owing to the length of program
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RIPPLES.

THE RIDDLEVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first public meeting of the Riddleville Debating Society was called to order by its President, Mr. Josh White, who, as soon as quiet prevailed, rose from his chair on the platform and addressed the club and visitors as follows:

"Brethren and Friends: As this am der first meetin' ebber held by dis Society, and as dere am a number of non-members present dis ebening, I think it am no more den right dat a few explanatory remarks from myself be in order for de elucidation of der non-members present, who am, ob course entirely iguorant ob der By-Laws of dis Society.

"Der object of dis Society am self-imbrovement. Der officers elected yearly am der president, secretary, treasurer, timekeeper, and doorkeeper. Anybody and eberybody am cordially invited to attend our debates, which will be held ebery Saturday ebening of der year. Der subjects for discussion am selected by der members of der Society thusly: Each member selects four subjects, each subject being written on a separate piece ob paper and deposited wid der president, which am done at der meeting ob der election of officers for der year. Der box, in which the selections ob subjects am deposited, am kept by the president, but der key ob der box am in der possession ob der secretary, who opens it only when a subject of debate am required. As myself am der President, I has no more conception ob der subjects in der box den der unborned babe. Der box will be unlocked presently, and Miss Susie Simpson, dis little chile in blue on my right, will draw a slip from der box, on which will be written der subject for dis ebening's discussion. and Miss Martha Howard, der little lady in red on my left, will draw from er hat two names of members who am to argue on der subject before Society.

"As brevity am wit, each speaker am limited to five minutes; and if he doesn't finish his talk afore dat time, der timekeeper will call time on him, and he will have to quit whether he am finished or not.

"Now, den, Mr. Secretary and Treasurer, if you will hab der goodness to unbolt der box, Miss Simpson will draw der subject for dis ebening's debate."

In compliance with the President's request, the box was unlocked and Miss Simpson smilingly drew from the same a slip of paper which she handed to the President amidst great applause. The box was immediately relocked and placed on the President's desk, while he, the President, adjusted his glasses, unfolded the slip, and, after much labor in deciphering the writing, finally exclaimed:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The subject for dis ebening's discourse am, 'Was Ebe a blonde or brunette.'"

Before the laughter to this announcement had subsided, the President had the names of the different members of the club written on separate slips of paper deposited in a hat, and Miss Howard drew from the same a slip which she handed to the President, and which he read aloud as "Andrew Jackson." A second name was drawn, and the President read, "Eugene Johnson."

"As Mr. Jackson's name was drawn first," continued the President, "according to der By-Laws he am to debate first; and as it am left optional wid myself as to which side he am to take, I would request dat his argument be in fabor of Miss Ebe being a blonde. Mr. Johnson will hold dat she am a brunette. Now, Mr. Jackson, when der timekeeper calls time, you will please get up and start right in widout any apology at all."

Time being called, Mr. Jackson, a tall, lean person with a tiny little voice, rose to his feet and squeaked:

"Mr. President, Brudder Members, Friends: It seems perfectly useless for any one to argue dat Ebe was anything else but a blonde, and there am not the least doubt in my mind dat she was otherwise. To der doubting Tommies I would refer dem to der Good Book, and if dey can find anything in it what says dat Ebe wasn't a blonde but a brunette, I'll eat my hat. Another good authority on der matter am dat beautiful play, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Did any one eber see a brunette Ebe in dat play? No, sir; dey am all blondes. And if der original Ebe was not a blonde, does yer suppose dey would make little Ebe a blonde in der play?"

Whatever else Mr. Jackson intended to say will never be known, for the audience burst into a round of applause and continued it so long, that time was called several times before the time-keeper's voice could be heard. Mr. Jackson was compelled to drop into his seat, which he did with a grateful thud.

When quiet had been restored, the timekeeper's voice was again heard, and Mr. Johnson, a very corpulent person, arose and said:

"Gents: Ebe was a brunette. Der Good Book may not say dat Ebe was a brunette, neither does it say she was a blonde. If any one can show me where it says she was a blonde, I won't eat my hat, but I'll eat my trousers, and dey am der only ones what I possess. In my opinion Ebe was a brunette. You will find nothing in the Good Book to der contrary. Does der Good Book tell you in words dat Ebe was white, red, yellow, or black? Why shouldn't she hab been black? Why should she hab been white, as a great many people seem to think she were? Doesn't things point that she was just as liable to be black as any udder color, and if she was black, does yer suppose she was a blonde? Did anybody ebber see a black blonde? Am dere more white people on der face ob der earth to-day den all de dark races combined? I guess not. If dere am more colored races to-day, doesn't dat go to show dat de colored race was here first, and isn't dat conclusive ebidence dat der colored race was der direct descendents ob der pioneers, Adam and Ebe; dat dey were colored and, consequently, brunettes?

"I'se got a wife. I has, and she am so black dat when she cuts her finger she bleeds ink. Her name am Ebe. Does yer suppose if der people what named her didn't beliebe dat Ebe in der Garden ob Eden was a brunette, dat dey would have named my wife Ebe? Not much, according to my opponent's argument."

And Mr. Johnson sat down, perspiring, amidst great applause, which was finally checked by the President, who said:

"According to der By-Laws ob der Society, all debates must be settled by der audience in dis manner: All those who think that Mr. Jackson made der best argument, may drop any amount of money dey desire into the hat ob der little girl in blue, who will now go among you. Those who think dat Mr. Johnson made the best argument, may do likewise to der little girl dressed in red. A nickel counts one. Der doors will be unlocked as soon as der vote am taken. Der meeting will den adjourn till next Saturday ebening, when der decision will be made known."

IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

First Female—I never go anywhere without first asking my husband.

Second Female—But what if he objects to having you go to certain places?

First Female—I go anyway.

HAD THE POWER.

He—Do you believe in mesmerism?

She—I certainly do. And I think you have the power to put people to sleep.

He—Why?

She—because whenever you sing I can feel myself slipping away.

PARADOXICAL.

Sniffles—You write some terrible husband and wife jokes, Squibbs. Don't you and your wife get along well together.

Squibbs—Great Scott, man, I'm not married!

SHE COULD DO THAT MUCH.

Mr. Blossom—That mind reader is something wonderful. Why, he read my mind like a book.

Mrs. Blossom—I'm sure I don't see anything wonderful in that.

SMOKING ON THE REAR PLATFORM.

Conductor (to man standing in door-way with a cigar in his mouth)—Smoking is not allowed on the rear platform.

Man—Who's smoking?

Conductor—I was merely calling your attention to one of the rules, sir.

Man—Don't you suppose I know what street-car etiquette is? Don't you think I have respect enough for the ladies in this car not to smoke in their presence? Why, you blank, blank, blanketdy blank, I'm a gentleman, I am.

A HINT.

He—What is there so very fascinating about Jack Bradway?

She—He says so many good things.

He—What did he ever say so very good?

She—Champagne and oysters.

THEY BEGIN YOUNG.

First Lady—My baby commenced to talk when only ten months old.

Second Lady—That's nothing; my baby talked when only three months old.

First Lady—Oh, of course; your baby's a girl, and that makes a difference.

REUNITED.

She—What did you do at the office to-day?

He (a Justice of the Peace)—Oh, I repaired a couple of diseased minds.

She—Why, what do you mean?

He—I married a divorced couple.

HE WAS MARRIED.

She—You must not think that Mrs. Shoddy's husband is in clover, merely because she dresses so extravagantly.

He—Why, bless you, I don't. I was wondering whether he was in jail or the poor-house.

SHEARINGS.

St. Peter—Walk right in.

Mr. Lincoln Park (from Chicago)—One minute, please. Have you a lady in there named Mrs. L. Park?

St. Peter—Yes.

Mr. Lincoln Park—And another named Mrs. Westside, née Park?

St. Peter—Yes, yes!

Mr. Lincoln Park—Thanks. I think I'll go below. There's only one of her left for that place.—*Judge.*

"I tell you," said the Chicago man in Philadelphia, "you people don't know what life is unless you come to Chicago. Everything there goes with a rush. Wait until we get the pyramids of Egypt standing on the lake front, the car of Juggernaut on one of our trolley lines, and the hanging gardens of Babylon floating out from the flagstaff on the Auditorium tower, and your old town won't be in it at all."

The Philadelphian trembled and looked out on Chestnut Street, where a flock of sparrows were patiently trying to build a nest on a messenger boy's shoulder.—*Truth.*

"Waiter, tell me what on earth there is in this hash!"

"I really can't, sir; our cathode rays haven't been in working order for three days."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"You look as if——"

Mrs. Skinner was evidently anxious to say something disagreeable to the boarder in arrears.

"——butter wouldn't melt in your mouth."

The boarder in arrears glanced casually round the table and murmured:

"Depends on the butter."

Mrs. Skinner thereupon turned the subject to bicycles.—*N. Y. World.*

"If you could have your choice of names which one would you choose?"

"Either Smith or Jones."

"Why such a common one?"

"So my country relations couldn't find me so easily in the city directory."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He—That man has fought his way through life.

"How so?"

"He's been married four times."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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When splendor and comfort are in sight, the people of Burlingame are never behind. Most of the beautiful homes in that section have been built within the past three years, and there was for a short time only one comfort that could not be obtained for those homes, and that was the use of illuminating gas. However, that inconvenience has been overcome by the introduction of the Peerless Gas Machine by Badlam Bros., of 511 Market Street. The Peerless Gas Machine is beyond all question a wonder, for in it are combined cleanliness, comfort, and safety. It can be put in a house at a nominal expense, and when it is once in, gas costs a great deal less than coal-oil.

These machines are of such a size that they can be used in any building from a cottage to the largest public building.

In Burlingame the machine is at present used in the homes of J. D. Grant, W. H. Crocker, and H. T. Scott, and are at present being put in all the larger residences.

At San Mateo, one is in the residence of John Parrott, and at Castle Crag there is one in the summer home of Colonel C. F. Crocker.

"The San Francisco Calling List," of which Mr. Greenway takes the responsibility, is calculated to smooth the path of matrons who have large acquaintances. It is easily the most authoritative announcement of names and addresses we have, and is put together in a convenient and capital style. The book is beautifully printed and includes the guest list of the various hotels, together with some chapters on the etiquette of cards and wedding invitations. Typographically, the publication could hardly be improved upon.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian Bath with Needle Shower. This latest improvement is now in working order, and proves a great attraction. The price for the above, which includes the Swimming Bath, has been established at the low rate of fifty cents.

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THE LADIES' BICYCLE TOURNAMENT.

A woman wheeling in bloomers or mannish knickerbockers is even yet an object of some interest. Though you pass a thousand, you still turn and look at the thousand and first. If you are sufficiently tough, you still occasionally address her as "your size," and make personal remarks if nature has been lavish or skimpy in the matter of calf. She is interesting because she is still a new departure. But put that same bloomer girl in a gaslit hall, arrayed in velvet tights spangled zouave jacket and flowing white blouse, and bid her ride to amuse the public, and the interest dies out at once. She has become merely a circus performer, whose tights and spangles have been familiar to us for generations, and a decidedly tame one at that. No trapeze, no hurdles, no kissing of the hand, no tiptoe poise on the seat of the bicycle; what right has she to spangles and a gaslit ring and an audience?

Well, to tell the truth, the Ladies' Bicycle Tournament, Saturday night, could boast very little in the way of an audience (eight laps to the mile was a liberal estimate), and the strange part is that it had any at all. There were some gloriously tough youths and some who would like to have been gloriously tough, half a dozen women, ungrammatical but not otherwise objectionable, and a sprinkling of men, trying to make some showing on the bare rows of empty benches. Four women rode four wheels two uneventful hours, then got off and went home in four cabs, and that was all. Sunday afternoon in the Park gives you a great deal more for your money. There wasn't even an accident to liven things up. When a man handed one of the cyclists (cyclesses? or cyclones?) a section of lemon as she went by a thrill of gratitude went through the audience; and when he ran out with a canteen of water, or something equally drinkable, they wanted to applaud. It is almost exciting to see a girl ride along the side of a wall with head thrown carelessly back and one hand tilting a canteen, then fling it airily aside the next time around. We were all disappointed when no one had any thirst left, and the monotonous wheeling, wheeling, wheeling, in a solemn little bunch went on unenlivened by lemons or even fresh relays of gum.

"I guess they're waiting for the ghost to walk," a woman behind me said.

I did not quite see the point, but I felt just that way myself.

If the tournament could have begun and ended with the last minute and a half of the two hours, it would have been more attractive, for then there was a little real scorching. Of course the girl from Minneapolis came in ahead. That vivid red Satanella get-up wasn't for nothing. She had set the pace nearly all the evening, though Chicago and San Francisco had taken occasional turns at it. Little Oakland never forgot that there was a large 4 on her back, and kept doggedly to her place, allowing no one to get behind her. She had yellow puffs let into the sides of her knickerbockers, perhaps faint relics of her departed skirts, and she worked her pedals and her gum with the same quiet persistency. The others might dash away from her in an occasional spurt, but she never changed her pace, and they never lost her long. Nobody gave her lemons or gum or ran out with canteens as she passed, or even called out her time to her, but she pedaled steadily ahead with the air of one who earns a modest competence by her labors, and is content.

There were no jokes on the programs (unless the one thousand dollars in prizes was one) and we thought at least there would be one here and there among the advertisements on the walls to help us through the performance, but the signs were pitifully lacking in wit. One cyclery's suggestion that you "Ask for Romeo, our favorite teacher," possibly had humorous intentions, but it would have been funnier if they had named him Cupid or Experience or something like that. The audience was too depressed to make those pointed, cynical remarks in bad English that one always says one overhears in such places, and altogether there was not a laugh to be squeezed out of the whole evening. For a few minutes we had hopes of at least a smile, when a certain calf showed a tendency to slip away from its owner. It couldn't have gone far, as there was a board wall on one side and a wire fence on the other, but the chase after it might have been exciting. But the wheels went round with a humming sound, and the calf strayed no further. We even began to have a disappointing suspicion that it might really belong to the member it adorned, and that the displacement might be merely a stocking effect; though we wouldn't have acknowledged it to each other for worlds.

At half-past ten the bell sounded, there was a final scurry around the track, then congratulations and bath wrappers for the weary performers, sloppy streets and sighs over wasted six bitses for the weary audience. The Tournament had done its worst.

Jane Hading has been selected and approved by Sardou for the title part of his new play, entitled "Marcelle."

NEGLECTED ARTISTS.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FAILURE TO APPRECIATE MATERNA.

Not since the presence here of the National Opera Company, many years ago, have the musical lovers of San Francisco had such an opportunity as in these latter weeks to hear interpreted the works of the great composers. It is questionable, however, if these opportunities have been appreciated at their true value. At the various concerts, one sees eager faces and hears heartfelt applause, but this comes from the cheaper seats and not from the front rows. I am inclined to think, a London and New York reputation, the fame of curious hair, of a note of personal characteristic, have meant more to our community than real musical ability. It is not because Paderewski is the greatest of the world's pianists that he had such immense audiences in San Francisco, but rather because he was a fashionable fad. Because Ondricek and Materna were not so fashionable, they drew smaller audiences, and created no enthusiasm. This is one of the drawbacks of San Francisco. That there is culture here in plenty, is true, but it is indifferent and without energy.

That is one point. I want to emphasize another fact: the first idea of the American writer or critic is to compare the attainments of artists. In Europe these comparisons are almost unknown. It is true, certain masters are worshiped in different places by our country people and the English, but the veritable musical soul considers music above personality, and listens to, and learns from, each artist, that which his talent enables him to tell. There is no reason why personality and artistic spirit cannot be combined, for they frequently are, but there is no reason why the personality should rob us of what little appreciation of art we may have.

Last week we had with us "the Materna." In 1872 she created Brunhilde in Wagner's Nibelungen Ring at Bayreuth. The master's philosophy, poetry, music, and painting had culminated in a first presentation of his life-long hope—a perfect representation of the combined arts. Ludwig of Bavaria had made it possible for the temple to be built, and finally the sacrifice was ready to be offered—Wagner's Trilogy was to be given. One person alone could be found worthy the goddess—mortal heroine Brunhilde—Materna. She was the high priestess of that day, and high priestess she still is, after a long service in office, twenty-four years. Musicians, artists, the appreciative world have all been at her feet; worship her still on the continent, but when she comes here only the cheap seats are filled. One reception of appreciation is given her, and that "across the Bay." She comes to us and shows her wonderful ability in the pure love song of Elizabeth, the death song of Isolde, the blossoming of true love in Sieglinde, to transmit to us the living art of Wagner as no one else can, and we receive it with halls half filled. After a begged encore—which we seemed to think a kindness on our part—forget to clap our thanks, having allowed her to sing again. It is a living shame to us this lack of appreciation.

Don't say we appreciated Paderewski. Some did, to be sure—the same ones would appreciate d'Albert Rosenthal or Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler—but the majority of us went because 'twas the thing to do, because he was well advertised.

I once saw Materna in Wagner's house—Wahnfield. Mottl accompanied her as she sang "Im Treibhaus," "Traume." Near the piano sat Frau Cosima, and by me stood the eldest daughter and Siegfried. I wish you could have all been there! The direct rays from the music genius surrounded the little roomful and perhaps whetted the natural enthusiasm. She is a great woman, and should be heard. Go to her, now there is the chance.

D.

MATERNA-ONDRICEK CONCERTS.

It would be difficult to name a violinist who can do greater justice to the compositions of Paganini and Ernst than Ondricek, although plenty there are whose interpretation of the Bruch *g minor* concerto is more satisfactory. It seems strange that, after playing the latter work for many years, Ondricek makes so comparatively little of it. However, it is quite true that a good artist, studying a composition early in his career without a true conception of it, often clings to this immature reading.

This may or may not be the case with Ondricek. At any rate, he more than makes up for it in his rendering of other things, the Paganini concerto, for example. In the cadenza, he performed the astonishing feat of playing broken diminished sevenths in double stops, at a lightning-like rate of speed. A "Moto Perpetuo" of Ries, as well as the better-known one of Paganini, served to display the violinist's marvelous precision and unity of bowing and fingering. Were more convincing proof of Ondricek's remarkable virtuosity necessary, his own "Tarantelle" would answer the purpose admirably. This very good composition of its kind fairly bristles with technical difficulties that only the composer or a Cesar Thomson could make interesting. Not so clever is his fantasie on Smetana's "Bartered Bride," for it is neither well-made nor of particular musical value, despite the charms of the opera from which the themes are taken.

Materna was almost a greater success with the audience than was Ondricek. Listening to her eminently satisfying interpretations, one forgets for the moment that the voice is not what it was in the days of Wagner. Time enough to speak more fully of this once incomparable artist, when she appears with orchestra, which is promised for the near future. That excellent musician, Mr. Luckstone, does not seem to have been thoroughly appreciated; indeed, an accompanist never is. Ondricek and Materna owe not a little to the exquisite piano work of this admirable musician. Mr. Luckstone will have a better opportunity to distinguish himself at the orchestral concerts.

P. C. A.

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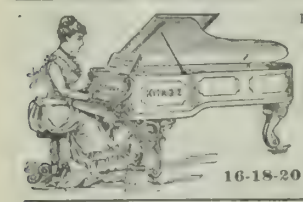

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FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

The gowns in "Gossip," which Mrs. Langtry and Miss Calhoun are giving at the Comedy Theater in London, are considered by the social authorities as veritable fashion pronouncements and safe guides in the selection of chiffons. One learns there is not in any of them the smallest exaggeration of stiffness, eccentricity of horsehair lining, or any other indication of unnatural pretrusion effected by artificial means. As the action of the play takes place in Trouville and Deauville, the gowns are summer-like.

In the first scene, Mrs. Langtry wears a crepe dress of the palest pink, more than a little tinged with mauve, something of the shade of a rhododendron petal. The usual silk lining was conspicuous by its absence, the under-dress being as soft of fabric as the upper. Over the skirt fell from the waist several long, pointed panels or peplums of fine point lace, in an ideal tone of cream color. A little similar lace made a pointed collar at the back of the bodice, being carried over the shoulders, whence it fell in careless-looking fold's just in front of the arms, ending in a point a little below the waist on either side. A wide satin ribbon formed the belt, the back being ornamented with four paste buttons. The sleeves, falling as softly as the skirt, finished at the elbows, where they were met by long kid gloves. The hat worn with this was made of bright lilac-mauve crepe, the shape being large and shady. A lovely sunshade of chine silk, patterned with mauve and soft pink flowers on a creamy ground, made another item in the costume.

In the same scene, Miss Calhoun wears a blue crepon with very thick and pronounced ripples. The skirt is closely gathered in for some four or five inches below the waist all the way round, not the slightest fulness appearing even at the back. The ripples of the crepon, escaping from these gathers, flowed downwards in harmonious lines, not outwards, as we have been accustomed to see skirts do of late. The bodice consisted of two portions, first a very wide folded belt of blue silk, coming quite up to the arms, and then of a deep square, back and front, of blue chiffon, made with transparent, narrow, perpend cular puffings and edged all round with a multitude of satin-edged frills of the chiffon. The neck cut low enough to show the base of the throat, emerged from clouds of these blue frills. The sleeves were particularly pretty and artistic. Made of the blue chiffon, they were gathered very fully all the way down the inner arm from the shoulder to the wrist, and were fitted closely by a join down the outer side. But from this join rose a small forest of frills, all in the blue crepon with its tiny little satin edge. Two or three yellow roses at the waist made the blue look still bluer. It was almost the shade of the sea in the distance.

In the next act Mrs. Langtry's dress is pale sky-blue, in some very soft material, to which I was unable to put a name. It did not look like muslin, and it certainly was not crepe. The bodice was blue and white, the latter crossing the former in a kind of diagonal check, which may or may not have been applique in batiste upon the color. The sleeves were almost tight at the shoulders, but had very full puffs at the elbows. A little cream-tinted lace relieved the simplicity of the blue and white at the sides. At the throat a huge syllabub of white tulle was caught at the neck with an enormous square emerald set in brilliants, and at the waist an emerald green satin belt, in exactly the color of the stone, was folded round, and ended under a loop or two in front. The hat worn with this dress was brown straw, with a cache-peigne of white roses. The brim was almost covered with frillings of white chiffon, and a little pale blue, like that in the dress, was introduced in a ribbon that climbed up the crown from the back.

The gown in which "Mrs. Barry" has her portrait painted is really a "dream" Only an artist could have designed it. One could not bear to see it on a plain woman. It is in palest pink chiffon, all softly falling in natural folds, and caught in at the waist with a band of brightest vermilion velvet, a tint that would be intolerable in anything but velvet, but in that is perfect. Another fold of this velvet passes up one side of the bodice in front of the arm, and on the other shoulder there is a knot of it with a great bunch of violets and green leaves. The sleeves are puffs of the pink chiffon with cream-colored lace insertions introduced from the shoulders. The puffs droop toward the elbows, and the sleeves stop short an inch or so above the elbows, long pink gloves almost but not quite, meeting them. Chains of threaded diamonds pass round the neck, are caught in and out round the vermilion velvet belt, and droop in three or four lines of light from either shoulder to the waist, falling slightly below it. The hat is very large, and is covered with fluffed and frilled black tulle, with many ostrich feathers, also black, one of them falling over the hair at the back.

Then there is a lovely white satin ball dress embroidered in very fine lines down one side of the front in a small floral design, in which gold sequins are conspicuous. A gold sash encircles the waist. The sleeves are billowy, foamy snowdrifts of white tulle, and Mrs. Langtry wears with it a diamond tiara, and many diamond ornaments upon the bodice.

Miss Calhoun's teagown in this act is as beautiful and graceful a dress as any in the whole play. It is made of white and silver brocade, with a wide band of gold trimming all down one side from the shoulder; where the gown fastens over, an immense diamond button catches it on the shoulder and again at the waist. A few ripples of white and gold gauze are visible one side. This material forms the sleeves, which are partly covered by bands of the brocade from the shoulders to the elbows, lined with pale applegreen silk, like the gown itself. The collar which finishes the dress at the base of the throat is in small bands of the brocade lined with green, and curved outward over a line of the gold embroidery.

In this last act Miss Calhoun wears a sweet frock of white striped gauze over yellow silk, and a beautifully fitting zouave, made of gold and bronze-colored silk brocade, bordered with jet, and gold embroidery. Mrs. Langtry's summer costume is in palest green with much fluffery of tulle or chiffon about the bodice, and great bunches of violets. Her very large hat is covered with frills of the pale green, and has violets and pink roses for trimming, a couple of white roses being laid on the edge of the brim at the left side.

BABETTE.

If giving careful attention to detail and keeping constantly in touch with the very latest ideas in London, Paris, and New York has anything to do with artistic hair-dressing, Mr. Lederer, 111 Stockton Street, would seem to be San Francisco's best coiffure-maker.

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CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF MARIN. }

WE, the undersigned, hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State, at the County of Marin, and in the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of The Novato French Cheese Factory; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are James Newlands, Jr., Hermann Rudolff, and George Prinz; and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.

JAMES NEWLANDS, JR., San Francisco, Cal.
HERMANN RUDOLFF, Novato, Marin County, Cal.
GEORGE PRINZ, Novato, Marin County, Cal.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-sixth day of February, 1896.

JAMES NEWLANDS, JR.,
GEORGE PRINZ,
HERMANN RUDOLFF.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
NOVATO, MARIN COUNTY. }

On this twenty-sixth day of February, in the year one th usand eight hundred and ninety-six, before me, J. Q. A. Haven, a Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Marin, State of California personally appeared James Newlands, Jr., George Prinz, and Hermann Rudolff, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at my office in said County of Marin the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

J. Q. A. HAVEN,
Justice of the Peace of Novato Township, County of Marin, State of California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, Room 9, 319 Pine Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Meric, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 17, 1896.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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FOR 1896

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" "	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	6 25
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TALES OF THE DAY.

The late Sir Frederick Leighton was exceedingly kind to poor students. On one occasion a young fellow came up to London, hoping to make money with his brush. He soon found that it was no easy matter, and in despair wrote to the President of the Academy, stating his case and forwarding some specimens of his work. Sir Frederick invited him to his home, gave him two letters of introduction to people who would serve him, and advised him to study. As the young man was leaving, Sir Frederick handed him an envelope, observing, "This is an example of the best kind of drawing. Some day you will be able to do as well, if not better." The envelope contained a check for $250.

Apropos of Sir Phillip Currie's detention by the Sultan, who kept him waiting two hours for an interview, a story is told of Lord Cromer, the artillery Major who now represents the Queen at Cairo. Once when calling upon the Shiek-El-Bekri, the supreme dignitary of the Mohammedan Church in Egypt, that worthy received him reclining on a divan, and saluted with a negligent wave of the hand. Lord Cromer caught the hand in a fierce grip, and, with a sudden jerk, pulled the astonished dignitary to his feet, all the while belarding him with compliments, his face wreathed in the sunniest of smiles. The consequence was that Cromer ever afterwards was treated with the utmost respect.

Max O'Rell tells this story in the course of a paper on Peculiar Children in *The Youth's Companion:* A boy, reading from a play that was being translated at sight in class, came across the phrase, "Calmez-vous, monsieur." He naturally translated this by "Calm yourself, sir." I said to him: "Now, don't you think this is a little stiff? Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial? For instance, what would you say yourself in a like case?" The boy reflected a few seconds, and said, "Keep your hair on, old man."

In the olden days many a good Scotchman fought in the ranks of La Belle France. A MacDonald, whose sword had won him a captaincy, while at mess with his brother officers, was jeered at by a Provencal major for a foreigner. "Bah," exclaimed the sneerer, "you beggarly Scots but fight for gold." "And what fights my brother Frenchman for?" exclaimed Mac. "For honor," exclaimed the Frenchman. "Well, well, man," coolly said the Scot, as he emptied his glass, "we both are fighting to gain what we need the most."

Gath George Alfred Townsend has a Pullmann pass—one of the few journalists with that good fortune. The manner of its last renewal is the topic of a *Times-Herald* story. In Pullman's New Year's mail was an envelope marked "personal," and being opened, was found to contain the pass issued Gath twelve months before—which, of course, had expired. Across its back, in the journalist's own hand, was this message:

Little ticket, go again
To the mighty chamberlain,
Who within his watchful keep
Puts the modern world asleep.

Pullman was much pleased, and with his pen made out a new annual.

Whittier had none of the pretensions of genius. A little girl who lived in his house, and of whom he was very fond, asked him to commemorate in verse the death of her favorite kitten, Bathsheba by name. Without a moment's hesitation, the poet recited solemnly:

Bathsheba, to whom none ever said scat—
No worthier cat
Ever sat on a mat
Or caught a rat,
Requiescat!

Count Jaubert had attacked Marshal Soult with a number of epigrams, and when the two met at a reception of the court of Louis Philippe, the Marshal turned his back just as the Count was coming forward to speak to him, and this in the presence of thirty people. "Monsieur le Marechal," said Jaubert, quietly, "I have been told that you consider me one of your enemies. I see with pleasure that it is not so." "Why not, sir?" demanded Soult. "Because," said Jaubert, "you are not in the habit of turning your back to the enemy." The Marshal held out his hand, and the Count's success was complete.

The editor of a London evening daily was noted for his promptitude and tendency to rush things. He was continually impressing upon his reporters the necessity for condensing news. There came into the office one morning a notice of a terrific explosion on board a big ship at Portsmouth. "If you catch the next train," he said to one of his men, "you will be down there by two, and can wire something for the fifth edition, but boil it down." The message came in due time. It said, "Terrific explosion. Melpomene. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral to-morrow. No flowers."

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A nine months' course in the Columbia School of Dramatic Art for 75 annual subscribers.

A three months' course at the Meisterschaft School of Languages for 40 annual subscribers.

The course at the California School of Elocution and Oratory for 35 annual subscribers.

Tuition in music, vocal or instrumental, from Francis Stuart, S. G. Fleishmann, J. H. Dohrmann, Sigmund Beel, Nathan Landsberger, Lesley Martin, or H. J. Stewart. A course of twenty lessons from any of these gentlemen for fifty annual subscribers. For 100 annual subscribers a course of twenty lessons each in piano, singing, harmony, or any other branch of music.

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THE WAVE

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THE WAVE

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THE WAVE is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

ADVERTISING rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220-221-222 Crocker Building. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 186-187 World Building, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 28, 1896.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

MURDER AS AN ECONOMIC FACTOR.

The story is familiar now, but it does not deserve to be forgotten. Last week, for the crime of earning an honest living, Charles Mars was stricken to death by a gang of ruffians. They wanted him to leave his task because he did not belong to their union, because, possibly, he believed in such liberty as the Constitution specifies. He demurred, peaceably, it is true, but still he demurred, and so they killed him. He could not afford to cease work, he had none of the instincts of loafer or bully. Far from fighting them, though they tried to provoke him, he did not even tell them to go about their business. He simply continued to work, and his temerity was fatal. They set upon him with kicks and blows, and he was taken home to die. To the loving wife who bent over him he said: "Mamma, this is what I got for trying to earn bread." The statement was literally true.

The first duty of a citizen, both by the laws of God and the statutes of man, is to provide for his own, and that this man of humble station was ready and anxious honorably to fulfil the law was the head and front and entirety of his offending. Perhaps when the deliberate assault was made the assailants did not intend assassination, that they wanted only to give Mars a lesson in the art of being a meddlesome rowdy, to demonstrate to him that a free-born American is but a slave to the brutish caprice of fellows with whom he does not care to associate. But what they thought matters little; what they did was murder. The footpad wielding a sandbag does not care to slay his victim. Indeed, he prefers not to do so, but if the victim die the intention of the footpad is justly measured by the result.

Of course, the unions that inaugurated a series of strikes, sustained it, and encouraged it, disclaim all responsibility, although, as a matter of fact, the entire responsibility rests directly upon them, and is hardly to be shifted. If they are earnest in their protestations now, let them avoid any attempt to stand as a shield between the absolutely guilty and summary punishment Out at the Presidio there is a monument marking the graves of four soldiers martyred to the frenzy of a strike that found in labor unions its sole advocacy. On this monument is the inscription: "Murdered by strikers."

On seeing this the strikers raged and fumed and threatened. They made frantic denial. They said they would destroy the shaft. They did not care to have the record of as cowardly and despicable a deed as ever disgraced the history of modern agitation perpetuated in stone. But the record is there, and in living letters it is writ in the hearts of men. Post mortem sensitiveness is inadequate. Why not show a similar tendency before the crime, expel from the ranks the Mafia-spirited, and hand over to the courts those who resort, despite attempted restraint, to violence and murder?

Laboring men have the privilege of standing together, but once organized they often claim privileges they do not possess, and one among these is to stop the wheels of industry at any time when they themselves do not care to be industrious. If they desire to be idle, their impudence is brazen effrontery when they say that others also shall be idle. It is all due—this great and growing trouble—to the paid agitator. A noisy, noisome and slinking pest, he fills the mind with false ideas, the heart with guile, and when certain disaster ensues, avoids the payment of any share of the costs One man dealt the blow that killed Mars, but scores of men lent strength to the arm that administered it. And that blow was not dealt alone to the upright citizen now dead, but it fell with chiefest force upon the cause of labor. The grave of every Mars constitutes a barrier across which labor on its path to prosperity must pass.

While Mars did not belong to a union, he received wages as great as named in the union scale. He had an absolute and inalienable right not to belong to a union, not to submit to its oftentimes unreasoning dictates, and the character of the persons who visited him to dissuade him by the process of beating from still plying his tools, was, in itself, sufficient explanation of why he had not sought affiliation, and respectfully declined it when they would have thrust it upon him. Now they may shout, resolve, disclaim, but all to no purpose. Poor Mars, toiling in defiance of the element that prescribed an idleness he could not indulge in, was the noblest type of labor. He died for his principles; no man can do more. He might have joined the union, been released from the obligations to work, bawled for his sacred rights and against the sacred rights of others. He chose rather to be decent, consistent, law-abiding; "to earn bread." Oh, awful crime! Daring to earn bread, and perhaps even grateful for the opportunity.

The daily press has proved itself timid, as it always does in the face of an emergency that places a nickel in jeopardy. There has been no editorial denunciation of this fell deed of assassination, a deed so evil in itself and so dark a portent of greater evil. The city may ring with accounts of the mysterious strangling of a wanton woman in a place of sin, but it should ring louder with the story of the man murdered for no wrong; murdered because he followed the teaching of his conscience; murdered because he would not submit to a tyranny that, without excuse, without honorable pretext, would have bound him in helpless thraldom. But if the press is weak the time has come for the law to be firm. The striker cries for justice, but often withholds it. Now that innocent blood is crying for justice, shall the strikers place aught in the way? It is a chance for them to demonstrate their sincerity. And if this cry go unheeded there will be a bitter harvest. Murder will be recognized as having a place in the adjudication of economic wrongs, real or imaginary. Yet common sense affirms that the assassin should have no part in the regulation of human affairs. His place is on the gallows, or in a dungeon. The excuse that he slew a man because the man was earning bread by toil cannot be accepted as a justification.

ENGLAND'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

The most remarkable announcement of the week, and the one most fraught with significance to the people of the United States, is that England has volunteered to stand behind this country in whatever position she wishes to take as to Cuba. Following the settlement of the Venezuelan trouble—for it is now generally believed that England has conceded the chief points made by President Cleveland—this unofficial recognition of the United States as sovereign over the Western Hemisphere is an event in history that will make the present administration memorable, and help to make the world forget many of her earlier mistakes.

England refused to accede to the demands of the United States that she arbitrate the Venezuelan boundary question. It was none of our business what settlement she made of this trouble; it was her affair, not ours, and we must keep our hands off. Secretary Bayard entreated, Blaine insisted, Foster urged, Gresham argued—all to no avail. England laughed, sneered, scoffed at our pretensions. But Secretary Olney was not to be played with. He knew when he had a fight on his hands, and it took him a very short while to bring things to a crisis where the President could interfere and declare our policy to the world. The Brewer Commission resulted, and before that Commission has reported, England "proud Monarch of the Seas," has politely sent word that she will have no trouble over the boundary question, and is willing to do anything we think just. And now she gives us to understand that if we wish the Cubans to have their freedom, and even if we want to help her, England will see that we have a clear field, with no opposition from Europe. This means that England's policy is now the direct opposite of that which she has hitherto maintained. She recognizes that Brother Jonathan is a friend worth having and an enemy worth avoiding. An effort will be made to bind the two countries together in a friendly alliance. This is wise diplomacy on England's part. Such an alliance, even though not formal, would be worth to England far more than any other she could make—in fact, worth more to her than to us, for she is aggressive, while we but protect ourselves. But such an alliance England is after. She will have it understood that the United States is to be recognized as the final arbiter of American questions, and she hopes that we will regard her as holding a similar position over the rest of the world.

English papers and public men speak much of "kin across the sea," and the natural tie that binds the two great English-speaking nations, and it is evidently not all talk. England will always find that the sentiment and public opinion of the United States are with her in every move that she makes which tends to the spread of Anglo-Saxon civilization by just means. But no alliance of any nature that might be made between the two countries could hold us in the column of Britain's supporters when she was in the wrong. Lord Salisbury can learn from Mr. Bryce, the member of Parliament

who wrote "American Commonwealth," that this is the land where public opinion governs. So long as any government appeals to the conscience and intelligence of Americans it can be sure of attention, consideration, and, if right, of support. But all the treaties of Christendom between England and America would do England no good if her cause did not commend itself to us. England can earn America's support by always being on her good behavior, not only toward us, but toward the rest of the world. If she will be in fact the country of ideals she professes to be, England will have America's friendship. But with treacherous or unjust John Bull we will have nothing to do.

THE AVERAGE TRAIN ROBBER.

The intelligence that directs its attention to train robbery as a calling is of a low order and difficult to understand. It is capable of appreciating the remote possibility of sudden wealth, but this seems to be its limit. Concerning the almost unbroken line of failures that constitutes the history of train robbery, it either thinks nothing, or is unable to draw an inference from a plain state of facts. It ignores the risk of death, of disgrace, the undesirability of killing people, and sets out to win a prize that is never won, and to attain a glory that is more elusive than the gold at the foot of the rainbow.

The fame of Jesse James has worked the destruction of many a youth, filled his mind with an utter misconception of the truth, dulled his conscience, and led him at last to sudden death, to prison, or the gallows. Many people in Missouri made an idol of this lawless and brutal bandit, partly through fear, and partly through admiration for his dash, and his defiance of authority. Divested of the undeserved glamor, James becomes a vulgar thief, a wanton and particularly heinous ruffian and murderer. He robbed trains as a regular business, but he died poor, and at the hands of associates who betrayed him for a price. These associates were both shot later, one by his own hand. The most notorious of the Jesse James gang who survived the hardships of their chosen field of industry are spending their declining years in the Minnesota penitentiary. They were surprised to find that in that State their presence did not excite admiration, nor lull the trigger-finger of the Minnesotan to inaction.

The Dalton gang has been shot into oblivion. Bill Cook, the old terror of the Southwest, will never again see the light of freedom; but it is unnecessary in looking for an object lesson to go so far from home. Evans is at Folsom for life, together with a young man who was induced at one time to aid him in escaping. One of the Sontags is also at Folsom, wearing the red badge that marks him as an especially dangerous man, and makes of him an excellent target for the rifle of the guard. The other Sontag, after being hunted for weeks like a wild beast, was finally run down and riddled with bullets. "Kid" Thompson is under sentence of death because he thought he could be a Jesse James. Brady and his comrade tried the same thing; the comrade was shot in the act of crime; the loot they had buried was found and wasted by a tramp. Brady is in a cell that is to be his home for the term of his life. Only the other day Dan McCall turned from peaceful pursuits to rob a train, and died in the attempt. Of his associates, several are in jail, and one, with probable success, has attempted suicide.

Such are only a few examples in a list that could be much extended. Surely there is instruction in them. It is beyond comprehension that any one should be tempted to emulate these vicious, misguided, and unfortunate men. The halo that has been placed upon the brow of the robber is but tinsel, and imagined only by a mind diseased. There is nothing inspiring in the act of theft, whether it be done with dynamite in an express car, or by picking a pocket. The tales told of the bravery of robbers are largely tales of fancy, but the precise results of the robberies can be read in the records of courts, the registry of prisons. There is nothing of romance about a striped suit that never may be doffed until the convict be carried forth to a nameless grave. There is nothing attractive about falling through the trap of a gibbet. Even the joy of being shot at is fleeting and precarious. As to the revelry to be engaged in after the securing of the spoils, it never eventuates; it is a myth. Even if a robber makes one haul, he can hardly stretch it to last to the next attempt; and sooner or later it is the officers who make the haul, and the robber constitutes the spoils.

These are the unvarnished truths pertaining to the ignoble art of train robbery. With the facts so clear, it is a wonder that any man can be found who is so great a fool as to enter upon a career of brigandage. Yet, there is a peculiar cunning that refuses to be instructed, and probably the railroad robber will be always with us. We can kill him on the spot, lock him up, hang him, and thus in a measure impress upon him a sense of his unworth and the inutility of his handiwork, but, doubtless, others of his kind will appear. It is not an encouraging outlook. If the embryo train robber was ever to have sense enough not to permit himself to hatch, he has had the opportunity to arrive at this period of discretion, and has neglected it.

THE NECESSITY FOR SOME NEW LAWS.

The decision of the Supreme Court, holding that Judge Murphy exceeded his judicial powers in enjoining the production of the play entitled "The Crime of the Century" while the trial of Durrant was in progress, serves to emphasize the necessity for some legislative restraint upon this character of proceeding. It is well known, and, therefore, hardly needs repetition, that the play enjoined by the trial Judge was one in which an attempt was made to depict the two murders, the perpetration of which Durrant stood charged, and the finale of the pretended drama fixed the crime upon the villain, who was manifestly meant to be the prisoner.

Even the mind prejudiced against Durrant will readily admit the infernal depravity of the proceeding upon which Judge Murphy set his seal of disapproval. This decision of our Supreme Court does not, of course, declare that the thing restrained was or would have been innocent and harmless. It simply confesses an inability on the part of the judiciary to protect a prisoner on trial from such an assault. It confesses that even though justice be perverted by the act; even though a strong and overwhelming public opinion be created against the innocence of the prisoner, or in favor of his guilt; even though the court itself, or the jury, be the subject of ridicule or attack, there exists no adequate legal remedy that may be applied to cure the ill before the damage has been accomplished. This is a serious confession of lameness in the law. The beneficent clause in our Constitution, which insures to every citizen the right to freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, but holding him responsible for the abuse of that act after it has been committed, covers the case in point, and will cover all subsequent cases of a similar character, and protect the individual who may seek to abuse the rich privilege so freely given. Having a knowledge of this infirmity of the law suggests that something in the shape of a remedy be devised. The joint efforts of the legal profession might have weight in such a matter. Public opinion might thus be formed and the shortcomings of our laws remedied. It must be confessed, however, that difficulties stand in the way of arousing public opinion in this case. The enormity of the crimes charged against Durrant repels all sentimental sympathy for him, and seems to blunt the public sense of right and wrong. With but a few exceptions he was absolutely friendless. It is difficult, therefore, to convey with force to the public mind a proper conception of the wrong the production of this play might have done, or the evil likely to flow from a repetition of the thing. His case does not offer an apt illustration on which to arouse a public indignation that would protest against such a manifestly unjust proceeding.

It is always a delicate question just where Liberty ends and License begins. As a rule, decent men regard with repugnance the general attitude of the press toward the judiciary and the unfair conduct which often marks its course during the progress of legal proceedings. In many cases the press exceeds all bounds of decency and becomes, what it often is in point of fact, an advocate—a paid advocate—upon one side or the other. Such a state of affairs was never contemplated by the men who drafted the clause of the Constitution insuring the liberty of the press.

Justices McFarland and Temple, who probably are among the strongest and ablest men in our Supreme Court, dissented from the prevailing opinion of the court in the following language:

> All the provisions of the Constitution must be construed together and effect given, when possible, to each. The one (Section 9 of Article 1), which provides that every citizen may fairly speak, etc., is to be construed in view of that large and important part of the Constitution by which a judicial department of the Government is erected, and all the usual and necessary powers of courts given to the tribunals established under it. One of the most essential of these powers of a court is to protect itself against unlawful intrusion upon its orderly conduct of business, and to insure litigants in a pending proceeding the full and unembarrassed administration of justice. In the case at bar, in a court of record established by the Constitution, a trial was gravely progressing, in which a man's life was at stake, and an act was about to be done which it is admitted "would be an interference with the administration of justice and deprive him of a fair and impartial trial."
>
> Is it possible that a court is powerless to protect a defendant in a case pending before it from an act that would deprive him of a fair and impartial trial? In my opinion the power given by Section 9 of Article 1, not to be stopped beforehand from speaking slander and writing libels, does not include the right not to be stopped from interfering in a pending proceeding in a court and preventing a party thereto from having a fair and impartial trial. The right to slander and libel individuals, and the right of a court to prevent interference with the course of justice in a pending trial, are not inconsistent and may both stand together. And I think that the cases where it has been held that a threatened publication could not be enjoined, will be found to be nearly all threatened cases of threatened libels against individuals or property, and not cases where there was a threatened interference with a pending proceeding in a court, and an attempt to deprive a party thereto of a fair and impartial trial.
>
> I think the order under review should be affirmed.

Is it not within the province of the Legislature to regulate or prevent a recurrence of proceedings so disgraceful as those complained of in the Durrant trial? There are some things forbidden by the rules of common decency and the rules of fair play that are common practises with the daily press and stand sadly in need of legislative regulation if regulation may be effected constitutionally.

> I. To prevent editorial comment during the trial of issues, of fact, or of law, or, if this be considered an abridgment of the right of free speech and therefore unconstitutional, then require all such editorial comment to be signed by its author.
>
> II. To prohibit reports during a trial about any witness or juror, or about the story of any witness except by way of a report of the proceedings in Court.

Common decency ought to step in and protect the rights of litigants and witnesses in this connection. But "common decency" cuts very little, if any, figure with the daily press. The orderly procedure of a legal trial seldom contains sensation enough to warrant an adherence to the testimony as given without comment. The amendments to the law above suggested are not original. We have referred to them in a former article. The suggestion was originally made in the *American Law Review* by a legal gentleman who was shocked by the conduct of the San Francisco daily press during the trial of Durrant. To these laws might well be added:

> III. All criticisms and attacks upon judges or judicial conduct or procedure shall bear the signature in full of the author of such criticism or attack.

Notwithstanding the intelligence of this age, notwithstanding the fact that we may ridicule the power of the daily press, it must be confessed that its announcements do carry some weight even to the man who is most loud in expressing his scorn at its power (power to do harm). We unconsciously invest the press with a dignity and character unwarranted under the light of intelligent criticism and analysis. So far as it attacks the integrity or the learning of our judiciary, its impudent criticism should be stripped as far as possible of the artificial importance we are so likely to yield. Ignorant of the first principles of the law, its articles upon the subject should be brought down to the level where they belong, which in no case is higher than the author of such criticisms.

Requiring articles dealing with the courts to be signed will tend to elevate their tone and breed a care, lest hasty and ill-advised criticism creep into the public prints. Is there not an opportunity here for useful activity among the legal profession?

A WESTERN VICE-PRESIDENT.

A few weeks ago "The Wave" requested its contemporaries to express their views on the question of uniting in the West for George C. Perkins for the second place on the National ticket. The answer has come, and has come with a force that is tremendous and unmistakable. The representative press of the entire State rang out with one hearty and unanimous "Aye." It was no hesitating, doubting, questioning approval; there were no fears as to his ability; no suspicion as to his integrity; no question as to his immense popularity. Such things were not so much as breathed, even by the press of the opposing party. The tribute paid to his honor, to his integrity, and the reiteration of popular confidence after years of official service, speaks strongly and forcefully to all the Nation; speaks to the man of Massachusetts and to the man of Maine; to the man of the South as well as to the man of the North; to the man of the East as well as to the man of the West. This unanimous verdict states to all the Nation that California is prepared to present to the Republican Party a candidate for National honors, in whom the people implicitly believe.

Mark well the press that stands sponsor for this man. It does not represent communities where machine politics obtain; it does not speak for the press that has "strings upon it," of the press that stands for "interests." It speaks for the people, and says, in language strong and unmistakable, that the great body of the people believe in this man; it says that the farmer, the man of the interior, the men who vote and speak their honest convictions, believe implicitly in his honor; it tells the politician of the East that California has a man whom the farmer would trust and support; it tells him that we have a candidate who would draw votes in this State by the thousand from the Populist ticket. And this feeling would spread and grow from one farming community to another. The agriculturist of the middle West and of the East would soon catch the spirit of confidence and trust in which his Western fellows hold this man, and the word would go forth that here is a man of the people, a sailor-boy candidate—a poor boy once, then a prosperous merchant, then a State Senator, then a Governor, and now a United States Senator, who has ever and always, in season and out of season, served his constituents, main-

tained his dignity, preserved his honor, and grown in the love and estimation of the people. Soon the Populists of Kansas, the wavering Democrat, the floating and uncertain voter, would fall under the banner, and the Californian who had never yet lost an election before the people would gather into his party a strength which few men could bring to the National ticket.

The clippings given below are only a fraction, a small fraction, of those that have come to this office. Each extract represents but a line or two of the glowing tributes paid to this most popular man. Read them, and consider that they represent the voluntary tributes of the Western press to a Western man. To the press, and to the politicians of the East, where his name is canvassed among strangers, his honor, integrity, and ability discussed, these voluntary tributes must have a deciding weight as to the man.

Senator Perkins is not in any sense an active candidate for the position of Vice-President. California, itself, presents him as its choice, and in presenting him vouches for his integrity, his popularity, and his ability.

George C. Perkins is on the road and making rapid strides toward the position of the Chief Executive of the United States, and in time is bound to get there.—*Journal*, Lompoc, Cal.

He is an honest, fair-dealing, hard-working gentleman. It is pleasant to find that even good, solid Democratic papers favor the nomination of Senator Perkins for Vice-President.—*Observer*, Corning, Cal.

Senator Perkins is a self-made man of no mean ability. A man of large affairs, he has shown conspicuous ability in every walk of life. Like a well-equipped American, he has proved to be equal to every demand made upon him. There is no man on the Pacific Coast who so well understands our needs, or who will poll so strong a vote irrespective of party lines.—*Farmer*, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Though in early life blessed with limited educational advantages, by sheer force of energy, square dealing, and unvarying amiability, he has achieved a most creditable and enviable place in the estimation of all who know him.—*Sun*, San Bernardino, Cal.

There is no doubt that Senator Perkins is to-day one of the most prominent men in this State, and in the entire West, for that matter.—*Advocate*, Blue Lake, Cal.

Mr. Perkins is better and more favorably known than any man in the West.—*Chronicle*, Portland, Or.

The Senator stands well with the people of California, and should the Eastern delegates to the convention wish to recognize this coast, Mr. Perkins might prove a formidable candidate for the place.—*Times*, Escondido, Cal.

He is simply a good business man of unquestioned integrity, who is affectionately regarded by a large circle of friends, and in whatever station he has been placed has acquitted himself with credit, and has made splendid use of his opportunities for improvement.—*Sun*, San Bernardino, Cal.

It is our opinion that Senator Perkins is in every way qualified for the position of Vice-President, and we are sure that if his side won, he would acquit himself with signal ability in that office.—*Mail*, Stockton, Cal.

Senator Perkins is a typical Californian, and a man who has made a success of everything he has undertaken in business and politics.—*Banner*, Buckley, Wash.

McKinley and Perkins would look well in print, and they would make a strong team in their official seats in Washington.—*Star*, Pasadena, Cal.

California should have a place on the National ticket, and Senator Perkins would be an excellent choice.—*Union*, Yreka, Cal.

The nomination would be a most excellent one.—*Tidings*, Grass Valley, Cal.

The *Herald* heartily seconds his candidature.—*Herald*, Arroyo Grande, Cal.

There is no valid reason why Senator Perkins would not make a good candidate for the office of Vice-President.—*Nugget*, Placerville, Cal.

We are glad to find his candidacy so popular.—*Enterprise*, Selma, Cal.

It is believed here that he would make a good second on the Morton ticket.—*Commercial Advertiser*, New York, N. Y.

The State of California has more than once honored Senator Perkins and he has never betrayed the trust.—*Blade*, Santa Ana, Cal.

The nomination would be a great compliment and honor to the Senator and the State he so ably represents.—*Mail*, Woodland, Cal.

In Washington the chances of Senator Perkins are considered favorable.—*Times*, Oakland, Cal.

Mr. Perkins has the ability and is sufficiently sound on the burning questions of the day for the first place on the ticket.—*Argus*, Petaluma, Cal.

If the Senator gets the nomination and the Democrats of the Nation vote for him like the Democrats of California voted for him for Governor, his election is assured.—*Express*, Merced, Cal.

It is doubtful if there is in any other Californian who would be so satisfactory both to his own State and the country at large as Senator Perkins.—*Times*, Palo Alto.

His ability is unquestioned.—*Free Press*, Ventura, Cal.

No man has a better right to seek the nomination than the genial and popular Senator from California.—*Tribune*, Oakland, Cal.

His nomination would be an honor to the Senator and the State.—*Valley News*, Anderson, Cal.

There is no better man for the position.—*Prospect*, San Andreas, Cal.

He is the only person available.—*Journal*, Yreka, Cal

His ability is unquestioned.—*Chronicle*, Santa Paula, Cal.

Senator Perkins is an able gentleman and has a clean personal record. He would do credit to the State and to the Nation.—*Chronicle*, Santa Paula, Cal.

In canvassing the list of suitable men for the place, none seems so clearly available, in all respects, as our able and popular Senator, George C. Perkins. His pure and splendid record as a citizen, Governor, and Senator, shows the character and calibre of the man, and the Republicans of California and the Pacific States would especially delight to have an opportunity to rally with unanimous and mighty enthusiasm to the support of a ticket bearing his magic and honored name.—*Courier*, Shasta, Cal.

The suggestion is simply a magnificent one. No man deserves more at the hands of his party in California than ex-Governor Perkins and none would do them more honor.—*Sun*, Colusa, Cal.

He is a man of inherent ability and sagacity, and is of the calibre of which statesmen are made.—*Champion*, Chino, Cal.

Senator Perkins is a clean, able, popular man.—*Journal*, Weaverville, Cal.

"Vice-President Perkins, of California." Now, that sounds all right, doesn't it?—*Graphic*, Stockton, Cal.

We are glad to find his candidacy so popular.—*Enterprise*, Fresno County.

Senator Perkins has the confidence of the whole of California. He stands to-day as a type of what California may well be proud, and if the second place on the National ticket comes to us, George C. Perkins is the one man that by a National Convention should be offered it.—*Herald*, Hueneme, Cal.

Senator Perkins is a man who would do credit to the office of Vice-President; he is a man whom Californians—without regard to section—should delight to honor.—*Champion*, Chino, Cal.

Everybody who knows Mr. Perkins, irrespective of political predilections, would he glad to see Mr. Perkins not only nominated but elected to that honorable position.—*Gazette*, Los Angeles.

If a Western man is chosen, Senator Perkins could not be improved upon.—*Echo*, Ione, Cal.

Here's hoping he'll be successful.—*Bee*, Lakeport, Cal.

Senator Perkins's nomination would be a popular one with the people, not alone in California, but the entire West.—*News*, Rio Vista, Cal.

He is a specimen of noble manhood, and California, irrespective of party, should delight to do him honor.—*Ledger*, Antioch, Cal.

He is an able man, and has been an energetic Senator, and if nominated he will be elected, and if elected he will do credit to the position.—*Chronicle-Union*, Bridgeport, Cal,

No one is better qualified or stands higher in the ranks of the Republican party west of the Rockies than Senator Perkins; he is a good candidate to boom for second place.—*Times Gazette*, Redwood City.

George C. Perkins is well-qualified for the position for which he is being mentioned and is probably the most eligible Californian for the position.—*Star*, St. Helena.

He would be very acceptable to the people of the Pacific Coast.—*Times*, Eureka.

Senator Perkins has the ability to fill the position.—*Argus*, San Francisco.

A lucky star has always hovered over the Senator.—*Mail*, Woodland.

We would like to see Senator Perkins named for Vice-President, but the party claim should reach further than that.—*Argus*, Auburn.

Even a stanch Democratic contemporary says if the Senator gets the nomination and the Democrats of the Nation vote for him like the Democrats of California did for Governor, his election is assured.—Selma *Enterprise*.

If they wish to succeed, they might as well give him first place, as he never was beaten when before the people. If he was a Democrat the *Mercury* would make Rome howl for him.—Oroville *Mercury*.

The *Times* seconds the nomination of Senator Perkins for the Vice-Presidency.—*Times*, Escondido, Cal.

There is no one in the Republican ranks who would fill the bill better than Senator Perkins. He is a large man in all respects and would draw the Republican vote of the Pacific Coast to a man.—*Porcupine*, Los Angeles, Cal.

So far as the *Call* knows, Mr. Perkin's party could do no better than support him for the place named.—*Call*, Norwalk, Cal.

The Senator would be heartily supported by the entire Pacific Coast.—*Mercury*, Portland, (Oregon).

He would receive the strong and zealous support of his party.—*Advocate*, Gilroy, Cal.

No better man could be urged for the Vice-Presidency.—*Independent*, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Perkins for Vice-President on the Republican ticket would be the proper caper for that party.—*Record*, Crockett, Cal.

ONE WEEKLY PAPER.

A recent number of *The Bookman* contains an article upon E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York *Nation* and of the New York *Evening Post*, showing the wonderful influence exerted by this gentleman in a weekly paper. Mr. Godkin, in 1865, was made editor of the *Nation* in New York City, and in '66 the ownership of the periodical passed into his hands. Its history under his management is more familiar in the East than here. In 1881 the *Nation* was made the weekly edition of the New York *Evening Post*, and Mr. Godkin assumed the joint editorship of the latter with Mr. Horace White. The journalistic methods which he has pursued are so at variance with the more popular methods, that it is well worth while to reproduce from the article in question extracts indicating his character, his methods, and the permanent imprint his thoughts have left upon the public mind. Mr. H. T. Peck, the author of the article, says:

Mr. Godkin at the very outset of his career was exceptionally fortunate in finding a broad field in which to develop his powers and to gain experience. Most American editors of distinction have begun their careers in the newspaper offices of some small town or city, and have thence worked their way toward metropolitan and national eminence. In the process they have necessarily acquired an invaluable knowledge of the mysteries of practical journalism, and a minute acquaintance with the temper and requirements of the American people; yet they have also in their formative period been cut off, owing to their provincial environment and the intensely local influences to which they have been subjected. They are, in consequence, too often imbued with prejudices that hamper their intellectual freedom. Their horizon is too narrow, their opinions too provincial, and their mental processes too deficient in perspective. The practical result is seen in the fact that while they are quick to recognize the drift of public opinion, they are deficient in the qualities that would enable them to direct this drift, to mould and shape this opinion, and to guide it toward wise and worthy ends. They are admirable followers, but weak and uncertain leaders.

The individual characteristics which have made Mr. Godkin a power are thus defined:

As an editor, Mr. Godkin has always displayed the characteristics that we have just noted as lacking in so many American editorial offices. So far from being in any way swayed by the breath of public favor, he has, perhaps, too often gone to the other extreme, and, by what appears to many to be a kind of perversity, has exulted in setting himself in direct opposition to the popular tide. In this way there have been times when his aggressive independence has put in jeopardy the success of a worthy cause, and has not infrequently estranged some of its most conscientious supporters. Yet in the main, as his attitude has become better understood, it has often at last been triumphantly vindicated; and some very marked revolutions in the national mind can be traced unmistakably to the persistent and powerful hammering of Mr. Godkin upon the door of the national conscience. It is possible to cite chapter and verse in support of this assertion; for it is not too much to say that all the most important questions of our recent political history were raised to prominence in the first instance largely by the influence of Mr. Godkin. They were, of course, in any case bound to arise in time and to clamor for solution; but it was Mr. Godkin's clear sight that penetrated the future and detected their imminence, as it was his courageous independence that forced them to the front and hastened on their consideration.

The bold indifference which he ever exhibited to opposition and ridicule is emphasized:

In almost every case he has had at first to contend with persistent opposition, unlimited ridicule, and disheartening indifference; yet in every case, also, by sheer force of character and power of argument, he has in the end impressed his views upon one or another of the national parties. Who does not remember, for instance, the torrent of contemptuous mockery with which almost every one received his first demand for a civil service in which the non-political appointments should be made from considerations of fitness alone, and with a tenure made independent of political expediency? How the politicians sneered and jeered! The spirit that animated Roscoe Conkling when he insultingly dubbed George William Curtis "a man milliner," was reflected in a thousand newspaper offices, and in the sardonic comments of a hundred political committee-rooms. "Snivel-service reform" was the popular name for Mr. Godkin's proposed system; and even the ordinary citizen, with no political axe to grind, chuckled quietly over the visionary aspect of what Mr. Dana called "Chinese" methods. Yet the civil service of the nation is now very largely organized as Mr. Godkin had suggested, and to-day no responsible politician dares to suggest a reversion to the spoilsman's ways.

Mr. Godkin had small respect for the ordinary sensational daily press, which he took no pains to conceal, and which his biographer declares had an elevating influence upon journalism. He goes on to say:

Never for a moment has he allowed his columns to exhibit any of the more discreditable features of the irresponsible press. Never has he ceased to denounce and to hold up to contempt the baseness of its practises, its cheap wit, its ignorance of history, its malevolent injustice, its clap-trap rhetoric, the shamelessly offensive outrages on personal privacy. There is to-day still much to be desired in our press, but the great metropolitan journals, at any rate, now adopt in the main a tone of courtesy and dignity that was once unknown.

Many may marvel that one man could exert such an influence through the medium of a weekly publication. It is generally assumed that the large circulation of a daily newspaper is the most influential means of molding public sentiments, but that this is a fallacy Mr. Godkin has demonstrated. Mr. Peck continues:

It may be asked how such an influence as we describe to Mr. Godkin could be so effectively exerted through the columns of a weekly paper whose circulation has never been a large one. The question is a very natural one. It is probable that the *Nation* has never possessed more than ten thousand subscribers, and the circulation of the *Post* is not a large one. Moreover, Mr. Godkin's editorials, while they represent the perfection of a certain style, are not likely to be regarded as "good reading" for the masses, who like slang-wanging and the beating of the big drum. How, then, has he succeeded in finally impressing his views upon the great body of the people? The answer is easy. Mr. Godkin's clientele, his ten or twenty thousand readers are a picked class. They are not ten or twenty thousand casual persons forming a stray drop in the bucket of the population. They are rather representative men—men of high professional standing, authors, lawyers, editors, experts in their own line—in other words, men who individually wield a strong influence upon many others. It is men of this type for whom Mr. Godkin writes, and when he has convinced and won over these, he has secured ten thousand apostles of his doctrine, almost every one of whom is a strong, positive force in the community. It is, then, not directly upon the masses that he works, but through his immediate circle of readers; and this accounts for the fact that among the people at large his name is little known. Hundreds of thousands of voters are to-day following implicitly Mr. Godkin's lead who have no knowledge of his existence. But the public men to whom they look for teaching, the editors of the newspapers whence they get their bias, these are Mr. Godkin's pupils, receiving from him the arguments and the elucidations which they pass on in a new form to the great constituency whom they serve. We could mention many newspapers that take their cue in this manner from the editor of the *Evening Post;* and there is a New York journal of which we wot that seldom fails to give its readers in the morning, in a sadly diluted condition, some one of the crisp, convincing editorials of the *Post* of the night before.

The De Reszkes, Calve, Plancon, and Maurel make it a rule to dine at two in the afternoon when they intend to sing the same evening. As Calve characteristically remarked the other day: "The voice cannot be used properly if the stomach is busy digesting food. Therefore, if you would enjoy dining or any of the other good things in life, keep off the operatic stage."

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

The collapse of the extortion suit against Mrs. Davidson probably marks the close of the Brown case Nine-tenths of the people of this city believe the pastor to be guilty; the other tenth know him to be innocent. To fasten delinquency upon a clergyman is so grateful a task to the average layman, that long before any evidence was adduced, Mr. Brown had been tried and convicted by the press and the public; it has been difficult to shake the opinion then formed. He is not an adroit or a discreet man; he fits the poet's description—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;

such men naturally become targets for stone throwers. But no one who has followed the case carefully will believe that he has done anything which unfits him for the ministry, or said anything that was not absolutely true. To convict Mrs. Davidson he had but to say one word; the judge and his own counsel urged him to say it; it would have been but the truth; but his nice sense of honor forbade him to speak; and the blackmailer won freedom.

* * *

It does not often happen that the actions of San Francisco strikers command approbation. But the proposal of the painters, who were lately on a strike, to take contracts for painting buildings in competition with the bosses was undoubtedly a wise step. There is no reason why the journeyman who wields the paint brush should not deal directly with customers without the intervention of an employer. Dealers in paint, oil, and brushes would give industrious and steady mechanics credit for materials enough to paint a house. Then, if they are right in their contention that the bosses can afford to pay them $3.00 a day instead of $2.50, they would get the $3.00 plus the profit of the employer. This is the true solution of the question at issue.

* * *

The card system, upon which the Unions insist, is part of the machinery by which trade unions are trying to restore the ancient monopolies of labor, and is an obsolete absurdity. The unions refer to it as a new discovery; in fact, it is as old as the Middle Ages, if not older. Throughout medieval Europe, no mechanic could exercise a craft unless he could show by a card which he carried that he was a member of a guild, and the number of apprentices whom he could engage was fixed by a rule of the guild. In France the Revolution, in England a statute of William IV., abolished the monopolies of the guilds and made labor free. Our labor unions are trying to revive a system which the workmen of Europe sloughed off fifty and a hundred years ago. They will not find it easy to enforce a law which denies to an American citizen the right of earning his living at the calling he has learned.

* * *

The reactionary policy of the workmen on this shore is probably destined to defeat itself by a reductio ad absurdum. Wages are higher here than in the East. But the average workman loses so much time through strikes, and through a reduced consumption of labor caused by its high cost, that he does not net as much money at the end of the year as his brother in New England; and the treasuries of the unions, which should take the place of savings banks, are so constantly depleted by the demands of idle workmen on strike that contributions made to them are generally a dead loss. The moneys expended to support the striking molders four years ago have not yet been replaced.

* * *

Again the arbitrary power assumed by the unions has led, as arbitrary power always does, to its abuse. The miners on the Comstock object to a mine superintendent, run him out of town, and threaten him with death if he returns. Of course, this sort of thing cannot be endured. Men cannot be suffered to control properties which they do not own, and whose losses they are not called upon to defray. How the Hale & Norcross trouble will end it is not now easy to see. An appeal to force would probably be futile in a community where the bulk of the men capable of carrying arms are on the side of the law-breakers. A more practical remedy might be found in an organization of the mine and mill owners to throw off the despotism of the miners. This proved effectual in the coal districts in England. By closing all the mines and mills and keeping them closed until the unions were disbanded or came to their senses, the gentry who now insist on controlling other people's property might be reduced by famine.

* * *

Doctor Talcott, the alienist, says that a frequent cause of insanity is early rising. He says that to call a boy out of bed when his sleep is not finished is to grind his soul, to curdle his blood, to swell his spleen, to distort his mental activities, and to incline him to abject dementia, or resistive melancholia. He adds that insanity in the rural districts, where everybody gets up early, is twice as prevalent as in the cities, where people sleep late. Doctors tell us that the young should stay abed seven hours so that on them the balmy dews of sleep shall, with double nutriment, descend, and Henry Vaughan lays down the rule: "Never sleep the sun up." When, then, shall the sleeping hour come for the people of the North, who witness the midnight sun for days together?

* * *

The development of athletics, the use of the cycle, the popularity of walking, tennis, golf, and other outdoor exercises, have led to an increase in the size of the female foot. Dealers in fashionable shoes report that their stock used to consist of 1½s to 5s; now it runs from 3s to 7s. Hardly any girl wears a 2 size now, and many are not ashamed to ask for 8s. The craze for small feet was a fad, for which the caprice of poets is largely responsible; there is no more beauty in a disproportionately small foot than in a disproportionately small head. Sir John Suckling, as everybody knows, was an ass; if a woman of ordinary size had feet no larger than a mouse, she could not walk on them. We are approaching a period when girl bathers will not be ashamed to go into the water barefoot, which few of them can afford to do now.

* * *

Since the defeat of the Italians in the Tigre country, Mansfield Parkyns' old book on Abyssinia has acquired new interest. He did not admire the natives, though he did not consider them bloodthirsty. He marveled at the perseverance of the Christian missionaries who labored faithfully without ever making a single convert. One of them presented a fine Bible to a well-to-do native, bidding him be careful of the volume as it was worth six dollars. "Six dollars!" replied the Abyssinian, turning over the leaves, "I am unworthy of so costly a gift; take back your Bible, and give me one dollar, that is enough for me."

* * *

Judge Campbell has sentenced a druggist to a fine of $500 for selling morphine to a victim of the morphia habit. The Judge is not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising his guardianship of the public morals; but people who have met sufferers from the use of morphia will be inclined to applaud his decision. It is, perhaps, an extreme illustration of paternalism; but in many States the law protects the drunkard to the extent of making the dealer who sold him the means of getting drunk responsible for his acts. Certainly, nothing could be gained for Society by making the sale of morphia free; the pupilage of the weak and the unwary may be unsound in theory, but it does no one any harm.

* * *

The lather who murdered the poor old man Mars for daring to try to earn his living in defiance of the commands of the union, has been held by a coroner's jury on a charge of having delivered blows "with intent to do bodily injury." Blows which cause death are generally inflicted with some such intent; the fellow who the other day chopped his victim's head to pieces with an axe had probably some idea of the kind. From the testimony of the doctors, it may be inferred that the assassin is going to plead that his victim died of apoplexy. A bad disease, apoplexy; carries off its victims quite frequently.

* * *

Mr. Drayton has got his divorce. If current report be true, he was entitled to it long ago. Parvenues often prove unable to stand the pressure of high life; contact with the pomps and vanities of a wicked world reduces their principles to pulp. It may also be said in excuse for them, that in their set marriages are generally "arranged" without much regard to the impulse of love; when the parties to a marriage de convention meet their affinity afterward, the devil is to pay.

* * *

Mrs. Baldwin-Deacon has set her pretty foot once more on her native heath, where there is no Abeille to sting it. She is a lovely woman, and she enjoys the prestige of having had a man killed for her. Wonder if, in her moments of introspection and reflection, her mind's eye ever calls up the ghastly vision of that handsome face with a pistol wound in the forehead, through which the red blood was trickling, while the stern husband looked on and muttered the awful words, "Vengeance is mine!"

Would you be an actress or a vocalist? See how you may have the best tuition free of charge. Page 16.

DOMESTICITY AND TIGHTS.

THE CAREER OF LOUISE EISSING, WITH REMARKS ON THE MORALITY OF THE BALLET COSTUME.

"I don't approve of extravaganzas. In fact, I don't like to see women wear tights or bloomers—it isn't modest, it isn't womanly."

It was in the office of the Baldwin Hotel that I heard this remark. I was taking it easy just after the dinner hour. It is a great place to lounge in—you see so many interesting people there. Men who write, men who read, men who act, journalists, business-men, sporting-men, some who live by their wits, and some who live without any—those who live upon others, and—*the others*. It is a place full of good material for a short article, any day.

The voice that made the remark was young, and came from behind me as I stood by the elevator—it arrested my attention; I listened for a response. The answer came in quiet tones from an older voice:

"Indeed! And what have tights or bloomers to do with modesty or womanliness?"

"Why, everything," answered the young voice, impulsively. I turned, and recognized in the last speaker, a man but one short year married, formerly a frequenter of stage door and foyer, whom the recent advent of a young daughter had doubtless transformed into a censor of public morals. In his companion I recognized a certain journalist, an individual of diversified talent, repute and publicity—handsome, well-dressed—a man of the world, in the best sense, whose even temperamental balance had withstood the storms and buffets of a large experience of life, and—women. A delightfully charming companion, with just a dash of cynicism now and then,—a cloak to his kindness.

"Do you believe a woman can exhibit herself nightly in tights and still retain her modesty? Can she ride through the streets in bloomers and still remain womanly?" asked the young man.

"Why certainly, my boy. Is the exhibition of a shapely leg encased in silk tights any worse than that of bare arms and snowy bosoms? Do not the wives and mothers of our land permit themselves the latter quite often? Your own mother, your wife, perhaps. You would resent it if any one called them immodest."

"Oh, that's altogether different," replied the young man.

"Yes, it is," returned his companion, laughing softly. "Professional people have no voice in the matter. Their costumes are detailed for them—they have to wear what they are told to—it is obey or *leave*. Society people do as they please, and they often please to do a great deal. It seems to me the discussion about tights and bloomers is more immodest than the wearing of them. Modesty has its sins and a kiss its innocence. Take your wife to the extravaganza—she will enjoy it, and you can tell her from me the young woman who plays Sinbad is as modest as any good woman should be—and why not others?"

"Oh, you know her, then?"

"I have known her all her life," was the answer. "We came from the same city, Philadelphia. I remember her when she was a little girl, running around with her hair in two braids down her back. Eissing pere was in business in the Quaker City, and he failed This young woman was but fifteen then, but she was a plucky little thing. I remember how anxious she was to do something to help her parents—she used to talk with me about it. She had a sweet voice, and was well-grown and strong. She went straight to the Chestnut-street Opera House and enlisted the attention of Zimmermann, the manager, who engaged her as a chorus girl. Well, that's the way she began. Since then she has played under various managements."

The speaker here lifted his hat to a lady about to enter the elevator. I recognized Miss Eissing—a well-formed, graceful young woman in a dark green tailor-made gown—not pretty, exactly, but with a bright, cheerful face and soft, gray eyes, the color of an April cloud.

"That is Miss Eissing," her friend remarked to the young man, as the elevator door closed behind her.

"No!" he replied, in astonishment, "is that really Sinbad?" leaning forward to catch a further glimpse of her.

"That's Sinbad," replied his companion; "rather modest, eh?" he continued, quizzingly. "Nothing unwomanly about her?"

"Well, no; I should say not—looked like a good, quiet, home-body, rather on the Jenny Wren order. She had rather pretty eyes, I thought, too."

"Well, that's just what she is," said his friend, disregarding his last remark. "A quiet home-body—a devoted wife, romantically attached to her husband."

"Why does she remain on the stage, then?"

"Because she has just one ambition in life. As soon as they have made money enough, she and her husband mean to have a home of their own and a quiet life. She has a clear, sweet, flexible voice, a nice figure, and she can assume a certain up-to-date dash, which goes in such work as she does. It all means money to her, and she means to have money if hard work will bring it. I called on her the other afternoon; we were quite a little party in her rooms. I twitted her about writing so often to Mr. Scott—they write to each other every day."

"Just married, I suppose," said the young father.

"Why, let me see, they have been married nearly six years. I asked if she thought she really would give up the stage ever—hadn't she changed her mind, and she said:

"'Oh, no. I shall remain until I have made enough for our home. We want a home of our own.' It's always 'we' and 'our' with her."

"That's rather nice of her, don't you think so?" said the young man. "Sounds sort of wifely and womanly."

"Yes; that's the way it strikes me," returned the older man, as he rose and strolled toward the door with his young friend, "but she is one of those women you spoke of who wear tights," and he slapped his companion on the back. The young man laughed and said:

"Well, I guess I'll take Maudie across the street to-night."

That was all I heard, but it was enough. E. D. H.

A DIPLOMATIC DIAMOND DEALER.

EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF A CLEVER SALESMAN.

Colonel Andrews is not only a man of wide experience and large abilities, but he possesses a natural trait of character which is as valuable as it is infrequent. He is a born diplomat. A prominent jeweler once pronounced him to be the best judge of diamonds and the best diamond salesman in San Francisco. Tiffany, on one occasion, offered him the princely salary of twenty thousand dollars per year if he would go behind the firm's diamond counter. Here are some stories which will afford one an idea of the diplomatic side of the Colonel's life:

Upon one occasion a man, rather roughly dressed, stepped into his establishment and expressed a desire to be shown a cheap but good watch, explaining:

"I want to get the best watch for the least money."

The Colonel laid before him a silver timepiece, the price of which was ten dollars. The sale was made and the stranger departed. Several weeks after this occurrence the same man made his appearance, and, stepping up to the Colonel, asked:

"Do you remember me?"

"I do. I sold you a watch a few weeks ago for ten dollars," was the answer. The Colonel has a wonderful memory for faces.

"Yes, sir. I am nearly broke," explained the stranger, "and I have an opportunity to go to Arizona, where I think possibly I may better my condition. I have come to see how much you would give for the return of that watch," at the same time handing out the chronometer.

The Colonel examined it, and perceived it to be in good condition. He promptly replied:

"Ten dollars, sir."

"But that is what I paid for it," said the stranger.

"I remember," responded the Colonel, "but you have not injured it in this time, and I will simply sell it to some one else for ten dollars."

There was a look of thankfulness in the man's face as he departed from the store, saying,

"I'll not forget you."

Some two years later, during which the episode faded from the Colonel's recollection, there entered the store a rough, bearded man, with trousers tucked in the tops of long boots, slouch hat, woolen shirt, and a broad smile. Approaching the precise, scrupulously dressed Andrews, he inquired, abruptly:

"Do you know me?"

The Colonel looked at him earnestly. He was silent a moment. Then he said:

"You're the man I sold a watch to for ten dollars which I afterwards redeemed for the same price."

"That's right," said the stranger, "and now I want to look at some diamonds."

Thereupon the fellow with the rough dress and the coarse speech selected three large diamonds studs valued at $850. "Good," said he, "next I want some cuff buttons," and he selected a pair in which sparkled two expensive brilliants. "And now a collar button," said the man with the rough dress, and a collar button was produced in which sparkled another gem.

"Don't you think it'll look bar' on the breast?" inquired the stranger.

"Maybe," assented the Colonel.

"What's the price of that thar' cross?" pointing to a diamond cross containing thirteen large stones.

"Thirteen hundred dollars," said the Colonel.

"Well, put that in," said the man, bunching the gems together as if they were pieces of lettuce. He asked for his bill, and suggested that while the boy was "doin' up the stuff," he and the Colonel should have a drink. They retired together; then the stranger left, with the promise to return shortly.

The jeweler's clerk was not inclined to take the matter seriously, but the Colonel, on his return, ordered the gems put into their boxes and wrapped up, averring the sale to be bona fide. Sure enough, the fellow was back a few moments later, swinging a large sack of twenties, from which he counted out the price of the diamonds, amounting to $13,000. He explained then that his name was McMullin, that when down in Arizona he had discovered the famous McMullin Mine, which had made him rich. Had the Colonel not taken the watch back the trip to Arizona had been impossible, and he felt he owed him his prosperity.

Subsequently, McMullin returned and bought diamonds for his "gal," who afterwards became his wife. Then he disappeared. Some months later he entered the store, a shadow of his former self, and as he said, "dead broke." He wanted to borrow $20. The Colonel laid out five shining double eagles, and told McMullin to take them and pay when he could.

Eighteen months rolled round. Again the bronzed stranger returned. This time he had discovered the famous ——— Mine, and was again rolling in wealth. Finally, through drink and unwise speculations, McMullin came to the County Hospital, sick and broken down, and people wondered why it was the Montgomery Street jeweler visited the pale invalid in Ward A, and how it happened that chicken and soup and other dainties were supplied with so much generosity to McMullin. Another episode illustrative of this diplomatic intelligence occurred when Colonel Andrews was in business in Mobile. It shows even more pointedly the peculiar type of his mind.

Leaving home one night to procure medicine for his wife at a neighboring drug store, he was obliged to pass his own establishment. The Colonel makes it a rule to have one employee sleep upon the premises. Returning with the medicaments, he took the precaution to look in through the keyhole to see if everything was in order. The employee was awake, and there being no cause for uneasiness, he hurried along, "almost in a run," as he explains. A policeman, witnessing the occurrence, made chase, and the Colonel, thinking him a footpad, hastened his speed.

"Stop," cried the guardian, "I am an officer, and if you don't pull up I'll shoot."

The Colonel was taken to jail, protesting meanwhile that he was the proprietor of the store, and was not attempting to pick the lock or make a false key. While waiting the return of a messenger who had been sent after friends to come and identify him, the City Sheriff appeared and demanded in astonishment:

"Hello! Andrews, what are you doing here?"

"This officer has arrested me," said the Colonel, "for attempting to break into my own store."

Explanations followed, and one may imagine the discomfiture of the policeman, who supposed he had earned the everlasting enmity of a leading merchant. But the Colonel was not made of this kind of stuff. The next day he selected a fine gold ring, and had engraved upon it: "Presented to Officer ———, for vigilance in arresting me." That evening the astonished and delighted officer was the recipient of a gift from a source whence he had expected anger and possible dismissal. The consequence was that Andrews's establishment was better guarded than any store in Mobile; he had the friendship of the force, and never lost a cent through burglars.

But here is another tale, which shows that generosity is not always its own reward. A rich Nevadan, who proposed to celebrate a big strike by purchasing diamonds for his wife, was recommended to Shreve's and to Andrews's. The Nevadan first called at Shreve's, and the diamonds shown there delighted the lady. Subsequently they called upon Andrews, but his gems did not appeal to her as did those of the former establishment.

"But the Shreve diamonds are set, are they not?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Then permit me to set these, madam, according to your design, and if you do not like them better than the others, I'll cheerfully bear the cost myself."

The lady explained her views, and the diamonds were arranged as she had suggested, and, subsequently, when she called to see them, she was delighted, and loudly expressed her preference. The happy husband then announced that he would be in to purchase them on a given day.

In the interval, however, news came of the sudden death of a brother in Nevada. The husband called and explained that his wife had lost her desire for the jewelry, and he asked Andrews to postpone the transaction until they again came to town. Indeed, circumstances compelled them to return by the evening train. "Besides," continued the Nevadan, "my wife is suffering from a violent headache, and is almost hysterical."

"My friend," said the Colonel, not willing to lose a sale of such magnitude, "if you will bring your wife here I'll promise to cure her headache in short order. A man who would purchase diamonds to such an extent as this for his wife is certainly fond of her, and ought to be ready to do anything that will tend to relieve her mind from such distress and divert her mind."

This struck the Nevadan as a good idea, and the twain appeared soon after. By the agency of a stick of methol the headache soon disappeared; the gems were produced and admired.

Both had decided that they would postpone the purchase, when there entered the store a wo-be gone, poverty-stricken tramp. The chief clerk was about to eject the mendicant, but the Colonel, raising his hand, stopped him, saying:

"No, no; the poor fellow may be hungry, and he shall not leave my door-way if I can help him." Turning to the tramp, he asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes," responded he, "and dry."

"Here's a half-dollar, my good fellow. Satisfy your hunger rather that your throat."

The rough, warm-hearted Nevadan dove into his pocket, and, producing a half-dollar, also gave it to the tramp. Then, turning to the jeweler, he said:

"Wrap up the stones. I'll take them." And he afterwards explained to Andrews that his generosity to the tramp had been the cause and meaning of the sudden change of mind.

JULES LICK.

PUBLIC PEOPLE.

Sir Edward Gray is regarded as the coming leader of the Radical party in the House of Commons, and has even undergone eulogy at the hands of Lord Rosebery. He is a liberal man, has a singularly prepossessing [illegible] manners, and his voice has a peculiar depth and melody. Even the *Saturday Review* says his speeches are thoughtful and earnest, and he never mistakes rudeness for repartee.

The habits of the young King Alexander of Servia are such as to furnish interesting matter for investigation to a student of heredity. The founder of His Majesty's family was a swineherd. The king, who is only nineteen years old, is of phenomenal strength and physical development, and takes pleasure in knocking his enemies' heads together.

The young Czarina of Russia has informed her ladies-in-waiting and other members of the court that she will permit no woman to approach her who smokes. The [illegible] consternation, as the ladies are addicted to cigarettes as to tea-drinking. The Grand Duchess Vladimir is both an inveterate smoker and a gambler.

The Right Honorable Herbert Gardner, Lord Burghelere, an ex-Cabinet Minister of Great Britain, who is soon to visit the United States with his beautiful wife, is the only English peer and statesman who ever appeared in [illegible]. He was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria's youngest son, the late Duke of Albany, and was celebrated for his impersonations of female characters in public and private theatrical performances. The Duke of Albany himself once appeared in private theatricals dressed as a girl.

Lord Kelvin, formerly Sir William Thomson, the famous electrician and man of science, says fifteen minutes quick-fire cannonading will be sufficient to reduce a sailor on a modern man-of-war to a state of imbecility. A naval battle would soon resolve itself into a contest between lunatics.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, President Cleveland's "great and good friend," has joined the European colony of monarchs in exile. She owns a villa in Northern Italy, and a schloss and a considerable landed estate in the Austrian province of Istria. The Queen and her daughter will arrive at Castello Washington, the Istrian villa, toward the end of March. On Easter Monday the marriage will be celebrated there of Princess Kailuaolani, of Kaila, and Don Tommaso de San Felice, an Italian nobleman. There will then be a great gathering of South Sea Island courtiers and others. Her Majesty will proceed to her Istrian seat in summer.

The Kaiser celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday about a fortnight ago, and a Berlin florist, who knew how "to take occasion by the hand," sent him thirty-seven tiny oak trees. William II. was delighted. True, he remembered having studied in his "First Lessons in Composition and Rhetoric" that to liken a great man to an oak tree is a trite simile, but there was nothing of the hand-me-down order of similitudes in comparing him to a whole forest. So the thirty-seven little oaklings were given to the head gardener, and in the spring they will be transferred to one of the imperial gardens, where the Emperor will personally superintend their grouping. And the far-seeing florist now displays the royal arms above his door.

The Queen-Regent of Spain is a confirmed cigarette smoker, and seldom transacts any business without smoking before, during and after the transaction. It is the especial pleasure of "Bubi," officially known as Alphonso XIII., to light the cigarette for his mamma. "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, is also an inveterate smoker.

Chauncey Depew has the gift of judging champagne. There came to him recently a young woman who is interested in a brand of wine, for which she wanted his indorsement, saying it meant $10,000 in her pocket for a few lines from him. Depew refused stating he could easily make $100,000 per annum for testimonials, and that if he indorsed anything to drink it would reduce the business of the New York Central and prevent him being invited to address the students of a female seminary.

Queen Taitou, of Abyssinnia, the spouse of Menelek, is one of the class of women with whom it is well to stand on good terms. She conceals under a submissive aspect, an iron will, and a relentless disposition. She is well-formed, with regular features, except for a little defect of the mouth, which she endeavors to conceal when she speaks. Her skin is a clear brown. Her eyes are black, large and expressive. Her feet are small, and her hands are aristocratic, just as are her manners in general. She dresses in the Ethiopian fashion, with a great deal of taste and elegance.

Earl Grey, appointed by the British Government as Commissioner to administer the vast domains of the African Chartered Company, is a handsome man of about forty-four, and was known as Mr. Albert Grey until he succeeded to the peerage of his crotchety old granduncle about eighteen months ago. A brother of the Countess of Antrim and of Minto, as well as of the late Duchess of St. Albans, he belongs to a family which is renowned through England for its quarrelsome disposition.

Emperor Nicholas of Russia has at length signed the decree restoring to Grand Duke Nicolievitch all the honors of which he was deprived at the time of his [illegible] marriage at Nice to the attractive child of Prince Nicolas of Nassau and of a Montenegrin divorcee, the daughter of the great Russian poet Pushkin. Emperor Alexander III. had arranged for a match between his young cousin and Princess Victoria of Wales, the engagement being openly and publicly announced. At the last hour the Grand Duke jilted the English Princess and wedded the beautiful Countess Sophie Metenberg, a young American from Philadelphia acting as his best man at the wedding. The late Emperor was so infuriated that he at once banished the Grand Duke from the Empire, docked his large allowance and deprived him of all his military titles and honors, his rage being intensified by the sudden death of the young Grand Duke's mother, who expired in a fit of anger on hearing of the marriage. The young Grand Duke is now to return to Russia with his morganatic wife and child, the former having been created a Countess of Torby in her own right by the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, her uncle.

At Berlin people are alarmed about the increasing eccentricities of Emperor William, who seems to be immensely proud of the title of "Prince of Peace," applied to him by the President of the Transvaal, His Majesty obviously forgetting that the only other person in history who ever bore this title was the ignoble Godoy, the favorite of Queen Marie-Louise of Spain, who, after betraying to Napoleon the royal woman who had raised him from the humblest ranks to the highest position in the Kingdom, was murdered by a Madrid mob.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

POLITICAL combinations are as often a coalition of common hatreds as a union of common causes. A curious condition has been brought about in Alameda County by Governor Budd. Between John P. Irish and Frank Moffitt there has existed, for many years, an intense antagonism. The announcement of an ambition by the former defined at once the opposition of the latter. Wherever Moffitt showed his head Irish stood ready to bump it. But they have at last found a bond of contact—dislike of Governor Jim; and, in consequence, the stalwart Moffitt loudly announces a determination to send Irish to the State Convention from his own district just to emphasize and define this open hostility. He is certain the Naval Officer lives only for the discovery of opportunities of denouncing the Governor, and of these there should arise plenty at the Convention. Considering previous conditions, this inversion is so extraordinary that the Colonel refuses to accept its credibility. He declines to believe in the ex-Senator's good faith, and his skepticism alone prevents the consummation of two revenges. However, when conversing on the possibilities of this anomalous alliance, both make it clear that the basis is not that they dislike each other less, but they hate Budd more.

* * *

The Union League Club has invited Chauncey Depew to a banquet to be given in his honor. There is to be no mistake as to whom the club wishes to honor; it is Depew, not—at present at any rate—Levi P. Morton. Chauncey is here on a "pleasure" trip. General Clarkson was here on a "business" trip. Each gentleman has, however, been industriously dropping seeds by the bushel basket in the hope of reaping a presidential boom in the not distant future in favor of his particular candidate. To Clarkson the Union League Club tendered no reception, lest it might be construed an an acceptation of the "friend of the west"—for such was the reputation the "General" desired to give Allison. Now, however, it proposes to receive Chauncey for his own sake, and not because his pleasure trip is a booming for Morton. The query suggests itself, "Was not Clarkson worthy of a reception for his own sake?"

* * *

Just at this juncture the identity of the men who are to go to the National Conventions engages the curiosity of the political mind. The aspect of local affairs indicates the ultimate supremacy of the Spreckels, which means that the delegation will be drawn from the adherents of that clan, and will include, doubtless, John D., Sam Shortridge, his brother, the editor of the *Call*, Jim Rea, and their lieutenants. Whatever predilections there be toward Allison, it is safe to believe that the wild-eyed errors of the past will not be repeated. The party is to go unpledged, and will think long ere committing itself. At least the promise of a Cabinet office will be exacted as the price of support, or perhaps the compliment of the Vice-Presidency to a Californian. It is good to learn of the positive abandonment of those traditional illustrations of the glorious climate and the matchless resources, cases of claret and champagne, and baskets of fruit, which have ever formed the outfit, and important adjunct, of our delegations. That is a relic of the past. Our men propose now to be as icy, as dignified, and as remote, as though hailing from Maine or Massachusetts. The identity of the Democratic delegation is less mysterious. It is possible Gavin McNab may be delegate at large; James D. Phelan or Bernard Murphy will doubtless represent the Fifth; Geo. T. Marye can go from the Fourth; Frank Nichol of Stockton is a certainty, and Dr. Nutting has ambitions in the First. The choice from Oakland is uncertain, for the Fitzgeralds and the Bill Englishes are in the field with separate combinations, and the pick is with the victor. That, briefly, is the situation, but it is one which alters with the passing of days and nights.

* * *

Here is a disquieting piece of political information: Dr. O'Donnell has had his ambition diverted from the Mayoralty to a seat in Congress and desires to represent the 4th District in the National Legislature. This laudable aspiration seems to his optimistic soul well within the possibilities, for a careful figuring up of his successive votes indicates the possession of sufficient strength to cut a figure. Should he carry the threat into execution it is—farewell Congressman J. G. Maguire. That worthy will be retired into private life with a painful precipitancy. The participation of the notable quack means, of course, the success of the Republican candidate whoever he be. There is talk among the well informed of Will Barnes, and if he could be persuaded to enter, there need be little doubt of the result, but he proposes on retiring from office, to attend to the requirements of a growing law practise. Among the Democrats there is evinced an inclination to thrust responsibility on James D. Phelan. He will either be a candidate for Mayor with the new charter in view, or else, will conduct the campaign as Chairman of the State Central Committee. Admittedly a good manager and with reliability, good sense, and considerable felicity of expression as endowments, he would win honors in that role and help amazingly toward reducing anticipated Republican majorities.

* * *

Apropos of ambitions, I am inclined to believe that the journalistic prognosticators are misled over the aspirations of Claus Spreckels and his son. Unless I am mistaken, the able old Sugar King is quite content with his role of refiner and railroad builder, while John D. designs rather to name senators than to be one. He desires to have power; his participation in politics is the expression of a purely individual wish to have a voice in the government of the State, and, though it might be unwise to say he would refuse a proffer of the toga, the chances are that he would try it on Sam Shortridge. The talent of both father and son is executive. They are better in the council chamber than on the rostrum, and may be depended on to prefer story-telling to speech-making.

* * *

IN AN uptown hotel there resides a distinguished Irish family, which, prior to St. Patrick's Day, consisted of a husband, a wife, and a parrot. The parrot has since paid the penalty of indiscreet speech, under circumstances which seem too funny to be true. The husband hated the bird, but explained his complaisance on the score of its color—green. On the other hand, it served to console the wife, a quiet body, in the frequent absences of her consort, who is given to increasing the ardors of a naturally excitable disposition by over-indulgence in whiskey. His condition under such circumstances has become familiar to the sagacious Polly, whose ears had grown habituated to the sadly resigned murmur of his mistress.

"That poor fool Patrick's drunk again."

On the anniversary night of the patron of Ireland, aware of her conditions which the occasion precipitated in the spouse, the good lady sought other quarters, leaving the parrot in charge of the rooms. At midnight her husband returned, well under the influence of the Saint, and staggered solemnly into the room. At the noise of his arrival the parrot piped:

"That poor fool Patrick's drunk again."

The accumulated resentment of six months exploded that instant. The husband found a poker and beat cage and bird into mere splinters with such an expenditure of fire and vigor that its fond mistress found of her Polly next morning only a tangle of broken wires, stray feathers, and a green stain on the carpet. The Archbishop has successfully exerted his powers of persuasion, and Madame has retired her divorce proceedings.

* * *

GENERAL CLARKSON was the representative of a syndicate of capitalists who wanted to control the street railway system of the City of Mexico. Dealing with Mexican officials is purely a game of patience, and as a rival syndicate entertained similar designs, the degree of forbearance exercised may be imagined. The opponent was a Spaniard, and he had relations with the Government which made him dangerous. However, the General dealt with the President, and finally they agreed on $11,000,000 as the price of the property. To ratify the transaction the consent of a certain high official had to be obtained. He succumbed to pressure, and agreed to sign his name next day. The document was before him, the pen in his hand, when a messenger arrived from Diaz, commanding him to desist. The rival had seen Clarkson ascending the treasury stairs, and realizing by the triumphant expression of his face that the game was won, rushed off to the President and told him the General was the advance guard of an American invasion; that the United States Government having decided to annex Mexico, had delegated him as its representative to obtain the car system, and form an army of employees. Hint to a Mexican of Gringo designs, and there is no story too incredible for their gullibility. So positive was the effect of the story on Diaz, that all negotiations were at once dropped and Clarkson retired. However, the rival won nothing, for the property has remained since in the hands of the Government, until bonded recently by a Californian—H. A. Butters.

* * *

If in the transactions of the Mechanics' Library Trustees there arise those differences of opinion which so often goad men into belligerency, depend on it P. J. Healy, who has just been elected to office, will raise no finger for peace. He is a dealer in second-hand books, is Irish, and as pugnacious as a bantam. Among his proclivities is an interest in the single tax that has converted him into an adherent of Congressman Maguire. One night Maguire was addressing in an impassioned strain, an audience of enthusiasts and dwelt on the rights of men born equal. Eloquently he dwelt on the privileges of equality; there should be no distinctions between high and low, rich and poor, alien or native.

"Does that apply to the Chinese, Judge?" inquired Mr. Healy in the politest way possible.

Maguire paused embarrassed. It was an audience of workingmen and theorists, and hatred of Chinese is the keynote of their creed. Before he could destroy his reputation or his logic, a friend started hooting the inconvenient questioner and the confusion which ensued relieved the lecturer of the necessity of reply.

* * *

SINCE HIS engagement by Adolph Spreckels to supervise affairs at Ingleside, Sam Leake has become an habitué of the Grill Room. Among the Sacramento politicians he acquired celebrity by the dexterity of his manipulation and no one says he has lost the faculty since arriving in town. At the Legislature, of which Frank Gould was Speaker, Leake was a prominent member of the Third House. He had various corporate interests in charge and conducted them with judgment. The most debatable quantity in the game, however, was Gould, on whose dictum hinged the fate of several bills. Being honest and unprejudiced he was as liable to hold for the corporation as for its opponents, and the uncertainty kept the manipulators moving. As the end of the session drew near, there arose interesting questions of precedence and as they involved the revival of obnoxious measures, Leake made up his mind to discover the rulings in advance. So he gave an elaborate dinner and the Speaker sat at his right hand. He had three kinds of wines, and libations of champagne at the roast. When the auspices seemed happiest, he turned the conversation on rules of order, and discussed parliamentary law with frequent appeals to Gould, who entered into the debate with proper authority. Finally the wily Sam asked the Speaker to unravel a knotty point which he and a friend had quarreled over, framing at the same time a hypothetical question which involved the point at issue in the House. Gould, pretending innocence of the motive, provided the answer that Leake had hoped for, and announced he could see no other way of deciding. Whereupon Sam telegraphed the good news to his friends; but a day later the question came up, and Gould took exactly the opposite attitude. The two met outside, and the Speaker observed quietly to his erstwhile host:

"Sam, use some better bird lime than champagne when you are after such an old cock as I am."

* * *

THE journalistic cauldron bubbles and seethes. Never have the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* hated each other more bitterly. Intense rivalry prevails; reporters are warned that defections from one journal to another mean permanent exclusion. For the spectators, and for Charles Shortridge, the situation is amusing. Here are two belligerents beating each other black and blue, and we wonder if those body blows they deal each other really hurt, or are like the punches which the comedians exchange at the Orpheum, merely for effect. In the meantime, the *Call* is gaining subscribers, and presenting us with fresh marine pictures, and the *Bulletin* is arranging to send all the school marms to Europe, besides crusading against the unfortunate Brown. By the way, the Saturday issue of this journal is well worthy of commendation; it has just secured the rights to Stevenson's last story, *Weir of Hermiston*, and, besides, publishes a quantity of excellent original matter from members of its own staff. It is gaining rapidly, and is now said to have a bigger circulation than any San Francisco evening paper ever before attained. This, however, is not an affidavit. THE WITNESS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TWO TO ONE.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

They strolled boldly off under the same parasol in the direction of the beach. She was pretty and petite, with soft, fluffy hair so light as to be almost white. It did not matter to most people whether he was pretty or not. Some said he had five millions; others declared it wasn't more than two. He had the reputation of being extremely wary. The girls watched them go with uplifted eyebrows and significant smiles, and wondered if he knew—they did not say exactly what. Perhaps they did not quite know themselves. The men laughed and made sotto voce bets of two to one on Little Tow-Head.

Meanwhile he was standing on the beach below her, holding up his hands.

"Jump, 'fraid-cat," he said.

"But it's too high for me," she objected, from the rocks above. "I'm not a great long thing."

"It isn't so far as it looks. Come, don't be afraid to take the plunge. It's leap year, you know. There: that wasn't bad, was it? Do you realize that this is the last leap year for eight years?" he added.

"Dear me, I'll have to bestir myself," she said, curling up against a big rock. "Next one I'll be an antique of twenty-six," with a pensive air.

"No, you don't young woman," was the rude answer. "Don't you suppose I know what leap year you'll be thirty in?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to be eighteen, anyway," she said, with a bold change of front. "It's a horrid, crude age, all breaks and blushes. Twenty-four is much nicer. I'm going to stay there some years. I wonder if any girl, any nice girl, ever did take advantage of leap year?" she went on, presently.

"I think girls do more of the asking than people generally realize," he answered, frowning at some recollection.

"But that's because they are in love, or getting passée, or anxious to secure some particular treasure," she said; "not because it is leap year and their indisputable right."

He rolled over in the sand and looked up at her with a subdued laugh in his eyes.

"Let's inaugurate the custom—among nice girls," he said. "Suppose you try your hand at it now."

A puff of wind blew her hair across her eyes. It was as though a drift of silvery fog had come between them. She emerged laughing, and did some inexplicable things with hairpins.

"I wouldn't risk it for worlds," she said, emphatically. "If a man refused me, I'd never forgive him as long as I lived. Oh, I'd die of mortification."

"By the way, they say that you turned down Dick Hartridge," he said, burrowing absently in the sand. She straightened up.

"Did Alice tell you?" she demanded. "She's the only person in the world that knows it. She hadn't any business——"

"It's true, then?" he said. "Oh, nobody told me; I just inferred it. I suppose he was simply furious?"

"I don't see why. He hadn't the least right to be," she answered, indignantly. "It wasn't my fault, and I was as nice as I could be about it. I don't see what excuse he had to be angry."

He smiled to himself and, apparently, dropped the subject.

"About leap year," he said. "You know, if I should refuse you, I'd have to give you a silk gown."

"A silk gown!"

"Didn't you know that was the old leap year custom? I suppose it comforted the girl, and taught the man to recognize a good thing when it was offered him."

"And it's just exactly what I want," she said, joyfully. "I do believe I'll try it."

"Fire ahead," he answered, resting his chin on his palm, and looking up, expectantly.

"Can I have it made anywhere I want?"

"I suppose so."

"And plenty of real lace?"

"Oh, certainly."

She drew a long, ecstatic breath; then her face fell.

"But oh, dear! What if you accepted me?" she exclaimed.

"I suppose that, also, would involve a silk dress or two—eventually," he answered, with a sigh.

"To be sure," she said, looking gravely out to sea Then a glance at him started an eddy of dimples.

"What wouldn't some of the girls give to be in my shoes for five minutes," she murmured. He tried to look mystified, or at least reproving, but laughter was too much for them both.

"They couldn't get into them," he said, pouring sand over one of the members in question. "They might cut off their heels or their toes, but they couldn't fool me. I'd know Cinderella every time."

"I wonder if she would have loved the Prince just as immediately if he had come in homespun," she said, thoughtfully.

"Just exactly," he answered, with decision. "Rank hadn't anything to do with that marriage. I have great faith in—Cinderella."

The silver fog showed signs of settling down again, but she pushed it back and leaned closer to the rocks to be out of the breeze.

"But don't you believe his velvet cloak and the title of Princess had some influence?" she persisted.

"Why, yes; and so did her pink cheeks and silvery hair on the Prince," he answered, earnestly; "but he didn't love her any the less when she lost them. And if he had lost his title and his velvet cloak, her love wouldn't have gone with them, would it?"

"I thought Cinderella had golden hair," she said, demurely.

Several men were lounging on the club-house steps as they strolled up from the beach, still under the same parasol. One of these, who looked as if life had taught him a thing or two, scrutinized them closely, then chuckled softly to himself.

"Good for Little Tow-Head," he said, half under his breath. "Say, Johnny, you owe me ten dollars."

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28, 1896.

THE THEATERS.

IMPRESSIONS OF SINBAD—A BIT OF DIALOGUE AT MOROSCO'S.

With "Captain Impudence" in its second week and "A Milk White Flag" in its third, the theater habitués were in a bad way Monday night. Most of them were to be seen at the Columbia, where, with the assistance of a few other people, they packed the house. Yes, we actually forgot and forgave Katie Putnam and the "Wicklow Postman," and bought even the upper boxes in order to see "Sinbad," an old Christmas extravaganza. From a spectacular point of view it is well worth seeing, particularly the latter part, though, of course, it makes one pray, "Make me a child again just for to-night," and feel hopelessly grown up. Still, it is a pretty show, and there is certainly plenty of it, for the program is long, and the stage is full to overflowing with girls, even as were some of the pink tights. I watched several of them with anxiety, and there were two pairs which I expected every moment to break into agonizing shrieks of dissolution, so stretched and strained were they, and so strenuous were their efforts to do their duty in that state of life to which they had been called and to those legs on which they had been pulled.

The backbone of the combination is Oscar Girard, a really clever comedian. He made quite a hit with his topical songs, and was the only man who was able to attract any attention to himself and rise above this collection of scantily and gayly clothed women. No, I forget the "Old Man of the Sea"; he managed to make himself conspicuous, but then he had to get on top of another man to do it, so it doesn't count. His method of speaking was, however, very pleasant; he seemed to talk in an ordinary conversational tone, yet his voice, mellow, agreeable, natural, could be distinctly heard over the whole house; yea, even in the back rows of the dress circle, where the Columbia people are fond of relegating critics. They are guilty of this blunder, and yet complain at "roasts." My dear friends, you neglect the very A, B, C's of diplomacy; if (as 'tis said) a pair of tight shoes or an indigestible dinner plays havoc with a critic's judgment, how much more disastrous will be a back seat and strained ears and eyes.

Carroll Johnson, the man who has been singing "My Angelina" at the Orpheum, is trying his "entirely new departure," "The Irish Statesman," at Morosco's this week. It is a play on the lines of "The Wicklow Postman" but infinitely brighter, better constructed, acted and staged, and it can be seen for just half the money. Of course Mr. Johnson interpolates "My Angelina," and, while he has hardly any voice, he makes such a pleasant rhythmical noise and manages to establish such genial relations with his audience that he is called back again and again. The part he has to play might be insufferable in many hands, but he manages to make the Irishman's conceit and constant prophesies of the great future awaiting him no more irritating than the naive remarks of a child "playing president."

I was inclined to think "O'Sullivan's" bland admissions of his sublime confidence in himself and his firm belief in his ultimate rise in life, overdrawn, but a young man in my vicinity proved me entirely wrong—left me without a leg to stand on, in fact, and did it without the least trouble too. He was there with "his girl," a large piece of gum, a red necktie, and no grammar. There was an assumption of nonchalance in his manner, a sort of "this-is-nothing much-to-me" air, while his girl—a pale, respectable "thoughtful-daughter" looking young woman—seemed in a state of tremulous happiness and evinced a distinct desire to have him hold her hand. She contented herself finally by leaning against his shoulder and sitting as close to him as the unfriendly chairs allowed.

"Oh, Bill," I heard her say, "ain't that a pretty lady in the box—the one with black hair and a little red flower in it."

"So, so," returned his majesty, fastening his roving and amorous eyes on the dark head, which was charmingly poised over shoulders whose expression and covering indicated refinement and a position far above his own. "I've kissed lots that were prettier," he said, a little later, with a wink.

"Oh, you're just awful, ain't you?" said the thoughtful daughter, with a nudge and a giggle.

Bill beamed.

"Yes, I were pretty bad when I fust grew up," he remarked, with swelling shirt front and an admiring glance at his ring.

Just here one of the dramatis personæ stated that O'Sullivan would be married to the Judge's daughter, "and President yet," and O'Sullivan looked as if it wouldn't surprise him.

"I believe you could be President if you tried, Bill," said his poor little sweetheart, with an adoring, dog-like glance at him.

"Mebbe so," said Bill, complacently. "Mebbe I could—or married to a judge's daughter any way," he continued with his eyes on the pretty girl in the box.

The good daughter's eyes followed his, her face fell and she sighed as she pulled at her shabby gloves.

"Popper," she remarked with apparent irrelevance after a moment's silence, "Popper is looking for a job."

PEG WOFFINGTON.

MATERNA-ONDRICEK CONCERT.

The Materna-Ondricek concert of Thursday evening was not so enjoyable as those of the first series, chiefly because it was too long, and incidentally because there was too much of Schott and Fickenscher, and too little of Materna and Ondricek. It would have been better had the veteran tenor omitted the Schubert and Schumann songs entirely, for Time has not dealt so kindly with his voice as with Materna's. The Lohengrin airs, too, were altogether out of place with piano accompaniment on such a program. Evidently Materna was suffering from cold, for she seemed quite unable to do herself justice, particularly in the "Rienzi" aria. However, both artists rose to the occasion in the glorious "Walkure" music of the Heaven-gifted Wagner.

They sang as if inspired.

It is really pitiful that these great operatic stars should be singing in concert in a foreign land, when, but a few years since, they held the first places in the opera houses of Germany, and were the petted and feted guests of the crowned heads of Europe. Considering the few rehearsals, the orchestra did very well in the "Walkure" selections—far better than in the accompaniment to the Mendelssohn concerto.

Ondricek played this number, as he did the Bruch *g minor*, in an apathetic fashion. But the "Hungarian Airs" of Ernst he played in his inimitable way, and was rewarded with enthusiastic and deserved recalls. Mr. Luckstone is certainly not a born conductor, nor can it be said that he has as yet acquired the art. Nevertheless, one point in his favor is that he knows his scores thoroughly. A much better leader is Mr. John Marquardt, who gave a very spirited and musical reading of the "Mignon" overture.

Although the orchestra was considerably better than the one which accompanied Marsick, yet it was far from satisfactory. As a solo pianist, Mr. Arthur Fickenscher was a distinct disappointment. He has a good technic of the old-fashioned kind, and his tone is not unmusical, although small. His playing of the "Waldesranschen" and "Campanella" of Liszt was most dry and uninteresting. Like Herr Schott, he was too easily persuaded to reappear, thereby making a long program longer. P. C. A.

THE LATEST VERSE.

FOUR QUATRAINS.

BY PERCY HEMINGWAY.

Ye cannot cheat the Master of your fate!
Proclaim the goal to which your feet are set.
He who knows all is the Compassionate,
Often His wisdom prompts Him to forget.

Why weep for days irrevocably dead,
For flaunting hopes in envious battle slain?
The bravest soldier frankly looks ahead,
Knowing he dare not fight the past again.

To-night old poets through the city go,
Doors shake and windows rattle at their tread,
The empty streets are noisy with the wo
Of sad immortals banished from the dead.

The future lies before us rich with gold,
Only the foolish backward gaze and fret:
What laughter lurkes in stories still untold!
What solemn songs await the singer yet!

A DUET.

BY T. STURGE MOORE.

"Flowers nodding gaily, scent in air,
Flowers posied, flowers in the hair,
Sleepy flowers, flowers bold to stare—"
"Oh, pick me some."

"Shells with lip, or tooth, or bleeding gum,
Tell-tale shells, and shells that whisper 'Come,'
Shells that stammer, blush, and yet are dumb—"
"Oh, let me hear."

"Eyes so black they draw one trembling near,
Brown eyes, caverns flooded with a tear,
Cloudless eyes, blue eyes so windy clear—"
"Oh, look at me."

"Kisses sadly blown across the sea,
Darkling kisses, kisses fair and free,
Bob a-cherry kisses 'neath a tree—"
"Oh, give me one."

Thus sang a queen and king in Babylon.

REFLECTED NOVELS.

NEW BOOKS THAT PROVOKE OLD MEMORIES.

"Let a man write a successful book on a new line, and a thousand little pen-pushers start up and write a thousand more on that same line, and think they've done something big because the first one did," said the man of letters, impatiently.

"They don't deliberately copy," said his wife. "They see the great book reflected in their shiny, threadbare little souls, and mistake the image for the real substance. No wonder they hold it up with some pride."

"Do you think they really don't know that it isn't their own? I don't," said the man of letters. "Call it intellectual kleptomania if you like. Perhaps they can't help it; but they know what they are doing fast enough."

"Everybody can't be on a new line; there wouldn't be enough to go around," said the wife. "Besides, often the follower does better than the originator."

"Then he is a co-worker, not a follower," said the man of letters. "Take Barrie and Maclaren and Crockett. No matter which came first, they all share the greatness."

"Another person's book may turn your eyes in a certain direction, but if you see for yourself, and see deeply, your book isn't a reflection," she said, thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said. "And then some one comes along like this P. Hay Hunter, and says to himself, 'Scotch dialect pays, evidently. Let's see what I can do in that line.'"

"And the result is, *James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder, With a Glossary*," she added. "The name is enough to frighten off most people."

"He gets in the Kirk all right," the man of letters went on, "and the meenister, and the political and religious controversies, and the usual dottle woggle gabble; in fact, all the correct attributes of a Scotch story, except the spirit, and humor, and pathos, and general deliciousness that you see through *A Window in Thrums* and *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. He thought the dialect was all that was needed."

"I think his dialect must be very good; it's so incomprehensible," she said, picking up the book. "And he sticks to it so fondly. If he'd only let the schoolmaster, or somebody like that, take the story for a chapter or two now and then, to give your tongue a rest. Think of reading nearly two hundred pages of things like 'pawkie chiel,' 'gey thrang singlin neeps,' 'it wad gar a soo scunner.' Eeny meeny miny mo would be more intelligible to the average reader. Nobody wants to keep turning to a glossary."

"He doesn't see that the story must be just as good as if it were written in straight English," said the man of letters; "that the dialect is merely an adjunct. When this Hunter can draw characters like Posty and Jamie Soutar and Leebie, and make you blubber like a girl——"

"And end up with a little humorous twist that saves your life——"

"Then he can write Scotch stories," concluded the man of letters. "Till then he'd better stick to——"

"Book reviews?" suggested his wife, a little wickedly.

"That's about all he's equal to," was the imperturbable answer.

"Still," she went on, after a pause, "it's rather hard on a book to judge it by the greatest. Why not judge it by the average book that comes out, or just by itself, for what it has and what it lacks?"

"So one does, when a book doesn't deliberately put itself in competition with the best," he answered. "It's the author's own fault. James Inwick has tried to stand beside the Stickit Minister, and so has called attention to his own insignificance. It's the same way with this little book by Cockburn Harvey, *The Light That Lies*."

"I know. It's just a reflection of Anthony Hope's things," said the wife.

"In a cracked mirror," he added. "That's the only thing I have against Hope,—the number of reflected *Dolly Dialogues* he is responsible for."

"Hope can make a man engaged to two people and flirting with a third and it's dear and funny," she said; "but it's rash for any one with a clumsier touch to try it."

"This poor little book tries so hard to be devilish," the man of letters went on. "It thinks that heading the chapters with French phrases was a masterstroke. I'm so tired of this blundering type of man who is always getting into awkward situations and giving mixed-up explanations and saying, 'and—and things you know.' The author does think 'damn' is such a funny word."

"What else can you expect of a person who jokes about unpaid tailor bills and makes profane puns on the name of Helen?" she said. "Damn really was funny once, though; especially when you broke off in the middle and changed it to bother. I've laughed at that, I know."

"So were tailor bills funny once,—other people's," he said, with some scorn. "Now we have laughed all we can at them, and at the average smarty, would-be flippant, kiss-the-nearest-girl dialogues."

"No matter how light a dialogue seems, there must always be some real character study behind it," she said. "The actual truth of a thing is so often the foundation of its humor."

"And Hope recognizes that," the man of letters agreed. "No matter how ridiculous his characters are, there is always a touch of reality about them that makes the complications deliciously absurd. Let the same complications befall inane dummy heroes and typical femininities and the life is gone out of it. However the author deludes himself, the world never mistakes the reflection for the living being."

"I wonder if children do? Or don't they care?" mused his wife. "This *Tommy Toddles*, by Albert Lee, would be a very nice book if it hadn't come *Through the Looking Glass*, as it were."

"I think a child who loved his *Alice* would like another book all the better for dealing with March hares and rabbits and White Queens, no matter if it wasn't by the same author," the man of letters said. "They wouldn't resent it as we should, or feel any sense of desecration about it. To them cake is always good, no matter who the cook is, or what the quality of the baking."

"Suppose if somebody had your *Alice* or *Snark* and wouldn't give it up, *Tommy Toddles* would do very well as a substitute," she said, "though to my grown-up eyes they bear about the same relation to each other as an amateur photograph does to a Gibson drawing."

"I think I'd have enjoyed a loon cracking jokes with a hammer and seals weeping sealing-wax tears, twenty years ago," said the man of letters.

"I think you mean thirty," murmured his wife.

"And I'd have loved that about the oysters,—give them an inch-worm and they want an elephant," he went on, ignoring the aside; "and the duel that settles the fact that the penguin is mightier than the sword-fish."

"They only fought to bring in the pun," she objected. "I thought the best touch was the gopher's wanting the giraffe's long neck because things would taste good all the way down it. And the pictures of Tommy with his billow curl are lovely. Still, it isn't original."

"There is very little in this world that is," he said, regretfully. "Take these farces by John Kendrick Bangs; they are Howells's all over."

"Why, I thought they were quite funny," remonstrated his wife.

"So were Howells's once, long before you can remember. These have the same young married couple—wife silly and commonplace, husband facetious and resigned—second married couple, less silly and less humorous, a couple of odd men and a nonentity girl. The situations are slightly different, and some of the jokes."

"I didn't care so much for the first one, *The Bicyclers*, but *A Dramatic Evening* seemed to me intensely funny, and so did *The Fatal Message*. They would both act splendidly."

"Perhaps I'm biased," said the man of letters, frankly. "The truth is, I've been in daily terror lest you should want to get up one of them. If you'll swear you won't——"

"Of course I don't want to. How absurd!"

"Well, then, I really think they might act rather well for the benefit of a kitchen garden, or a Doctor's Daughters' Christmas Tree. But you needn't repeat that. When anybody glances around our drawing-room with an eye to dramatic possibilities, and asks me what I think of Bangs's farces, I say: 'Merely a humorous imitation of Howells's' and change the subject."

"Well, here is a book, anyway, that isn't on anybody's else line, *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst*," said the wife. "It has its own faults and its own merits, not other people's."

"It was such a splendid idea for a book that I can't help being sorry that this M. Pett Ridge didn't make more of it," said the man of letters. "A prosperous, successful man echoes the universal statement, 'If I had my life to live over again, I'd do differently.' He is given a chance to live it over, with all the experience of his other life to help him, and makes a dreadful muss of it."

"The way the chance was given him was so fantastic—Jove offering it through the telephone," she objected.

"It was better than having it a dream, anyway. It would be hard to find a plausible method," he answered. "The book is interesting, and so bright that it is a pity it isn't cleverer."

"Mrs. Reade, who was of no importance, is splendidly drawn, while the hero, who had such an opportunity in the way of development, is not half real or vivid enough," said the wife. "Kitty is good, but Mrs. Brentford is just the conventional abstract of woman, and that whole episode on the Rhine is unnatural and lacking in strength."

"That's just it," said the man of letters. "It could have had so much strength and depth without losing any of its attractive lightness. If the author is young, I think some day he will want to write that book all over again, with more stress on the idea of living one's life over, and a deeper working out of the problem."

"With a real woman for Mrs. Brentford," she assented, "and a bigger kind of a man for the hero."

"With careful Roentgen photographs of his inner workings at each stage of the game," added the man of letters.

J. W. T.

KIMIKO.

Art and instruction are inimitably blended in Lafcadis Hearn's new book, *Kokoro*, which has just been issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The papers composing the volume treat of the inner life of Japan—of the emotional side of the Japanese character and have the charm inseparable from this writer's literary style. Among the stories which illustrate the love sentiment of Chrysanthemum Land is the graceful but melancholy tale of Kimiko, who once lived in the street of the Geishas. As related by Hearn, her history spreads over many pages, but here, briefly, is the sad complication:

Kimiko was more than pretty; she was clever, accomplished, and "genteel." Her original name was Ai, which many love. She had been well brought up at a private school, and had read stories in English, French, and German. As she budded into womanhood misfortune befell her family; she was left as the sole support of a mother and an infant sister. She could not earn money enough. The mother sold her house, her heirlooms, her trinkets, her costly robes, her crested lacquerware, even the gold mountings of her buried husband's sword—all went, and then there was nothing left, and Ai's mother fell ill.

"Let me be sold to the dancing girls," said she, and she repaired to a geisha whom she knew and whose name was Kimika.

"I will not buy you," said the geisha, "for I have not money enough; but you shall live with me, and I will support your mother and the baby, provided your mother signs a bond that you shall be mine till you are twenty-four, or till you pay me back."

Kimiko—for she was renamed by Kimika—became the belle among the geishas of Kyoto. She was as bright as she was beautiful. She knew the power of beauty and the weakness of passion. Rich men offered her lands and houses on condition of owning her body and soul, but she shook her pretty head with a coquettish laugh. To be in her good graces for a day was the ambition of the gilded youth. She accepted gold and diamonds, but she would not part with her freedom. Respectable women spoke well of her, because her name never figured in any tale of domestic unhappiness.

One summer moon there came wooing a gentleman whom Kimiko could not dismiss with a laugh and a flutter of her fan. He was in earnest and he was worthy. To him she said:

"It is time that I should speak. For the sake of the mother who gave me life and the little sister, I have lived in hell. That is past, but the scorch of the fire is upon me, and there is no power that can take it away. It is not for such as I to enter into an honored family, nor to bear you a son. Suffer me to speak. Never shall I be your wife to become your shame. I am your companion only, your playfellow. Some true, sweet lady will be chosen for you, to be the mother of your children, but the place of a wife I will never take, and the joy of a mother I will never know."

Then she disappeared, vanished from the face of the earth.

Years afterward, when the man, after having sought her vainly, did marry a lady who bore him a son, a mendicant nun knocked at his door for the meal of rice which no good Buddhist denies to the wayfarer. The little boy came to the door, and she caressed and kissed him, and the child poured the rice into the mendicant's bowl.

"Will you," asked the nun, "repeat to your father, when I am gone, the words which I say to you: 'Father, one whom you will never see again in this world says that her heart is glad because she has seen your son.'"

And then, softly laughing, she passed out into the trackless distance.

J. B.

AN AMERICAN MAN OF LETTERS.

The Life of Bayard Taylor, by Albert H. Smyth, is the latest volume in the "American Men of Letters Series." Its appearance just now is, in a sense, inopportune, in another sense, most opportune. Whatever Bayard Taylor's place in American literature is to be a century hence, his name is now-a-days well-nigh forgotten. It suggests the author of certain books of travel, which had a great vogue in their day, but which are now superseded; it suggests the translator of *Faust*, but Americans who read *Faust* at all read it in German, and many critics prefer Anna Swanwick's version. Fewer perhaps, think of Taylor as a poet, yet it was his life-long and central ambition to achieve something in verse. But he was not an original force in literature; he had no great message to deliver, nothing that insisted upon being said in verse, that could not be said in prose. He was "master of the mechanics of his art" and subject matter was of secondary importance.

There is then, no great curiosity about Bayard Taylor; Mr. Smyth's book supplies no "long felt want." Its proper function is, rather, to call attention to another and an equally forgotten phase of Taylor's life, to Taylor the novelist. It is through his novels, indeed, that Taylor's name will be known a hundred years hence, if known at all. For here he was working at first hand, on ground that he knew well. He was of Pennsylvania German and Quaker stock, and in his youth felt himself fettered and repressed by the severe practicality of those about him. His attempt to live in Pennsylvania in later life failed. To the simple, narrow minds of his neighbors all customs not their own—the habits of a man of the world—were wicked. Yet Taylor is at his best in depicting their life, or rather the life of their grandfathers, which had, perhaps, more color and variety than their own. It was, in a way, English, too; fox-hunting was typical of it. Just at the beginning of the century it formed a cheery contrast to the New England gravity, and in its vigorous, prosaic heartiness, a contrast to the more romantic and aristocratic society of the South. It was a society intensely conservative; for this reason, perhaps, critical rather than productive; but in this critical function, a sane and restraining influence in American literature. Whatever literary value Bayard Taylor has is as interpreter of this conservative influence; that is, as novelist, or even more specifically, as the author of *The Story of Kennett*. He felt that American life needed repose; in *The Story of Kennett* he has done much to show the value of that, to give it that. To the never-ending stir and unrest and ineffectual change of our Western life, and to the broad magnificence of our Western landscape, the slow-going contentment of Pennsylvania ninety years ago and the intimate, homely charm of Chester Valley farms and lanes offer a pleasant and healthful contrast. One would not voluntarily choose the one way of life rather than the other; but *Kennett* shows us that now-a-days we have gone to the other extreme; it recalls to our minds the fact that there is a charm in repose and contemplation as well as in action and in the "large and liberal discontent."

Mr. Smyth's *Life* contains no new material; his task, as he himself says, has been that of arrangement and selection. The book is provided with a good index, and a bibliography of Taylor's works. For the rest, it is, in the main, careful, scholarly, just—a volume that is worthy of the publishers and of the editor of the series.

H.

The predatory tendencies of the *Argonaut* have so often been animadverted on that further comment thereon may savor of tautology. *Vanity*, a bright New York weekly, is the last journal to protest against the methods which rule in Mr. Harte's sanctum. The comment is decidedly caustic, and, for the benefit of those who do not know how the *Argonaut* is put together, I cull it:

Last week I had occasion to comment upon the freedom with which VANITY is quoted by journals, which, while fully appreciative of the good things offered in these pages, are frequently piratically reluctant to give us credit for same. Among these papers the San Francisco *Argonaut* is the most unscrupulous and daring. Its custom is to adopt clever paragraphs of ours *verbatim*, and these in turn are reprinted in Eastern journals and credited to the *Argonaut*. Not long ago the *Evening Sun* thus reprinted a story of ours about the mother of the Sultan Abdul Aziz of Turkey, and gave the *Argonaut* the credit of its authorship, thus becoming, though innocently, *particeps criminis* in the latter's theft. If the *Argonaut* continues this sort of thing, decent papers will have to take care how they clip from its columns. There is really no excuse for such piracy. Permission to use VANITY'S bright ideas is freely accorded to those who are willing to acknowledge source from which they draw. For this reason the act is indefensible.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder," by P. Hay Hunter. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"The Light that Lies," by Cockburn Hardy. J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers. For sale by Jos. A. Hoffman, 120 Sutter Street.

"Tommy Toddles," by Albert Lee. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"The Bicyclers and Three Other Farces," by John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst," by W. Pett Ridge. Harper & Bros., publishers.

BOOK NOTES.

Frederick, a new irresponsible hero of Mrs. Walford's (the madam is to be held accountable to her sex for these queer male characters she is giving us, despite her resort to the indefinite initial letters dodge, whereby she signs herself only "L. B. Walford"), is not half so original in disposition as he is in practise. He shares the rather common disaffection for labor or personal responsibility to social obligations, which include some kind of work for even lords and gentlemen, and desires simply to be let alone to enjoy himself in his own way. But the beauty of his scheme is that he succeeds in *being* so absolved, though he is a gentleman of means, good morals, and utterly harmless motives—a being particularly inviting to Society's habit of interference. Very few people who really could lead a glad, free life, unhampered by cares of the busy world, are permitted to do so—there is always the Neighborhood, headed by a capital letter, which may be said to be the letter of an unwritten law, to step austerely into the elysium, and, by pointing a finger, however unwarrantably, at the disturbed occupant, make him so uncomfortable that he will think he is ashamed of himself. In reality he is only harried. But, dear me, the world will never learn to mind its own business, so why protest against having its nose in our plate at meals and under our bed at nights? *Frederick* is a very delightful tale, withal, and the young man's splendid irresponsibility is rewarded by several prizes, among them the prettiest wife in the countryside.

[Macmillan & Co., publishers, New York.]

Dear old Mary Anderson in an introductory note to her autobiography says she is content to be forgotten "except by such of my friends as I hope will always keep a place for me in their hearts." She tells us the volume is intended to point a moral to young actresses, showing that the glitter of the stage is by no means golden.

The Scribners announce a new volume of short stories by H. C. Bunner—*Jersey Street and Jersey Lane*. Mr. Bunner is in San Francisco, resting, and is established at the Occidental Hotel.

Mark Twain's impressions of the modern interviewer should be worth hearing. "Interviewing," he says, "would be quite justifiable if the public would grant that when a man is being interviewed he is not expected to say anything worth the interviewer's trouble in recording." That, however, is the opportunity and the responsibility of the interviewer. It is the fault of the agent if the actor does not display himself.

The April issue of *Godey's Magazine* is the long expected bicycle number. It is full of the wheel in all its cycles. General Miles writes of the bicycle in military operations; the latest novelties in equipments are presented; there are several bicycle stories; Doctor Bird decides the conditions under which bicycling is most healthy; some one else tells how a bicycle became a bicycle; and there is much more on the same line.

A feature of the April *St. Nicholas* is an article about flying-machines by Tudor Jenks. It is finely illustrated, and really very clever of its kind. Another article is devoted to the revival of the Olympian games in Greece; C. F. Holder writes about "How a Whale Looked Pleasant"; there are several chapters of "The Prize Cup," the conclusion of "Teddy and Carrots," and some bright and graceful verse.

Edmund Purcell retorts in the *Nineteenth Century* on the priestly critics who have so denounced his biography of Cardinal Manning. He publishes a letter from W. E. Gladstone, in which the book is termed "fascinating and entrancing," and declares that he had the Cardinal's authority to comment on both the Catholic and Protestant periods of his life. Even the very letters and documents of which he is accused of undue use, were entrusted to him by his subject. Purcell further turns the tables by revealing that he tried to interest the Catholic clergy in the work, but they had refused all participation.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

James O'Neill follows "A Milk White Flag" at the Baldwin, in a repertoire of romantic plays, opening on Monday night, the 29th, in "Monte Cristo."

"Captain Impudence" has been favored with fairly good houses at the California, and will be followed by "Friends," Mr. Royle's very successful drama.

A most remarkable ventriloquist, Segommer, is to be seen at the Orpheum. He has a stage crowded with figures, consisting of several animals, and a few black, and also white, individuals of the human race, who, by electric contrivances and reproduction of voices, he is able to render so natural, as, in some instances, to deceive his audience. Another very good feature, on a bill which has had few rivals at this house, is the Bruet and Rivière number. They style themselves French Vocal Imitators, and have for stock in trade two eccentric voices, with which they perform on violin, guitar, cello, and xylophone at will, while their song, "C'est le Chat," is a perfect imitation of two cats. There are several equilibristic performances given by the Kins-Ners and the Pantzers, which, for physical glibness, have rarely been equaled.

The Tivoli Company has been in good shape this week in "Said Pasha." The opera is not a new one here, but it has been revived in new garments and very pretty scenery. Hartman, in his old role of Hadad, was very amusing, and was quite ably assisted in his nonsense by Mr. Kavanaugh. Fanny Liddiard, who always dresses her parts well, made a good-looking Alti, and Carrie Roma's voice was heard to advantage as Balah Sojah. The next opera in preparation is "Blue Beard," which is featured as an Easter production on the bills—but "Said Pasha" will be continued another week.

The Alcazar seems to have entered on a season of prosperity. Certainly the continuous performances of the week have been exceptionally good. A very material part of the performance is the little play, which usually opens the show, and which is enacted by such well-known and competent performers as Fanny Young, Leonard Grover, May Noble, and others. There is also a new member to the company, by name, Gordan Foster, who is a good actor. The short play is followed by an excellent variety program. Best seats only twenty-five cents.

Selma, the favorite pupil of Mme. Marchesi, is to appear at Procter's Pleasure Palace in New York. It was only by offering most munificent terms—$1400 a week—that Selma could be secured for vaudeville, as she has never appeared in anything but grand opera. She is very young and pretty, and Massenet, the composer, has written most enthusiastically of her in the Paris *Figaro*.

Albert Chevalier, the great coster singer and the idol of the London music hall stage, is on his way to this country, and opens at Koster and Bial's shortly.

Something like twenty years ago, a young man, with a rumpled head of hair and eyes which were never at rest, was stage manager at the Baldwin. During rehearsals he acted nearly every character in the piece, and put his whole heart into the work. Finally he began to write plays, and after a few successful productions, he had a dismal failure or two, and was not heard from for a long time. Everything is said to come to him who waits, and to David Belasco there has come, with his play at the Herald Square, the most substantial triumph of his career. "The Heart of Maryland" shares honors with "The Prisoner of Zenda"—the two hits of the season.

A. M. Palmer will produce, on March 23d, at Palmer's Theater, a new play by Charles Coghlan. Mr. Coghlan called his play "Madame," but the title is to be changed. Miss Rose Coghlan will play the principal part in the piece.

The dramatic critic on the New York *World* says: "Of one thing I am sure, and that is, that we, in this country put up complacently with a most unreasonable amount of wretched acting, and even call it good. It takes a Duse, illuminating with her magnificent genius a piece, long familiar to us, to show us how shallow, vain, and trumpery is the awkward mummery which we call acting. There is something in this worth laying to heart, if you will carefully consider it."

Theater-goers are looking forward to "Pudd'n'head Wilson," which opens at the Columbia April 6th for a stay of two weeks. The play will be seen precisely as it was given at the Herald Square Theater in New York. The cast is identical. Mr. Mayo, as the hero of Mark Twain's story, is said to have created a character that is as simple and as wise as any that has ever bid for the affection of play patrons.

Jessie Bartlett Davis gave a dinner at the Imperial, in New York, recently, to the women members of the Bostonians' Opera Company. During the dinner three cards, bearing the names Rose Coghlan, Leslie Carter, and Sarah Bernhardt were presented, and the illustrious visitors admitted. In spite of clever disguises, it was soon discovered the three were Eugene Cowles, Jerome Sykes, and Harry Dixon. The feast proved a very merry one.

Sir Henry Irving, when studying his role of Corporal Brewster in the "Story of Waterloo," visited Thanet workhouse to get his realistic touches from the study of an old soldier who was an inmate of that institution. He visited the Broachnoor Asylum in order to prepare the part of King Lear. It is said of Eleonora Duse that she made an extensive study of the unfortunate girls in a convent, kept by the Sisters of Mercy, before undertaking the part of Santuzza.

"Trilby" has been translated into Italian, and will soon be seen in Rome. Tina di Lorenzo is mentioned as a possible impersonator of the title role. The news also comes from Rome that the elder Salvini has been playing Othello to Novelli's Iago, for the benefit of the Dramatic Artists' Society, of which Salvini is president. Speaking of his art, the correspondent says: "Salvini's Othello is known all over the world, but it is always new to us. He is as grand as ever in it. He is not an actor playing a part; he is a man suffering all the tortures of doubt and jealousy. Even when he does not speak, his face is so expressive that it brings forth applause without a word."

The Italian opera season in New York lasted thirteen weeks. It consisted of thirty-nine evening and thirteen afternoon performances. Then there were the ten special subscription performances in German and twelve representations on Saturday evening—given at half-price. The total number is seventy-four, and twenty-six operas were given.

Richard Mansfield has bought the melodramatic farce "Macaire," in which Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley collaborated. The picturesque role of the hero is suited to Mr. Mansfield, who will play it at the Baldwin next month. Beerbohm Tree will use the play in England.

The subscription lists for the Seidl Concerts, to be given at the Columbia Theater the last week in May, will be ready on Monday morning next. Subscribers for the nine concerts can secure a season ticket for only twenty dollars, while the regular price will be three dollars for each seat on the ground floor. The subscribers will also have the choice of selecting places in advance of the general public. In addition to Seidl and his orchestra, the two famous violin virtuosos, Emil Sauret and Achille Rivarde, will come to San Francisco.

It is said that Mr. Hugh Chilvers is by long odds the best comedian that Mr. Henderson has ever had in his American Extravaganza Company.

"Sinbad" has another week to run at the Columbia Theater. Thus far it has crowded the house. In point of scenery, costumes, stage-setting, ballets, and music, the revived Sinbad excels any former production. The cast is strong, and the chorus is composed of pretty faces, neat figures, and excellent voices.

More minstrelsy at the Auditorium. This time, opening on Sunday night next, Richards & Pringle's Georgia Minstrels, headed by the colored comedian, Billy Kersands, said to be a survivor of the old school, and as clever as any of the dark lights of other days. This year they come with a brand-new show, which, according to newspaper comment, surpasses the record. The prices for this really excellent performance will be only 15, 25, and 50, and general admission 25 cents.

David Belasco is hard at work on another new play, treating of American life. In view of the uninterrupted success of "The Heart of Maryland," it has been decided to let Mr. Belasco's play run all summer.

Mr. Frank Belcher, the possessor of a fine baritone voice, gave a concert and vaudeville entertainment last week, in which he had the valuable assistance of a number of clever people, musical and otherwise. The Press Club Quartet opened the program with "She is Mine" (Buck).

Mr. Belcher sang "The Song of the Helmet" (Archer), and in the second part, an *a* and a *b*, "He was a Prince" (Lohrn) and "Answer" (Robyn). There were also solos by Miss Carrie Roma of the Tivoli, Mr. Frank Coffin, the popular tenor, and Doctor Regensberger, cellist.

Mrs. Olive Reed was indisposed, so did not appear. Mr. R. F. Tilton played the accompaniments, and played them decidedly well. The entire program gave evident satisfaction to the many friends and admirers of the participants. Mr. Belcher leaves soon for Europe, where he will devote several years to the study of music.

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Monday April 6th PETER F. DAILEY

Columbia Theatre.
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Second and Farewell Week
American Extravaganza Company in
SINBAD The Sailor, or The Maid of Balsora
New scenery, with new mechanical and electrical devices, new music, new ballets, new marches, and a wealth of bright new songs.
April 6th—PUDD'NHEAD WILSON

THE AUDITORIUM
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.... Lessees and Managers
Commencing Sunday Eve., March 29th
For one week only—Everything new this season
RICHARDS & PRINGLES
Famous Georgia
MINSTRELS
Headed by the great Billy Kersands. Watch for the band parade at 11 o'clock A. M. Free Concert at 12:15 in front of the theatre by one of the finest bands traveling.
Prices—15, 25, 50c. General admission, 25c.

ORPHEUM
O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Week commencing Monday, March 30th
A Superb Bill. Celebrated Star Features.
THE THREE MARVELLES
Acrobatic Eccentriques and Grotesque Pantomimists
SEGOMMER
THE NAWNS
BRUET & RIVIERE
GERTIE CARLISLE
And a Magnificent Company

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Life is always sunny as long as we play
SAID PASHA
To be continued every evening this week
Our next production the brilliant Easter burlesque
BLUE BEARD
It will be seen on Monday Evening, April 6th
The most gorgeous home production ever gotten up in this city
POPULAR PRICES - 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of The Irish Statesman
MONDAY, MARCH 30th
Louis Imhau's Adaptation from the French
THE RED POCKET BOOK

GROVER'S ALCAZAR
Special Matinee To-day 10c., 15c. and 25c.
Confusion and Refined Vaudeville
Shouts of Laughter, Salvos of Applause
Night Prices: Orchestra, 25c.; Dress Circle, 15c.; Balcony, 10c. and 15c.; Stalls, 10c. extra.

SPLASHES.

SO THE FORTNIGHTLY is dead! A sad and quite unexpected demise! Yet it seemed to have more vitality at the start than was subsequently developed. However, the difficulty seems to have been a combination of bashfulness and laziness on the part of the male element. It was impossible to persuade them into serious dramatic effort. Innumerable plans of plays were proposed, and it was easy to fill the feminine roles, but while the men seemed willing to accept the honors, they evinced a decided disinclination toward study or rehearsal. At each meeting there were disappointments, so the result each time was a recourse to vaudeville, which, while very good of its kind, did not arouse or maintain interest. However, the series of entertainments have been light and amusing, the last in particular being fairly interesting. The feature was the "Trial by Jury," with twelve young women in the jury box. The dialogue in which they indulged was excellent of its kind. Mr. Lawlor enacted the roll of an Irish deputy sheriff of whom the ladies were privileged to ask questions, and obtain directions, the fun being in the inadequacy of the ladies to the situation. Miss Jennie Hooker and Miss Jessie Newlands rather bore off the honors. It is a bit curious, considering the degree of leisure with which certain of the younger male generation are gifted, that they make no attempt at serious work. There is lots of fun to be had out of acting, the girls are all willing, and no one is asked to undertake impossible roles. However, the attractions of the 'Varsity Club prove too enticing. Or is it the 'Varsity?

* * *

THE POLO SITUATION is uncertain. Maybe the St. Louis men will come and they may not, for it takes money to transport a team and the necessary outfit of ponies from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. Still, there is a westward disposition in the Missouri Country Club, and who knows but the Burlingame team will have an opportunity of defeating them. The term "defeat" is used advisedly, for our men, this season, are in good shape and are ready to make the battle of their lives or any one's else life. There is but little doubt that the Walla Walla team will appear, and it seems probable the Riverside men will be present, together with a delegation of Englishmen from Penrhyn. I believe the tournament is set for the 18th, and in the meantime there is lots of work being done on the ground. The candidates for the team are Joe Tobin, Lawson, Richard Tobin, Hobart, McCreery, and Baldwin. The Tobins and McCreery, who makes a specialty of No. 1, are safe to be selected, so the contest is between the others. At all events, there is an interest in the game in prospect and the tournament promises to be very exciting. Last season, the affair cost some thing like two thousand dollars, for you cannot gather a polo team without cost. Of this amount, eleven hundred dollars was subscribed, and the rest was made up of charges for admission and in various other ways, so the Club came out even. Just what course will be adopted to gather the necessary dollars this trip has not yet been decided, though, from all accounts, expenses will not be nearly so great as before.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. DEYOUNG are back from Paris quite contented to remain in San Francisco for some time to come. Mrs. de Young especially abounds in reminiscences of their excursion and it certainly appears as if they had had a charming time. They have been as far afield as Constantinople but spent most of the vacation in Paris, where they celebrated Christmas with their children. They had a big corner suite at the Hotel Continental, and organized a fête to which they invited all the English-speaking children at the "Sacre Coeur" convent. An immense Christmas tree was loaded down with beautiful presents, mainly purchased in New York, consisting of mechanical toys and all manners of patent devices. The room was decorated with American flags, and every youngster was given a miniature Stars and Stripes—quite a patriotic idea, by the way. A big Christmas dinner followed with immense pies and various other delicacies. George Hall was with the De Youngs in Paris and accompanied them to Turkey where they had a most enjoyable time and were entertained by Minister Terrill over whose personality Mrs. de Young is very enthusiastic.

* * *

Of course, the wanderer has a great deal to say about Parisian fashions, and affords us the welcome information that sleeves are decidedly smaller, that the hair is worn loosely, that hats are immense, and the prevailing colors are purple and bright green. She is inclined to think New York milliners have now the advantage of the Parisians, for, while the models are the creation of Gallic artists, the New York workmanship is considerably better. While in Paris, Mrs. de Young gave a tea to leading members of the San Franciscan colony which she says has quite an enviable position there, its members enjoying popularity and prominence. By the way, young Charles de Young is to remain abroad but one year. Then he returns here and is to obtain his schooling in California, as Mrs. de Young believes her son should grow up among the people with whom he is to live out his life. He is the future proprietor of the *Chronicle*.

* * *

Quite an interesting turn in the career of J. F. J Archibald is just announced. At the death of his father, who for many years had been Pacific Coast Manager of the Union Central Life, young Mr. Archibald retired from journalism and took charge of his affairs. Subsequently he was invited to succeed and has accepted the post. The position, from a monetary point of view, is decidedly advantageous, as there is an excellent salary and generous commissions. I believe he ranks as the youngest manager on the Coast. Prior to his newspaper experience Mr. Archibald was in the Union Central office and is well up in the details of the company's business.

* * *

The destruction of the Colliers' Lakeport mansion, and the sad casualty of their son's death has aroused general sympathy for them in Society. The family is prostrated by the dreadful event, and it is unlikely the girls will go into Society for a year at least. The destruction of the Collier mansion will put an end to many anticipated house-parties, for they have always been the most generous of hostesses, and rarely a week passed but they had a crowd of young people as their guests. Just prior to the accident they entertained the Misses Williams and Walter Hobart.

* * *

Mrs. Will Tevis has just returned to Bakersfield after a month's devotion to the purchase of furniture for the Spanish mansion which has just undergone finishing touches. She has captured some very beautiful things, including a set of beautifully carved antique furniture which Mrs. Mathias Gray owned, and a quantity of Japanese armor which will be used for the decoration of the hall. She has also found some fine old hangings, antique sideboards and chairs for the dining-room, and the very latest, of course, in carpets and rugs. It is her intention to entertain quite largely this season, and she has already arranged a series of house-parties for May, June, and July. By the way, the story of Doctor Harry Tevis's departure for Japan was a fiction.

* * *

Gossip about approaching family events is in circulation. I learn with interest that Arthur Rodgers is a parent, and is much taken with the new role. Lady Bache Cunard, Maud nèe Burke, has been busy for some time preparing a layette, and is extremely happy thereat.

* * *

THE PROSPECTS of a gay season at Sausalito are excellent. The seaside town has actually become fashionable. Rents are up in the air. Landlords are as divinely lofty in their demands as they were deferential some months back, and, judging by appearances, it is more economical to buy a house in Stilt City than to purchase without rights, on the rent system. The example of Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, who are to be installed there for the season, is to be followed by the Goads, who are looking for a villa, and by the Morrows, who are already installed, and probably by the Carolans, McBeans, and many others. I am told the Sperrys offer their mansion for three months, but no one has yet come to their figures. The Hearst cottage is still for rent, and it is surprising some young man of means does not get hold of this splendid establishment and fix himself in bachelor quarters for the summer of '96. The Misses Adler have a cottage near the Pacific Yacht Club, which is liable to be a center of entertainment during the season. The coming event on which the aristocratic coterie of Sausalito have their eyes turned and their anticipations elevated, is the garden party at Mrs. Major Miller's on the 11th prox. This is to be quite a sumptuous festivity, organized for the Kitchen Garden Fund. Mrs. Miller's house, which is the largest on the hillside, has been offered for the occasion. There are to be twenty-four young hostesses, fourteen of them native born and the rest importations. Later there is to be a supper and subsequently a cotillion.

* * *

The gathering at the "Sinbad" premier was really fashionable. Society had representatives innumerable. There were lots of box parties, and the front rows were full of discerning young men. While the costumes are pretty, it must be confessed the chorus maidens are rather more robust than graceful. There is no denying the wealth of lower limb exhibited, but the lines are rather too generous to be lovely. As for beauty—well, one hardly looks for that in the ballet girl, though the vivandieres in "The Milk White Flag" have captured much homage—the charming Miss Mary Biffin in particular.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Fannie Crocker, which was to have been among the Easter celebrations, has been postponed for the time being, owing to the ill-health of Mrs. McCreery, the mother of the prospective groom. She is now at Honolulu convalescing and the celebraiion will occur on her return.

* * *

Among future weddings there is considerable interest in that of Fred McWilliams and Miss Millie Siebe. Miss Siebe is the belle of the German-American Society set. She is a tall and decidedly handsome girl, of very pleasant manners. Mr. McWilliams is an employee of George W. McNear. They are to be married April 8th at the Lutheran Church.

* * *

Mr. Babcock and Mrs. Favre are to be congratulated upon the most sensible wedding of the season. Avoiding the dreary elaboration and observation of a church wedding, with its tiresome ceremony and wearisome congratulations, they went quietly to San Mateo, with but a word to their nearest and dearest, and were there married by Bishop Nichols last Saturday. The honeymoon is being spent at Mr. Babcock's cottage, near San Mateo, which he has had charmingly fixed up for the occasion, and, later in the season, the happy pair go to Lake County. A more agreeable arrangement than this could hardly have been devised, for it avoids the publicity and all the other worries and troubles incident to a public function, which, after all, is what a church marriage with decorations amounts to.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Millie Greenebaum and Doctor Hatch is to be somewhat of a novelty. The celebration will be performed at four o'clock in the afternoon and the affair will have much the aspect of a reception, or, as some one has called it, a matrimonial tea. The immediate families will stop for dinner, and then the happy pair go northward to settle, I believe, in Seattle.

* * *

Engagements are coming with rapidity in these latter weeks. A late one—I don't think the latest—is that of A. J. Bloch and Miss Emma Selling. The prospective groom holds the responsible post of head bookkeeper of the Nevada Bank, and was manager of the Virginia City branch until the business of that agency was transferred to San Francisco. Miss Selling is a bright, piquant young lady, and her father, Matthius Meyer, of the firm of Daniel Meyer, is well known in banking circles.

* * *

Children's parties are not so frequent across the Bay that due record should not be made when they happen. Last week Miss Bessie Coghill had a luncheon for twenty of her little friends—quite an elaborate affair, with games afterward, birthday cake, pink candles and pink favors. Mrs. McPike entertained a lot of youngsters in honor of her daughter's, Miss Hazel, ninth birthday. It was called a peanut party, for, as each maiden arrived, she was presented with a little basket and told to hunt for peanuts. The one whose satchel was first filled obtained the prize. Besides that, there was a grab-bag full of pretty little articles in silver, all inclosed within large gilded peanuts.

* * *

MRS. HAGAR was much perturbed by the publicity the papers have given her dramatic entertainments. One of them announced she had issued five hundred invitations, and it seems the first has not been sent out. She proposes to have this affair especially for young people, and intends to hire the Native Sons' Hall, and have some arrangement devised to reduce its magnitude. There are to be no decorations and no banquet, but, in its place, an informal supper, and afterwards, if the guests so desire, a dance. "A Modern Ananias" is the play selected, and, I am told, it affords excellent opportunities for amateur histrions. Miss Houghton has the leading role, and Miss Rose Hooper is the soubrette. Frank Mathieu, Doctor Geo. Redding, George De Long, and Edgar Peixotto have the male roles, and Leo Cooper officiates as director. There are several rehearsals every week, which, strange to say, are punctually at-

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

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PAR EXCELLENCE
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

tended, and it does look as though a capital performance would be given, inasmuch as the director announces his satisfaction, and promises great things. The night of April 13th has been selected for the performance.

* * *

Thank heaven, decorations are out of date. No longer is it proper to background one's guests with bamboo poles, fish-nets, banked roses, and profuse violets. Brilliant effects have ceased to be desirable, and it has become eminently proper to be extremely simple. It is also mal-apropos to afford the inquisitive reporter the list of your guests, though it continues permissible to confide the facts and fictions of the occasion, and to dilate on the glass and silverware, but the satin table cloth with lace edges is called in nowadays, and is only visible in households of which the income is better than the information.

* * *

Miss Hannah Williams, says *Vanity*, has received a gift of a very unique and beautiful prayer-book, which she will hand to the clergyman on the day of her marriage, and from it he will read the service. The book is of white royal velvet, with pearls and small diamonds set around the edges of the cover, while in the center of each side are embroideries done in white and gold, one of a cross, another of a crown, with tiny doves of white and silver in the upper corners. My contemporary is evidently rather at sea as to the name and identity of Mr. Hobart's fiancée, whose name is not Neil Williams.

* * *

THE GLORIES of the weddings this week should be recorded in blank verse. Considering the millions united and the importance of the occasions, mere prose is pale, cold, and inadequate. The marriage of Miss Ruby Lowenberg and Mr. Abe Brown was celebrated at the Palace Tuesday night, amidst the pomp of much decorations, and immediately under a canopy of peach blossoms. Doctor Voorsanger officiated with his usual aplomb, and Rabbi Nieto was present in case of an emergency. The bride looked very charming in her wedding gown. Mr. Brown, of course, was equal to the occasion. A big dinner followed, at which the health of the happy pair was cheerfully and genially toasted, with speeches from the Rabbis, Walter Levy and Charles Ackerman, whose post-prandial oratorical capacity is as felicitous as it is facile.

* * *

Mrs. Osgood Hooker has been giving some pleasant dinners and luncheons at her villa in Sausalito, and entertained Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Holt a few days ago. Her home is charmingly arranged, and her talent as a hostess shines even more brightly in its new setting than under more elaborate auspices of the Goad mansion. By the way, W. F. Goad is very anxious to sell his big house and take his daughters to Europe.

* * *

The second great wedding was that of Miss Jennie Schwabacher and Mr. Charles Rosenbaum, which was quite the most elaborate marital affair Society has had in some time. The decorations were really gorgeous. The great mansion was filled with flowers—roses, lilacs, and carnations in luxurious abundance. Under a canopy of peach blossoms and charmingly tinted incandescent lights, the happy pair stood, the groom supported by Mr. Al Ehrman and the bride by her sister. Dr. Voorsanger again performed the ceremony; then followed congratulations, dancing, and a magnificent supper. There was no doubt about the sincerity and genuineness of the felicitations, for the bride is an extremely sincere and very popular girl, though, unlike the groom, her fortune is prospective. It is noticeable that the progenitors of the principals at both weddings are in the millionaire class. So in neither instance need there be any question of love in a cottage. The presents were of a most sumptuous character.

* * *

WHIST IS EPIDEMIC in Oakland; Why, no one seems yet to have explained but it is the only game in which there is any interest. It has superseded wheeling in general estimation, and the lonely social events of record are in the form of whist parties. On Friday last, Mrs. E. Crouch had a French whist party in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Lewis Tainter of Wisconsin. The occasion of designating the affair a French whist party was the decorative effect, the adornments being tri-colored and quite pretty of their kind. Mrs. Charles Pierce and Mrs. Ross gave a matinée whist party on Saturday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Strong of Chicago, who has been generously entertained throughout that region. Mrs. R. W. Gould of Myrtle Street gave a party for the Wheelock Whist Club, the recognized exponent of scientific whist in Oakland. Some of its members put up a very good game.

* * *

THE NEWS of Miss Claire Ralston's engagement was closely followed by an announcement which has made every one happy—the betrothal of Mr. Harry Miller and Miss Myra Prather. It is generally admitted that Miss Prather is the handsomest girl in Oakland. She is a sister of Thomas Prather, the banker, and the daughter of William Prather. She is tall, dark, vivacious, possessed of a stunning figure, and is notable for having domestic as well as social virtues. Mr. Miller is by professiou an analytical chemist, and is a graduate of Heidelburg, but devotes some of his spare time to service in the bank of his father, Chris Miller. Otherwise, he is a very generous young man, much given to theater parties and dinners, and as an amateur conjuror can hold his own with many a professional prestidigitator. The progress of the courtship, though apparent enough to the initiated, has not been subjected to much comment, inasmuch as Mr. Miller has never limited his entertainments to the specific object of his admiration.

* * *

I see that young Mr. Selby, whose engagement to Miss Glenn was announced a week or two ago, has left college and is installed at the smelting works. The marriage is to take place in April, I believe. He is a very pleasant young man, popular, and possessed of considerable ability.

* * *

Apropos of the engagement of Doctor Bullitt and Miss Claire Ralston rather a pretty story is told. As one of the belles of Oakland, she has been the recipient of marked attentions, and has had quite a number of proposals. It is said that she has confided the details of these various affaires to her father, insisting that he should decide and relieve her embarrassment. This amused Mr. Ralston very much, and he continually told her that when the right man presented himself she would not think of asking advice, for her feelings would reply for her. This she always denied, but in her letter announcing the news of the engagement, she commented that "Father was right after all." The right man had finally arrived and there had been no difficulty about the answer. Doctor Bullitt is said to be a very good-looking young man, and he commands quite a large practise in Louisville. The marriage will be celebrated in the autumn at the Ralston house—one of the finest residences of Oakland. Miss Claire is the only daughter. The only son graduates this spring at Cornell.

* * *

THE FAILURE of certain musical enthusiasts to form a musical club, attracts attention to the singular callousness of Oakland to culture. The old assumption that the residents of the burg across the bay were especially given to literature and art, is continually being subjected to contradiction by facts. Paderewski plays to half empty houses at the Macdonough, Materna and Ondricek complain of inadequate patronage. The inability to organize a club, of which I have spoken, is but an extra link in the chain of evidence. With one or two exceptions, Oakland has no resident teachers of music. Certain San Francisco teachers devote a day out of their week to the harmonic necessities of Alameda County, but there is no tendency toward lionizing or patronizing a resident professional. The fact seems to be that Oakland grows more and more domestic. In the resident sections there is little gas burned after nine. At ten, Jackson Street and about there is a veritable Land of Nod, not a soul stirring, not a glimmer of light. This is curious, when one considers the number of wealthy people and the opportunities their splendid homes afford for elaborate entertainments. Reluctantly one concludes Morpheus to be decidedly in the ascendant there—a sad but necessary conclusion.

* * *

Very regretfully Mrs. Howard is breaking up her home in Oakland. She leaves for the East this afternoon to spend the vacation with her son Harold, and will remain on the Atlantic Coast until after the marriage of her son Shafter to Miss Mollie Hunter, which, I believe, is to be celebrated in the summer at Newport. Miss Maud Howard goes to Palo Alto for a course of study, and later on in the season will join her mother, accompanied East by Karl Howard. Mrs. Howard has taken up, with her customary zeal, the cause of female suffrage, and her absence is the more regrettable that it prevents her participating in the movement. Last week she gave a reception in honor of Miss Shaw and Miss Anthony, at which she gathered a number of prominent women interested in or identified with the cause. Of course, the topic of real importance for the occasion was suffrage, and what must be done to obtain it. By the way, the suffragists are quite popular in Berkeley. Mrs. William Keith is an ardent supporter of their theories, and she entertained Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw at dinner a few nights ago.

* * *

I am inclined to think the career of the Deux Temps Club has come to an end. Its members, for the most part, are eligible to be classed among the grown-ups, and will doubtless figure among the "Bachelors and Benedicts" next winter. The prominence which the former organization has enjoyed for two seasons will doubtless devolve upon the minor club, which is known among the habitués as the "Little Ducks." The rising generation takes its terpsichorean pleasures there, and it will doubtless be a graduating ground for future belles. By the way, the "Bachelors and Benedicts" celebrate the last of their series of entertainments soon after Easter. There is ample coin left in the treasury for a good supper and elaborate decorations.

THE GOSSIP.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

ALBERTA BANCROFT.

"Sing me a song, ye waves,
Ye that murmur so lazily here."
And a sailor's boat on the bay afloat
Came dreamily drifting near.

"Sing me a song, ye waves!"
And low from the answering hill,
His every word I faintly heard
Till all again was still.

"Sing as ye fall and rise,
For the sky above is bright,
And the Beverly shore stands out once more
In the deepening morning light.

"Marblehead over the way,
Port Sewell in ruin close by;
While above me here—and the graves show clear—
The Puritan fathers lie.

"Sing then your grand old song,
Your lay of ancient birth,
Until I deem that it's all a dream,
This sky and the mighty earth

"Sing me a song, yes, sing,
While I skim o er my watery way!"
And the echoes rang as the sailor sang
And pulled from his native bay.

"Ah, sing me your song, ye waves,"
I, too, in pleading say;
And all day long I he rd the song
Which the lad awoke that day.

The Commendador Port Wine is without doubt the finest imported. To the invalid it will prove invaluable as a restorative, its great maturity in wood rendering it easy of digestion, at the same time retaining the greatest recuperating and strengthening properties. It has been prescribed with great success by our leading physicians.

The Easter display which Nathan, Dohrmann & Co. present in their windows this year, is remarkable, both for its originality, and the exquisite taste with which it is arranged. Beauty and unique souvenirs appropriate to the season are shown in great number and variety, and aside from the suggestions for Easter decorations and presents which they cannot fail to give, the windows well deserve a visit for their own beauty.

CHAMPAGNE SEC.

Of all champagnes, Pommery Sec is most in demand in London. It is the favorite at all select gatherings, being preferred by the refined and fastidious classes of Europe rather than by the sporting fraternity. Among recent prominent affairs, Pommery Sec was served at the banquet in Atlanta tendered to President Cleveland, at the dinner in Hamburg given to the German Emperor, and at the banquet in Bordeaux tendered to the President of the French Republic, and was a prominent feature at the dinner tendered to Paderewski at the Palace Hotel, being served exclusively on that occasion. By real connoisseurs, Pommery Sec is considered the ideal champagne.

A SPLENDID ENTERPRISE.

The special Market-street edition of the *San Francisco Daily Report* on Monday last, was one of the finest and most useful issues of a daily newspaper in the history of the Pacific Coast. The *Report* not only dealt with the past, present, and future of one of the most remarkable thoroughfares in the world, but presented historical facts in connection with the street that had never been in print, and in the absence of searching work by the *Report*, would have been lost for all time. Some of the men who made the history of Market Street are dead, and others will, within the next few years, pass away. The twelve pages devoted to Market-street illustrations and descriptions have been sent to all the leading cities of the world, and are bound to create a wide-spread interest in San Francisco. The *Report's* enterprise is being very highly commended by property owners, merchants, and others who realize the advantage of having the streets of the city shown in their best light.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street.

TAKE IT TO BYRON.

Is it rheumatism, gout, or dyspepsia—or any ailment of blood, skin, stomach, liver, or kidneys? . . . . . .

Take it to Byron Hot Springs, and by a judicious use of the waters you will leave your trouble there. The climate in spring is perfect. Write. . .

Byron Hot Springs

Contra Costa Co., Cal.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated . . . . . .

Peruvian Bitters

Wedding Invitations are properly engraved and in correct form, at ROBERTSON'S

AFTER LENT

We never allow any poor work to go out of our store.

You will need some Visiting Cards. Do not forget that we are still printing from copper Plates, one hundred of the very best quality for One Dollar.

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225 Kearny Street

COMET OOLONG

The oldest and most reliable brand of Tea on the market. Sold only in ⅓ pound papers at 20 cents per paper.

All grocers keep it.

New Shoes,

rightly made, need no "breaking in." Goodyear Welts are rightly made—stronger and better than hand-sewed. 51

Goodyear Welts are leather shoes, not rubber.

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Argonaut OK WHISKEY

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RIPPLES.

SPORTS.

When the majority of the people of this universe hear or see in print the word "sports," they picture in their mind's eye a gang of well-fed, dissipated specimens of mankind decked out in horse-blanket-plaid suits of clothes, embellished with an unusual amount of cheap jewelry. The people who think so are ignorant, and know nothing of the meaning of the word.

Sport is supposed to be pleasure. Some people claim to find it so, but few will acknowledge it to be otherwise. I am one of the few who acknowledge it to be otherwise.

Some people find pleasure in attending a funeral, and would, undoubtedly, call it sport. I can readily understand an undertaker looking upon the attending of a funeral as sport; but, as we all know, what is one man's misery is another man's pleasure.

I could never see any sport in work; and when you come right down to it, all sport is labor. Yet, if you told a laborer that he was a sport, he would knock the head off a small keg for you; not that he would believe you told him the truth, but all men are human, and nothing tickles their vanity so much as to be looked upon by their fellow men as sports, or having the inclination of a sport. It does not matter whether the subject be a barkeeper, a banker, or a lawyer; it is the same.

While a minister does not like, apparently, to be considered of a sporty composition, still he does not object to you thinking that he was a sport of the first water before he entered the ministry, and feels flattered to think that you think as you do. Ministers are but men, and have their feelings, likes and dislikes, their passions, and all the other ills in their natures that flesh is heir to. It is impossible for them to be otherwise.

Sports differ from poets in one respect. Sports are made, not born. For instance, a boy may be born of what one might call sporty parents, whose parents before them were sporty; it does not follow, however, that he will be a sport, or even be a lover of sports. He is more liable to be a bookmaker at the race track; and whoever heard of a bookmaker being a legitimate sport? He does nothing for sport, but everything for gain.

Take the minister's son whose father before him you can safely wager was not a minister, and he will be more liable to make a sport, and nine times out of ten he does, than the sport's son.

Sport is to do something real difficult that you do not have to do. When there is compulsion in the matter the sport ceases, and it then becomes labor.

I have seen high salaried young men get up at daybreak, walk six or eight miles before breakfast, all for sport. If their employers should ask them during the day to walk down the street a couple of blocks to the bank, they would do so grumbling, with wagging hands and pouting lips, muttering something about not being able to understand why the old man didn't hire an office boy to do the errands.

It is even so with the small boy. He will run his feet off chasing a ball all day, but if his mother should ask him to run to the grocer's for something, he will say frowningly: "Why don't you make Jack do it?" referring to his younger brother; "you make me do everything." And with scuffling feet and tear-dimmed eye he shambles from the house, believing that he is the most abused mortal on the face of the earth.

A SHODDY GATHERING.

Mr. Shoddy (as the guests begin to arrive)—H'um, my dear, but who is that shabby looking man with the long hair?

Mrs. Shoddy—Don't speak so loud. He sells some kind of snake root medicine on the street corners. To-night, however, he is the poet of the Rockies.

"H'um; but who is the ministerial looking cuss?"

"He's an undertaker when at home, but to-night he's a professional humorist."

"But everybody will expect him to say something funny, won't they?"

"Of course they will, but he won't. Professional humorists never say anything funny in public."

IN OAKLAND

Stranger—Are you the Assessor of this city?

Party Addressed—Oh, dear, no; I'm only the Mayor.

ONE ON HIM.

He—My wife is such a coward that she won't stay in the house unless I'm with her.

She—I've noticed that she is on the street a great deal.

A NEW RECIPE.

Mrs. Wedgewood—What can I do, John, to keep you at home nights?

Mr. Wedgewood—Go out.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

Newwed—These biscuits don't taste much like those my mother used to make.

Mrs. Newwed—I try so hard to please you, Fred.

Newwed—Who said you didn't please me, darling? If my mother had the knack of making such biscuits as these, my father might have lived twenty years longer than he did.

THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.

The Tramp (a college graduate, sitting on sawbuck, with eyes fixed on wood pile)—*Omnia vincit labor.* How true! How true! Why, the very thought of labor overcomes me.

NON-COMMITTAL.

Proud Father (showing artistic friend a painting by his daughter)—Now, what do you think of my daughter as an artist?

Artistic Friend—Well, -er-er- she paints! Yes, sir; she paints!

THE FAMILY ALBUM AND THE PIANO.

Grace—Where is the book of horrors, mamma?

Mother—On the instrument of torture.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Old Gentleman (to small boys stealing apples)—Good gracious, boys, stealing is bad enough; but if you must steal, why don't you take the ripe apples instead of the green?

Boys (in chorus)—Th' man what owns the orchard will give us all the ripe ones we want, if we ask for 'em.

THEY HAD BEEN THE ROUNDS.

Biggs—I saw by the papers a few days ago that a well-known writer died recently and left fifty thousand funny dialogues that had never been published.

Squibbs—That's nothing. I ain't dead yet, and I have three times that number at home now.

WE HAVE MET HIM.

Upstart (trying to write a letter)—James, how do you spell toward?

James (the office boy)—T-o-a-r-w-a-r-d, sir.

Upstart—That's what I thought.

James (after a moment's thought)—Oh, no, sir; that's wrong. I remember now, it's spelt t-o-r-w-a-r-d, sir.

Upstart—That's the way I had it.

OF COURSE NOT.

Mrs. Blossom—How do the signal officers know what kind of weather we are going to have?

Mr. Blossom—I wasn't aware that they did. BRUNO.

Count Castellane, the husband of Miss Gould, recently purchased a table which cost four thousand dollars. Verily a fool and his money are soon parted.

The Czar of Russia is the largest landholder in the world. His personal estates are nearly one hundred million acres in extent.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should be constantly supplied with "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Avoid imitations.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Does your hair need a tonic? Quinania removes scurf and cleanses the scalp; strengthens the hair, renders it soft and brilliant, and prevents falling out. Price, 35 cents per bottle. If your dealer doesn't sell it, get it at Lederer's, 111 Stockton Street.

CLEANLINESS THE WATCHWORD.

In no other city in the world, probably, does there exist an institution parallel or similar to the Lurline Baths. It is simply unequaled anywhere. Aside from the novelty of the fact that one may enjoy a plunge in the water of the ocean, in the heart of a great city; aside from this fact, I say, the institution is most elegantly and completely equipped. There is a gymnasium and all the other accessories needed to build up the constitution, and to reduce surplus fat, to the accumulation of which the inhabitant of this climate is most dangerously prone. Cleanliness is the watchword of this institution. The tubs and tanks and everything about are kept scrupulously white, the water pumped fresh from the ocean every day, and one may enjoy it in any shade or degree of temperature. Rates, 30 cents single ticket, four for $1.00; and for the plunge, fifty tickets $10.00.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

There may be other Shirts as good as "STANDARD," but they cost more. There may be others the same price, but they are not as good. There may be others even that are as *good* and as *cheap* as "STANDARD," but they are not *Californian.*

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Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Book *free* at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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CHIMMIE FADDEN AGAIN.

THIS TIME HE TELLS OF A SALVATION ARMY MEETING.

Chimmie Fadden has had his attention called to the Salvation Army. This latest adventure takes him into the midst of the battle of the Booths, and here are his reflections recorded in last Sunday's *Sun:*

"Say, do yer know about de Salvation Army? Dey is great people, sure, and I taut dey was all settled as much as de Washin'ton Arch, and wasn't doin' a ting but doin' good, like I've seen 'em do on de Bow'ry ever since I was a kid; but, p'chee, dey is all in a scrap what's worse dan dat Dunraven flimflam.

"Dat's right. Let me tell you. Mr. Paul and Mr. Burton is members of dat yacht club what give de grand trun down t' de lord chap, Dunraven, and dey scrapped and dey scrapped and dey scrapped over dat game till Miss Fannie tole 'em dat if ever dey opened dere mouts any more about de dinky yacht race she'd break dere faces. Dat wasn't just what Miss Fannie said, cause she talks only high-toned langwudge, but dat's what she meaned, all right enough.

"Mr. Burton, he's kinder stuck on de English lord chap, see? But Mr. Paul, he's straight American, dead straight American, like me, and he says, 'What t ell,' he says, 'dere can't be but one mug can win a fight or a race, and if de mug what loses don't stand up to de dough dish widout hollerin' murder, den he ain't no good, and oughter get de dinky-dink.'

"Well, dat's de way dey jawed till Miss Fannie put de kibosh on dere chinnin', and de house was as peaceful as willy-boy wid a cigarette, till dis Salvation Army row came along, and den dere was more trouble in de family.

"His Whiskers says dat de English mug what come over from for'n parts t' put a cash register on de word of de Gospel was a person a non gratter, what means dat he was a person not in it.

"Dat started de game; Mr. Burton says dat de boss mug what lives in England has a right to run de machine accordin' t' de rules, and if de rules was broke den he had de right to ask what t'ell.

"Den Mr. Paul he gets hot in de collar, and he says dat if Mr. Burton was right den George Washin'ton was wrong, which is de man what discovered de city of Washin'ton, where dey makes laws for de lawyers and sa-ses for'n queens and kings.

"Say, I nearly unscrews me arm openin' small bottles for 'em, havin' t' do someting t' keep meself in de room, so as not t' miss any of de rounds. Dey was all talkin' to onct, and puttin' up terrible fronts of knowin' all about de game, when Miss Fannie killed dem all dead wid askin' in dat smood voice of hers: 'Has any of you gents ever been to a Salvation Army meetin'?'

"Say, honest, dey all looks as silly as a bull pup in a bathtub, and dey just t'rows der wine in dere faces, and coughs, and don't say nothin' fer a while.

"Well, his Whiskers says, after he taut a while, 'No, my dear,' he says, 'I don't tink we has ever went.'

"Den Miss Fannie she says, 'Before yuse all settle de affairs of de Salvation Army, spose you chases yourself to one of der meetin's, and take a tumble to yourselves'—only not dose langwudge—'till you knows de game.'

"Mr. Paul, he held out his glass for me t' fill, and den he says, solemn-like dese was his very words, 'It strikes me dat our spiritual welfare would be improved, as well as our understandins, if we adopts de resolution magnanimously.'

"So de next evenin his Whiskers says t' me could I take 'em down t' where dere was a Salvation Army meetin', and I says, 'In a minute,' for I knowd where some loidies dey call Slum Lassies was preachin'.

"Say, it was down near Chatham Square, and when we got off de car his Whiskers give one look and tried t' make a sneak, but Mr. Paul he held him up t' dough dish and makes him stay. For a while de crowd was more curiouser about our gang dan about de Salvationers, and dey gives us a great jolly. Dere was one old woman I uster known down dere, a Mrs. Murphy, what was rushin' a growler; but when she sees me she stops and says, 'Shure, it's Chimmie Fadden and his foine frinds Introjuce me t' his Whiskers, Chimmie dear,' she says, wid a smile you couldn't spoil wid a club.

"Say, I taut his Whiskers would trow a fit right dere, but Mr. Paul says, 'Certainly Chames,' he says, 'present your lady friend; I am sure Mr. Van Courtlandt would be pleased to know her,' he says, givin' me de wink.

"Well, say, I had t' do it, if I got slugged for it, and I give Mrs. Murphy a knock down in polite style to all de gents; and Mr. Paul he says t' her, solemn as a Judge, says he, 'Mrs. Murphy, we would be pleased t' get your views on de American split from de English Salvationers,' he says.

"His Whiskers tells Mr. Paul not t' be a ass, but Mr. Paul made a bluff at not hearin' him, and was as polite as a actor t' de old woman.

"Well, you oughter seen her! She kinder hunched herself inside her close like a bull pup what's glad t' see you, and she says: 'T'ell wid de English! savin' your prisince, sir,' she says, t' Mr. Burton, who she taut was a Englishman; 't'ell wid de English!'

"'Can you answer dat logic?' says Mr. Paul to Mr. Burton. 'Shure he can't,' says Mrs. Murphy. 'I'd not have me sowl saved if ut was dipindin' on de English for de savin',' she says, and Mr. Paul says, 'We Americans stand togedder, Mrs. Murphy.'

"I was gettin' leary of de game, and wonderin' how could I chase offi de old woman, when Mr. Paul sees de lay, and tips her a quarter, askin' could she use it for her healt.

"'Oi ken,' says she, 'but Oi'll not go to Kelly's for de beer, for I owe him de price and de tief would take it out of dis. once he seen it. May de Lord love you, and not call for you too soon,' she says, and makes a hurry sneak wid her growler.

"Say, his Whiskers was dead sore on Mr. Paul for jollyin' Mrs. Murphy, and tells him t' pay 'tention t' de Army lassies, what had a tough gang 'round 'em, but was keepin' em quiet as mice wid dere talk. We listened and listened, and his Whiskers kept sayin' over de tings what de lassies was sayin' t' de gang, and pipin' off de nice way de gang was treatin' de lassies, and how de gang stopped usin' tough langwudge, and didn't go t' de beer joints. Pretty soon Mr. Burton says t' Mr. Paul, 'I guess there ain't no need of no for'n boss tellin' dese girls how t' do dis job.'

"'Not on your life,' says Mr. Paul; 'we'll have anodder Boston tea party first,'—which was a little picnic dey had in Boston to celebrate de first challenge for de America Cup, Mr. Paul told me.

"His Whiskers kept kinder slidin' closer and closer t' de Salvationers, and de rest of us followed, and what do you tink? All of a suddint de lassies began singin' and Mr. Paul joined in—he can sing like a peach—and so did Mr. Burton, and so did his Whiskers, and me—say, I warbled till you couldn't hear de elevated cars goin' by! De crowd give us a jolly at first, but Mr. Paul he faced 'em, and, usin' his cane like de little club de boss of de teeater band uses, he led 'em all into de song, till even de cops on de corner was singin' t' beat 'ell.

"When it was over a lassie passes by Mr. Burton wid a paper she had t' sell, and offered him one. He takes it and gives her a bill, and tells her t' keep de change. In a minute she comes back wid a face on her like she'd just piped off a ghost, and says, 'You made a mistake, sir; you give me dis, sir,' and tries to give him back de boodle.

"'Dere's no mistake, me good girl,' he says, 'if you are an American secessionist'—which I don't know what it is. But I seen de bill, and p'chee, what do you think? Honest, it was a double saw-buck—a twenty.

"Well, when we got home, I was takin' a little supper t' de folks, and I heard Miss Fannie ask Mr. Burton if he was converted, and he says, 'Yes, I'm converted t' de Salvation Army, and dere game all right, and dey don't need no for'n mug tellin' 'em how t' do de trick.' His Whiskers says 'Amen,' and Mr. Paul says, 'Under de circumstances, Chames, you need open only a small bot.'

"Say, de Duchess was dead crazy t' hear about de whole game, and when I told her about Mr. Burton punglin' de twenty plunks she looked at herself in de glass, and she says, tautful like, like de bull pup looks when little Miss Fannie pinches his ear, she says, 'Chames, how do you tink I'd look in a dark blue poke bonnet wid a red ribbon around it?' she says.

"Say, what t'ell was de Duchess tinkin' of, I'd like t' know."

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

ON THE WHEEL.

ZIMMERMAN'S ADVOCACY OF AN ERECT POSITION IN THE SADDLE.

No one is justified in knowing more about bicycling than Champion Zimmerman. His announcements on the subject should be fraught with authority. They are, at least, interesting. The New York *World* has enjoyed Zim as its bicycle editor, and thus does he direct the steps of the ambitious biker on the verge of buying a wheel. It is good to find so competent an expert insistent on the advantages of the upright attitude.

Go to some physician who is a bicycle rider, if you happen to know of such, and be carefully examined. The purpose of the examination is to determine if your organs, heart, lungs, kidneys, etc., are sound. You may think they are and perhaps you are right, so far as all ordinary pursuits and pastimes are concerned. You may not have an organic disease, but a functional disturbance. In that case the moderate riding of a bicycle may help that difficulty and put the particular organ in a state of perfect health, when the training could be done with impunity. On the other hand, that functional difficulty might be aggravated by the severities of training and worse injury result.

Seat yourself firmly in the saddle of a bicycle. Extend the limbs. Without bending them, slide the top of the foot beneath the pedals. Point the toe straight out in this. If the top of the foot slips under the pedals easily, the bicycle is about right for you. If not, have the seat raised or lowered until it does fit you.

Above all things else, do not get a bicycle that is too light. There are such, though you may not think so now. Extreme lightness is gained generally at the expense of rigidity. With a bicycle that is not absolutely rigid you can never hope to win.

Here let me tell you something that you must keep before you ever: All races are won in the finish. It is in the last few yards that the battles are fought out. Even there, when your feet are going forward so fast that they seem to you to be going backward, do not forget that the race is won in the end of it.

You must understand that it is possible to reach a limit in driving a bicycle; not the human limit, but the limit of speed at which the wheels can be driven. I have many times reached the point where it was not possible to drive the wheels around any faster. That was on my wheel with sixty-eight gear, which is the gear with which I won the championships from one-quarter of a mile to fifty miles. In the fierce pounding which occurs at the end of a race the poor bicycle will give under each motion. You can feel it plainly. Every time it gives there is just so much loss of speed. But with a good bike everything remains rigid, and you go forward with increasing speed, and with less effort. The little things tell the most then.

Sit up straight when you ride. If you are out for a mild little jaunt you will enjoy it ever so much more if you sit up straight.

There's nothing so attractive about the road that you should keep your eyes on it constantly. Study the country you are riding through. If in a city street keep your shoulders back and your head well up, so you won't meet with an accident or cause others to meet with one. Give your lungs an opportunity to fill with fresh air. That's what you are out for.

Ladies, I don't care how handsome your costume is or how pretty your face may be you look hideous when you go by all doubled up. If you don't stoop over your wheel you will not be afflicted with what has become known as the "bicycle face." It is just as much bad form for you to double over when riding the bike as it is for you to use your knife where the fork should be used.

There is a matter connected with cycling upon which there is considerable ignorance, strange as it may appear, and that is the proper kind of a bath to take following a spin. A rational bath is important from a health point of view, and the good work of the different organs of the body. After a long spin on the bicycle, where the rider perspires, and is covered with the dust of road, it is necessary not only to wash, but refresh the skin. Many cyclists bathe in the ordinary manner, with hot or warm water and soap. Plunging into warm water, and conscientiously rubbing themselves, they afterward feel enervated, weakened, and incapable of doing anything but sleep.

What a wheelman needs after a ride is a very quick bath, or a shower with the water as cold as he can bear it, and then a long and vigorous rubbing with rough towels. If water with a little salt or alcohol in it is used the tonic effects are increased. It is not necessary to plunge entirely into the water. A large sponge soaked in water rubbed over the body, followed by a vigorous [illegible] towel, is sufficient. The feeling after a bath is taken in this manner, following the ride, is one of exhilaration, and lessens, if it does not entirely remove, any sense of fatigue.

mothers!

Your clear skin? Mother's. Your voice? Mother's. Your slight figure? Mother's. Inherited weak lungs? Then protect yourself. Live out doors; get the fresh air; and keep well nourished.

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Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

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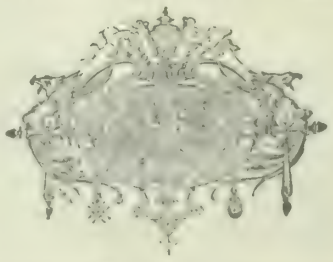

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

BULLION MINING COMPANY. LOCATION OF principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth day of March, 1896, an assessment (No. 47) of ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 11, No. 328 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of April, 1896, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the [illegible] day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with [illegible] and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. E. GRAY, Secretary.

Office, Room 11, No. 328 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Barthelemi Merle, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Merle, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, being a [illegible] Street, the same being his place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Barthelemi Merle, Deceased.

Dated [illegible], February [illegible], 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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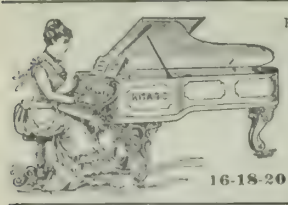

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THE BUSTLE REDIVIVUS.

NEW NOTES ON MILLINERY AND POINTERS ABOUT PARASOLS.

The bustle is upon us! Yea, verily, it is in the hands of our best dressmakers and on the persons of a few of our fashionably attired. After almost ten years of immunity from this hurtful and vulgar appendage, we are again taking it to our hearts and carrying it upon our backs. Of course, in the hands of an artist in cloth, like Madame Baer, it is comparatively harmless. She deftly inserts it under the skirts of long-backed depressed-looking women, and it becomes an aid to beauty. People who stand well over the ball of their feet, with the hips properly thrust out and back, escape. It is all very well now, it is still "Will you need a bustle? Do you want a bustle?" but in a year it may be "You must wear a bustle, you look so flat," and we will all be bearing these uncomfortable, heating, inartistic articles. They press upon the base of the spine; they overheat it. A large one, on even a woman whose walk indicates refinement, gives a strange wriggle to the back of the skirt, which suggests the switch which a negro woman gives her dress when she feels very fine indeed and somebody is looking.

The bustle and the fact that the untrimmed little sailor hat is losing its prestige are the two facts to be wailed over this spring. Those of the straight brim and the square crown are being put to flight by ones of Panama straw with a crease down the middle of the crown, and several other slight variations which add nothing to the beauty and destroy the simplicity. They are also to be further desecrated by trimmings; of course this has always been done by the uninitiated, but the good milliners have fallen this year, too. So these little oases which my eyes have always sought in a crowd and rested upon, are to be spoiled. Never again when compelled to go on the Oakland boat shall my eyes, tired of contorted brims loaded with birds, flowers, feathers, furs, beads, laces, thistles, weeds, fruits, and vegetables—never again, I say, shall these eyes seek the plain sailor-hat and refresh themselves on its simplicity, for the suburban girl will now not only wear her "best" gown to the city, but also a trimmed hat, and the one suitable article for a trip on cars and boat which she has been prone to wear (i. e., a severe sailor hat) will be superseded by probably a yellow Panama straw, creased and over-trimmed. Alack! alack!

The small or rather smaller sleeve is a fact now, and no longer a subject of conjecture. It has been adopted by all the important establishments, and the same is true of the diminished skirts. Sleeves are arranged in plaits, and fall well over the shoulders. A pretty fancy is to have some of the trimming of the bodice caught down, or over on the sleeve in the case of revers, by a few small buttons. When the sleeve covers the whole arm, a high, tight cuff is generally used.

The subject of millinery is of dire importance at the moment. In well-regulated families but little else is spoken of. It is the lunch topic in mansions and the subject of paramount interest at afternoon teas. Girls have been known to speak of hats, going to and coming from Lenten service. Here is what an authority has to announce on the subject:

The new hats are remarkable for their odd color combinations, the amount of trimming they are able to bear up under and still look well, and the peculiar manner in which they are worn. All the most fashionable spring hats are to be worn well tilted over the forehead. It is not a becoming fashion, but it is Louis Seize, and that, Paris milliners claim, is sufficient to assure its popularity.

And yet it has been impossible to ascertain the exact space allowable between the eye-brows and the brim of the new Spring hat, but it is safe to say that but little of the forehead should be visible.

The hats themselves have never been more worthy of attention than they are this year. The all black hat is quite in the background. The new hats in both coarse and fine straws come in such colors as bright purple, vivid green, and flaming nasturtium yellow. Hats of mauve straw will be considered this season as subdued. Two colored straws are frequently combined in one hat. The new shapes are broad in effect. The crowns are low and generally much trimmed.

The color combinations used are most startling. Among the newest is purple and navy blue, turquoise blue and stem green, cerise and heliotrope, vivid green and mauve, old rose and green, and perhaps the oddest combination is one of mauve and nut brown.

Tulle is the chief trimming. It is arranged in filmy loops, soft rosettes, and in cloudlike masses. It does much toward subduing the effect of the new hats. Half the flowers used this season are veiled in tulle. Occasionally the tulle itself adds an odd touch to the color combination, as when clusters of pink geraniums are covered with film of violet tulle. But generally it does much to soften the crude color effect.

Conspicuous among the new trimmings is the bird of paradise, which was so popular ten years ago. This bird, with its long, waving plumes, is to be seen on all the most exclusive French hats. It is dyed in many different colors and is used in trimming a bonnet as well as a round hat. White feathery aigrettes are another feature of the new hats.

Nearly as important as the question of headgear is the subject of parasols. Said an authority to me recently:

Nine out of every ten of the women who really know how to dress well always try their parasols on, just as they do their hats, before buying, and it is an excellent plan, for a pale, sallow woman should never carry bright blues or greens, and should by all means avoid glaring reds. She should wear something in a black or mode. Dark women, with high color, look well under the blues and greens in light or dark shades, and yellow is also becoming to them; while the blondes, these pink and white girls with real gold in their hair, look very captivating with dead white, yellow, pink, or pale blue as a background, in the light shades, and the dark ones are equally as becoming.

The batiste, or grass linen parasols are out for the first time, and are very swagger for morning use, either in the mountains, or by the sea. They are made up with plain, natural sticks, and the lining, which is of any colored China silk, shows through the batiste. Some have colored dots with a lining to match, others have bands of insertion let in, and still others are figured, while many of the plain ones have a finish of open-work embroidery woven in at the edge. These parasols are designed to be worn with summer flannels, ducks, and linen gowns, and will be extensively used by those going on coaching tours. They are exceedingly light and durable, and will not fade, and the price varies from $3.50 upward.

Here is a costume ordered in Paris for a western heiress:

The skirt, rather full, with only godets at the back, was made of a rough, black material shot with mandarin. The waist was of very full black mousseline de soie over a light black silk lining. Coming from the shoulder seam were two strips of rare white lace, held down by bands of jet. The shoulder seams were very long, and at the arm hole was a ruff of mandarin velvet, held with a band of jet. The dark green velvet on the waist was arranged so as to give the effect of a bolero jacket over the waist of mousseline de soie. At the back the velvet was cut in the fashion of a short bolero jacket, showing three inches of the fulled mousseline de soie and the shirred ends of a crush green velvet girdle. The jacket effect in front consisted of two tiny pointed lappets of the velvet, lined with white satin. These fell over the girdle in front. The sleeves were full puffs to the elbow. From the elbow to the waist the sleeves were tight-fitting, but at the hand they flared and showed a facing of white satin and a frill of lace. The collar was a full crush collar of the black mousseline de soie, with a stiff full ruche of the same standing out four inches.

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FOR 1896

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TALES OF THE DAY.

Guzman Blanco, for many years Dictator for Venezuela, called upon Baron Rothschild for the purpose of negotiating a loan for his Government. He remarked, by way of compliment, on the honor of interviewing the head of the richest banking house in the world. "And I," returned the Baron, "am honored by receiving a call from the richest man on earth." "You overestimate my resources," answered Blanca. "I am not nearly so rich as reported. But even were I possessed of as many thousands as they say, my fortune would still fall short of your own." "Who but Blanca," said Rothschild, "has estates comprising hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory? Who else has an income of thirty-seven millions? Who else has two and one-half million slaves?" Blanca smiled sweetly, and replied: "Baron, I see you understand the politics of Venezuela."

That story about Washington, saying that he would not be outdone in politeness by a negro, has evidently been taken to heart by Mr. Thomas Reed. Reed was sauntering up a fashionable Washington avenue during calling hours, when two colored brethren, decidedly the worse for wear, in battered remnants of clothes, lifted their ragged caps as he passed, saying: "How do you do, Mr. Speaker?" Instantly Reed raised his hand to his hat, and lifted it, with a profound and courteous bow. The cynical smile, which habitually plays around his lips, turned to one of extreme cordiality, as he said: "Good day, gentlemen."

A certain Berlin banker lost his hearing and an eminent physician prescribed an evening at Lohengrin as a possible cure, the ailment being of a character amenable to concussion. Doctor and banker went together, and took seats in the front row, beside the orchestra. The trombones were right beside them. There came the celebrated passage which these instruments render with a terrific blast, and at the end of it the banker turned round and whispered ecstatically, "You have saved me!" The physician paid no attention. Forgetting music and audience the banker shouted in his ear, "Doctor! Doctor! I can hear! Congratulate me." The doctor heard not. He had himself become deaf.—*Youth's Companion.*

An old lady of Fife, noted for possessing a sharp tongue, and a tendency toward taking down conceited people, was entertaining a number of young folk at an evening party. The guest of honor was a young man who had obtained an appointment in China, and he was so much elated over his prospects that he talked throughout the evening of himself. As he stood up to go, the old lady, who had been rather silent, said to him, "Tak gude care o' yoursel' when your awa', for mind ye they eat puppies in Cheena."

Emperor William III. was a very small boy at the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which he attended in charge of his two uncles, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught, who, following the Queen's instructions, wore Highland dress. The royal youngster fidgeted vigorously during the ceremony, and consequently received occasional warning taps on the shoulder. He revenged himself by kneeling down and biting their bare legs with much earnestness.

Judge Campbell tells a story about the cross-examination of a bad-tempered female in his court. She was an Amazonian person. Her husband, obviously the weaker vessel, sat sheepishly listening. The opposing attorney pressed a certain question rather urgently, and she said, angrily, "You needn't think to catch me. You tried that once before." The lawyer said: "Madam, I have not the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks as if he was sorry he did."

Warden Hale of San Quentin tells this tale on himself: On the morning of an execution, he asked the prisoner what he would have for breakfast. It is the custom to give the unfortunate, on that occasion, whatever luxury he desires. "Give me some peaches," said the prisoner. It was in the dead of winter. "Peaches!" said the Warden. "Why, they are out of season, man. There are none ripe now, of course." "That makes no difference," said the prisoner, "I can wait for them."

Congressman Gillett of Massachusetts, a bachelor, called on Speaker Reed in the House to ask consideration of his bill making obligatory a year's residence in a territory before commencing a divorce proceeding. "Your personal interest in this matter, I take it, Gillett, is purely anticipatory."

Stewart Cumberland, in his book on South Africa, tells a story about President Kruger having accepted an invitation to open a new synagogue at Johannesburg. After a few preliminaries, he announced, in his loudest voice, to the amazement of all present, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I declare this building opened."

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE WOMEN.

Already the right to vote has been accorded to women in Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah, and now the strength of the movement is being concentrated upon California. The gallantry of the westerner inclines him to grant to women whatever he thinks they want. It is a part of the same spirit that prompts him to give up his seat in a street-car. But quite possibly an unfair advantage may be taken of this tendency to be courteous, and the instinct of chivalry may be misled.

California is not to be measured by any of the States that have already taken step with the Amazonian march. Wyoming is sparsely settled, and has not even a single large town. Much of the population is scattered over dreary ranges on which the presence of a woman is as rare as an angel's visit. There are "cow camps" in plenty in which woman is an unknown quantity, and among the mines there are but few of the gentler sex. Naturally, the men, deprived so largely of associations that enter into the ordinary life and form the best part of it, were ready to bestow upon the distant and idealized woman any favor that they believed to be desired by her. It was simply an exhibition of gallantry. Wyoming does not possess the elements of population or variety that would make the experiment there a fair test. Colorado took a similar step, owing to the determination to fight a life-and-death struggle on the subject of free coinage. It was felt that vital necessity existed for making a brave show in favor of silver, and that on this subject the sentiment was unanimous. The votes of the women could not change the complexion in any manner, but they could add to the volume of expression and make it a more emphatic rebuke to the "gold bugs"; so the women were given the ballot. Good women voted. There was novelty in the experience. Hackloads of the scarlet sisterhood rolled up to the polls and voted. There was a similar novelty in the experience for them and the additional benefit of getting solid with the officials, who, at times, had harassed them for infractions of the law. Some good women did not vote. No member of the scarlet sisterhood failed in performing the new duty.

The situation in Utah was unique. There was a brand of shame on the brow of the Territory, and entering the Union it wished the brand effaced. At one time, women there were in a situation worse than ordinary serfdom. That was long ago, but the memory of it lingered and rankled and would not be thrust aside. So the women were given the ballot. It was their reputed pledge of safety, and came as reparation for years of shame. In no other part of the United States could a case in any degree analogous be cited. In its history and its present composition Utah is absolutely alone, and there is none other to be judged by its standards.

These three instances, and the elaborate campaign now under way in California, show that the deliberate plan is to first make a concerted assault upon the existing order of things by capturing the West, and from the vantage ground thus gained move against the conservative East and the even more conservative South. The opponent of suffrage is placed in a position not wholly pleasant. In replying to the chosen orators of the mistaken cause, he is apt to be regarded as including in his condemnation the millions of women who are not clamoring noisily for "emancipation." The idea that he does not consider these orators as representative of anything but a spirit of discontent not shared in by women of the nobler type, such as all honor, and honor most in trying to protect from the Shaws and Stetsons and the delusions of sophistry, for some reason is apt not to be grasped. Yet this idea is the center and soul of his opposition. He reveres the good woman as she is. He does not object to her elevation; he objects to having her placed on a plane lower than that on which she stands. He must also expect to be charged with relying upon theories exploded twenty years ago. It is true that theories concerning a matter discussed actively for generations can not be wholly new. It is equally true that the theory sound a score of years ago is sound to-day. The commandment "Thou shalt not steal" loses nothing of moral worth because here and there a scoundrel has stolen his way to affluence and died in the odor of purloined sanctity. Yet as a theory it is ancient, and has been subject to occasional explodings.

It would be folly to claim that Californian women intellectually are incompetent to vote. It is wisdom to claim that by becoming voters they would lower themselves. Many women are physically competent to shovel coal, or dig a ditch. It by no means follows that for them to do either of these things would be proper or desirable. The spectacle would be repellant. Many a man might direct the servants of his household, and many a wife might direct her husband's clerks, but either one in doing so would be straying from the natural and seemly field of endeavor. Let each attend to the duties that befall. Such is the only commendable course. The teachings of centuries of civilization are not to be blown aside by the vociferous breath of a band of screamers, albeit they be individuals of brains and character. They lack sex. Having, for the most part, no husbands, they know all about the management of husbands. Being generally childless, they are conversant with every need of children. These simple facts should shake faith in the ability of them to become teachers of women who have husbands, children, who love and are loved. People still ask questions that were asked before they were born. They say "Who will attend to the baby while the mother sits on a jury?" It is a mean question. It produces confusion, yet the necessity for asking it remains, from the circumstance that it has never yet been answered. Of course it does not concern the spinster, or the ex-wife unblessed by little ones and blessed by ample alimony, or the elderly woman whose children have grown up and gone into the world; but these do not constitute the body or necessarily the flower of the sex. Then we take the liberty of asking again about that baby. Surely the occupant of the cradle has some rights. To pause for an adequate reply would mean an eternal silence.

Aside from sentiment there are physical reasons innumerable why women should not become voters and office-holders, and these reasons are not to be evaded. They exist, and there can be neither concealment nor logical denial of them. It is impossible at this time to even mention the more prominent. Rather let a glance be taken at what is proposed to be accomplished, and patent fallacies that the scheme generously overlooks. The great hope, often an actual belief, is that if women are given the ballot, purity will come upon the land. On what is this hope based? On a shadowy dream. With regret it must be admitted that all women are not good. Politics is not wholly clean. The crystal stream running into a stagnant pool becomes a part of it. The crystal of the stream is lost; the pool remains. If the good women were all to vote one way they would have an effect; they might stir the pool. But their votes would be divided just on the lines of votes of husbands and brothers, not from any coercion, but because there would be uniform environment and a sameness of influence. There would be more votes. On the other hand would be the vote of an army of female outcasts. There are women in jail in this city for neglecting their off-spring. These would be at the polls there to jostle with decency. Many respectable citizens neglect to vote. The wives of such men would also be neglectful. There is every reason to suppose that the vicious element would, after the first novelty had vanished, be far more potent than the element embracing the interests of home and order. This has not been positively demonstrated yet, but is slowly proving itself. At least, for California, the experiment would be dangerous and useless.

But, conceding that all women are good, and that all women would vote one way—which is the teaching from the campaign rostrum—it would mean the lumbering up of the statutes books with laws demanding impossible reforms. There are more laws now than can be enforced. Women could not do police duty—although some of them want the privilege—any more than they could do military duty. But in carrying a club or a musket they would not jar on the sensibilities of men any more harshly than they do in the wild demand for a chance to become voters. They simply ask to be translated to a sphere foreign to them. It is comforting to know that the tumult is created by only a few, and that womanhood is not in revolt. As well judge femininity in general by the degenerates who carry blossoms to an assassin, as by the vanguard now making its wordy campaign. The vanguard constitutes the entire force. There are no legions behind it.

As two wrongs cannot make a right, it is idle to plead that because ignorant men are permitted to vote that all restrictions should be thrown away. There would be no remedy in allowing the wife of the immigrant to have the ballot because he has it. She would

merely double a power for evil, a power that ought never to have been conferred.

But the subject cannot be treated adequately in one article, and an old truth may be worth repeating as the warrioresses go forth to battle.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Mr. Clarkson of Iowa visited California and returned to the East to announce that this part of the country was ablaze with enthusiasm for Senator Allison as the Republican candidate for President. Mr. Manley of Maine came here ostensibly for his health, but no sooner had reached his Atlantic home than he confided to the newspapers that "Tom" Reed was the popular man on the Pacific Slope. Mr. Depew of New York is now enjoying Californian climate, and incidentally remarking to all who approach his private car that Governor Morton is the one man sure to win, because he has New York behind him, and New York is still a pivotal State. Although he does not claim that Governor Morton is a hot favorite in California, he is pleased to discover, however, that underneath the apparent enthusiasm for McKinley there is a strong conservative sentiment for the New Yorker, and this, he thinks, will bring California into line when the right time comes.

It is an old saying that people can always hear what they want to hear, and politicians are especially fortunate in this regard. To them the silver lining is always to be seen behind the darkest cloud. Until defeat has actually overwhelmed them they are sure that the sign will appear in the sky that will bring victory. The uncertainties of politics give them hope. They know that in the homestretch many a leader has gone down. It is manifest that what little enthusiasm there is for any candidate it is for Major McKinley, the Napoleonic leader of the high-tariff army; but early booms, like early flowers, are apt to suffer from spring frosts. And in this there is consolation to the leaders of all other booms.

It is by no means a foregone conclusion that McKinley will be nominated at St. Louis. Blaine had a greater following in 1876, but the stranger from Ohio got the nomination. Grant, with his 308, had to yield at last to the Blaine combination for Garfield. Harrison was far in the rear when Platt, Depew, and Quay united their forces and destroyed Sherman. Cleveland alone among all the recent candidates for the Presidency has had a support that has been sufficient to set at naught the machinations of the politicians. While Major McKinley is having things very much his own way just now, he is in reality very little nearer the nomination than he would be if he had shown but half as much strength. Then he could have combined against the favorite, whereas now all the others are combined against him. His manifest strength is one of his greatest weaknesses. This the people do not appreciate as the politicians do, hence the difference in prophecies as to the outcome.

Two of the candidates are rich men and two are poor. Senator Allison is the leading private banker of Iowa, and has by means largely of his money been able to keep himself in the Senate for nearly thirty years. Governor Morton made his money as a member of the banking house of Bliss, Morton & Co. He could contribute more to the campaign fund than any other candidate, and no doubt his assessment would be beyond anything ever before known in our history. His fight for the governorship is generally believed in New York to have cost him over half a million dollars, and his contribution to the Harrison-Morton campaign fund is said to have been an equal amount. Such a candidate would please the politicians, but Platt and Depew and Warner Miller, who are his chief boomers, have no idea that Morton will be nominated. The same game that was played with the name of Depew in the Convention of '88 will be played this time with Morton's name; it will hold the delegation together until the leaders have made terms with the man they want to win. The same game is being played by Quay in Pennsylvania. He carries the delegation in his pocket as he might so much coin. Platt and Quay made Harrison the nominee, but Harrison failed to keep the promises his lieutenants had made, on the ground that they had no authority to make them. They now propose to unite at the right time to name a man who will have no chance to escape—the nominee must be their man. Perhaps this man is Speaker Reed. It was reported at the organization of the present Congress that the House patronage had been turned over to the New York and Pennsylvania bosses as earnest of the great harvest that was to be theirs when Reed became President. Knowing that Reed could not carry the two largest delegations against McKinley and Allison, it was a bit of shrewd politics for Platt to make Morton a candidate and for Quay to name himself. With New England solid, a portion of the Southern delegates, and a few scattering votes through the West, Reed will be a figure of consequence, and when New York and Pennsylvania are needed, he can have them. This seems to be the program of the bosses.

McKinley stands alone as the stalwart figure of the contest. He represents the great principle over which the battle will be fought, and represents very little else. His strength is with the people, although he has wealthy friends who have raised a modest fund for campaign expenses. McKinley is a clean man, an intense Republican, an ex-soldier and uncommitted on the troublesome money question. The Democratic press is quite generally of the opinion that he would he the weakest candidate the Republicans could name, but the Democratic politicians would hardly be so frank if it were true. They would keep it to themselves in the hope that he would be nominated.

From all present indications the Democratic party will have little to say as to this year's result. Unless the Republicans make some tremendous mistake at their convention or good times return like a hurricane, there need be little discussion of Democratic candidates.

THE NEWSPAPER CONTROVERSY.

"The Wave" has steadfastly kept aloof from participating in the recent attacks made upon the *Examiner*. In adopting this course we have not been prompted by any affection for that journal, for in the past in our discussion of its editorial and general policy, we have not minced matters, nor softened our criticism of what not only appeared to be an unwise and unfair course, but have strongly protested against its policy as distinctly detrimental to the interests of the State. The controversy now up, and which is receiving so much attention, partakes more of a personal quarrel in which, under existing circumstances, we have no part. It is a controversy wherein much may be said on either side, but, as we would not treat the matter from any point of view but our own, and as that point of view would not be flattering to either party, "The Wave" has refrained from any mention of the subject. In passing, it may be said, however, that we do not believe Mr. Hearst would be guilty of selling the opinions of his journal. Confessedly, however, from our point of view, he might do so and better serve the interests of the State.

There are likely to be many unfortunate results coming out of a controversy such as that in which the *Examiner*, the *Chronicle*, and the railway are embroiled. It serves the enemies of the railway admirably in many respects. It serves to fortify the noisy fellow who is continually charging that the papers defending or adopting a fair and equitable policy toward the corporation are paid to do so. It serves the fellow who advises a timid man not to be fair to the corporation for fear his motives will be suspected. One of the difficulties standing in the pathway of decent journalism in this State, and one of the most insurmountable difficulties at that, is the prevalence of the belief that editors are paid for espousing the railway side. Suspicion is general, and the charge universal, that a paper having anything to say in defense of the California railway institution is paid for making that defense. No matter how outrageous the imposition threatened, no matter how great the wrong, how unwise the course, how infamous the suggestion, if it be against the California railway, and the editor raises his voice to oppose its consummation, he is met at the threshold with the charge that he wears the iron collar, and is upon the pay roll of the institution. Wherever one comes to the defense of the railway his motives are impugned, his honesty questioned, and the charge of "hireling" hurled at him. This is not a healthy state of public mind, and the condition of it is not improved by exploiting such performances as that under consideration, even if the railway should prove to the minutest detail every count in its bill of indictment. Suspicion of men who desire to act fairly in railway matters is not confined to cheap and small men, but it is an impression that is very general, and does much to restrain honest men, not only of the press, but in legislatures, and elsewhere, from expressing honest convictions often favorable to such institutions.

However great the provocation, it would be difficult for the *Examiner* to justify its course in proceeding deliberately to injure, if not destroy, the reputations of the employees of the railway institution simply because they are in that employ. It is not a crime to earn a monthly salary from the railway corporation, and the average California railway employee is far above the ordinary, and, for the most part, they are men of integrity and honor. It is no part of decent warfare to personally malign and abuse innocent and inoffending men for some real or fancied grievance against their employer. This is a new tack in California journalism and one that should not be tolerated for a moment. If the *Examiner* can trace its trouble to any individual in the railway's employ, it might be excused for entertaining and expressing its views concerning that individual. The heat of anger might lend excuse to such a course, but it is apparent at a glance that the broad field of abuse, in which it is undertaking to engage, is directed by no such discriminating sense, and includes employees who, from the very nature of things, could have nothing whatever to do with its troubles. We do not mention names in this connection, for the manifest exceptions are self-suggestive. The whole controversy is a miserable mess and one that had much better be dropped and allowed to sink out of sight. It is unprofitable, disquieting, and objectionable, and should never have been exploited in the first place.

AN OPPORTUNITY IN DRIED FRUITS.

The last number of the United States Consular Reports contains a communication from Consul General Mason of Frankfort, in which he submits a number of facts for the consideration of fruit growers in California. He states that sun-dried California apricots, peaches, and pears sell at retail in the vicinity of Frankfort at from twenty-two to twenty five cents per pound, and even at this price their consumption is steadily increasing. He says:

"Assuming, for greater certainty, that the fruit-grower on the Pacific Coast sells his sun-dried apricots and peaches for eight cents per pound, there is still a margin of sixteen cents, or two hundred per cent between that figure and the retail price in Germany, which is absorbed by freight, import duty, and the profits of the successive dealers and commission merchants through whose hands such fruits now pass in the transit from the producer to the German consumer. How much of this margin is necessary expense, and how much is profit for some one? The inquiry should interest all California fruit-growers who are ambitious for the largest success of their business."

It strikes the Consul-General as curious, as it must the whole world, that most of the California dried fruit exported to Germany does not come direct from this State, but has been carried by rail to Chicago in bags, there repacked in boxes, sent by rail to New York or Baltimore, and there shipped to Europe, and he very pertinently asks the question, "Who or what is responsible for this very complicated and costly method of transit?" He concludes that the responsibility lies with the fruit-growers themselves, who decline to take the trouble to select and pack their dried fruit in boxes for export, but dump it into bags and sell it to the first comer. To-day, Chicago is the principal export market for dried fruits destined for Germany, and by reason of the costly and repeated handling before it reaches its destination, the price has been so increased that it is out of the reach of all but the well-to-do classes, and even they, Mr. Mason states, complain of its high price while conceding its excellence. There is force in everything that the Consul-General has to say about our method of handling our dried fruits, and his suggestions are valuable and entitled to the highest consideration. It seems to present an opportunity for a man with capital to embark in a new enterprise, one which would not only benefit the farmer of the State, but more than likely enrich himself. His proposition is practically this: That the fruit-growers and packers of California organize an export association, and adopt a uniform system of packing dried apricots, peaches, pears, and prunes in neat wooden boxes, with the top and bottom layers of fruit laid regularly, so as to make a showy appearance when opened and displayed in the grocer's window. He then suggests that the association ship its fruit by way of Panama or by rail to New Orleans, and thence by ship to wholesale agencies in Hamburg or Bremen. He recommends that traveling salesmen be employed to exhibit and sell the fruit throughout Germany, and states it to be his conclusion that after a year or two of such effort, a large and permanent market would be established which would practically take care of itself. The same association, he suggests, could likewise handle canned and otherwise preserved fruits. The superiority of both canned and dried fruits from the Pacific States is generally recognized in Germany. Native fresh fruits are always expensive there, and, in comparison with those of similar species from this Coast, are flavorless and poor. It would not require much money, nor much risk for that matter, to embark in an undertaking of this character, and the volume of business promises to be enormous. The suggestion, coming as it does from an intelligent American who is upon the ground, and who is familiar with the trade and its requirements and possibilities, should carry a great deal of weight. There are millions of idle capital locked up in our local banks, looking for investments, which might well be turned to this line of effort.

NOT A CLOSED INCIDENT.

Readers of "The Wave" will remember that mention was made last week of the murder of a man named Mars; that he was killed by some striking lathers, because, not having any occasion to be dissatisfied, he refused to join their ranks. As his own dying words

expressed it, with pathos, dignity, and force, that was what he "got for trying to earn bread."

There is a tendency now to regard the incident as closed, but against this course every citizen not addicted to the strike habit will protest. Earning one's bread by honest toil cannot be regarded as a capital offense. The story must not be considered complete in its one chapter of violence, of cruelty, and of wrong. There is demand for a sequel. The slaying of a reputable citizen without shadow of palliation, because in opinion he dared to differ from another citizen evidently not reputable, is an outrage not only against the bereaved family, but against that liberty, on which rests the dearest rights of men.

The man who actually killed Mars has appeared already before the bar of the Police Court. There judicial wisdom, inscrutable less from its immensity than from its absence, chose to hold him for manslaughter in the trifling bail of five thousand dollars. Thus at the very outset of the struggle to punish a criminal was justice mocked by one of its own servants. The man who killed Mars was guilty of murder. The assault he made was wholly unprovoked, and no excuse yet appearing can serve, as in any manner, a mitigation. The assailant was, by his very presence, a trespasser. He came with threats on his lips. He carried the threats into execution. Yet a court has already said "manslaughter." If carried to a conclusion on the same lines, the prosecution will be tardy and lame, witnesses will be scattered, the blood that cried from the wounds of Mars be forgotten, and the charge fall at last, the transgressor go free, and the strike that regards assassination as a legitimate instrument, be vindicated. The course of the daily press thus far has not swerved from its standard of cowardice. There was no denunciation of the original crime. There was no word of condemnation for the judge who construed the wanton beating to death of an innocent man into manslaughter. The accounts of the murder were brief. The account of the preliminary examination was a mere memorandum. So far as the daily press is concerned the affair is at an end. The unions also have neglected an opportunity that would have given them standing that they have lacked for long. They do not advocate the bludgeon. Indeed, they are quite frank in declaring that their ways are ways of pleasantness, and their paths are paths of peace. This is a theory. They are ready to defend it to the last wag of the tongue. It is not uncommon for them to formally resolve that violence is wrong, and to spread the resolution on the records. At this point duty is regarded as having been honorably performed.

If the unions are in earnest, if there is in their composition less of the lion than the lamb; if they do not believe in the slaughter of workmen whom they have dubbed "scabs," now is a chance for them to prove it. Now is the opening through which they can enter into the respect of thinking people. Let them not pass the Mars murder with a mildly deprecatory remark that it does not meet the approval of organized labor. This murder, unavenged, must ever rest upon them as a shadow and a reproach. Let them, in their own interests, uphold the law that a striker defied. If they are in no measure accessory to bloody deeds, let them set upon such deeds the deep and indelible mark of detestation. Instead of shielding this offender, as has been their wont in other cases yet remembered, let them give the evidence that they know, try to assist instead of impede the law, and thus weed the vicious from their own councils, and from society. Having indicated practically that they do not connive at murder, they will be in a position to command attention and sympathy when need shall be. Approving of, even passively, the method employed to remove Mars, they shut themselves from popular support and become a class apart.

The country press has noted the murder of Mars, and has not spared the murderer, or the spirit that actuated the fatal blow. For this it is to be praised, and there will be bountiful occasion yet for it to comment upon the subject, keeping it fresh in the public mind. The Mars incident is not closed. There are those who intend to see that some sort of protection shall be afforded the man who earns bread, nor asks his idle neighbor's permission. That peculiar belief that a striker has unlimited rights, and that when intimidation is unsufficient, can, with impunity, resort to kicks, blows, murder, has been too much encouraged. The grave of Mars marks a turning point in the path of public sentiment.

THE "CENTURY" ON CALIFORNIA RAILWAYS.

The *Century Magazine*, which certainly is one of the leading periodicals published in America, has some things to say concerning our California railways which deserve more than passing notice, for its strictures are based upon a statement of fact that is manifestly an error. In its editorial department, an article, entitled "Plain Words to Californians," contains the following astonishing statement:

> But for the short-sighted and unpatriotic policy which has controlled its railway system, California would to-day be as well known in New York as any State of the middle West; and it is in keeping with the commercial enterprise of its people that in spite of such discouragements they boldly undertake to send across a continent a comprehensive exhibit of its imperial resources.

The impression left by the *Century* article is that the California railway corporations have been niggardly in their efforts to educate the people of the East as to the resources of this State. This is a most grievous error, and it is an injustice to an institution which, though it is accustomed to abuse and maltreatment from its local enemies, is entitled to fair treatment at the hands of so impartial and prominent a publication as the *Century*, It is common knowledge out West that this railway corporation has expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in the very line of endeavor regarding which the *Century* charges them with neglect. At its own expense, it has twice fitted out a car, popularly called "California on Wheels," in which was contained a complete exhibit of the chief products of the State together with a most comprehensive series of photographs, pamphlets, and other matter calculated to awaken an interest and give information regarding our resources. This car was placed in charge of Messrs. E McD. Johnstone and Howard Tibbets. Mr. Johnstone was a boon companion of Mr. Muir to whom the *Century* gracefully refers in the same article. They left San Francisco December 18, 1888, and traveled continuously in the East until September 7, 1889. The same car, with a replenished exhibit, again left San Francisco December 3, 1889, and traveled continuously throughout the East and Canada until February 28, 1891. An advance agent preceded and advertised the car. Lectures were given by Mr. Johnstone, illustrated by stereopticon views by Mr. Tibbets, who is an expert in that line. At every hamlet and village on the journey where hall room was available, lectures were given. The car was thrown open to the public, pamphlets were distributed, information furnished, and everything possible was done to inform the Eastern farmer and agriculturist concerning our State.

Again, at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition, the California exhibit consisted almost wholly and entirely of goods gathered together by the Southern Pacific Company at its own expense. This exhibit was most complete and comprehensive, and the entire expenditures in connection therewith were borne by this railway institution. The jars of fruit and other fixtures and appurtenances to the Car exhibit and the New Orleans exhibit were presented to the California State Board of Trade, of which we believe the land agent of the Company is now the presiding officer. That California had any of its products on exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition last fall was due to this railway organization which carried the complete exhibit free of all charge. So far as pamphlets and descriptive matter go, the railway has distributed such by the millions. Indeed, so far has the company gone to induce immigration to California, so far has it gone to lay before the people of other States and other nations the inducements here offered to the farmer of small means, that a howl once went up protesting against their bringing more people into the State. Strange as it may appear upon its face, this is the truth. From what source could the *Century* have procured the facts upon which to base its statement that "but for the short sighted and unpatriotic policy which has controlled its railway system" California would be better known in the East?

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT IMPOSSIBLE.

The iconoclasts of science are out after the sentiments. Not content with destroying the superstitions of humanity, belittling our faith, and dissecting our morals, they have love in their laboratories, resolving it into subdivisions, dissolving its components in corrosive acids, taking observations of its origin and influence, comparing evidence as to its cause and effects—collecting statistics, as though the fever of the divine passion were but a vulgar disorder traceable to a microbe, the consequence of a poison. The first expression of these investigations is the announcement of Dr. Allen Fitch, of Bellevue Hospital, that "love at first sight is impossible." In his professional capacity, Dr. Fitch is County Examiner in lunacy, and he was called to testify recently if the love of Daniel Levy for Mrs. Harriet Lipman was emotion or madness. It may be explained that the former had pursued the latter with unwelcome attentions and had evinced a quality of devotion that incarceration, abuse, violence, or threats failed to diminish. Finally, the lady charged her admirer with lunacy and the result was his commitment—a somewhat melancholy termination for an unreciprocated attachment. Distinguishing between love and lunacy, Doctor Fitch permitted himself the generalization to which we have alluded. Deliberately he stated that the condition is impossible—instantaneous admiration he admits, but only of the character which is inspired by a picture, or a fine house. Love is a secondary phase, the offspring of approbation, but vitally distinguished from mere approval. If these axiomatic differentiations were not sufficiently debatable this daring expert in lunacy declared that no man could fall in love with a picture. He may admire the beauteous lineaments or the character which they express, but it is admiration not love which moves him.

There then is the contention of science, or rather of a lunacy expert. Before proceeding, it is well to remember that the most intimate knowledge of insanity does not necessarily comprehend an acquaintance with the mysteries of passion. Love is not lunacy, though it is said to be near allied to madness. At the worst, the enthralling sentiment is labeled "infatuation," and is not supposed to cloud the understanding nor derange the mental faculties. It is possible, then, Doctor Fitch's conclusions are unwarranted by authority; that his generalization is insufficiently founded by data. Who would apply to an expert on insanity to authenticate his passion? The subject of love contributes to a great extent to our libraries. The passion of man for woman has been explained and described, diagnosed and dissected in its thousand phases. It is the subject of half the literature of the world. Is it conceivable that the declaration of Doctor Fitch will weigh against Marlowe's fine interrogation, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight"? To deny the theory of an enkindling flash is to rob love of its most ennobling feature; to despoil romance of its most cherished inspiration. Doctor Paolo Montegazza, whose *Physiology of Love* is a standard work on the subject, states that there may be a love at first sight, but he calls it "the most fortunate combination in the hazardous game of life. All at once to meet, to admire, to desire to embrace, with a look like the lightning flash—to feel oneself inundated by another's gaze equally passionate and penetrating—all this is a joy too rare, too perfect, that few have known and few will ever experience." The most instantaneous loves, he says, are not the most lasting, but he continues: "A healthy love well constituted and destined for a prolific existence should begin with a violent shock, which measures the depths from which the warm sympathy springs."

So there is your flash. Indeed, Montegazza adds "Where a coruscation of the heavens and a trembling of the earth does not accompany the new love; where Nature does not hurl forth a cry of voluptuousness, or of pain—no one can deceive me—a friendship, a benevolence, any kind of a sentiment has sprung into being, but to the new-born I shall certainly not give the holy baptism of love."

Thackeray in *Vanity Fair* laughs at what he calls the romance of love—"This fine picture of Jenny and Jessamy falling in love at first sight, billing and cooing in an arbor, and retiring to a cottage afterwards to go on cooing and billing. Pish, what folly is all this rubbish. I don't say that a young man and woman are not to meet and to fall in love that instant, and to marry that day year, and love each other until they are a hundred—that is the supreme lot—but that is the lot which the gods only grant to Baucis and Philemon, and a very, very few besides." But he admits what Doctor Fitch so strenuously denies—the possibility of the condition. However, the subject is as infinite as the possibility of quotation, for it must be remembered that though the main facts of love are identical, the details of individual cases are rarely similar.

CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club has every right to be proud of its exhibition. Doubtless it is, and doubtless it would be just as proud without any right at all, for we human beings have a way of admiring our own productions, even if we have nothing better to show than a malapert child or a new game of solitaire. Still, it is pleasant to know that they have a substantial basis for their opinion of themselves, whatever it may be. If it is high—there's Hosmer; if modest—well, we'll not specify, but they can find grounds for that, too, if they try hard enough.

In looking at the collection, the first fact to thrust itself upon one's notice is the infinite superiority, from an artistic standpoint, of those pictures which show cloudy skies, or have a background of foliage. The bright, sunny sky, when photographed, makes the objects in the foreground look like silhouettes on white cardboard, and the blankness of the background grates on the nerves and robs the picture of all depth and softness.

Though the exhibit of H. B. Hosmer is without doubt the best, there are a great many other excellent photographs, two or three of W. J. Street's being particularly beautiful.

Among the other exhibits, perhaps one of the cleverest things, from a technical standpoint, is the picture of a brook, which leaps from the underbrush, "tumbles down stones, rushes on to the plains," and may become "clearer than amber," but this we are not permitted to see, as it is but a small photograph. A diminutive edition of it is, I think, to be seen on the little cards which the Club issued. Another good picture is a waterscape in an exhibit by the door, of what I believe to be (because mysterious noises and individuals issued therefrom) the developing room. Pardon me, sir or madam, for so designating you, but, you see, I have forgotten your name and could not describe the picture to save myself from boiling oil; but I remember that it pleased me vastly, even as much as those of H. B Hosmer, who has a knack of catching Nature in her most meaningful moods. Many of his photographs, notably two pieces of marsh (or something that looks like marsh) and several little bits of water fringed with darkness and mystery, are full of suggestion. They seem to be striving to express something; the waters and the trees whisper to us—"strange things," they murmur, "strange things have happened here; stay but a little and we will tell you all."

H. B.

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

Wary politicians will watch Governor Morton of New York. He towers head and shoulders over his rivals as a statesman; he is not surpassed by any one of them in the arts of the politician. He is a lucky man. Ever since he came to New York to seek his fortune he has succeeded in everything he has tried. When he was Minister to France, it was said that he was a power in French politics. He has never been an orator, a framer of policies, or a boss of parties. But wherever he has been, he has exerted a silent influence which has laid upon men a stress which they could not resist. He possesses, in a large degree, the magnetic power which was the source of Blaine's strength. To him Kinglake's remark on Sir Stratford Canning might be applied: "It was almost impossible to come into contact with him and then to oppose his views."

* * *

Are not Governor McKinley's friends rather overdoing it? They claim to have bowled out Tom Reed, Allison, Morton, and all the other favorite sons; is not this placing their man in the open, where every rival can pour a volley into him as he rides past? McKinley is undoubtedly the logical candidate of the Protectionists, but a good many disciples of that faith would have liked to let the tariff drop this year, partly because their belief in protection has been shaken since McKinley drew his bill, and partly because there is a dark suspicion that it has ceased to be a drawing card among the farmers, who are feeling that a protective duty on wheat does not help them in the least, while an increased duty on woolens and hardware would come out of their pockets.

* * *

Chandler of New Hampshire is boiling over again. He has discovered that the McKinley men have taken time by the forelock, and have fried all the fat out of the manufacturers for the coming campaign, so that when the Reed men and the Morton men and the Allison men go round hat in hand to the beneficiaries of a protective tariff, they find there is no more fat left to be put in their frying pan. This is very unkind and very unjust; it is no wonder that Chandler froths at the mouth. Your Ohio politician has the cunning of the serpent. If the election is to be bought, it is but fair that the buyer should be he who laid down his life on the altar of protection. As for fellows like Morton and Reed who did not bear the heat and burden of the battle, the proper answer to them, when they bring their fat-kettles round, is *Tarde venientibus ossa*.

* * *

To-morrow morning, at the sound of the Easter bells, fair angels with azure wings will descend from heaven, bearing baskets of eggs which they will deposit in the houses of the faithful. Some of them will be gilded, some red, some violet, some blue, some green; but whatever their hue, the young man who presents one of them to a girl—however high her station—to-morrow morning before he has broken his fast, may kiss her on the cheek. 'Tis a good augury for every virtuous maiden to dye a number of eggs scarlet and to present the finest of them to her priest or clergyman; thus she will show her great love for the church, and provide her beloved pastor with the egg which he must deposit at the gate of paradise when he knocks for admission. If to-morrow morning before breakfast a lad meet a lass tripping daintily in the Easter sunshine, he may take her by the hand, exchange eggs with her, and crying "Christ is risen," may kiss her on the lips, and may continue the kissing for four days. At least, he could do so if he were in Russia; and may not a freeborn American do anything which a Russian can?

* * *

The good Christians who worship at Grace Church will to-morrow celebrate Easter by the benediction of a processional cross and a memorial cross presented by two ladies of the congregation. Thousands of years ago, similar objects were erected in temples in honor of Astarte, the goddess of love; a few hundred years ago, according to Godfrey Higgins, "our Protestant females would have been shocked at the idea of setting up a cross, as smacking of Popery." In our day, few remember the story of the true cross. Happily, the manuscript of Tentzelius is still extant; it tells how Adam was dying, and begged one of his sons to fetch him out of the Garden of Paradise a branch of the tree of life, so he could gaze on it before he died. The branch was brought, was planted over Adam's grave, and grew into a mighty tree; in the course of ages, it was cut down, and Christ's cross was made out of its wood.

* * *

Tiffany & Co., the New York jewelers, have issued a monograph on diamonds, which contains curious facts. Thirty years ago, the importation of diamonds into this country was $1,318,617; in the ensuing ten years it doubled; ten years afterward, it amounted to $10,831,880; in 1892, it was $14,521,851. Then commercial depression cut down the consumption of luxuries, and in 1894 the import of diamonds fell to $6,768,393. In 1895, it is estimated that it was not over $5,000,000. It appears that the consumption of diamonds is an accurate measure of general prosperity.

* * *

Once more the story goes round that the opal is superseding the diamond. It has been discovered that instead of being unlucky, shining with radiance insincere, the opal is really a symbol of hope, innocence, and purity. The trade in the gem has increased two hundred to four hundred per cent in the last four or five years. Stones which were hard to sell for ten dollars ten years ago are worth several hundred dollars now. People are getting over the superstition for which Anne of Gierstein is largely responsible; it is based on nothing more than the fact that the opal will change in luster in consequence of emanations from the body in certain forms of disease. The changes may be traced to the variation in the moisture in the tiny crystals of the stone.

* * *

Judge Coffey's going on the stand in a will case, and then, on resuming his seat on the bench, ruling out his own testimony, recalls to mind a story of the late General Bragg, who commanded the Confederates at the Battle of Murfreesboro. He was at one time quartermaster as well as captain of a battery, and commanding officer at a post in some Western territory. As captain of artillery, he requisitioned for certain needed supplies. The requisition went to himself as quartermaster. He refused to comply, and indorsed his reasons upon the requisition with a few sarcastic remarks. The refusal was referred by himself as Artillery Captain to himself as commanding officer, and he reindorsed the paper with a genial assent to the requisition. On reflection, however, he rereferred the case to Department Headquarters, with a recommendation that the application be not granted.

* * *

He whose wrath boils over at the shortcomings of American journalism may derive comfort from recent exposures of the European variety of the article. A bevy of Parisian journalists lately hounded to his death a poor devil who had more money than morals, and whom they blackmailed past endurance. And now Dr. Lawson Tate of Birmingham, England, has discovered that the London papers, including the *Times*, have been in the habit of inserting in their Society columns accounts of the movements of prominent individuals "at the rate of one guinea for three lines, and half a guinea for every additional line." That is a branch of industry which, so far as is known, has not been established in this country. There are places where it would flourish.

* * *

Dr. Playfair, the most fashionable physician in London, disclosed to his wife and others discoveries which he had made in his professional attendance upon a lady in the best society, the result being that the lady in question was cut by every one, and expelled from the realms of the blessed. For so doing the lady sued the doctor for libel, and the jury gave her $60,000 damages. All England declares the doctor to have been rightly served. There, as here, the secrets of the consulting room are and ought to be sacred; a doctor who sees and tells ought to lose his practise, and be treated with a cane.

* * *

A. Signor Grinaldi is trying to do for cats what M. Garnier claims to have done for monkeys. He says he has discovered the cat language. Of course, the basis of the language is "Meouw"; but, like Chinese words, meouw varies in signification with the inflections in which it is pronounced. Meouw, in an ordinary tone of voice, means no more than "how do you do?" uttered in a high tone with the accent on the "me," it signifies anger or hatred; when it is prolonged, as in "meouw, vow, wow, yelow, yow, tiouw, wow, ys-s-s-syow," it means war, battle, and sudden death.

* * *

Scandals in what the French call "hig lif" are furnishing Society with abundant material for gossip. A vigorous attempt was made nearly a year ago to reconcile Mr. Blaine's daughter and her husband; the latter went away, but a baby came, and now it is hoped that the infant will accomplish that which its mother could not effect. On the stage, children often bring mother and father together after an estrangement; but the juvenile mediator is not usually in long clothes.

Would you be an actress or a vocalist? See how you may have the best tuition free of charge. Page 16.

THE EXIT OF "DRESS-SUIT BOB."

BY GELETT BURGESS.

It was, though I did not know it, my last night in San Francisco, and a nasty night it was, too. There was a soaking thick fog that blanketed everything but the gas lamps and the few windows that were lighted, for I was away from the cable-cars, out on one of the hilly streets in the Addition.

I was cocked and primed for a sure-enough thing, I thought to myself, for I was still absolutely unknown to the police, and had had a straight run of luck that had turned my head pretty badly, having worked the town all alone in my own way, asking no favors from the fraternity, and doing fairly well without the regular fences. I had a good eye for metal, and ran my little private mint, mine-marking the slugs so they traded like coin, and I was well content to let the professionals pick up all the swag I left behind. They call me "Dress-Suit Bob" now, and my style began to be copied after this game came out, but up to this time I was, as you might say, a dilettante, and I thought myself very clever.

So I braced up the street as if I owned the whole block, with an Inverness on over my evening dress and a crush hat that had been my magic invisible cap on many an expedition. Now, I am not going to begin moralizing at this late day, and I'm not proselyting for my private code of honor, but to appreciate my play, you must understand that I was born and bred a gentleman, and could sign this story with an S. B. after my name, if I had that much conceit. I have, besides, cultivated and expensive tastes, and if I take my own peculiar methods of gratifying them, it is nobody's business but my own and the Department's.

Well, it was easy enough to get through the garden, around to the back of the house; the fog lay like smoke in the bushes, and left me no particular credit, after I had located the watchman. I worked my way along to the rear door, where I had decided to do the act, trying a window or two meanwhile, just for the fun of it, to see how the place was fixed, when I struck one that was loose in the dining-room. This saved me a deal of trouble; but first I stood a while in the shadow of a tree, balancing up the chances *pro* and *con*, like Robinsou Crusoe, as I have a way of doing, being of a scientific and philosophical turn of mind, and priding myself on my systematic theories. I suppose, too, not being exactly of the criminal type, I always stand in need of fortifying myself with a little reasoning, where the crooks would take something stronger.

So I slid up the sash and got in. It was black as paint inside, and I sat down in a chair till I got used to the dark and my eyes stopped seeing sparks and complimentary colors, which are interesting enough when you have nothing else to do, but are rather in the way in my business. After a while I got the lay of the land better, and I felt my way around the table by the chair-tops, making for where the door ought to be, having decided to do the upstairs' rooms first, where I generally had the trick of finding what I was after. I had the plan of the house pretty well in my head, not having studied the outside for nothing, and these double bay-window houses being as alike as peanuts.

It was a good big house, what they call "an artistic residence" in the weeklies, fitted up in the old style, with window hangings and the like, and owned by a lady named Weathersmith. She was away, as I found out, and her son, an all-around society chap, was batching it with only one man-servant. It was about half-past eleven, a pretty safe hour, I thought, for the habits of the young swell, and I expected no trouble with his man.

I got to the dining-room door all right, and was making sure of my bearings, when I thought I heard a little noise above, in the hallway, and I'll be damned if there wasn't a man coming down the stairs! He had a bull's-eye lantern with him that shot a little wisp of yellow light ahead of him on the balusters, and he was picking his way down the treads like a monkey on a tightrope.

It was a pretty good joke on me, after all my trouble, but I was in no mood to play second fiddle to any professional, and I decided to have a go at him for my share, anyway, if I had to jump him for it. So I slipped back behind the doorframe, and lay for him with a little shotbag I had tied around my neck for an emergency.

The fellow made straight down the hall toward the dining-room, as I knew he would, remembering the open window I had come in by, but as bad luck would have it, he was a little too free with his lantern, and I got a streak of light dead in my face before I could dodge. He jumped as if I was a ghost, and danced back into the hall in a hurry, and tried to pull out a gun. I didn't give him long to think it over, but I landed on him a-flying, and grabbed his arms.

"Keep your mouth shut!" I hissed at him, "and

let me in on this if you want to get out of the house alive. So hand over what you have with you."

The man was paralyzed at that, for my get-up had given him a different idea of my character, but he growled under his breath. "Oh, dat's your game, is it? We're pals, are we?" and "Take dat," he said, breaking away and letting out at me in the face; "dat's your share!" But he missed me, and I countered on him and bowled him clean over onto the floor. He dropped his light and I fell on top of him, and we began the liveliest kind of a scrimmage in the dark. He managed to get a hand free and clawed at my face like a wildcat, foaming mad, and spitting a filthy string of oaths between his teeth. I kept my wits cool, but I felt nasty, too, by this time, for he had queered me, nobody ever having caught me at my work before. We settled down to it in earnest, panting like dogs and slipping all over the oak floor, smashing our heads on the corners of chairs, and dragging the rugs around like fiends.

What a nightmare that fight was! The hall was pitch dark, of course; we didn't care to let go our grip, and stabbed away at each other, using hands and feet, yet keeping as silent as we could, by common consent. Try my best, though, I couldn't get at my club to hit him with, and we were hugging each other like bears, when all of a sudden there was a noise outside, and, before we could get free of each other, there was a key in the latch and the door opened. We slackened our grip and lay as still as mice, hoping somehow we wouldn't be noticed, and then the gas was turned on with a rattle of electricity and the place blazed up like a calcium light, and we were in for it!

There stood young Weathersmith in an overcoat and tile as like me, when I got into the house, as all the world. God! he turned white, though, when he saw us on the floor, and he grabbed his stick and took hold of the door knob to get out.

But we were up in a hurry before he could turn the handle, and ran at him in a bunch. I got a bad jab in my side with the cane, and the other chap caught the young fellow's fist in his eyes at the first whack; but we were too much for him, and as soon as I had a little room I bumped him in the back of the head with my shotbag, and he dropped like a log on the door mat, before he had time to cry out, and lay there as if he had just fallen asleep.

This was the first chance I had to look at my new pal, and I saw he was a stocky Swede, dressed in a shiny blue coat and overalls like a plumber's man. I could see he hadn't been long at this business, though, and I thought I could manage him.

He straightened himself up, and he said, "Now, we'll talk business. Dis ting's went fur enough; we'll yust step out doors and settle it outside, for it's time to be a goin'."

I had hardly opened my mouth to answer him, when I caught sight of Weathersmith's man-servant upon the landing at the top of the stairs, in his night shirt, hanging to the rail, as white as a sheet. I didn't see his gun till he threw up his arm and plugged away down the stairs, shutting his eyes like a girl as he fired. The bullet went *zip!* into the plaster wall above our heads, and the man was a deal more frightened than we were, with his eyes goggling, and his body shaking with the fear and cold.

Then my new pal whipped out his revolver and leaned over the sights as cool as ice, and took a slow pot-shot at the bare legs up on the next floor, and, sure enough, they caved in, and the fellow dropped in a lump, shutting up like a pocket-knife where he stood. I couldn't tell whether he was winged or not, but I was sure enough he was quieted for good, for he had the worst scare on him I ever saw.

"Now you've done it," said I; "there's one for you and one for me, and the place is getting too hot for us!"

We both made a break for the front door, and I got it open, and was just sliding out, when the police whistles began to go off outside like Fourth o' July, and I could hear the officers running up the block for all they were worth. I slammed the door, slipped the chain and put out the hall light before you could say Jack Robinson.

"Get hold of him!" I sang out to my pal, who was half-way to the window by this time. "It's too late to get out now; the police are outside there—we'll have to hide this man first off. Run him into the bathroom back there," I said, "and perhaps I can stand 'em off!"

Well, the Swede came back like a trained dog, fairly whining with dread of the police, but he took Weathersmith's shoulders and I grabbed his knees, and we ran him down that hall in the pitch dark, like an overland express train on the down grade fetching up at the end of the passage with a bang. There was a bathroom under the stairs, and I kicked open the door, chucked him in, and jammed the Swede after him.

"Lock the door," I said, "and don't open it till I tell you!"

I hatched the whole game when I heard the whistles, and I played it like a star. It was the only thing to do, and I did it up brown, taking the chances as I found them. First, I got back into the dining-room and put my foot through the window-sash, breaking a hole big enough for a man to jump through, and then I slipped up a flight of back stairs I happened to find and got into the front part of the house. I wondered where the servant was as I ran through the hall, but I had no time to investigate matters and I braced into a front chamber threw up the window and yelled "*Police!*" There were a couple of officers in front of the house, just coming up the steps.

"What's up," they shouted.

"Thieves!" I said, "Go around to the back, they've just got out there!"

By that time another one had come up and he sang out, "Open the door!" while the other two dodged around back of the house, one going each way. I shut the window and started down. Well, just as I got to the stairs I tripped over something, and sure enough there was Weathersmith's man on the floor. I grabbed his collar and dragged him back into the room and looked at him to see if he was hurt. There wasn't a spot on him anywhere and I saw plain enough he had just naturally funked away. I hated to do it but I had to give him one to keep him still for a while anyway. Then I locked him into the room and ran down. The officer was banging away at the door like a fireman, and I let him in with my heart in my mouth, you may be sure.

"Are you sure they've gone?" he said.

"I hope so," said I, with a kind of a sickly grin as if I was half scared to death, which I was sure enough, too, though for a different reason. "You can go in the dining-room and find out if you want to, I've had enough of this!"

We had the gas lighted, and he pulled out his gun and went back into the dining-room and lit up there.

"I guess they left in a hurry," he said, looking at the smashed window. "I'll bet they got scratched up pretty good!"

He threw up the sash and called to the officers outside to get after the burglars and he'd stay and investigate. He came out into the hall again and looked around pretty sharp. "What's this?" he said, and good God! there were a couple of rolls of coin on the floor, and a broken one that had scattered twenty dollar gold pieces all over the country!

"Well, I swear!" said I; "you've saved my life." And I began scrabbling up that coin like a chicken after corn, shoveling it into my coat pockets till I had them bulging full.

"It's pretty good pickings," said the officer. "I'm sorry this ain't my huckleberry pasture."

"You're a good prospector," I replied, "and, seeing as you located the ore, here's your salary," and I handed out three twenties, which he pocketed with a very comfortable expression.

Now, this being in the hallway and quite convenient to the bathroom door, I must say I wasn't very easy about the Swede, who was pretty sure to be at the keyhole if his prisoner was still quiet. So I led the officer into the dining-room, and we sat down while I gave him a first-class fairy story about the affair.

He was very amenable to my hospitality, for the gold in his pockets had put him into a deuced good humor, so that I had no trouble in getting him to accept the refreshment I found all ready at hand on the sideboard, and before long he was very well primed with the liquor I had mixed for him.

I made out I was a chum of Weathersmith's who had come in early and was waiting for him when the burglars got in, and he made a few notes in his book with a stumpy lead pencil, looked at the bullet hole in the wall, and after an interminable delay, it seemed to me, he said there was no use staying round any longer and he'd go and report to the station; so at last he went away, with the description of two toughs I had cooked up for him impromptu.

You can imagine I lost no time in finishing up the business. I might have sloped immediately and left the Swede to suck his thumbs until some one came to get him, but I felt rather sorry for the fellow, and, with the stuff in my possession, I thought I could do no less than to give him a show to get away.

When I unlocked the door, I thought I should have died of laughing; he had Weathersmith doubled up in the bathtub, gagged, and tied with strips of towels, and was sitting on the floor, looking as mad as a hatter, and worried almost silly to know how he'd get out of the scrape.

There was no doubt, though, he had considerable more respect for my ability than when he first met me, for he minded me like a child, and without a question, while I bundled him into a big overcoat I found on the hat rack and gave him a brown derby hat that by rare good luck fitted him fairly well, and we made ready for a respectable exit.

The Swede balked at the door, shivering like a leaf when it came to going out. "Are you sure they're gone?" he asked. "Faith, I've talked to them inside," said I, "and I'm not afraid of 'em outside; we've got to make the break now, you're with a gentleman, so get onto yourself and brace up and do me credit," and I shoved him out first and shut the door behind us.

The fog was still fairly thick, though it had begun to rag out somewhat, and my nerves were pretty steady, being keyed up to concert pitch with the excitement.

Just as we got to the sidewalk, a man came running up to us, and I recognized the special watchman.

"The house has been robbed!" he said, all out of breath.

"So I understand," said I, "and where the hell have you been, that was paid for a watchman?"

"I've been chasing a couple of men down on Scott Street," said he. "I saw them running when you blew the whistle; there was a tall man and a short man, but I couldn't catch them."

"You've been chasing them in the corner grocery, if I'm not mistaken," I replied, and moved off.

"Where's Mr. Weathersmith?" he asked. "We're going to look him up," I said; "his man and I will try to find him. You'd better sit on the steps and wait, in case he comes home before we do, and tell him I saved his dough all right."

So we got away at last, I putting on a bold front and guying the Swede for his cowardice all the way. He was fairly rattled, and babbled like the freshman he was, till we struck California Street where we found a cab going in town. I hailed it, and we piled in and drew a long breath.

The moment we were inside my pal began to bluster and I saw the steak wasn't cooked yet. "Now we'll divvy," said the Swede, "Yust hand over dat stuff, half and half for you and me."

"I'll see you in San Quentin first," I replied, "you have a murder to account for, my Scandinavian friend, and if you don't care to have me tell what I know about that fellow we left up stairs with a hole in his head, you'd better forget all about my perquisites, for it's little enough to pay for what I've done for a white-headed rat like you."

He fell right down at the bluff and his flimsy braggadocio gave way to a most distressing panic. "My God," he whimpered; "did I kill him?"

"You drop in at the Morgue to morrow, if you don't believe it, and you have the stomach," I replied, and we rolled down town with no more said till I called out to the driver to put me down at the Baldwin, which was as near my rooms as I dared to risk.

For the rest, and to finish a rough-and-tumble tale (of which I am not too proud), I shipped the Swede off to the Mission, with a twenty to pay the driver, and got to my room by two o'clock.

There I found myself about twelve hundred dollars to the good, against a slim chance of getting away safely with the stuff, but this I managed after all, very successfully, crossing the ferry by the first boat, and making myself up as a hobo I tramped it northward till the thing blew over and then got East by a devious itinerary to my joint in Boston, where I have already a good scheme well under way that I hope shall put me on my feet again.

San Francisco, April 4, 1896.

A sad incident of carnival week in Paris was the appearance in the witness box, during the Arton trial at the Palais de Justice, of M. Baihaut, the Cabinet Minister and ex-Deputy sentenced in 1893 to five years penal servitude for receiving bribes from the Panama Canal Company, and who alone of the people implicated has not been set at liberty. The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes the scene:

Few who were formerly acquainted with the man, at one time so well known about town, recognized in the bowed, shrunken, and cadaverous-faced convict with snow-white hair and beard the portly, jovial, and sturdy M. Baihaut of three years ago. His appearance aroused the sympathy of all present, and when in the course of his examination he explained that he had surrendered to the State his fortune of eight hundred thousand francs in order to atone for having accepted a bribe of barely a third of that amount, that he had not been permitted to give a farewell embrace to either his wife or to his favorite daughter, both of whom have died since his incarceration, and when he finally described the misery of his prison at Etampes, where he is undergoing solitary confinement and compelled to don the hideous black mask or hood concealing the head and face and leaving nothing but two little peep-holes for the eyes whenever he is taken out for exercise (this being a rule to which all prisoners at Etampes are subjected to prevent their recognition by their fellow-convicts), a great outburst of indignation, which the judges were powerless to suppress, took place in court against those in authority who are responsible for the continued punishment of this so sorely tried man. Indeed, the expression of sympathy on his behalf has been so unanimous that the Government has not ventured to send him back to Etampes, but has kept him here at the Conciergerie Prison, preparatory, it is believed, to his early liberation.

Complete Treasury figures for the calendar year 1895 show the total amount of the foreign trade of the United States in merchandise to have been, in round numbers, sixteen hundred and twenty-six million dollars. Almost exactly two-thirds of the exports were of agricultural products; and one-quarter was of manufactured products. The value of goods sold abroad amounted to about twenty-three million dollars more than that of goods purchased. The exports of merchandise were slightly less, and the imports very much larger than those of the previous year. The net exports of gold were about seventy-two million, and of silver forty-two and a half million dollars. The number of immigrants was about two hundred and twenty-five thousand, or seventy-five thousand more than those of the previous year.

Do you wish to learn the languages, or music, or oratory, or elocution from the best teachers and without expense to yourself? See page 16.

EASTER EVEN.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

SCENE — A cathedral. *Eleven o'clock the night before Easter. A woman, in nun's dress, kneeling.*

She—Oh, dear, I'm so tired. My knees, how they ache!
Why haven't they cushions? I can't keep awake
A whole hour more of this wearisome night.
I hope no one's coming, I look such a fright
In this dud of a gown and this stuffy old hood.
I'm dreadfully tired of being so good.

A man enters dressed like a monk. He kneels beside her.

He —I weep for the sins of this black, wicked world.
She—I pray that the throne of the devil be hurled
Into infinite space.
He — May the earth be made new.
She—May Satan be vanquished.
He — Oh, goodness, it's you!
She—Yes, I. Have you missed me these six weary weeks?
He —Can a ten-cent museum get on without freaks?
Is a barber complete if he loses his pole?
Can a clergyman preach if he hasn't his stole?
What's a Chinaman's rank when he's minus his cue?
What's a bird without fizz? What am I without you?
She—I've missed you most awfully. How have you spent
The evenings that used to be mine before Lent?
He —I've treated the fellows to raspberry shrub,
Sweet cider and sassafras down at the club;
Played muggins and slapjack, casino and hearts,
For prizes tied up in pink ribbons; took parts
In charity blowouts, made calls on the old,
The poor, the infirm—was, in short, good as gold.
And you?
She— Well, I haven't once tasted dessert,
Nor candy, nor ices. I didn't once flirt,——
He —Oh, come!
She— Well, a trifle; no frantic affair.
I haven't bought anything pretty to wear,
I've sympathized sweetly with ailments and ills,
I've howled over jokes that were old as the hills,
I've made up a lot of back calls, and I've taught
Little indigent girls to embroider. In short,
I've been such a righteous, demure little nun,
I'd barter——
He — Be careful! The farce is not done.
She—Oh, thirty more minutes.
He — Have patience.
She— I can't.
They'll never be over.
He — Let's join in a chant.

They sing:

There was a little world
That was very swiftly twirled
Down the middle of the blue empyrean;
And when she was bad,
She a wicked record had,
But when she was good she was guyin'.

She had a satellite,
A wicked Prince of Night,
And most commonly she blessed the day she got him;
But when goodness was her aim,
She'd forget his very name,
If she met him on the boulevard, she cut him.

He —Suppose you confess all the times you have swerved
From the path of strict duty, the fasts unobserved,
The troubles and discords for which you're to blame.
It will hurry the time.
She— And will you do the same?
He —Most gladly.
She— I've broken some hearts, just a few.
All women do that.
He — Or they think that they do.
But the hearts that are broken by you never heal.
There's a triumph in that! Your refused never kneel
At the feet of another. You smile, lead them on
With your splendor and beauty, then presto! they're gone,
Wiped out and forgotten forever. That's Art!
Sweet sinner what next?
She— Oh, I haven't the heart
To enumerate all. Nothing dreadful or great:
White lies, bogus money dropped into the plate,
A poor jealous wife left alone and in tears,
A swell congregation all set by the ears,
Some tact with a Customs official displayed
And a subsequent trial of local free trade,
A belt drawn unduly, a soupçon of paint,—
Of such are my failings and sins.
He — You're a saint
When your small peccadilloes are placed beside mine.
Why, child, I have tempted with bumpers of wine,
I have vanquished with love, I have purchased with gold,
I have boasted my warmth to the shivering cold,
I have laughed at remorse till it laughed in its turn,
I have blown deadly sparks till they kindle and burn,
With evil and darkness I've walked hand and glove,
I have brought you to sin, you, the woman I love!
How is that for a record?
She— For forty long days
I swore to renounce you, abandon your ways,
Give alms and do good without stopping for breath.
He —And how did you like it?
She— It bored me to death.
No halo for me! I have come back to you.
He —Heart and soul?
She— Heart and soul.
He — It is striking—one, two!
Come, fling off your robe: I will tramp on my cowl.
She—How my diamonds gleam!
He — How the people will howl
With joy at our merry reunion. Nine, ten!
She—To the mad, laughing year that's before us!
He — Amen!
She—How the horns will prick through!
He — How the wings will be furled!
She—Dear Devil, I come!
I am waiting, sweet World!

SEGOMMER.

There has been a wonder in ventriloquism over at the Orpheum, during the past week, and lovers of vaudeville have had an unusual treat watching his skilful physical and vocal manipulation of various figures, representing animals and also individuals of the human race.

This wonder is a good-looking, clear-skinnned bright-eyed young German, named Segommer, who does things with his throat, tongue, and lungs, certainly never before equaled in this city, and assisted by certain electrical and mechanical contrivances gives a very remarkable as well as amusing performance. He not only imitates perfectly the cries and calls of various beasts and birds, but by his fluency in some half dozen languages is able to make his men and women talk in your own tongue or some other, throwing his voice clear across the stage into property or people alike, while his own face remains immobile. Standing in the middle of the stage, looking right at his audience he controls animals to the right of him, and animals to the left, without apparent effort or interference on his part, and, aside from the merely mechanical contrivances which help him to move his figures, he does all the rest himself, by some peculiar combination of muscle, tissue, and ligament, which remains even to-day somewhat of a mystery to himself.

"I cannot tell you just how it is done," he said. "From early childhood I had a fondness for animals and a fancy for communicating with them, as I thought, by imitating their cries. Long before I understood at all that by controlling or working certain muscles I could make certain sounds, and many years before I thought of putting this faculty to use, my friends all knew me as a mimic and imitator of animals and musical instruments."

Segommer first saw the light of day in quaint old Aix-la-Chapelle, the capital of Rhenish Prussia, which contains the fine old Coronation Chapel of the German Emperors—the birthplace of Charlemagne, and his burial spot—a city full of historical association, the town of all others in which an imaginative boy of Segommer's talent and temperament could find food and opportunity for developing his peculiar ability—with its annual fairs, its museums, and its periodical pageants—with its crowd of foreign travelers hurrying to and from the famous baths in the vicinity.

His father was connected, in some way, with mines, and expected his son to follow in his footsteps, but Segommer jeune preferred something else to burrowing in the earth, and, watching for his opportunity, he ran away. After knocking around a while, but always on the alert for work, he finally found his way to the stage, and began life as an actor at nineteen years of age.

"It was during my season on the stage that the keystone to my future career was laid," said Segommer, when relating, the other evening, how he engaged in his present work. "We were rehearsing a play in which an entertainment was to be given. At first the manager thought of giving a play within a play, but finding that not quite feasible, the idea was dropped. Then a young friend of mine proposed I should do some of my imitations as an entertainment; this seemed impossible, I had never conceived of such a thing—however, we carried it through, and the exhibition being quite new, it was, of course, received with enthusiasm. It finally made such a hit that it set me thinking, and just as things were beginning to take shape in my mind, a young man of my acquaintance came to see me, and said:

"'My friend, you are wasting your time; you could make a fortune if you would get up an exhibition of your animals and puppets on a larger scale, and travel.' This furnished the finishing touch to my own dreams. I left the theater, and began there and then this work, and I have never had reason to regret it. Of course," he continued, "my business has been very much enlarged since then. I own now several hundred figures, which I control by strings, wires, and electric buttons. But here, at the Orpheum, on account of the size of the stage, I am able to exhibit but a few at a time. I carry only about forty of these wires, etc., about my person nightly, while here."

I asked him what brought him to America. It was the usual answer—curiousity—he had heard so much about this country.

"I wanted to see America and its people."

I suggested that possibly the clink of the American dollar had something to do with it.

"Yes," he admitted, "of course. Artists are always well paid in the United States—much higher than in Europe."

Probably Segommer found that while honor and glory are delightful in their way, they are not particularly nourishing—although he looks well fed enough—in these days—and well groomed, too—a very spick and span, alert little man, with big bright hazel eyes, limpid and clear as a child's. According to Segommer, ventriloquism has its utilitarian as well as its amusing aspect. He was recently traveling from Prague to Vienna, and had with him a small dog. In Europe dogs must pay fare. So Segommer wrapped his up in a traveling shawl and placed him in a rack overhead. When the conductor came along the footrail, outside the windows, as conductors do in Europe, the dog barked. The conductor looked about, said whoever had a dog must pay his fare. No one would acknowledge having a dog.

Segommer adds:

"I finally convinced him it was all ventriloquism, imitating several dogs. The conductor was highly amused, complimented me on my skill as an imitator, and left, satisfied there was no dog in our compartment."

Mme. Segommer travels with her husband. Whenever they are to remain over a week anywhere, they rent a flat and keep house—and during his leisure hours, Segommer paints landscapes and sketches. Some one told me he owned a lovely villa near Aix-la-Chapelle. I asked him if he made it his home. He answered, hesitatingly:

"Yes—but just now we prefer to travel. Our two little children died there a year ago, and we will stay away awhile."

Later, Segommer gave us some illustrations of his art—a dog barked in the next room, where there was no dog. Hens clucked, and ducks quacked behind us and underneath our chairs, all as naturally as possible, while the ventriloquist looked us serenely in the face, without making any apparent motion or effort.

Whatever he has accomplished has been done without influence or even much capital in the beginning—the pure result of energy and ingenuity. Wires and strings are simply the servants of his peculiar genius, which has, over and above the merit of amusing the public, the very distinct charm of raking in the shekels to the tune of about five hundred dollars a week. E. D. H.

THE SOUTH WIND.

BY ROBERT BRIDGES.

I.

The south wind rose at dusk of the winter day
The warm breath of the western sea
Circling wrapp'd the isle with his cloak of cloud,
And it now reach'd even to me, at the dusk of the day,
And moan'd in the branches aloud:
While here and there, in patches of dark space,
A star shone forth from its heavenly place,
As a spark that is borne in the smoky chase;
And, looking up, there fell on my face—
Could it be drops of rain,
Soft as the wind, that fell on my face?
Gossamers light as threads of the summer dawn,
Suck'd by the sun from midmost calms of the main,
From groves of coral islands secretly drawn,
O'er half the round of earth to be driven,
Now to fall on my face
In silken skeins spun from the mists of heaven.

II.

Who art thou, in wind and darkness and soft rain,
Thyself that robest, that bendest in sighing pines
To whisper thy truth? that usest for signs
A hurried glimpse of the moon, the glance of a star
In the rifted sky?
Who art thou, that with thee I
Woo and am wooed?
That, robing thyself in darkness and soft rain,
Choosest my chosen solitude,
Coming so far
To tell thy secret again,
As a mother her child, in her folding arm
Of a winter night by a flickering fire,
Telleth the same tale o'er and o'er
With gentle voice, and I never tire,
So imperceptibly changeth the charm,
As Love on buried ecstasy buildeth his tower—
Like as the stem that beareth the flower
By trembling is knit to power:—
Ah! long ago
In thy first rapture I renounced my lot,
The vanity, the despondency, and the wo,
And seeking thee to know
Well wasn't for me; and evermore
I am thine, I know not what.

III.

For me thou seekest ever, me wandering a day
In the eternal alterations, me
Free for a stolen moment of chance
To dream a beautiful dream
In the everlasting dance
Of speechless worlds, the unsearchable scheme,
To me thou findest the way,
Me and whomso'er
I have found my dream to share
Still with thy charm encircling; even to-night
To me and my love in darkness and soft rain
Under the sighing pines thou comest again,
And staying our speech with mystery of delight,
Of the kiss that I give a wonder thou makest,
And the kiss that I take thou takest.

—*The Pageant.*

THINGS AND PEOPLE

NOWADAYS it requires talent and imagination to manage a savings bank. Since the granger has ceased to pay interest on his mortgages certain financiers have had sad times with their accounts. The liberty their customers have taken may not be enjoyed at the expense of those sensitive creatures, the depositors, who, at the first word of retrenchment, would promptly turn in their pass-books. How very awkward it would prove to have a run in these dull days, is best realized by those who have recently tried to dispose of country lands. Yet, in the face of dull times and a declining market, I perceive the usual dividends were declared, and have permitted myself to wonder whence the profits were conjured from. A gentleman of experience enlightened my ignorance. It's the latest application of the parable of the Unjust Stewart. For instance, Jones, who has 500 acres down in San Joaquin County, owes the Liberty Bell Bank $10,000, and has paid it no interest for several years past. He stands indebted to the institution then for some two thousand dollars in interest say, and collection is out of the question. What must be done to protect both? The bank has no desire to seize Jones's property—it does not desire to enter the ranching business, so the old mortgage is withdrawn, and a new one signed—this time for $12,000. There you have a profit at once—sufficient of an appearance of gain, at least, to make a showing on the books. The law provides that no banking institution shall pay dividends, save it has earned profits; but, then, income is often only a matter of bookkeeping, and surely the means justify the end. Next year it will be on the cards for these saving concerns to begin seizing and selling, and that will be the proper time to buy ranches. Sooner or later there must come a readjustment of California land values, for acreage rates still rule too high, and the banks which have loaned on boom valuations are partially to blame for the preposterous prices still demanded. However, low rates mean new immigration, for, after all, it is a fresh accession of people we want, as prosperity is most liable to be woed back to us by new faces.

* * *

The end is foreshadowed in the subdivision of such great properties as the Chino and Santa Margarita ranchos. Their sale to English capitalists and the promise of an immigration of English farmers is a fine augury of the future. There can be no disappointment with the character of the land, for the two tracts embrace some of the finest soil in the State. Once the success of these experiments is demonstrated, there will be many imitators, and a revival of that influx of population diverted for so many years. Colonizing on a smaller scale, by Chicago capitalists, is proceeding in the Sacramento Valley. I am told of two hundred families of well-to-do Hoosier farmers who have transferred their holdings from Indiana corn lands to Sacramento Valley orchards. They have bought farms upon the Clark-Cox tract near Haggin's great rancho, and are so provided with coin as to patiently endure the tedium of waiting for the ripening of their fruits.

* * *

Apropos of population, can it be possible there are no new accessions to San Francisco? The city grows at a great rate. There is continual new building; new houses keep rising like mushrooms through the Western Addition. The Richmond district and the lands beyond the Park are all being taken up and built over. It may be true, indeed, that the miserable shanties of Brannan and Bryant Streets are being deserted to furnish tenants for the hundreds of new flats and new villas arising in the suburbs, but not altogether. There is surely an influx, persistent and strong, to the peninsula, or this apparent growth would not be possible. Of course, it must be remembered our capitalists are all in real estate, forced by the absence of responsible securities to place their earnings in real property or mines. During late years there has been a gradual turning of mercantile stocks into money, which has been salted down in lands and houses rather than converted into new feeders. With the revival of business, however, the reaching out after new markets, the development of new enterprises, there will be fresh scope for idle capital, and then the old aspect of prosperity may return us her shining visage.

* * *

WANDERING along Pacific Avenue and its environing streets, the most casual observer is struck with the innumerable fine houses which have risen there within the last half decade. They are all the habitations of wealth—not necessarily the abodes of millionaires, but representing incomes of over five thousand dollars per annum. Inquire the names and the identity of these householders and there is revealed to you the existence of individuals of whom the Blue Book or the newspapers tell nothing. They may be styled the Unknown Rich. These are the people who make possible the existence of luxurious stores and art-emporiums here, who lunch at the Palace Café, who think nothing of repeated five dollars for the privilege of listening to Paderewski, who will flock to Seidl, and will support Duse, when she appears at the Columbia. You hear but little of them; their names are no revelation to the mind, they are no part of our history, they figure but infrequently in Society, and yet it is their presence here that makes San Francisco the Paris of the Pacific Coast. They represent the successful miners of the Sierras, the prosperous speculator of Arizona, the bankers of Utah, the great landholders of the interior valleys, the coffee and sugar planters of Central America and the Hawaiian Islands. Their interests demand attention but their incomes justify the enjoyment of metropolitan luxuries. Who shall say how many millions are swallowed up in the Western Addition? Our mines produce vast sums of gold annually—it does not all revert to the British or the Bostonians. One hears of great deals in which millions change hands, and after that there is never a word of the fortunate recipients. They don't go to Europe or New York. Unless our people have five million they remain here. Depend on it they have settled in one of those elaborate villas out on Broadway and will do as little as possible for the rest of their days. Our Unknown Rich are an interesting feature and are really worth more attention than they obtain.

* * *

LIKE other great men, J. B. Haggin is afraid of his watch. It is an eminent timepiece, with all manner of interior decorations, and so delicate is its mechanism that a hard word spoken in its vicinity has been known to throw the wheels out of gear. In olden days, Colonel Andrews had his Diamond Palace under the office of Haggin & Tevis, and it was the custom of the former to visit the Colonel every morning, for the purpose of having the precious watch wound. This function the affable Andrews performed with his own hands, and there generally ensued five minutes of conversation. One day, during this exchange of ideas, the Colonel asked Haggin about a certain monetary transaction, in which it was a question whether he should accept a due bill or a promissory note, and the millionaire, who was then practising his profession as a lawyer, promised to examine the law and let the jeweler know. The required information came punctually enough, and a week later appeared a bill for fifty dollars. Next morning Andrews inquired very casually, as he wound the watch, what the bill was for.

"That legal advice I gave you the other morning—about that due bill, you know," returned Haggin

"Ah, I remember—that's right," said the Colonel.

The same day there arrived for J. B. Haggin a bill from Colonel Andrews—To services rendered, $365, and next morning it was the latter's turn to inquire the wherefore of the account.

"Oh," explained Andrews, indifferently, "that's for winding your watch for a year—one dollar a time, you know."

They finally equalized accounts by exchanging receipted bills.

* * *

For the purpose of this tale it must be remembered that Judge Coffey has red hair, Perhaps the shade is more properly termed "ginger," but then, a chevelure approaching rubescence is ever dubbed red. Ex-Judge Bowers, a venerable jurist, who in early days was a light of the Superior Bench, was arguing a law point of some importance before Judge Coffey. He has a trick of emphasizing his periods with an uplifted forefinger, and, after defining his views, ended up very solemnly:

"I see around me many gray-haired lawyers, whose opinions, I have no doubt, agree with those I have just expressed to your honor—men whose snowy locks testify to——"

At this juncture, Judge Coffey leaned over his desk, and, in his mildest tones, interrupted:

"I have no doubt you are right, Judge, and your reference to gray-haired men is very appropriate, but I'd like to remind you there's a red-headed man whose opinion is of most importance in this case.

* * *

WITH DEEP apprehension I learn it is possible that Deacon Fitch may again engage in journalism. This consummation, devoutly to be prayed against, is threatened by the Spreckels, who, rumor says, have invited the old gentleman to preside over the editorial page of the *Call*. Of course, the name of Fitch is still synonymous with the moral virtues, but it is highly questionable if the old gentleman could be converted into an available factor in adding to the circulation of the *Call*. In fact, he has a proper contempt for journalistic novelties, and it is said he has been known to shy at the sight of a Hoe Press. Illustrations he regards with as much detestation as the devil does holy water, and earnestly believes that the opinion of any man who has not attained the age of sixty-four is absolutely worthless.

* * *

The participation in politics of Superintendent Daggett is a puzzling factor in the Democratic situation. Curiosity to learn the motive is general, as it is admitted there is slight opportunity of the party electing a successor to Perkins, and it was understood that the Superintendent's ambitions were purely senatorial. I am told, however, his determination nowadays is to discredit Congressman Maguire, and also to show the men who believed him disbarred from the Democracy the importance of his figure in the party. A laudable ambition, truly. It would be easy to forgive Mr. Daggett his aspirations if it were not that he confuses the little with the great. Not content with desiring to aid in determining the presidential nomination at Chicago, he wants also to be a factor in the selection of poundkeeper in San Francisco. Indeed, the man seems to have delivered himself to Sam Rainey, whose lieutenants figure as his advisers, and whose will is his conscience. Beyond the patronage which he has mortgaged to secure the success of his aspirations, Daggett's political ambitions are not expensive. Though he has "money to burn," no one has smelt a whiff of its combustion. As the readers of this column may remember Daggett's "Black Bear" mine is again a large gold producer, and yields him some five thousand dollars per month. This and other properties render him a member of the great capitalist class, though, unlike Colonel Dan, he evinces no desire in the direction of diamonds or extravagance.

* * *

A VALIANT foeman is President Foster of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway. He dares to keep his opponents at bay by pure force of muscle, and sweeps legal technicalities aside with a fine impatience worthy of medieval times. Twice has victory been within Sydney Smith's grasp, but each time Foster has snatched the prize from his trembling fingers. There is a good story about the last meeting of the Board which has thus far eluded the dailies. When Smith and his men, armed with their authorizations, headed for the council chamber, Foster stood at the entrance and admitted Stetson and Borel of Smith's party, but banged the door in his face. That worthy hammered and jammed at the entrance, but he was powerless to effect ingress with the president's huge shoulder against the sash. However, when there arose the suggestion of a demonstration on the part of the others, Foster twisted the key, called the meeting to order, and offered to purchase the rival interest or sell his own. I believe the offer was a reasonable one, and was made in a vehement speech, which Smith punctuated by banging at the door. However, nothing was done, though the fight is by no means over. Every possible subterfuge will be resorted to for the purpose of obstructing the scheme of saddling the Broad Gauge with the debts and inefficiencies of the North Pacific Coast. It may be achieved, but only at a tremendous cost to all concerned.

THE WITNESS.

The German Emperor has serious ideas of his capacity as a conductor. Being serenaded recently by a band of the Uhlan Regiment during dinner, he rose from the table and put the musicians right about their time, which he declared to be too slow. Since that occasion he has announced his intention of writing a pamplet on "How to Conduct an Orchestra." Even the al fresco bands of music that play about Berlin are not safe from their Kaiser's critical ear, as he repeatedly sends the imperial servants out to them with requests that they tune their instruments and play in time.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE NOVEL CONSCIENCE.

ITS UNCERTAIN ACTION AND INCONSISTENT WAYS AS EVINCED IN NEW BOOKS.

"If you had a narrow red book with rough edges and wide margins named *Sinners Twain*, what would you expect of it?" asked the man of letters.

"London society, scandal, and epigrams," said his wife, promptly.

"Exactly," said the man of letters, expanding with the satisfaction of having a wife who thought what you wanted her to, without any prompting on your part. "I was all worked up to fin de siècle pitch—"

"'Pitch' is good," she murmured.

"And expected the usual cynical worldling with a title to make love to the usual unhappy wife, whose husband is flirting with the usual beauty of the season," he went on, "set with the usual house parties, afternoon teas, runaway horses, twisted ankles, and passionate kisses. I never dreamed—"

"Oh, it's by John Mackie," she interrupted, picking up the book. "He writes about the Northwest, doesn't he? The snow-shoe on the cover ought to have enlightened you. They aren't used in the first London circles."

"Well, I didn't examine it," said the man of letters, a trifle impatiently. "I merely said that the name was misleading."

"Yes, of course. Who are the sinners, and what did they do?" she asked, with mollifying interest.

"Nothing worthy of the name," he answered. "The mounted police were after her father for smuggling whisky, and she saved him from justice—for love of him, not of the whisky. She persuades the Sergeant, who is in love with her, not to stop her when she slips out to warn her father, and he doesn't. That's the crime."

"Bad from a military standpoint, but highly human," she commented.

"He was tried for neglect of duty, and could easily have exonerated himself, but made no defense, and was reduced to the ranks," he continued. "I wonder how many men in real life would have done that?"

"The novel conscience always works so beautifully," she said, with a small sigh. "It is always either obeyed and rewarded or disobeyed and punished. In life there are so many sidetracks one can slip into, which are neither steep and narrow nor broad and easy, and which seem just as likely to lead up as down."

"Life isn't always a choice of extremes, thank goodness," he said. "Most of us belong to a sort of third estate, a cross between saint and sinner, which doesn't make very good copy. Conscience has its place, but it is a business-like, unpicturesque one, not so prominent as in books. Take this one of Dorothea Gerard's, *The Wrong Man*. Radford disables a man in a duel, which proves to have been unnecessary and unjust, and thenceforth all that this jolly, popular young cavalry officer lives for is to make reparation."

"But he has ruined Milnovics' career, and with it the only hope of that desolate family of his," she said. "It was only natural he should do everything he could."

"Yes, he might have given up the girl he loved; but not his Sundays," said the man of letters. "Those are fine scenes between the two men, though."

"I liked it, having Milnovics harsh and unforgiving," added his wife. "Don't you know when he says, 'Leave me alone, Radford; it is all the mercy I ask of you. You have got my forgiveness, but in the name of heaven, spare me your friendship!' and Radford keeps right on in his earnest, tactless way, and finally wins him. Of course, he gets the girl, too, in the end, but that couldn't be helped if she loved him best."

"It's the same old fate," he said:

> "He was first, always. Fortune shone in his face.
> I fought for years; with no effort he conquered the place.
> We ran; my feet were all bleeding, but he won the race."

"That is the keynote. 'Once I staked all my heart's treasure; we played—and he won.' The book is sombre, but it's strong, and I liked it. But when Rosa Nonchette Carey builds a novel on a struggle of conscience, then good——"

"Don't misuse the Litany," she interrupted. "Keep it for things worth while. But really, I was rather interested in *Mrs. Romney*."

"It's readable, if that's what you mean," said the man of letters. "Most trash is. It ought to have been called 'Much Ado About Nothing,' if the title hadn't been used already. Any woman with an atom of sense would have told her husband the whole thing without a moment's hesitation."

"But with no mystery and no repentance there wouldn't have been any story," she objected.

"So much the better," was the severe answer.

"To me, the most unnatural part is all that fuss about obedience," she said. "Do you think women *obey* their husbands now?"

"No, I'm quite sure they don't," said the man of letters.

"Children obey—or they don't," she said, "but it isn't an appropriate word to use between husband and wife. I'd change the service to 'love, honor, and respect your wishes,' if I had my way. Mrs. Romney's anguish and abasement at having disobeyed her husband's commands does make me so tired. It may be the English way of looking at things, but it isn't in accordance with the spirit of the times."

"If you did something that I didn't want you to, wouldn't your conscience bother you?" demanded the man of letters.

"Um—— but I wouldn't have nervous prostration over it," said his wife, evasively. "You'd despise a wife that did."

"I'd rather marry Mrs. Romney than *A Professional Beauty*," he answered. "Those little repentances of hers aren't even skin deep."

"I wonder if Elizabeth Phipps Train really believed in them herself when she wrote the book?" said the wife, musingly. "Evelyn waits till she has completely broken a man's heart, then begins to realize that he is suffering, and is quite sorry for him."

"I've no faith in her. I wouldn't be in Paul's shoes for worlds," he said, energetically. "Her hints about having been different if she had had a less worldly mother, don't sound sincere, however true the abstract fact may have been."

"Isn't it queer how you form your own opinion of a character, quite independent of the author's," she said? "Evelyn is pictured as being deeply in love with Paul, yet all the time I am morally certain that what she calls love is merely astonishment at his refusal to fall down and worship her. Now that she has him—well, time will tell. I never have much faith in a woman who talks about her lovely rounded arms and dazzling beauty even in an autobiography."

"It's too honest. It jars on one's sense of probability," said the man of letters. "She'll be in the divorce courts yet, you'll see."

"If she is, I suppose she will go on with the autobiography," said his wife. "It ought to be thrilling."

"If you want thrills, why don't you read a good, rousing novel like this of John Bloundelle-Burton's?" he said.

"*In the Days of Adversity?* Oh, it's historical," she objected.

"You needn't mind that. There isn't any useful information to annoy you," he said, a little sarcastically. "The hero is a young widower, unacknowledged heir to a French dukedom, who has his life attempted and his child kidnapped, fights duels and is sent to the galleys, takes part in the battle of La Hogue on the English side, and is condemned to be broken on the French wheel in consequence, and goes through enough trouble to crush the average man's spirit and ruin his constitution for life; but in the end he marries, settles down into an English country gentleman, and lives happily ever after. It's fine."

"I don't like exciting books," she said, shaking her head. "Outward events don't interest me half so much as relations between people and subjective happenings."

"Then you ought to like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's last, *The Supply at Saint Agatha's*," he said, picking up a white book with a gold cross on the cover. "Beautiful though it is, with me the fact that it could never have happened leaves a little unsatisfied feeling."

"Take it just as a lovely idea, not as a story," she said. "Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is always a little weird and given to things supernatural, but she does it delicately and artistically, and leaves you a loophole to explain it in some other way if you can. She never once says that the strange man who preached at Saint Agatha's was Christ, though of course it was"

"She believed it, anyway," said the man of letters."

J. W. T.

THE THEATERS.

O'NEILL AS A PERFECT GENTLEMAN—ROYLE'S OPINION OF ROYLE AND OF CRITICS.

Why, oh! why, does not poor, dear, handsome O'Neill "emerge" (as the play-bill has it) "from the husks of Monte Cristo into something better" and stay there? Judging from Monday night's audience there is no money in it and he must feel acutely the frivolous and hilarious manner in which the house always receives Monte Cristo's melodramatic "One," "Two," "Three," etc. A broad smile passed over the audience at each killing Monday night, and nothing but Jamie's general attractiveness, and the good feeling we have for him, kept it from developing into a full grown laugh. The "one, two, three" is bad enough in the book, but to force a poor actor-man to get up in the presence of his peers and declaim these words in sepulchral tones is inhuman; the S. P.C. A. ought to look into it. I resented also the poor fellow being called a "perfect gentleman" right to his face, too, by his own son at that. He looked (in spite of his diamond head-lights) so emphatically aristocratic and handsome that it seemed a positive shame to apply such an offensive epithet to him, even if he had talked shop in a drawing-room, boasted of his wealth, and topped off this vulgarity by forcing a quarrel in the presence of women.

It is really unpleasant to O'Neill's friends and admirers to see him in such an anomalous position. If he must, for some unthinkable reason, produce Monte Cristo, why doesn't he play Nortier and let us be proud of him? Even this arrangement would have its drawbacks, however, for then Hallet Thompson would "want a situation," which would be a pity, for he is a handsome, delightful creature, and a very good actor indeed. He and William Dixon (Caderouse) carried off the honors (all that O'Neill left), though Florence Rockwell did well, and Kate Fletcher made a good Carconte. The latter would improve her part appreciably by restraining her noisy tongue and feet a bit as she mounts the stairs to her bedroom, hatchet in hand and murder in her eye (or rather back). Unless her prey was dead or deaf he would certainly become aware of her amiable designs ere she reached his door, for she made as much noise as the clattering milkman does on his early morning rounds, who seems to say: "If I can't sleep, you bet nobody else shall either,"—and a great many people don't.

The play of Monte Cristo is doubtless so familiar that no one is ever disappointed now, but fancy an admirer of the story seeing this dramatized version for the first time; how disappointed he would be; but he would deserve it for liking the story. It would be as if he expected a tree and was given a twig, or a dinner and received only the appetizers and a cup of black coffee.

* * *

It is painful to confess a weakness, but as it would be sure to leak out in the course of my remarks, anyway, I may as well put a bold front on and confess in the beginning that I was not particularly bored by "Friends." In fact, I laughed uproarously all through the first act, and got in such a good humor that even the limp, bifurcated second act, the clumsily arranged third, and the flat fourth, left me still with enough tenderness for Royle to make me believe he could write a play if somebody would only furnish him with the backbone of one to start with. Just fancy having a whole play turn upon a woman's notion that she was damned because her mother (an honorable woman) was deceived by a mock marriage. It was never even suggested that her blackguard of a sire was her disgrace. Oh, no! her disgrace consisted in nature's refusal to recognize our laws, and in her mother's confidence in the man she loved. Because of this misfortune, she (the daughter) sobs, suffers, and prepares to give up her lover—a poor musician, to whom, as his wife, she would have been the greatest possible assistance- and this without even telling him of her "disgrace." Later on she does accumulate enough gray matter to explain, and he, of course, says he would marry her "if she had never had either father or mother," so great is his love. Nevertheless, on finding her, a few days later, in another man's rooms, he immediately, without waiting an instant for explanations, accuses her of—well, never mind what, but he behaves in a rude, rude manner, and gets his congé, and a bullet into the bargain.

Taken as a whole it is a poor play, liberally sprinkled with bunkum, but it is very amusing in parts and has clever touches. The introduction of Lucius Henderson's piano recital is not one of these, however; it gives the act a broken-backed effect. In fact Henderson himself is a mistake; at all times florid and artificial, as the pianist Karje, he is exuberantly bad, and a blot on an otherwise good cast. He seems, however, to be freer from conceit than most young actors, and he can keep his eyes off the audience, which is more than Edwin Milton Royle can do. But you see Royle evidently thinks a lot of Royle and that sort of thing will out. With the exception of the first act, which he over-did a bit and talked too loud, the latter was capital as John Paden, Jr. He has acquired the art of being natural and infuses a fine sincerity into his every word and inflection. Selena Fetter Royle had an opportunity this week to show her ability. She is a very good actress, careful and intelligent with gestures that convince and an occasional note in her voice which has a ring of the real thing.

Ben Johnson, who was so good a South Carolin' Jim, in "Captain Impudence," was even better this week as Hans Otto, but I can't say that the D. T.'s are just what one likes to see when on pleasure bent, even if tactfully represented. William Bittner, was again, as in "Captain Impudence," the irritable, irrational, blustering father—the part a burlesque, but well done.

In "Friends," Royle finds an opportunity to throw bouquets at the critics, and tells 'em how it hurts to be roasted. He doesn't say them himself, of course, but artfully puts them in the mouth of Marguerite Otto, doubtless thinking they would be more effective there, as most critics are men. I wonder if people ever consider how hard it is for the poor critic? It seems to me he has the worst of it, after all. He goes to the theater until the stage with its footlights and fearful foliage is obnoxious to him; then the cramped seats are generally insufferable, and most plays wearisome. The artificiality, the unreality and worthlessness of it all, overwhelms him; and yet he must say something, and that something must be "crisp and readable." It is possible to cast truth to the dogs, and praise mediocrity, but it is tremendously hard to discuss it or criticise it without roasting in a way that will not make your editor say ——but its useless to finish that sentence, for he would never, never print it.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

THE MATINEE CONCERT.

The gem of this, the last concert given by Materna and Ondricek, was undoubtedly Elsa's Prayer from "Lohengrin," rendered with such artistic taste and finish by the charming singer. With Ondricek it seemed to be an off day, for his interpretations were somewhat wanting in color, and he fiddled more or less out of tune. Mr. Luckstone's conception of the Rubenstein sonata for piano and violin was broader and more musicianly than that of his brother artist, although the entire performance was thoroughly enjoyable. For the first time, the audience appeared to be aware of Mr. Luckstone's ability, and the advent of Mr. Arthur Fickenscher, making comparisons inevitable, but served to augment his success. Whence came Herr Schott and his accompanist? Their appearance in San Francisco was rather unexpected, to say the least. It is doubtful, too, if their joining forces with Materna and Ondricek increased either the popularity of the concerts or the box receipts. With a voice entirely gone, Schott can hardly expect to rely solely upon art. Quite different is it with Materna. In addition to her art, she still has sufficient voice to sing beautifully, where the strain is not too great. Certainly, hers is the greatest dramatic singing heard in this city since the days of the National Opera Company

Technically, Ondricek surpasses any violinist who has ever visited the Pacific Coast. Despite this, he failed to arouse his hearers to the pitch of enthusiasm created by the more magnetic Sarasate or Ysaye.

P. C. A.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"In the Days of Adversity," by John Bloundille Burton. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Supply at St. Agatha's," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"Mrs. Romney," by Rosa Nouchette Carey. J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers.

"The Wrong Man," by Dorothea Gerard. Appleton & Co., publishers.

"Sinners Twain," by John Mackie. The Fred. A. Stokes Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Professional Beauty," by Elizabeth Phipps Train. The J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers.

THE MAGAZINES.

CONTENTS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MONTHLIES.

The April *Overland Monthly* has an article on "International Bimetalism," by John J. Valentine. J. A. Filcher describes the exhibit of California at the Atlanta Exposition. There are some rather clever illustrations from Raschen's work done in half-tone, together with several stories, including a continuation of "The Quicksands of Pactolus," "True Tales of the Old West," "Jim Towne's Bride," and an interesting article on the study of history by Thomas R. Bacon. The Grand Army comes in for extensive illustration.

The main feature of the latest issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* are five letters from Louisa M. Alcott to young girls. These letters were written during the busiest period of Miss Alcott's life, and present a pen-picture of the author drawn by her own hand. There is another instalment of Miss Wilkins's "Neighborhood Types." Ex-President Harrison continues his talks on "This Country of Ours." General Greeley writes about the personal side of Washington's character. There is a fine half-page illustration, by C. D. Gibson, to Miss Magruder's story, and Miss Lillian Bell is at her brightest on the philosophy of clothes. In addition there is a "Colonial Dame Waltz" by John Phillip Sousa.

Current Literature gives us an extract from De Fournier's "Escape"; a reading from Halton's new book, "When Greek Meets Greek," a clever story; "Gabriel Foote, Highwayman," from Quiller-Couch's new book, and an extract from Chevalier Girard's exploits, showing how the Brigadier was tempted by the Devil. Otherwise the number is particularly readable, containing much that is entertaining in the way of literature, science, sport, statistics, and travel, together with any quantity of poetry and literary gossip. As a matter of fact, *Current Literature* contains more really available reading than any other monthly, and one seldom meets in its pages an extract that is not timely and intelligent.

There are some celebrated names in *Harpers' Magazine* this month, and some excellent articles. Joan of Arc is concluded in several ways. For instance, her execution is depicted in the frontispiece and her biography is terminated on another page. She is next to appear in book form, I believe. Casper Whitney's "Snow Shoes to the Barren Grounds" is also among the concluded journeys, but Poultney Bigelow is still with us, and George W. Smalley writes about Mr. Lowell in England. Brander Matthews contributes a story, which he calls "A Spring Flood on Broadway"; Henry D. Fowler writes of "Inter-Collegiate Young Men's Christian Associations." Mr. Black's "Briseis" approaches the climax of its action; Theodore Roosevelt contributes a paper on "Mad Anthony Wayne's Victory," and there is the usual installment of poems and pictures completing a very interesting number.

As usual, *McClure's Magazine* treats of the timeliest topics. For instance, there is a capital interview with Professor Roentgen by Harry Dam, capitally illustrated, in which the great scientist gives an interesting account of how he discovered the cathode ray. Another instalment of Abraham Lincoln's Life follows—his engagement and marriage being treated of. Three chapters of Anthony Hope's new story called "Phroso" is a notable feature; Will Low writes about "Barbizon," the painters of the school, and illustrates by means of full page half-tones. A new story by "Q," a ballad by Rudyard Kipling, and much other stuff equally interesting is found within the covers of this publication for ten cents.

The *Bookman* contains the usual instalment of literary gossip. Andrew Lang is the subject of a critical essay; there is a clever little interview with Alphonse Daudet; H. T. Peck writes of American feeling toward England; Mrs. Lynn Linton details personal recollections of Lander, Dickens, and Thackeray; there is another instalment of "Kate Carnegie" by Ian McClaren; Mr. Sherard talks about French celebrities; and there are book reviews, brevities and other matters, making up a journal that those interested in literary matters simply must have.

The leading article of the latest *Century* describes the old-time Olympic games, and is illustrated with admirable pictures by Castaigne. We have some more of Sir George Tressady; Professor Sloane writes on Napoleon as the assailant of Nationality; there is a pretty little story by Gilbert Parker called "The Little Bell of Honor." An interesting contribution entitled "Four Lincoln Conspiracies," describes important episodes in the life of our greatest president. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensaeller writes of the churches of Angoulême, which Joseph Pennel illustrates. Mr. Howells wants to know who our brothers are, and there is a particularly charming poem, "Arboricide," by Louise Imogen Guyney. The artistic features are a reproduction of a picture by George de Forrest Brush, "Mother and Child," Vibert's admirable compositions, of which three are given, and the exquisite drawings of Pennel.

The political articles which the *Atlantic* is publishing this winter are worthy the attention of thinkers. It is conducting two series of papers which all Americans should read. In one there is a clever effort to analyze the influence on our race of the blending of nationalities, showing the characteristics of the various elements. The first paper exhibited the effects and influence of the immense Irish immigration in a manner so fair and clear that the truth of its criticism cannot be gainsaid by the most enthusiastic of partisans. This month, the Scotch element is treated in a similar spirit of impartiality. The relation of certain aspirants to the presidency is being handled by writers of evident competence. We have, this month, "Senator Allison and the Presidency." Mr. Atkinson treats of the case of the public schools. Lafcadio Hearn contributes a paper on China and the Western World. Henry James contributes a story, "The Old Things," and Alice Brown writes of "Latter-day Cranford." The comment on new books is as good as usual and the "Contributors' Club" is the best department of its kind among the periodicals. This summary affords a fair impression of the amount of good reading the April *Atlantic* contains. Lovers of English prose will undoubtedly be attracted by the names of James and Hearn, who are to-day among the most admirable stylists we have.

BOOK NOTES.

The enormous circulation of such a magazine as *The Ladies' Home Journal* can, in a sense, be understood when it is said that during the last six months of 1895 there were printed, sold, and circulated over four million copies—(in exact figures 4,058,891).

In the April *Nineteenth Century* there is published a symposium on the Life of Cardinal Manning. The contributors include Cardinal Vaughan and Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.

We are promised a volume of new verse by Bret Harte. How many years have gone since the author of the *Heathen Chinee* has rendered to the world aught of the fruit of his muse? Does the old, bright spirit still throb buoyantly in him, I wonder? Like Kipling, he is one of the literary forces of our generation, and those who have grown enamored of the style and charm of his early songs will not rest content with aught lacking the gaiety, spirit, and lilt of the '49 verse.

The Appletons have been fortunate in the publication of new books by American authors. They announce for the near future *Green Gates*, a story of New York and of Long Island country house life, by Katharine McCheever Meredith; and *Sir Mark*, a tale of the first capital, by Anna Robeson Brown.

The Boston *Journal* recently printed the views of Dr. Butler, President of Colby University, on literature. He condemned *Robert Elsmere*, *She*, and other novels, saying they belonged to the *Duchess* class. They were but the chaff, he said. A few days later the same paper printed statements from President Eliot of Harvard, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and others. President Eliot said the definition was too severe. Mrs. Deland said the criticism was a flippant generalization. The others, without exception, caviled at Dr. Butler's generalization, Prof. Marsh of Harvard holding that his method of exclusion was a dangerous one to follow. "As I study the history of literature," he said, "the impression that those literary works are most successful which seem most completely to fulfill their functions at the moment they are produced, becomes deeper. That is the feasible criterion to apply to literature."—*The Critic.*

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

COMING EVENTS IN THE THEATER WORLD.

The Baldwin suffered a change in its audiences this week. The play of "Monte Cristo," which Mr. O'Neill declares has been a steady money-maker, certainly has not proved any great attraction here. "Virginius," which has been done to death in this city, did not prove any better card. "The Courier of Lyons" seems better suited to Mr. O'Neill's abilities. The matinée this afternoon will be devoted to "Virginius," while "Monte Cristo" will be presented to-night and to-morrow night. Next week Mr. O'Neill will present another varied repertory.

The Tivoli is again favored with crowds nightly, who witness an excellent performance of "Said Pasha." The company is rehearsing the coming Easter spectacular, "Blue Beard."

The bill at the Orpheum this week has preserved the best features of last week's performance, with several new people added. Segommer has given some very good new imitations and repeated his old ones, besides making a number of rather skilful lightning sketches. The Marvelles are clever pantomimists, and Bruet and Riviere continue to draw big applause for their vocal imitations. Next week, Elena Leila, a soprano prima donna, La Bella Carmen, a Terpsichorean wire artist, and Ames Adonis, contortionist, are among some of the new people.

Seidl and his Metropolitan Orchestra will make an extended Western tour, beginning at Rochester, May 2d, and reaching San Francisco, it is said, about May 18th, where the company will remain for two weeks. They are to play under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.

Peter Dailey comes next week to the California, in his new play entitled "The Night Clerk."

One of the New York papers contains the following: "What a contrast this engagement of Duse has been compared with the first! It took ten days for the reviewers to get it through their heads that Duse was not a commonplace, ineffective mediocre actress. The public seemed to be equally slow to grasp the quality of her work. Her early performances were not honored by large audiences. All this is changed now. The Rip Van Winkle critics have awakened to a fitting knowledge of her art and her genius, and very large receipts have been the rule during her stay at the Fifth-avenue Theater."

Notwithstanding much adverse criticism, "Sinbad" has continued on its merry way, packing the Columbia during all the week. Next week Frank Mayo will open in his dramatization of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," one of his greatest successes.

"The Red Pocket Book" has brought the customary crowds to Morosco's this week. The story is a French one, full of rather picturesque melodrama. It was very well played by the company, and its stage setting was such as to put many productions at higher-priced houses in the shade. One or two members of this company have become settled in certain mannerisms, a danger to which the members of stock companies are nearly always liable, and should bestir themselves in the matter. The voice that suits one character does not always suit another, and while it may be difficult to do so, it is often as necessary to give a voice to a certain part as a make-up, in order to make it realistic. The stage manager should look to this.

Leonard Grover's Alcazar is still in the continuous show business. There are several bright people connected with his company who are seen in a short comedy or a farce just before the vaudeville performance begins, and who are worthy of better plays than those to which their energies are usually devoted. A few crisp, up-to-date little curtain-raisers would be very well suited to these indefatigable workers, who deserve really more success than they are getting.

An elaborate program has been prepared by the students of the Columbia School of Art, for next Thursday afternoon April 9th, at the Columbia Theater. Besides the first public appearance of a number of students, there will be an overture by the Mascagni Mandolin Club of fourteen young ladies, directed by Professor Piccirillo. The comedies entitled, "Parents' Tribulations," "An Oak in the Storm," and the New York *Herald* prize play, "Hearts," will be presented here for the first time. There will also be songs by Frank Coffin and Miss Norah Malley. In addition to the above, some of the students will be heard in an original opera by Mr. Rohrer, while the garden scene from "Marie Stuart" will be acted by Miss Freda Gallick and Miss Colby. Other students will be seen in the various specialties taught in the School. General admission will be fifty cents, to any part of the house.

9-10

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Next Week—Monday, April 6th

Second and last week of MR. JAMES O'NEILL

Monday and Tuesday — VIRGINIUS
Tuesday and Sunday — COURIER OF LYONS
Wednesday and Saturday — MONTE CRISTO
Thursday — HAMLET
Saturday Matinee — RICHELIEU

Monday, April 13th—Richard Mansfield

CALIFORNIA THEATRE — Al. Hayman and Co. Incorp'd Props

Monday April 6th—The creative comedian
PETER F. DAILEY
In John J. McNally's latest and greatest laughing success
The Night Clerk
Direct from One Hundred Nights in New York

Columbia Theatre
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. Lessees and Managers
A Great Story—A Pacific Coast Man wrote it
A Great Play—A Pacific Coast Actor Author wrote it
MARK TWAIN'S
PUDD'NHEAD WILSON
Frank Mayo and a great company, in his greatest success, at the COLUMBIA
Two Weeks, beginning Monday April 6th
Coming—EZRA KENDALL

ORPHEUM
Week of Monday, April 6th
A Magnificent New Show
4—New Acts—4
ELENA LEILA, the celebrated "Singing Doll" from the Folies Bergeres, Paris.
ROSIE RENDEL, the great international dancer from the Alhambra, London.
ADONIS AMES, gymnastic elastique performer from the Casino, Paris.
LA BELLA CARMEN, the sensational tight wire dancer from the Casino, Paris.
SEGOMMER—And a Brilliant Vaudeville Co.

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Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
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MONDAY, APRIL 6th
Robert Drouet's Masterpiece
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Our Spectacular Easter Burlesque
An Arabian Knights Dream of Loveliness
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Beautiful scenery—Dazzling costumes—Entrancing ballets—Appropriate accessories—Brilliant light effects—Great cast—All the latest European and American novelties in song, dance and humor
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TO-NIGHT—Matinees Saturday and Sunday
THE HOMESTEAD
LEONARD GROVER, HIS HIT
Lorraine & Howells — Brown—Davidson Trial
Prices, 10c, 15c, and 25c. — Reserved Orchestra, 25c.
Monday—RANCH 10

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Mason St., between Post and Geary
Tuesday Evening, April 7th
Grand Farewell Concert tendered to S. Homer Henley
Prior to his joining the Tavary Opera Company. Assisted by Bernhard Mollenhauer Violin Virtuoso, Sigismund Martinez, Pianist, and a Host of Talent.
Tickets, including reserved seat, 50 cents. On sale at Byron Mauzy's, 308-314 Post Street.

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SPLASHES.

LATEST ADVICES make it improbable that the St. Louis Polo Team will visit the Coast. It is a far cry from the Mississippi here; but that does not mitigate the disappointment of learning the St. Louis Country Club is not to participate in the tournament at Burlingame. A definite refusal has been received; so the conflict for honors will again be between our men and the Riverside Team. The date of the meeting has been set for April 25th, and a close contest is promised, for, while the San Francisco men have improved materially in form, and are putting up a capital game, there is no denying that the Riverside contingent make formidable competitors. Their team will include Bettner, Seymour, and Waring, and H. Maude, a very strong player, has been substituted for Woods. In the meantime, the Burlingame men are playing for all they are worth, and the practise games are the sharpest ever seen at the Country Club. The Tobins, Baldwin, Lawson, Hobart, and McCreery are playing for places. An informal practise game took place on Sunday, but the regular practise days are Saturday and Wednesday afternoons.

* * *

The Union League Club stole a march on the Bohemian Club, with the result that while Chauncey Depew accepted the former's, he was forced to decline the latter's invitation to dinner. George Pippy telegraphed his Club's invitation to El Paso. Louis Sloss's dispatch to the same effect on the part of the Bohemians only intercepted the train bearing the magnates to the land of flowers at Yuma. That Chauncey has been regretfully obliged to decline, is a matter of some chagrin to Bohemian post-prandial speakers, who were hard at work preparing impromptu responses calculated to electrify the peerless after-dinner orator.

* * *

The café-au-lait tints of the Bohemian Club dining-room have been so much criticised that frescoers and tinters are again at work. The Club members are nothing if not esthetic and critical.

* * *

Miss Virginia Fair it seems has gone to Europe under the ægis of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver P. Belmont, which means the young Californienne will be a guest of honor at Blenheim Palace. See what it is to be an heiress under good auspices in New York. There it is possible to rise in the social arena far above the heads of the groundlings. We will hear next, I suppose, of Miss Virginia's exchanging her fortune for some historical name, though it is said Maitland Kersey is her first choice and that the object of her visit to Europe is to see the Pope for the purpose of obtaining a dispensation which will enable her to marry said Kersey. His first wife, Ivy Wandesforde, resides in Oakland still. I give this story for what it may be worth.

* * *

Neally O'Sullivan has made quite a hit in "Shamus O'Brien" which he is playing in London. He gained great kudos by his performance with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and was selected by Doctor Stanford for the star role in his Irish Opera. It is a great success in its way, and is pronounced by the critic of the *Saturday Review* "a masterpiece that will probably keep the stage longer than any opera yet written by an Englishman or even an Irishman." Mr. O'Sullivan's impersonation of the role has been generally commended and his musical future is certainly assured.

* * *

Raoul Duval, who was here recently, says that '92 was one of the greatest champagne years in history—better, even, than '84. That is a point for the connoisseurs to remember. Nowadays the stock of the latter year is rather low, and the connoisseurs have diverted their attention to '89 wine, which was a capital vintage. Apropos of clarets, he states there has been drunk a good deal of the '87 vintage, which produced a very good and rather strong claret; '90 was an excellent year and produced a crack wine, but the '93 crop is enormous, and to his mind that year will be as notable for clarets as '74.

* * *

The finances at Burlingame are in an excellent condition. The recent edict of the managers has brought the delinquents to time. There is now an overflowing treasury, and I believe the outstanding dues are considerably under $1000, with prospects of final settlements ere the end of the month.

* * *

The exiles are gradually turning their footsteps homeward. Mrs. Delmas and the Misses Delmas have written announcing the tidings of their return. They are to be back here early in July, I believe. The Lows are in Paris also, and it is arranged they are to be here about the same time and will once again occupy their home on Sutter and Gough Streets. But Mrs. Easton, who was expected this year, has elected to remain until 1897 in Paris with Colonel Fred Crocker's children. By the way, they are getting along famously under the tuition of a visiting governess. Letters from Count and Countess Festetics convey the intelligence that they are still infatuated with life on the ocean wave. They are once again down in the South Seas, on the "Tolna," voyaging from coral reef to atoll, and the idea of returning does not seem to have suggested itself to them.

* * *

Milbrae is to be inhabited this summer not only by D. O. Mills, but also by Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have spent the winter in Arizona. I learn that Mr. Mills has regained something of his former strength, and the beautiful country house will doubtless be the scene of some pleasant gatherings.

* * *

It is a very quiet Easter that is outlined for us. We are promised no festivities of prominence during the week following the spring festival. There are announcements of dinners, but nothing in the direction of entertainments of note nor even of weddings. This is a bit curious and suggests possibly an earlier summer than usual.

* * *

Mrs. Hagar is still indignant over the undue publicity given her theatricals, and vows that the entertainment will be her last. One cannot believe she will adhere to a determination so adverse to her character, and doubtless the performance will be followed by other festivities at which she will continue to figure as hostess. The rehearsals of "A Modern Ananias" are progressing in a manner satisfactory to Leo Cooper, who declares the dramatis personæ conduct themselves with rare industry.

* * *

I am told Mrs. Major Darling's cotillion, which was promised for Easter week, has been indefinitely postponed. The reason given is the absence of Miss Jennie Catherwood, who is still at Coronado with her aunt, Mrs. Jerome.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay, née Carrie Huntington, are back from their wedding tour, and have installed themselves in the Holladay mansion on Clay Street Heights. Mrs. Holladay is a woman of many talents and generous education, and should be a figure among the literary set here.

* * *

Mrs. Donahue and Mrs. Martin are looking anxiously forward to moving into their new home out on Broadway. The mansion is on the verge of completion, and they talk of a house-warming in the shape of a big ball.

* * *

Mrs. Munroe Salisbury left for the East quite unexpectedly to attend to certain business interests of her husband. Is it not a compliment to the capacity of this lady that her spouse, being unable to make the trip to New York at this time, felt perfectly safe in delegating his interests to her care? He even stated to a friend who interrogated him on the subject that she could negotiate and settle just as well as himself, if not better. It is a matter of fact that the brightness and intelligence of Mrs. Salisbury do not receive, out of the inner circle of her intimates, the recognition which is undoubtedly their due. She is one of the few very clever, responsive, and intelligent women composing our society, is interested in most subjects, and can hold her own in a conversational duel with most of the competitive sex.

* * *

Already people are talking about their summer excursions. According to all accounts Sausalito will enjoy much popularity. Mrs. Osgood Hooker is arranging to have house parties throughout the season, and will doubtless have her sisters as permanent guests. Miss Jennie Catherwood has declared in favor of California for the summer, and will be installed at Madrone Villa in Napa County. She proposes also to have house parties, and will certainly entertain sets of young people between Saturdays and Mondays. The Tevises, together with the Breckenridge youngsters, are going to Santa Monica for the months of June, July, and August, and Mrs. Will Tevis will spend part of the latter month with the family. Princess Poniatowski is at Santa Barbara for the moment, and, by the way, I hear the Prince is dabbling in mines. Mrs. Lawrence Poole announces her intention of spending the summer at Castle Crags. Mrs. Stanley and Miss Garber go to Napa Soda Springs. The Kruttschnitts have decided for Clear Lake where Mr. and Mrs. Babcock will be installed. Indeed, I hear considerable talk about Lake County resorts, and anticipate considerable popularity for that region.

* * *

Judging by the number of fine voices which are developed in San Francisco, it looks as though California would yet be regarded as the Italy of America. We are supplying contraltos, sopranos, bassos, and baritones to the great musical organizations, and it looks as though the supply would be adequate to the demand. The latest among our vocalists to graduate from the amateur into the professional ranks is S. Homer Henley, who has been engaged by the Tavery Opera Company to sing baritone roles. He is to have a farewell concert at the Native Sons' Hall on the evening of April 7th, and will have a number of eminent vocalists and instrumentalists assisting him.

* * *

Another musical event of note is the promised concert of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. This is one of the great musical organizations of the country and consists of one hundred and seventy-five voices. It won the cash prize of one thousand dollars at the World's Fair in '93, and at its Spring Festival in Salt Lake recently, Paderewski played with it. The choir's excursion to California is purely a pleasure trip. It is to give eight concerts on the tour, of which five will be given in Metropolitan Hall, the first on the evening of April 15th.

* * *

There was a gay gathering at the Art Students' League, Tuesday evening, honor of Elizabeth Curtis-O'Sullivan and Miss Heyneman, who, in the early future, leave for London. The affair had the form of a surprise party; the artists' hostesses were arrayed in peasant costumes; the maccaroni band discoursed Italian and other strains, and, altogether, it was a proper and enthusiastic farewell. Mrs. O'Sullivan and Miss Heyneman propose opening a studio in London.

* * *

Easter week in Oakland is full of the promise of gaiety. There is the marriage of Miss Hattie English, the Stolp's tea, Miss Floy Brown's tea, and the big tea at Belle Rose for which the Garbers have issued invitations on Saturday. Nor must I forget the invitation german which is to be given by certain of the University boys in the Harmon gymnasium on Friday. That is to be a real function of distinct social importance and all the pretty girls of Oakland and Berkeley will be there.

* * *

The latest amusement of Washington Society is that of testing the curious theory of the hand clasp, which a certain eminent palmist has propounded. It is said that in the manner of interlacing the fingers, it is possible to obtain a vital indication of character. For instance, if the right thumb is clasped outside the left, it exhibits a vigorous temperament, and indicates the probability of control in married life. If, on the contrary, the left thumb is set on the outside when the fingers interlace, it is supposed that in the marriage relation, the wife will rule the roost. At recent Washington gatherings, there has been much fun over these tests. The manner of procedure is to persuade the victim to join his fingers naturally and without thought. Then if the left thumb prevails, he is at once accused of being his wife's subordinate, and it is suggested that he is henpecked.

* * *

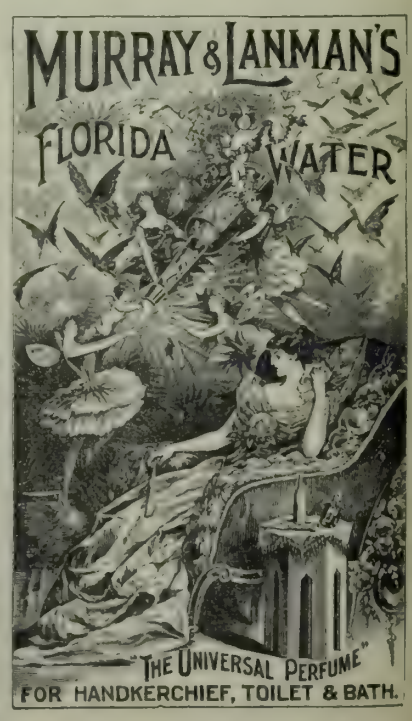
A certain Bohemian light had a birthday last Saturday, and was brilliantly entertained by his many friends. Some one presented him with a very handsome silk umbrella, which he promised never to part with; but his excellent intentions were shattered by another friend who put him in possession of some thirty-one leaden discs, which, I regret to say, are intended for the confusion of nickel-in-the-slot machines. The maker wittily calls them "telephone tokens." However, the young man marched around town with a collection of intimates, worked all the slot machines in town, and was enormously lucky, but, as a result, lost the umbrella. However, he was given a party the same evening, at which there was an admirable representation of theatrical celebrities.

* * *

The musical crowd has had considerable to entertain it of late in the way of receptions and dinners. Mrs. Birmingham was given a dinner by Mrs. Mariner Campbell on Sunday afternoon last, preparatory to her departure for the East. The guests were all of musical proclivities, and the conversation ranged over the broad field of harmonic endeavor. Another musical entertainment was a little festival given in honor of William Simonson by Mr. A. F. Schleicher, who has a charming residence near the corner of O'Farrell and Franklin Streets. Mr. Schleicher has a charming taste in decorations, and his rooms certainly evidence an ability at floral adornments, for they are beautifully fixed up with fruit blossoms and flowers of varied hue. Quite a party of musical celebrities were pres-

Swain's, at 213 Sutter Street, is the only place in the city at which one can find first-class pies, cakes, and confectionery.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.



A Prominent Feature

of the

World's Leading Hotel

The Grill Room of the Palace.

PHOTOS BY TABER.

ent, including Frank Coffin, Mrs. Van Vlack, Doctor Sieberst, M. Delpiane, and many others, all of whom were heard either in singing or selection. Mr. Simonson, by the way, is a brother of the San Francisco cantatrice, Madame Saville, who is singing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and has been one of the celebrities of the opera season there. He goes on to join her.

* * *

The sash worn by his deceased Majesty King Kalakaua, on the occasion of his coronation, has been presented by Ensign Stearns of the "Bennington" to the Bohemian Club, and will find a place on the walls of the Red Room.

* * *

Horace Platt's portrait in oils is ready to be added to the gallery of past presidents of the Bohemian Club, and will be hung, after his successor is chosen on April 13th, in the library. The portrait is by Ernest C. Peixotto, and is now installed on an easel, in the Café, to be criticised by the members. On the whole, it is a very good piece of portraiture. The pose is true to life, is, in fact, characteristic, and the expression of the face lacks little to make it a perfect counterfeit.

* * *

The coming event in artistic circles is a "Trilby" night at the Art Students' Studio, 610 Montgomery Street. The young ladies who preside over the destinies of this studio have invited the newspaper illustrators to an entertainment, and promise them refreshments, liquid and otherwise, in return for their presence. The feature of the evening will be a keg of beer, of which Hayden Jones has been appointed custodian, while Robert Edgren, the eminent hammer-thrower who wields a pencil in the *Examiner* art room, is to pose as "bouncer." The features will include Jimmie Swinnerton, Phil Hastings, Bob Mitchell, and various other celebrities of similar ability. The evening should be an important contribution to artistic endeavor.

* * *

The latest novelty at the Woman's Exchange is "afternoon tea." Hereafter, ladies on shopping bent may wander into the Exchange rooms between the hours of three and five, and be regaled with a cup of the beverage that cheers without inebriating. The new custom is to be duly initiated at an inaugural tea on the afternoon of April 9th.

* * *

The marriage celebration of Dr. Hatch and Miss Greenebaum somewhat resembled an afternoon reception. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock with Dr. Voorsanger officiating, in the presence of the innumerable friends and relatives of the bride and groom. The bride wore a tailor-made costume of cadet blue material, and looked decidedly handsome. She is really one of the best-looking girls in Society. Her two sisters were bridesmaids, and Mr. Morrow officiated as best man. It is alleged that the presents of the two uncles, Louis Sloss and Louis Gerstle, took the shape of substantial checks. However, there were some very pretty articles de vertu among the gifts, including a beautiful fish set from Herman Shainwald and a set of crystal glassware from the parents of the groom. The happy pair are to reside at Jackson, Amador County, where Dr. Hatch is to practise his profession.

* * *

Miss Alice Coleman, whose beautiful contralto voice attracted considerable attention while she was yet at school, is about to develop into a real celebrity. She sang for Madam Materna recently, and that cantratrice pronounced her voice a great organ and promised her a brilliant future. Indeed, she went so far as to say that it was among the very best natural contraltos she had ever heard, and with proper cultivation would win its owner world wide prominence. Miss Coleman is to proceed to Paris at once for a thorough musical education, and will, I presume, add something more to the fame of San Francisco. She is a sister of Charles Coleman and a niece of Police Commissioner Gunst.

* * *

It seems much discussion has been aroused by the action of Doctor Voorsanger, who presided at the marriage of Doctor Hatch and Miss Millie Greenebaum, when he refused to perform the marriage ceremony for Mr. Ferguson and Miss Eppinger, in which the conditions were similar. In both instances the brides were of the Jewish faith, but in the case of Miss Eppinger the Rabbi declined to relax the rule. The motives of his liberality in the instance of Miss Greenebaum are variously attributed.

* * *

The Misses Hyman have as their guest at the Richelieu, Miss Feldberg a decidedly handsome young lady from St. Helena. She is tall and stately and, like the maidens of that northern region, rather given to athletics. There was a lunch in her honor on Saturday at which she met quite a number of Miss Hyman's friends.

* * *

There are to be several theater parties on Monday night at the Pete Dailey opening. Mrs. Lièvre has invited some thirty of her friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Tauszky have quite a large gathering for the same show.

* * *

IT WOULD BE HARD to express accurately the character of the late Mrs. Chris Miller without seeming effusively eulogistic. She was a rarely endowed creature, beautiful, fascinating, and intelligent. A casual meeting convinced one that she possessed charming manners, an equable disposition, and a delightful tactfulness in addition to the obvious charm of a lovely face. As Ena Tucker, she was unquestionably the most beautiful member of a family notable for its good looks and it is admitted she was as pretty a girl as ever made a début in Oakland Society. Unconscious of her charm, she made no effort at cultivating the vogue which her physical grace and magnetism immediately won but seemed better content to remain home or in the society of her friends than to accept the multitude of invitations which would have afforded her a broader sphere of conquest. Some six years ago Miss Tucker married Mr. C. O. G. Miller, and her life since has been conducted under those auspices of plentitude and contentment which, we are told, furnish the highest basis of happy living. Only two years ago, the consumption, from which she died, showed itself, and she and her husband started off on a southern trip, voyaging as far south as New Orleans, and lingering some time in Southern California, but she hated travel and longed to be home again with her children. Since then, she has been more or less of an invalid, appearing at parties, it is true, being hostess herself at intervals, but her activity has been spasmodic. Her ailment became active three months ago, and since then it has simply been a struggle with death. Her loss is the disappearance of a rare and beautiful personality.

* * *

East Oakland Society is still celebrating Mrs. Strong of Chicago, and is entertaining her at dinners and lunches, and other forms of gastronomic enjoyment. Mrs. Curtis had a euchre party for her; Sumner Bugbee entertained her at a dinner, and I believe there are to be several informal receptions and other things ere she flits to the windy burg of her adoption.

* * *

IT IS holy week in Oakland as much as elsewhere, and Oakland is living up to it. Just at the moment, nothing is happening in the social way. The influences of sanctification have even stilled the gossip of recent engagements. One hears some little talk of Miss Stebbin's gymnasium project, and the manner in which biceps may influence the cut of evening gowns—that is all. The daily service of the Episcopal Church rejoices in almost a Sabbath congregation, though I regret to admit that the attendance during the previous weeks of Lent has been extremely slim. The fact is, the observance of the holy season is confined nowadays to abstinence from dancing. The creed of debutante and belle permits indulgence in all sorts and conditions of delights save those of Terpsichore. They will drive with you, ride with you, dine with you, lunch with you, but they will not dance with you; and they feel themselves very virtuous for this renunciation.

* * *

There is some talk on Jackson Street over my comments on the domesticity of Oakland. In all seriousness, can it be denied that Oakland is little more than a country town? Its business streets are lined with unattended buggies and carriages, and a mere candy store is the meeting place of its social forces. After calling, the several sets inevitably converge at Lenhardt's, and you hear there the latest gossip aired to the accompaniment of ice-cream soda. There is, of course, considerable small sociability in Oakland—informal dinners and less formal lunches. No one thinks anything of dropping in to dinner at a friend's house. When at home, maids and matrons live at the telephone—indeed, telephoning is a favorite diversion of the social populace; it exchanges invitations and news over the wires; it gets prices and does its marketing through the phone, and, indeed, conducts an integral portion of its daily life by means of this useful medium.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Myra Prather and Mr. Harry Miller is being celebrated by the several clans with proper feasting. Mrs. Tom Prather gave a dinner the other night to the happy twain, and invited to her board the most intimate friends of the betrothed couple. It was a decidedly handsome dinner and very gay, and I believe it transpired that the engagement had been in existence some six months. Mrs. Albert Miller, on Saturday, had some twenty-two girls to lunch, members of the Jackson-street set, of course, with a few married women. Altogether, the affair is duly proclaimed, and Miss Myra is receiving generous congratulations on all sides. In Oakland it is regarded as a specially happy fate to have a member of the Miller family as husband, for the men of that clan are supposed to be peculiarly gifted with domestic virtues.

* * *

The D. K. E. Fraternity, at Berkeley, are to produce a play in Shattuck Hall which Raymond Russ has written. Some five hundred invitations have been issued for the occasion. This is rather an innovation in Berkeley entertaining inasmuch as the "Frats" have generally confined their hospitalities to the limits of their own club house. The play is said to be quite a clever arrangement and the boys are rehearsing for all they are worth.

THE GOSSIP.

A PANEGYRIC.

"More than any other volume it is indispensable to the student and the scholar.

"It is a working library in itself, and will answer almost every question we can put to it.

"It contains more knowledge than any other single volume in the world.

"It is a photograph of the present state of civilization. All sciences, philosophies, arts, customs, and histories are condensed and reproduced in it.

"If one were required to deposit a single volume that would reveal to future ages the present state of the world, the Standard Dictionary would be the book. More than any other volume it would tell the story.

"It is full of suggestion, and the imagination flames as we look through it.

"It is stored with the raw materials of all science and literature.

"The thoughts of coming generations are already mirrored on its pages. Coming events here cast their shadows before.

"Matchless poems lie scattered through it; all that is needed is the poet's pen to pick them out and put them together.

"Words that breathe and thoughts that burn are here waiting to thrill the world. 'Nothing is wanting,' says Emerson, 'but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature, and cartilage.'

"To turn its pages and become familiar with it is an education.

"It is the latest university.

"After the Bible it is the first book one should own.

"Sell your coat and buy it.

"Keep it in the study, home, office, store.

"No one can live with this book and not have his thoughts widened with the process of the suns.

"For twenty-five years to come it will shine in the literary heavens as a star of the first magnitude, to enlighten and guide the millions of the English-speaking world."—REVEREND J. H. SNOWDEN, in The Home Journal.

E. D. Bronson & Co., Pacific Coast Agents, Standard Dictionary, 933 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The merchants of San Francisco are fast awakening to the fact that advertising, to ensure the best results, must be done through an expert, and this is made more evident by the fact that the business of Wilder & Co., the leading advertising specialists of this city, has increased to such an extent that they have been obliged to move to larger quarters in the Esterbrook Block at 22 Geary Street. Although Wilder & Co., have been in business only a few years, they have built up a business which is unrivaled west of Chicago. At the present time, they are writing and placing about thirty seven and one-half per cent of all the advertisements which appear in the daily papers. By their removal, Wilder & Co. were enabled to add an art room to their establishment in which are designed circulars, posters, and all other work which requires artistic ability and a thorough knowledge of the advertising business. They have also added a Coast advertising agency by which they are now enabled to give merchants all information desired relative to the value of different western papers as advertising mediums. Most of large Pacific Coast papers are kept on file, and any merchant desiring to advertise his business outside of San Francisco should not fail to call and talk the subject over with Wilder & Co.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street.

New Season——

EEL RIVER CREAMERY BUTTER

Finest on the Market

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated . . . . . .

Peruvian Bitters

GEO. GOODMAN

Patentee and Manufacturer of Schillinger's Patent **Artificial Stone** In all its branches

SIDE WALK and GARDEN WALK A Specialty

Office, 307 MONTGOMERY ST. Nevada Block, SAN FRANCISCO

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY CO. Telephone, Rush 12

Principal office, 23 Powell St., Branch, 11 Taylor St., Laundry, Twelfth St., San Francisco, Cal.

All odd jobs mending, sewing on buttons etc., free of charge. Orders left at either will receive prompt attention. Work called for and delivered to any part of the city, free of charge.

Wedding Invitations are properly engraved and in correct form, at ROBERTSON'S

COMET OOLONG——

The oldest and most reliable brand of Tea on the market. Sold only in ⅓ pound papers at 20 cents per paper.

——All grocers keep it.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families. and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

J. F. Cutter

EXTRA

Old Bourbon

has been a staple family and medicinal whiskey for a quarter-century

E. MARTIN

—AND—

CO.

411 MARKET ST.

SAN FRANCISCO

FOR GRIPPE IT'S A DANDY

VINA BRANDY

AND

It's Pure! That's Sure!

VINA DISTILLERY CO.

819 Market St., S. F.

RIPPLES.

TROUT FISHING.

It is unprofessional to fish for trout with bait with which you know you will be able to catch a few fish. For instance, if you use salmon roe for bait and catch a couple of hundred trout, you are not considered in it; but if you bait your hook with a piece of common red brick and catch one fish, you are a sportsman of the first water.

To be a sportsman among anglers, and to have your name appear regularly in the Rod and Reel column of the papers devoted to the so-called sport, you must catch fish merely for the pleasure of depriving them of life. Should you catch them merely because you like their flavor and prefer them to any other kind of meat, you are not a sport, but a pretender, who fishes for the purpose of satisfying an epicurean appetite—a gourmand.

"Why," some will explain, "he doesn't fish for sport, but for the purpose of eating his catch." Oh, horrors!

Some people cannot fish unless they are provided with a split-bamboo pole, reel, and a whole lot of unnecessary paraphernalia. I was the same way once myself, but soon caught on. I concluded that the easiest way to catch fish was by the use of a certain kind of bait which was never known to fail.

Instead of walking up stream seven or eight miles and whipping it down, as I formerly did, I now walk up stream a half or a quarter of a mile, select a nice, shady tree close to the water, unpack my basket, which is stocked with everything worth eating and drinking, get out my periodicals and cigars, and put in a pleasant day undisturbed by any one until about three or four in the afternoon, when a barefooted boy, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, invariably puts in an appearance with a mess of fine trout strung on a willow branch, which I manage to catch and transfer to my basket with the aforesaid never-get-left bait, which, I presume, you have all used yourselves at times.

"How many fish did you catch?" some one will inquire at the hotel.

"Well, I brought home an even ninety-nine," I will reply.

"Yes, I know; but how many did you catch?"

What's a person to reply to such a query as that? If you are a sportsman in the full sense of the word, you will tell him the truth, for who ever heard of a true sport fibbing about the number of fish he brings home, or the size, weight, etc., of any particular fish? If you are a novice, and, of course, not a sport, you will tell that which never happened. The time you had in landing the largest one; how you came near losing him; how the reel hummed when he shot down stream, and that you were exactly forty-five minutes by the watch in landing him. Then you can state that you had another hooked about three times the size of the largest one you brought home, but he snapped the leader and got away; that you would have given ten years of your life to have landed him. However, you intend to try for this big fellow again some day.

Then some fireside fisherman sitting at the other end of your line of admirers will ask, "How far up the creek was it that you hooked the big fellow?" and you will reply, "Close under that big bluff of rocks, quite a piece up." You can always say that with safety. The other fellow will then be sure to say, "What? Just this side of where that big tree has fallen across the creek?" And upon you replying in the affirmative, he will then state, "Why, I've had that big fellow hooked a dozen times, if I've had him hooked once. No use trying to catch him; he's too big to land."

I could go fishing every day in the week, excepting Sunday, and enjoy myself. It is foolish to waste your time fishing on the Sabbath, for you will not catch enough fish to pay for your trouble. It was a long time before I could understand why I could not catch as many fish on the Sabbath as on week days; but I finally observed that there was a reason and a good one, which was not because the parents of the barefooted country boy insisted upon his remaining at home and perusing his catechism on that day, but because there were always more fishermen on the Sabbath than any other day in the week. Ministers never fish on Sunday; on that day they put in their spare moments digging bait, that they may fish on Monday.

SURE.

Done up Brown—Mrs. Davidson.

MOST ASSUREDLY.

The female who is most persistent in her objection to bloomers is the young girl who has just donned long dresses.

MOST OF THEM DO.

Teacher—What does h-a-m-m-e-r spell?

Tommy—Don't know, ma'am.

Teacher—What does your mother drive nails with, stupid?

Tommy—A stove lifter.

YES.

Mr. Blossom—My dear, there are times and times.

Mrs. Blossom—Yes, and you've been on 'em all.

WELL NAMED.

"That boy of mine is a regular flying machine."

"How's that?"

"He won't work."

OF COURSE.

"What makes your husband look so sober to-night?"

"I presume it's because he's drunk."

NEWS.

Mr. Blossom (looking up from the paper)—By Jove! I see that Joe Jobson was shot by a woman last night.

Mrs. Blossom—Who is Joe Jobson?

Mr. Blossom (resuming his paper)—Hanged if I know; but I see he was shot by a woman, just the same.

WHEN SHE OBJECTED.

Bloomer—Doesn't your wife object when you go to lodge?

Blossom—No; but she objects when I get home.

WE ALL OBJECT.

Sniggles—What do you think of the X rays?

Wiggles—I object to 'em. The first thing you know they will be getting up an X ray for our wives to photograph our breaths when we come home at night to see whether we have been drinking or having bay rum put upon our mustaches.

IN FRISCO.

She—Sir, you have insulted me.

He—Pardon me, but I cannot insult any one. I am a minister, and what I have done is only indiscreet and ungentlemanly. A minister can never insult. BRUNO.

Sing a song of microbes,
System full of germs!
Twenty thousand typhoids—
A rise in doctors' terms.
When the well is opened
Long-vanished puss is found,
Isn't it a mercy
We're not all under ground?

—*New York World.*

For relieving throat diseases, coughs, and hoarseness, use "BROWNS' BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Does your hair need a tonic? Quinania removes scurf and cleanses the scalp; strengthens the hair, renders it soft and brilliant, and prevents falling out. Price, 35 cents per bottle. If your dealer doesn't sell it, get it at Lederer's, 111 Stockton Street.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian Bath with Needle Shower. This latest improvement is now in working order, and proves a great attraction. The price for the above, which includes the Swimming Bath, has been established at the low rate of fifty cents.

There may be other Shirts as good as "STANDARD," but they cost more. There may be others the same price, but they are not as good. There may be others even that are as *good* and as *cheap* as "STANDARD," but they are not *Californian.*

LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON EVERY STANDARD SHIRT

Napa Soda Springs California's Famous Mountain Spa!

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE LATELY?

1000 feet above Napa Valley. Climate unsurpassed. Views magnificent. Table supplied from orchard and ocean, field and farm Hot and cold Napa Soda water baths. Telephone and Postoffice. Burros to ride. Bowling alleys, tennis, croquet swings and hammocks New improvements every year. Gas and running water in every room. Relief for asthmatics WARM WATER SWIMMING TANK. An ideal summer resort. Children's paradise, mothers' delight, husbands' rest. Address ANDREW JACKSON, Napa Soda Springs, P. O.

APRIL SHOWERS

may bring May flowers, but they also bring many a cold and many a rheumatic twinge. A good place to spend April is at Byron, for the weather is perfect, and your ills, if you have any, are sure of a cure in the waters there.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Cal.

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG

QUEEN OF ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests, June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager

ROOM 59, UNION TRUST BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

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THE WHEEL.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SOME COMPETENT CYCLISTS ON CURRENT CONTENTIONS.

With this issue, THE WAVE establishes a department devoted to the interests of cyclists and the wheel. It will not attempt to furnish the news of the wheeling fraternity, for that is already done with more or less of thoroughness by the daily press, but the endeavor will be made to supply such comment and criticism on wheeling affairs as may from time to time seem apropos. It is the purpose, further, to publish short articles on various subjects connected with cycling, the distinguishing feature of which will be that in every case they come from an authority on the subject treated.

THE RELAY RACE.

BY C. MICHENER.

The eight or ten thousand wheelmen who live around the Bay are all athrob with an anticipation that grows tenser as the days pass.

Who will win the Relay? That is the question that fills the air in all the club-rooms; for this, the most important race of the year, will be decided within the next few days. The most important race of the year? Yes, and the phrase is used with no limitations as to place, for it is a matter of universal concession that the hundred-mile relay of the California Associated Cycling Clubs is planned and executed on a larger scale than any other wheeling contest in any part of the world. From the mere fact that, including the officials, the contestants, their trailers and assistants, the race involves nearly a thousand participants, the magnitude of the event is apparent. Then it is a road race, and despite the opposition of the track-racing men to this branch of the sport, there is no doubt of its superior hold on the public interest.

This is so for several reasons, but most of all because it is less artificial, as it were than a race upon a track, and seems more of a demonstration of the practical possibilities of the wheel. The bicycle, naturally, is for use upon the road, and it is to that use only that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the spectators at a race meet of any sort put the machine. Then, too, the Relay is a race from start to finish; not a contest for position and a clever final sprint of an eighth or a fifth. As for the excitement and thrill of it, there can be no comparison. Its dangers are of an order that every one of the onlookers must share in some degree every time he rides over the road, while the risk of mishap on the track is much less nearly related to the experiences of the audience.

Of course in a road race it is out of the question to keep the riders in view for any great portion of the distance. Still, it is easily possible for the San Francisco and Alameda County wheelmen to see both start and finish of this particular struggle for club supremacy. Probably the best place for observation on this side of the Bay is the top of the six-mile hill on the San Bruno Road, a point about in the middle of the first and most difficult relay. Then, after the riders have passed, the time is of course ample to get over to the finish in Alameda.

The recent meeting of the Board of Governors and their action in postponing the Relay to the twelfth inst. calls for some comment. The ostensible reason for the change in date was that the fifth of April fell on Easter Sunday, and that it would be jarring to many to make the day the occasion of such a contest. It is quite possible that some of the delegates really have such finely graduated consciences as to enable them to condone Sunday racing in general and yet condemn a race on Easter Sunday, but in the case of the majority of the members of the Board it is pretty safe to say that beyond and below their religious qualms there lurked other motives for the postponement. Perhaps the Garden Cities thought an additional week might do something toward improving the state of Hardy Downing's nose; perhaps the Olympic Wheelmen had in mind the benefits of another week of training to their recently married champion; perhaps—but speculations are useless. No, nothing can explain the change except the fact that Easter Sunday is the first Sunday in April.

Now, what will be the effect of the week of waiting? Will the great axe fall during the last few days of suspense?

The Headsman is silent—characteristically silent—on the subject. Still, an involuntary gesture toward the clouds, a twitching of the eye-muscles, and divers and sundry internal and unintelligible vocal rumblings proclaim to the knowing ones all too surely that Uncle Robert is thinking, that he is restraining himself, that the restraint is an effort. From the point of view of the Relay, the club that would suffer most notably, should Mr. Welch exercise his authority and render apparent the dread possibilities of the "suspicious circumstances" clause of the League Constitution, is the Olympic Club Wheelmen. That three of their best riders might be relegated to the professional class is a possibility not noticeable for its remoteness. Then the Bay Cities might very probably feel the force of the blow in one or two instances. Yes, it is a safe bet that if any change is made in the status of any rider, three clubs will alter the make-up of their teams, as to the last Relay at least.

A SECOND OF CYCLING.

BY C. S. WELLS.

The most exciting second of my life? Well, it isn't hard to pick out, although I have had a good many exciting seconds since my connection with cycling began that were full enough of interest to make them not easily forgotten.

I have ridden around tracks pretty fast on several occasions, and have felt the thrill a person experiences when, having watched his competitors through the grind, he summons up his energies for the final sprint, and wins out or is beaten by a tire-width. There is often an excitement about the last jump of such a struggle that a man does not soon forget. But there has come within my wheeling experience a moment of excitement of another kind which is almost unique, and the memory of that second is so vivid that it will not soon depart.

It was just about the middle of February last. The Syracuse team was at San Diego, where we were engaged in placing world's records to the credit of the crimson rims with clock-work regularity. On this particular morning I was feeling just fit, and the team manager determined to send me against the world's record for the mile, paced by the sextet.

You have seen one of these big machines, no doubt—there were two at the late Cycle Show here—and can appreciate the mass and strength of the two hundred pounds of tire and tubing that support the weight of six riders.

We started off gently and warmed up for two laps. Stone was steering, and Schmidt, Washburn, Terrill, Vaughn, and Swanbrough manned the machine. Then came the real start, and they crossed the tape at better than a 1:40 clip. I was following within three inches of the big rear tire, even touching it now and then with my front wheel. In work of that kind you watch the rear tire all the time and let the world fly under you.

We had gone about half a lap in this way when I heard the sharp report that means a bursting tire. Keep the speed in mind now and try to think what a mile in 1:40 means. The sextet wobbled and swung toward the fence. Then I commenced to think. Before that I had been watching that tire with every nerve. But now the tire was gone. The whole thing was the matter of a second, and yet in that little time I remember thinking if they keep on in that way I could pass them, but the fence would tear their legs off, sure as fate. Stone knew that. He turned the machine round, and there it lay sprawled out straight across the track, trembling like a live thing. I had swerved as much as I could away from the sextet, hoping to pass it, but going at that clip you can't make much of a change of direction in a moment. It brought me right opposite the third man. I could see him lying there pinned down by the machine, and I thought: Here goes for Washburn! It wasn't a matter of choice. I struck him in the middle of the back, and that raised me up in the air, and I went along, still riding, for about ten feet. Then I don't know what happened. I know I landed somewhere on the other side of the six-seater. As soon as I struck the ground I was up, comparatively unhurt, and the most exciting second of cycling in my experience was over.

THE POLICY OF THE LEAGUE DIVISION.

BY F. H. KERRIGAN, CHIEF CONSUL.

The remarkable increase in membership of the League of American Wheelmen throughout the United States last year called for much comment, but its growth since the beginning of the present year has been much more surprising. New members have been coming in at the rate of two thousand a month, and last week showed an increase of more than nine hundred. Meanwhile the North California Division has not been idle. Since the beginning of the year it has added more than four hundred to its list of members. With this increase in membership there is naturally a proportionate increase in the power of the League for work along the lines for which it was organized, and the present administration feels confident of definite and immediate good results in this Division.

The first step of our work is to unite with the League of American Wheelmen every eligible cyclist in California. Progress in this direction has already been rapid and satisfactory through the energetic efforts of the Membership Committee, assisted by the full Board of Officers. These gentlemen have visited the various wheeling clubs of San Francisco and vicinity, and now intend to carry the campaign further into the interior, preaching the League doctrine, the gospel of good roads, throughout the territory of the Division. Visits to Sacramento, Santa Rosa, and Petaluma are already planned, and no club of any size will be overlooked.

The Highway Improvement Committee is actively engaged in uniting the users of roads and streets, whether wheelmen or not, that all may be ready for definite action should any nominee of any of the political parties prove unwilling to declare himself wholeheartedly in favor of any measure looking to the improvement of our highways. In connection with the other organizations, the League will endeavor to effect the passage of such legislation both by Boards of Supervisors and the Legislature as will tend to this end.

Partisan organizations of wheelmen for political purposes are a menace to the power of the League for good. As wheelmen, we are all in politics, but for the purpose of bringing about the election to office of men because they are in favor of road and street improvement because they are in favor of the maintenance of the rights of wheelmen as the users of vehicles, and not because they are Democrats, Republicans, or Populists.

fail

Stand close to a high fence and try to leap over. You fail. Walk back a few steps, get a good start. The fence is easily cleared. Neglect your cough, never mind your loss in weight, and when consumption faces you, your strength may not be sufficient to carry you over the danger-line. If you could only go back a few weeks and make a good start, you might win.

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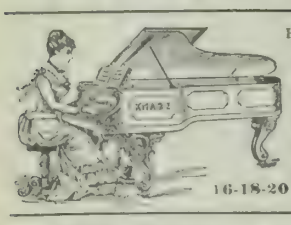

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FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

Yea, verily! So it is decreed. The big sleeve—the immutable friend of all shapes and figures, the graceful covering that converts alike the scraggy arm and the flat, flabby arm, into rounded, well-molded members, is to be relegated to that dreadful epoch known as the past, and stored away in lavender-scented trunks with grandmother's things. But the big sleeve, figuratively speaking, of course, is as brave as it is graceful and pretty, and is prepared to resist to the last.

Paquin, the celebrated, from whose dictum there is no alternative, was the first to affix his signature to the big sleeve's death warrant. The Faithful, who had never been known to do such a thing before, protested. There were disturbing murmurs on all sides, and it looked as though a petty revolution were brewing.

Paris—fashionable Paris—trembled. The blush died out of New York's cheek, and white lines began to show around the mouth. And San Francisco, placid and serene—she is so far away, just shrugged her pretty shoulders, raised her chin, and spread her sleeves.

But alas! and alack!

"All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay,
The moon will wax, the moon will wane;
The mist and cloud will turn to rain;"
The big sleeve to small sleeve again—
"To-morrow be to-day."

It is the law of Nature—and of Madam Baer, and when she speaks, Fashion humbly obeys and follows.

And so the big sleeve is going. Slowly, with many a faltering step and backward glance, but surely.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker is among the first, if not the very first, to champion the cause of the diminished sleeve. I saw her at the Columbia the other evening in a snug velvet bodice, whose sleeve, I am willing to wager, did not consume more than a yard and a half a sleeve. But Mrs. Hooker has such a pretty firm rounded arm. I admired that little knot of soft, white lace, right under the chin, the only bit of embellishment the modish corsage could boast of.

Have you a grass linen gown? If you have not see that you get one immediately. One with fanciful drawn designs, made sweetly and simply over a shot, or changeable silk foundation. If you don't want an entire grass linen gown, have embroidered bands on a drawn jacket front, it is permissible. In fact, it is the extreme of fashion to combine the modish linen with velvets and costly silks and even laces.

I saw a Paquin gown at Baer's the other day, in which this seemingly incongruous combination was most effective. The jupe was of point d'esprit, over a black satin foundation, and the bodice, a bewildering, stunning combination of turquoise velvet, grass linen, and black satin. It was just the Frenchiest thing, and—oh, yes! there was trimming on the full graceful skirt.

For skirts are going to be trimmed again. Surely but slowly it is coming upon us. Front gores are outlined with bands of jetted passementerie, or of velvet 'neath appliqued lace.

A pretty gown with trimmed skirt was one made for Miss Leah Gerst. The costume was fashioned of a very pale-tan crepon, made over a foundation slip of apple green silk. The entire front of the corsage was studded with fine steel beads, the fullness being confined with green velvet bands, appliqued with butter-colored lace medallions. The full, large puffed sleeve was finished with a deep flaring cuff of green velvet.

The green velvet stock collar was finished with a bow of honiton and tulle, fastened immediately below the chin, in the meshy folds of which nestled a fine steel ornament.

The skirt was fetching in the extreme. It was a Paquin of course, and the front gore was outlined by two graduated green velvet bands, one overlaping the other. The longest band reached to the knee, and a medallion of the lace marked the starting point at the waist line.

One of the prettiest gowns it has ever been my lot to see, was a reception gown made for a bride of last week, Mrs. Chas. Rosenbaum (née Schwabacher). It was of a mille fleur silk plaid, the ground the color of the petals of the tea rose, and the crossbars of the plaid of those exquisite mille fleurs, the bright, gay colors blending softly and the flowers natural enough to pluck. The corsage was covered entirely with yellow tulle, embroidered on stripes of color and gold. The sleeves were full, and reached just to the elbow. And oh! cunning conceit—in the ample folds of the sleeve nestled a *pocket*.

A narrow belt and collar of magnolia velvet completed the glories of the bodice. The skirt was full and plain.

Another stunning costume for a bride was a calling dress for Mrs. Fleishman, née Heller. It was a cameo silk in which blue, pink, green, and yellow merged into one another, the whole perfectly and harmoniously blended. The jupe was perfectly plain and the corsage embellished with inserted bands of grass linen embroidered in gold. The belt and collar were of magnolia velvet.

The latest in wraps is the fichu wrap. I saw an imported one the other day of accordion-plaited point d'esprit over black satin, the fichu ends fastening in the back with a knot of black satin ribbon and lace. Another pretty one was of accordion-plaited brown tulle edged with narrow butter mechlin and made over Nile green silk.

Easter, and not a word about hats! An unpardonable neglect, and I hasten to atone by submitting what an authority has to say on this all important subject:

"The test of a fashionably dressed woman is decided by the tilt of her hat. If its brim raises ever so little of the shadow from her eyes "the truth is not in her," and she is not "smart." The more acute the angle the more fashionable the hat. Even the beautiful, becoming big Louis Seize hats are tilted forward this season. One of the smartest hats has the full, soft-looking crown and the brim of rough, black chip. It is raised a little from the hair at the back on a big bow of serpent-green satin ribbon, while at one side a small black ostrich tip droops downward on the hair. There is a high triple plume of black ostrich feathers at one side, and a branch of pink roses at the other, which looks as if it had been newly broken from the bush. Whether this tip-tilted style of chapeau will be as becoming as it is fashionable is much to be doubted. Many faces look better in a frame rather than under a glorified extinguisher."

BABETTE.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

The other day I chanced to be in an art gallery, and, while examining the pictures, I heard a young man, whom I imagined to be a Londoner, say to a gentleman whom he addressed as Colonel:

"Do you know that in all my travels I have never been to a city which has so many interesting and curious characteristics as San Francisco—characteristics of a kind that I have never seen before."

This is exactly the fact. Where can any one expect to see such people, such typical western buildings, such objects of interest, and such commercial enterprises as are exhibited in this western metropolis?

Speaking of commercial enterprises, it many be interesting to say a few words in favor of what we may call an old house, while, at the same time, it is a new house. It is the White House, situated in the most central part of the city, on the corner of Post and Kearny Streets. It was established in 1854, and from that time until to-day its pace forward has never been impeded, and it stands now as the first and largest dry goods house on the Coast. So increased has the business been within the past two years, that an enlargement was necessary, and for this purpose the adjoining store, formerly occupied by Fratinger, has been taken in, thoroughly renovated and decorated, the partitions torn down, and, as completed, it is called the White House Annex. With this accession the store has 54,000 square feet of floor room. The space is so divided that it is easy to find one's way around from department to department. The various articles of dress and luxury are all segregated according to their kind, and it is only a matter of passing from aisle to aisle to have all one's wants gratified.

Most ladies will decide that the principal attraction of the White House is the counter at which may be seen the silks and velvets, the variety and extent of which cannot be equaled out of New York. Indeed, of this department it may be said that its reputation is far spread, I know of tourists desiring to purchase the latest in these goods deferring their purchases until reaching San Francisco. They are to be congratulated on their judgment, for the house has special connections which enable it to obtain the latest examples of these Lyon's fabrics. While there recently, I was shown pieces of the latest style velvets in chameleon shades, besides other novelties I have not space to detail.

In the annex is a counter devoted exclusively to black dress goods patterns, such as Henriettas, drap D'Almas, dragonets, etamines, cheviots, and mohairs, and other materials plain or with brocaded figures. Running at right angles, and extending to the old dress goods department, are places where one finds the latest things in handkerchiefs, fans, perfumery, and other trifles so dear to a woman's heart. There are also departments of kid, cotton, and leather goods; for laces, such as Valenciennes, Point de Luc, and others; for elegant ribbons of every variety, shade, and color. In that department you may obtain the latest designs in buttons.

But speaking of the annex, the gentlemen's furnishing department should not be overlooked. Its stock is the very finest in the city, and those purchasing here may rest assured that they are getting the finest and the latest in collars and neckwear and cuffs, the prime requisites of masculine attire.

On the lower floor one finds the department for curtains, linen goods, printed goods for summer and spring, and other fancy household articles, located as before. The stock, of course, in each is the latest obtainable and of the finest quality. The organdies, dimities, and such light goods are not to be duplicated in any other house on the Coast.

The second floor is devoted to a ladies suit and cloak department. This department is handled in the same manner as in the highest class Parisian houses, and it is a pleasure to make a purchase there through such expert salesmen and fitters. On this floor then will also be a space to show off the latest things in covert cloths, meltons, and gorgeous brocaded silks.

On the third floor are the art rooms. We all know the seductions of this department, and the exquisite articles de vertu it contains. Bronze and antique statuary are here in profusion, the work of the cleverest sculptors, and the beauty of their designs is such as veritably to draw the dollars out of one's pocket. There is nothing in America like the show. The Dresden china, cut glassware, and Venetian glassware of this department are as fine as you can get in Paris or Vienna and the prices are lower than those ruling in New York.

Tourists traveling through San Francisco should certainly not miss the opportunity of visiting these rooms, even though they do not purchase. They will always remember The White House as one of the features of San Francisco. After speaking of the institution and what it contains, one is led to dilate on the clever management by which all this has become possible. There are not more competent or obliging salesmen in town, and they remain with the house, know the goods and the customers. When you consider the excellence of the stock and the ability of the management, it is not astonishing that The White House has had and always will have among its patrons the richest residents of San Francisco.

Madam de Soto makes a specialty of making ladies' underwear and children's garments. The best of materials are used, the prices are moderate, and no one should think of buying any of these articles without seeing Madam de Soto, at 414 Geary St., and inquiring as to her price for making.

Would you be an architect, a painter, a surveyor? See page 16. Free instruction for subscriptions.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY

Assessment ..... No. 78
Amount per Share..... .....15 cents
Levied.....March 25, 1896
Delinquent in office.....April 28, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock ..... May 20, 1896

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION OF principal place of business, San Francisco, California: location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth day of March, 1896, an assessment (No. 47) of ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 11, No. 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of April, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourteenth day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 11, No. 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Danger Signals

More than half the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.
Short breathing after exertion.
Tightness of the chest.
Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.
Chilliness in the evening, followed by
Slight fever.
Perspiration toward morning and
Pale face and *languid* in the morning.
Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but **Dr. Acker's English Remedy** for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

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G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

Flower Festivals
Fiestas
Rose Carnivals

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TALES OF THE DAY.

The *Youths' Companion* tells a story of the difficulties of obtaining juries in the olden days of New York. A case of considerable importance had been adjourned from day to day on account of the mysterious disappearance every morning of some of the twelve men who had been drawn and sworn on the jury. The Judge expressed his anger furiously, and finally the Sheriff grew equal to the occasion. The following morning he came bursting into the courtroom, his face flushed with victory. "It's all right now, your Honor. We can try the case by noon to-day, sure. It's only ten o'clock, and I've got eleven men locked in my barn and we're after the twelfth with the dogs, your Honor."

In a Western court, a witness who had served in the Civil War and been severely wounded, was called upon to testify. "Hold up your right hand," commanded the Judge. "I was shot in that arm, and can't hold it up," responded the witness. "Put up your left arm, then," continued the Judge. "Can't do it, Judge; they hit me there too." The Judge glared sternly at the afflicted witness. "No man can be sworn in this court unless he holds up something," he said. "Sit down, man, and hold up one of your legs, and I'll let it go at that."

During the siege of Paris, Marshal Canrobert found himself for a moment in the presence of a party of ladies. They were much agitated, and, in reply to his question as to what the trouble was, Madame Brohan answered, "We are on the eve of battle, and fear certainly affects us." "Fear," echoed the Marshal, looking puzzled, "what is that?" Madame Brohan rang the bell. "Marie," she said, when her maid appeared, "bring a dictionary for the Marshal."

Cardinal Manning was not popular in Rome where his impatience of Italian ecclesiastical conventions had made him enemies. He never hesitated to denounce his opponents. Once, having reason to complain of a Monsignor who had got away from him an altar shown at the Vatican exhibition of 1888, which he had intended for the cathedral of Carthage, he opened the door of the Pope's study, and pointing to the prelate who was on duty, shouted: "There, Holy Father, is a thief."

Carl Hertz, the conjuror was exhibiting in Nashville, and prepared in the usual way for the well-known trick of passing a marked coin into the center of an uncut orange. He found an intelligent urchin and promised to pass him into the show provided he agreed to come on the stage at a given signal. Of course, the urchin assented. Hertz provided him with a marked dollar, and when the curtain rose there sat the youthful confederate in the front row. The Professor proceeded to borrow a dollar in the audience, marked it similarly to the one in the urchin's pocket, and, after some flourishes, passed it into the orange, from which he extracted it. "Now," he said, "I'm going to ask some member of the audience to step on the stage, and then I'll pass the dollar into his pocket without going near him" The youngster stepped up; the conjuror made the usual flourishes: "Now, my boy," he said, "put your hand in your right-hand trousers pocket and give me the dollar." The boy looked a bit sheepish, but he dived his fist down. Then, to the unutterable horror of Hertz, he produced a handful of silver and said: "I've only got ninety cents of it left, sir."

When a young man, Bismarck was employed as an official reporter in one of the courts of justice. Questioning a witness one day, he lost his temper at an insulting retort, and said: "If you are not more respectful I shall kick you out of the room." "Young man," said the Judge, "I would have you know that this is a dignified court of justice, and if there is any kicking to be done the Court will do it." "Ah! you see," said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me, the Court will kick you out of the room."

When General James Oglethorpe, who founded the colony of Georgia, was young, says the *Youth's Companion*, he served in the Austrian army under Prince Eugene. Once while seated at table with a prince of Wurtemburg, the latter playfully flipped some wine in Oglethorpe's face. Afraid lest a challenge would be unfavorably regarded, and yet determined not to let the slight pass, the young man had a second's indecision, then, smiling, as if at a jest, he responded: "Mon prince, that's a good joke, but we do it much better in England," and threw a whole glass of wine in the prince's face. The prince half-rose from his chair, hot with anger; but an old general who sat by checked him and said, "He has done right, my prince; you began it."

The Congressional Committee on Prison Reforms investigated jails throughout the Southern States. Each jailer was invited to send in a report. An Arkansas functionary made this return: "My jail is 8x10, and all gets out as wants to."

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

THE INCIDENT REMAINS OPEN.

The *Voice of Labor* takes issue with an editorial in last week's "Wave." Its manner is so dignified and its sincerity so evident that the task of enlightening it becomes at once a duty and a pleasure. The editorial exciting the courteous reply was one deprecating the murder of Mars by a striker, and deprecating also the spirit of violence that made such a murder not only possible, but divested it of surprise. The *Voice of Labor* raises itself to so high a key as to condemn the crime in emphatic terms, this being a long step in the proper direction. But it fails to adequately condemn the motive actuating the fatal blow, and calmly assumes that the inspiration sprang from something not within union lines, whereas the deed was the logical culmination of the teachings of unions since unions have been. In support of this, examples are so plentiful that to mention them would be waste of space.

It is in an attempt to shift responsibility for this crime that the *Voice of Labor* builds on false premises, and so at the breath of reason its structure of words albeit nicely joined, falls to the ground. The dissenting editor argues that the Southern Pacific is not responsible for the acts of employees, and by analogy, that a union is not responsible for the acts of its members. A little reflection shows this not to be the case. The Southern Pacific has many times had to pay high for the errors of train men, and yet there was nothing in its instructions intended to, or likely to, induce these men to indulge in mistakes. The citation of Durrant lacks even more markedly all semblance to a parallel. "Is the Baptist Church responsible for the fiend?" is asked Assuredly not. But this foul assassin was not following even in the most remote manner the teachings of the church. He was not an enthusiast impelled by the counsels of his associates to go to an extreme suggested by them. His wretched and perverted nature did not develop as the result of listening to the gospel He did not catch his primal idea from the fiery words of a pastor. On the contrary, his deeds were repugnant to the fundamental principles of all that is godly. Instead of being overzealous, and so misled, he stepped apart from the very influences that would, if anything could, have kept subdued the devil that was within him. Of course, he does not hurt the church. It is not suspected of sympathy with him. He is not supposed in any degree to have followed out its instructions The allusion of the *Voice of Labor* to Doctor Brown is equally unfortunate for it. Doctor Brown's personal shortcomings do not necessarily injure the church, yet, if his guilt be established, and the fact glossed over, then injury will be done. But all fair-minded people must concede that the church never taught Doctor Brown to stray. It would fain have kept his feet from wandering. Can the unions say as much for those of their members who defy, as did the slayers of Mars, divine and human laws?

On the point that union offers were made to provide a lawyer for the accused man, the *Voice of Labor* contends, with weakness most palpable, that this course did not indicate sympathy. The State it says, furnishes a lawyer to the worst offender, and is not accused of leaning toward his cause. But the State also furnishes a lawyer for the prosecution. The individual becomes to it merely a unit, and devoid of personality To the circumstance that laboring men have served faithfully on juries, this organ of unionism gives undue weight that truth has no bearing on the matter under consideration. It is not to be inferred that there is distrust of the laboring man. This would be a peculiar anomaly in a nation of workers. Laboring men as a whole, are in no sense on trial, but only such of them as separate into classes, proclaim themselves masters both of capital and labor, and wonder why the world refuses to acquiesce in their view. Nobody objects to the workingman, for all must toil or be drones. It is only when he refuses to work or to allow others to work that he becomes objectionable. He then assumes a power to which he has never received clear title and probably never will.

A slumbering sense of injustice is awakened by the fact that a few are so rich that they may be idle, and much less useful than the ordinary citizen, but the utility of railing at them has not yet appeared, and the strike just over, involving as it did great delay, heavy loss, and no profit, found no legitimate pretext in the existence of great fortunes. That some men have bank accounts furnishes no excuse for a strike resting on the ground that a certain contractor would not force his employees to join a certain union which they were at liberty to join, had they so chosen. No system of logic attempting to view these as cause and effect can stand inspection.

The *Voice of Labor* is concerned about the "wage slaves," by that term apparently meaning to embrace all who, by effort, earn a stipend Do not the unions, for which it speaks, try to enforce slavery? Do they not try to rob the laborer of freedom? Mars could have joined a union and been alive to-day. While work on a great structure was at a standstill, on a pretext most shadowy, 600 men and women, who are to be permanently employed in the completed building, were waiting anxiously the time for their pay to begin. These hundreds had no rights. Alas, they do not belong to a union. The general situation is serious, the popular temper inexplicable, when the opening of a busy season is welcomed apparently only as an opportunity to strike, and close it again.

There is hope that some day universal brotherhood shall prevail among the sons of men, but every person with a bludgeon in his hands, or words of unreasoning hatred on his lips, or who yields absolutely to the rule of selfishness, retards the coming of a better day Leaders who lead to inevitable disaster, and shout the wolf away from their own doors regardless that they are scaring it to the thresholds of other men who pay for the poor privilege of being led, disgrace and threaten the real cause of labor. Better be led by the blind than the vicious, for the blind may stumble aright. The men who ordered the recent strikes owe to every striker an apology, and the amount of wages lost. They owe to the slayer of Mars the admission that they were accessory before the fact. It was they who nurtured and loosed the murderous spirit of discontent.

THE ANNUAL SALE.

There are some themes to which the constant addition of material or the continual shifting of personnel gives a freshness ever new. One of these is the manner in which fortunes acquired by traffic in soap and hides, or in some manner perhaps equally respectable, are exchanged for titles acquired oftentimes by methods upon which considerate people refrain from turning the light, but which, as commodities, may generally be reckoned particularly worthless dross. It is a trifle irritating to see good American dollars thrown at the birds of prey, especially as these birds are often of sorry plumage, and far from having nests, are in quest of the wherewithal to supply the nest and furnish the same with lining.

Daily papers of the current week state that Newport is expected soon to swarm with heiresses, and then proceed in perfect good faith to give a list of the swarm, together with the amount of honey that each bee is believed to have stored subject to call. Each heiress is supposed to have enough gold in prospect to dower her to her dimpled chin in coin of the realm. There is the $20,000,000 brand of heiress, and a whole lot more ranging down to the mere six figure lady whose capital is not deemed worthy of exposure in precise terms. All this is very interesting, but it is only a beginning.

The Duchess of Manchester, of record not exactly saintly, is about to bring over her son, who is too young to have achieved a record of any kind. She is coming to act as his matrimonial agent and supervise his selection of a wife. Incidentally, she may pick up a bargain in the way of a husband herself, but this is foreign to the main issue. The inference plainly is that all these heiresses, financially the cream of the country, are to be on exhibition much as blooded cattle are shown at a county fair for a blue ribbon, and that the premium they seek is a callow duke with absolutely nothing to commend him but a title. There is in the account no intimation that such a procedure is not entirely proper and to be expected. Of course, a blush cannot be typographically expressed, but the entire absence of any feeling such as might prompt a becoming flush of shame, is noted as characteristic of the following extract, a fair sample of the whole:

> The Duchess of Manchester, it will thus be seen, will be surrounded by almost an embarrassing amount of wealth and beauty, and if the young Duke returns to England without a bride it will not be because of a scarcity of girls from which to select.

There is no intimation that some girl in this entrancing swarm might have the womanliness to reject an offer which could come from the Duke only as a piece of insulting impertinence; that could be only an indecent proposition from acceptance of which she should scornfully shrink. The clearest inference is that the Duke has but to look the stock over, select his goods,

and that they will be delivered with grateful speed. Unless the article is based on a total misconception of the worth of the daughters of wealth, it shows a state of tolerated degradation that prevailing among the daughters of the tenements would make of them outcasts from contact with whom the silken skirt of the heiress would be drawn in disgust. Let it be hoped that the papers are in error, that the correspondent is simply a fool. As he raves about the beauty of these girls in a similarly exalted strain there is reason to entertain this kindly suspicion. The Gould who married Count Castellane had been dealt with by Nature with a hand so rude that not even the art of the photographer could disguise the marks. The Vanderbilt who has the distinguished honor of maintaining the vast castle that another American had repaired is not repellant to the eye, yet one cannot walk a block in San Francisco, especially at the hour when factory girls are leaving their work, without seeing a dozen who are from every physical standpoint her superior, and, mentally, there is every reason to suppose, at least her equal.

Laying aside the fact that the idea of having girls put on the market does not, on moral grounds, commend itself, in a business way the plan is serious. Great fortunes are yearly sent abroad, and no equivalent is given in exchange. The foreigners get the best end of the transaction. They obtain money in such large amounts that the incumbrance of accompanying wives they can easily endure. Generally paupers, and accustomed to being supported in idleness, to have a new source of income with which to indulge their profligacy, is an exceedingly pleasant circumstance. But they play a confidence game. They could more honorably sell gold bricks. Neither is it fair in their quest for lucre to drag down the girl so unfortunate as to be attached to it. Yet, it is folly to pity the victims who walk frankly and fully warned into the trap. The Duchess is to be congratulated on her good judgment. Desiring a bargain or two, she comes to the proper shop. But the good lady should not assume too much. It is only just that she make the Duke pay the wedding fee. When wealthy people thus frankly confess to being upstarts and vulgarians, they merit this small balm.

EASTERN AND WESTERN ORATORS.

Whatever may have been the purpose of Mr. Depew's visit to California, one benefit has come from it, one that he could not have anticipated, one that he rarely confers on any place he visits. Mr. Depew taught us to appreciate our own orators.

All the world knows of Chauncey Depew. Not as railroad president, politician, or lawyer is he so widely known but as the peerless orator of our greatest city. Ask the average New Yorker whom he considers the wittiest and most brilliant of all mankind and he will reply, without the slightest consciousness of his own provincialism, "Our Chauncey." General Horace Porter he regards as a story-teller of skill, a rhetorician of fluency; Frederic Coudert as a witty Frenchman once removed, a scholar and a master of indirection; Joseph Choate as a speaker of great charm and power, but Chauncey Depew is easily first in the New York mind among the orators of the day, either on the stump or beside the dinner table. This estimate, we do not hesitate to say, is a false one. There are men in New York and other Eastern cities who are, in all the essentials of the perfect orator or the graceful after-dinner talker, equal to Mr. Depew, and his superior. But Manhattan will not have it so.

It would astonish New York to be told that Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is not an orator, yet that is the fact if he is judged by any classical standard. Mr. Depew is an entertainer, not much more. He is without dramatic action, which removes him from the class of Patrick Henry, Chatham and Gambetta. He is without the poetic spirit, marked elevation of mind, which bars him from the school of Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Lincoln, in his Gettysburg address, and Webster. He is without feeling, as is manifest to any one who ever heard him, and there can be no oratory where there is no play upon human sentiment. Mr. Depew has a knack at story-telling which is highly pleasing, a platform tact that is well nigh perfect, a manner that is graceful, and a rhetorical skill of little more than mediocre quality. These things, added to a good voice and a quick mind, do not make an orator, though they may make a man much more agreeable to listen to than was Burke. New York is not blessed with many orators and those she has are foreign to the Island. Col. Ingersoll, John R. Fellows and Bourke Cochran, all three come from other places, one from the West, one from the South and the third from Ireland. They represent three different and distinct styles, Ingersoll the rhetorical and strongly emotional, Fellows the more severe and elevated of the best Southern school, and Cochran the cumulative and somewhat ponderous style, lacking simplicity but full of power. There are several others but they are of minor importance.

The point we would make is that the great city is not productive of great speakers. The young men who go from New York to college return to become scholarly and able but are seldom given to public speaking, and when they are their speech is heavy, precise and logical, good argument but not oratory. New York draws her supply of men of high emotion from other States or countries where the emotions are allowed more sway than in her tense commercial life.

The reason for the appreciation with which Doctor Depew meets in New York is that he is the business man idealized. The brokers and bankers who sit about the tables and admire have all the delight in hearing Depew that the rough father has in contemplating his college-bred son. They can say to themselves—"And yet this man is but a railroad president. Surely, he is greater than all others, for no other railroad president ever spoke as he speaks." New York is easily bored, especially with things intellectual. The strain of its life calls for relaxation, and that of the most frivolous order. Away with Curtis and Carter, Breckenridge and Wilson; give us "our Chauncey"; he knows our moods, and will not tire us. It is impossible for oratory to be developed in such an atmosphere—inartistic, hard, and mathematical.

California is the very land in which to breed and cultivate the orator. Here are a people, emotional, artistic, full of ideals, responsive, and poetic. It would be contrary to the law of nature for men to express themselves here in the cold severity of the commercial New Yorker. The voice becomes mellow, the ear resents discords, the nature becomes sensitive to suggestion and appeal, and these things draw forth the orator. He comes here because he is in demand here.

Those who have lived in Eastern cities have remarked often on the number of our Western orators—men who in more central cities would have made for themselves National reputations. In early days we drew such fiery spirits as Baker and MacDougall, and in these quieter days we are developing men fitted in intellectual temper to the softness and richness of our landscape.

There are more young men in San Francisco gifted with unusual power of eloquent speech than can be found in the political and social clubs of greater New York. We have the soil to raise the orator, New York has not.

GENERAL HUBBARD'S INTERVIEW.

General Hubbard, representative of the Searles interest in the railway companies, is just now very much in the public eye. The portion of the press that is given over to abusing the railroad during twelve months of the year is now industriously at work on this gentleman in the hope of breeding internal discord in railway affairs. Taking on for the moment the outward appearance of a friendly interest in the corporation in one column, (and roundly abusing it in another), the *Examiner* brims over with kindly advice and bristles with important suggestions. It did the same thing during Sir Rivers Wilson's visit West, and was anxiously solicitous for the welfare of the Central Pacific Railroad which for years it had attacked, maligned, pursued, and attempted to destroy; taking on a similar temporary friendly vein, it then strongly advised the divorcement of the Central from the Southern Pacific management. One acquainted with all the facts and surroundings can find some amusement in this proceeding, as probably its authors do.

The railway management in California is not perfect, but it is not the thoroughly disgraceful thing its enemies would have us believe. If it was guilty of one-half the crimes laid at its door its conduct would be most iniquitous and reprehensible. The truth of it is, the more serious derelictions charged against the corporation are without the slightest foundation. If any honest citizen will take upon himself an investigation of any one or more of the grave charges made against this corporation he will more than likely find either that they are falsehoods, plain and inexcusable, or that the charges made are totally at variance with the facts as proved. The California railway managers make mistakes, but the man who makes no mistakes is the man who does nothing.

In an interview upon the subject of railway affairs, General Hubbard gave voice to some terse, well-chosen remarks on the situation in California. He has a faculty of stating his position in a clear and comprehensive, yet brief, manner. Taking up the question of politics, he expressed himself in language that was plainly opposed to political interference of the company further than might be absolutely necessary to protect itself from its open and avowed enemies; to interpose a barrier between an office and the wretch whose bids for votes are based upon the boast that he would punish the corporation if elected. With this announcement in its mouth, the *Examiner* beats the air and finds noisy fault with the alleged railway interference and political pollution. Heaven knows, if there is any one factor in the State that tends to keep the railway in politics it is the *Examiner*. No man is so low, no creature so mean, no candidate so disreputable, as not to come within the dead-line of its approval if he can but show an unrelenting, unjust, undying hatred toward the corporation. It is the nomination of the Sutros, the Davies, the Bassets, and the Larues that make it necessary for this corporation, as a mere matter of self protection, to enter into politics. It is a party platform demanding that the quasi judicial officers of the State pledge themselves to a line of official conduct antagonistic to the corporation before hearing a single word of the evidence, and without knowledge of a single fact, upon which their judgment is to be based, that creates the necessity for their interference. It is a horizontal twenty-five per cent reduction of rates in political platforms that urges the corporation to act on the defensive. It is the persistent, malignant, unfair, and false attacks made upon this corporation that divert its attention from its legitimate business for the protection of its property from the political highwayman and marauder. It is the *Examiner* and its followers that drag the railway owners out into a field of action that must be intolerable and detestable to them. Let the *Examiner* be fair. Let the conventions nominate only men who are honest and unbiased, and no man will ever again dream of linking the name of the railroad with politics. Once admit that men are nominated and supported solely because they are anti-railroad, and are expected to administer unwisely and unjustly the powers delegated to them by the people, and you at once confess that self-protection demands that the corporation take some steps to save its property from the hands of such spoliators. We have said before now, and now repeat it, that the man who seeks and obtains office for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon a corporation or individual; the wretch who assumes a public trust for the purpose of harassing and annoying his enemy, is as base, as vile, and as contemptible as is the super-serviceable tool who seeks a place to blindly serve his corporate friend. If either one of this class of officers is better than the other, it is the latter, for he at least may be guided by honest friendship and affection, while the former is dominated alone by a brutal passion.

Somehow, the foundation appears to be wrong. The bases upon which is built the public's hopes and fears, conclusions and beliefs, are out of gear. Let an honest and fearless man, be he editor or public officer, express his indignation at some contemplated wrong that is to be visited upon this corporation, and the suspicion at once springs up in the public mind that he has been bought. It is the fear of this charge; it is the shrinking from being the object of this foul suspicion that has led many an honest man to bite the tongue that was eager to frame an indignant protest against a contemplated crime. To achieve a reputation for honesty in public office one has but to persistently take sides against the corporation. It is a certificate of good health. It requires distinct moral courage, and a certain sacrifice for one to be even fair in the face of such conditions. An independent and fearless protestant should not be met with suspicion, but rather should his conduct fix the conviction in the public mind that here was an honest man who feared not to speak for the right as he saw it. We pointed out last week the results that must follow in the train of charges such as have been made against the *Examiner*. This is one of them.

One may not always defend or speak words of commendation for the manner in which those entrusted with the charge have handled the political affairs of the corporation. Its political friends often have seemed possessed with the idea that there can be no political affiliations on behalf of the corporation, except with the worst elements of each party. On credible authority, we are told that the only reason the Democratic State Central Committee passed resolutions unfavorable to the Railway Funding Bill, was that the political friends of the corporation were supposed to have allied themselves with Buckley in an inter-party strife, and that the Anti-Funding Bill Resolution was passed merely because it was supposed that its defeat was entrusted to Mr. Buckley's henchmen.

So long as it is possible for men to be nominated for office solely to wreak their vengeance and vent their spite on railway corporations, just so long will it be necessary for the assailed to interfere and protect themselves. It is a difficult thing to draw the line and say just where this interference should begin and where it should end. Politics, after all, is very largely a matter of trades and bargains. It is seldom that a candidate receives the nomination at the hands of his convention without having first agreed to deliver his strength to other candidates seeking other offices in return for their support of his candidacy. To defeat its enemies, the railway must resort to similar practises. It must trade and bargain, and, in doing so, must make itself a party to the defeat of the aspirations of other men who hold no grudge against them, and who are seeking offices which can have no possible relation to railway affairs. This is why it is difficult for the politi-

cal friends of the railway to keep aloof from controversies in which its interests are only collateral. Once inside of politics and no man, however wise, can say where the end may be. So long as it is popular among certain committees to be a noisy, anti railroad agitator just so long will the corporation be confronted with this problem. The ultimate remedy lies not in defeating the enemy before the convention or at the polls. Such a proceeding is a mere temporary stay calculated to breed new enemies as well as defeat ancient foes. The true solution lies rather in a well-directed line of education that will correct the public mind and render it unprofitable and unpopular to be a noisy agitator. The politician and the people should be taught that it lies with them alone whether or not this corporation shall attend to its purely legitimate business and have no hand in or care for politics. Otherwise it will be difficult to "get out" of politics. This is the problem that confronts the railways and the people too, and which, when solved, will bring peace along in its train.

In the same interview General Hubbard gave voice to a statement that might form a text for a sermon. He said:

If there is any feeling here because the company is trying to enjoin the Railroad Commission from reducing its rates twenty-five per cent, I think that feeling is wrong. The company could not stand a reduction of that kind. It has never paid a dividend on one dollar of its stock.

There is a world of meaning in this statement, and a world of information in it. In another form it says the company is seeking to enforce what it considers to be a legal right. To protect that right from what it deems an unwarranted and destructive invasion, it appeals to the courts to preserve inviolate that sacred principle which hatred has set under foot. It appeals to the court to preserve the principle and protect its property from spoilation. It stands before the bar of justice defending a concrete legal right. To struggle for one's rights, and to resist an invasion, and a violation of them, is to exercise one of the highest and holiest duties of citizenship. It is a duty that the individual citizen owes not only to himself, but to Society, to neglect which is cowardice. The wretch who flees or stays in hiding while the battle is in progress is a coward. That he alone forsake his arms and lurks secure in some safe hiding-place, does not of itself determine the battle against his side, but should his craven example be imitated by his fellows, the land which looks to him for protection would soon be overrun by an invading army. And so it is in the law. The man who abandons his legal rights, and with cowardly instincts flees before the contest, is morally as great a coward as is the man of arms who seeks to escape injury to his person by the sacrifice of his honor. All rights would perish if all refused to protect them from invasion and assault Great principles would be swept into oblivion if none defended and maintained their integrity. The struggle of legal right against injustice is a common struggle against a common enemy. Even the humblest citizen of the State reaps profitable advantage from the legal battles of his richer brother who seeks to maintain the principles of right upon which the Nation's laws are founded. A great German writer on the law says:

The existence of all the principles of public law depends on the fidelity of public officials in the performance of their duties; that of the principles of private law, on the power of the motives which induce the person whose rights have been violated to defend them; his interest and his sentiment of legal right. If these motives do not come into play, if the feeling of the legal right is blunted and weak, and interest not powerful enough to overcome the disinclination to entering into a controversy and the disposition to go to law, the consequence is, that the principle involved finds no application. When arbitrariness and audacity boldly dare to lift their head, it is always a sure sign that those who are called to defend the law, have not done their duty. But each of us, in his own place, is called upon to defend the law, to guard and enforce it in its own sphere. In defending his legal rights, he asserts and defends the whole body of the law, within the narrow space which his own legal rights occupy. When the master shall no longer insist that the servant shall do his duty, when the creditor cannot enforce payment by his debtor, when the public attach no importance to correctness of weights and measures, can it be said that nothing is imperiled but the authority of the law? When these comes to pass, the order of civil life is sacrificed in one direction, and it is not easy to say how far the disastrous consequences produced may reach; whether, for instance, the whole system of credit may not be seriously affected thereby. For every man will do all in his power to have nothing to do with people who force him to wrangle and struggle where his legal right is clear; and he will transfer his capital to other places and order his goods elsewhere.

Under such circumstances, the lot of the few who have the courage to enforce the law becomes a real martyrdom. If I were called upon to pass judgment on the practical importance of the two principles "do no injustice," and "suffer no injustice," I would say that the first rule was: "Suffer no injustice," and the second: "Do none."

These are the words of one of the ablest German writers on the law. From his point of view, and from ours, the resistance on the part of the railway company of what they consider an encroachment of a concrete legal right is not a struggle for themselves alone, but one in which all society is interested. It has been maintained time and again in these columns that the welfare of the citizen, his individual property rights, and all that goes to make up his enjoyment thereof, are so firmly dove-tailed and interlocked with corporate property rights, that to invade or imperil one would, to a like extent, destroy the other. The principles protecting the property of the corporation from destruction and confiscation are the same great principles that protect the humblest citizen in the enjoyment of the fruits of his thrift. When the rich and powerful struggle to keep untouched and undefiled by the hand of the despoiler its own property rights—when they do battle to uphold the principles that protect them, they are doing a similar service for all mankind. A nation made up of men who would not be inclined to resist encroachments upon their individual rights, would be but little inclined to resent the encroachments of a neighboring belligerent nation upon the country of their birth. Was America a nation of men who were lazily indifferent to their own rights, how could it be presumed that such men would have more concern for the rights, the honor, or the integrity of their Nation? We can only repeat what General Hubbard states: that "if there is any feeling here because the company is trying to enjoin the Railroad Commission from reducing its rates twenty-five per cent I think that feeling is wrong."

THE CRIMES OF CLAIRVOYANCY.

Clairvoyancy or spiritualism, or whatever else you may call it, has been responsible for one of the most deplorable tragedies that ever occurred in this city. The community was startled a few days ago by the announcement that a Mrs. Deuss, an unfortunate and misguided woman, had deliberately taken the life of her three little children as well as her own. At the Coroner's inquest the fact developed that some miserable, prophesying, spirit-communicating wench was responsible for the crime. Mrs. Deuss had been told by the soothsayer that her husband was unfaithful, and was about to elope with another woman. Weak of mind, wrenched by suspicion, inspired by jealousy, in despair she killed herself and children. She paid the penalty of death for her own weakness. But the mischief-breeding clairvoyant who sowed the seed of discord—the hake who planted the suspicions that led to the awful tragedy, still lives, still moves about in the world, cunningly waiting, furtively watching for another victim into whose ears she may pour the poison of suspicion.

Again, we hear, from another quarter, that a certain Professor Eugene and another certain Professor Van de Vere have squeezed from the slender purse of one Bell, the sum of $1100 upon a pretext which, in the cold light of print, appears most absurd and ridiculous. Bell, it seems, was an old man, an ex-postmaster in a Nevada town, who, by dint of economy, had accumulated some $1500 which he purposed investing in a ranch. He became a convert to spiritualism and had the happy habit of holding séances in the post-office. On an unlucky day he fell in with the two clairvoyants. To one, Professor Eugene, he paid $170 for laying "an evil spirit" that was blocking his way. Professor Van de Vere then took hold of the victim. The man of trances and the familiar of spirits fell into a deep sleep, during which he received communications from the friends of the gullible Bell. Bell was informed, by the spirit route, that awaiting him in Scotland was a fat and hitherto unclaimed estate of £13,000,000. Having located this fabulous sum, it remained only to devise some means of obtaining the money. Professor Van de Vere had a convenient friend, a certain Hodson, located at Chicago, who, for $2000, would proceed to London and attend to the details. Bell had only $800 left, but the Professor was not inclined to let the $800 slip away from his grasp, and kindly offered to advance the balance. Bell parted with his money, and now the two worthy professors languish in the city jail.

The world is getting pretty old, and this is the year 1896; yet, pick up any daily paper and you will find at least a column of advertisements devoted to the announcements of two or three dozen astrologers and clairvoyants who are willing to divulge to their poor dupes "the past, present, and future." These frauds are all probably representing to their customers and dupes of to-day their great delight that Eugene and Van de Vere are caught. They are probably declaring, with much show of indignation, that it is imposters such as the apprehended twain who bring their very respectable profession into disrepute. That such men and women can prosper and thrive in an intelligent community is most astonishing. Here is an advertisement setting forth the claims of Professor Eugene. It is taken from one of the daily papers. If the Maker of the universe should visit earth He could not promise to do more than this very clever fellow:

A RARE Opportunity to
Consult the Great Clairvoyant,
Prof. F. Eugene.

People of San Francisco, as well as other cities, marvel at his power. Lawyers, speculators, business men of all grades, and ladies from every walk in life, together sound his praise for the benefit they have received. All are pleased. Professor Eugene gives advice on business, speculation, investments, love, courtship, marriage and divorce; settles lovers' quarrels, reunites the separated and causes a speedy and happy marriage with the one of your choice. He locates mines and buried treasures, tells of your friends and enemies, removes evil influences, gives advice pertaining to lawsuits, locates and recovers old estates. The troubled and unfortunate should seek his counsel. Thousands of families long separated have been reunited by his efforts. All persons unsuccessful in business, who seem to be unlucky, should visit him, seek his aid and start aright. Thousands have become wealthy through his advice. Young men starting in business will find it greatly to their advantage to consult him on all matters of financial interest to themselves. Hours 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Letters with stamp answered. PROFESSOR EUGENE, 1728 Market street.

Men and women following this line of endeavor make a living in this city, and a good one, too. The mere statement of that fact is, in itself, astonishing. The mischief that they breed, no one may measure. Chance brought out the fact that one of their kind stands morally responsible for three murders and one suicide. How many lives, how many divided homes and broken hearts may be charged to them, how much of misery and crime they have caused, can only be a matter of speculation. Dupes will they have so long as their signs hang from out their doorways. Poor humanity is always caught by the mysterious and the occult. We seem to be drawn toward that which affects to peer into the future and promises happier and better days. In our hours of depression, we are inclined to search for that which vouchsafes to us a bright and glittering delusion that we may hug, and so break the force of present pain by contemplation of our future happiness; so make ourselves half-contented with our present poverty by regarding the prosperity the future has in store for us. Somewhere in Draper's works, he speaks of this characteristic of mankind, and says the brain is divided into lateral halves, the one of which, the romantic half, entertains the other, the practical side, by weaving romances of wealth, building air castles, and whispering the prophecies of great achievements which are to come, yet which both know to be impossible. The press may protest and expose, the police arrest and convict these charlatons of fraud and theft; but, probably until the end of time, weak men and women will be ready to offer themselves as fresh victims for the cupidity of the cunning fraud.

On the first page of the San Francisco WAVE, date March 14th, there is an editorial under the head, "The Teachers of Anarchy," that is one of the most trenchant, searching articles we have read for many a day. It is couched in the purest of English, and scintillates with genius. It is pregnant with thought. It is scholarly, and betrays an unusual depth of erudition. We know not who wrote it, but it stamps its author as a man of thought and learning, a man who is a master of the art of using words, as the skilled mechanic uses tools. If you have not read it, get it and read it, not once, but often.—*Citrograph*, Redlands, Cal.

On Pitcairn Island, which was peopled by the Mutineers of the Bounty, there is a population of one hundred souls. It forms a fairly socialistic community; its members aid one another in all undertakings, but it seems they experience frequent changes of religion. Some years ago, the Church of England claimed the entire population. Shortly afterwards, some Seventh Day Adventists from San Francisco appeared and converted the entire island to their tenets. Subsequently a detachment of Baptist missionaries showed the population the error of the Adventist way, and they were again baptized. Just now a Roman Catholic priest is engaged proselytizing, and doubtless the mass will rule ere next we hear from the environment.

Miss Mary H Kingsley, who seems to have been a missionary in Africa, doubts the value of the present method of regarding the African mind as a jug, which has only to be emptied of the stuff that is in it, and refilled with the doctrine which the missionaries teach. She says the moral results of missionary teaching are defeated by the doctrine of the efficacy of repentance. An African chief gets drunk, beats his wives, steals his neighbor's jackknife, sells his neighbor's daughter to the Arab traders, and then consoles himself by singing the touching hymn:

A little talk with Jesus
Makes it right,
All right!

It appears to be the purpose of the leading newspapers of this city to prove to the world that they are venal. Of the contract between the *Examiner* and the railroad there seems to be no possible explanation. But Mr. Hearst's paper shrieks daily to the *Chronicle* "You're another." By and by our papers will wonder at the scant respect they command at the East.

It appears that the Sugar Trust is supplying funds to the Cuban rebels, in order that the rebellion shall go on for another year, so as to enhance the value of stock on hand and to insure the fulfilment of pending contract. What people would like to know is—who holds the bonds of the future Republic of Cuba?

CAUSERIE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

The unions which "struck" the Parrott Building, and threw several hundred men out of work, appeared to be bent on bringing the question between "organized" labor and free labor to a clean-cut issue. In order to establish their monopoly, the unions tried to compel workmen who had no grievance to throw up their jobs under pain of violence and death. It was then for the workmen to say whether they would let their wives and children go hungry in order that union bosses should vindicate their theories. It was for them to decide whether, in joining a union, they parted with their freedom to work at their trades, and surrendered the sovereignty which is the birthright of every American citizen. They decided, as it was obvious from the first that they would, that they would retain their sovereignty under their own hat.

* * *

When work was slack last winter, the completion of the Parrott Building was hastened in order to give employment to mechanics who would otherwise have been idle. They were employed at the current rate of wages, and for the usual hours of work. They do not pretend that the terms of their contract were violated by their employers. They were "called out" because the demagogs who manipulate the unions put forth new demands which were not thought of last winter, and which are not essential to the well being of the mechanics.

* * *

The workmen, their wives and children were in fact required to give up their means of livelihood in order that the officials of the unions should win a victory over their employers, and should demonstrate to the men that they are useful, and that they ought to be supported in idleness out of the funds of the unions.

* * *

A bill which is known as the Raines Bill was lately passed by the New York Legislature, abolishing free lunches in saloons. It is said that seven thousand lunch counters were abolished at a blow, between Lake Erie and Coney Island. Public opinion sanctions the reform. The free lunch is a heresy. It induces men who need lunch to take drinks which they do not need, and it compels saloon-keepers to dispense cheap liquor, because they cannot afford to supply wholesome liquor and to throw a free lunch into the bargain. It is inconsistent with business principles. Many men in San Francisco get a two-bit lunch with a fifteen-cent drink, and then they wonder that the saloon-keeper fills his decanter with forty-rod whiskey.

* * *

In the course of a pleasant talk on California wines, Dr. Depew combined with some judicious suggestions a few trifling errors. He complained that our champagne is too beady and not pleasant to the taste. He seems to imagine that it would contain less alcohol if the grapes were grown on hillslopes instead of low lands. Inquiry would have satisfied him that the alcholic strength of Californian champagne is about the same as that of the French champagne which is imported to this country, and that the site of the vineyard does not affect the matter. The trouble with our champagne is that its makers have not yet learned their trade. Over two centuries have elapsed since the vine-growers of the Maine learned to make an effervescent wine by a double fermentation, to blend the various growths, and to ascertain exactly what proportion of rock candy and cognac must be added to the wine. When our winemakers have been one-tenth of the time at work, they will turn out a wine which will compare favorably with Mumm or Roederer.

* * *

The genial doctor took pains before he left to recant his awful statement that he had seen no pretty girls here. Had he not done so, he would have shared the fate of Orpheus. He had probably been unlucky enough to meet a homely girl or two on his arrival in the State; and he was like the Englishman who lay for three weeks drunk at Calais, and being waited upon by a red-haired bonne, wrote home that all Frenchwomen had red hair, and carried a bottle under their arm.

* * *

Eleonora Duse's performance of Magda in Suderman's "Heimat" is said to place her above Sarah Bernhardt, who made a hit in the same part. Her acting it imbued with a simplicity and sincerity which actually inspire terror; it is stateliness, dignity, and pathos incarnate. She is just the actress to interpret Suderman, whose single-hearted sincerity, and honest purpose, combined with his admirable literary workmanship, have placed him at the head of the dramatists of the day. It is to him that the reading public owe the only counterpart to *Anna Karenina*—the romance entitled *Es war.*

* * *

An unknown poet paints the Dervishes who are now harrying the Italians and the English in the Soudan, in a single couplet:

Of tribes that in the desert fell
The wandering souls are we;
Wind-scattered seed of Ishmael
Upon the sterile sea.

* * *

Miss Carrie Bowes, a young lady who has been four years in Europe, studying music at Mayor Sutro's expense, has come home, and proposes to pursue her profession here. I wish her every success, and I will make her return the text for a little sermon. There is in this city a natural growth of musical taste which is perhaps not equaled in any other city in the Union. As the poor far outnumber the rich, it is more frequently observed among those who cannot afford the expense of a musical education than among those who can. Among the pupils of the common schools there are many mute inglorious Calves and Nordicas, Gounods and Bizets.

* * *

In France, young people who show high promise, may compete for the Prix de Rome or for less splendid prizes at home. The conservatoire may be opened to them, and the highest training placed at their disposal by the munificence of the Government. Our political system does not permit such farsighted liberality here. But the city and the State abound with rich men, who could afford to maintain a promising student of art or music for three or four years at the great schools in Europe. Miss Bowes is not the only young lady who has found a generous patron to enable her to prove her merit. Why should not the example become general? A list of a score of gentlemen could be counted on the fingers, every one of whom could afford to expend $1000 a year to keep one pupil at Paris or Rome or Milan for a few years. Why not start the fashion?

* * *

Except when Reed talks, the Republicans do not effulge with wit. But there are flashes. Senator Cullom of Illinois was asked, "Who will be the Democratic candidate this year?" "My opinion is," said the Illinoisan, "that Democrats will nominate Horace Greeley." "Why, he is dead." "So is the party," responded the Senator, solemnly; "only they don't know it." The corpse may be lively.

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Fraulein Elizabeth Mals is writing in Germany on the Woman question, and argues that the Scriptures, understood rightly and in their original intent, favor the ideas and ideals of woman's emancipation. The fraulein is not familiar with the history of her own country. As Professor Boyesen has shown, the women of Germany possessed full political and social equality with their husbands, their fathers, and their brothers long before Christianity invaded the Fatherland. They were members of national councils; they spoke in debate; they accompanied their husbands to the field; no right which was enjoyed by men was denied to women. What Christianity did for women was to degrade them to the position of weaker vessels, who were subject to their husbands, and lost everything—even their own names.

* * *

A literary critic has some severe things to say about Queen Victoria and her advisers because Rudyard Kipling was not appointed Poet Laureate. It will be admitted that he has written finer verse than Mr. Austin, who did win the prize. But there were circumstances, which, perhaps, I may narrate in the language of a British officer lately returned from India: "Kipling? Oh, yes, I know him very well. Dirty little blackguard! Used to go up to Simla when it was full of army men and officials of the civil service, and used to hang round the billiard tables and verandas, to listen to everything that was said, and printed it all in a dirty little paper of which he was a reporter—a sneak, and an eavesdropper; a dirty little blackguard. You never could tell a secret among friends that he did not ferret it out, and print it. And he drew us so that the portraits were unmistakable, by Jove. A dirty little blackguard, sir; a chee-chee."

* * *

The playful ways of the Southern politician are always entertaining. In Saint Landry parish in Louisiana, a party of negroes started to register against the coming election. On their way they were halted by a party of white supremacy men and fired upon; two were killed and six or seven others wounded; of those who did not fall under the fire, fifty were whipped. Does the world move, or not?

HARU.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

This exquisite and most pathetic little sketch is from *Kokoro*, Lafcadio Hearn's new book on Japan. The wistful sadness of the tale is matched by the inimitable art of the rendering.

Haru was brought up, chiefly at home, in that old-fashioned way, which produced one of the sweetest types of woman the world has ever seen. This domestic education cultivated simplicity of heart, natural grace of manner, obedience, and love of duty as they were never cultivated but in Japan. Its moral product was something too gentle and beautiful for any other than the old Japanese society; it was not the most judicious preparation for the much harsher life of the new, in which it still survives. The refined girl was trained for the condition of being theoretically at the mercy of her husband. She was taught never to show jealousy, or grief, or anger, even under circumstances compelling all three; she was expected to conquer the faults of her lord by pure sweetness. In short, she was required to be almost superhuman—to realize, at least in outward seeming, the ideal of perfect unselfishness. And this she could do with a husband of her own rank, delicate in discernment, able to divine her feelings, and never to wound them.

Haru came of a much better family than her husband, and she was a little too good for him, because he could not readily understand her. They had been married very young; had been poor at first, and then had gradually become well off, because Haru's husband was a clever man of business. Sometimes she thought he had loved her most when they were less well off; and a woman is seldom mistaken about such matters.

She still made all his clothes, and he commended her needlework. She waited upon his wants, aided him to dress and undress; made everything comfortable for him in their pretty home; bade him a charming farewell as he went to business in the morning, and welcomed him upon his return; received his friends exquisitely; managed his household matters with wonderful economy; and seldom asked any favors that cost money. Indeed, she scarcely needed such favors; for he was never ungenerous, and liked to see her daintily dressed—looking like some beautiful silver moth robed in the foldings of its own wings—and to take her to theaters and other places of amusement. She accompanied him to pleasure-resorts famed for the blossoming of cherry-trees in spring, or the shimmering of the fireflies on summer nights, or the crimsoning of maples in autumn. And sometimes they would pass a day together at Maiko, by the sea, where the pines seem to sway like dancing girls; or an afternoon in Kiyomidzu, in the old, old summer-house, where everything is like a dream of five hundred years ago, and where there is a great shadowing of high woods, and a song of water leaping cold and clear from caverns, and always the plaint of flutes unseen, blown softly in the antique way—a tone-caress of peace and sadness blending, just as the gold light glooms into blue over a dying sun.

Except for such small pleasures and excursions, Haru went out seldom. Her only living relatives, and also those of her husband, were far away in other provinces; and she had few visits to make. She liked to be at home, arranging flowers for the alcoves or for the gods, decorating the rooms, and feeding the tame goldfish of the garden-pond, which would lift up their heads when they saw her coming.

No child had yet brought new joy or sorrow into her life. She looked, in spite of her wife's coiffure, like a very young child; and she was still simple as a child, notwithstanding that business capacity in small things which her husband so admired that he often condescended to ask her counsel in big things. Perhaps the heart then judged for him better than the pretty head; but, whether intuitive or not, her advice never proved wrong. She was happy enough with him for five years, during which time he showed himself as considerate as any young Japanese merchant could well be toward a wife with a finer character than his own.

Then his manner suddenly became cold,—so suddenly that she felt assured the reason was not that which a childless wife might have reason to fear. Unable to discover the real cause, she tried to persuade herself that she had been remiss in her duties; examined her innocent conscience to no purpose; and tried very, very hard to please. But he remained unmoved. He spoke no unkind words—though she felt behind his silence the repressed tendency to utter them. A Japanese of the better class is not very apt to be unkind to his wife in words. It is thought to be vulgar and brutal. The educated man of normal disposition will even answer a wife's reproaches with gentle phrases. Common politeness, by the Japanese code, exacts this attitude from every manly man; moreover, it is the only safe one. A refined and sensitive woman will not long submit to coarse treatment; a spirited one may even kill herself because of something said in a moment of passion, and such a suicide disgraces a husband for the rest of his life. But there are slow cruelties worse

than words, and safer,—neglect or indifference, for example, of a sort to arouse jealousy. A Japanese wife has, indeed, been trained never to show jealousy; but the feeling is older than all training—old as love, and likely to live as long. Beneath her passionless mask the Japanese wife feels like her Western sister,—just like that sister who prays and prays, even while delighting some evening assembly of beauty and fashion, for the coming of the hour which will set her free to relieve her pain alone.

Haru had cause for jealousy; but she was too much of a child to guess the cause at once; and her servants too fond of her to suggest it. Her husband had been accustomed to pass the evenings in her company either at home or elsewhere. But now, evening after evening, he went out by himself. The first time he had given her some business pretexts; afterwards he gave none, and did not even tell her when he expected to return. Latterly, also, he had been treating her with silent rudeness. He had become changed, "as if there was a goblin in his heart," the servant said. As a matter of fact, he had been deftly caught in a snare set for him. One whisper from a geisha had numbed his will; one smile blinded his eyes. She was far less pretty than his wife; but she was very skillful in the craft of spinning webs,—webs of sensual delusion which entangled weak men, and always tightened more and more about them until the final hour of mockery and ruin. Haru did not know. She suspected no wrong till after her husband's strange conduct had become habitual, and even then only because she found that his money was passing into unknown hands. He had never told her where he passed his evenings. And she was afraid to ask, lest he should think her jealous. Instead of exposing her feelings in words, she treated him with such sweetness that a more intelligent husband would have divined all. But, except in business, he was dull. He continued to pass his evenings away; and as his conscience grew feebler, his absences lengthened. Haru had been taught that a good wife should always sit up and wait for her lord's return at night; and by so doing she suffered from nervousness, and from the feverish conditions that follow sleeplessness, and from the lonesomeness of her waiting after the servants, kindly dismissed at the usual hour, had left her with her thoughts. Once only, returning very late, her husband said to her: "I am sorry you should have sat up so late for me; do not wait like that again!" Then, fearing he might really have been pained on her account, she laughed pleasantly, and said: "I was not sleepy, and I am not tired; honorably please not to think about me." So he ceased to think about her—glad to take her at her word; and not long after that he stayed away for one whole night. The next night he did likewise, and a third night. After that third night's absence he failed even to return for the morning meal; and Haru knew the time had come when her duty as a wife obliged her to speak.

She waited through all the morning hours, fearing for him, fearing for herself also; conscious at last of the wrong by which a woman's heart can be most deeply wounded. Her faithful servants had told her something; the rest she could guess. She was very ill and did not know it. She knew only that she was angry—selfishly angry, because of the pain given her—cruel, probing, sickening pain. Midday came as she sat thinking how she could say least selfishly what it was now her duty to say—the first words of reproach that would ever have passed her lips. Then her heart leaped with a shock that made everything blur and swim before her sight in a whirl of dizziness, because there was a sound of karuma-wheels and the voice of a servant calling: "*Honorable-return-is!*"

She struggled to the entrance to meet him, all her slender body a-tremble with fever and pain, and terror of betraying that pain. And the man was startled, because, instead of greeting him with the accustomed smile, she caught the bosom of his silk robe in one quivering little hand, and looked into his face with eyes that seemed to search for some shred of a soul, and tried to speak, but could utter only the single word, "*Anata?*"* Almost in the same moment her weak grasp loosened, her eyes closed with a strange smile; and even before he could put out his arms to support her, she fell. He sought to lift her. But something in the delicate life had snapped. She was dead.

There were astonishments of course, and tears, and useless callings of her name, and much running for doctors. But she lay white and still and beautiful, all the pain and anger gone out of her face, and smiling as on her bridal day.

Two physicians came from the public hospital, Japanese military surgeons. They asked straight hard questions—questions that cut open the self of the man down to the core. Then they told him truth cold and sharp as edged steel, and left him with his dead.

The people wondered he did not become a priest,—fair evidence that his conscience had been awakened. By day he sits among his bales of Kyoto silks and Osaka figured goods, earnest and silent. His clerks think him a good master; he never speaks harshly. Often he works far into the night; and he has changed his dwelling-place. There are strangers in the pretty house where Haru lived; and the owner never visits it. Perhaps because he might see there one slender shadow, still arranging flowers, or bending with irisgrace above the goldfish in his pond. But wherever he rest, sometimes in the silent hours he must see the same soundless presence near his pillow, sewing, smoothing, softly seeming to make beautiful the robes he once put on only to betray. And at other times—in the busiest moments of his busy life—the clamor of the great shop dies; the ideographs of his ledger dim and vanish, and a plaintive little voice, which the gods refuse to silence, utters into the solitude of his heart, like a question, the single word, "*Anata?*" [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

* "Thou?"

RHODES AND THE REPORTERS.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

I think all of us—that is to say, all of the fourteen first cabin passengers aboard the "Moor" on her homeward voyage—rose a bit in our own estimations when we found out that the Honorable Cecil Rhodes (the Collosus of Rhodes, as South Africa calls him) was to be our fellow passenger for the next two weeks. I am sure the other thirteen have gone their thirteen different ways and have told their thirteen different stories as to their intimacy with the great man during that long voyage. Somewhere upon the face of the globe you will find thirteen different versions of the matter. This is the fourteenth.

If you should ever meet with one of the "Moor's" passengers of that trip, and he should tell you that it was true he had made the voyage with the Honorable Cecil, and that he had become acquainted with him, and that they had talked together, don't believe him. It is not true that he talked with Mr. Rhodes, or did any more than look at him very humbly and at a respectful distance. Mr. Rhodes talked to the table steward when he ordered his meals, presumably he talked to his secretary, and once I heard him say "Good-morning" to the Captain of the ship. But I am sure that was all.

He boarded us after the "Moor" had left the docks at Cape Town and had anchored out in the stream, and he left us at Plymouth early in the morning in a very gay little steam-yacht, all white paint and nickel railings. Between the two ends of the voyage he walked up and down the docks, or leaned over the side, or read a very great deal in a red book called the *Sorrows of Satan*. But he kept his own counsel and never talked or laughed or descended to anything like familiarity.

Of course, the extraordinary news that he was on his way to England was wired all over the world, and when the ship called at Madeira the reporters and correspondents took us, as it were, by assault. They foregathered in the smoking-room and glowered at one another and began asking us all manner of questions. Most of them were English but one was an Anglicized American, who said he represented a syndicate. We told this one that Mr. Rhodes was not to be approached and that he would not raise a line of "stuff" out of him. He wanted to bet us that he would, and offered great odds and talked very large. Of all the reporters who had stormed the ship, I suppose he was the most "enterprising." But afterward we were all sorry we had not taken him at his word and made a bet with him. I do not believe he even saw Cecil Rhodes. The great man took himself off to his stateroom at once and was either very sick or pretended that he was. None of us ever saw him after leaving Madeira and I am sure the reporters did not. They would congregate about the passageway that led to Mr. Rhode's stateroom, peeping and peering, very alert and "enterprising," but they had their trouble for nothing. Rhodes did not even come out for his meals but had them brought to his room by the steward.

They would send their cards to him or notes or verbal messages, and for answer would be referred to the secretary, a fearful looking fellow who was monosyllabic and impolite and who swore at them like any troop-sergeant.

Finally, they gave it up, even the Anglicized American who was "enterprising," and who had talked so large. And then, by common consent, they fell upon Captain Thatcher.

Poor Thatcher! I can see him now, with his red face and awkward gestures, relating the story of the raid for the hundredth time, horribly bored, repeating the same expressions over and over again. He had been with Jameson from Ptsanni to Krugersdorp, but he never knew his misfortune until the reporter fell foul of him. He had told his story some twenty or thirty times in Johannesburg, as often again in Cape Town, and fully twice as often aboard ship, always winding with the same account of how he had besought Mr. Leonard of the Johannesburg Reform Committee for five hundred men to make a dash for Pretoria, and of how Mr. Leonard had replied that he could not give him fifty.

It was considered an amusement aboard ship to listen at the windows of the smoking-room while the miserable Thatcher was once more grinding out his tale. We would call one another to listen to him in his travail, and would hurry to the round ports of the smoking-room, on tiptoe, waiting patiently for the invariable climax which never failed of effect.

"And," Thatcher would say, "I said to Leonard—'for God's sake, give me five hundred men and *I'll* make a dash for Pretoria and give 'um what for!' And he says to me—'My dear Thatcher' (here he would make the queerest, most awkward gestures with both arms, his fists closed tight) 'My dear Thatcher, I can't give you *fifty*.'"

This was funny. Somehow it always sent us into spasms of laughter, and we would tiptoe away, shaking our fists awkwardly, and exclaiming, "He says to me, 'My dear Thatcher, I can't give you *fifty*.'"

FEMALE WOOING.

HOW FAR A WOMAN MAY GO TO ENCOURAGE A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

The most interesting of the several prize contests evoked by the advent of Leap Year was that of the New York *Herald* which offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best answer to the question, "How far may a woman go to encourage a man to propose marriage?" The competition proved a great "copy" producer, for the communications filled several columns of the Sunday edition and were read and noticed throughout the country. They ranged from grave to gay; some were in prose, but many appeared in verse, and the degree of ingenuity exhibited and suggested left the ordinary bachelor wondering at his single blessedness and the normal husband considering the details of his own wooing. After due consideration the prize was awarded to the following missive from a Mrs. James Gilmour who is the mother of three sons and three daughters:

Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, says of a good woman: "Her price is far above rubies." Certainly, from his extraordinary and extensive experience with the sex, I should consider him competent to pass judgment.

We will presume that you are a "good, womanly," woman, such as he describes, and that you are desirious of approaching a man on the subject of matrimony; that you are anxious to induce him to propose.

First—Select the man on whom you intend to bestow the privilege of your attention, note his behavior and general conduct, and then, if you deem him worth the winning, hold fast to him. We are strictly enjoined to "Hold fast to that which is good."

Second—In your after companionship with him bear in mind the fact that you are a woman of great price, "far above rubies," and you will never compromise yourself by any indecorousness of speech or manner.

Seek his society in such a manner that he is not cognizant of being sought after; be bright and cheerful in his presence, sympathize with him in his troubles, stimulate him to best efforts in his business affairs, cheer him when he is despondent and encourage him to confide in you.

Dress becomingly for him, but never gaudily. When he is absent from you write him a few interesting, chatty letters, wherein, if you are an adept in the art, you can weave a few insinuating expressions, which may work wonders. "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Above all else, prove yourself a good listener. If he monopolizes three-thirds of the conversation, you will have the more chance to study his character, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I guarantee that you will get in your thirds in the sweet by and by.

I should scarcely advise your treating him to specimens of your cookery. His mother might excel in the culinary art. Moreover, it was an uncooked apple with which Mother Eve beguiled Adam. Of the righteousness of that transaction, I shall say nothing; of the success everything, in that she molded Adam to her will. Time enough to "feed the brute" when you have to do so; then feed him to your heart's content, and feed him well.

If you are making any progress with him accord him trifling familiarities, which may be increased in proportion to his affability and his interest in you. Your womanly intuition should by this time enable you to judge whether or not you have found favor in his sight and to act accordingly. "Be ye wise as serpents, but harmless as doves."

Should there spring up between you a mutual regard, treat him to some of those dainty feminine touches which are indescribable, not because they are womanly or wrong, but because their language is mute and sacred to the two persons most concerned.

Do not always agree with him; it is sometimes wiser to agree to disagree.

If you have a spark of wit in your nature you ought by this time to have made yourself so necessary to his existence that he will miss you sadly when absent, and will begin to realize that "It is not good for man to be alone."

Though all progtesses well, draw the line at promiscuous osculation. Never permit him to kiss you; that is the privilege of the engaged. But since the Apostle says, "Greet ye one another with an holy kiss," you might vouchsafe him just one—some night at parting, perhaps. But if he attempts to return it do not permit it. Tell him "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Finally, you might inform him that you can put him in the way of finding a "good thing," and refer him to the eighteenth chapter of Proverbs the twenty-second verse. If he be a manly sort of fellow, and cares anything for you, he will doubtless follow the exhortation of the prophet, and thus find favor with you and the Lord.

Should your innate modesty rebel somewhat at this suggestion, you may console yourself by remembering that it is indeed your leap year privilege.

If you are the dear, womanly, nestling creature you ought to be, he must have proposed long ago. If he has not, discard him, for either he is not worthy of you or you are not "en rapport" with him.

In that case try again. BECKY SHARP.

A TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR NOVEL.

THE FANTASTIC TALE OF AN IMPOSSIBLE CONSPIRACY.

A critique of *A Fool of Nature* is inevitably colored by the wonderful fact of its success. This is the book to which the New York *Herald's* $10,000 prize was awarded. It won the greatest of modern literary competitions, and, if for no better reason, is therefore noteworthy. Had the volume been placed before me with no name on its title page, I should at once have ascribed it to Edgar Saltus. The plot is sufficiently preposterous and the dialogue commensurately cynical to justify the reputation of the author of *Mr. Incoul's Misfortunes*. If epigrammatic rejoinders and pessimistic reflections were not adequate to vindicate that assumption, there are the dramatis personæ rejoicing in names as violently improbable as anything in the directory. What thinkest thou of a hero who figures through various adventures as Murgatroyd Whiterduce, son of Pynchepole Whiterduce; or of Reverend Christopher Plukerose Agabag, pastor of the Church of St. Sacrosanct; or of the novelist, Verinder Vyse; or of General Stepyngstone, Judge Roger Hemynge, Devereux Scaramanga, besides Mrs. Dorothy Tiptoft, and Miss Aurelia Estengrewe, not to mention Polydore Scammel, or Gabriel Negus—the latter an astrologer? There is a nomenclature for you, and attached to personages as extraordinary—and all grouped round Pynchepole and his offspring, Murgatroyd. There is nothing to remind you they are human beings, these persons, save indeed their circumstances and attitudes. The mere details and facts of existence are not permitted to embarrass Mr. Hawthorne's narrative, which bounds genially onwards in a course as eccentric as the skirts of Loie Fuller.

This is the tale of a mysterious conspiracy directed at the American government, which Pynchepole Whiterduce aims at overthrowing, replacing the system with a limited monarchy. The society of which he is the unknown chief spreads over the country; its members recognizing each other by a hand clasp, but the various circles know nothing of the connecting links which make the great chain of the plot. The murder of Whiterduce after he has had an explanation with his wife, affords the pretext of the subsequent revelations, and serves to introduce the personality of Doctor Maydwell, the extraordinary physician, the musician Polydore, and the Astrologer Negus, who form the little circle of Murgatroyd's friends. That worthy is happily married at the end of the volume by the beauty to whom he has been betrothed by his parent, and the curtain is rung down to the music of marriage bells. There are subordinate complications, involving seductions, mysterious substitutions of children, together with matrimonial infelicities, and narrow escapes. So it is impossible to find objections on the score of absence of action, or mystery, or interest. The book is melodramatic and brilliant, but the impression derived is seriously consider it as a wok of art. Indeed, one cannot but regret at the waste of Julian Hawthorne's powers—powers which consistently exercised in a legitimate direction could not but win him fame.

One cannot fail to be amused at the smart talk of the group of unconventional people who are gathered round Pynchepole Whiterduce's dinner table to celebrate the coming of age of his son Murgatroyd. They are characterized in clever phrases, and are illuminated by breezy reflections on Society and affairs; indeed these initial chapters are the best in the volume. Here they are assembled at the board.

Dinner is served. The damask tablecloth is lustrous in the soft light. The flowers are massed in the center of the round table, glowing with color and breathing perfume. There is a sparkle of silver, crystal, and porcelain. The subdued cheerfulness of conversation begins to murmur and undulate. Deft servants exchange noiseless signals and step hither and thither. Dinner has begun. There is not a fool present, or not more than one.

The advantage of a round table is that the head of it is always where the best thing is being said. Any one who can prove a right to it may occupy the position, without the pain of changing chairs. The host is on the same footing with his guests.

"Which do you prefer, Little Necks or Blue Points?" inquired Hannah Estengrewe, as she squeezed a segment of lemon over one of the first-named bivalves.

"Whichever I'm accustomed to," was Verinder Vyse's reply.

"Now, I should have thought you would like novelty."

"Not on the lower, at the expense of the higher plane. Novelty in dinners may be a gastronomic virtue, but it is a moral error."

"Do explain, Mr. Vyse. Can Little Necks be immoral?" said Mrs. Sharingbourne, smiling over graciously from Hannah's right.

"Mrs Sharingbourne, eating is, in the last analysis, an animal necessity. The degree in which we disguise that fact is the mark of our advance toward civilization. The most civilized dinner is that at which you know not what you eat—thereby liberating your intellect for conversation."

"Ah, that accounts for it, then," said the old lady, with the most innocent air in the world. "It is the dinner's not being civilized. I always thought it was something else!"

"You mustn't mind him, ma'am," chuckled old Roger Hemynge. "He's trying sentences out of his next novel on us."

Mr. Whiterduce gave the discomfited novelist a friendly nod. "It's the right social principle—the spirit against the flesh," he said. "The ox and the ass are always trampling us if we give 'em a chance—eh, Agabag?"

"And the swine turn again and rend us," assented the clergyman, unctuously.

Mrs Tiptoft sipped her hock and glanced across at the Judge. "You and I were brought up in a farm-yard, Judge," she remarked, "and we cherish the memory of our first loves!"

"Ay, ay, Mrs. Tiptoft. I may say I never saw to the bottom of my own nature until I read that passage about the pigs running down the steep place. If we can't be men and women, let's be swine. It's the first alternative."

"What a pearl hath our little clam produced!" said Vyse to Hannah.

"A black pearl, then," said Aubert Frewin. "Imagination is divine; it finds the human being in the animal—not the other way—and society out of solitude."

"Anachronism before soup," muttered the Judge, sotto voce, to Mrs. Tiptoft; "should have kept it for our coffee."

But Aurelia Estengrewe had heard and kindled.

"Mr. Frewin does say such soulful things in his strange way," she confided to Mr. Agabag. "Is it not true that imagination involves religion? It divines the unseen and eternal!"

At the same moment Mrs. Jellicoe, on his other side, asked his opinion on another subject:

"Tell me" she said, anxiously studying the empty shells on her plate through her eye-glasses, "do clams really have pearls? I never found one and I have eaten so many!"

The man of God disposed first of the material doubt.

"No pearls in Little Necks," he said, sympathetically. Then he turned to Aurelia. "The Church by anticipating the most transcendent surmises of imagination, relieves us of the responsibility of accepting imagination as our guide. Nor can imagination be deemed a trustworthy index of the moral."

"N—no; still, may not imagination be a sort of personal revelation—to the pure in heart, you know?"

"Beyond a certain point," struck in Scaramanga, tossing back his hair with a noble movement, "morality is pusillanimous. It is a temporary local substitute for spiritual perception. The child is carried whither his nurse thinks best; the man walks on his own feet where he will. Convention leads us until we are of a stature to think independently. After that my wrong may be your right—no general rule binds." As he spoke his eyes glanced across the table and rested an instant on Isabella Sharingbourne, seated nearly opposite, beside Murgatroyd. The color in her smooth, firm cheeks deepened slightly, but Scaramanga was the first to look away.

"A communist of my acquaintance," remarked Mr. Whiterduce, pleasantly, "was annoyed by some inauthorized intruder, who argued that, since communism held all things in common, he might sit by the communist's fire. 'I admit your right to sit there,' said my friend, 'as long as you don't interfere with my right to sit there alone.'"

Here the stately shoulders of Blackmore Risdon shook in a Jovian chuckle.

"That's the point, my boy," he rumbled, huskily, addressing, not Whiterduce, of course, but Scaramanga; "sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander. You have to keep your eyes on your example quite as much as on your rights. The non-conformist who isn't an outlaw must be a hypocrite. The majority rules."

MUSIC.

HAMILTON HOWE'S FAILURE—THE CAPACITY OF HOMER HENLEY'S VOICE.

Mr. Homer Henley was the unfortunate victim of hoarseness upon the evening of his farewell concert, and naturally failed to do himself justice. However, he was very acceptable in the "Creole Lover's Song" (Buck) and won much applause for the "Toreador" number, from Carmen. Mr. Henley has a magnificent voice, and is musical by nature, but he has almost everything to learn, as yet, from a vocal or an artistic standpoint. Mr. E. D. Crandall, tenor, displayed good taste in selecting short, appropriate songs for a concert program, which he also sang pleasingly. The fact that farewell concerts are largely affairs of friendship, disarms criticism, to a certain extent, especially if certain of the participants are not professional musicians. On this occasion, Miss Nellye Giusti was the soprano, and Mrs. Henley the contralto. Each gave a solo. Mrs. Henley sang a duo with her husband, and both took part in the last number, a mixed quartet. Mr. Martinez, the pianist, displayed a good technic, but was rather indiscreet with the pedal. He is happily free from all mannerisms. The first part of the "Papageno" Rondo (Ernst) was very well played by Mr. Mollenhauer, the violinist, but his double-stopping was throughout faulty of intonation. Mrs. Willard Batcuelder was the accompanist.

Until the production of Gounod's "Redemption" the critics had been rather lenient with Mr. Howe, presumably because, as there was little or nothing favorable to be written of the orchestral concerts, it was thought they would die of their own unfitness.

But Mr. Howe is irrepressible. He not only arranges to tide over the dull summer months, but, simultaneously with last week's very poor performance of the "Redemption," he announces Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"—and with singers of *national* repute—for the future. This is too much. Mr. Howe has had ample time to show at least a little of what he might do, even under adverse circumstances. Unfortunately, he has but proved himself totally unqualified for the position he essays. The plea of insufficient rehearsals is no excuse, for no conductor has the right to appear in public under such circumstances. Mr. Howe, therefore, is chiefly responsible for the poor rendering of Gounod's oratorio, a detailed criticism of which is out of the question. The orchestra was markedly off pitch; there was no tonal balance, precision of attack, shading, or bringing out of subjects. Naturally, the soloists and chorus were at sea, whether good or indifferent, whether well acquainted with the music or not. Madam de Seminario (soprano) and Mr. E. D. Crandall (tenor) were about the best in their respective parts, although Mr. Crandall's voice is rather light for such work. Singers and instrumentalists neither help their own cause nor that of music by participating in such inartistic performances as that of the "Redemption." If it is to continue, the San Francisco Oratorio Society might do worse than to appoint a fourth advisory board, invested with the power to say when their work was ripe for a public hearing.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, so long and favorably known in musical circles, will be tendered a farewell concert prior to her departure for England, whither she goes to visit her aged mother, Mrs. Carmichael.

Unusual interest in the event is manifest, not alone because of Mrs. Carr's popularity here, but also because of her invaluable assistance to young musicians, whom she has introduced to the notable London musicians. The concert will take place about the end of this month. P. C. A.

FRANK MAYO.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON'S REMINISCENCES OF OLD THEATRICAL DAYS.

The very able dramatizer of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," is so much in evidence at present, and has been so thoroughly interviewed and reported, that it would seem impossible to say anything of him, which has not been said already. However, when I caught sight of the rather imposing face and figure of Frank Mayo, the other afternoon at the Occidental, I couldn't resist the opportunity of trying to draw him out a little more. He was starting out on a stroll over the city—"just to wander down through some of my old haunts," he said, in explanation.

"You know," he continued, "I remember when Washington Street was *the* city. As a boy, I used to saunter along that thoroughfare, and flatten my nose up against the shop windows, so as to see all there was behind them—just to amuse myself. I was only about sixteen; this hotel stood almost by itself then, with a sandbank over on that corner," pointing to the corner of Bush and Montgomery opposite, "and a little grocerystore on the other. There's been a great change around here, in these forty odd years, and I yet I meet a number of my old acquaintances on the streets, whom I remember well. I was a call-boy in those days," continued Mayo, "at the Maguire Opera House. Occasionally I went on for small parts at first—no—I had had no sort of training for the stage; indeed, until I reached San Francisco, I was not sure whether I wanted to go to the wonderful gold mines I had heard of, or if I wanted to ship as a sailor, but I went in o Maguire's, and, as I was saying, took small parts, and then came engagements with the various stock companies playing at the house. I remained at Maguire's seven years, beginning as a call-boy, and when I severed my connection, it was only to return as leading man."

"Was it not during your early career at this house that you had your falling out with Junius Booth, Jr.?" I asked.

"Oh, you mean when he kicked me out?—well"—smiling—"yes, I have never forgotten that."

"What made him do it?"

"Well, you see, I was very ambitious to make a good impression, and to rise," returned Mayo. "I was only a super then, and Mr. Booth had told us all that we must work up the scene during his address to the Peruvians. We were playing 'Pizarro' at the time. We were to shout vigorously when he gave us the cue, and the cue was the word 'change' in the line, 'No such *change* as they can give us;' but, you see, the word occurred twice in the whole line, which was: 'Tell them we ask no change—at least no such change as they can give us.' I listened very attentively, and when he spoke the first 'change,' I gave a tremendous shout at the top of my lungs, which set all the other supers and the audience to laughing uproariously. Of course, it spoiled his scene, and the curtain had to be rung down. Booth booted me all the way from the footlights to the stage door."

Soon after this little experience, Mayo went to New York, and was under various managements for several years, playing Shakespearian and romantic roles—then he himself became a manager, and it was while he had control of the Rochester Theater that Frank Murdoch brought him "Davy Crockett," which he accepted, and in which he created the title role with immense success. Mayo speaks of this with some quite natural pride.

"I cannot but think," he says, "that I offered a good bit of dramatic workmanship in the impersonation of Davy. I know I made a fortune with it. Then I lost it all, trying to stage new plays. The public would not have me in anything else. Whenever I returned to Davy Crockett the receipts would more than double. People get into habits—they see a man in a certain part, and they won't have him in anything else. Even an actor like Edwin Booth suffered from the same habit; he used to say he always had big houses if he played Hamlet or Richelieu or Iago, but let him try anything new, and the public would not come to see him. Look at O'Neill here—I consider him one of the finest actors of our time—his Virginius is one of his best roles and a very strong bit of acting, and yet I understand it does not draw like the other roles in which he has played so often."

Current gossip has always had it that Mr. Mayo was a Californian, but he isn't, for he was born in Boston. He, however, considers himself a Californian.

"I came here so young, you know," he says, "all my oldest and some of my warmest friends were made here. I had my start in life and grew up here. Why" he continued, turning to me, very earnestly, "I saw the birth of all the dailies here but one. I remember the first edition of the *Call*, the *Bulletin*. The *Chronicle*, at first, was only a dramatic sheet which used to be distributed at the theaters; then it began to include news items. It was managed by the two brothers then—very bright, energetic young fellows, those De Youngs."

It is always delightful to talk with a bright-minded man who has traveled and observed; he has always a thousand interesting things to tell one. Mr. Mayo has more than all this—charming manners, and a rather striking appearance. His massive, well shaped head, with its crown of snow white hair, to which the dark blue eyes lend such violent contrast, the tall figure and vigorous bearing, all combine to give him a most pleasing personality.

E. D. H.

English newspapers are gradually sifting out facts from fiction in the Jameson case. It is now learned his force was larger than the Boers' force, and that in all he only lost fifteen killed and fifty wounded.

Rabbi Leonard Levy of Philadelphia, who visited Palestine last year, learned that twenty Jewish colonies exist there. The three largest of them were near Samaria, Jaffa, and Safed. There is a silk factory at one of them, but the chief industry in each case is the raising of grapes and mulberries.

London dogs are muzzled at last, and the police and the Magistrates are overwhelmed with care. It is impossible to persuade some dog-owners that a muzzle is necessary for the public safety, or that it is anything but the invention of ignorant faddists. As for the police, who have to chase unmuzzled dogs, their lot is not a happy one. In one week 2000 dogs were gathered in.

A London weekly announces that the total fortune of the Rothschild family in England and on the continent is four hundred million pounds sterling. Herr Krupp, the great gun manufacturer, is the richest Prussian subject. He is taxed on an income of $1,784,000. Next to him is Baron de Rothschild, who has $1,462,000 per annum; Captain Hutten-Czapski comes next with $771,000. Herr Krupp pays $71,250 taxes.

The famous painter, Franz von Lenbach, says that Bismarck always treats him as one of the family when he is at the chateau painting the ex-Chancellor's portraits. "He always embraces me as I arrive and depart, and treats me as a Bismarck," says Von Lenbach. "He has a certain esteem for me, and tries to show that I am not an imbecile. However, in my work as a painter he has no interest whatever."

THINGS AND PEOPLE

THE BEST newspaper sensations are not those which the clash of events precipitate. A great editor often manufactures the conditions which culminate in a melodramatic occurrence, and, having arranged scenery and surroundings, has his reporters supply the incident. It is not often, however, that affairs turn so inaccurately as they did in Cuba recently. Charles Michelson, who left San Francisco to act as correspondent of Will Hearst's *Journal*, was superseded at the seat of war by that eminent editor Murat Halstead. Now, there is considerable honor in having as one's representative so eminent a personage, and the *Journal* was determined to obtain all the advertising possible out of its enterprise. So the wires were laid to have Honorable Murat arrested, and on receipt of the tidings of the event the paper was prepared to cover its entire front page with bewildering headlines announcing the insult to so prominent an American. Unfortunately the Spanish captured the wrong man. Instead of incarcerating the great editor they arrested Michelson and clapped him into jail; but though the *Journal* did its best with the affair, there was grievous disappointment over the miscarriage of the original scheme. On obtaining liberty "Mike" returned to New York, where, with Dryden, Davenport, and Bob Davis he aids in giving a California tone to Mr. Hearst's enterprise. Apropos of the *Journal's* circulation, it is told over in the *Examiner* office that the paper has at last achieved the 200,000 mark, and that great event was duly celebrated by a banquet to the staff at Delmonico's. The wonderful success which the Californian has made in the difficult field of Gotham journalism has been editorially commented on by his contemporaries, especially by the *Sun*, which took a most congratulatory tone in its felicitations.

* * *

AT THE Union League banquet Chauncey Depew told this story of the late Ward McAllister, which I don't remember to have seen previously in type. During the Columbian Celebration, at which the Duke of Veragua figured as guest of honor, Depew met that eminent Spaniard at one of the numerous banquets given in his honor. The day after, Chauncey and McAllister were parading Fifth Avenue as the Duke rolled by in an open carriage. With a profound sweep of his hat, Depew saluted the Duke, but to his surprise the leader of Society passed on with a stiff bow. So he said:

"Wherefore this coldness, McAllister? Is not Veragua worthy a more distinguished recognition? He represents the Spanish Government at our celebration, is the guest of the United States, and above all, is the descendent of Christopher Columbus."

"Perfectly true, my dear Depew," returned McAllister. "But I've been looking up the lineage of this man Columbus, and find he was a person of no social position whatever."

* * *

FOR THE BENEFIT of misinformed dailies, some one ought to explain the attitude of the Governor to the Prison Directorate. There have been rumors and brash statements that Budd has removed Mr. Devlin and appointed Senator Wilkins his successor. The ambition of the latter is father to that thought, for the breast of the Executive thrills with no such designs on the official person of Devlin. Though his term reached its span some months ago, he remains in harness until some one else is selected, and that, by signs and portents is a remote contingency. The fact is that the Governor and Mr. Devlin move in the same set both in Sacramento and Stockton; they enjoy several influential friendships in common, and not even for the sake of ex-Senator Wilkins will the Executive perform the process of decapitation when the beheading would do violence to several useful and agreeable intimacies. There is Director Hayes, however, a very mild and pleasant gentleman but whose line of endeavor is far removed from the range of gubernatorial sympathy—now if only he would resign, Mr. Wilkins's appointment would follow by telegraph. Unfortunately, Hayes sees no reason why he should make way for the Executive's obligations, and so the efforts at his dislodgement have aroused him to resentment rather than compliance. Of course, there is no doubt of Mr. Wilkins's ambition, nor of the promises made him at Sacramento, when he aided the Governor in several awkward situations; but Devlin is a capital fellow, and, as I said, has been singularly judicious in his friendships. Apropos of prisons, I have it on good authority that the active brain of Major Dick Hammond has conceived the idea of succeeding Warden Hale in charge of San Quentin. The motive of this especial ambition does not appear to the casual observer, though doubtless it is well founded. Maybe the plight of John Hays of the Hammond clan at Johannesburg, suggested the ambition to Richard P.—as forming a clever bit of contrast. However, if the condition preys on the latter's mind, let me suggest that arrangement be made for exchanging the brethren. Think of our Major in a veritably heroic role—imagine him succeeding Doctor Jameson!

* * *

HOSPITALITY is a virtue, but even a virtue may be carried to extremes. I forget what the official name of J. A. Fillmore's new position in the railway is, but that has nothing to do with the story—only with the manner in which he should be set forth in print. He plays an excellent poker game, does Mr. Fillmore—a fact that does figure in the forthcoming climax. Some friends had the genial railroad man to dinner at the Union League Club, and after a competent meal and good wine, one of the hosts proposed poker. "Fill" was delighted with the idea, but just as the party was heading for the cardrooms, some one remembered the Union League By-Law which restricts poker to members. He mentioned the fact to the host, who was much embarrassed. "I have invited Fillmore," he said, "and don't like to turn him down like this. However, if I must——"

So he explained the situation as delicately as possible to the railroad man, who replied:

"What, a mere question of membership standing between me and a game of poker! What's the matter with my joining your old club?"

"The very ticket," shouted the others, in voices full of relief.

So they found an application form, carefully filled it out—the hosts acted as sponsors—and five minutes later Fillmore was a duly accredited applicant, and as such dowered with all the privileges of membership. It costs some $50 to join the Union League Club, and the dues are $5 per month. From these figures it will be evident that Fillmore's suggestion was quite profitable, for when the game ended the railroad man was $250 ahead.

* * *

AMONG THE prominent figures of the Catholic aristocracy is a gentleman of great wealth and much oratorical talent, who, though ready to tramp the State for a holy cause, is absurdly economical in his monetary contributions. To describe him as closer than wall paper does violence to his frugality. Diving for buried treasures is a pastime in comparison with effort at exciting his liberality. However, every one is laughing at the manner in which Archbishop Riordan scored on his weakness at the Nugent lecture the other evening, though I believe the millionaire was blissfully unconscious of any application in the remarks to himself. It all happened at Metropolitan Temple, where there was an important gathering of the Hierarchy, and all its intimates, together with a fine assemblage of the populace in honor of Monsignor Nugent. This dignitary owes his fame to the organization of the League of the Cross, of which the Youth's Directory and the Cadets of the Cross are offshoots. To the economical aristocrat was assigned the task of congratulatory comment, and he soared into the empyrean in explanation of his joy and happiness over the good works of the honored guest.

"But a few months ago I was in New York," he announced, "and it was my privilege to pass the beautiful building of the Youth's Directory there. Gentlemen, I took off my hat twice—once in honor of the splendid institution, and once out of gratitude to its revered founder." And then he soared off amid the fixed stars on the wings of mixed metaphor.

Archbishop Riordan followed: "I, too, have experienced in New York the emotion which my friend so eloquently describes," he said. "But, gentlemen, there are Youth's Directories in California. Let me suggest that those of you who again feel moved to take your hats off to the institution, put your hands instead into your pockets, and we'll all have more reason for congratulation afterwards." The general laugh which followed showed how thoroughly the audience appreciated the point.

* * *

IF ALL the gold which the dailies have found in the Rawhide came up the shaft, Captain Neville would be erecting an Alladin's palace on California Street. It is a rich mine, but most expensive to work; there is water enough flowing into its lower levels to float an ocean steamer, and they pump a young sea out every night preparatory to commencing work next day. So, though I believe the Rawhide produces from thirty to fifty thousand a month, the solid gold bank of which the *Call* spoke had, I fear, its foundation in an inflamed imagination. Of course the mine is now listed in Boston and such tales do no violence to its market value. Apropos of mines, it is sometimes amusing to contrast such brilliant successes as the Rawhide and the Utica with the failures by which they are surrounded. In the neighborhood of Angels' Camp, where the great Hobart-Hayward property is situated, more millions than it has produced have been expended in attempted developments. Strange to say there are no other mines worthy the name there, though beside the Kennedy there is a group of rich gold producers.

* * *

The fallibility of experts was never better exhibited than in the incident of the Los Mulatos Mine. The story of its exploitation by Hobart and Hayward, and the subsequent announcement that the ore had been salted, is still familiar to miners. The wildest excitement followed the discovery, and Captain Egan, who has intimate relations in Mexico, was sent to the rescue of the half million which the owners had already received. Through the intervention of President Diaz, they were persuaded to disgorge, and for his success Egan was given a building on Montgomery Street valued at $60,000. Alas for the precipitancy of Hayward and the efficiency of his emissary. I am told that the Los Mulatos is now to-day a great bullion producer, and that the owners, forced to develop it themselves, have uncovered rich ore and in such quantities that they felt justified recently in refusing two millions for the property. Had it remained part of the estate, we'd have had Walter Hobart purchasing the Stanford Stock Farm, or importing Orloff trotters for his coach.

* * *

NO LONGER is Clara Belle McDonald an object for sympathy. She is now wealthy—and happy, I am told, for fortune has reversed the old score, and has compensated for the miseries of an unhappy marriage in gold. When the divorced wife of Dick McDonald left San Francisco, she had with her some five thousand dollars in coin, and, on the way across the Continent, she fell in with a kindly couple, who soon found out the story of her tribulations and accorded her a degree of sympathy which won her heart. They took Clara Belle to their home in Harlem, introduced her to their friends, and, subsequently, the husband, who is a speculator in real estate, induced her to join a syndicate which was dealing in Harlem River properties. She became a participator in the purchase of certain old homesteads, surrounded by broad acres which are now covered with residences, and form part of the Harlem extension. The speculation was so well directed that when there came a dividing of profits Mrs. McDonald found her five thousand converted into a hundred thousand dollars.

* * *

More important to California than the convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies, or the convocation of the Knights Templars, is the visit we are about to receive from the five hundred members of the Hotel Men's Association who are due here next week. They are coming to us in three special trains, headed first for the South and subsequently for San Francisco. Arrangements have been made for their entertainment by Manager Kirkpatrick of the Palace and B. K. Soulé of the Lick, and they are to be shown the resources in a manner liable not only to make an impression on their minds but on their palates. These men represent the leading hotels of the United States, and are caterers to millions of our fellow countrymen. The impressions they receive of our various products are liable to be translated on to thousands of bills of fare. The wines they will have the benefit of testing will show the capacity of our vineyardists; they will taste at first hand our oranges and our lemons, our raisins and our cherries, and I shall be surprised if there is not a subsequent increase in the demand for our commodities throughout the country. During their stay, the delegates are to be banqueted and shown the Bay. They will go to Del Monte, will be given a good time generally, and will go away with appropriate impressions of the glories of California.

THE WITNESS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TWO DOWNFALLS.

THE FAILURE OF "THE PHILISTINE" AND OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS."

A DECADENT DOWNFALL.

There's consternation in the camp of the Philistines, and the little butcher-paper magazine of that name is in eclipse. *The Philistine* was the organ of the decadents of East Aurora. Now, East Aurora is seventeen miles from Buffalo. It is the headquarters of the Cloverfield combine of cheese factories, and a horse named Mambrino King has his home there. Its chief product is ginger. "Can any good thing come out of Gallilee?" Evidently it can. The *Philistine*, a racehorse, cheese, soap, and ginger came out, and now, last of all, an edition of the "Song of Songs which is Solomon's."

This Song of Songs, together with Mr. Elbert Hubbard's odious comparisons of Jehovah and Dagon, which appeared in the *Philistine*, have combined to wreck the decadent movement in East Aurora, and so cause the publication of the little magazine to cease. (It should be set down in this place that Mr. Hubbard, besides being editor of the *Philistine*, is a manufacturer of soap.)

The comparison of Dagon to Jehovah did not jump with the religious views of Mr. Hubbard's printer, and in consequence he resigned. But the Song of Songs was too much even for decadent East Aurora. The book is an *edition de luxe* (something to be treasured by the lovers of binding and printing) and thus far it is fine; done by hand, with rubricated initials, on Ruisdall paper, hand made; the type cut after one of the earliest Roman faces. Oh, yes; from the printer's point of view the book is a joy forever. But the reading matter—well, let us not say much about that, when 'The caprice of sensual love,' and the "purring of a young barbaric chief to a sun-kissed shepherdess" is apotheosized till even decadent cheesemongers and decadent ginger manufacturers cry you mercy,—when it gets to be as bad as this it is time to draw a veil over the whole business. In the little magazine there are fig leaves over each paragraph, but the Song of Songs is prefaced by a red *fleur de lis*. I don't know what a red *fleur de lis* means, because I'm not a decadent (at least not a decadent of the school of East Aurora) but it surely must mean something indecent.

It has that look.

A CALIFORNIA GIRL'S NOVEL.

Miss Loys Yerrington is beautiful and clever, and a school teacher. She is dowered with great intellectual gifts and longs for leisure to write a novel. She is wooed persistently by Gregory Kendall, but, because he does not appeal to her heart, she refuses his oft repeated proffers of marriage. Lured by the prospect of a trip to Europe and a long rest, however, she finally consents to become his wife, and soon after the marriage meets the man whom Nature had ordained for her mate. In real life the union of preordained couples is attended with much storm and stress, even though both be free and unrestrained—for we are told the course of true love never runs smooth. In this instance, however, Mrs. Kendall has assured her husband that he shall never regret their marriage, and it is necessary, if she would preserve her consistency, to keep Bishop Yorke at a distance.

She does and dies.

This, in brief, is the plot of Miss Alice L. Wolf's novel, a *House of Cards*—a tale of San Francisco life, but with little that suggests San Francisco between its covers. The heroine, it is true, entertains the babies of a friend at Golden Gate Park, and has a charming residence on Pacific Heights. There are passing comments on the limitations of local living and an excursion or so to San Rafael, but from first page to last I did not find a distinctive, an identifying touch which could really be called characteristic. The tale would have been as entertaining and as intelligent set in Hartford or in Omaha. It bears no relationship to California.

Miss Wolf has selected for her dramatis personæ a set of individuals of whom she knows nothing. They are all strangers to her—their mode of life, their manners and attitudes. She does not attempt to depict her own people, nor the Society of which she is a member. No city in the world is so full of literary material as this in which we dwell, and in the sphere of Miss Wolf's own knowledge are men and women, situations and conditions which, if artistically depicted, would make the fortune of a novel. One hesitates to declare that the work of this volume is for naught; that the labor and pains expended in its construction are to no literary avail. Yet that is the fact. One reads the story through all its unnecessary complications, with the sad feeling which wasted effort inevitably provokes. If Miss Wolf will but put on paper the vicissitudes of certain old millionaires who coming here peddlers have developed into millionaires; if she will tell the love stories whose action forms the gossip of her set; if she will describe exactly the boys and girls with whom she has lived—not unpleasantly nor ungenerously, but realistically—then there will be something to criticize. But what can one say of Riker Van Arsdale, or Penelope Browning, or Bishop Yorke? They have neither veracity nor versimilitude. All of which may seem harsh and unnecessary to those who have read a pleasant story, but it is said with a full knowledge of the opportunities at Miss Wolf's command, and a sense where she has failed to do her talent justice.

[Stone & Kimball, Publishers.]

THE AUTHOR OF "PETER STIRLING."

Paul Leicester Ford, author of that notable American novel *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1865, and on his mother's side is a great-grandson of Noah Webster, says the *Bookman*. Except for six weeks in a kindergarten, he never received any regular education, owing to ill-health, but roaming at large in his father's library—one of the largest private libraries in this country—he went through what Carlyle has said is the best university for a young man—the college of books. With the help of a large printing outfit he learned how to write, spell, and punctuate, and became an expert compositor. In 1876 he partly set up a revised edition of Noah Webster's *Webster Genealogy*, and his name appeared on the title-page as the editor. Since then he has edited pamphlets and books without number almost wholly related to American historiography, the most important of which is perhaps *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*. He has traveled in Europe, Newfoundland, South America, California, and the West Indies. He is an active political worker in his ward, and holds or has held official positions in the New England Society, the Hamilton Club, and other institutions. The writing of *The Honorable Peter Stirling* was taken up by Mr. Ford as recreation from his historical work, and the character of the hero is an attempt to blend in one man the qualities which from a close study of American politics he considers to be essential to political success in this country.

In a recent letter to THE WAVE apropos of his novel, Mr. Ford said: "I am not a novelist and therefore made my excursion into that field with a good deal of doubt, and only because I felt moved to say something on the subject of practical politics—a something drawn from work in my own primary, which happens to be a tenement ward in which is submerged, intentionally, a small section of brown-stone fronts. Apparently, what I said interested some people, so I feel that I have not quite written in vain."

BOOK NOTES.

The April *Cosmopolitan* contains the first instalments of Beatrice Harraden's "Hilda Strafford," and of "Mrs. Clift's Yacht," by Frank Stockton. The new story by the author of "Ships that Pass," etc., opens against the scenery of a San Diego lemon ranch, with English exiles as dramatis personæ. Hilda is the wife of Robert Strafford—at least I hope she is, for the introduction says nothing whatever about their marriage, and she arrives from England within the immediate cognizance of the reader. A strong, hard type, she is disappointed at the barren aspect of the region and regrets her self-imposed exile, but it is only the foundation of her character and the story we are given; it will be time for criticism as her development proceeds. Otherwise, the magazine is hardly as interesting as usual, though it has a poem by Sir Lewis Morris, a story by Paul Heyse, and the comment on literature and art. However, the pictures are excellent, save, of course, the colored cover with which the *Cosmopolitan* seems to have but poor success.

There's a charming little sketch in the April *Harper's*—in the "Editor's Drawer," called "A Goose Chase," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe. In it one finds that delightful blending of tenderness and comedy which so inevitably appeals to one's sympathies. The tale is brief, the idea is handled in an unaffected and very natural way, and it's really the best bit of fiction in the number.

Henri Rochefort is preparing for publication in England the reminiscences which have created so much of a sensation in France. He hated London, but lived there many years until the government permitted his return to Paris.

The title of Mr. George Moore's new novel, which is upon the subject of the perpetual problem between the spiritual and the sensual life, is *Evelyn Innes*. The heroine's father is engaged in reviving the music of the Roman Church—for instance, that of Palæstrina, Vittoria, and Orlando di Lasso. The girl has a beautiful soprano voice, and the materialist influence of a rich amateur impresario makes the ambitions of father and daughter hostile to each other. She subsequently meets a young musician who proves to her the subtlety of the emotion caused by the "desire to live from within," whereupon she enters a convent, where she passes through "soul-crises" as astonishing as those in the more worldly life. The book will probably not be finished before another six months have passed. The convent life has been treated from a sympathetic point of view, "as Mr. Moore feels that religion, like love, can be treated as a positive want."

The effects of Paul Verlaine, which have just been put under a judicial seal in the little room where he died, consist of some papers in a table drawer, a bundle of MSS. in a handbag, another—the work he was engaged on last—in the portmanteau which was presented to him the day before he came to London, and which was probably the only article of the kind he ever possessed, half a dozen of his clay pipes, and one of his pet cigarette-holders in the same unpretentious material, two pair of eyeglasses, a hat of the familiar pattern, and a nightcap.

Though it is full of glaring improbabilities, there is no decrying the interest of *A Lady of Quality*. The heroine is a sensational figure though she be so inconsistently irreproachable at the end of her days. In my critique I omitted to credit the volume to the publishers, Chas. Scribner's Sons.

MR. HIRSCHMAN REPORTS FAIR BUSINESS but is anxious to close out in the shortest possible time, and offers additional inducements. His stock of diamonds pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc., as well as complicated watches, silverware, and novelties in great variety, of first quality only—there is not an article in his entire stock that is not first-class. 113 Sutter Street, Lick House Block.

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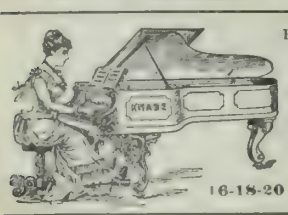
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THE THEATERS.

AN UNPREJUDICED VIEW OF TWO COMEDIES AND A TRAGEDY.

Pretty, sir? Certainly, sir," I heard a voice to the right of me say, as we were squeezed slowly out of the Columbia Monday night. There was a certain old-fashioned punctiliousness in its intonations which caught my attention and made me think of lace ruffles and gold snuff-boxes.

"Pretty enough stage settings," it went on, "but, sir, the constructor of those houses could never have even seen the outside of the better class of Southern homes—the class to which Driscoll's (it is to be inferred) belonged. Why, sir, those things are like 'po'-white-trash' houses. I was born and bred in the South, but never, never, sir, have I seen anybody but a negro or a good-for-nothing white man live in such a cramped, tottering, ramshackle structure as we saw to-night. Where, sir, is there any suggestion in those little huts of the spacious rooms and the broad piazzas of the South?"

"I guess you didn't come from Missouri, Colonel," said his companion.

"No, sir; from Alabama, thank God," returned the old man, as we were shunted apart by two sporty individuals pressing between us.

"I tell you, Tom," said one of them, "'Pudd'nhead Wilson' is a mighty good play, and there's a moral in it, too—for you. The difference between the gait of the white boy and his half-brother, the octoroon, oughter larn you that the dam's everything and the sire next to nuthin', and that you wanter buy my bay mare."

"But it ain't so, at least it ain't with hosses," said the other, as they plunged across the street toward the Baldwin.

And what, I thought to myself, has most strongly impressed me about the performance—the play, Mayo, or something else? Finally I decided that it was the something else, and that the something was a boy's candid, manly face. Not a wonderful actor, though somewhat talented, is this Arnold Daly who played the part of "Chambers," but a boy blessed with a face so ingenuous and winning that Nature, in even her most hypocritical mood, could not, I believe, set it over any but a noble and generous heart; and alack! To think that it may be the mask for vanity, cowardice, and dishonesty. O Tempora! O Mores! Young man, try to live up to your face. 'Twill be difficult, I know, but try; and above all, don't let the admiration of foolish women like myself turn your head, if for no other reason than because if you did then your chief charm would be gone, unless you are a much better actor off the stage than on it. Not that you were not a good "Chambers," far from it; you were very good, indeed, though your manner to Rowy (excepting in the ruined mill scene) is faulty. No male slave, however white, or whatever his privileges, would have approached a white woman as you did Rowy, several times. You stood by her side with the air of an equal, though you often showed that you did not even feel yourself such. You fortunately make this mistake only when you stand in silence, not when you speak to her, so there is not the ludicrous contrast of your negro tongue to mark the fault. I'll admit that Rowy made it hard for you to maintain the proper demeanor, for though Frances Grahame is quite a charming little soubrette, she has not the faintest notion of how she would act towards a "Chambers." She positively coquettes with you—you! a slave. The citizens of Dawson should have been led to suppose Rowy in love with you, not because of her coquettish manner; but because of her extreme kindness to you, her confidence in, and her loyalty to you. It would have been unnatural for any girl of her education and surroundings to have given any other indication of her interest in a man whom she believed to be a negro, and knew to be a slave. Still, I forgive her even this fault, for it must be very hard to remember that you are—"Chambers." There is no fault to be found in Eleanor Moretti's "Roxy," though I don't care for some of her lines, but for these she is not to blame, and she really renders them excellently, while her laugh is the best imitation of a negro laugh I have ever heard.

Frank Campeau was very good indeed as the villain, Tom Driscoll; the rest of the cast satisfactory and the costumes charming. Mayo as Pudd'nhead, delightful old Pudd'nhead, is a gem. The impersonation is almost flawless, for he seems to be the very man who inspired Clemens. Twice his silence and facial contortions were too prolonged to produce the best effect, for he lost his grip on his audience perceptibly. This occurs when he is confused by the contradictory baby thumb-marks, and again when the solution of it flashes upon him. His woe, in the first case, is a trifle too evident, while in the second he sits and gobbles his breakfast a bit too long—not for nature but for art. These, however, are but slight defects in an irresistibly amusing performance. The play itself is capital; full of really dramatic situations and American to its very marrow. Its flavor and its humor is so markedly ours that it ought always to be warmly welcomed by us. Though it treats of the blot on our scutcheon—slavery and its evils—it is very fair, neither making the Southerner a monster for owning what was so necessary to him in the sultry, swampy South, or the Northerner a saint for dispensing with what he could get along better without.

In "The Night Clerk," at the California, Peter F. Dailey has been struggling manfully to make something out of nothing, with only very moderate success, for the piece is the most farcical farce it has been my misfortune to see in a long time. It is true that a few people in Tuesday night's crowded house did laugh a little, but I'll wager they don't know what about and that it was only Dailey's insouciance and pretended naive pleasure in himself which tickled them. His song "The Blow 'Most Killed Father" and a few, a very few, of the elaborately worked-up incidents were funny, but taken as a whole "The Night Clerk" would insult the intelligence of a Telegraph Hill goat. As for the rest, John G. Sparks was as amusing as his lines would permit, and "the young man up to date," certainly was very fetching in her dress coat and the rest of her dear little outfit; of course we were treated to "Sweet Alice,"—it has become the hall-mark of a poor show these days—and sad to relate it was one of the best things in the show. Gertrude Fort, the woman who sang it also did a rather good dance and wore a well hung pair of bloomers made out of an exceedingly ugly plaid. Perhaps the funniest thing in the conglomerate was the newly married man registering, and the prettiest was certainly one of the American girls, a young woman in pale green gown above which rose a rather pretty face and magnificent shoulders.

It looks as if "Monte Christo" has been James O'Neill's ruin for it is irritating to the discriminating to see a man of his talent so demean himself, while with the undiscriminating it gives him a bad name. In spite of his defects, it is absurd to deny that he has ability, for, in addition to the natural gifts of a handsome face a fine voice, and unusual magnetism, he adds the conscientious effort of an intelligent brain. Thursday night of last week a small but very enthusiastic audience listened to his "Hamlet." Possibly his interpretation lacks subtlety, but it undoubtedly interests. His audience listened intently and never since the days of Booth have I heard such vigorous applause awarded to an actor of this part. It is evident there must be some quality of greatness in an impersonation which so engrosses the attention and wins such sympathy and appreciation, for we are not prone to give o'er much attention to Shakespearian plays or to burst our gloves over them. As Keene has so recently been here, the comparison was inevitable and much in O'Neill's favor. Not so his company (barring Dickson who made the best grave digger I've seen in an age) for Florence Rockwell's Ophelia was not nearly so touching as Keene's charming young woman, and the ghost, "Alas! poor ghost," compared unfavorably with Hartwigs and finally capped the climax by falling down stairs at a great sacrifice of his dignity and —bones, if one may judge from sounds.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

COMING EVENTS IN THE THEATER WORLD.

Richard Mansfield returns to this city on Monday, and opens at the Baldwin in "Beau Brummel," which will be continued throughout the first week. The second week of his engagement will include on Monday and Tuesday, "The Story of Rodian," Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Prince Karl," and Saturday evening, "Jekyl and Hyde." The third week's repertory has not yet been decided upon. Sale of seats began Thursday, at regular prices.

Another good bill at the Orpheum, with four new numbers added to the best of last week's program. Elena Leila has a soprano of surprising compass. La Bella Carmen is one of the best dancers seen at this house, and Adonis Ames certainly outdoes any other artist in "twists." The ventriloquist, Segommer, remains and still holds the interest of the nightly crowds.

"Blue Beard," the Easter extravaganza, put on at the Tivoli last Monday, has been a good attraction. The new soprano, Miss Aylward, is pretty and engaging, with a very sweet voice. Hartman, as usual, made the most of a not very interesting part, and Carrie Roma surpassed herself as his wife, also doing a very good bit of tough comedy with Miss Irene Cook in the third act. The ballets were all quite pretty, and the whole very effectively staged. This novelty will be continued probably some weeks.

The revival of "Ranch 10" at the Alcazar has been favored with smaller houses than it deserved. The company is a good one, and the prices for seats within the reach of all theater-goers.

Miss Lisle Leigh, the new leading lady at Morosco's, has been very well received. She is pretty, graceful, well dressed, and well suited, at all events, to such a part as "Doris," the only one in which she has, as yet, been seen. She was well supported by Mr. Hugh Ward and the stock company. Mr. Ward came directly from the Grand Opera House, Salt Lake City, to Morosco's, and so far proves himself to be a comedian of some ability and promise. Next week will give the public a further opportunity to judge of the respective merits of these acquisitions to the bright little company at the Grand Opera House when "Michael Strogoff" is produced.

The remarkable success of Miss Margaret Craven should interest her friends and admirers. She left here as leading lady to Harry Dixey's company, and appeared in Chicago contemporaneously with Crane of "Senator" fame, who saw her at a professional matinee, and pronounced her the most natural actress on the American stage. Soon after, his agent entered into negotiations for an engagement, and she is to appear with him for three weeks in Boston at the close of the season, and in autumn goes to his company as leading lady. This is indeed recognition, and Miss Craven is to be congratulated.

It is not generally known that S. H Friedlander, manager of the Columbia Theater, unites with his other accomplishments the education of a musician. He is a performer on several instruments, understands composition, and has to his credit a number of very pretty melodies. Among these is a "Japanese Lullaby," which was performed by the Columbia orchestra on Monday evening last.

Lisle Leigh, a very promising young actress, closed March 21st, with "Northern Lights," in order to join Morosco's Stock Company in this city, where she will appear April 6th, in the title role of "Dores." Miss Leigh has signed for six months.

Albert Chevalier, the English coster singer, who has been heralded more than any other artist who has appeared in this country of late, now heads the bill at Koster and Bail's, in New York. He says he did not come to America before because he was afraid people would not understand his songs. He was originally an actor in comedy, and doing very well, too, when he was approached by the manager of the Palace in London, and a tempting offer made him to originate a song and imitation feature. He refused, but, later, succumbed to the big salary offered by the syndicate which controls most of the London music halls; and he states he has never had cause to regret the step.

El Campo, the popular Bay resort, now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c; children 15c, including admission to the grounds. The steamer "Ukiah" will leave Tiburon ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 2 and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1, 3, and 5 P. M.

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SPLASHES.

IS IT not curious Society should take Easter so coolly? Considering the opportunities, hospitality is absolutely at a discount. A number of card-parties are slated for next week, but the main talk is of vacation and the most appropriate place to spend the summer. I have noticed a tendency this season in the direction of country villas. All the house room in Sausalito has already been preempted, and for cottages in San Mateo there is a brisk demand. Quite a number of people have decided for Santa Cruz and the new Sea Beach, but I hear less talk of San Rafael than ever. Blithedale and Mill Valley will have their contingent. The Del Monte season begins in July. In the meantime there is sure to be an exodus to the Flower Festival at Santa Barbara, which promises to be the handsomest show that enterprising region has had. By the way, the Army people seem to favor Southern resorts this season.

* * *

I learn that Miss Alice Ames and her sister, who are studying music in Berlin, are doing admirably, and winning golden opinions at the conservatory where they are entered. Miss Ames has certainly a musical future. She found herself further advanced than her modesty would let her believe. She will soon be far enough advanced to take lessons from the great Joachim.

* * *

THE MOVEMENTS of Society form one of the few available topics for conversation. The Hellmans left on Monday for Europe; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rosenbaum, after touring around San Jose, Del Monte, and the resorts, have started East. Miss Minnie Houghton spends the summer at Hartford with her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkley. The Oxnards are booked for Europe and intend making a tour of the Spas, Mr. Oxnard, being under the weather. General Forsythe, Major Bates, and Lieutenant Bell have gone South and will make Coronado their headquarters for some weeks to come.

* * *

Mr. Ernest de Saisset, son of the resident French Consular Agent, and of whose paintings frequent and commendatory articles have, during the past few years, appeared in the Parisian press, has just returned to his home in California. During the ten years of his residence in Paris he was a member of the family of his uncle, Count de Saisset, Admiral of the French Navy, and was afforded unusual opportunities and advantages for the study of art, of which he appears to have fully availed himself. For seven years he was a pupil of Bourguereau, who has given his work the highest commendation, and predicts for him a successful future. One or two of his pictures won Academy prizes, and his later paintings are said to strongly suggest the work of his great master. Although it is only within the few days past that the managers of the Art Association have been aware of the arrival of Mr. de Saisset, it is probable that he will be represented by one or more pictures at its coming exhibition.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome have decided to remain on the Pacific Coast during the summer, and have arranged, accompanied by Miss Catherwood, for a series of summer excursions. They are to be at Santa Barbara for the flower festival, going subsequently to Yosemite, and later to Alaska; returning then, they will spend the rest of the season at Del Monte.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan, who have gone East for the marriage of Miss Pullman and Mr. Frank G. Louden, have purchased the plans which the late Page Brown had drawn for his future mansion at Burlingame and purpose commencing the erection of the house in the very near future. The residence is the perfection of what a country home should be, inasmuch as Page Brown had given the subject of dwelling architecture considerable study, and his own residence expressed his most advanced theories. By the way, it is interesting to speculate whether the Spartan theories of Papa Pullman as to marriage settlements will rule in his treatment of his second daughter. He enunciates the doctrine that it devolves on a man to support his wife, and that he has no right to look to his father-in-law for assistance. This rule the millionaire insisted on in connection with Mrs. Carolan, and the first present she had from the parental treasury was a gift of $20 000 last year. I understand Miss Flora has drawn a liberal salary from the Pullman Company as remuneration for christening the cars.

* * *

Mrs. Downey Harvey is entertaining quite an eminent guest—Mr. William Grace, son of ex-Mayor Grace of New York. He is rich, distinguished, is said to be heart whole and fancy free, and so is eminently eligible. A dinner was given in his honor by Mrs. Harvey, on Tuesday night, at which he had an opportunity of meeting a number of the belles.

* * *

The excitement of decorating and furnishing has been too much for Mrs. Peter Donahue, who has been decidedly under the weather for some weeks past, suffering from an attack of nervous prostration, but is now convalescing in good shape. Her nephew, Peter Martin, is up from Los Angeles for a week or more.

* * *

The Bohemian Club election will take place on Tuesday, and the pink tickets of the regular candidates were distributed in the members' letter boxes early in the week. There are but eight names on the ticket—Doctor George Chismore for President; Peter Robertson, Vice-President; Donald de V. Graham, Secretary; James A. Thompson, Treasurer; and, for Directors—two terms—William Sproule, George F. Grant, C. H. Maddox, and George H. Mastick. The opposition have been unusually quiet, and though their candidates are formally posted in the Club office, the individual tickets have not yet been distributed. Last year the old Board was elected to serve again without opposition, and this year, unless the opposition be working a very secret and unexpected game, it will hardly be heard of.

* * *

Apropos of the polo game, the arrangements are still indefinite. The San Jose people are very anxious to have a polo tournament as one of the features of the rose carnival there, and, in order to harmonize with their arrangements, it is probable the date of the arrival of the Riverside men may be set forward. The probabilities are that the first game will be played at San Jose and the succeeding games of the tournament at Burlingame.

* * *

I regret to say my information in regard to Count and Countess Festetics last week, was at fault. The "Tolna" has not been heard from for some months. The last letters were postmarked Sydney, and requested that future communications be directed to Yokohama, where the young mariners expected to be. Since then nothing has been heard of them. There is no little uneasiness over their absence, though the Count is now so competent a sailor that it is presumed he could weather all the storms of the southern seas.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robbie Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. Elliot McAllister are receiving congratulations. Both homes have been gladdened by the arrival of sons, and the mothers are reported doing well.

* * *

Yosemite is to be very gay, inasmuch as the entire Second Cavalry Corps has been ordered there for the summer. Colonel Young has decided to make the Stoneman House his headquarters for the season, and the chances are for a fine representation of Society in the Valley. By the way, Mrs. Captain Rodgers and Mrs. Benson will make Wanona their home during the summer months, thus obtaining comparative proximity to their husbands.

* * *

With extreme relief, I learn that the new proprietor of the Sea Beach Hotel has engaged a French chef. There is no decrying the beauties of Santa Cruz, and its charm and advantage as a summer resort, but living there, for a man with a palate and a digestion, has hitherto been impossible, as the food, though plentiful, was ever poorly prepared. However jovial and genial the hospitality of the late manager, his kindness of manner did not compensate for the aggravation of the cooking. Now, however, there is a competent chef in control, and the Sea Beach should become a possible factor in the peregrinations of Society wanderers. Manager Chace has certainly taken the first important step.

* * *

The return to San Francisco of Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay, née Carrie Huntington, is being celebrated at numerous luncheons and dinners. Mr. and Mrs. Rounesvelle Wildman entertained the happy pair on Tuesday night. Mrs. Major Darling had a luncheon for the bride at her pretty villa at the Presidio on Wednesday, and Mr. and Mrs. Jewett gave them a splendid dinner Thursday evening, this affair being followed by a reception. An interesting musical program was then rendered, with Mollenhauer and Hamilton Howe as instrumentalists, Miss Della Mills as vocal soloist, and Mrs. Edgerton reciting. Mr. and Mrs. Holladay are to reside in the Holladay mansion on the Clay-street heights. There are other festivities to be given in their honor in the early future. Movements and removals are announced—among others, that Mrs. George Howard has taken the corner house at 2500 Pacific Avenue, opposite the Kittles. The Dillons have returned to their Pacific Avenue home. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hirsch and family have gone to Europe, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Wormser have taken their residence for the season.

* * *

Eminent propriety is the rule of the Cliff House, nowadays. However weak the Mayor's mentality may be, he is certainly not deaf to the criticism which was leveled at the old resort. The strictest propriety rules the roost on the ocean shore, and the supper-rooms are so fitted that they may be locked from the outside but cannot be secured from within.

* * *

ANOTHER Presidio engagement is announced. It is that of Lieutenant Gately and Miss Bessie Crabb, daughter of the Senior Captain of the Fifth Artillery. Mr. Gately is the latest addition to the Presidio force. He graduated last year from West Point with high honors and was detailed to the Fifth. He is a very nice young man, and possesses an independent fortune; so to Miss Crabb double congratulations are due. She is a decided blonde and one of the prettiest of the army girls.

* * *

MRS. HAGER'S entertainment for Monday night is engaging the attention of Society. It is about the only thing "the swim" has to talk of. Rather more invitations than were at first indicated have been issued, for a number of the older generation evinced a desire to see the performance. So I imagine the hall will be fairly well filled, though of course there will be a thinning out before supper. Three tableaux are arranged to precede the play; "The Summer Moon," by Lord Leighton, "A Reverie" by some one else, and "La Tosca" after Harburg, in which Miss Alice Hager appears as Sardou's heroine. Eight society men, whose names are involved in oblivion, are to officiate as ushers. I am told the performance is to begin at nine sharp; that guests must present their invitation cards or expect to be denied admission; that it is strictly full dress for the ladies; and that there must be seen neither hats nor bonnets. The hostess insists that this is to be her last entertainment. By the way, the guest of honor on that particular evening will be Miss Flora Lucas of St. Louis, Mrs. Hager's niece, who is to be with us in San Francisco throughout the summer. She is said to be a very good-looking girl, and has the advantage of wealth. Strange to say, Leo Cooper, who officiates as manager of "A Modern Ananias," is actually satisfied with the dramatis personæ. Its members are absolutely letter-perfect in their various roles, and show considerable histrionic talent. They are to have their portraits taken prior to the performance, and the finished photograph will adorn the lobby in true theatrical style.

* * *

Among the distinguished visitors at the Palace this week was Anson Phelps Stokes, the well-known New Yorker whose magnificent mansion is one of the features of Lennox. It has eighty bedrooms and is the scene of elaborate hospitalities. He is a millionaire many times over, and is, of course, traveling the Coast with all the luxuries of a private car and special trains. Mrs. Stokes spent most of the week at Del Monte with her children, coming to town via San Jose. Another distinguished millionaire at the Palace is Mr. Brewster, the Standard Oil magnate, who is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Pollie Brewster, an exceedingly handsome girl and a New York belle.

* * *

Musical people are much interested in the new tenor, William Simonson, whose voice was heard the other evening at a reception at which his master, Willis Bachelder, was the host. Mr. Simonson is a brother of Madam Saville, the new cantatrice, who has made such a success at the Metropolitan Opera House. He has a remarkable tenor voice of fine quality and great range, and is gifted with the real musical temperament. Indeed, he sings up to C with ease, and renders such morceaux as he has learned with spirit and a distinct musical sense. I believe he is to join his sister before very long, and will certainly be heard from within a few seasons as one of the world's great tenors. This is a good deal to say of a young man, but his voice is undoubtedly a fine organ.

* * *

Theater-parties have become more popular than ever. It is a convenient and easy method of entertainment, and when preceded by a dinner, forms a pleasant way of passing an evening in the society of one's friends. There must have been a dozen at least at the Columbia on the first night of "Pudd'nhead Wilson." The H.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

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S. Crockers had a crowd; the Sylvains Weils had some twenty seats; Mrs. Lièvre had thirty in her party, and there were many others—James D. Phelan, Carey Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. Tauszky among others. Notwithstanding the variety of Society gatherings, the garbing of the audience was not especially smart. There were a number of light waists, but more hats than bonnets. Indeed, there was a prolixity of Easter millinery creations, the majority of which needed but a hose or a watering-pot to be full-fledged botanical gardens. There was an overflowing audience to see Peter Dailey at the California, and I noted that the orchestra was rather more dressy,

* * *

Apropos of theater-parties, that which Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss have arranged for next Tuesday evening, at the Baldwin, is quite the most important of the season. They have taken sixty seats, and at the close of the performance the guests are to return to the Sloss house for supper. The Mansfield engagement is a topic of note in Society, and there is sure to be a jam the opening night in spite of the rival attractions of Mrs. Hager's show.

* * *

Since Lent, there has been but one opportunity for those who enjoy terpsichorean pleasures—the ball of the Saturday Night Dancing Class at the Native Sons' Hall, on Monday evening. This Club is composed, for the most part, of the maidens who may be expected to make their debut next season, besides others who came out last winter. Most of its members owe their allegiance to Miss West's School. The affair was a cotillion. Mr. Albert Russell and Miss Jessie Cheever led the first set, assisted by Mr. Greenway and Miss Romie Wallace. Several very graceful figures were danced, and it must be admitted that there were any number of pretty girls, among whom I noticed Miss Thomas, who was in pink satin and point lace, Miss Frances Currie, who was in white crêpe. Miss Rose Hooper in white satin, Miss Bates in blue, Miss Edith Bishop in yellow crêpon, Miss Weldon in figured dimity, and Miss Doane in green and white crêpe. The Hall was voted a capital floor for a dance, and it seems probable it will be the favorite meeting-place for Society entertainments next season.

* * *

The proposal to have a final Fortnightly has been agitated, but does not seem to find much favor. There is plenty of talent, of course, but the Fortnightly has had more setbacks this season than it can properly support.

* * *

Among the artists the topic, of course, is the forthcoming Spring Exhibition, which opens next week with the usual ceremonial. The indications are for an excellent display, inasmuch as some excellent work has been done recently by Keith, Matthews, Peixotto, Reiser, and the rest. There will be a private view, of course, on Thursday night, to which the members of the Association and their friends alone are bidden. Interest will doubtless be concentrated on the several canvases entered in competition for J. D. Phelan's one-thousand-dollar prize—for which Keith, Matthews, Pissis, and Reiser have entered. The second artistic event is the Black and White Exhibition of the Sketch Club, which opens on Wednesday. I believe this is the first display of its kind ever held here, and, considering the number of illustrators, designers, and students we have among us, it should develop some interesting results.

* * *

A very charming luncheon was given in the Tapestry Room at the Palace, on Tuesday, by Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The menu was really admirable and the decorations most artistic. Among the guests were Miss Newlands, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Lillie Coitt, and several others.

* * *

The Woman's Exchange reception, on Thursday, was quite a decided success, and inaugurated the new afternoon tea with fitting solemnity. Miss Laura McKinstry and Miss Ella Morgan officiated as hostesses, assisted by Miss Hoffman, Miss Bates, Miss McKenna, and Miss Smedberg. Miss McKinstry was in black with green at the waist, and Miss Morgan wore a very elaborate black waist with blue satin spangled straps.

* * *

To pronounce Miss Millie Siebe the handsomest of Easter brides would be an invidious compliment, inasmuch as weddings this season have been few and far between, but she is a decidedly pretty girl, a brunette, tall, graceful, and of more than ordinary charm, and in her wedding dress of cream satin and old Duchesse lace, she made a stunning picture. The marriage was celebrated in St. Paul's German Lutheran Church, after which the party adjourned to the Siebe residence, where there followed a reception. The groom, Mr. McWilliams, had Charles W. Fay of San Jose as his best man, and Miss Lillie Snowgrass was maid of honor. The presents were really very swell, indeed, consisting of all sorts and conditions of silver, old carved furniture, and some very beautiful cut glass. A capital supper was served, and, after the usual congratulatory speeches, the health of the happy pair drunk in foaming beakers of Roederer.

* * *

Among forthcoming events is the marriage of Miss Carrie Schweitzer and Mr. M. Hirsch, which is to take place at the Concordia on the twenty-first. Society in general has been bidden to the affair, which will figure as a social event.

* * *

IF THE feminine suffrage amendment is not passed, Oakland society need not accuse itself of the sin of omission. It is fêting the apostles of suffrage with all its might, entertaining them at suppers and dinners, organizing clubs to aid their cause, and behaving actually as though Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw were engaged to be married to members of the Jackson-street set. Indeed, these ladies are evoking more enthusiasm than if they were popular debutantes. The Ebell Society has entertained them at lunch; Mrs. Vrooman has had a dinner for them, at which a suffrage club was organized, with Miss Snell for president; the Gaskills and Mrs. Borland have fêted them, with similar consequences; and, altogether, Oakland femininity is up in arms for votes and will not be denied. This condition of affairs may complicate the politics of Alameda County in a most painful way. If the ladies are as insistent as they are energetic, there may be the devil to pay all round. But it is possible that as soon as the social feature of the agitation vanishes, and the great suffragists commence their campaign on free lunches in Stockton and Fresno, the enthusiasm of Oakland may wane. This is for the future, however; for the present, the feminine feeling is up to high C.

* * *

The intellectual element which composes the Ebell Society was much in evidence at Mrs. Stolp's tea on Wednesday last. The second tea of the week was that which Mrs. Brown and Miss Floy Brown had, at which the Jackson-street set appeared en grande tenue. To-day there is the Garber's tea at Claremont, for which a large number of invitations have been issued. This certainly promises considerable interest, as the garden is something to dream over at this season, overflowing with beautiful roses.

* * *

The "prettiest wedding of the season" occurs so often that it may sound invidious to pronounce the marriage ceremony which made Miss English Mrs. Maline of that category; but for all the stereotyped phrases that may be flung around it, the affair was very charming. The bride is really a pretty girl, petite of figure and graceful as a bird, and she looked lovely in her wedding gown. The groom is decidedly boyish in appearance, and the twain made a most youthful couple. The church was beautifully arranged with adornments of Easter lilies and pink roses, and any number of Deux Temps damsels in pink and white were there as audience. The bride is a daughter of Warren English, and a member of the Deux Temps and other clubs. The groom comes from British Columbia, and in the matter of age, I believe has but a year or two the advantage of Miss English. He is interested in the real estate business at Westminster. After the wedding, there was a dinner at the English house, and by this time the happy pair are safely ensconsed in their northern home.

* * *

Next week, the prospects for festivity in Oakland are slender. Already the talk turns in the direction of summer resorts, and arrangements for speeding to the mountains are under way. Oakland has ever had a partiality for Castle Crags, and appearances indicate that the Shasta resort will have the bulk of its patronage. But many of the young people are directing their steps toward Summit Soda, where a big party under the chaperonage of Mrs. Glasscock is heading. Among its members are the McKees, Mhoons, Palmers, Magees, and Baldwins, about the same party that spent last summer at the Crags.

THE GOSSIP.

R. B. HAYDEN:

In this age of cheap whiskies, it is gratifying to know that there are a few houses in Kentucky who place quality above everything else, and adhere faithfully to the methods of manufacture that have been the means of giving Kentucky Bourbon Whisky world-wide fame. Among these houses the Greenbrier Distillery Company, of Nelson County, Ky., is classed, and wherever its brand, R. B. Hayden, is used it is sure to make friends on account of its excellent quality and rich flavor.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.

Among those whose means and capacities enable the purchase of real estate, there is considerable interest over the sale of the McCreery block on McAllister Street, between Baker and Lyon. This property has been in the possession of Andrew McCreery for something like forty years, and was one of his very earliest investments. Some months ago he disposed of another block in this locality, and it is interesting to know that many of the purchasers made quite a good thing out of their investments. For instance, the corner of McAllister and Baker was purchased for $4500, and, the other day, it was resold for $6000, an advance of over thirty-seven per cent, and lots have been resold on the several boundary streets, in each instance at an advance of over twenty per cent. What Mr. McCreery's original outlay for this property was is not stated, but the region, when he invested there, was but a sandhill waste, and, in the light of latter-day developments, the investment seems like an inspiration. However, this is but one instance of his great judgment in real estate purchases, for in every instance the growth of the city has followed the lines of his prognostication. He is selling now because it has been represented to him that the vacant blocks in that neighborhood seriously retard the growth of the region.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian Bath with Needle Shower. This latest improvement is now in working order, and proves a great attraction. The price for the above, which includes the Swimming Bath, has been established at the low rate of fifty cents.

BYRON

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Chronic Malaria, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Bladder Troubles, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Gout, Obesity, Alcoholism in all its forms—can be positively cured at Byron Hot Springs.

CURES

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG

QUEEN OF ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests, June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHUNEWALD, Manager
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Blithedale

The nearest Summer Resort to San Francisco, and the most charming, is within five minutes' drive from Mill Valley Station. Wooded hills shelter it from the wind and fog. Rose paths and beds of fragrant clover surround the houses, and all around are the redwoods—300 acres of woods. The cottages have open-grate fires, and the table is supplied with vegetables and *perfect sewerage*. The never failing brook runs through the place. Table excellent—cream every day. Terms moderate. For particulars, address MRS F. RR. R, who will be at Blithedale after April 15th.

The place will open on May 1st.

Napa Soda Springs California's Famous Mountain Spa!

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE, LATELY?

1000 feet above Napa Valley. Climate unsurpassed. Views magnificent. Table supplied from orchard and ocean, field and farm. Hot and cold Napa Soda water baths. Telephone and Postoffice. Burros to ride. Bowling alleys, tennis, croquet swings and hammocks. New improvements every year. Gas and running water in every room. Relief for asthmatics. WARM WATER SWIMMING TANK. An ideal summer resort. Children's paradise, mothers' delight, husbands' rest. Address ANDREW JACKSON, Napa Soda Springs, P. O.

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Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

RIPPLES.

HUNTING.

Many sportsmen consider hunting *the* sport. There are many hunters but few finders. I was always considered a successful hunter. I believe I have hunted for everything to be hunted from a grizzly bear to a collar button, and have found it easier to find a grizzly than a collar button.

I started in life as a hunter at an early age. My first experience being in hunting for our old brindle cow, which would, at certain seasons of the year, seem to take fiendish delight in making for the woods for no other apparent reason than to be devilish, and to cause me to forget my Sunday school teachings.

I never hunted "bar" but once, and then it was a matter of compulsion. In fact, before I finished hunting his bearship he turned the tables and hunted me.

It was a cold winter morning when I sat down to breakfast, and there was every indication of snow before many hours. The indications proved correct; for by the time my breakfast was finished, there was at least an inch of snow on the ground. Believing it would be an excellent time to hunt deer, I shouldered my forty-five-sixty, whistled to my hounds, and was soon on my way to Fern Ridge where I knew I would be able to find fresh deer tracks in the snow. Before reaching the Ridge, however, while crossing Windy Pass, called Windy, I presume, because it was never known to have blown there, I came to a place where a bear had crossed the trail going valleyward but a few moments ahead of my arrival. I did not stop to consider whether I had lost a bear or not, but almost immediately put the dogs on the bear track, and almost immediately afterward kicked myself for so doing. I started to follow the dogs, but the brush became so thick that I decided to retrace my steps and remain in the opening where I first discovered the tracks, and wait for the barking of the dogs to inform me that the bear had been treed, when I could go leisurely down the mountain and shoot Mr. Bear at pleasure.

I could hear the hounds running through the brush some distance down, but neither yelp nor bark came to my listening ear. I began to get nervous, and when I again looked at the bear track in the snow it seemed to have grown to twice the size it originally appeared when I first discovered it. I pictured to myself a big black bear (there being no grizzlies in the country in which I was hunting) as large as a mule suddenly confronting me, which made me think what a little insignificant cuss I really was, and what I would do if his bearship should put in an appearance, and what a blanked chump I was for allowing the hounds to go on the bear track. I had just turned around to see if I were being approached from the rear by any monster, when I heard the yelp of the hounds far down the mountain side, now to the right, then to the left, but drawing nearer and nearer at every yelp.

"Confound those mongrels!" I ejaculated aloud. "The first thing I know they'll drive that fool bear up here." And I immediately decided that if they did so, I would find accommodations in the branches of the nearest sapling, which I knew Mr. Bear could not climb on account of its size.

I could still hear the hounds yelping down the mountain side to my right, in which direction my gaze was fixed, when not resting on the selected sapling, when a slight noise to my left caused me to turn suddenly around, when, to my horror, out from the brush into the opening walked a black bear as unconcerned as possible. Talk about bears being as large as mules, this one looked to me as large as an elephant.

The bear evidently had not observed me, and might have continued on his journey had I not suddenly made a rush for my sapling, which I shinned up as rapidly as it was possible for a mortal to accomplish under the same circumstances. My sudden, unexpected, rushing movement must have startled the bear as much as his presence startled me; for he made a bee-line for the nearest tree, which he went up more rapidly than I thought it possible for a bear to go.

People who do not know me may consider that I am a coward; but I do not think so, and, for their benefit, will state that I have been married four times.

The majority of people who are considered brave are not brave, but simply indiscreet chumps. They have no reasoning powers, and are too obtuse to know what danger is. This is shown to be a fact in every-day history. You read of people doing so-called acts of bravery with wonderful calmness, saving lives of others at the risk of their own, where the chances are against the success of the hero one hundred to one of his coming out alive, leaving alone the saving of another. When successful, the hero usually faints away after he realizes what he has done, and he is called brave. If unsuccessful and he should lose his life, he is called a blank fool.

A man can generally find anything he hunts for, provided he is persistent, and he often finds the unexpected; for who has not found carpet tacks on the floor on a dark night when hunting for matches with which to light the alcohol lamp in order to warm baby's milk?

However, I digress. The bear is up one tree and I am up another, and, with your kind permission, kindly allow us to remain there. I might add in conclusion that the hounds were not chasing the bear, but had got on to a deer track and were chasing the deer from one end of the country to the other. When the bear was finally shot, it proved to be nothing more than a cub of a few months old, and, when dead, did not look quite so large as he did when he made his appearance. I do not say that I shot the bear, as I consider myself merely a hunter.

UNCLE ISAAC.

Vat, in dose vinter times? Der light suit, vat? Vell, I vonder. Vat? Den and a quarvarter for a peautiful suit of summer clothes like dot? Vat? Holy Abraham! My brices vas twovenly-seven and a helaver. If youse don't vant it, leave it alone. Ikey, come here cavick! Vat vas dot you say, you vill gife me seventeen dollars for dot suit? Not on your life times. Vait, vait, vait, Holy Rachel! You Christians vas such compulsive beobles. Don't go avay until I catch my preaths. Ven I say some tings, I tinks of some odder tings. Vat? Vell, I vonder!

Dot feller dot bawned dot suit is now sick vit dot consumption, and he oxpects to die at any times. Just vait a moments and I send my boy Ikey around dot corner to see if dere vas grape on der door. If it vas so, I vill be generous and let you have dot suit at your own prices. Ikey! Hurry and run cavick around dot gorner to Mr. Mulvaney's and see if dere vas der dead vaggon dere yet. Shut dot door as you go out and turn dot key on der outside; mine friendt vill vait until you comes back. Vat? Eh, her? Yah; you say dere vas grape on der door, Ikey? Dot vas a goot poy. Yer fadder vill dake you down and let you look at der ferry poats some days ven puisness vas pad. All right, mine friendt; you can take dot suit for seventeen dollars, and you vas getting it cheap. Vat? Vell, I vonder!

A CHANGE.

First Tramp—Hello, Cully! Dis is der first time I've seen yer in ten years. Can't say dere is much change erbout yer.

Second tramp—Right yer are, old pard; der only change erbout me is mer socks; just got 'em down here to der cottage.

OH, YES.

Jones—I tell you, Doctor, you must come; it is a case of necessity.

Doctor—A case of necessity, eh? That means a case of whiskey. (Aside.) He must have a touch of the D. T's.; he was always a heavy drinker.

APPRECIATED.

She (as he finishes an instrumental piece)—Don't you sing, Mr. Stringbroke?

He—No, I never sing.

She—I would much rather hear you sing than play.

EVEN.

Blossom—Say, Bloomer, that's a rank cigar you just gave me.

Bloomer—I was kind of leary of it myself; but it's the same cigar you gave me yesterday.

Blossom—That's one on you; for, if it's the same cigar, it's the one you gave me the day before.

AN EXPERT.

Dealer—But what experience have you had in the liquor business.

Applicant—Well, I served two terms in a Kentucky legislature.

OF COURSE.

Miss Bloomer—My feelings were hurt dreadfully to-day.

Mr. Shotly—How so, dear?

Miss Bloomer—I fell off my bicycle.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

He—Does your father object when I call on you?

She—No; he only objects when you leave.

NATURAL.

"Have you any objections to the women wearing bloomers?"

"No, indeed; in fact, I rather like 'em, so long as no female relative of mine dons 'em."

WHAT HE SAID.

Sister Ethel (to little Freddy, who has been doing the honors)—What has Mr. Stickney been saying to you, Freddy?

Freddy—He hasn't been saying anything. He just talked, and that's all. BRUNO.

FINAL SALE

AT AUCTION

THURSDAY, APRIL 16th

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON

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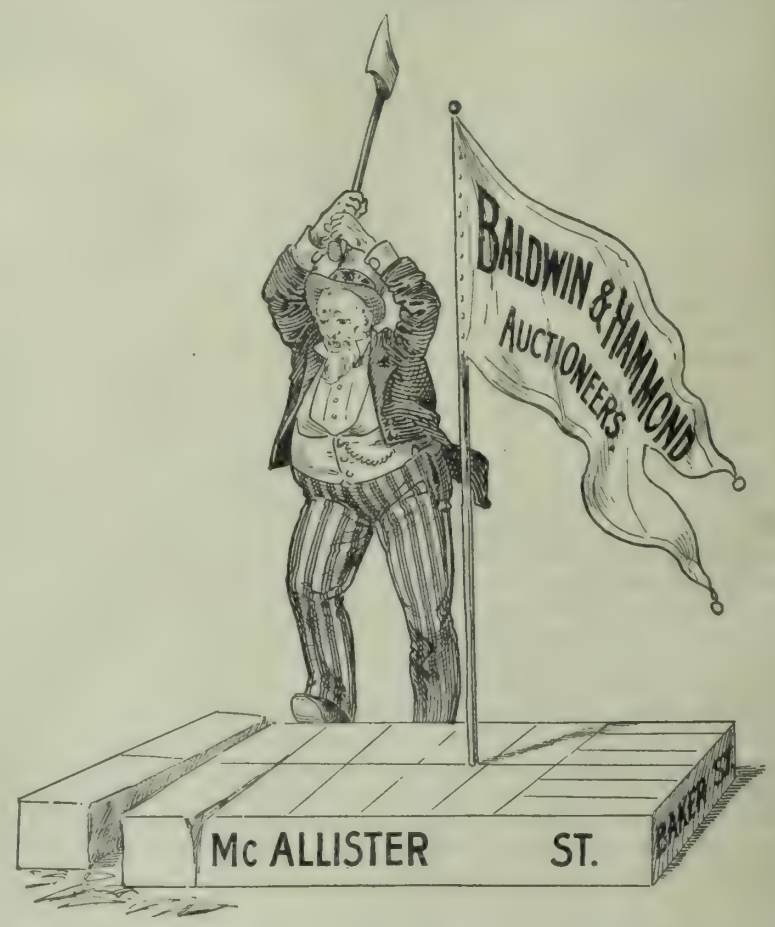

See how we are cutting up this Beautiful Block

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There will be 37 Lots—
Each one better than the other
Lots on Baker Street
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Sewers in All Streets
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THE BEST UNSUBDIVIDED BLOCK
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Every Lot to be Sold - - No Reserve

Terms, only ¼ Cash

Get off at Baker and McAllister Sts.
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Balance in 1, 2 and 3 Years

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Poor baby! Your pity goes out to it and rightly. To be thin, for a baby, is to be deprived of its natural ease, to suffer and not be able to feel it; to wear a sad pinched face; to live on the edge of sickness; to grow imperfectly; and to lose the power of resisting disease. When a baby is thin it needs more fat than it gets from its food; it is starved, fat-starved. **Scott's Emulsion** is the easiest fat it can have; the fat it needs. Half of

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is taken by babies. Mothers like it because it brings the dimples back.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (*Ask your doctor.*) This is because it is always *palatable*—always *uniform*—always *contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hopophosphites.*

Insist on **Scott's Emulsion** with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

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THE VERY BEST AXLE GREASE

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SAN FRANCISCO

McCUNE CYCLES

Moderate in price—
—As good as the best

ARMES & DALLAM
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THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON RECENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

C. MICHENER.

At the last meeting of the Board of Governors of the California Associated Cycling Clubs, the promoter of the indoor tournament, recently held in the Mechanics' Pavilion, laid before that body his scheme for the construction and management of a six-lap board track in Central Park. His idea in doing this seemed to be prompted by the feeling that, without the support of the wheeling organizations and their semi-official sanction, at least, it would be an extremely hazardous investment. The success of such a track is without doubt entirely in the hands of the wheelmen, and it is certainly true that no amount of "promotion" would serve to counterbalance a determination on their part to kill the scheme, and yet, on the other hand, it has been pretty clearly demonstrated in this city that the wheelmen themselves are not sufficiently united to make a venture of this sort a financial success should it be undertaken by the clubs. It is not because the first cost of the track is so great—that would not amount to much more than the expense of taking part in a tournament—but the reason seems to be that all enterprises of that sort require at their head some one man, who can act quickly, definitely, and without the necessity of explaining his motives to a large governing body or board of directors in every case. Again, he must be a man of great experience in the promotion of such enterprises and of remarkable executive ability. Even if we assume that the Associated Clubs could get hold of such a man, the salary he would deserve and could command as the manager of a track proposition would be not at all disproportionate to all the profits the promoters of the Central Park track will make. On the whole, for the present season, at least, I think it is certainly a safer and very probably a cheaper plan for the Clubs to permit the track to be built and managed by an outsider.

Talking of tracks leads one to notice the surprising activity in this line throughout the northern portion of the State since the season has commenced. The fewness of the North California tracks used to be a matter of remark. While there were some eight good bicycle tracks in South California last year, in our own portion of the State there were but two. Now, however, track talk is developing into track work all about us. In Alameda County the movement is really astonishing. Aside from the Alameda track, others are actually in course of construction at Niles, Centerville, and Livermore, and another is about to be commenced at Irvington.

The recent meeting of the cycle dealers is an event worthy of comment. It was there proposed to effect a permanent organization having for one of its main objects the improvement of the streets of the city. The dealers in wheels have come to a realization of the fact that if they are to sell their goods there must be a marked improvement in the city's wheelways.

It is to be hoped that the new organization will bend its energies to the accomplishment of some single definite improvement instead of dissipating them in agitation for the improvement of our streets in general. The success of the Southside Improvement Clubs in obtaining the Folsom-street Boulevard demonstrates what can be done in this way. Should the new association devote itself to bringing about the bitumenizing of Market Street it would be attempting an enterprise not at all difficult of almost immediate accomplishment. There would be no factional strife over the proposition. The whole city is interested in practically a uniform degree in the betterment of that thoroughfare. Further, it is understood that in some cases the owners of large buildings recently erected will undertake the contemplated improvement, as to the section of the street in front of those buildings, at their own expense.

On Sunday, the 12th, the Relay will be run. There has been more or less of rain, but not enough to seriously interfere with the race. The arrangements are more perfect than ever before and the entries larger in number. With ten clubs in the competition and a hundred miles of riding before each, prophecy as to the outcome is hazardous However, barring accidents, the clubs will finish in this order: Bay City Wheelmen, Olympic Club Wheelmen, Acme Club, Garden City Cyclers, Reliance, California Cycling Club, Imperials, San Jose Road Club, Alameda Cyclers, San Francisco Road Club.

It is suggested that Cooper will ride for the Bay Cities and Coulter will ride for the Olympics. That both these men are professionals under the new definition of the League, no one doubts. But, under the recent ruling of Chairman Gideon of the Racing Board neither will be declared professionals by that body until he appears on the track. "If a man has contracted with a manufacturer to ride that manufacturer's wheel," says Mr. Gideon, "he is no longer an amateur, but we have no jurisdiction over him unless he appears on the track." Of course, under the Relay rules, no professional can compete. Now let us see what will be the effect of permitting the gentleman named—and there are others in this No one doubts that they will appear upon the track early in the season. They will then be transferred to the professional class. The act that made them professionals was the signing of these contracts. This was done before the Relay. Does it not follow irresistibly, then, that on the date of the race they were ineligible as participants?

TANDEM RIDING.

R. L. LONG.

The tandem is comparatively a new thing. It was not till the end of '94 that they were used in California at all. During the month of October of that year, the Rambler team at Sacramento employed tandems for pace-making, and they were used there that year in helping Otto Ziegler to his many world's records. At that time a tandem team made up of Delmas and myself established the world's tandem records for the quarter and half mile which still stand.

In the beginning the tandem was essentially a racing machine. As such, its first use was pace-making. Pace-making is the riding in front of a rider for the purpose of decreasing the air-resistance for him. Undoubtedly a large fraction of the power necessary to propel a bicycle is used in overcoming the air-resistance. This air-resistance increases tremendously as the speed increases. Now, if a tandem, or a single wheel even, is moving along rapidly, a rider immediately behind it is vastly aided on account of the lessened resistance of the air which he is obliged to overcome. He follows along so closely behind that the labor of breaking a way through the air is almost all done for him by the pace-makers.

As a machine for pacing, the advantages of the tandem were at once apparent. On a tandem it is easily possible to surpass the speed of an unpaced single wheel, for the reason that it has the power of two riders to overcome an air-resistance, but a little greater than the resistance of a single wheel experiences. Then, since the power is doubled, the gear of the machine may be almost double that of the ordinary form of bicycle. Further slight advantages are that the friction loss on a tandem is much less than twice that of a single machine, and that there is but one track to make.

All these things brought tandem-pacing into immediate and universal use, and it was not until they began to build triplets and quads, quints and sextets, that its value as a pace-maker began to decline, although it will always be used, on the smaller tracks, where the bigger machines cannot take the turns. The use of pace-making machines, however, as they are being more and more developed, is declining in popularity, and I understand that in France they are no longer allowed in competition races.

The first season of the tandems' work was, aside from pacing, devoted mainly to establishing records against time. Competition tandem races were a later development. It was natural enough that this should be so. Until the machine came into general use, the public interest in what could be done with it was not great, but with its increasing popularity as a machine for general road-riding, the interest in competition tandem races is rapidly increasing.

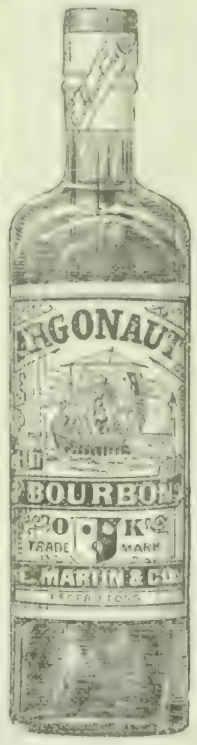
In the season of '94, I do not think there were any tandems used for road-riding in this State. In '95 the number was already large, and toward the end of the season the demand far exceeded the supply. This year the same state of facts exists, only more so. There are in this city at least three wheeling clubs who boast more than a dozen tandem teams, and the total number of the machines now in use on the Coast is very large, and is increasing as rapidly as they can be supplied. The growing popularity of the machine for two riders is not hard to understand when the advantages that have been already mentioned are considered.

A race between tandems is essentially a different contest from a race between single wheels. In the latter case everything depends on the skill and judgment of the rider—the selection of the jumping point, the regulation of the pace, the fight for position—and it may very easily happen that a superior rider physically is beaten out by a weaker but more clear headed opponent. In a race of this sort the pace is slow, as a rule, till the last fifth or eighth is reached and then the sprint ensues. In a tandem race, however, it is a dead hard grind from the first, and the strength of the riders counts for a good deal more. Here there is much less difference in the speed of the final sprint and the grind than in the case of the single, and there is practically no jumping. This is so for the reason that it is much more difficult to produce any sudden change of speed in the tandem than in the ordinary machine, owing to the greatly increased gear and the further fact that the work of two persons must co-operate to produce the effect.

The best racing tandem team would be made up of a man weighing from one hundred and forty-five to one hundred and sixty pounds on the front seat, the rear being occupied by a rider of from one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and ninety pounds.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness. Bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Book *free* at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.



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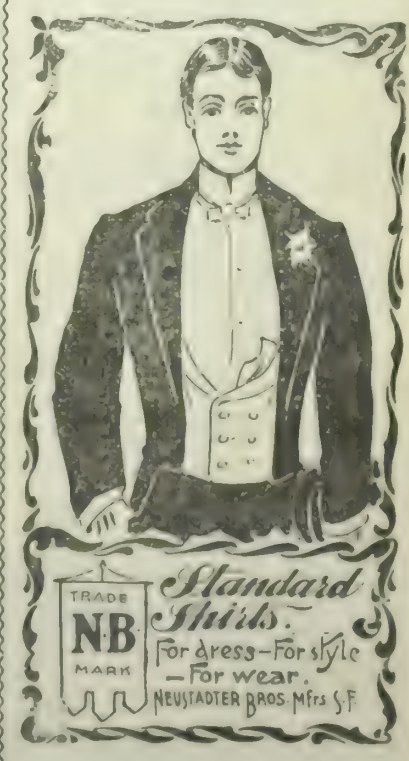

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If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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AUCTION SALES

Wednesday, April 15th at 12 o'clock, noon

Wednesday, April 15th, at 7:45 P. M.

Thursday, April 16th, at 12 o'clock, noon

—FREE EXHIBITION—

Commencing Monday, April 13, at 10 o'clock A.M., continuing day and evening until closing auction sale. The sale comprises architectural subjects, old buildings, mountains, mountain lakes, studies of fruit, and sketches of Paris Rues. In the collection are "Dent du Midi," "Westminster Abbey," "Scene of Grays Elegy," "Light in the Window," "Eagle Falls near Tahoe," "The Old Chateau," "Point Neuf Paris." This will be the last presentation by Mr. Deakin of his works at public auction.

Do not forget the days and hours of auction sales. Catalogues at Maple Hall, Palace Hotel, and at our office.

Connoisseurs will find this collection well worth a visit.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.

AUCTIONEERS

638 MARKET STREET

FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

Easter Sunday has come and gone and positively—I record it as a fact—more than one fashionable fair one, breathed a silent prayer for the sloppy, beastly weather the Creator of all things, good and evil, saw fit to send us.

No; the couturiere and modiste—despots and arch fiends—for once kept their word; and although many a handsome gown and modish bonnet was smuggled into dainty boudoirs at a ridiculously early hour on Sunday morning, they were all on hand when the glad Easter bells did peal.

On Good Friday already the struggle began. It had required no end of debate, discretion, and good hard reasoning to select the Easter gown. There were so many perplexing questions. There was the sleeve. Paris decreed a tight sleeve, London caped and beruffled the shoulders, and San Francisco, well that was *the* question, what was San Francisco going to do? Then there was the skirt. A trifle less wide—well that was easy enough—but "would you trim it or would you not?" was a problem not easy to solve.

And then the gown was ordered, and the fitting on came. That was Lenten penance. "What a fright I am with those tight sleeves. I don't care, they are fashionable." "I wish I had decided to take those tight-fitting sleeves. Susie has just returned from Paris, and she says a wrinkled gigot sleeve that is tight to the elbow and then bulges out to a medium-sized puff is the correct street sleeve." "My skirt worries me to death. I shall never dare to wear it. It is so narrow I look like a bean pole, and this trimming exaggerates my height." "Narrow skirts are not for fat people. You needn't tell me, Madam, I know it. I am fat and I won't go to church Easter, and I won't ever wear a clinging—well, I call this a clinging skirt—again." And then it rained. And that courage that blusters—at a distance from the fray—blithely said: "How disappointing. I should have worn my gown! if it is old style *I* like it" or "It is the latest thing, and somebody has got to start the style."

The real truth of the sleeve question is that they are just a little less extravagant than they were last year. But they are not the glove-fitting arm tights of ten years ago, notwithstanding some of the pictures which certain London designers have sent over here for adoption. The London sleeves are good instances of the attempt to straddle the question. They are tight all the way up with some ruffles at the shoulder, or at the elbow, and they are simply hideous. There is no possibility that any woman clothed in her right mind will supplement her attire with any such abominations.

There is a rage for extremely long sleeves. They even appear on evening gowns. A pretty sleeve in vogue is wrinkled to the pointed end, which extends well over the hand. The fullness is only at the top, ending half-way between the shoulder and elbow, where the contour of the arm begins to show. The sleeve gives the appearance of a sleeve and of a long, wrinkled glove in one. Another novel sleeve is not at all full, but much wrinkled. It is gathered or rather lightly shirred in both seams, the seams meeting on both the outside and inside of the arm in a double ruffle. The inside ruffle is only about an inch deep, while the outside measures three or four times as much. A fall of lace may be inserted on the outside ruffle from shoulder to wrist. This style of sleeve will be much used on summer frocks.

Skirts are just a shade narrower. The cut of the new skirts is not yet materially changed, for they are still full around the bottom, but not with exaggerated fullness, closely fitted about the hips, and made with an inside facing of hair cloth. About the only variation noticeable in skirts is in the front breadth, which is often cut very narrow and flaring and trimmed down either side on the seam. Five yards is a good width for the skirt around the bottom for cloth or any wool goods. Street skirts are cut short enough to clear the ground.

And now it is the round waist which is doomed. They continue to be worn, but they are in the minority, and will grow more and more so as the season advances. Nearly everything is made with a basque, and with the basques en garde for the return of the jacket.

BABETTE.

Madam de Soto makes a specialty of making ladies' underwear and children's garments. The best of materials are used, the prices are moderate, and no one should think of buying any of these articles without seeing Madam de Soto, at 414 Geary St., and inquiring as to her price for making.

Does your hair need a tonic? Quinania removes scurf and cleanses the scalp; strengthens the hair, renders it soft and brilliant, and prevents falling out. Price, 35 cents per bottle. If your dealer doesn't sell it, get it at Lederer's, 111 Stockton Street.

When you are selecting a wedding present go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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Also specially selected stock of Clarets and White Wines on hand.

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for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption

is beyond question the greatest of all modern medicines. It will stop a Cough in one night, check a cold in a day, prevent Croup, relieve Asthma, and *cure* Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save your life! Ask your druggist for it. Send for pamphlet. If the little ones have *Croup or Whooping Cough* use it promptly. *It is sure to cure.*

Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1. All Druggists.

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For infants and adults

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Positively relieves Prickley Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn etc. Removes Blotches, Pimple; makes the skin smooth and healthy.

Take No Substitutes. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts. SAMPLE MAILED (Name this paper) **FREE**

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 9—Probate. In the matter of the estate and Guardianship of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a Minor. Order to show cause on application for Guardian for Order of Sale of Real Estate. It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Gustave H Umbsen, the Guardian of the estate of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a minor, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to his said ward, that it will be beneficial to said minor, and expedient and advisable that such real estate should be sold

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said ward, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Monday, the fourth day of May, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 3d, A. D. 1896.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

F. D. MADISON, Attorney for Guardian.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10—Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased. Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made. A. J. Thompson, the Administrator of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1896 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell all or so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary, at public auction. And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks, in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated April 9th, A. D. 1896.

CHARLES W. SLACK,
Judge of the Superior Court.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION OF principal place of business, San Francisco, California: location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth day of March, 1896, an assessment (No. 47) of ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 11, No. 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of April, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourteenth day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 11, No. 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY

Assessment ..... No. 78
Amount per Share..... 15 cents
Levied ..... March 25, 1896
Delinquent in office..... April 28, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock ..... May 20, 1896

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary

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The Most Elegant Seaside Establishment in the World

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers"

G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

Flower Festivals
Fiestas
Rose Carnivals

. . . and the like, will be the delight of California for the next two or three months.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival, the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens **April 15.** *Queen Flora* will reign 3 days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles, now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22,** and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses, to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th,** inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

REDUCED RATES

will be made by the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY for all these brilliant events. Arrange your programmes accordingly, and call on agents for particulars.

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ONLY SIX DAYS TO HONOLULU — S.S. AUSTRALIA

First-Class.....$220
Steerage 110

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S.S. "Australia," **Honolulu** only, Tuesday, April 28, 1896, at 10 A. M.

S.S. "Mariposa," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, April 30, 1896, at 2 P. M.

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Freight Office—**327 Market St.**

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For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles) and Newport, every fourth and fifth day at 11 A. M.

For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month.

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—OF THE—
PALACE HOTEL

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"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

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ORDER YOUR CARRIAGES AND COUPES OF THE—

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"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular)

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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,

of 295 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

128 POST ST., Bohemian Club Bldg.

TALES OF THE DAY.

Early in his diplomatic career Bismarck represented the Prussian Government at the German Diet. Count Richberg, the Austrian representative, called on him to show a dispatch from his Emperor instructing that he vote with Prussia. Bismarck read the document and then returned it, saying, "This is evidently a mistake." Richberg changed color, for, instead of the official letter, he had given Bismarck his own secret instructions ordering that while countenancing Prussia that he intrigue against her interests. Bismarck remarked: "Don't be upset. You never intended giving me the letter. *Ergo*, you never gave it me; *ergo*, I know nothing about the whole matter!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Lord Tenterden one day, at his own table, asked a county magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my lord, boiled chicken," was the reply. His lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. "That, sir," said the judge, "is no answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further prevarication."

Judge Gary of New York listened patiently to a certain eminent attorney who was airing his indignation over the loss of an overcoat. He had been robbed. Yes, sir! robbed—in the temple of justice under the eyes of the law. Finally the Judge, growing impatient, asked: "What's the matter, now?" "Matter! It's a confounded outrage! Had my overcoat stolen right from this room." The Judge smiled a little. "Overcoat, eh?" he said, "Pah! that's nothing. Whole suits are lost here every day."

The Raines Bill is the new excise law passed by the New York Legislature, by which the license fees and bonds required of liquor dealers are materially increased. Its operation must force many of the saloons out of existence. It is said to be a scheme of Boss Platt to force the liquor dealers to obtain bonds from the Fidelity Deposit Company of Maryland, of which his son is agent. Apropos the Bill, Chimmie Fadden is heard from in the New York *Sun:*

Dr. Talmage says that Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* made it a rule never to correct errors that had appeared in his columns. One time the *Constitution* published the obituary of a man reasonably well known and next day the alleged corpse appeared to demand a correction. Grady said he never made mistakes, but the corpse insisted on the wrong being rectified. "If you are determined to embarrass me," said Grady, "I'll make the correction, but you'll take the consequences." Next day he announced the existence of the supposed corpse, but under the head of "Births."

Richard Harding Davis does not care if people know that he "keeps a man." In fact, he rather courts the publicity. In registering recently at a Bryn Mawr Pa., inn, he subscribed himself, "Richard Harding Davis and *valet*." A Philadelphia gentleman immediately followed Davis in registering, and casting a quick glance at the scrawl above, wrote. "Bradley Warburton and valise."—*The Chap Book*.

A popular lecturer, says the *Youth's Companion*, invited by a woman's club to address its members on the business careers now open to the sex, made an excellent talk, and at its conclusion was asked by a pretty young woman to say how these new careers affect a woman's chance of marriage In a quandary how to reply he hesitated but finally arose and repeated the querry: "It's a grave question," he added, "and I cannot settle it, but let me tell you a story that some may think has a bearing thereon:

"In the town where I live there is an old negro named Jacob who is known as Professor. He whitewashes walls and fences, cuts grass and saws wood. A year ago Jacob took a young fellow named Tom as partner. Tom was quick, handy, and obliging and the business of the new firm increased. The Professor's hovel and cart bore the sign Jacob & Co. in large charcoal lettering. In a comparatively brief time, however, Tom disappeared, and the 'Co.' was blotted from the signs. 'Where's Tom?' I asked the old man. 'I know 'nuffin about Tom,' he answered. 'Don' want no sich partner as dat.' 'What was wrong, Jacob? He seemed industrious and clever.' 'Clever enough! Kin saw an' mow an' handle de brush 's well as I kin. But he took to wearin' my clo'es, 'n' smokin' my pipe, 'n' callin' himself de actin' pardner in de firm. Don' know he's place. He jes' t'ought he war me—*me*. Den, sah, I broke de pardnership.'"

The little King of Spain had for his lesson, the other day, the mottoes of the different European countries. He got as far as England, and promptly recited "Dieu et mon Droit," and then abruptly asked, "What is the motto of America?" Count Z ——, who happened to be in the room at the time, answered, "Dieu et Mon roe" (Monroe).

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

THE MUTUAL OBLIGATION.

In a recent paper W. D. Howells takes a particularly lofty stand in an attempt to answer the question, old as recorded time: "Who is my brother?"

In brief, the Howells's reply is that every man is every other man's brother and that the tie of blood should not be considered as sacred or as close as the tie of association and mutual environment. In his conception of an ideal, perhaps Mr. Howells is right. If ever he expects to see any degree of realization, he is a dreamer, a gentle dreamer who but spins a vision into a pleasing tale, and rears hopes that wither in the light of reason. There are many minds that have conceived the same dream, and here and there it has found expression. One who is history's noblest figure, and who died on Calvary, died because he had had this dream and had tried with its radiance to dispel the darkness that enwrapped the world.

But selfishness was the rule of action long before the Cross bore its burden, and the veil of the temple was rent in twain. Since Cain smote his kin to death there has been no general exception among individuals and absolutely none among peoples. Ever the strongest has had sway, and to-day nations stand armed against nations, while even the missionaries sent to bear the gospel to the isles of the sea sometimes come to possess the lands whither they went to teach. Communities spring into existence as the crystallization of the yearning for universal brotherhood, and are shattered in due course. Only the longing for brotherhood is there; selfishness at last sweeps the chimera away.

The see-saw of life has never found a balance and rested there. When one man has risen to fame another has been claimed by obscurity. Where one has become rich the clutch of poverty has tightened upon the throat of another. Such a thing as general equality is impossible. Behind such a proposition is the lesson of the ages. Men are not alike. If they could have the same starting point the impetus of varying intelligences would send them to different stages along the path of life. A man must use the spade, and his fellow must make the laws of the land, write its books, become part of its history. Ditches must be digged, but mighty deeds must be wrought.

There is one potent element in civilization that is lightly considered when theorists speculate on the loveliness of the day when all shall fraternally clasp hands and each labor for the good of the rest. This element is made up of the criminals, not unfortunates, forced, perhaps, by circumstances that might be amended, into lives of evil, but the natural criminal, the one with his nature molded awry, who comes into being with the stamp upon his soul of some foulness done by an ancestor long forgotten dust. Whose brother is such an one? Nobody wants to be brother to a Holmes or a Durrant. Let them be put into prison and reformed? There is a depth of malevolence for which no reformation exists. Let them be put to death? The heart rebels when to slay a brother becomes a duty. Until the criminal class can be utterly abolished there can be no great progress toward universal brotherhood, and ahead of crime, poverty must go. The heavens rolling up as a scroll would be a physical change no more startling than would the moral change that would involve the elimination of the obstacles now between this dream and the distant reality it represents.

The actual criminal displays only an aggravated type of selfishness. To declare that the world owes one a living is to have the criminal's instinct, but to lack his courage. One content to live in idleness and eat unearned bread, can, if he be observant, descry in the act of the footpad his own shortcomings taking form. The footpad goes upon the highway, demands the gold for which another has striven, and may be sent to a cell. The more cowardly idler weakens the social fabric by gnawing stealthily, and cannot be caught. Selfishness, however, does not necessarily assume either guise. The employer who oppresses his workmen, the workmen who oppress their employer, or the blatant disturber who fattens by the friction he creates between capital and labor, all are governed by the same rule.

One seeing the ills that beset may cry out for their removal. If poor in purse, he is a demagog; if rich, he is insincere. In either case he is viewed as a radical nuisance by the world at large, set down as a crank, pointed to as an example to be avoided.

These are the simple facts of life. Over against them is the dream of universal brotherhood, a sweet and fleeting fancy, painted by the mind that sorrow has mellowed or that the weight of years has robbed of passion.

ATHLETICS IN AMERICA.

More wreaths of olive were captured at Athens by Americans than by French, German, and English athletes combined. The Princeton and Boston boys have given to the United States a standing in athletics which places us at once as a leader in the sports of the track. In future no international games will be complete without the presence of the American. As the world is taking a very lively interest in games of all sorts this recognition has a distinctive value in its effect upon the estimate placed on the people of the United States by other peoples. Probably a more favorable impression has been made on Europeans by the exhibition of the skill and prowess given by these American boys, than by any other event since the Columbian Exposition. The world has not yet become indifferent, and we hope never will, to acts of physical daring, skill, and strength. Notwithstanding all that idealists may preach there is as much respect paid in this day of higher civilization to a good right arm as in any other day. Power is the god to whom all bow.

The Anglomaniac is a detestable creature, deserving only of jibes and sneers, but there is an intelligent imitation of certain English customs which is worthy. The most beneficial result which has followed from close social contact with England is the stimulus for outdoor sports which America has received. It is hardly ten years since it was regarded as undignified for a man of years and station to take part in athletics. There were a few oarsmen, one here and there who clung to the baseball field, but the college men as a rule gave up their athletics with their Virgil and Homer. Now, however, professional men find no embarrassment in having a love for sport. The writer has seen a Harvard professor, the Governor of Massachusetts, a lawyer, and a college student at tennis. Secretary Olney, as we have recently read in the papers, is a tennis devotee. Golf, however, is the more popular game among Eastern men of years, and in England, according to Secretary Chamberlain, no man can be considered a statesman who doesn't play golf.

One of the reasons for the remarkable popularity of the bicycle is that it was invented and became practical at a time coincident with the rise of the athletic spirit in our people. More wheels are to be found in America than anywhere else, and this is not only due to the larger proportion of Americans financially able to own wheels, but to the fact that as yet we have a narrower range of sports which all may enjoy. Just as we discovered that it was necessary to live out of doors and exercise in the air part of the time the wheel came along and we jumped on and have made wheeling to-day the National sport. Since baseball became a professional sport there has been no game in which all classes indulged until the bicycle arrived.

At this time there are more American men and women enjoying out-door exercise than there ever were before. This statement is hardly subject to doubt or qualification. More matter is published in our papers concerning amateur sports than is published on any other one subject. Within a decade the American people have been transformed from one taking but little exercise in the open air to one living a considerable portion of the time on the tennis court, the wheel, the yacht, the football or baseball field. This change must make for the physical and mental improvement of the people. Less will be heard in future of dyspepsia as the universal American complaint. Along with sound, strong bodies will come active minds, and from a good-working stomach and liver must follow a clear head. There will be less that is flabby in mind and body.

The universities have done a considerable share in developing this healthful love of exercise. The boys who have had football and tennis at college are loth to give up their sports when they return home. They become leaders in their communities, stimulate others and make their games fashionable. Inter-collegiate games, though sometimes unnecessarily rough, are indispensable as promoters of rivalry which leads to serious training and the ambition to excel. There can be no enjoyment where there is no competition. The man who meets with no opposition soon gives up the effort. The game of solitaire is not the most exciting of games, yet it is made endurable only by the element of chance which fights against the player. All true sports develop the spirit that makes good business men, successful men of any kind, and instead of developing a race of

worthless "sports" they develop men quick of thought and action, men of courage and of will.

There is much to be hoped for of an improving nature in the interest now taken throughout America in athletic sports. Our victories at Athens will not be the last to which the attention of Europe will be called. But then victories are of less value to us than the universal love of outdoor sports which lies back of them.

MUST THE MIRACLE GO?

One of the characteristics of modern progress in thought is the rejection of the supernatural. This rejection is not a mere iconoclastic tendency, not designed to discredit records that have long been reverently accepted. On the contrary it seeks to explain by natural laws circumstances that must either be thus explained, or, in this latter day when the evolution of the world has been traced from remote ages, be looked upon as visionary, and unable to sustain the history of which they have become part. The miracle, subjected to the test of reason, may be a remarkable occurrence, and yet one so wholly possible that its relation in no way casts doubt upon the context.

When it is read that the sea was divided, and the water stood up as two walls between which the children of Israel passed in safety, doubt at once springs into the mind familiar with the properties of water. When these walls are said to have fallen and engulfed the pursuers, the doubt is in no manner lessened. But when a scientist who is a student of the Bible, a minister of the power of Lyman Abbott, declares from the pulpit that the action of the sea was simply that due to tide and wind, that where the crossing might once be easily made, at another time it would be impossible, reason is glad to welcome the explanation; not as overthrowing sacred history, but as establishing it on a firm basis. The poetry that appears in Scripture, some of it rising to unequaled grandeurs, proves that the writers of early days were guided by the instincts that are common to writers of the present. Poetic license is as old as the art of writing.

The nineteenth century comes nearer being the age of miracles than any other of which there can be definite knowledge. Such wonders have been accomplished that the very faculties of comprehension seem dazed. It would be almost beyond human power to outline a scheme so preposterous that the rest of the world would have the right to laugh at it in advance. When it has become common to see through solids, as solids have been understood, we can be prepared for almost anything. An instrument now projects light through a brick or a beam. Only a few months ago the scientist bold enough to assert that such a feat would ever be done would have been laughed to scorn. If he were now to announce his ability to walk through a wall without disturbing the mortar or endangering his own anatomy, people would be if incredulous at least respectfully so.

The nineteenth century, then, could not well be a time of arbitrary unbelief. It is rather a season for the quickening of faith by calling attention to apparent triumph over known laws. Yet, in each step forward, though at first there may be mystery, sooner or later there is explanation. The natural desire is to have the so-called "miraculous" similarily explained, and doubtless only the lapse of centuries and the insufficiency of detail prevent. In instances such as the one cited by the Reverend Lyman Abbott elucidation yet remains an easy task, although the preacher rash enough to undertake it must expect a storm about his ears, and Mr. Abbott has not been permitted to experience disappointment in this respect.

It is wisdom on the part of people who desire the Bible to continue to hold among the intelligent the place that has long been accorded it, not to rebel against the Abbotts of the pulpit with their explanations. Let the wind and the tides be given a part to sustain, for then appeal is made to the mentality, and the scoffer finds to his dismay that he has nothing left at which to scoff. He has been railing at the style of a descriptive writer, and allowed the imagery of the early poet to lead him into error. Belief in miracles, it is almost useless to state, is waning. That some of the miracles excite a feeling akin to ridicule is equally true, but the consequences are not grave, and apprehension concerning them is useless. Divested of its fanciful wrappings, the miracle reveals itself as a fact, an incident, perhaps the beginning of an epoch. It takes on new dignity, and faith clashes no more with the teachings of science.

AN INDUSTRIAL RENAISSANCE IN JAPAN.

It is hard for a Westerner to conceive, almost impossible for him to appreciate, the change that has come over the spirit of Japanese institutions within the last thirty years. It can only be judged by its results, results that have crushed the power of China, made a new nation of the Koreans, and have altered all pre-existing maps of the East.

The change, however, though permanent, has not been radical; has not penetrated to the roots and life-springs of the nation; Japan emotionally remains the same; her art, literature, drama, all her ethical character is as it ever has been—as we hope it ever will be—thoroughly, essentially Japanese. The greatest physical revolutions cannot change a nation's art, this must of necessity be a matter of growth, of slow development, a thing bred into the bones of a whole race, changing only with the slow almost imperceptible changes in the race itself. We can see this in our own harsher civilization: our art, our drama, our literature during the last century have remained almost stationary when compared to the tremendous, breathless leaps of science.

It is in no wise different with the Japanese. In the matters of surgery, road-building, diplomacy, and war they are abreast of the foremost nations of the Occident; while their pottery, painting, poetry, and the like are still as far behind ours as they always have been, and we think will be for many years to come.

This curious anomaly of irregular—one might almost say abnormal—growth is, no doubt, due to the curious conditions of Japanese civilization. In the external manifestations of their life—such manifestations as are not ethical—the people are in a perpetual state of unrest, in unceasing movement, in changeless change. Their religion—at least such of it as they derive from Buddhism—is largely responsible for this. Buddhism teaches them that there is nothing permanent; that all things visible must needs soon pass away and come to nothing; that earthly life is but an episode in the great drama of creation; that nothing lasts; that all things change. This tendency against solidifying, this aversion to stability, leaves the people—at least upon their intellectual side—in a state of receptivity perfectly adapted to the assimilation of new ideas and methods. There is no conservatism among them, no clinging to the old things. In Japan there are few old things to cling to. Houses are built for a season's use; shoes are bought for a week's wear, and even certain temples must be destroyed once every quarter-century. It is the new, the untried, and the novel that interests and allures. This mobility is not limited to methods of thought only. It is a physical as well as psychological fact. The Japanese, especially of the lower classes, is continually on the move. If work fails him at Kyoto, he can travel—if needs be—to Kumamato in search of it, and can start almost on a minute's notice. His belongings are few, his wants fewer, and—most important of all, perhaps—he is free from all associations or traditions binding him to one particular spot, one district of the country, any one city. It needs no great argument to show how this temperament, and these faculties of easy change stand him in good stead, and how, possessing them, his lot can be made infinitely easier than that of his more sluggish brother of the Western World.

It is not that which a man posseses that is conducive to his happiness, but that which he can learn to do without. For the Japanese workman one garment and a modicum of rice suffice. But the laboring-man of America and Europe must have at least a have dozen articles of dress, a varied diet of meat and vegetables, a permanent home, bedding, shoes, etc. In the words of Lafcadio Hearn, "Japan may well be grateful to her two great religions, the creators and preservers of her moral power: to Shinto, which taught the individual to think of his emperor and of his country before thinking either of his own family or of himself; and to Buddhism, which trained him to master regret, to endure pain, and to accept as an eternal law the vanishing of things loved and the tyranny of things hated."

MANAGEMENT OF STREET RAILWAYS.

With Mr. Vining, Superintendent of the Market-street railway system, the writer has no personal acquaintance. One may hear a variety of reports concerning his mental characteristics and his attitude toward the public. His friends cheerfully testify to the fact that he is a quiet and unobtrusive gentleman; but, whatever he may be, he has come unfortunately into public view, and, in some manner, seemingly inexplicable, has engaged the hostility of the press, and has been made a target for the fellow who hurls noisy epithets against his employer. Just why this should be so is problematical, and is unfortunate, to boot. It cannot be said that the feeling of personal hostility toward him is due the fact that he was "imported from Omaha," as one public speaker recently declared; for Mr. Kruttschnitt is a stranger to California, but no one has ever heard so much as an unkind reference to him. Mr. Kruttschnitt is a scholarly man, a close student of railway affairs, and attends so closely to his business as to be almost a recluse; still one hears nothing but kindly words of his ability and of his manner. So far as Mr. Vining is concerned, we have yet to see the first complaint against him that would not, if closely scrutinized, vindicate his course; but it is not all-sufficient to be right. In dealing with the public, even though you have a knowledge of the rectitude of your course, it is not always wise to proceed toward its accomplishment, without paying some apparent deference to public opinion. The innovation of the transfer man, who stands at Third and Market Streets, has caused a world of adverse comment. It is not a new idea in the street-car business, but is a common thing in most of the large Eastern cities, and is apparently the only means of checking the abuse of transfer privileges. That the privilege is abused—and outrageously abused, for that matter—few will deny.

One of the most recent lines of attack made against Mr. Vining appeared in the *Examiner*, in which a great hubbub was raised about the increase in the number of damage suits filed against the Market Street Company during the eighteen months of Mr. Vining's superintendency. By means of a tabulated statement, these suits are compared in number and in importance with the suits and the amounts involved in actions for damages brought during the eighteen months preceding Mr. Vining's coming. Editorially, the *Examiner* said:

> The difference in the number of ante-Vining and post-Vining damage suits is too great to be a simple coincidence. There is only one possible way, as far as we can see, in which the manager can shift part of the responsibility for it. There has been an extensive invasion of the principal streets by trolley lines within the past eighteen months, and Mr Vining may say that the trolley is such an inherently dangerous device that it is to blame for all the increased mortality under his administration.

Of course, the *Examiner's* comparison is unfair in other respects than those which it tacitly admits in the above quotation. Unless memory be at fault, the Omnibus Cable Railway system (the mileage of which is about the same as that of the Market Street system) was consolidated with the Market Street just prior to the coming of Mr. Vining, and any comparison of damage suits, to have any weight or meaning, must be made between the present consolidated system and the former Market Street and Omnibus systems combined. Such a charge as the *Examiner* makes, however, is not convincing of anything, unless it be an open confession that Mr. Vining's critics are hard pushed for damaging facts upon which to base tangible complaints against him. No one supposes Mr. Vining deliberately lays traps to injure or kill passengers or wayfarers, or that he spends sleepless nights devising means of increasing damage suits.

It is regrettable that the demagog cannot let our street railways alone. San Francisco possesses a railway system that compels the admiration of every Eastern and European visitor. It is an enterprise that should awaken civic pride, rather than provoke open hostility. Undoubtedly we have one of the best equipped street railway lines in the world, carrying passengers for the smallest piece of money current in the West. When the *Examiner* and the other daily papers demand a reduced fare because passengers are carried for less money on some few lines in some few cities in the East, they lose sight of the fact that conditions there are altogether different from those prevailing here, and the only wonder is that fares are not lower in the East. One may buy in New York for one cent a newspaper beside which the *Examiner*, as newspapers go, is nothing, yet that journal charges five cents for its publication. If the residents of the Richmond or any other district could enhance the value of their property by compelling the newspapers to reduce prices, the "Improvement Clubs" would be found ready and willing to encourage an agitation to compel Mr. Hearst to make sacrifices; as they are now seeking to force the railway corporation to suffer a depreciation in the value of its property, so that the twenty-foot lots west of the cemeteries may enjoy a corresponding increase. A decrease in the price of our daily newspapers would be something of a public calamity, however, if circulation would be increased by such reduction.

Some one has said that selfishness is the controlling trait of mankind, and probably it is, for it is a most natural vice. This sentiment often finds open expression in the action of communities, and we are learning now how far interested men may go toward stripping away one man's property and property rights in the name of Public Welfare, that he may increase the value of his own property.

If you can bring yourself to realize the actual condition of affairs, presented by this demand for reduced fares, it will not be difficult to understand why the man of capital is decidedly shy in his local investments. The Richmond and Point Lobos Districts without a street railway would to-day be a dreary stretch of drifting sand dunes. With some enterprise, street railways were projected across this desolate waste, and the unpromising territory hitherto unavailable for residence purposes opened up to settlement. Men of moderate means, and men of small means, attracted by prevailing low prices went into the territory in considerable numbers, and erected small houses. The railway line made this settlement possible; its proper maintenance makes further growth certain. The distance from the center of the city and the necessary expenditures for

horse-car fare were both factors taken into consideration in fixing the selling price of real estate in that section, and the purchasers and present owners reaped all the advantage thereof. Since the construction of the road the value of the property has more than doubled; trebled and quadrupled in many cases. The whole neighborhood reaped the vast benefit through the change, and families who hitherto had lived in flats and tenements had homes placed within their reach by the enterprise of others. Just now it has come the turn of the "lot owners" to show their enterprise. They are not slow about it, nor are they overmodest in their demands. They propose by joint action to compel their benefactor, the street car line, to reduce its fare fifty per cent. If, by noisy demonstrative and unanimous action of this neighborhood, the railway could be forced to give fifty dollars out of every hundred of its earnings, the twenty-five-foot-lot man out in Richmond would reap a distinct advantage. His property would increase in value. The corporation's loss would be his gain.

Apply to your own business the method of control proposed by these gentlemen, and you will dimly appreciate one of the exasperating and peace-destroying cares and burdens that go hand-in-hand with railroad ownership. These interested "lot-owners" held a meeting—a meeting to determine how much they would permit the railway company to charge for its services. The Chairman announced that the "club would advocate" two and one-half cents reduction, and, as Richmond is never "backward" where there is any "work in improvement" to be done, the Point Lobos Club will be found going ahead. The gentleman then proceeds to discuss in an easy, free-handed manner, the relative fairness of compelling a reduction of two and one-half cents as against three cents. He finally decided to his satisfaction that two and one-half cents would be about right, and another gentleman, belonging to the Richmond District Improvement Association, said—and he said it with a certainty that indicated he spoke by the card—that his Club "was in favor of two and one-half cents, but not three cents.' This announcement seemed to settle the matter, for no one had the temerity to breathe of "three cents" thereafter. Another member of the Southside Improvement Club declared that his locality would get all it asked for in the way of "improvement," because the residents fought for it. This belligerent attitude was warmly welcomed by the members of the other "Improvement" clubs and a general bellicose feeling pervaded the meeting. A Presidio Heights Improvement Club member advocated "a two and one-half cents reduction." He was certain, just as certain as his predecessors, that it would be a good thing for the corporation. Among these gentlemen, who very wisely and very gravely discussed the reduction of the fares to be charged on another man's property, it was generally conceded that in case of reduction the transfer privileges would be abolished by the railway and that two or three fares would be necessary to reach some points in the city. This, it was generally conceded, might work a hardship in some cases and bring the aggregate of street car fares for some unlucky fellows up to seven and one-half cents; but one of the "Improvers" present was equal to this emergency, and confidently declared that he believed this to be a matter which could be arranged with the Railroad Commission, particularly as the "Company had no right, in his mind, to withdraw the privileges it had once granted."

Can the reader as a banker, as a merchant, or as a man following any calling or profession apply this proceeding to his own business? Is it not an exasperating and outrageous movement, kept alive by selfishness and carried on under the miserable subterfuge of Public Welfare? In the East street car fares are uniformly five cents; there are but few—very few—exceptions. We grow sick and tired of such agitations. Of course, a cowardly daily press, with an eye single to the subscription list, encourages the "Improvers," and the cause of righteousness goes merrily along. Next our burglars and housebreakers will organize and dub themselves "Improvement Clubs."

THE PRACTISE OF SUBSTITUTION.

If there is any business in which one must be able to repose a certain confidence in the strict integrity of the proprietor, it is that of the druggist. A potent prescription from the best physician is worse than useless if it is compounded or placed in the hands of an incompetent druggist, for if the ingredients be impure, or if in quantity or quality it be lacking or different in any respect from what was contemplated by the man of medicine who wrote the prescription, then its power to effect the result contemplated is to that extent destroyed. It is a difficult thing to discover and convict a man of deceit, but it is safe to say that a druggist who will perpetrate one fraud will not hesitate to perpetrate another. The crime of "substitution" (morally it is a crime and it should be so legally) prevails to an extent far greater, and with effects more disastrous, than the common run of people imagine. It is a frequent trick among the cheaper class of druggists, if one inquires for a remedy having a reputation extending over years, for the man of pills and powders to attempt to palm off some of his wares as "just as good" or "better" than the one asked for. Even a community of fools would not regard with respect a man who allowed his druggist to substitute for his physician's prescription a mess which he had himself compounded and declared to be "just as good" or "better" than the prescription; and it is just as foolish and just as dangerous to accept from a local druggist, in lieu of some well-established and non-secret remedy, a substitute which he, often falsely, claims "was put up by myself, and I know it is pure." Scattered throughout the country are a number of small institutions known as "manufacturing pharmacies," which trade upon the credulity of the public and the cupidity of the druggist by putting up imitations of standard remedies generally with weak and diluted drugs. These preparations are distributed in different localities, and each bears the name and label of the local druggist, and appears upon its face to be home-made. There is a danger in such preparations, and it should be a fraud to manufacture or sell them.

"The Wave" recently contained an advertisement of a new remedy which contained the statement, "This remedy is not for sale at drug stores." Inquiry developed the fact that the proprietor of the medicine had refused to allow drug stores to handle his preparation because the moment he created a demand therefore by means of advertising, which he was engaged in to the extent of thousands of dollars, the druggist would reap all the advantage and palm off upon the customer some of his own wares which were "just as good" or "better." If one cares to test the strict integrity of his druggist he can find no better method than by trying him on the "substitute" proposition. It will be safe to say that if your druggist attempts to palm off on you some preparation of his own in lieu of that for which you ask, that he will be likely to be a party to a still greater fraud, and it will be well to select as a compounder of your prescriptions a man who will not resort to such cheap imposition. So widely has this practise grown that it has cut into the legitimate business to the extent, probably, of millions of dollars a year. It might be well for the wholesale manufacturers of such remedies to establish joint agencies for the handling of their goods, or they might refuse to sell to druggists who were discovered dealing in "substitutes." If the manufacturers could unite in the latter suggestion it would soon put an end to "substitution."

THE REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES.

The Republicans have just had two primaries, the Burns wing presiding over the first, and the Spreckels interest engineering the second. The *Call* pronounced the latter affair the "cleanest primary ever held in San Francisco," and announces that professional men who never appear at primaries participated at this, because they knew that a vote against the "inside" would not be thrown away. The *Chronicle*, on the other hand, tells us that the Spreckels "push" stuffed the ballot-boxes, excluded from the polls citizens who would not accept the Spreckels' slate, and says even the workers are by no means satisfied with the result. The *Examiner* ascribes the quiet of the primary to a conviction among the voters that all protest against the ticket was ineffective, inasmuch as inspectors and judges had to stand by the men whom the Spreckels interest had indorsed. There was opposition, of course, but the workers were made soon to realize that the enemy was entrenched, besides there was a Central Committee empowered to canvass results in Mr. Spreckels' own headquarters. To quote again from the *Chronicle*, we are told that in the 39th District 265 votes were cast at one polling-place, within half an hour after the booth opened, which is 8 tickets a minute. But then the *Call* assures us that prominent citizens in the Western Addition "formed lines at the polling-place and waited their turns to exercise at the fountain of political power the most important privilege of citizenship."

Conflicting statements of this character are somewhat embarrassing to the ordinary reader, who is rather at a loss, in view of disagreement between these organs of public opinion, to decide where he is at. Is it possible that Mr. Spreckels is ruling things with as high a hand as the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* state? Or is it that he is merely demonstrating his "strong character, moral worth, and executive ability," to which the *Call* alludes so gracefully? "The Wave" is deeply interested in the cause of refrom politics, and devoted much of its space last year to the discussion of various measures whereby the primaries might be purified. Yet, we find it hard to reconcile the expressions of virtue which the *Call* makes with the fact that the vote on this particular occasion exceeded that which was recorded in San Francisco at the last Gubernatorial election for M. M. Estee. There are many strange things in politics, however. Maybe it is the enthusiasm which Mr. Spreckles's leadership evokes which brought out so large a vote; but even enthusiasm hardly explains the casting of eight votes per minute, as was the case in the Thirty-ninth District. This procedure, we are certain, does not enjoy his countenance, and it is a consolation to believe that the protest of Mr. E. J. Martin, who makes various accusations of fraud, will obtain a hearing and real justice. Mr. Martin declares in the *Examiner:*

"We made [illegible] Mr. Martin. "Not a single one was allowed. We [illegible] of the number of times certain men voted. Each time they repeated we objected, informing the judges that we were [illegible]. They only laughed at us. We [illegible] This was refused in every instance. I am satisfied that the judges cast votes by the handful and then scratched names off the register at random. At any rate, we have quite a list of citizens who could not vote, because their names have been scratched off. Others who voted at the last election were not allowed to vote because the judges declared that their names were not on the register. This we knew to be false."

Another Republican, Mr. R. P. Hall, declares:

"We were not able to accomplish anything, but we know how many votes, repeaters and all, have been cast and can so get at the extent to which the judges have stuffed the box. Captain Sutton of 323 Twenty-second Street and G. Johnson of 200 Twenty-third Street were not allowed to vote because they refused to tell the judges whether they voted for Estee or Budd. A man named Ryan from Bernal Heights voted seven times to my knowledge. Another repeater voted as 'Daniel M. Cline, 2720 Twentieth Street,' although that street ends at the 500 block. The next man, Sam Elliott, who has lived in the district twenty-three years, was not allowed to vote, the judges declaring that he was not registered. The repeaters sometimes had the grace to change hats or put on different overcoats. That was only once in a while."

We feel sure, however, that Mr. Spreckels's intention is to administer politics with that regard for morality and virtue which the *Call* ascribes to him. As this journal is presumed to be his own organ, it is qualified to speak accurately on the subject, so we look forward with great interest to the disposition Mr. Spreckels will make of these various protests.

In the meantime, the divergence of opinion among our three great organs of morning opinion is worthy the consideration of citizens and Democrats.

The San Pedro and Santa Monica controversy now stirring up the people of Los Angeles County is hardly understood north of Tehachapi. Up here it is supposed to be a fight between Mr. Huntington, who is said to own all the land about Santa Monica, and Mr. Some-one-else, who owns all the land at San Pedro. This is not so. Mr. Huntington is reported to have large interests adjacent to each place. There are three proposed harbors down on the Southern Coast—one at San Pedro, one near Point Firmin, and another near Santa Monica, known as Port Angeles. Owners of property adjacent to these several proposed ports are all anxious for government appropriations, to secure which they have organized a bitter and very noisy fight. This accounts for the war of words telegraphed to the daily press during the season of flower shows and fiestas. Of course, harbors are not located to serve speculators. Communities are to be benefited and the general public served. Los Angeles, as the metropolis of the South, has a far deeper interest in the proper selection of the Southern harbor of the future than have either the inhabitants of San Pedro, Port Angeles, or Port Firmin. The coastwise trade of Los Angeles proceeds mainly from the North. Passengers from San Francisco, leaving the steamer at Santa Monica, reach Los Angeles and their homes and hotels before the steamer by which they came has even reached San Pedro harbor. Here is a distinct saving of time which is important to Los Angeles. Northbound freight and passenger business has, of course, similar advantages. A large number of the merchants of Los Angeles, who, after all, are to have—or should—a controlling voice in this matter, have already expressed their views strongly in favor of the Port Angeles or Santa Monica harbor. The present heated controversy will probably end in no appropriation by the present Congress for either harbor. Two appropriations are now before that body—one for San Pedro, and the other for Santa Monica. Both will probably die abornin'. And the San Pedro man will learn that it is not wise to bite off your nose to spite your face.

William Waldorf Astor is not yet popular in England, nor has he obtained any serious foothold in London Society. The Countess of Cork, Lady Coventry, and a few similar hostesses, have opened their doors to him, Lady Cork even acting as his social sponsor. But the really great houses, such as those of the Duchesses of Buccleuch, Portland, and Westminster, of the Countess Cowper, etc., are closed to him because the great English nobles strongly resent the advent upon the scene of American multi-millionaires who are possessed of incomes as big as or bigger than their own, with no corresponding obligations. He has quarreled also with many prominent people by evincing oddities of manner and peculiarities which his great fortune cannot excuse.

There are three things that Eleanor Duse cannot abide—fish, Chicago, and the American reporter. Her business manager, on the occasion of her first visit to America, tried in vain to obtain her consent to be interviewed. She absolutely refused, and has adhered to her determination since that time. The face of the great actress does not conform to the popular ideas of beauty; in fact, it is positively plain. Its chief attraction lies in its power of expression, which can only be appreciated when Duse is speaking—especially when speaking the lines of her role.

BANDY CALLAGHAN'S GIRL.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

This story is about a certain street-car conductor named Bandy Callaghan. It all happened because of a Chinaman, who once rode on Bandy's car and in some way managed to cheat him out of five dollars. Bandy had to make good the amount at the "Old Man's" office, but he remembered that his Chinaman was marked with leprosy in a peculiar way, and so filled a piece of rubber hose with sand and hid it in the lamp-box against the possibility of meeting him again.

Some time after this Bandy got the receiver of his bell-punch plugged with punch-wads, and took it down to a gunsmith's on Kearny Street not far from the old Plaza to have it cleaned. As he could not call for it until he was off duty, about midnight, he arranged to have the gunsmith leave it at a neighboring saloon. When it was finished Bandy called for it there and started home, taking a short cut through Chinatown. According to his system of reckoning it was 12:27, for, if you will notice, a conductor always tells you the time with great exactness as to the minutes.

On the corner of Washington and Dupont, under a lamp-post, he caromed against a Chinese with traces of leprosy across his nose and eyes like a pair of spectacles. Bandy grabbed him at once by the slack of his blouse.

"Gi' me my five dollars," he said, breathing through his nose. "I knew I'd find you again some day."

The Chinaman wrenched back from him and his lip drew tight across his teeth.

"Wha's mäar 'you?" he snarled. "I no sabe you. Wha's you want, you?"

"I want my five dollars," answered Bandy, taking a fresh hold, "an' I want it quick."

"Wha's mäar 'you?" repeated the other angrily, "I no sabe you fi' dollar. Wha's mäar 'you?" and he called Bandy a bad name which is the first English expression that a Chinaman learns. Bandy had his arm crooked to strike, when the coolie slipped away from him like a lizard and fled up Dupont Street toward Jackson; Bandy reached after him, missed him, and then gave chase.

Now, it is not good to try to run down a Chinaman in Chinatown at night, and none but a detective who has made the quarter a study would ever attempt it. In the first place you are not likely to catch your man, and in the second you are very likely to get into trouble. Bandy, because he did not know the rules of the game in Chinatown and because he was very close to the thief and because he was bent upon getting back his five dollars, closed in upon the coolie's tracks, followed around the corner of Jackson Street, and as he dodged down a miserable alley a few doors above Dupont, turned in after him, scarcely three yards behind.

Bandy's man dived into a door that looked like the entrance to a tan-room and slammed it behind him, but Bandy's foot was already between the door and the jamb, he flung the door open again and continued the pursuit down the corridor that ended at the head of a long flight of narrow stairs leading down into inky obscurity. It seemed like wilful self-destruction to go on now, but five dollars are five dollars when you get them by hourly instalments of twenty-two cents, and besides Bandy was so close to the fleeing coolie that he thought to overtake him at every step.

More stairways and galleries, passageways so low that Bandy had to bow his head to proceed, so narrow that at times he was obliged to advance sideways. Then he paused, panting for breath in the fetid reek of the underground atmosphere. He had lost his coolie, and now was lost himself.

Then all in a moment he grew thoroughly frightened and desperate; he plunged back through the maze of passages that were like tunnels in a mine, with his arms outstretched and with the readiness to fight a death-fight with any one who opposed him. In the darkness he stumbled down a pair of steps and fell against a green-painted door, with an iron-latticed hole near its top. The door was unfastened, and yielded as he struck it. He pitched forward into a very small and dimly lighted room, but sprang up in an instant looking about, his teeth and fists shut tight.

The room was a little larger than an ocean-liner's stateroom, and like a stateroom was surrounded on three sides by tiers of bunks. Besides these, there were two mattresses on the floor, and on a very low teak-wood table in the middle of the room were an American student's lamp, with a green shade, and a tray full of pipes. The whole place was full of a pungent blue haze of smoke. There were three Chinamen asleep in as many of the bunks, and on one of the mattresses a fourth was "coiled," half stupefied and lazily smoking. Bandy had stumbled into an opium den in full blast.

The sleepers awoke and bundled themselves out upon the floor, and he on the mattress reached out for the lamp. Bandy kicked his hand away and drew the lamp toward him. They all crowded together in one corner, blinking and chattering; one of them cried out to him and said: "You no take-um lock-up; find-um boss, take-um boss, we no sabe, you go find boss, all same take-um boss."

Bandy was puzzled; they evidently thought that this was a raid, and that he was a policeman, but why? Ah! exactly, he knew now; his conductor's uniform with its blue cloth and brass buttons; he was thinking very fast and felt that he must act on every thought; he could not afford to hesitate, letting them have time to discover their mistake, he was sure that he was master of the situation and his fear and excitement began to subside.

"Here you," he said, addressing the one that spoke, "I want *you*, come outside into the street with me, go on first and I'll follow you." He had thought by this means to regain the street without letting them know that he was lost and was about to follow the coolie, who had gone out before him, when he stopped short with an exclamation.

His first thought had been that it was another Chinaman, too far gone to wake up with the others. His next, (induced by the sight of a quantity of black hair tumbled about upon the pillow) was that a Chinese woman had found her way to the den and lay there on the mattress drugged and inert. But now the figure stirred, breathed heavily, and threw a bare arm free of the blankets. Bandy shrank back with an oath as he saw that the arm was white.

The horror and cruelty of the thing for a moment turned him cold, and then all his excitement came over him again like a hot wave. He was persuaded the coolies were afraid of him. "Here's what I wanted," he cried; "come back here. This girl's got to go out with me."

They were silent for a moment and then they all rushed together, chattering angrily and stood between him and the door. Without knowing how it had been done, Bandy found that he had wrapped the girl in the blankets. Now he stood and faced them, with one arm supporting her as she leaned limply against him.

Bandy was a young man of limited education and highly colored imagination, apt to take things that happened to him as though they were the scenes of a drama in which he was at once the actor, the author, and the audience. Through all his hurry and excitement he found occasion to appreciate the drama of the present situation and felt heroic at once. It stood him in good stead. He was unwilling to back down now lest it should destroy the effect. With a quickness of eye that was born of the occasion he saw one of the coolies groping toward something on the ground near his feet. Looking down he saw that it was his nickel-plated bell-punch, fallen from his pocket during the moment he was upon the floor, at the same time he knew that the coolie had mistaken it for something else; he did not undeceive him but snatched it up and aimed it at them, shouting:

"It's a forty-eight and it's loaded to the muzzle, damn you all, stand out of the way." They fell back before him and he blundered out into the narrow passage carrying the girl with him.

Behind him he heard the sound of a shrill whistle, and shriller voices calling to each other up and down the tortuous stairways. He went on through the foul murk in a frenzy of excitement speaking all his thoughts aloud, as was his custom when aroused, ignorant of where he was going, and possessed of only one desire—to get above ground again and breathe the clear night air.

And then all his courage and resolution suddenly dwindled away and left him cold and shaking with fear. He knew that he was only a car conductor after all, and had neither the blind recklessness of the tough nor the reasoned obstinacy of the thoroughbred. With every minute of continued suspense he began to think less of the girl and more of himself. The idea of being set upon by Chinamen in that narrow tunnel, like a rat in its hole, filled him with terror, and he raised his voice in a quavering shout for help. He paused a moment and listened; a rising clamor in the gloom behind him prolonged the echo of his cry, while in front of him he heard the noise of feet descending a flight of invisible stairs. It seemed as though he were trapped. The strain of waiting there in the dark for the blow to fall was more than he was made to bear, so letting the girl slip from his grasp, he started forward with another shout and ran with outstretched arms against the blue-coated figure of a policeman upon the stairs in front of him.

At sight of the white face and at sound of the bass voice growling, "What was the matter down here *this* time," Bandy's nerves snapped like a tense harp string, and he burst into weak tears, partly of pure nervousness, partly of joy at his release, partly of shame at his own cowardice, and partly because he had not been able to sustain the heroic role he had assumed.

Five minutes later he was much calmer, and in company with the girl, who was still unconscious, was being driven to the precinct station house in the patrol wagon.

* * * * * * *

Bandy had a "girl" whose name was Miss McCleaverty, and who ran the soda water fountain in a candy store on Polk Street. Miss McCleaverty wore very blonde hair, and imitation aligator skin belts. She exhaled alternate odors of sachet and chocolate caramels, and she knew how to play "My Lady's Bower" and "The Liberty Bell March" on the piano. Bandy thought her radiantly beautiful and divinely gifted.

The next time that Bandy went to see Miss McCleaverty, he told her all about it and was puzzled at her lack of enthusiasm and interest in the matter. She did not seem to care much about the thrilling details, and spoke carelessly of the girl as "this woman," which made him wince. But he finally got her promise to go with him and see the girl at the "Home."

At the "Home" it was quite different, however. As soon as she saw the forlorn little creature, Miss McCleaverty warmed toward her in a way that filled Bandy's simple heart with joy. She sat with her arm around her a long time, got her to talk a little, and left her with the assurance that she would come and see her again as soon as she could.

By the time Bandy saw Miss McCleaverty again she had been out to the "Home" twice, and had found out more about the Girl. "I guess she's Mexican-Spanish," she said to Bandy, "'n it ain't altogether her fault that she's what she is; of course she won't tell me everything, but she's got people in San Diego; 'n there was a fellow—I don't know—'n they ran away together, 'n he didn't do right by her. He left her after awhile, 'n then, well, she met a woman, 'n you know she's awfully young 'n ain't onto herself a little bit, 'n the woman did worse by her than the fellow, 'n she just went all to pieces. But you just bet I'm going to stand right by her 'n get her back to her folks, all right, all right."

"You didn't seem to be stuck on her much at first," observed Bandy.

"Well, I know," assented Miss McCleaverty, vaguely. "But she ain't got a friend in the whole city, 'n she ain't a bit bad, just kinda weak 'n inexperienced, you know. She's just awfully sorry about everything, 'n I mean to help her get set straight again. I tell you what," she went on, "that Home ain't a very nice place for her, b'cause she ain't one of that kind. My aunt was in the store yesterday, 'n I told her all about it, 'n she felt just as I did. She's going to let her come to stay with her until we get word from her folks. She lives way out on Geary Street, you know; she's all alone, 'n it's kinda lonesome like, anyhow."

"Well, say, that's pretty nice," said Bandy, "and it's just awfully good of you. Say, did she ever say anything about me?"

"No," answered Miss McCleaverty. "I guess she's got too many other things to think about."

"She's mighty pretty, don't you think?"

Miss McCleaverty shifted her gum to the other side of her mouth. "I wouldn't call her pretty at all," she responded.

Some time after this Bandy awoke to the fact that he had been visiting at the house on Geary Street as often as he could, and that after one of these visits he spent most of his time in looking forward to the next one. There was little enough that he had in common with the Girl, and heaven knows what they talked about. He thought that he had liked Miss McCleaverty more than any one else, but now he began to see that he had never known what it really meant to care for some one.

"This must be what it is," he said, "when people fall in love."

He felt mortified, too, over the fact that he was unfaithful to Miss McCleaverty, who had been so kind to him.

"She ain't done anything," he observed, to himself, "but I just can't help it."

It came to be tacitly felt between himself and the Girl that Miss McCleaverty should know nothing of his visits, and this mutual understanding seemed in a way to draw them closer together. He began to perceive as well that the Girl was commencing to care for him, but this troubled him as much as it rejoiced him, for he felt that they were not fated for each other, and that no good could come of it all. Meanwhile Miss McCleaverty saw nothing, but continued to do all that she could for her. After a while she succeeded in getting her to tell her all about her parents and had written to them at San Diego; but Bandy could scarcely bear to look Miss McCleaverty in the face.

How the Girl had come into the opium den underneath the tan-shop in St. Louis Place Bandy never knew. It was more than likely she did not know herself, though he was sure she had not been there often. They never spoke of that night between themselves, and Bandy often wondered if she knew what part he had taken in the business.

The house, which was the Girl's temporary home, was far out on Geary Street, and close under Lone

Mountain. Late one afternoon, when their acquaintance was three weeks old, Bandy went out there again as he had done so many times already. As he rang the bell, a woman in the adjoining house, who was watering some geraniums at her open window, called to him, saying:

"Mrs. Flint (this was Miss McCleaverty's aunt) told me as how I was to tell you if you called, that she had gone out and wouldn't be home till late this evening, but the young lady's at home; I guess you can walk right in."

The house was a small one and all on one floor, and Bandy shut the front door sharply behind him, so that the noise might announce his coming. He went into the little front sitting-room and moved about uncertainly, waiting till the Girl should come in. The house was so small that she could not help hearing him. He waited some few minutes, touching the keys of the cheap piano and whistling softly. Then, after a few moments' hesitation, he returned to the entry and called. There was no answer, and he turned back to the sitting-room, assured that she was not in the house. But the next moment he was persuaded of the improbability of this; she never went out under any circumstances, having an unreasonable dread of being seen abroad. Yet in the bare possibility of her having stirred out of doors for once, he sat down and waited for upwards of half an hour.

At the end of this time he jumped up impatiently; it was growing dark, and he was positive she would not have stayed out so long, even if she had gone out at all.

"Can't be," he muttered; "she must be at home." For a second time he went out into the hall and called loud and long, with only latent echoes for response. Her room was at the end of the hall and he could see her door from where he stood. He went up to it and knocked, and then, receiving no answer, tried the knob. The door was locked. "This is getting queerer and queerer," he said, but he was uneasy as he spoke the words. As he turned away perplexed and hesitating, the noise of running water caught his ear; it came from within the room, and was as the noise of water running from the faucet of a stationary wash-stand. Not knowing what to think, he took a couple of turns up and down the hallway, his hands thrust deep in his pockets and his eyebrows knotted in a puzzled frown. The noise of the trickling stream followed him back and forth. It was the only sound throughout the house. "It sounds leery," he said to himself.

Returning to the door, he pulled out his bunch of keys from his pocket and tried one of them in the lock, and drew back in astonishment. The key was on the inside.

"This is funny, too," he muttered, more and more uneasy. "There's no other way out of the room, and how could any one go off and leave that water running, and lock the door from the inside."

He started up suddenly and looked about him, bewildered and excited, drawing his breath quickly.

"Say, there's something wrong; I've got to get into that room."

He worried the key in the door loose with the butt of his pencil, and pushed it till it fell from the lock on the inside of the room. Before he tried again to fit one of his own keys to the lock, he bent down and peered through the keyhole. Then, as he did so, his heart jumped to his throat with a great bound, and stuck there quivering, and he sprang up, beating his hands together, crying out again and again. He had seen nothing in the room, but through the narrow vent of the keyhole was streaming a strangling odor of escaping gas.

For a moment in a frenzy of alarm and excitement he ran back in the front of the house, biting at the ends of his fingers and talking aloud to himself. A pair of disused Indian-clubs stood in one corner of the sitting-room. He caught up one of these and running back to the room splintered the door into long fragments in half a dozen blows.

Inside it was like breathing a vaporous brass, the poisoned air closed around him, and filled his lungs and breast and throat till it seemed as though he must suffocate before he could even reach the window on the other side of the room. It was partly open; he flung it higher still, and turned to the interior of the room. But though there was evidence that she had been there but recently, it was now empty.

He shut off the water and the escaping gas, and sat down on the window edge, bewildered, and gasping for air. Where could the girl have gone? What was the meaning of it all? He glanced around the room for an explanation. His eyes rested on a little table at the bed-side and on it he saw something that explained it all: a little silver pipe and a half-empty package of unboiled opium. That was it, then: unwittingly, she had contracted the dreadful habit, had struggled against it, no doubt, since her rescue, and had succumbed to it at last, had turned on the gas, perhaps accidentally, in the course of her stupor, perhaps with design in a moment of remorse and grief and conscious helplessness, and then drugged by the poisonous fumes and equally poisonous smoke had wandered away into the night. How? Through the window. It was not four feet above the level of the ground; and swinging himself out Bandy saw the print of her feet in the soil.

And where now had she gone? What might not happen to her in her helpless condition?

Lone Mountain is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the city, because it rises very abruptly and very steeply from the surrounding streets and because there are no other hills or tall buildings near by to obscure it. Being thus steep and abrupt there are no houses upon it and no streets, nothing but goat-paths and scrubby brushes, all covered with the red dust of the streets which the trade-winds blow there. There is a great wooden cross upon the top. It was a pretty idea to place it there, because you may see the mountain from almost anywhere in the city, and the cross upon it stands there in its simple isolation, sometimes clear-cut and black against the sun going redly down through the Golden Gate, sometimes blurred and indistinct in the rains and in the fogs, or sometimes silvery with great black shadows in the moon-light; but always there, looking far out over the city, its great arms stretched wide as though in protection and benison.

The house stood at the very foot of the mountain, and Bandy had not taken half a dozen steps into the night—for it was quite dark by this time—before he felt the slope rise under his feet.

By a sudden unreasoned instinct he knew where the Girl had gone, and ran scrambling and panting up the side and paused on the summit.

Below him, the city shrank away and spread out like an unrolled scroll, a blue-gray mass, pierced with many chimney-stacks, that were like the pipes of a great organ, on the unseen keys of which were forever sounded all the notes in the gamut of human happiness and human misery, that united in a single minor chord and rolled upward day and night toward the great and moveless cross with its outstretched arms.

The Girl was lying in the shadow of the cross, her hands reaching toward it and spread out before her, and her face bowed upon the ground. She must have died where she had fallen.

Bandy saw her as she lay thus, far above the turmoil and dirt of the city's streets and in a better air—one that was purer and calmer. She seemed, as she lay, to be quieter and more content than ever before. Above her towered the great cross with its outstretched arms of protection and benison.

Bandy told this story to me some time afterward, when its impressiveness had worn off and he could bear to talk about it. When he had finished telling it, he extended his remarks in comment:

"I don't know," he said, reflectively, "I thought a good deal of that girl at the time, and I guess I made an awful fool of myself over her. And when she died, oh, you don't know—it hurt. I tell you it hurt *bad*. I thought that I just naturally never *would* get over it. But I did get over it you see. Oh yes, I got over it, but just the same there is always something—when I think of it, somehow it makes my throat ache. It's funny, ain't it?"

"But," said I, "where do *you* come in? What was there in it for *you*? What have *you* got left out of it?"

"Oh!" answered Bandy, "I got Miss McCleaverty."

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30, 1894.

ARBORICIDE.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A word of grief to me erewhile:
We have cut the oak down in our isle.

And I said: "Ye have bereaven
The song-thrush and the bee,
And the fisher-boy at sea
Of his sea-mark in the even;
And gourds of cooling shade, to lie
Within the sickle's sound;
And the old sheep-dog's saffron eye
Of sleep on duty's ground;
And poets of their tent
And quiet tenement.
Ah, impious! who so paid
Such fatherhood, and made
Of murmurous immortality a cargo and a trade."

For a hewn oak a century fair,
A wound in earth, and ache in air.

And I said: "No pillared height
With a summer dais over,
Where a dryad fled her lover
Through the long arcade of light;
Nor 'neath Arcturus rolleth more,
Since the loud leaves are gone,
Between the shorn cliff and the shore,
Pan's organ antiphon.
'Twas nameless envy fed
This blow at grandeur's head.
Some green reproach o'erdue,
Degenerate men! ye drew
That for his too plain heavenliness our Socrates ye slew."

—*The Century.*

THE SPRING ART EXHIBIT.

CALIFORNIA PAINTERS AT THEIR BEST AND WORST.

There are a surprisingly large number of good pictures at the Spring Art Exhibit at the Hopkins' Institute this month. Between the exhibit of to-day and those of say a half a dozen years ago, there is a great gulf fixed. The older artists are just as strong as ever, and there are a lot of new men who are doing really excellent work.

One of the best portraits in the exhibit, and the one that will probably attract a great deal of attention, is Peixotto's portrait of Horace Platt, painted for the Bohemian Club. It is a piece of sober, conscientious work, devoid of any cheap and sensational striving after effect—an admirable likeness, well drawn, well posed, well colored. The other portrait by the same artist is a capital full length study in dull yellows, while a third clever bit of work, in an entirely different color note, is a Dutch landscape in subdued grays and browns. It is a little thing, but done in a masterly way.

Mr. Stanton shows an admirable picture over the title, "The Evening of Life." An old peasant woman seated near a cross, knitting, her herd of sheep grazing near at hand. The time of day is late evening. The whole tone of the picture is in half shadow except where the reflection of the afterglow touches the top of the cross and the backs of one or two of the sheep. The main herd of the sheep, handled as one mass of confused shade, is one of the cleverest effects I have seen in some time. The picture is full of a fine quiet sentiment not overdone. Its style, and especially its coloring, are French in the extreme.

Keith is as powerful as ever, particularly in the canvas, "April Showers," a wild, fresh sweep of wind and rain and watery sunlight, suggestive of Turner. It seems to have been painted almost at one sitting, with huge brushes and large palette knives. It is breezy, fresh, exhilarating. Mr. Keith has two very distinct styles of treatment: one, as in the case of "April Showers," that suggests Turner, and the other in the school of Daubigny. The picture that hangs immediately opposite "April Showers," framed in black and lacking a title, is in the latter style, full of strong contrasts of black and green, a little spot of blue sky showing down a vista between the trees, serving as a focus to the color scheme.

Mr. Latimer shows evidence of the influence of Keith in a charming little water color entitled (unfortunately) "Dawn." I say unfortunately, since the early morning effect does not seem to be prominent enough to justify such a title.

Mr. Yelland's "Departing Day" strikes the observer as a less successful effort. The hills in the distance are almost too purple for the bright greens in the foreground. The picture is so composed that there is little or no middle distance where a gradation of color might have been effected.

Mr. Matthews' "Pandora" is a striking composition. Pandora herself in strong values in the midst of the picture, kneeling before the box, while all around are posed certain indistinct shapes and weird, uncertain figures seen in a half light. Besides "Pandora" Mr. Matthews has a large canvas in competition for the Phelan prize. The composition strikes you as a bit unbalanced, but the color is admirable and the scene full of spirit. I should pick this canvas as the winner, Mr. Keith's picture being little more than a fine landscape, while the other entries for the competition are very inferior.

One of the best landscapes on the walls is apt to be overlooked on account of its diminutive size. This is a mere sketch entitled "Landscape Number Two," by Pissis, an effect of cold greens and grays relieved by two spots of red color in the costumes of a couple of figures in the foreground. This, too, is French in its style: the French style of the early part of the century.

Ed. de Saisset's two contributions are well hung and are sure to be noticed. Of the two I vastly prefer the portrait, which is a strong bit of color and handling. The other, "A Study of a Back," pleases me less. The flesh tones are admirable and the general color good; but the drawing seems to be out, especially the line of the back from the shoulder down.

There is a mention-honorable by Jules Pages, an interior in a factory of Montmartre, that is conspicuously hung and is a strong, masterful effort. The color is rich and the handling broad and sketchy. The drawing of the single figure is exceptionally good.

It is almost unfair to the local artists that Verestchagin's enormous canvas representing the execution of the Sepoys should be hung in the same exhibition. Of course, this picture is well-known in San Francisco and needs no notice here, but one returns to it again and again with an interest that never flags and an admiration that never loses its freshness. Here is one of the great world artists, the master himself, and of necessity the other little canvases that surround it must suffer and shrink and dwindle in comparison.

You go away from this picture wondering how any one who can paint at all *could* be content to sit down and paint landscapes or portraits or marines, even when excellently well done, while such tremendous subjects as these can be treated through the same medium of colored earths and linseed oil.

The difficulty of the Italian position will be appreciated by a glance at the map. Adowa, where the defeat of the first of March occurred, is southwest of Massowah. It constitutes the southern apex of a triangle, of which a line drawn from Massowah westward to Kassala forms the base. The garrison at Kassala was too far distant to support the Italian army confronting Menelek north of Adowa; and it was equally impossible to send troops to its relief. The dervishes moving south and east from Kassala, and co operating with the Abyssinians moving north from Adown, would be able completely to envelop the Italian army. In this desperate situation, Italy had no choice save to abandon the struggle or undergo a worse disaster than that at Adowa.

The question "Are Unitarianism and Judaism Identical?" has recently been discussed by Rabbi M. H. Harris and by the *American Hebrew*. The answer is in the negative.

A KING OF FORGERS.

THE STORY OF A CRIMINAL WHO STEALS MILLIONS WITH IMPUNITY.

As the romances of life transcend the imaginings of fiction, so is the veritable "Jim the Penman" greater than his dramatic prototype. Whether he be Jim, Jessamy, or John hardly concerns this story, for his identity is as mysterious as his influence is potent.

Within the past ten years there have been perpetrated on the banks of the United States and England forgeries to the amount of about a million and a half dollars. So cleverly have these crimes been executed, that, in most instances, the thieves escaped detection. Where the police were clever enough to capture the individual who, like Dean or McCloskey, had made off with the money, they found their man but the tool of a higher power—not the counterfeiter himself, merely his agent, his emissary. There exists now the record of a long series of these forgeries, identical in one particular, that they are made on what is called "safety paper." In every instance the precautions of the financial profession have been eluded; the impossible, as in the case of the Nevada Bank draft, apparently achieved. Examining the separate events in their efforts to diagnose the criminal, the theory has been evolved that behind them all is a single individual. There is much evidence to support the assumption in the manner of procedure which the perpetrators have generally followed. A well-defined plan of operation has been pursued, as in Dean's case; the record shows no sign of haphazard expedient or hasty subterfuge. Behind every move is the plan, and though agent or details fail, the perpetrator is not revealed. Indeed, it is questionable if the emissary knows or is known to his principal.

The scheme of action in forgery comprehends three men who in the parlance of their profession are known as the "scratch," the "middle-man," and the "layer-down." The scratch prepares the document—that is, forges the signature or makes the draft which the layer-down has procured. But both draft and information are communicated through a third party, the middle-man. The spoils are divided on the basis that forty per cent belongs to the first while the sixty per cent is divided between the layer-down and the middle-man; the latter, besides being the medium of communication, supplies the "roll," which, in the vernacular, means the three or four thousand dollars which the layer-down places to his credit in the bank marked for spoilation. Of course the risk of detection is altogether borne by the layer-down, which was Dean's role in the late crime, for he alone establishes an identity. He becomes known to a number of people and to be secure from capture must go far afield. Of course when arrested he may inform on his accomplice, but in most instances the police have not persuaded their captive into compromising his friends, who, while in jail, supply him with luxuries and take care of his future on release. Twice have middle-men been arrested but all efforts to wring the great secret out proved unsuccessful. They have told nothing.

The specific instance of Dean's brilliant performance enables one to form the impression of the gang's arrangements. Dean established an office in the *Chronicle* building and made a deposit in the Nevada Bank. Then he laid his plan of operation by going to Chico, where he entered into business relations with the bank. Procuring a draft in exchange for currency, he passed it on to his middle-man who turned the paper over to the "scratch." It proved unavailable, for across its face was stamped the legend, "under one hundred dollars" in red ink. So the layer-down was dispatched then to Woodland; by some occult means he acquired the information about the account of that bank with the Crocker concern, and in accordance therewith he acted; his next draft was prepared on safety paper, the amount properly punched on top. Just how long the scratch required to convert this harmless document into an order for $22,000 I don't remember, but considering the importance and delicacy of the manipulation it could hardly have been executed in a day. When deposited at the Nevada Bank and credited to Dean's account there was nothing to distinguish it from regular paper and that is how the fraud was so easily accomplished. Though this same operator never works on any other than this chemically prepared, water-marked paper, it is a fiction among bankers that its surface cannot be changed without detection. Indeed there is a standing reward of $1000 offered for whosoever shall prove the contrary.

The mysterious forger looms up then as a personality unique among criminals. Apparently secured from detection by the complications of his own schemes, he preys upon bankers and financiers, drawing princely revenues from their coffers. Who can guess what he may pose as—which honored guest at club or hotel is this prince of "scratches." Think of the vast resources and immense ability, of the mere mechanical knowledge this man must exercise in his nefarious profession. The altering of water-marks, the substitution of figures, the manipulation of the surface require that he be, first an expert chemist, then a practised steel engraver; he must know as much about paper as a manufacturer; in order to have filled up the punch holes and fitted into their interstices the substitute, demands a dexterity of touch and an inventive talent that might have made him an Edison. Consider also the type of man who for ten years past has practised his frauds through the agency of scores of accomplices and yet has never had his confidence abused. He has selected accessories with so much judgment, with such rare discrimination that they have faced imprisonment rather than reveal his identity. Oh, for a Sherlock Holmes to discover so adroit a villain, though one may fancy even the greatest detectives of fiction helpless before such a talent. There is but one hope of this man's capture; it hangs on the chances of a misstep. Doubtless he will keep up his frauds until some miscalculation exposes him in the act of their manipulation. He may be the victim of some prying eye, or his judgment of men may err but for once. Then will the king fall for all his millions. Reflections on the personality of the man are of but little avail, for he is safe as long as his tools are true. It is interesting to remember, however, that we must have had him among us here in San Francisco during Dean's stay; in some room or home he prepared the draft by which the bank was looted. Remember he could hardly have accomplished his manipulation of ink and paper without instruments, a press of some kind, chemicals undoubtedly. Then how, where, when was it done? But there are scores of such questions, unanswerable, apparently.

The manner of Dean's escape and capture must exhibit to his great chief that the plan of operations he has thus far favored must be changed. Details of the scheme whereby the fraud was accomplished were wired to banks throughout the United States, and the forger was deceived into security by the suspicion which the police so loudly announced that he had fled to China. Of course, they knew he had gone East. Private descriptions of his appearance were furnished every detective in the country, and the nets were drawn for the culprit to show his head. So when Mr. Dean attempted the same procedure in Minneapolis so soon after his success in San Francisco, the program was recognized at once and the rascal arrested. Subsequent proceedings are of public knowledge, and undoubtedly Dean will pay for his temerity by a long term in the penitentiary.

ETC., JR.

"IN SEARCH OF QUIET."

AND SEVERAL OTHER NEW BOOKS.

"And to think that I left that for the last, just because I didn't happen to fancy the title; or to see through it, rather." And the man of letters closed the book with respectful fingers.

"Walter Frith's *In Search of Quiet*? I told you it was lovely," said his wife.

"It is more than that," answered the man of letters. "Someway, I took it into my head that it was probably about a broken-down clergyman, with thoughts for sermons, and parish visits, and a call to Saint Lucre's at the end. *Quiet*, you know; doesn't it sort of suggest all that?"

"Nonsense," said his wife. "I think the name just suits it."

"So it does, after you have read the book," he answered. "Still, it was a rash one to offer this restless generation."

"I think half the charm lies in the author's personality," she said. "He is so dear and kindly and good, without being in the least priggish. I liked him all the better for doing Tommy's Latin verses for him, and putting in a mistake so that 'Dicky' wouldn't 'twig.'"

"Once or twice I thought he was going to fall in love with Fanny," said the man of letters. "He didn't though, and I'm glad of it."

"Don't you think there might have been some previous love affair," she said. "A young man doesn't give up London and Society for a little country village merely in search of quiet. Writing the law book was only a pretext."

"Oh, I don't think so. There's nothing bitter or blighted about him," answered the man of letters. "His cynicism is only a humorous way of telling the truth; and he knows a lot about that. It is so good, what he says about the young author who nearly spoils Fanny's life:

"'Banquier is the modern literary aspirant, and for him your simple, manly, British flirting isn't enough. Jaded as an actor, he demands passion, tears, remorse. He desires to take the trusting female heart, and give it such a squeeze, such a wrench, that the poor soul can't breathe, and is ever after subject to fainting fits. In a word, I mistrust the modern literary affections. Ever since Goethe set the fashion, these little fellows, his spawn, think of nothing but their miscalled development, at whatever cost. . . . Why, the Banquiers of this world—and how many of them there are!—look on life as merely one large field for copy, literary material. *Give us this day our daily copy!* is almost the only prayer they are capable of.'"

"Banquier was a selfish beast," she said.

"Well, it seemed to me that Fanny was very easy game," he answered. "A man has always a right to go as far as a girl will let him, and she seems to have raised no barriers."

"Public opinion may give him that right, but no respectable authority does," she answered, hotly. "It is equivalent to saying that if a man leaves his door open, any passer by has a right to go in and walk off with his furniture. Fanny didn't know much, but the right sort of a man would have defended her from herself as well as from him."

"One in a thousand would," he said dubiously. "The 'I' who writes the story, for instance. But the world is as it is, not as it ought to be. It doesn't do to have too many illusions about the men in it. Don't you know what he says about the brave soldier, who had his V. C. painted on all his luggage, 'even on his hat box'? Your ideal brave soldier never would have done that. He says here what an essay might be written on:

"'The weaknesses and trivialities of great and noble minds. Just think of the childish bragging of Wolfe; the restless, girlish vanity of Nelson; the posing and underbred self-consciousness of Byron. I sometimes think great men are something like great cities—they are apt to have terrible slums.'"

"Yes, it is all true," she admitted, "but I hate to acknowledge it. I should like to keep a hero or two intact."

"There are some splendid little touches in this," he went on, turning over the leaves. "Here where he speaks of the name Sophia—'*Sophia!* There's a wall-flowery, old-fashioned sort of Jane-Austen-Cranford name for you!' And he talks about an old house—'left absolutely high and dry above the picturesque damp of estheticism.' Isn't that good? Esthetic always suggests green mould to me, though I never realized it before."

"I liked his description of a woman as having a gentle, serious, stained-glass expression," she said. "It doesn't seem like a first book, yet there is no 'author of' on the title page."

"And some writers whose title pages are half filled with the things they're author of never seem anything but inexperienced and amateurish," the man of letters said. "Robert Barr has written several successful books, yet this last, *A Woman Intervenes*, suggests all through the literary amateur. He doesn't handle his materials in a professional manner."

"That is an original idea, sending a woman reporter to work a secret out of a man, and having her fall in love with him," she said. "Jennie's attitude toward her newspaper work is very good."

"In spite of her prettiness, I don't see how she and Wentworth ever fell in love with one another after those first conversations of theirs," he said. "Here's a specimen: the Englishman is glad to see her, for he felt 'just a trifle lonely.'

"'Just a trifle! Well, that *is* flattery. How nicely you English do turn a compliment. Just a trifle!'

"'I believe, as a race, we do not venture much into compliment making at all. We leave that for the polite foreigner. He would say what I tried to say a great deal better than I did, of course, but he would not mean half so much.'

"'Oh, that's very nice, Mr. Wentworth. No foreigner could have put it nearly so well. Now, what about going on deck?'"

"'Anywhere, if you will let me accompany you.'

"'I shall be most delighted to have you. I won't say merely a trifle delighted.'

"'Ah! Havèn't you forgiven that remark yet?'

"'There is nothing to forgive, and it is quite too delicious to forget. I shall never forget it.'

"'I believe you are very cruel at heart, Miss Brewster.'"

"I may not understand the gentle art of talking with a girl, but if I'd been in any way to blame for a conversation like that, I'd have kicked myself overboard and spoiled the story."

"It's horribly inane," she admitted. "I never could quite see how Jennie always accomplished her ends so quickly."

"I suppose she used her femininity to good purpose," he said. "Of course we wouldn't feel the force of that. By the way, she isn't the woman who intervenes, is she?"

"No, that is Edith, who saves the mine with her money," she answered. "That was one thing I didn't like, dividing the heroineship between the two. Wouldn't you know a man had created them? Imagine picturing a girl as a successful reporter of unlimited audacity, and letting her keep the power to blush! It can't be done."

"The character drawing isn't masterly, but the book has plenty of action and go, and it carries you along," he said. "I had cold chills all over me when it struck quarter of twelve, and the mine would be lost if the money didn't come before noon."

"But of course it came. You knew it would," she said. "That thirteen minutes, twelve minutes, eleven minutes' business had been used so often. Any way, I never could like a book that said a girl was 'natty,' in a tone of scorn."

The man of letters laughed.

"That is a broad basis of criticism," he said. "How did you like *The Broom-Squire*?"

"S. Baring-Gould? Well, it isn't a book to like, you know," she said, slowly. "It is strong and interesting, but it ought to be printed with black borders; it's all gloom and misery and wandering about at night with a poor little dying baby."

"Did it harrow you?"

"No, because it happened a hundred years ago, and suffering never seems to matter so much when you know that the sufferers have all been dead and buried for years. It hasn't the same human interest, especially when it is an utterly different class of life."

"It's low life, isn't it?"

"Yes. I don't see how any one could be so thoroughly vile and malignant as the Broom-Squire. Mehetabel is a fine woman, but she hasn't a very distinct personality."

"Character is shown in the great moments, personality in the little," said the man of letters.

"And all her moments are great ones," said his wife. "She is always shown under stress of some strong feeling. If you ever saw her in a happy mood, or just talking to another girl about nothing in particular, you would get a much more vivid impression of what she was like. You'd see her little self, by which she was known among the neighbors, as well as her unhappy, loving big self. At all events, it is a genuine book, very much in earnest, and that is a comfort when we are being bombarded with miserable little sham novels by people like John Strange Winter. *Bootle's Baby* was a good story when it came out, whatever it is now, and just because it succeeded, we have to bear yearly inflictions of trash like this *I Married a Wife*."

"If Shakespeare had lived and read novels in this age, he'd never have asked what's in a name," said the man of letters.

"Not if he understood the publishing business," his wife added. "I wish John Strange Winter's men wouldn't always address each other as 'old man' and 'lucky chap.' She seems to think that is as much an attribute of manhood as a mustache. The stage pathos about the children of the poor and the mock charity talk made me furious."

"There is no real life in it, no story, and no humor," he said. "Those are the only three things I know that will carry a poor book."

"It probably goes on its brass buttons," she said. "That officer between two swords on the cover will probably take in any number of people. I do despise cheap work like that, run off by the yard, with the ten per cent on the retail price as its only excuse for existing."

"Oh, it isn't worth talking about," said the man of letters.

J. W. T.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

SO AN EXPERT on insanity has had the boldness to deny the existence of love at first sight. What would Dr. Allen Fitch say to the experience of Gavin D. High who, by last accounts, is manager of the Oakland *Times*. Some years ago, High, who was then reporting on Mr. Bunker's *Report*, conceived the desire for travel, and was employed by General Passenger Agent Goodman as the Advance Agent of "California on Wheels"—the curious carload of fruits, flowers, and wines which the Southern Pacific sent East under the superintendence of the late E. McD. Johnstone. It journeyed North and South, to big towns and little towns, and Gavin preceded it, proclaiming its wonders and arousing interest in its approach. He arrived late one afternoon in a little village near Wheeling, in Virginia, and headed direct for the office of the local paper, asking briskly for the editor. A pretty young girl sat at a desk—a slender, graceful maiden of sixteen, or so—who looked up as the visitor entered, and replied: "He is not here, sir, but if you must see him, I'll take you to our home." She proceeded to explain that the editor was her father, and that she assisted him in his journalistic labors. So High and his charming young friend set out after the absent parent, talking gaily as they walked, and at once became friends. It was such a bright, gay, and intelligent individuality she revealed that High vowed on parting that he would return again when his labors were over. The chance was denied him, but her memory lingered as the crowning impression of his journey. The passing of two years deepened rather than erased the recollection of her individuality, so, concluding he had really met his fate, he returned to Virginia, found his editress a young lady, but brighter and prettier than before. He declared the condition of his heart, found the original impression had been mutual, and in due course they were married. There is a romance for you, which discredits denials of love at first sight.

* * *

OF course, Sheriff Whelan is ignorant of the fact that the deputies of his office are being assessed to obtain funds for his re-election. That, at least, is the ostensible object of the subscription which his head deputy is creating. Surely the towering political ambition that Mr. Whelan nourished so long has been gratified by the distinguished services he has been enabled to render the city as Sheriff. It seems strange he should desire to succeed himself, and, in view of existing political conditions, I am inclined to believe him the victim of his subordinate's zeal. The Sheriff is too old a bird not to recognize the advantage of this opportunity for retirement with all his honors thick upon him. He really ought to make an example of some one at once, and put an end to this campaign preparation which is quite without object.

* * *

THE new starting contrivance at the race track stands some fourteen feet in height, and with its arrangement of posts and india-rubber bands bears a distant resemblance to a magnified hurdle. Among the visitors to the track on a recent steeplechase day was a British Columbia Englishman, who, having had a proper fill of the California wonders, was ready to accept all he heard and saw in blissful good faith. So he said, as he gazed up at the starter:

"My, but that's a high hurdle—is it the last jump?"

* * *

ACROSS the Bay one hears more of the Female Suffrage question than its opponents appreciate. The ladies are urging their campaign on social lines—husbands and brothers are persuaded to entertainments and there the arguments in favor of the great extension are ventilated under appropriate feminine auspices. Indeed, Society has taken up the fad with a vim that may be labeled enthusiasm, and converts among sweethearts and husbands are being made in profusion. However, it is well for the victors to remember that verbal adhesion to the principle is far removed from voting for the amendment. Agreement is much easier than discussion and no one forgets the ballot is secret. Thus far, but one argument seems to carry weight. It is that section of the Code which excepts from the franchise, Indians, idiots, and women. That connection is an insult which sets many a man on the side of Miss Anthony.

* * *

Victor Metcalf, the Oakland lawyer whom the suffragists claim as their latest convert, tells of witnessing a law contest in Cheney, Washington, where the fair sex is amenable to jury duty. One of the twelve peers was a woman, and in due course, after the usual speeches, the case was turned over to the jury. At six o'clock the same evening the foreman notified the Judge that no agreement had been reached.

"Lock 'em up for the night," ordered the jurist.

"But, your honor!" interrupted the lady juror. "Your honor, I must go home. I have a baby, and my husband is even now awaiting dinner for me."

"Can't be helped, Madam—the order of this Court is that the jury be locked up all night."

"But I must see my baby, I must! I must!" And this victim of the franchise burst into tears.

Finally the Sheriff compromised by sending a deputy after the infant, whose arrival soothed the mother's grief.

* * *

Miss Anthony tells of a Dakota jury on which three women served. After a protracted discussion, its members failed to agree and the usual order was made. There were protests, of course, and for a time the situation was embarrassing, but finally the solution came in the shape of a suggestion that the sexes be locked up in separate chambers. Strange to say, by morning the trio of females had become harmonious, while the men were no nearer an agreement than before.

* * *

THERE ARE new developments in mining continually offering themselves for record. Important among the latest enterprises is the deal which secures to Lucky Baldwin aud Marcus Daly, Jr., some fifty-one claims in an auriferous section of Kern County. The prospects are so promising that Daly père threatens to leave the Anaconda for a month or more to revisit California. He would undertake then the operation of this development which is to be begun at once on an extensive scale. Mr. Stanton, one of the proprietors of the Baldwin Hotel, has an interest in the deal, which is of proportions sufficient to be of great interest to the State. A second project is that which sends Prince Poniatowski to Europe—the California Exploration Company, of which Chas. E. Green is president. This corporation has possessed itself of a belt of claims on the mother lode in Calaveras County, and proposes developing these properties by means of an immense electric plant which shall supply the environment with cheap power. A railway to San Andreas is part of the project, the capital for which is to come from London and Paris.

* * *

AN interesting mining story relates the latest phase of the fortunes of the Chapman family. No great stretch of the mind is required to recall the days when W. D. Chapman figured as the greatest of California landholders, his vast acreage exceeding then the domain of Miller & Lux. In the height of fame and fortune, young Grant married his daughter, and the nuptials figure among the glowing events of days gone by. His downfall, like that of Isaac Friedlander, was precipitated by the first great wheat deal, and since then he has been busy protecting the remnant of his estate against lawsuits. The other Chapmans steadily invested their accumulations in mines, and among the properties they developed is the Taylor mine in El Dorado, which for many a year past has been a steady producer. Recently they became owners of the Zancroft, in Placer County, and their last month's "clean-up" yielded some thirty thousand dollars' worth of gold. A ten-stamp mill sufficed the requirements of this property when it came into their possession, but thirty stamps now deal with the extracted ore. This is but one of the many mines which has begun to yield a plenteous tribute of the precious metal to the coffers of the State and is further evidence of the renaissance of mining in California.

* * *

MOST unfortunately chosen was the night of the Democratic Committee meeting. Set for the same date as the prize fight, the simultaneous occurrence of two important events militated against the success of both. There is Eddie Greany, for instance, to whom in the absence of Sam Rainey, has been entrusted the charge of Superintendent Daggett's manifold ambitions, he was embarrassed by having to second Joe Choynski. Billy Jordan, Committeeman from the 45th, the traditional master of ceremonies, was compelled to give eclat to the fistic event. However, it shall not be said that the tendency of the Democracy in the direction of prize fights is by any means a dishonorable characteristic. Apropos thereof there was a story told of Colonel O'Beirne, who arose on an occasion to a point of protest at a political club meeting. A National holiday was about to fall on a Friday and the club proposed celebrating it with a barbecue.

"Is it a barbecue on *Friday* ye are talking about, gintlemen?" asked the Colonel in tones resonant with sorrow and indignation. "'Tis the heft of the Dimocratic party that ates no mate of a Friday, so why d'ye be talking of a *barbecue?* A fishing excursion is more in order."

They fished.

* * *

VARIOUS are the ways and many the methods of acquiring riches. With interest I learn of the proceeding of certain wealthy men, who, believing the decline of country properties but a temporary and transient feature of the depression, have hit on a novel way of acquiring lands at half its assessed valuation. The California Savings and Loan Society is in process of liquidation, but the progress it makes in the present condition of the market is wearisome in the extreme. Many depositors are glad to accept in cash half the amounts their pass-books call for, and this inclination is being taken advantage of by speculators, John O. Reis and Ferd Reis, among others, who are quietly engaged in buying up these deposits, accepting in lieu of coin parcels of property belonging to the institution. As the bank's loans were based on assessed valuations, which are at least twenty-five per cent below real values, and as its mortgages were reasonably conservative, it may be seen what bargains these dealers are acquiring.

* * *

THE illustrators are all laughing over the manner in which a certain *Examiner* artist retaliated on the editor, who attempted to discipline him. For some weeks past this young man has irritated his superiors by frequent indulgence in strong liquor. In consequence his work has been scamped, and undue responsibilities thrown on his brethren. So he was suspended from the salary list and was told he should be paid only what he earned. It happens, however, that the offender has real talent and a remarkable dexterity behind his eccentricities, and, nettled by the reproof, set to work with a vengeance. Over the result the editor is repining, for the artist's bill this week was something like $105, whereas his regular salary is considerably less than half that figure.

* * *

THE Mormon Choir explains more than it imagines. It interprets the charm which San Francisco has exercised over so many eminent Utahans; it satisfies one's curiosity as to why the Elders went so far afield in their search after recruits; it sets at rest, also, all doubts as to the discretion of granting Mormon women the franchise. Surely no one after this will doubt the sense and solidity of Salt Lake femininity. And when the ladies lift up their voices together the atmosphere is laden with sweet sounds which, I am sure, express the harmony and amiability of the individual songstresses.

* * *

OVER the performance of Orestes, on Saturday, opinions differ. The talent seem to consider the son of Ormonde a disappointment, but Mr. McDonough accepts the situation with that equanimity which is born of a more agreeable conviction. The jockey, it seems, had orders to rush the colt ahead at the start and keep him in advance of the bunch to the finish, but he got the worst of the send-off, and it was taking too much of a chance to push so valuable a steed through to the front. So the alternative orders prescribed a very easy gait, and that is why Orestes finished in the rear. The performance must not be taken as any index of his powers. It cannot be said, however, that the jockey showed any particular skill in handling his mount.

* * *

Apropos of racing, great are the preparations for the California Jockey Club's new course across in Oakland. The most eminent of track engineers has been engaged to lay out the grounds. A handsome clubhouse is planned and arrangements already entered into with the railroad company for special trains and through tickets to the course. It is estimated that the Oakland track has, in the matter of proximity, considerably the best of its Ingleside rival, inasmuch as fast boats and express trains will land one at the new resort within twenty-five minutes of Market Street, whereas fifty-five minutes are consumed traveling to the Pacific Coast Club's quarters.

THE WITNESS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE NEW BOOKS.

A NOVEL THAT IS WORTH READING AND ANOTHER THAT IS NOT.

Netta Syrett has, strange to say, achieved the rare thing. She has written a good novel. *Nobody's Fault* is not brilliant, doesn't startle you and hold you breathless. It is not a work of genius by any means, and there are queer little sensational lapses—just the matter of a sentence or two—but it does arouse your interest, and it does succeed in holding it. It is the story of one Bridget Ruan a publican's daughter. "She stands," says the author, speaking through one of her characters, "between two hostile classes—by education and nature she belongs to one, by birth and social position to the other, she has strong sympathies with both, but belongs wholly to neither. Her parents have denied themselves to give her a splendid education . . . When she returns to them there is a great gulf fixed. Her tastes, sympathies, and ideals are not theirs, never can be theirs. It is the saddest, most hopeless thing in life, 'nobody's fault.'"

Finally Miss Ruan rises in the world, partly through her talents as a novelist, and marries the wrong man, only to find it out when the right man, Carey, returns from "The Mysterious East." Then there comes the inevitable separation, and Bridget only saves herself from a flight with Carey by what impresses the reader as a somewhat overstrained, morbid scruple of conscience as regards her mother.

There are some rather good pieces of realism in the book, notably Bridget's homecoming and the Jenkins's party, the scenes in the boarding-house during Bridget's school-teaching days, and the interview with Miss Miles. The dialogue is really very good, Miss Syrett having the rare and excellent faculty of telling her story through the conversations of its characters.

It is evident that the author has striven to be compact, concise, and brief (one can read the book in three hours.) This compactness of form would be admirable were the story of a less serious character, or more replete with action. As it is, you miss the background, the setting for the plot, and Miss Syrett shifts her scenes with an easy facility that is almost trivial. If the *movement* were slower, even if it were more ponderous, the author would have had time to prepare her effects, and would have conveyed a stronger more lasting impression. It is the rarest thing in the world to find a novel that would be improved by being lengthened. I am sure that *Nobody's Fault*, however, is such an one. But the book is good reading from cover to cover, and its short-comings are, after all, mere blemishes, not vital failures.

[Roberts Bros., publishers, Boston.]

Good plain homespun realism devoid of any musty romantic or supernatural machinery is nine times out of ten the most effective method of treatment in a story. After all, truth is stronger than fiction and fiction itself is strong only in so far as it seems to be like truth.

At first sight it would seem much more wonderful to "account for" Jeanne d'Arc by believing her to be some divinely sent manifestation, a miracle, a god from the machine. But upon reflection it will easily appear that it is much more wonderful that she should have done what she did in her true character of a simple little peasant girl of seventeen. One can almost say she was marvelous because she was not marvelous at all.

Mr. Lowell has written an admirable history of this wonderful little girl upon such lines as these; a plain straightforward story of what she did. The reader forms his own opinion, Mr. Lowell does not try to thrust upon him any opinion or theories of his own. We have become so used to the exclamatory romantic style in dealing with Jeanne that it is not until the realistic authors call us back again to the plain unadorned facts that we begin to appreciate them. Schiller, for instance, has placed his Joanna upon so high a pedestal that we no longer see her. Mr. Lowell, on the other hand, tells us she was fond of dress, liked to have shad for breakfast, and that she nicknamed the English "Les god-dams."

[*Joan of Arc*, by Francis C. Lowell. Houghton, Mifiin& Co., publishers.]

The House by Eugene Field is a little book of interesting sketches that make easy reading for a half hour or so, but it is not especially clever.

The House is not a novel, and it is not a collection of short stories; at the same time it deals with fictitious characters (except in the case of Gamlin Harland) and fictitious situations, centering about the building of a fictitious *House*.

The twenty odd sketches are written in a style much like that of Dickens in the "Boz" sk.tches. The subjects are lightly treated, in a humorous manner for the most part. At times the humor is almost farcical as in the sketch entitled, "Neighb r Robbins' Platypus," and at times it suggests the inimitable Twain, notably where Mr. Baker nails himself into the play-house he is trying to build for the children or where he paints himself slowly into a corner in his attempt to paint the floor of the same play-house.

The style of the book is not literary, say what you will; Mr. Field frequently allowing himself to descend to that doubtfully humorous manner which employs three-syllabled Latinized words to describe some scene or episode of trifling importance. Here is a case in point: The author intends to say that a big dog played about his back yard. Instead of saying it in good homespun Anglo-Saxon, Mr. Field chooses to inform us that "The amiable leviathan galivanted about the premises with elephantine exuberance." Of course this may be humor—from a certain standpoint grade of taste; it is not literature any more than Mr. Field's use of the word "jeoparding" for jeopardizing.

Yet there is a certain flavor of originality about the little sketches that, perhaps, more than counter-balances these few shortcomings. The character of Mr. Baker, the absent-minded, impractical, credulous astronomer, is amusing and is well-sustained. There are some capital touches here and there: Mr. Baker planting his potato-patch in the form of the Great Dipper, his awe at the sight of an expert lather at work, and the experience of himself and wife with the watchman told in "Alice's Night-Watchman," probably the best of all the little sketches.

[*The House* by Eugene Field. New York. Chas. Scribner's Sons.]

Extraordinary as it may seem, *Diana's Hunting*, by Robert Buchanan, is to no evil purposes though Frank Housham's fate trembles in the balance. He, by the way, is the successful dramatist and Miss Meredith, is the charming actress who created the heroine of his first successful piece. You can imagine her a most adorable person—radiantly beautiful, young, tall, firm, with perfect arms, passionate eyes, and a Grecian nose. Nor is she dependent for fascination on physical loveliness alone. Her wit is bright and she has real histrionic talent. Besides, Frank is married to a commonplace loving little wife, who knows nothing of art and less of literature, and is unable to appreciate his talent which Miss Meredith adores. However, a special providence in the person of a brusque and unconventional critic named Short intervenes to save this guilty twain from one another's arms. It requires something of a catastrophe, for they are on the verge of elopement, but Mrs. Short dies at the psychological moment; Horsham grieved at the sorrow of his friend confides the bereavement to Diana who fails to sympathize. Her charm fades—the thought of his wife's love comes home to him and virtue reigns supreme. The tale, though sketchy in treatment and hasty in its modeling, makes diverting and entertaining reading. Diana and Short are both realized with versimilitude though the outlines of the critic are vague, and the love he bears his disreputable wife without proper motive.

[The Frederic Stokes Company, publishers.] ORACLE, K. B.

California of the South is the somewhat involved title of a guide book by Walter Lindley and J. P. Widney. It is complete, systematic, and should make clear and easy reading for the tourist in the southern part of the State. Sentences such as this strike one as rather queer in a guide book, however: "Attention has been attracted to this island lately by the report of a tragical murder of a Chinaman by Alexander More, the owner of the island." The illustrations are above the average and are reproduced for the most part by engravings on wood.

[*California of the South*, by Walter Lindley, M. D., and J. P. Widney, A. M. M. D., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

Frank B. Millard has collected the western stories he contributed to various periodicals and Tait & Co. announce them just off their press. The title of the volume is *A Pretty Bandit*, and it will be available at all the bookdealers next week. I commend these yarns to the attention of those readers who like virile plots and exciting incidents.

Adam Johnstone's Son, the new novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, will be published during April. It will be illustrated by an artist who went specially to Amalfi in order to be able to catch the local color of the scenes in which the story is laid.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"I Married a Wife," by John Strange Winter. Fred'k. A. Stokes Co., publishers.

"The Broom Squire," by S. Baring Gould. F. A. Stokes Co., publishers.

"A Woman Intervenes," by Robert Baer. Fred'k. A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"In Search of Quiet," by Walter Frith. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

THE THEATERS.

A SUGGESTION OR TWO FOR "BEAU BRUMMEL," TOGETHER WITH REMARKS ON "BLUE BEARD."

Wit can do much and Richard Mansfield more, but underneath the delightful intellectual tickling produced by the lines of the play, and in spite of the keen pleasure which this artist gives us by his firm yet delicate handling of the part, I fancy that "Beau Brummel" is a trifle irritating to the average male American. Not irritating enough for him to be exactly conscious of it, but just enough to make him callous to the sufferings of the poor old carpet-knight, and feel "it serves the old chap right for his infernal foppishness."

As the playwright is always hankering for howls and tears from the audience, this antipathetic frame of mind is, from his point of view, a fatal one in which to receive the last act of "Beau Brummel," particularly as even the most sympathetic of males could not, I think, be affected to tears by the picture of two men (one of them young) starving to death in a garret without apparently lifting their hands to make a living. Certainly most Americans would not, for they are all born to "hustle," and are mostly but one or two generations removed from men who, forced to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, would have had a fine, healthy scorn for Beau Brummel's false pride, and—alas!—for his twelve shirts a week, too.

As for the American women's feelings, I'm willing to confess that one of them wept over the last part of this play the first time she saw it, and yearned to spank the two blind lovesick moles who were so absorbed in themselves that they were deceived by the poor old man's piteous pretense and left him, their best friend, in the most obvious, the most heart-rending poverty. Monday night, however, though she still had an ardent desire to crack the young pair's empty pates together and still delighted in Mansfield's finished, admirable work, the scene failed to touch her properly and she quarreled with the playwright. If he really had an honest desire to make everybody miserable over the death scene he ought to have worked up to it differently. First, he should have intimated discreetly but pointedly that the fine-ladyisms, the superb conceit, and the magnificent attitude of this famous fop toward mankind, was a pose assumed mainly because he gauged accurately the world in which he lived and was aware of the prestige to be won by such an attitude. Next, Mortimer, (the faithful valet) ought never to have been permitted to remain whole; he should have lost his legs or his eyes or something in his master's service, and thereby forced the fastidious Beau to support him—say by his giving dancing lessons to his landlady's daughter, yea, even to the landlady herself, and to others of her kind, for "a pittance." Preluded in some such masterly manner, the death scene wouldn't leave a dry eye in the house. Still there are certain disadvantages attending wet eyes, so, perhaps, "Beau Brummel" is just as well the way it is.

It seems almost a lifetime since San Francisco has had at one time two such good things as Mansfield and "Puddn'head," and never, I'm sure, have we had a greater contrast than the plays of "Beau Brummel" and "Puddn'head Wilson." The one so witty and anemic, so far away and unreal, the other so vibrant with strong emotion, so full of America's young blood, and of human hopes and fears. Yes, we've fared well, so well that I strongly suspect both the Baldwin and the Columbia to have some particularly choice idiocy in store for us—it wouldn't do for us to be spoilt, you know, by two good companies coming in succession. We might get so we'd refuse to go unless they furnish something to keep us awake.

"Blue Beard" is in its second week at the Tivoli, and has really earned a good word. The costumes are charming, the jokes quite endurable, and I can conscientiously announce that there is a marked improvement in legs. I won't talk about the faces.

They have annexed two specialties from the Orpheum, Gilbert and Goldie (quite good, though too noisy and blatant), and a little Mille somebody or other with a chic, pretty, little black head, who dances a stiff—oh! such a stiff—little dance, in a stiff pair of corsets, and an even stiffer smile. Until she takes them both off, I implore her in the name of charity to avoid anything with even the faintest resemblance to a Spanish dance, for the contrast between the music and her motions is enough to make one's ears and eyes fall out. Ferris and dear, funny, little Carrie Roma were in fine feather, and the medley of negro songs jolly enough to warm the heart of anything but an iceberg or a musician.

"The managers of the Columbia Theater School of Dramatic Art have reason to feel proud of the splendid results of their efforts since its opening in August of last year. Up to date they have graduated about twenty-five students, each of whom is qualified to play responsible parts, and nearly all of them leading parts." This clipping from the *Bulletin* was given a conspicuous place on the program of last week's exhibition. The powers that be evidently regard the turning loose on the community of twenty-five stage-struck mortals with only nine months' training as a meritorious act; to a mere outsider it looks rather like a crime. If not a crime 'tis very wonderful—think of it! To be able to convert raw material into actors "capable of playing leading parts" in nine months! Mr. Instructor, I salute you. You are a double-barreled prodigy, and when I decide to lend my brilliancy to the stage none but you shall have a hand in my education.

I suppose the pupils who exhibited last Thursday have been in training only long enough to learn their lines (some of them evidently not so long) for, though several did very well, they should all be separated from "leading parts" by eons of time. Most of them showed an interest in the audience all out of proportion to its size and enthusiasm, and seemed to strive for little else than to get their lines out with all possible dispatch, while one or two of the more promising ones were as nervous as a cat in its ninth life, so nervous that it was impossible to judge of their ability. Taken as a whole, Miss Ella Deane as Mrs. Cavendish in "Hearts" made the best impression; barring a certain irritating primness of delivery, she promised well. If she has ever heard Jennie Kennark of the Frawley Company she has heard her own defect vivified and confirmed, and should take warning in time. PEG WOFFINGTON.

Husband—I am so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open and I have so much to write yet.

Wife—Just wait till I show you my dressmaker's bill; I bet you'll open your eyes.—*Texas Siftings*.

"How much for a photograf?" he queried as he entered the room at the head of the stairs.

"My dear sir, you have made a mistake," replied the occupant of the office. "This is a dental office, while the photographer is next door."

"Oh, you pull teeth?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"Well go ahead and yank out one or two. It's about the same to me."—*Detroit Free Press*.

100 Visiting Cards Engraved in the Latest Style for $1.00, at Dodge's New Store, 112 Post St.

Our new store is our only one—112 Post St., next White House

DRAMATIC NOTES.

COMING EVENTS IN THE THEATER WORLD.

Roland Reed, the favorite comedian, will be the attraction at the California next Monday night, appearing in "The Politician." Mr. Reed's leading lady is Miss Isadore Rush.

Monday evening of next week Mr Mansfield will present "The Story of Rodion," a dramatization of Dostoyevski's great novel of "Crime and Punishment." This is the first time this play has been given in San Francisco. Mr. Mansfield's interpretation of Rodion is said to be the most powerful achievement of his whole career. The play will be repeated on Tuesday night. "Prince Karl" will be the bill on Wednesday Thursday, and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinee. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is billed for Saturday evening.

Richard Mansfield has signed a contract with Daniel Frohman to play under his management for four years. One New York paper has it that Frohman will pay Mansfield $100,000 for his services. When asked if this was an exaggeration, Mr. Frohman replied:

"Exaggeration! Not at all! I shall pay him even more. When I managed Madame Modjeska, I paid her $2000 a week for thirty-five weeks, or $70,000 for the season. I tell you, as a positive fact, that Mr. Mansfield will receive a larger salary than any American actor has ever been paid."

On Monday night at the Columbia Theater Ezra Kendall will present the comedy "A Pair of Kids." In the cast is Miss Edith Kingsley who will appear in her own catchy ballad, "Swinging in the Sky."

Rivarde, Lachaume, and W. H. Keith come direct from New York to this city where they open at the Columbia Theater, on Monday, April 27th. Ysaye had much to say about Rivarde when he was in this country last year, always claiming that he was one of the greatest players living, positively the greatest of the younger men.

"Blue Beard" will be given at the Tivoli Opera House next Monday evening. The ballet will be redressed and remodeled, and the whole show will be changed and augmented in every respect.

The old favorite, "Michael Strogoff," has been played to crowded houses during the past week. For next week "Special Delivery," the only postoffice play, is billed. The main feature is the specialties.

Pearl Ladd, a miss of twelve, will give her first piano recital at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Wednesday evening, April 29th. She has been studying for some years under Otto Bendix, and her interpretation of Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and the other masters is said to be very clever.

Great interest is taken in the approaching professional debut of Mrs. Auzerais Hoyte, at Grover's Alcazar, next Monday evening. The lady is well known on the amateur stage and in Society circles, and her many friends predict a most brilliant career for her. In the curtain-raiser, "The Setting of the Sun," she has been seen at private theatricals; so her real debut will be as Mrs. Featherly in "Everybody's Friend." She will wear some most elaborate dresses, imported from Paris, and, all in all, the performance promises to be unusually good. Hereward Hoyte has been especially engaged, and Leonard Grover, Jr., will give his favorite impersonation of Major de Boots. Popular prices will prevail.

THE MORMON CHOIR.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir is a surprisingly good body of singers, under the direction of a capable leader, Mr. E. Stephens. Great attention is paid to detail, and the volume of tone in *forte* passages is eminently satisfying. The disappointing feature is the program itself. "Annie Laurie" as a solo, "Robin Adair" as a duet—especially with the tenor singing a third above the melody throughout, minstrel fashion—and the silly "Prison Scene" from Il Trovatore, are absurd on such a program. Neither are the compositions of Mr. Stephens particularly effective. The soloists of the organization, with one exception, are in no wise up to the high standard of the chorus. The one exception is the boy alto, Master Charlie Pike. This lad has a superb voice, and is musical to his finger tips. His phrasing and enunciation are all that could be desired, and his intonation is absolutely true.

Anything more beautiful than his singing of Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" would be difficult to imagine. Master Pike is preeminently the star of the Mormon Choir. Mr. Willard Weihe is a good violinist, with an agreeable tone and a fair technic; but the "Airs Hongrois" of Ernst are not for him. He is far better in compositions of a less exacting nature.

With a good, solid program of the choral writings of the great masters, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir would be most welcome.

P. C. A.

CHIMMIE FADDEN AGAIN.

MR. TOWNSEND'S HERO AS A COMMENTATOR ON POLITICS.

The Raines Bill is the new excise law passed by the New York Legislature, by which the license fees and bonds required of liquor dealers are materially increased. Its operation must force many of the saloons out of existence. It is said to be a scheme of Boss Platt to force the liquor dealers to obtain bonds from the Fidelity Deposit Company of Maryland, of which his son is agent. Apropos the Bill, Chimmie Fadden is heard from in the New York *Sun*:

"Say, dat bill Raines must be a farmer, a dead farmer, sure! Did you hear what he done? Lemme tell you. Up to Albany, where dey makes de laws for de lawyers, where Mr. Burton uster belong, dis Bill Raines he broke into de game, and he puts up a front cat de folks what lives in de city don't know enough to eat spheghetti widout a fork, and has t' have a keeper. See? Well, when he makes dat front all de odder farmers dey yells t' beat 'ell, and says dat Raines is de mug t' learn de city folks what t' do, and mostly what t' do about booze. So Raines he makes a Constitution and By-laws what says you gets arrested if you has a tir-t on you after one o'clock in de morning, and you goes t' jail if you feels like trowing a mixed ale in your face on Sunday, what Mr. Paul says is the dryest day in de year. On odder days you has t' cough up a plunk a minute, or die of tirst.

"Sure, dat's what Mr. Paul says. He says dat de poor man will have to get busy and buy beer by de keg and whiskey by de jug, and take de stuff home wid him, same as de rich man, or else he'll have a troat on him like de inside of a peanut shell, and vote de Democratic ticket every time he wants a drink and can't get it.

"Den, when Mr. Paul was talking like dose ways, Miss Fanny she says, 'If Mr. Raines puts de poor man in de game de same as de rich man, does he give de poor man de boodle t' make good wid?'

"Mr. Paul he taut awhile, and den he says dat Mr. Raines must have forgot something, 'cause when he puts de poor man in de game wid de rich man, he didn't give him no stack of blue chips to play de game wid. See?

"When I learned all about de law from Mr. Paul I went down to a meeting of de Roseleaf Social, Outing, and Life-Saving Club, what I am de Vice of, and I gives de gang de straight tip; I copped 'em right, and dey was crazy. When I toled em dat dey would have t' dig up eight hun—make good wid eight hundred cases, plunks—or else go dry, dey fell in a fit, and hollered murder in langwudge it was good t' listen to.

"Dey wouldn't stand up t' de dough dish a little bit, but wanted to go right out and slug de head off dat Bill Raines. I told 'em Raines was a farmer what didn't know the diff'rence between Cherry Hill and Monkey Hill, and den I taut dey'd all die of kicking.

"But dat wasn't what I was going t' tell you, only I hears so much about it dat I has t' spiel a speech on de question or bust. His Whiskers is worse dan me. De dough dish is prison to him, and he can't stand up to it no more dan little Miss Fannie can stand on her head. Mr. Paul offered t' bet Mr. Burton a case of small bots dat his Whiskers would wear a mask next 'lection day and vote de Democrat ticket, all along of Bill Raines, but Mr. Burton wouldn't take de bet, cause he said it wouldn't do him no good t' win, for Mr. Paul would collar de small bots, no matter which one win the bet.

"But let it go at dat. What I was going t' tell you about was dat bull pup. Was I telling you about dat bull pup? Yes. Den you know we got him. He belongs t' little Miss Fannie, and de pup is dead stuck on her, dough de kid don't do a ting t' de pup but pinch its ears, gouge its eyes, and shake hands wid its tail.

"Say, dere's some kind of a jolly about dat pup, sure; and I can't tumble to it, neider can de Ducness. I tink, dough, she makes a bluff at tumbling.

"When I got de pup for Mr. Paul he pipes it off careful like he looks at a cigar before he lights it, and he says to me: 'It's nearly homely enough,' he says. 'It's almost as homely as de odder one.' Den I says, 'What odder one?' and he says, solemn-like, 'De odder one I was tinking of, Chames,' and I tumbles t' myself, and didn't make no more breaks about it den, but I ast de Duchess. She gives me a long song and dance what de most of it I couldn t cop right, but it was about anodder bull pup what de Duchess had heerd de old servants say dat Miss Fannie had give t' Mr. Paul when he was her steady; when dey was bote kids. See?

"P'chee, it was too much for my nut, so I just goes out to de stable t' see dat de pup has a good cleaning before Mr. Paul comes over t' give it t' Miss Fannie.

"Well, when he comes over from his house, and all de folks was sitting togedder in de hall, where dere's a fireplace big as a tenement room, Mr. Paul tells me t' bring in de pup, and I bring him.

"When she seen it, Miss Fannie, she kinder turns red, what dey calls blushing, and his Whiskers he laughs t' beat 'ell, but Mr. Burton he only coughs and looks as knocked out as if he had to keep a date in Brooklyn.

"'Miss Fannie,' says Mr. Paul, taking de pup by de slack of its neck, he says, 'I've been near twenty years trying t' find a pup what's as ugly a looker as de odder one, but I tink dis one will do.'

"Miss Fannie she took de pup, and she says, 'Yes, it is beautifully ugly,' she says, 'and reminds me of de odder one.' and den she kinder laughs and gives de pup t' little Miss Fannie, what put her fingers in de pup's eyes, like it was a doll, when de pup only wags his tail like he had collared a tenderloin steak.

"Den nobody didn't say notting for a long time, until Mr. Burton he says, 'Paul has a long mem'ry, Fannie. We must reward him for it. What shall we do?'

"At dis his Whiskers laughed like he'd toled a joke himself, and he says says he, 'De race Mr. Paul entered for is over, and you has won de cup, Burton,' he says, and near fell off his chair laughing, dough I didn't know what t'ell for. Mr. Paul he seemed t' tumble, and he says, serious as a Judge in de Tombs, says he, 'No, I can't get de cup unless Mr. Burton dies, and de race is sailed over again; so I guess I don't come in for no reward except—dis is his very langwudge—'except de consciousness of me own virtues.'

"Miss Fannie was getting blushinger and blushinger, till her cheeks was as red as de logs burning in de fireplace, and I was tinking wedder I oughten t' slug somebody for giving her a jolly, but Mr. Paul he says, 'De only substitute for de cup I can tink of at dis time is a small bottle, if Chames may get me one,' and Miss Fannie gives me de nod t' chase, and I chases.

"Well, dat game boddered me nut till I taut I'd go crazy, and I guess I would went, only de Duchess sprung a sprize party on me dat night what jolted me right again. I seen Mr. Paul when he went home and he slipped me a fiver for me trouble in getting de pup. 'I has had five dollars wort of fun out er Mr. Burton already,' he says t' me

"Luck wasn't coming me way just den, for de Duchess she copped Mr. Paul giving me de boodle, and she says t' me, 'Chames,' says she, 'would you like t' know de jolly about dat bull pup?' says she

"'Sure, I would,' I says, 'sure, or me nut will go crooked.'

"'Den,' says de Duchess, 'den you give me de fiver Mr. Paul gives you, and I'll tell you,' she says. I had t' cough up, and when de Duchess had sunk de boodle in her stocking she says, 'I taut I would tell you, but I guess I'd better not, for you being such a normal person [illegible] wouldn't tumble, even if I did give you de straight tip. Good night, James,' she says. 'See?

"Say, what t'ell! De Duchess buncoes me outter me boodle and den gives me de double cross. I don't see no heart game in dis. I must be a farmer—a dead farmer.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

POEMS BY W. B. YEATS.

THE SHADOWY HORSES.

I hear the shadowy horses, their long manes a-shake,
Their hoofs heavy with tumult, their eyes glimmering white;
The North unrolls above them clinging, creeping night,
The East tells all her secret joy before day-break,
The West weeps in pale dew, and sighs, passing away,
The South could cover them with roses of crimson fire,
O vanity of sleep, hope, dream, endless desire;
The horses of disaster plunge in the desolate clay.
Beloved, let your eyes half close, and your heart beat
Over my heart, and your hair fall upon my breast
Drowning Love's lonely hour in deep twilight of rest;
And hide their tossing manes and their tumultuous feet.

THE TRAVAIL OF PASSION.

When the flaming, lute-thronged, angelic door is wide,
When an immortal passion breathes in mortal clay,
Our heart endure the plaited thorn, the crowded way,
The knotted scourge, the nail-pierced hands, the wounded side,
The hissop-heavy sponge, the flowers by Kidron stream:
We will bend down, and loosen our hair over you
That it may drop faint perfume and be heavy with dew,
Lilies of death-pale hope, roses of passionate dream.

THE WIND'S LAUGH.

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the fairies dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart must wither away."

Along the dreary pathway of this cloud-environed life of ours there is no joy so pure, no triumph so complete, no success so fraught with rapture, as that of the female artiste who hangs on the flying trapeze by her ehilblain and kisses her hand to the perspiring throng.

At Bayreuth the Nibelungen ring will be performed five times next summer, between July 19th and August 19th, each set of performances beginning on Sunday and ending on Wednesday.

Miss I. E. Connor, who was for many years with Madame E. Caswell, has a store at 36 Geary Street. The store is the perfection of beauty, and prettier hats cannot be seen outside of New York.

There are some important changes in the fashions this season, not only in the cut, but in materials. For instance, the most conspicuous novelty is a fly-front finish for cutaway frocks and for sack coats and vests. It is also considered good form to have square shoulders, which squareness is helped out, of course, by judicious padding. In the matter of overcoats, the styles known as the Chesterfield and the Covert have special favor, the former something like thirty-nine inches in length, the latter not exceeding thirty-five inches. Frock coats are made of the darkest materials for afternoon wear, with striped trousers. As for sack suits the double-breasted style is rather out of date, and the popular type is the three-button cutaway of cheviot or Scotch suitings. In the matter of colorings, browns seem to be most popular and among the latest shades is a Rembrandt brown of great beauty. Silver grays and Oxford checks are also coming in new styles and are particularly favored. It is interesting to know that American woolens this season are far superior to those of any previous year, and are even of better value and more attractive than foreign fabrics. We noticed some fine materials in the tailoring establishment of J. Ulrich, third floor, Crocker Building.

FINEST ON THE MARKET

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

EEL RIVER CREAMERY

SEE THAT THIS STAMP IS ON EACH END OF SQUARE

A FINE GRADE DELICIOUS FLAVORED BUTTER

If you appreciate a DELICACY
Ask your Dealer for the BRAND

Racing! Racing! Racing!

California Jockey Club

WINTER MEETING
BEGINNING THURSDAY, MARCH 16TH
BAY DISTRICT TRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Rain or Shine. Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P.M. sharp. McAllister and Geary street cars pass the gate.
R. B. Milroy, Secretary. Thos. H. Williams, Jr., Pres.

BALDWIN THEATRE (AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.)

Monday Next—Second week of
RICHARD MANSFIELD and his New York Garrick Theatre Stock Company
Monday and Tuesday, The Story of Rodion, the Student
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Evenings, and Saturday Matinee..... Prince Karl
Saturday Evening..... Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Monday, April 27th—Last week—Parisian Romance, etc.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE (AL HAYMAN & CO. INCORP'D PROPS.)

Monday, April 20th
ROLAND REED and his Company, under the direction of E. B. Jack
The satirical comedy by Daniel D. Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld
THE POLITICIAN
Or, The Woman's Plank
The original 20th century woman—Miss Isadore Rush

Columbia Theatre.

PRICE LANDER, GOTTLOB & CO. LESSEES AND MANAGERS

—The Funniest of Eccentric Comedians—
EZRA KENDALL In his great laughing craze
A - PAIR - OF - KIDS
Supported by a splendid company of players
600 laughs, by actual count
April 27th—THE GREAT RIVARDE

ORPHEUM

O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Week of Monday, April 20th
Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Co.
The most complete traveling vaudevilic organization in the world
THE ROSSOW BROS., the famous lilliputian athletes and comedians.
NAMEDO BROS., grotesque acrobats.
APOLLO FULGORA TOM MACK
HORACE BENNERS THE EVANS
SHARP & FLAT FORD & FRANCIS
CLAYTON, JENKINS & JASPER

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, - Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of Michael Strogoff
MONDAY, APRIL 20th
—The Great Post Office Play—
SPECIAL DELIVERY

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
A RIP ROARING SUCCESS
Second Edition of the brilliant spectacular Extravaganza
BLUE BEARD
NEW Songs, Ballets and Specialties
The "Cheval-et" Medley of Coster Songs
"Rays of Light"
An Arabian Knight's Dream of Loveliness
POPULAR PRICES - 25 and 50 Cents

GROVER'S ALCAZAR

Monday Evening, April 20th
Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
First appearance on the professional stage of
MRS AUZERAIS HOYTE
Supported by Hereward Hoyte and a competent company, in a careful production of
EVERYBODY'S FRIEND
Preceded by the charming curtain raiser
THE SETTING OF THE SUN
Evening Prices.....10, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents
Matinee Prices.....10, 15 and 25 cents

SPLASHES.

MRS. HAGER ELUDED the best efforts of the press. I am told there was not a single reporter present, and, although the dailies indulged in the proper allowance of headlines and the usual array of pictures, both were founded on imagination or gathered from surmise. It is true the big photograph of the participants stood in the doorway, but it was protected from artistic encroachments by a bodyguard of two Society men and a policeman. Every newspaper had an illustrator there, and every device was employed to get a peep at the picture; but for once journalistic enterprise got a setback. Of the performance there are as many opinions as there were spectators. In some quarters it is pronounced an eminently artistic success; in others, the verdict is qualified by individual condemnations. No one denies, however, that "A Modern Ananias" is a poor play, and its solitary virtue, novelty, by no means excuses its inanity and structural weakness. Frank Mathieu and Miss Houghton gave satisfactory renderings of the leading roles, but the honors of the evening seem to have been divided between Mr. Peixotto, Miss Rose Hooper, and Mr. Frank Owen. In the second act Miss Goodall wore a stunning gown of white tulle over white silk, and sang a pretty song very charmingly. Mr. Rosborough, who wore a costume that looked as though it had come from "Ranch 10," was fairly bright and clever, and of course the audience was duly appreciative. It applauded frequently and generously, and quite often in the right place. This generosity might have been due to the fact that the temperature of the hall was only a few degrees above zero, and approval was exercise and restored circulation.

* * *

However, the audience was very gorgeous. Evening dress was *en regle*, and, in defiance of the atmosphere, I noticed quite a number of décolléte gowns; though, as the evening wore on, there was an irresistible demand for cloaks. Miss Emilie Hager was very beautifully gowned in pale blue satin and lace, and wore her hair pompadour. Mrs. Rosenstock, Baroness Von Schroeder, and several other prominent ladies wore noticeably handsome gowns. Among the younger girls, Miss McKenna looked very charming in white, Miss Carrie Taylor was in pink, and Miss Julia Crocker, who has just returned from the East and is looking very well, wore pale blue. Of the tableaux which preceded the performance, the success was that of Miss Thomas in "The Summer Moon." She really looked lovely. Miss Alice Hager as "La Tosca" wore a stunning gown, and a magnificent hat with wildly flying pink plumes, and a bouquet of American Beauty roses.

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Miss Lucas, Mrs. Hager's niece, who was the guest of Honor at the entertainment the other evening, is a decidedly bright, pretty, and piquant maiden, whose dark eyes and tiptilted nose are full of life, and suggestive of a love of gaiety. She is to be with us as long as she chooses to remain, and her influence, I am inclined to think, will be sufficiently strong to persuade Mrs. Hager to renounce the determination she so loudly expressed, of retiring as a hostess. It would be incompatible with her disposition not to assist generously toward the enjoyment of her guest.

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THE TEVISES are scattering for the summer; Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Breckenridge who is fast developing into a débutante, are with Mrs. Will Tevis, at Bakersfield. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, I hear, are now in Egypt, and show no tendency nor desire to return to San Francisco for the time being. Mrs. Moses Hopkins, too, is in Egypt. Mrs. Blanding has recovered from her recent illness, and is visible again to her many friends. The Monroe Salisburys are stopping at the Palace during the absence of Mrs. Salisbury. They have vacated their home on California Street, and propose spending the summer in Placer County. Next winter Mrs. Salisbury intends taking a larger house, as her daughters will then make their début. W. F. Goad and his daughters are at Paso Robles. Mrs. James Otis has gone to Stockton to be near her son.

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Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Lester and Miss Hobart have returned to San Francisco and preparations for the wedding of Mr. Hobart and Miss Williams are now well under way. It has already been decided that the entire family shall occupy the Hobart mansion on Van Ness Avenue—an arrangement which would hardly appeal to the taste of most young married people. It is said that in the blissful condition in question the best results are attained by life alone—that is, until temperamental angles are worn off. Miss Williams is described as so sweet and so charming that the limitations of experience do not apply in her case.

* * *

Sausalito continues to look up. I am told Mrs. Osgood Hooker is kept busy answering letters from her friends who are anxious she should find them villas for the season. The supply of house-room across the Bay this season is considerably below the demand, and her efforts have met with but little success. By the way, I am told James B. Coleman has taken the Gregory cottage for the summer.

* * *

SOCIETY was well represented on Saturday afternoon of last week at the reception which Mrs. William Willis gave by way of celebrating the return of the season and the début of her niece, Miss Scott. Miss Scott, a pretty blonde, looked charming in white silk trimmed with daisies. Mrs. Willis herself wore a striking and beautiful toilet of superb violet brocade satin and duchesse lace, made with a plastron of heavily jeweled white satin. She wore diamond ornaments. The interior decoration of the drawing-room of the beautiful Willis house on the corner of Gough and California Streets was made under the supervision of Miss Mary Bates and was all that the most exacting taste could demand. The reception-rooms were bowers of roses, La France, Lady Banshire, and Beauty of Hazenwood. In the hall was a tropical profusion of fan palms, cork elm, and snowballs, from beneath which Noah Brandt's orchestra discoursed delightful music. During the afternoon Ludwig served delicious refreshments, and the four hundred guests had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The already popular débutante is to be congratulated upon so charming an entrée into the social world.

* * *

There was a jolly little gathering at Miss Walls's studio Saturday night, where Bangs's "Proposal Under Difficulties" was rendered by Miss Glasscock, Frank King, and Lloyd Baldwin. The whole upper floor of the building on Sacramento Street was devoted to players and audience; and, between the tapestries of Joullin, Donald Graham, and artistic paraphernalia in general, the decorative effect was quite brilliant. A pretty stage was arranged, and the little play was capitally given. Miss Glasscock and Mr. Frank King distinguished themselves especially. Subsequently, there was music by Miss Wall and Mrs. Bain, followed by refreshments.

* * *

The Colonial Daughters held their last meeting for the season at Mrs. Dr. Henry Gibbons's on Tuesday, April 7th. Mrs. Gibbons read an able paper by Sheldon G. Kelogg on Abigail Adams, a colonial dame, wife of John Adams, the revolutionary patriot and second President of the United States. A delicious "sack posset," made from a recipe in the *Exact Cook Book*, compiled in 1672 by Hannah Wolley, and in the possession of Mrs. Gibbons, was served.

* * *

Thursday of this week the Misses Dunn gave a very charming tea to Miss Young and Miss Alice Voorman. The former of these young ladies is engaged, I understand, to Churchill Williams of Philadelphia, and Miss Voorman to Heber Tilden of this city. Nowadays, it is hard to distinguish between teas, but this one figures as a "pink and white"—which is as good a distinction as one might ask. However, it was a very charming affair, and the Misses Dunn made hospitable and exceedingly pretty hostesses. Indeed, they are very handsome girls, and there is much regret expressed over the tidings of their excursion to Europe.

* * *

If some one will loan a mansion to the "Fortnightly," there may yet be another entertainment. The treasury contains money enough, and there is sufficient talent ready and willing to appear; but no one seems to want to figure as hostess—hence, the deadlock.

* * *

The Queens of the Flower Festivals do not meet with the approval of the better class of San Franciscans. Indeed, I am told that certain ladies who have claims in the direction of social leadership claim it is bourgeois to attend the Flower Festival. The assumption seems to be that at these affairs there is necessarily a multitude, and where there is a multitude there is a mixture. One may be forgiven for criticising so unpatriotic an attitude. It is by gatherings and festivals that a community proclaims itself. Heavens, but would the fatuous idiots who so announce themselves declare the Flower Festival at Nice bourgeois, I wonder?

* * *

AN interesting engagement is that of Miss Virginia Carter Thompson, a daughter of R. A. Thompson, ex-Appraiser, who is now proprietor of the Santa Rosa *Democrat*, and Mr. Alan Dean Whittaker, a Philadelphia man, who is connected with the U. S. Gas Company and is out here installing improved plants in the various companies of the Coast. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and a rising man in his profession. Miss Thompson is a decidedly pretty and bright girl. They are to be married in the Fall, and will go to live in Pennsylvania.

* * *

I learn that the engagement existing between Miss Head and Mr. A. J. Mountney Jephson has been terminated. No reasons are given; though it is said he conducted himself with less consideration than his fiancée thought herself entitled to. He has recently been appointed a Queen's messenger, a role which sounds more impressive than it is. Considering the almost invariable failure of these international marriages it seems to me the young lady is decidedly to be congratulated, for she is, without question, one of the most charming, refined, and accomplished girls in our society.

* * *

Mr. Ewell and Miss Jane Masten were married at half-past eight Thursday evening of this week. Miss Masten is a daughter of N. K. Masten of this city; Doctor Foute performed the ceremony, Robert Campbell was best man, and Miss Alice Masten, the sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor. The bride's gown was of white organdie, made with high neck, long sleeves, and a skirt of the ordinary walking length. I believe that Miss Masten is one of the first, if not the first, to inaugurate the fashion of appearing in a bridal gown minus the decoration of a train, heretofore considered essential. Miss Alice Masten, however, was more en regle, for her gown was made décolleté and was finished with a trailing length of skirt. The bride and groom leave immediately for Mill Valley, where I believe they are to spend their honeymoon.

* * *

The death of James Nash Brown has evoked many expressions of regret, though it must be said his demise was not unexpected. Still he had so long defied the prognostications of his doctors that his many friend thought to have him with them for several years to come. His marriage to Miss Scott, daughter of Irving M. Scott, was one of the social events of last season, and was decidedly a love match. They had been engaged several years, but their union was delayed by the delicacy of the groom's health. The happy pair had just moved into their pretty new home on the corner of Pierce and Jackson Streets, which had been furnished according to the artistic perceptions of the bride. It is certainly one of the quaintest and most interesting interiors in the city. Among the features is an immense old mahogany sideboard, together with some very rare porcelain and many beautiful pieces of antique furniture which Mr. Scott, who has an eye for such things, had picked up from time to time and had presented to his daughter at her wedding.

* * *

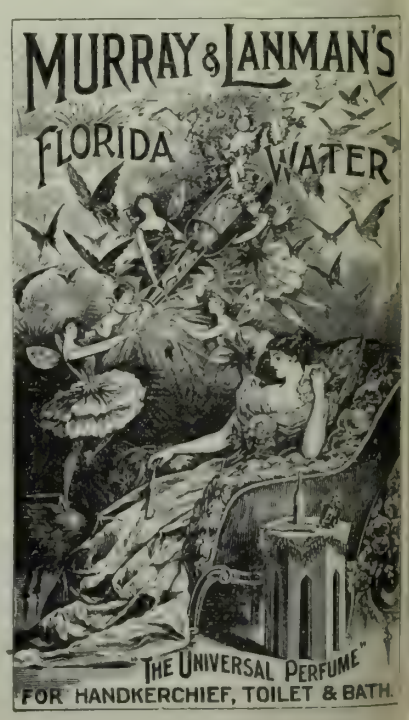
THE BOHEMIAN CLUB election was a very unexciting affair, which landed the regular ticket candidates quietly in office. At the eleventh hour, or it may have been a little later, the opposition, if such it could be dubbed by a vehement tug on the imagination, hoisted its colors reversely and with a quasi-humorous pronunciamento withdrew from the contest announcing its willingness to be "treated" by the regular candidates for its magnanimous action. No life was ever infused into the opposition and the only evidence that it was intended as a "joke" is the pronunciamento aforesaid. Had there been a vigorous contest it would have done much good even though the regular ticket had worn out. These contests rarely harm and all but invariably stimulate interest in the affairs of the institution.

* * *

The annual statement of the Bohemian Club is a very satisfactory one. Upward of $10,000 has been expended in the alterations, additions, and occasional beautification of the inward of the building and the Simeon Wenban plaster has been all but renewed. The price of release from the contract to take the building on the northwest corner of Sutter and Mason Streets was $24,000 and the Club gave two notes of $12,000 each. The first was taken up before it was due, and payments have been made on the second which guarantee it a similarly fortunate fate. The retiring Board of Directors gave suave Horace a little souvenir of their pleasant association with him in the shape of a cut-glass inkstand with a silver top. On the bulbous lid the club owl and legend "weaving spiders come not here," was engraved and underneath it "From the Directors to the President," and the date; altogether a neat souvenir.

* * *

Tom Williams of the *Examiner* has addressed a letter to the Bohemian Club in which he asks the members for advice. He states that Samuel Clemens, who everybody knows as "Mark Twain," wants to visit this Coast. The wit would like to do so as a



Swain's, at 213 Sutter Street, is the only place in the city at which one can find first-class pies, cakes, and confectionery.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street.

matter of pleasure solely, but if he do so at all it must be on a business basis, as he is in a condition closely approximating that best described as "strapped." If he can get sufficient "encouragement," Mark will come West and give a series of lectures. The letter has not yet been answered.

* * *

So Ed Greenway has been appointed agent for Mumm's! Mumm is to be congratulated, inasmuch as the best man for the place has certainly been selected. Apropos of wines, I am told that the production for the past three or four years in France has been large, and that in the cellars of the champagne dealers there is a larger quantity of wine than has ever been collected before. Still, there is no suggestion of a decrease in price, for we in America are not discriminating drinkers, and, outside certain of the clubs, one brand and one vintage is as acceptable as another. In England, however, the vintage question is of considerable importance, and stocks are classified according to years. It seems '87 is one of the very good years, and its product is mentioned as particularly valuable in the London market. I am told most of the poor vintages are unloaded on the American market, and it is interesting for those who desire to discriminate to know that the cork is, or should be, stamped with the year of its birth. If no mark is there, depend on it something is wrong.

* * *

Cooking-schools are certainly deserving of encouragement, and I commend the tableaux to be given at Golden Gate Hall to all who are interested in the future of the race. Miss Mollie Hutchison has charge of the affair, and she has arranged a series of artistic pictures in which a dozen pretty girls, and an equal number of good-looking young men are to figure. As usual, Gibson's groups are prominent, but, in addition, we shall have Grecian, picnic, and Japanese scenes.

* * *

Mrs. George Crocker, I am told, is becoming quite a personality in New York Society. She has made tremendous strides toward the innermost circle, and is said to have got there quicker than any western woman who ever came to Gotham. Her success is ascribed to the possession of tact and amiability, backed, of course, by the great wealth of her husband.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Le Montagne are now visiting in Boston, where Mr. Le Montagne has been selected to decide the saddle-horse and hunter's classes in the forthcoming Horse Show. He has long been considered one of the best judges of these classes in the country, but business affairs for the last few years have prevented his taking an active interest in equine festivals. I am told he is also to judge the same classes at the Brookline Horse Show, and, in all probability, will perform a similar function at the steeplechasing of the Brookline Country Club.

* * *

Already the exodus to Burlingame, San Mateo, and Menlo has begun. Major and Mrs. Rathbone have given up their town house, and are installed at Menlo for the summer, G. L. Rathbone accompanying them. The Ed. Ayers leave town next week, and other members of the Ayer and Atherton families will follow soon. Major Hooper, I hear, has taken the Williams cottage at Burlingame for the summer.

* * *

A big baseball game is in the wind—for charity of course; or rather, for the Mercantile Library. Though, under ordinary rules, one should not speak of a library as among the eleemosynary institutions. It is to occur next Saturday, at Central Park; with the University of California on one side, and the University Club on the other. Van Stowe manages the latter team, and Miller, of Berkeley, is at the head of their opponents. The Club team is as follows: Alfred Cohen (Captain), Wm. Magee, Thos. Magee, Jr., Arthur Allen, Geo. Greenwood, Joe Tobin, Lawrie Adams, Fred Howard, Everett Bee, Ed Ayer, Harry Knowles, and Milton Latham. The University team will be drawn from the following: Johnston (Captain), Wheeler, Worden, Hennessy, McLaren, Elston, Procter, Gooding, Dean, Hoag, Kaarsberg, Dean, Blasingame, Rawlings, Krug.

* * *

A theater-party which comprises sixty-eight guests is an affair to comment upon. These are about the dimensions of the Leon Sloss entertainment of Tuesday night. The party was scattered all through the orchestra of the Baldwin in little groups, and, later on, they all adjourned to the Sloss mansion on Van Ness Avenue, where an elaborate supper was served. This is one of the very handsomely furnished houses of the town. The interior was arranged by a well-known decorative firm, whose results are always notable for good taste; and the effect was enhanced by a rich profusion of beautiful flowers.

* * *

The Friday Night Bowling Club talks of an entertainment in return for the big dinner which the male members gave at the Cliff House. That seems to have escaped record, but it was really a brilliant affair, for a capital menu was served, and the auspices were thoroughly enjoyable. The coming event, however, is the Schweitzer-Hirsch wedding, for which the Concordia has been secured. Considering the dimensions of the bride's family, it is necessary to obtain as much room as possible, and the big ballroom of the club offers available facilities in this direction.

* * *

The engagement of real moment is that just announced between Miss Alice Gerstle and Mr. J. B. Levison of the "Fireman's Fund." Louis Gerstle, father of the prospective bride, is President of the Alaska Commercial Co., and one of the very rich men of the State. Mr. Levison is Marine Secretary of the sole survivor among the California Companies. He figures as one of the brightest men in his line, and, at underwriting undoubtedly has a future. He is a member of the Bohemian and Verein Clubs, and is a clever amateur flautist. Miss Gerstle is a charming girl, whose tact and amiability of manner have won her many friends. The affair is very decidedly a love match.

* * *

The interesting story of the marriage of Princess Kaiulani, which most of the dailies have announced, is denied by the royal damsel, who says she would not jeopardize her rights to the Hawaiian throne by wedding a foreigner. Her Majesty, Lilioukalani, it seems, has a château in northern Italy, and resides there in state. One can not but think how much more appropriate would it have been had this eminent lady made Burlingame her headquarters instead of retiring to the old world for solace!

* * *

MATRIMONY claims another Oakland maiden this week, and, as usual, it is a stranger who is to be congratulated. Miss Lida Thompson, a very pretty girl, whose home is on one of the peaks of Prospect Heights, is engaged to Mr. Dudley of Stockton. Miss Thompson is a graduate of Mills Seminary, but, having spent the last year or so in Europe, finishing her education, she is hardly as well known to the young people as the other members of her set. An engagement that interests East Oaklanders considerably is that of Miss Mamie Pope and Mr. Rossiter of San Diego. Their marriage is set for the 23d, and, in the meantime, the prospective bride is undergoing a course of entertainment. Miss Pope is musical, bright, and a very sweet girl; plays the violin charmingly, and is a great favorite in her set. The marriage is to be celebrated in the Pope mansion, which is one of the swell houses of which the "Borax" Smith place is the center. In honor of the affair, Miss Lucy May has issued invitations for a card-party, while Miss Blix Smith had a reception for the bride this week.

* * *

East Oakland is to lose the Crouches for the summer. Miss Crouch had a card-party in honor of her sister and brother-in-law' Mr. and Mrs. Tainter, who left this week for their home. It was quite an affair, and among the features was an excellent champagne punch. Miss Crouch goes East about May 1st.

* * *

The Garber tea was by no means the only affair on Saturday afternoon last. Besides it, there were receptions at Mrs. Borland's and at the Tuft's. The Belle Rose is indeed a charming place for a garden party, and the flowers, of which Mrs. Garber is so proud, were in the height of their Spring beauty. The Berkeley set of maidens assisted the family to receive their guests.

* * *

I am told the Brown tea, on Wednesday last, is universally pronounced the prettiest reception of the year. The decorations were quite out of the ordinary—the hall in lilies and snowballs, the drawing-room in La France and Duchesse roses, and the dining-room in yellow. The effect was very swell, and showed off the gowns admirably. Miss Floy Brown wore a pink silk Louis Quinze dress, beautifully made, and her sister, Mrs. Evarts, was in pale blue. The Jackson-street set assisted in its best bibs and tuckers, and every one went away enthusiastic.

* * *

Over in Berkeley "The Argonauts" has come in for considerable criticism. The play was written by Mr. Raymond Russ, one of the members of the D. K. E Fraternity. While rather amateurish in places—noticeably in the length of the first act—it was entertaining and witty, and shows considerable promise for a first attempt. Especially good was the telephone scene in the last act.

* * *

The cotillion given by the Junior and Senior classes of the State University in the Harmon Gymnasium last Friday was a very enjoyable affair from first to last. The versatile "Brick" Morse, of athletic fame, acted as leader in some figures that were not overintricate. The dancing was kept up till past midnight, but the entertainment was not relieved by refreshments, much to the disappointment of the maidens who prefer their Terpsichorean enjoyment to have some support. The guests were of the younger set, mainly drawn from the ranks of the "Little Ducks," among whom are some exceedingly pretty and vivacious damsels. From among them will be drawn the crop of winter débutantes. The Berkeley set was present in full force, of course, together with a handful of the girls of older growth from Oakland. Most of the fraternities turned over their club houses to their lady guests for the night. THE GOSSIP.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cents. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell Street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well-known one of Duff, Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff, Gordon, & Co., sherries.

Deutz and Geldermann's "Gold Lack" is, without doubt, the finest dry champagne imported. No connoisseur should fail to try it.

Mr. Strozynski, who for many years has had a beautiful store at Leavenworth and Ellis Streets has decided to come down town so that his store will be more convenient for his patrons. Mr. Strozynski has leased the new store at 24 Geary Street, and is having it fitted as only he can do it. The new store is most centrally located, and many of his old patrons who have found his present store a little out of the way, may, after May 1st, go to the leading hairdresser without any inconvenience.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated . . . . . .

Peruvian Bitters

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Napa Soda Springs California's Famous Mountain Spa!

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE LATELY?

Napa Valley. Climate unsurpassed. Views magnificent. Table supplied from orchard and ocean, field and farm. Hot and cold Napa Soda water baths. Telephone and Postoffice. Burros to ride. Bowling alleys, tennis, croquet swings and hammocks. New improvements every year. Gas and running water in every room. Relief for asthmatics. WARM WATER SWIMMING TANK. An ideal summer resort. Children's paradise, mothers' delight, husbands' rest. Address ANDREW JACKSON, Napa Soda Springs, P. O.

Blithedale

The nearest Summer Resort to San Francisco, and the most charming, is within five minute's drive from Mill Valley Station. Wooded hills shelter it from the wind and fog. Rose paths and beds of fragrant clover surround the houses, and all around are the redwoods—300 acres of woods. The cottages have porcelain bath tubs and electric lights and *perfect sewerage*. The never failing brook runs through the place. Table excellent—cream every day. Terms moderate. For particulars, address MRS. FARRAR, who will be at Blithedale after April 15th.

The place will open on May 1st.

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG

QUEEN OF ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests, June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager
ROOM 59, UNION TRUST BUILDING
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BYRON

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Chronic Malaria, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Bladder Troubles, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Gout, Obesity, Alcoholism in all its forms—can be positively cured at Byron Hot Springs.

CURES

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The Ideal Summer Resort should offer gaiety for the gay, rest for the weary, a beautiful country for the nature lover, a pleasant home and genial climate for all. These and many other attractions may be found at the Sea Beach Hotel, within easy reach of San Francisco. For additional information, address—

JOHN R. CHACE, Proprietor.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The oldest and most reliable brand of Tea on the market. Sold only in ⅓ pound papers at 20 cents per paper.
All grocers keep it.

RIPPLES.

CAMPING.

Camping, even without its many attributes, is considered by many weak-minded people as one of the most delightful sports. This goes to show that even in this enlightened age the barbarian spirit still dominates in the breasts of the majority.

What sport one can find in discarding his city raiment and donning that of the country yahoo for the purpose of getting as far away from civilization as may be possible, and sleeping out of doors or in a stuffy little tent rather than on a nice spring mattress in his city home, is more than I can understand. If these people were compelled to sleep in a tent or out of doors, they would be the last ones to do it gracefully. However, if you want to go camping, why go; but take my advice and the following described along with you, if you would get some enjoyment out of the trip:

First of all you must take a good, strong, portable house, capable of holding your entire party, as many bedsteads and spring mattresses as may be necessary, cook stove, and utensils, and enough fodder to last you a month longer than you propose to stay. Be sure to take plenty of beans and bacon with you so you may indulge in the same at least three times a day. You will then know how to appreciate city life when you return. Be sure to take a piano along, and as much of the parlor furniture and bric-a-brac from your city residence as can be spared. Do not forget to take a first-class cook, also a couple of upstair girls along.

In selecting your party to go camping, never select those whom you think are the nicest fellows in your set. Always select the opposite. The nicest fellows in the city always turn out to be anything but the same sweet-scented fellows in camp; and those you think the least of in the city are usually crack-a-jacks in camp-life. There is no place in the world where a man can better improve himself in the study of human nature than in camp life. A man invariably shows his calibre while camping, and, the the beauty of it is, he doesn't know it.

Were I about to go into business with a man whom I had known and been with day and night for thirty years or more, I would not close the bargain until I had taken him camping for a couple of days. Two days would tell me correctly what he was, no matter what might have been my previous opinion.

To be on the safe side, it is always well when pitching camp to select a place as close to some farmhouse as the farmer may permit, as you will undoubtedly want to borrow some salt or something of that kind, which you will invariably forget to bring with you. Then, again, it is a good idea to have a good strong roof nearby where one may seek shelter in case of a rain storm.

If the party consists of men only, make no mistake but take a first-class cook along. Of course you know how to cook as well as any professional, or at least you think you do, but on account of past experiences you ain't going to cook, for no one in camp is found more fault with than the cook. The other fellow thinks the same way, and the probability is he does know how to boil water without burning out the bottom of the kettle. The other fellow maybe never had any experience in a camp before, and will, undoubtedly, insist upon being appointed cook. Not to comply with his request will cause ill feelings. It will be the same if you favor him in the way desired; therefore it is well to be provided with a professional cook before starting.

I went camping once myself with a first-class crowd of men. The cook was not hired but he was a crack-a-jack with a saucepan. If there were a person in the world that could cook anything in a saucepan that our cook couldn't I would like to know what it is. I've seen him cook tea, bread, pie, beans and anything else that you could think of in a saucepan. He didn't do it because he didn't have the other utensils, but because it saved labor, which seemed to me to be very unsportmanlike.

One evening the cook's brother paralyzed me by remarking, "By Jove! George makes pretty good biscuits, doesn't he?" "Where are the biscuits?" inquired I. "Why, you are eating one now." "What!" I yelled, "are those biscuits? I thought they were dumplings."

The cook never felt as friendly toward me after that. Even the balance of the boys stated that I didn't know what was good. Maybe I don't, but I know what's bad, and if the wife of any in the party had placed before her master such food as was offered us, she would have gotten a piece of that of which all the members of our camping-party lacked the most. The man who camps is a chump.

A FEARFUL SENTENCE.

Judge—Prisoner, you have been found guilty of murder in the first degree. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?

Prisoner—Nothing, your Honor.

Judge—Then the sentence of this court is that you be condemned to sleep in a folding bed until you are dead, dead, dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

THE LATEST.

"Here comes that Miss Flighty with her loud skirt. The hateful thing!"

"I don't see anything loud about her skirt."

"Heavens! Can't you hear that rustle?"

"Christmas! I would give ten dollars extra for a rustle in a skirt like that."

MOSTLY OFF.

Blossom—Do you ride your bike much?

Bloomer—Oh, yes, off and on.

NOT HIGH ENOUGH.

Porter—The only berth I can give you, Mum, is lower ten.

Mrs. Shoddy—No lower ten for me; give me the upper ten or nothing.

SOMETIMES.

Little Freddie—Do figures ever lie, Papa?

Papa (ex-Editor of a defunct daily)—Only when placed at the head of an editorial column, my son.

THROWN OUT.

She—Did pa kick very hard against our nuptials?

He—Blessed if I know; but he kicked awfully hard against my trousers.

DESERVING.

First Burglar—What did you get for that plate you stole last year from the house on the Avenue?

Second Burglar—Six months.

AT THE JEWELERS, CLOCK AND WATCH MAKERS'.

"Is the proprietor in?"

"Not at present, sir; but he'll be back in a few minutes. He just stepped down the street to get the correct time."

OH! WOMAN.

Mr. Youngwed—I met Miss Devon to-day.

Mrs. Youngwed—What kind of a person is she?

Mr. Youngwed—She is very womanly, indeed.

Mrs. Youngwed—She must be awfully homely, then.

IN FRISCO.

"Have you seen 'Puddn'head Wilson'?"

"No; but I've seen Puddin'head Sutro."

THE PANACEA.

Blossom (on his way to the office)—By Jove! I'm feeling fine this morning; guess I'll go in here and take a little whisky.

Blossom (the next morning)—Hang it! I don't feel very well this morning; think I'll go into Billy's and get a little whisky.

THE BRUTE.

Wife (admiringly)—Oh, George, just look at my new bonnet! Is it not a dream?

Husband (observing the bill)—I would to Heaven it were, dear. I would to Heaven it were.

NOT ON YOUR LIFE.

She—I dislike handsome men; they are so conceited.

He—I'm sure I am not conceited.

OF COURSE.

Husband (a would-be humorist)—It's strange I don't hear anything from that instalment of jokes I sent Squibbs. If they have no use for 'em they should have been returned three weeks ago.

Wife—Probably the editor is having an X-ray thrown on them for the purpose of ascertaining if they contain anything that is funny.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Bishop Floss—I cannot understand why you selected for a second husband such a scamp as Bliss, when your first husband was such a religious man.

She—You don't suppose that I have any desire to meet two husbands in the hereafter, do you? BRUNO.

I wrote, one day, some tender lines
I thought would live;
They bore the same inspired ring
That poets give.
Alas! I wrote these soulful lines
Upon my cuff;
My laundress thought that they had lived
Quite long enough.
—*Yonker's Statesman.*

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON RECENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

The Relay has been lost and won. Nine clubs have lost the race, and the other has won it. Thus much was to have been expected. Thus much could have been safely prophesied as soon as the number of the entries was known. But beyond that, prophecy was hazardous, as I said last week, and the event has proved the truth of that assertion, for the Relay was full of surprises at almost every point of the course except the finish, and there the expected happened.

A race of this sort is like a great battle. It is a composite struggle made up of incidents almost innumerable; of these, no one person can see more than a few, and the participants themselves must learn how the race or the battle was won or lost from others. Information as to how this particular race was lost is not at all hard to obtain, and there are just nine different versions of it. How the race was won the winners of it tell to the readers of this page.

From personal observation, I feel that I can add little to the history of the Relay of '96. The sight of Fritz Hansen with the blood wetting his sleeve as he plugged pluckily up the Six Mile Hill, after his fall at the very outset, is the most vivid thing in my memory. Surely his work in finishing that first relay in thirty minutes flat under such circumstances was one of the most creditable performances of the day.

Without a doubt, the race, taken as a whole, far exceeded in interest any previous contest of the kind. The general good quality of the riders, the almost equal strength of five of the teams, the day, with its opportunities for skilful riding with and against a gale—all these things contributed to its success. The accidents were few, but two of them unfortunate in the extreme. An ordinary accident on the road, such as a puncture, or a fall resulting in a smashed wheel, the running over a dog or a child, the loss of a nut or a toe clip, are fair incidents of a road race, and the skill of a rider in avoiding happenings of this kind is a legitimate factor of his success. But a collision between two contestants in the race is an accident not in the same class. The unfortunate occurrence which resulted in throwing Squires and Foster out of the race was entirely foreign to road riding proper, and is thoroughly regrettable from every point of view.

Well, the end of it all is that the Bay City's won out, and for the second time. The whole world acknowledged the victory; even the ferry boat that carried home a goodly portion of the returning crowd had the words "Bay City" blazoned across her pilot house in letters of old gold, and the sun sank down behind the Oakland marshes through a sky of crimson and gold.

All honor to the victorious riders! But now for a serious word or two with those who made their victory possible, those who mapped out the plan of the contest and chose and placed the men. I am speaking to you, Mr. Sheldon, to Mr. Kerrigan and Mr. Waters, and those of your club who have the deciding of these things. You have won out the Relay for your club. But can you say fairly and honestly that it was done with strict adherence to spirit of the rules of the Road Racing Committee? You are well aware that a man who is not an amateur should not have ridden in this contest. Does the mere fact that a rider has not yet been declared a professional by the Racing Board make him any the less so? Let me ask you, gentlemen, if you can say in all candor that none of the men who assisted in your victory were professionals. Of course, the race is over now. Nothing can change the result. But in the interest of true sportsmanship, would you not feel better, feel honester, if some three of your riders were not so near the verge of the professional class that they will be so declared the first time they appear on the track? This is not a post-mortem, but a suggestion for '97, and there goes with it the hope, more, the faith even, that you will act upon it.

Coming home from the race there was such a jam of wheels that many riders were unable to secure places for themselves and their machines on the local trains, and this in spite of the fact that extra baggage-cars had been provided on all the trains. The method of handling bicycles which is employed by the railroad company at present is absolutely no method, and the confusion and uncertainty about the matter led me to have a talk with Mr. T. H. Goodman, the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company, on the subject.

"It's quite a chore," he said, "carrying these wheels on trains, and the Company ought to get some pay for it. Since the first of the year we have been charging for the transportation of wheels to points fifty miles from San Francisco. To nearer points they are carried free."

It seems that the Transcontinental Passenger Association and the Western Passenger Association have issued circulars requiring their members to charge for the carriage of bicycles as excess baggage. The train-men, I learned, have no authority to take the wheels unless they are checked, but they are very lax in observing the rule. Whether or not the Company could be compelled to check the wheels as baggage is still a question. It has been settled, however, in New York by the passage of the Armstrong Bill which declares the wheel to be baggage.

I asked Mr. Goodman if the Company had considered the question of furnishing cars provided with bicycle racks or any special contrivance for the carriage of wheels, and learned that, in his opinion, nothing would be done in that line till some of the other railroad companies had tried the experiment.

The wheel is a very bulky and delicate piece of machinery and the problem of its transportation has already become a serious one in railroading. The time required to properly load and unload any considerable number of wheels is the main cause of the difficulty. If checks were required and the Company had to put all the wheels on board the cars and take them off, it would require three or four men at times at some stations to do this work. On one New York railroad the plan adopted is this: Each wheel has a tag attached to it and a coupon bearing the same number is given to the owner who is required to take his wheel to the door of the baggage car and be on hand to receive it there on arriving at his destination.

That something will have to be done in the matter toward systematizing the carriage of bicycles on the trains about this city is evident enough to any one whose machine has been through the present tangle.

C. MICHENER.

HOW WE WON THE RELAY.

F. H. KERRIGAN.

A most important portion of the annual Relay Race never comes to the attention of the public. On the day of the event they watch the riders and note the times of starts and finishes, are pleased at the clever work of some, are disappointed in others. But, I suppose, not one in ten of the people who stood watching the bulletins as they came in while the race was in progress ever considered that this was merely the final day of an effort that had begun months before. The record of that final day is pretty complete. Some of us could add a touch or two here and there, perhaps, but the main facts of it are already known to all who read. I shall therefore speak mainly of the period that preceded the day of the actual race, the period of preparation and training, and shall try to suggest some of the reasons for the success of the Bay City's team. I do this in the interest of the sport in general, because it seems to me that if the methods we adopted were employed to the same degree by the other clubs, while the Bay City's chances of success would be dimished, yet elements would be added to the contest that would improve it greatly.

First of all I want to put into the record a little incident which shows that, on our part at least, the rivalry between the clubs is a generous one. There is a feeling in the air after every success of the Bay City Wheelmen that that club is ready to take advantage of any opportunity, to employ any means or trick, to bring about the result its members desire. But this is not the case. When Hardy Downing, the crack rider of the Garden City's, was in the middle of his relay, his tire flattened. His trailer was nowhere to be seen and he was practically helpless, and his club consequently out of the race. Just then Freeman, a Bay City trailer, came up and gave Downing his wheel, and this, too, knowing that it was the Garden City's his club had most to fear. The talk of a protest on their part now on some technical ground is indeed jarring in the face of this little incident.

Our preparations for the Relay began really just a year before the day of the race. From that time till the morning of the struggle, no stone was left unturned to make our success as sure as it could be made. When the time came for actual training to begin, every member of the Club was made to feel that he could add something to its chances, that there was something he could do; and whatever it was—the writing of a letter, the running of an errand, rubbing down the men—it was done gladly and heartily, and with the feeling that every member in the Club had a share in the final failure or success. The fraternal feeling was cultivated and encouraged to the utmost. Every one was ready to train who could be of any possible use, although they knew that not one-half of them would be selected to ride.

The picking of the riders was a difficult matter. There were some twenty-five members of the Club who could have ridden a creditable ten miles on the day of the race, and to select the ten who would do the best was far from easy. In many cases there were records of recent individual performances which were of great assistance, but frequent and thorough try-outs were the sure aid. These try-outs were almost all private. No crowd was gathered to interfere with the riders; no opportunity was given any one outside of the Club to learn anything of their condition. The entries were kept absolutely secret, and the final team was a surprise. When the members of the team had once been determined on, there was necessarily more or less disappointment on the part of those who were not selected. But to show the character of the feeling, let me instance the case of a man who had trained hard and faithfully for two years for a position on the team without success, and then consented to act as trailer for the man who was selected in his stead.

When the team was picked, each man was sent to his course. With him went his best friend in the Club, and the two lived on the relay he was to ride for several days. The value of this part of the preparation cannot be overestimated. On the day of the race, none of the team lacked any assistance that could possibly be furnished. Every member was ready to forego the pleasure of seeing the start or finish if he could be of any use at any other point in the course. And so, through self-sacrifice and hard work, careful judgment, and the hearty assistance of every one of their clubmates and not through luck, the Bay City Wheelmen's riders, for a second time, carried the packet first over the tape.

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—SPRING SEASON, 1896

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 9—Probate. In the matter of the estate and Guardianship of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a Minor. Order to show cause on application for Guardian for Order of Sale of Real Estate. It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Gustave H. Umbsen, the Guardian of the estate of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a minor, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to his said ward, that it will be beneficial to said minor, and expedient and advisable that such real estate should be sold.

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said ward, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Monday, the fourth day of May, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 3d, A. D. 1896.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

F. D. MADISON, Attorney for Guardian.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10—Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased. Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made. A. J. Thompson, the Administrator of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell all or so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary, at public auction. And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks, in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated April 9th, A. D. 1896.

CHARLES W. SLACK,
Judge of the Superior Court.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION OF principal place of business, San Francisco, California: location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth day of March, 1896, an assessment (No. 47) of ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 11, No. 331 Pine Street, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of April, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourteenth day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 11, No. 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY

Assessment ..... No. 78
Amount per Share..... .....15 cents
Levied.....March 25, 1896
Delinquent in office.....April 28, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock .....May 20, 1896

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary

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FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

There is no longer any necessity to worry about the fitness of things. Anything that is pretty is fit. Never before has fashion opened up so many possibilities for those of slender means. Neither has she ever before had so many brilliant devices to ensnare the bulging purse of the rich.

Nothing is any longer incongruous. You may outline your cuffs with tiny ruffles of Mechlin, your collar may be of some rich bit of Dresden ribbon, the yoke of your bodice of grass linen or batiste and you may outline the whole with a band of sable.

Satin, velvet, costly lace, inexpensive ribbon and dainty cotton fabrics may all be utilized in building up a fetching and modish gown. Blessed are those who have a well-stocked rag bag for they may have a gown that will outrival My Lady's straight from Paquin.

If you don't believe me, let the description of Miss de Wolfe's Easter gown designed and made by that famous authority convince you. And it is just as well to bear in mind that Miss de Wolfe is considered quite the best-dressed woman in New York.

It is a stunning affair of smooth black cloth, with a plain, full skirt. The waist has a yoke of finely tucked cream-white batiste, with a deep border of exquisite Sicilian embroidery in dull blue and ecru.

The bodice, which is brought down from the yoke in pretty folds, is of black satin. The long wrinkled sleeves are also edged with the embroidery and with a tiny band of sable. Sable is also used as an outline for the yoke. The high collar is of the embroidery.

With this dainty spring gown there is worn the most light and airy of hats. It is wide-brimmed and is of black tulle. Heavy black aigrettes stand up at the side and a wide band of gold embroidery holds the soft crown in black. The tulle brim is embroidered in gold and there is a large knob of the embroidery at the back.

Another tendency of the season is the revivals of old styles, and with this backward turn of fashion comes once again brilliant, gaudy stockings. Gorgeous stripes and striking plaids in hosiery are already upon us, but nary a sight yet of grandmamma's old stand by—and all the saints be praised for it!—the white stocking. Among the new stockings already in favor there are black stockings with fine iridescent colored stripes and stockings with flower-scattered insteps, as well as silk and lisle hose in all the latest, most pronounced shades For evening wear there are stockings with lace insertions, and sometimes the design of the lace is outlined with tiny pearls. When insertions are not used, the lace adorns the stocking in Vandyke points.

A distinguishing mark of this season is the number of flowers that are to be used. Hats are loaded down with flowers. There is the floral collar, and a pretty conceit is an evening gown with the decolletage outlined with blossoms.

And the flowers themselves are worthy the admiration they are receiving. So natural are they that one is sure of their fragrance. Yet they are artificial, after all. But the art of manufacturing them has almost reached perfection. Once an artificial flower consisted of lawn petals crudely dyed in various colors. Now velvet, silk and chiffon are used to mold the blossoms, and with such success that to tell them from the natural flower is almost impossible.

Of course, there are favorites among the artificial flowers, just as there are in the natural blossoms. This spring the primula is the flower of fashion. It is a simple flower on the geranium order, and comes in all the shades of pink, pale yellow, magenta, and purple. To the uninitiated it has much the appearance of a primrose. As a trimming it is most effective.

The orchid divides honors with the primula in fashionable favor. It is exquisitely shaded, made of velvet, silk, and chiffon, and many varieties are seen. These new orchids may be bought separately or in wreaths. Those most in favor are in the violet and mauve shades.

The poppy is another popular flower. There are big shaggy poppies as well as small ones, with the petals grouped close together, and in more colors than the natural poppy ever dreamed of.

Poppies in the Parma violet shades are the latest novelty. Green poppies are also new and a combination considered quite correct consists of grouping green and purple poppies together. For evening wear the poppies are made entirely of chiffon and are exquisite in color and effectively soft and graceful.

This is a silk season and nothing is more in keeping with the order of things than the stiff glacé silk should be besprinkled with flowers.

The importation of summer silks and satins from the great French manufacturers shows the prominence of Marie Antoinette designs. There are many bright chené flowers printed on white and pale-hued satins and taffetas. These mark that gay but short period of the Little Trianon when an affected simplicity and all manner of flower-garlanded shepherdess fashions were in vogue. Pale lavender, rose, ciel blue, and straw-colored satins are shown, printed with long-stemmed lilies, sprays of button roses, or other blossoms. The flower-printed satins are often brocaded in fine patterns of fern leaves, grass clusters, or baten sprays in the tint of the ground, and the flowers are then printed a la chené over this ground.

Ombre or shaded effects, which are usually introduced with chené-printed flowers, are a noticeable part of the season's coloring. Great roses or other blossoms printed in many varying tones of the same color are shown on taffeta grounds of harmonizing hues.

Some of the most effective silks have white grounds and are figured with huge tulips and other flowers in delft-blue coloring. A great many of the silks are characterized by the use of ceramic patterns and coloring. The loveliest palm-leaf patterns in such coloring as are seen on old Persian tiles are shown on ivory-tinted satin and taffetas.

Some of the new fashions are hideous examples of the evil of trying to be two things at once, and this is particularly noticeable in the matter of sleeves. There has been a sort of sleeve panic among the promulgators of fashion.

As if it were not bad enough to have Mrs. McKee and Russell Harrison stay away from the Dimmick-Harrison wedding, the *Post* had to go and add to the poor bride's troubles. Everybody knows that the wedding gown is almost a compensation for the groom's staying away. And when you have a love of a gown and have it said in cold hard print that your *sleeves*—and they are such an important question just now—"continue to the bottom of the Henry IV. coat," and that your skirt has "a jabot of jace in apron effect upon the vest front,"—well, it is simply awful, but I wouldn't worry.

BABETTE.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," give relief in all Bronchial Affections. A simple and safe remedy. Avoid imitations.

Madam de Soto makes a specialty of making ladies' underwear and children's garments. The best of materials are used, the prices are moderate, and no one should think of buying any of these articles without seeing Madam de Soto, at 414 Geary St., and inquiring as to her price for making.

Poets sing of "woman's crowning glory." To perpetuate a beautiful head of hair, to prevent it from falling out, to incite it to a renewed healthy growth, is the assurance that goes with every bottle of Quinonia. Should your dealer not have it, get it at Lederer's, 111 Stockton Street; thirty-five cents a bottle.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

El Campo, the popular Bay resort, now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c; children 15c; including admission to the grounds. The steamer "Ukiah" will leave Tiburon ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 2 and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1, 3, and 5 P. M.

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In no other city in the world, probably, does there exist an institution parallel or similar to the Lurline Baths. It is simply unequaled anywhere. Aside from the novelty of the fact that one may enjoy a plunge in the water of the ocean, in the heart of a great city; aside from this fact, I say, the institution is most elegantly and completely equipped. There is a gymnasium and all the other accessories needed to build up the constitution, and to reduce surplus fat, to the accumulation of which the inhabitant of this climate is most dangerously prone. Cleanliness is the watchword of this institution. The tubs and tanks and everything about are kept scrupulously white, the water pumped fresh from the ocean every day, and one may enjoy it in any shade or degree of temperature. Rates, 30 cents single ticket, four for $1.00; and for the plunge, fifty tickets $10.00.

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TALES OF THE DAY.

One evening in the earlier days of his fame Paderewski was playing at a musicale in one of the salons of Paris. The selection was Handel's "Largo." On the other side of the piano and directly in his line of vision sat a certain large lady fanning herself rapidly with an enormous fan of red plumes. Paderewski found he could not keep his eyes away from this moving spot of color, while its rapid trivial motion got into his brain, and jarred with the movement of the piece he was playing. At last the situation became too strained for the great pianist's delicate nerves. He ceased abruptly, and leaning over toward the lady, exclaimed, "How *do* you suppose I can play this 'Largo' in one kind of tempo while *you* are swinging that fan in another."

At some private theatricals recently given at the Court of Prussia the Crown Princess Frederica Augusta of Saxony was cast for the part of a maid servant, and in one scene rather realistically depicted the girl as polishing her master's boots. It was done almost too well. The King was not pleased, and is said to have remarked, "It is all very well of course here among ourselves, but a royal princess should not be able to imitate the manners of a serving-maid so easily."

Never has there been a more kindly genius than Professor Le Conte of the State University, and rarely a greater scientist. Some time ago one of the Juniors in College who had not forgotten how to be a Freshman showed to "Professor Joe" a curious beetle, which he (the Junior) had manufactured by ingeniously putting together the various portions of a variety of insects, and asked, "What kind of a bug do you call this, 'Professor Joe'?" "That," answered the Professor with his magnetic smile, "that I should call a hum-bug."

Captain Kronje, who commanded the Boers at Krugersdorp, may be a good fighter, but he knows more about bicycles now-a-days than he used to. A few years ago, while crossing a certain district in the Transvaal, he came across the "spoor" or track of a cyclist, following it for a long distance, curious to see the man "who could trundle a wheelbarrow so far without a rest." He finally came to the conclusion that his man was a fugitive from justice, and reported the matter to the nearest *landdrost*. A posse was organized and repaired to the spot. The trail was examined carefully, and the party were about to begin the pursuit when Kronje suddenly exclaimed: "If it was a wheelbarrow, where is the spoor of the man who wheeled it? Yes, see, here is the track of the wheel, but no footprint of a man. Boys, this is enough for me; ride for your lives—it's a ghost!" To this day the Boers consider that road as haunted.

Speaking of South African affairs puts us in mind of a rather good story on Cecil Rhodes, the multi-millionaire and ex-Premier of the Colony. On his return journey to England recently, Mr. Rhodes was detained by the break down of his steamer, the "Moor," which was obliged to put in to Dekkar, on the Senegal coast. Mr. Rhodes went ashore with a boat load of passengers, and while strolling through the one street of the town was offered a beautiful rug—or it might have been a bed quilt—made of bird skins by a native who asked twelve shillings in return. Mr. Rhodes was delighted with the skins, but was unwilling to pay more than ten shillings. For fully ten minutes he chaffered and haggled over the matter, and finally went his way without making the purchase. He was many times a millionaire, and controlled the output of the De Beers diamond mine, but would not pay two shillings more than what he thought the rug to be worth.

Donizetti, the Italian composer, was very consequential of manner, due to the adulation he had received from his countrymen. Once, while playing before the Czar of Russia, he was disturbed by the Emperor conversing with a member of his suite. Thereupon, Donizetti stopped playing abruptly and left the piano. Presently the Emperor approached him, and said: "Why did you cease playing?" "Because, Sire," answered the Italian, "when the Czar speaks, all the rest of the world should be silent!" There was nothing to be said in rejoinder to this Machiavellian response, and the Emperor had to accept his rebuke.

Nasrullah Khan, the Afghan Prince, who recently visited England, was the guest of honor at a merchants' banquet in London. After the dessert the guests crowded round to ask questions about Afghanistan. Was he accustomed to the use of forks and napkins? Were the Afghans Moors or negroes? How many wives were they allowed? "In short," one anxious old man demanded, "are your people now in a barbarous or savage condition?" The Asiatic listened tranquilly. Then he said, calmly, "My people have learned the first lesson of civilization. They hold a guest sacred." He rose, bowed low, and took his leave.

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Recently several cases have been brought to the attention of THE WAVE in which young men, anxious to secure an education, had undertaken to work their way through the University. The spirit that hungers for knowledge is not met with as frequently as one might wish, but the example of the youth in question has led the proprietors of THE WAVE to devise some means by which such persons, either male or female, might secure the education which they sought. On page 16 of this issue may be found an offer of scholarships at either of the two Universities, offers of the facilities of reputable business colleges, medical colleges, schools of electrical, mining, mechanical and civil engineering and architecture, schools of dramatic art, and scholarships at the Meisterschaft School of Languages and schools of elocution and oratory. In addition to these, THE WAVE has been enabled to make arrangements with Nathan Landsberger, S. M. Fleishman, H. J. Stewart, Sigmund Beel, J. H. Dohrman, and Lesley Martin, for courses in vocal and instrumental music, including piano, organ, harmony, and vocal art. This offer is something of a novelty in California, and is not lacking in generous features.

LA FIESTA.

California was first a rancho, then a gold mine, later a vineyard, and now a flower garden. Before the mining days the hills and valleys were only valuable as the great cattle-ranges of proud senors. Along the Coast from San Diego to the Mission Dolores picturesque settlements were scattered, all clustering about the quaint churches of the Mexican padres. Over the hills roamed the cattle of the great ranchero who sold their hides to the yearly ship that dropped into the nearest harbor. To raise these cattle and sell them was the one business of this great State. The life was idle, easy, happy, and simple, developing a people sensuous and thriftless. It is not in a Latin race, and possibly not in any other, to live in a climate so genial as that of California, where nature is so prodigal and remains robust and aggressive. Here was a life of graceful indolence, picturesque and poetical, such as the pioneer could not appreciate when he came with anxious eye and hand eager to wash the gold out of the mountains into his pockets. The fandango became a drunken miner's revel; the arbor of vines was turned into a toolshop, the comfortable adobe into a storeroom, and the garden and vineyard made way for the potato patch and the hotel.

The pioneer never has been known to regard the picturesque as matter of real value. The founders of towns always locate them by the side of the stream or on some flat, and a generation has to pass before people see that the land of real value for residence sites is on the hills near by. So the Californian of '49 sacrificed all to the making of money, asking no satisfaction from Nature save the dust she held in her lap. Then, gradually, men began to give up their nomadic life and turn to the making of cities, the growing of grain, and the planting of vines. The church was built alongside the saloon, and the schoolhouse became an important building. Thus came civilization—from the mission to the mine, from the mine to the farm, from the farm to the brick block in the city.

And now we go back to the days before the pioneer—the days of flowers, of festival, of fandango. We have discovered that there was something in the old Mexican days that we can make a part of our own life, a thing we should not allow to die, a feature distinctively Californian peculiarly our own and impossible of any but the feeblest imitation elsewhere. The joy and gaiety and grace and color of the days of old have their renaissance in the fiestas of to-day.

California is destined to breed a people of the highest artistic quality. We have already become of more than national note for the number of artists we produce—singers, painters, actors, and poets. Never before has the experiment been tried of placing the Anglo-Saxon in a Mediterranean country. It may be that the genius of our race will adapt itself so perfectly as to develop here a civilization half northern and half southern, in which the energy of the Saxon will bring to its ripest fruition the fire and passion of the poetic Southron.

But being not yet lost to the commercial, we may yet consider the rich resource we enjoy in our climate. Not all our grapes and mines can be made to yield so large a fortune as our climate. There are enough people in this world anxious to live at least part of their lives in comfort, with the sun at their backs and flowers before them, to add twenty million dollars yearly to our income. We have not yet begun to know what a winter resort this may be. With the Sierras and the ocean, the Yosemite and the orange groves, the redwoods and Del Monte, there is no land under the sun that can be our rival either in the grand, the beautiful, or the picturesque. New Hampshire alone plucks from the stranger each year the sum of eight million dollars, over one-half of the total gold output of California. There is a figure for Californians to think upon.

The fiesta will advertise us, bring people, some to stay and others to come again. It will make known to others the geniality of our climate, the richness of our soil, and the beauty of our women. It will teach us to appreciate the beauties of our State and the privilege we enjoy in living in a place of picturesque ancestry and of a vast artistic future—and this will not be least of the blessings brought by the battle of the flowers.

DOCTOR BROWN.

Doctor Brown has succeeded in so conducting his own affairs as to get himself practically convicted of the serious charges from which he was attempting to escape. Just what jurisdiction the Bay Convention of the Congregational Church may have in the matter is obscure to the outer world. The accused pastor appeared before the ecclesiastical council, which sat for nearly a month and heard testimony, and finally recorded its verdict practically acquitting him of the serious charges preferred against him. Now, we have the Bay Conference which hears no testimony and which apparently has no facts before it, calmly reversing the judgment of the tribunal which did hear testimony and had possession of all the facts. Doctor Brown is certainly an unfortunate manager, and, as we said last January, stands sadly in need of a material adviser.

There is an old saying that, a man who has himself for a lawyer has a fool for a client, which is probably applicable in the case in hand. Many of the gentlemen who sat in judgment at the Bay Conference, also sat as judges and participated in the verdict of acquittal—for it was acquittal practically—before the ecclesiastical council; yet some of these were among the harshest critics at the last hearing. This change of heart can only be accounted for upon the supposition that Doctor Brown's conduct, since the rendering of the first verdict, has been such as to produce a feeling of hostility in the breasts of certain of his brethren. The Doctor sharply criticized the first verdict, and gave voice to some very indiscreet statements. The last verdict has all the appearance of being a reprisal upon him for these oral indiscretions. If ever a man has encompassed his own undoing, it has been Doctor Brown. Had he but held his tongue, his position to-day might have been very different. It cannot be said the Bay Conference has helped matters any by renewing the scandal, or that it has helped the church by suspending Doctor Brown and placing him under suspicion. So far as the public were concerned, they were willing to let the matter drop. Scandal in connection with churchly affairs is not a thing to be exploited; it is not a thing for the daily newspapers or for the idle and slanderous tongue. Exploiting such things arms the scoffer, and places in his mouth weapons to weaken the influence of the church. The verdict of the Bay Conference adds nothing of weight to the charges against the defendant. It is simply a record of the sentiment of men who confessedly had not summoned before them a single witness or elicited a single fact to substantiate or justify the verdict recorded by them. While Doctor Brown may be guilty on every count, it does not seem fair, after having been acquitted by the ecclesiastical council, convened for the purpose of giving him a hearing and with all the testimony before it, that judgment should be reversed without a hearing of any kind whatever. How, or where, the church expects to profit by this action is obscure. It simply serves to mix matters more, and, perhaps, records some animosities, perhaps some rebuke for the ill-chosen and unwise words which fell from his lips directly after the original verdict.

SOME OF THE ANSWERS.

To dispel ignorance is none the less a duty because ignorance to some natures assumes all the qualities of bliss. To enlighten the *Voice of Labor* has been a thankless task. That paper had no desire to be enlightened. Lack of knowledge was its happiness. A little plain reasoning has shattered the joy that hedged it about. Facts and logic are against it. The *Voice of Labor* descends from the plane of dignity when it snarls out a protest that might have been stronger if more civil. Let this small circumstance be overlooked, and the paper be treated with a courtesy it has not earned. It propounds several queries, and awaits reply. It has no need to wait.

"The Wave" has never contended that Trades Unions specifically advocate the doctrine of murder, so this point could with justice be entirely overlooked. The contention was that, in a general way, murder often springs from the teachings of the Unions, and that cases illustrative of this, from the days of the Molly Maguires to the year 1896, A. D., when striking lathers slay a toiler who refused to join their idle and turbulent ranks, have been so numerous that, concerning the incontrovertible and patent fairness of the position, no question can arise. The *Voice of Labor* is equally weak in its continued attempt to establish a parallel between the offer of the military company to which the murderer Durrant belonged to provide an attorney for the prisoner, and that of the offer of fellow-strikers to

provide an attorney for the man who in their presence gave the fatal blow to Mars. Durrant was charged with a crime so horrible, and his record so far as known was so clear, that it was difficult to grasp at first the possibility that he might be guilty. His friends simply rejected the suggestion; their senses refused to accept it. Yet they saw the toils closing around him and they believed that an innocent victim was being dragged toward the gallows. Their impulse to assist him was natural and generous. They had not witnessed the deed. Their harangues had not incited it. About the guilt of the man who led the attack on Mars there was never doubt. He was observed, and he was one of a group whose sympathies seemed to be in harmony with his, whose language and actions were violent, who entertained the opinion that Mars had no right to work, who interposed no hand when Mars was being beaten to death. "But why trifle by instancing parallels?" asks the *Voice of Labor*. If the one cited is a sample of the lot, why, indeed?

Objection is also advanced to the allegation that men make "fat" livings by stirring up strife between capital and labor. At least they make livings. As to the fatness thereof there may be question, but they have no right to make any living by such methods. Let them work. They will find the experience novel, and, if not so profitable as their present callings, at least respectable; at least not tending toward riot; at least finding no climax in assassination. The *Voice of Labor* also calls for a description of the pitiful condition of the "wage slave," deprived of the protection of the Union. In the first place the term "wage slave" is a bad and servile one, and in a country where the vast majority of men earn wages, little short of insulting. What is this protection? The men recently on strike had it, and some of them, in consequence, suffered for lack of money that in the absence of protection they would gladly have toiled for. Every great strike, entailing loss, deprivation, and crime, is inaugurated in token of the existence of this boon known as protection. The "wage slave" if deprived of it would be permitted to work without fear that somebody, bent upon driving him into the pale of protection, might come along and kill him. He would be more nearly free than he can ever be while the tyranny of the walking delegate is permitted to make of a Union his conscienceless and relentless master. So long as by "labor" is to be understood only such as gather in clans, and through arbitrary law or the bludgeon attempt the regulation of human affairs, the "wage slave" must continue to merit his title. He is a slave to the caprice of fellows who lack intelligence and character. If a man be a slave to his employer at least he may earn bread. If he be a slave to the walking delegate what does he earn? Protection. There is just an inkling of truth in the claim. Mars did not have this precious protection, and him they slew.

Having progressed thus far in its questioning, the *Voice of Labor* forsakes the pretense of lucidity and urges "The Wave" to name a law, a religion, a press, or a public sentiment, "that does not place money above manhood and recognize as legal and right the degradation of the latter in the former's interest." Then it pauses for reply, knowing that to make answer would be to accept an absurd proposition as advanced in sober earnest. "The Wave" is ready to respond to the interrogatory of sense, but invited to demonstrate that the moon is not made of green cheese, declines to see the necessity for debate. Some statutes are bad, some creeds faulty, some journals corrupt, here and there public sentiment poisoned. But these lamentable weaknesses do not lend a color of coherency to the wild and foolish assertion implied by the challenge. Perhaps the *Voice* grows jocular. Cap and bells become it ill. It deals with life's serious phases.

The organ of organized labor builds upon one false premise always. It assumes that any attack against the overt act of a union is designed as an attack against the toilers of this Nation. Not so. That organized labor has an honest and honorable part to play in the adjustment of economic conditions, there can be no doubt. That it has already accomplished much that is commendable, nobody will attempt to deny. But it should learn the lesson of experience, and not be misled, or, having made a mistake, seek not to repeat it, nor to conceal the truth; but to make amends and err no more.

MR. SPRECKELS AND PURE POLITICS.

The question arises whether or not it is possible to do politics in San Francisco and do it decently. Certainly, if any political leader ever had but slight excuse for indulging in "rough politics," it is John D. Spreckels. He seems to have a clear field, and an opportunity to do something for decency, an opportunity, which, sad to state, he seems to have neglected, and to have allowed his representatives to take on the manners of his most degraded predecessors. Protests have been filed by reputable citizens, charging ballot-box stuffing, impersonation of citizens, repeating, and general corruption in the Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh Districts, at what was known as the Spreckels' Primary. In the Thirty-third District serious offences against political purity and decency were filed by several citizens. The affidavit of one, R. P. Hale, reads as follows:

I, R. P. Hale, a duly qualified elector of the City and County of San Francisco, do hereby affirm that at the instance of the Republican Executive Club of the Thirty-third Assembly District, and of which I am a member, I acted as challenger at polling place No. 1 in said Thirty-third Assembly District, and that during the progress of the election I was a witness to many acts which would defeat a fair election and an honest count.

First—I presented the admission card issued by your Chairman, J. M. Chretien, at polling place No. 1, and was refused admittance into the polling place by those in charge; the person who refused was Frank Pendergast, an inspector.

Second—Charles Sutton of 813 Shotwell Street was challenged on the ground that he had not voted for Estee, and was refused the right to swear in his vote.

Third—George Johnson of 2627 Folsom was refused the right to vote on the same ground and in the same manner.

Fourth—Con Ryan, a repeater, voted many times, and some of the names he voted under and was challenged for voting were Charles F. McDermott and Alonzo McDermott of 2509 Folsom Street, George Hamskell of 329 Twenty-fifth Street, and James T. Bailey, 1324 Florida Street.

Fifth—Henry Stiles, a repeater, voted many times, and some of the names he voted under, and was challenged for voting, were Daniel M. Cline, 2720 Twentieth Street, Fred Roberts, and James McCabe.

Sixth—Larry O'Conner, a repeater, voted the name of John F. King, 723 Shotwell Street.

Seventh— —— Fitzpatrick, a repeater, voted six times under my observation.

Eighth—Six other repeaters whose names are not known to me, but whose features became familiar through their repeated presence as voters at the polls, I repeatedly challenged for illegal voting, but no attention was paid to the challenge and they were allowed to vote again and again.

Ninth—Among the many repeaters who found spiritual refreshment and new names at the corner saloon was one who seemed unable to tell under what name he was seeking to vote, and was assisted to determine his new name by one of the inspectors, Frank Pendergast, by referring to the name written on a card held in the voter's hand.

This is infamous. Higgins and Buckley, the crookedest political bosses we have ever had, were never charged with practises any more reprehensible than this. From such men such things were expected, but not from Mr. Spreckels, who has no business in politics unless he propose to lend a hand at purification and improvement.

In another affidavit, signed J. H. Molema, is this statement:

The names of J. H. Roach, J. Mullin, J. Mathews, Robert F. Morris, Thomas McTiernan, H. Kisbeth, George Desrosier, of the twelfth precinct; John Young and James Young of the fourteenth precinct; Frank McGinn, W. H. Rynes, and Herman Brul of the eleventh precinct, were voted by "repeaters." John Young is at Lake Tahoe, and James Young now resides in Berkeley. All the others whose names are used are personally known to me. The name of Henry J. Ervin of the tenth precinct, who is known to me, was voted by a repeater and accepted by the acting inspector, Daniel Ervin, a brother of H. J. Ervin. The name of Doctor McLaughlin, a man sixty years of age, was voted by a repeater of about twenty years of age. I also witnessed the unsuccessful attempt of Inspector Ervin to change the ballot of Charles Smith and the successful one of changing the ballots of P. Meyer, C. Dietrieck, and another gentleman from the seventh precinct, whom I can produce.

The name of J. J. Davis was voted by Pat Spierman, who is known to me and who does not live in the district.

The Inspector ignored the rights of challengers, and allowed the repeaters to work unmolested. Many times no name was given by the voter, and the vote was accepted by the Inspector. A man who drove in County Committeeman Gately's cart voted, to my knowledge, more than eight times. Many others voted more than three times. Most of the time there was no judges nor clerks in the booth, the work being done by two boys, sons of the proprietor of the saloon in which the booth was situated.

If Mr. Spreckels wishes to retain the respect of this community, and the support of the decent men of the Republican party, he cannot afford to indulge in politics of this character. The lieutenants and men surrounding him, who advise to such a course, are not only enemies to the party, but are his own enemies and will encompass his undoing. Temporary victories, gained at such a cost, are not worth having. The community welcomes the participation of a Spreckels in politics simply because it promises something of decency. Let him depart from that line, associate with, and engage in, the politics of the pot-house politician, and his days will be numbered and his reputation destroyed. Perhaps Mr. Spreckels had nothing whatever to do with this infamous performance; perhaps, indeed, the charges are untrue. If this be so his public denial is most tardy. In either case he should hasten to give a quick and unmistakable denial, either of the truth of the charges or of his participation therein.

What result Mr. Spreckels's participation in politics will have upon the welfare of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad will be developed in the years to come. If past experiences of other railway corporations have any weight or bearing in framing a guess at the result, the future cannot be happy for Mr. Spreckels's railway undertaking. Probably the managers of the Southern Pacific Company would give a half million dollars to be absolutely free from the necessity of engaging in politics, and another half million to be free from the clutch of the newspaper fiend. They would probably make most any sacrifice to be rid of the two mill stones which weigh them down, yet we now have Mr. Spreckels cheerfully courting and embracing the very thing his predecessors would gladly put aside forever. No matter how honestly Mr. Spreckels may conduct his political affairs, he must make enemies. In fact, the more honest his course, the more apt is he to make dangerous enemies. By encompassing the present defeat of dishonest men he will engage their future hostility. The insistent dishonest politician will creep into office in spite of him and will embrace that opportunity of visiting punishment on him and his railway enterprise for his past attitude. The experience of one man seldom brings a lesson home to another. None but the most wise may receive instructions for self-guidance in the misfortune of his fellow.

THE LAW, WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN.

In considering the right that the wife of John F. Martin had to shoot him, and the verdict of the Coroner's Jury exonerating her on the plea that his cruelty had driven her to insanity, no necessity arises for weighing the merits of this pretext for murder as it appears with distressing frequency in the courts. The case of Mrs. Martin may almost be termed unique. Its adoption as a precedent would assuredly be attended with danger.

The facts are familiar. Mrs. Martin had been a devoted wife, and her husband had treated her with wanton and long-continued abuse. As return for her dutiful offices he had heaped insults upon her. Accepting her kindnesses he had repaid them with sneers, had gibed at her womanly affection, and, finally, when she sought of him the bread he was in simple decency bound to provide, had spurned her with curses. Then she killed him, using a pistol procured, it is believed, with intent to end her own misery by suicide. The man was a brute and coward. The only question is whether or not these characteristics gave her the right to kill him. She assumed the right and has been officially upheld.

It is natural to defend Mrs. Martin. Such was the impulse of the jury. Yet, if an injured wife may take the law into her own hands there will be difficulty in determining just the degree of injury sufficient to accord the privilege. To fly to the divorce court is probably a safer course than to rely upon the trigger. Guided by the example of Mrs. Martin, another might seize upon a fancied wrong, or a trifling one, as the excuse for entering upon widowhood. Even a husband who falls to fulfill his part of the marriage contract may not be guilty of a capital offense. To leave him would generally be wiser than to violently end his career. If there are exceptional instances, to cite them would be a matter of extreme difficulty, and to leave them to the biased judgment of the aggrieved woman, a course tending to imperil any husband who is not perfect. Such is the aspect based on written law. There is another side.

The innate feeling of gallantry toward the gentler sex grants privileges that would be withheld if the stern letter of the law were the only preceptor. This same gallantry is the basis for a righteous indignation when a woman is made the victim of outrageous wrong, none the less if the guilty be the man who had vowed to cherish and protect her. It is for this reason that no jury of men could be summoned who would convict Mrs. Martin. They would shield her with the cloak of insanity, knowing full well that she is not insane; entirely conscious that when she fired her fatal bullets she was not insane, but that at last she had rebelled against inhuman treatment, had administered punishment for insults, neglect, heart-break, against which there is no real protection. She saw her life wasted, the future stretching out devoid of promise, save of new sorrow, every day to come charged with anguish unspeakable, and when she killed the man it was not that she was controlled by insanity but by a burst of reason, a mood much easier to understand than her patience under a long era of blows and privation, easier to understand and as easy to forgive. The instincts of humanity come to her rescue. Reflection shows that her act, shocking as it was because unusual, was kindness itself compared with the way she had been tortured. The man had richly earned his fate, but as arbiter of his destiny the woman took upon herself a weight of responsibility from which she cannot escape. The memory of her deed will be her only punishment and it will be punishment enough. There is no written law to support this view of the case, nevertheless support is not lacking.

THE SMALL DEALERS' FOE.

There exists to-day, in certain branches of our mercantile community, a feeling of curiosity, mixed somewhat with alarm, as to what results may follow, what harm or damage come, through the opening of a great department store in San Francisco. A store running into divisions and subdivisions of every branch of trade has never before been attempted in the West. First-class houses have little or nothing to fear from such an establishment; but the small dealer is the one who will suffer; and with him, his salesmen and shop-girl; and

with them, the landlord. Centralization is the modern watchword of success. Modern progress declares for combination and consolidation. The great mercantile trusts, the sugar, oil, and leather combinations are the outgrowth of this idea. The small merchant is absorbed by the large, the small factory engulfed by its stronger competitor. Take it all in all, it is questionable whether or not this method of doing business is a good one for a community. Much of evil is apparent, and, at least during the period of readjustment, many must suffer seriously. Unfortunately, the losses, whatever they may be, must fall most heavily upon those least able to bear them.

In the very nature of things, a store dealing in diamonds and in domestics, in silks and in saltpetre, is not calculated to attract the strictly first-class trade of the community. More strongly is this the case in the West than in the East. In a purchasing tour for diamonds, or silks, or laces, one is not inclined to run to department stores, if one has a discriminating sense as well as money to purchase. It may be safely set down, therefore, that what we may term "strictly first-class trade" will look elsewhere; and the bargain counters and the like, will not look for the higher grade of customers, and will, therefore, likely not carry the higher grade of goods. A gentleman looking for hats or haberdashery would hardly go there to supply his wants, The trade such an institution will obtain, and the trade to which it must cater, is that of the masses. The lady who likes to mingle her purchases with the strains of a brass band on Saturday night, the lady who wears a silk plush coat and takes a delight in pricing remnants while the band plays "Annie Laurie," are the kind that will crowd a department store in the West. It will draw trade away from the small tradesmen, and many will be forced to the wall in consequence.

One may not compare this community with any other. Trade in San Francisco, strange to say, is very largely a matter of personal friendship and vogue. This is an imitative community, as well as a community not given over to small economies. Let it be known that all Society are buying one thing or another at this or that place, and the imitators will immediately fall into line, and buy the same thing at the same place. This might be aptly illustrated in the jewelry business, but the reader will not be at a loss to supply the illustration for himself.

Probably all the retail business of this city in every line, in household furnishings, in articles of wear and of adornment, could be transacted in a central building of the size of the Palace Hotel; yet no one will say that it would be a good thing to have it so. It would mean the abandonment of Kearny, Market, and the other retail business streets. It would mean the transaction of all the retail business of the community under one roof. This, confessedly, would not be a good thing for the community; property would depreciate in value fully seventy-five per cent, if such an arrangement was in force. The community would suffer without reaping any corresponding advantage. Of course, such a thing is impossible, but it is upon this theory that department stores are founded. One of the results of this new venture will be to elevate the retail trade done outside of its doorways, and the lines between the various classes of customers will be more clearly drawn than ever before; more clearly drawn here in the West than in the East, because, somehow, the Californian has not abandoned a certain sense of pride—foolish and false pride probably—that forbids an indulgence in small economies. There is a spirit here that demands "the best," and which rather glories in paying large prices therefor. This feeling is shared pretty generally by the community, and is indulged by those who can ill afford it. The Californian has not learned to look out for the pennies.

THE OPENING CAMPAIGN.

The two political events of the week have been the declaration by A. P. A. leaders that the organization would oppose the nomination and election of McKinley, and the presentation by Massachusetts and Rhode Island of Wm. E. Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, as a Presidential candidate.

The strength of the American Protective Association is certainly sufficient to make its wishes matter of moment to the Republican party. If a determined stand is taken against Major McKinley by the A. P. A.'s, it may mean a change in the present drift of things Republican, though the organization seems not to be united as to its Presidential choice. That McKinley, a Methodist deacon, should feel the brunt of the Association's displeasure is an event unlooked for, and which the most far-sighted politicians could hardly have anticipated, though it has been hinted that the source of this opposition lay in the political headquarters of another candidate.

The boom for William Eustis Russell of Massachusetts has been launched in a dignified manner, and none too soon. The Democracy has been candidate hunting all winter, but has found few men who were willing to offer themselves as sacrifices in this unpropitious year. The real strength of the third-term talk for Mr. Cleveland has been the dearth of other available material. It is not to be supposed that the President has ever seriously contemplated accepting a fourth nomination, but it has no doubt been part of his policy to let the people believe that he might ask a third term, so as to hold his forces together while determining upon some man likely to win.

Secretary Carlisle has been the administration candidate to the extent that he has been regarded as the representative of its financial policy, but Carlisle is without political strength; he is without personal following, and has weaknesses of nature that would handicap him seriously in a campaign against a man of such clean life as McKinley.

It has been hoped by many Democrats that ex-Secretary Wm. C. Whitney would take up the standard this year, and it may yet be that he will accept, though he has twice declared that he would not. Mr. Whitney labors at once under the advantage and the disadvantage of being a very rich man. His father left him a small fortune, and his late wife, the daughter of ex-Senator Payne of the Standard Oil Company, added many millions. Mr. Whitney has had but two political positions in his life, Corporation Counsel for New York City, and Secretary of the Navy, and, in both, has acquitted himself with distinction. That he is a political manager of rare convincing power and skill at organization was proved by his handling of the Cleveland fight in '92, and that he is adroit beyond most men in politics, is shown by his popularity in both the Cleveland and Hill ranks in New York. But Mr. Whitney has the political weakness of a very rich man.

Ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio may secure his own delegation, and the admiration which he enjoys for his strong canvasses on the tariff question will bring him other delegates; but his reputation is almost entirely local and his record of no especial attracting quality.

Now enters William E. Russell, who carried Massachusetts three times for Governor against a national Republican majority of 20,000 votes. His campaign strength is his youth, the fact that he can carry Massachusetts if not other New England States and have the support of all Eastern factions of the Democratic party. He has the one element of weakness that all Eastern candidates will have so far as the silver states are concerned—he is not for free and unlimited coinage of silver. But there would be no hedging in Russell's campaign—he is a straight-outer and would make a lively and manly fight.

BLACKMAIL TITLES.

Few of our Western States have passed or even considered any legislative means to prevent the blackmailing of real estate owners. Yet each new State in turn is the object of the blackmailer's extortion. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that no particular individual is so greatly oppressed as to force him to take the initiative in the matter, and every one's business is no one's business.

The title blackmailer, following as close as practicable in the wake of the pioneer, has concerned himself chiefly with cities and closely settled communities, and now, after exhausting the larger field, makes a specialty of the small lot-owner in large cities. His work has been generally in one of three classes: first, cases where there there is some trifling defect in the title, which is, perhaps, discovered and the cure held by the blackmailing claimant; second, cases which are simply trumped up and utterly without support either on moral principle or in technical law; third, tax-sale titles. Persons dealing only in the last class are quite respectable beside their fellows, but, strangely enough, against them alone has legislation been enacted for the protection of land-owners. Many a forgetful farmer has been pinched by the speculator, who has purchased a tax title to a quarter of an acre of the home place, and often has the "tax-title shark" placed his own price on his half-inch frontage of some residence or business lot in San Francisco. Fortunately the last legislature practically put an end to these opportunities by declaring that property upon which taxes become delinquent shall first be sold to the State, and establishing by the same act a uniform rate for redemption.

A man is jealous of his land title and is as anxious that it be absolutely clear and flawless, as he is for a clear conscience—often more so. He is likely, when some title shark discloses a minute speck upon his record, to pay what he must and be rid of him and the offensive though tiny speck at the same time.

Such a creature, however, is an angel by comparison with the rascal who invents clouds and flaws, who either first creates the cloud, or there being no cloud present persuades you that there is, and then seduces or browbeats you into paying his own price to let him "clear it off." San Francisco has been abundantly cursed with these rogues, especially in connection with claims under Spanish grants. The claimant begins a suit under our generous statute "to quiet title." The complaint is probably unverified, and for that reason you can never expect to convict the perpetrator of perjury. Indeed, summons may never be served or even issued, but the record searchers incorporate some notice of the litigation in every abstract of title covering the property involved. When a sale is to be made, the "flaw" or "cloud" crops out and the timid buyer requests a quit claim deed from the plaintiff in the suit before purchasing; and the seller, that his sale may not be lost, generally accedes to this demand. The owner thus helps himself temporarily but hurts himself eventually. The blackmailer thrives by the operation. Such suits should be aggressively contested on principle, and so discourage future attempts of similar kind. The small holder generally bears the heaviest burden in these troubles. He is unfamiliar with legal procedure, has no legal adviser, and those most likely to deal with him concerning his property are generally of his own class. Through ignorance, lack of funds, and timidity, he eventually—almost universally—proves profitable to the adventurer.

Both the legislature and the courts should make a vigorous effort to put an end to this sort of robbery. As our laws stand at present any irresponsible person can throw the whole city into litigation by simply filing an unverified complaint, and if he chooses to make a show of fight can fleece the ignorant for several years thereafter; while, on the other hand, the acknowledged lawful owner cannot bring a suit even in the justices' court for the recovery of his five dollar a-month house from a defaulting tenant without swearing to the complaint, and again, if a man wished to sue the blackmailer for slandering his title he would be required to furnish a substantial bond in the sum of $500.

Such discrimination in favor of blackmailers is, to say the least, astonishing. Complaints in such cases should be verified, and strong evidence of good faith required at every stage of the proceeding. A bond might be found advisable and some criminal penalty should be provided for both client and counsel where good faith is found lacking.

There is a movement on foot to secure appropriate legislation upon the subject. The charge has been delegated to Mr. G. Whitfield Lane, who is alive to the enormity of the offenses committed against property-owners by these proceedings, and promises a series of proposed Acts, which, if adopted, will put an end to the apparently unending strife.

A gentleman who read our article of three weeks ago, regarding the efforts of the Southern Pacific Company to advertise California in the East, has forwarded a communication which embodies the report, by the late E. McD. Johnstone, of the first trip of "California on Wheels." Mr. Johnstone's report shows that the car on its first trip passed through 13 States, visited 134 towns and cities, aggregating a population of 5,000,000 souls. He reports, further, that the attendance between Omaha and Milwaukee, from December to August, was 625,800; the attendance at Boston, Mass., 22,000; at Newburg, 15,200; at Paterson, 9300; at Willamantic, 10,500, and so on. The report is written in the humorous vein in which the lamented E. McD. Johnstone was most happy. We regret that lack of space prevents a reproduction of a large portion of the very interesting communication. It is hard to resist quoting one paragraph, however, which says:

> I wish to second the suggestion regarding fruits, etc., to be given away, I mean, of course, sparingly. An orange makes the eye of an Nebraska boy bulge out until you fear he will have a spasm getting it back again. I have made a careful estimate, and find that one orange will go further and do more good as an advertisement than fifty maps.

The first year of the Cuban insurrection cost the Spanish government upward of $50,000,000. At present there are 130,000 Spanish troops on the island, whose maintenance under arms will demand an outlay of $100,000,000 for the current year. To these direct expenditures must be added the indirect losses in revenues, etc. Last year the receipts of the Cuban revenue offices were $8,000,000 below the average. Forty towns have been destroyed, and nearly twice that number partially burnt and sacked.

A Parisian chroniqueur discusses "How Women Walk." Of course, he awards the palm to his own countrywomen. Of the English lady, he says, "She doesn't walk; she travels. You might almost say that her limbs were moved by the engine of a steamer, and her feet have the motion—and the proportions—of an Atlantic liner." Quite as ungallant and uncomplimentary are the remarks of this saucy gentleman concerning the gait of women of other countries. For instance, "The German is heavy, and one feels the earth tremble beneath her tread"; the Spanish donna "prances," la belle Américaine resembles the pendulum of a clock, the Italian "skips," the Russian "skates" along, the Dutch woman "rolls," and the Belgian "tramps" about.

George Du Maurier is very sensitive over the success of Trilby, which in London is making Beerbohm Tree's fortune. An eminent critic of the metropolis has spoken of it as "that horrid foot and mouth disease, Trilbyitis." His intimate friends never allude to the craze in the presence of the novelist.

A DEGENERATE METHODIST.

"THE DAMNATION OF THERON WARE," BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

To the consideration of *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, the latest of Harold Frederic's novels, one brings the respect its announcements evoke, Certain critics have spoken of it as "the book of the year." It is really an important novel.

Like its predecessors, this is an American story. The action occurs in the town of Octavius (somewhere in Ohio, one imagines); the hero is a Methodist minister of American birth; the complications are those which the Methodist background imposes, and the contrast is afforded by the Catholic institution, which one of the factors in the drama, Father Forbes, controls. Theron Ware, the minister, a young countryman, innocent and unsophisticated, is suddenly ushered into a knowledge of the worldliness of religion and the doubts of science. His soul under the stress of this sudden illumination loses its bearings and his moral sense is shattered. The revelation and its disintegrating consequences form the motive of the tale, the manner and conditions of its making constitute the plot. Though the book is not religious in its tendency its medium is. There are two environments—Methodist and Catholic; Father Forbes and Celia Madden, the active though unwitting elements in Theron Ware's downfall, are of the latter faith; Dr. Ledyard, whose scientific scepticism accentuates the minister's disillusion, is the priest's friend. Sister Soulsby, the Methodist revivalist destroys by her manipulation of church politics and the frank explanation of her methods of arousing spiritual frenzy, the remnant of his fabric of faith. Jealousy, envy, and a spurious species of love complete the process of damnation. How effective it is may be realized by the contrast between the first chapter and the last. Theron Ware in the one is the brilliant pulpit orator, young, clever, full of ambition, who has worked his way into the ministry from the farm, is the husband of a charming and pretty woman, seemingly destined to a fortunate career. In the other he is revealed a failure, confesses his degeneracy and inadequacy, and with misguided optimism having abandoned the ministry, anticipates the conquest of new fields.

The story opens at the annual Nedahma Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which introduces Theron Ware as the hero of the occasion, uplifted as the choice of the people of Tecumseh, but cast down by the presiding bishop, who consigns him to the little town of Octavius. The scene is admirably handled, and sets the key for the story. The next chapter presents the young minister and his wife in their pastorate, and displays their mutual love and gaiety, unveils the guileless story of their courtship, of their pecuniary misadventures, and depicts them as a happy young couple, somewhat put out over the conditions of their new environment, but full of hope and determination to make the best of circumstances. The prison house begins to cast its shadows at the meeting of the three deacons—a fine piece of description, in which the three custodians of the Methodist Church, a miserly quarry man, a grasping cheese buyer, and a lawyer who loves fishing, are presented with fine and certain touches. There is revealed at once a lack of sympathy between the young minister and his patrons, which develops as time progresses. Typical down-easterners, these men in their manner and prejudices exemplify the characteristics of the pastorate in which a narrow but vehement form of Methodism is professed alien to Ware's experience and unwelcome to his disposition.

The town of Octavius is not by any means given over to Methodism, however. The predominant element in the population is Irish and Catholic, and the leading citizen is Jerry Madden, whose extensive wagon works are the important industry of the region. He is very wealthy and pious, and it is his beautiful and pampered daughter Celia who figures so prominently in the events which are subsequently unrolled. Theron Ware, brought up to dislike the Irish and fear Catholicism, is one day brought in contact with Father Forbes and Miss Madden, under dramatic circumstances, and at a moment when the influence of his surroundings had begun to depress his optimism. He witnesses the ceremony of administering Extreme Unction, and the impression is so sudden, so unexpected, so different, that it is in the nature of a shock. The two ministers engage in friendly converse, and we are properly introduced to the Catholic—a broad-shouldered, portly man, of more than middle height, with a shapely, strong-lined face of almost waxen pallor, and a firm, commanding tread. Miss Madden presents herself in an interesting guise—tall, stylish, dowered with brilliant red hair, and the movements of a goddess—her face, a lengthened oval with a luminous rose-tinted skin, full red lips, and big, brown, frank eyes with heavy auburn lashes. A notable personality, indeed, and, though her role is indefinite, she shares, after this introduction, the center of the stage with Ware.

The elements, having combined the plot, move irresistibly onwards. Ware invited to call on Father Forbes goes to his house to borrow such works as he may have on Abraham, whose life he had begun to write. The luxury of the priest's surroundings and the charm of his hospitality are an additional surprise, and he is introduced to Doctor Ledsmar, the scientist, who is expert on Assyriology and has written a book about snake worship. The first shock to Theron Ware's gentle and innocent faith is the kindly information that he takes Abraham too literally, that the modern research has wiped him out as an individual. They proceed to the discussion of eponyms and genealogies, and of Merodach, an ancient Chaldean divinity, (the old form of Marmaduke), of whom Father Forbes speaks as the original prototype of the divine intermediary idea, whence our "Christ myth" comes Ware tingled at this statement, he felt as though unarmed and at the mercy of criminals. Then the recollection that he is among educated people, and that the startling expression comes from a man who, like himself, is a minister of God, comforts him, and he is subdued. The effect on the fabric of previously conceived ideas is crushing. Retiring from the house, the crashing of the organ in the church announces to him the presence of Miss Madden, and he enters the sacred edifice yearning for solace and sympathy in his strange condition of unrest.

There seems no difficulty in the establishment of an understanding between this Methodist minister and the Irish daughter of Jerry Madden, and here is one of the weak points of the book. It but partially explains the condition which meets us, to say that the guilelessness of Theron Ware attracts these bolder spirits. However agreeable is intercourse with an innocent and kindly soul the pleasure inspired is contemplative rather than personal. Perhaps the girl's interest in the priest may be held to explain the sudden growth of her anomalous intimacy with the minister. The character of this interest, the manner of her relation with Father Forbes, is suggested so vaguely, so indefinitely, that one theory or another is tenable or confutable by the evidence of separate incidents. That Celia is sufficiently emancipated from conventionality to be friendly with whomsoever she chooses, may be true, but is not the selection of a Methodist parson as the object of devotion as improbable as the incident of a Catholic priest alluding in the presence of this same Methodist parson to the "Christ myth"?

However, the progress of the theme is tremendously accentuated by the work of this memorable evening, We next have Theron Ware reading Renan and various books of archæological research, drifting apart from his wife, drifting away from his moral moorings. Without protest he learns that Deacon Levi Gorringe has become a friend of Mrs. Ware, and is providing her garden with expensive cuttings. Indeed, the process of degeneration is so rapid that its velocity is unaccountable. This man is taken off his feet by the conversation of a priest and the sudden interest of a woman seen but twice. A few weeks before, we have him a loving husband, an earnest, if ignorant, Christian. Such way in the world as he has, his own brain and intelligence have won; he has impressed great audiences with his oratory, yet the fabric of his individuality, of his manhood, collapses at the suggestion of a doubt. It is reserved for Brother and Sister Soulsby to expurge his last, lingering illusions. The Methodist Church at Octavius has a debt which the authorities desire removed, and this twain, professional revivalists, are invoked to rehabilitate the finances, and reanimate the piety of the community. The process is vastly entertaining, and is described with admirable versimilitude. Indeed, the literature of this subject has nothing better than these chapters, which explain, step by step, Sister Soulsby's method of arousing the enthusiasm of her audiences, and the successive stages of devotional frenzy which culminates in the declaration of sinners, who rush forward to abase themselves at the altar rail. To the disgust of Theron Ware, whose feelings the exhortations of the revivalists have not excited, he sees his wife ascending the aisle moved by the mesmeric influence of the occasion. Behind her comes Levi Gorringe, and the spectacle so works on his feelings and his mentality, already debilitated by the shocks of the previous weeks, that he faints in the pulpit, and is carried to his home. Recovering later, the degree of his degeneration is revealed by the detestable trick he serves Levi Gorringe—which seems to have been instigated by revenge blended with hypnotic submission to the order of Sister Soulsby.

The explanation which follows between this twain is worth reproduction—she is the adviser; he repining his action, is determined to resign the ministry. She laughs at his scruples, assures him revivals are as necessary to religion as manure to a garden and that his disgust is merely that which one experiences seeing a play from behind the scenes rather than before the footlights. She asks what would be the consequences of abandoning the church, and proceeds then to tell him the story of her life.

"See here!" she exclaimed, with renewed animation, patting his shoulder in a brisk, automatic way, to point the beginnings of her confidences; "I'll tell you something. It's about myself. I've got a religion of my own, and it's got just one plank in it, and that is that the time to separate the sheep from the goats is on Judgment Day, and that it can't be done a minute before."

The young minister took in the thought, and turned it about in his mind, and smiled upon it.

"And that brings me to what I'm going to tell you," Sister Soulsby continued. She leaned back in her chair, and crossed her knees so that one well shaped and artistically-shod foot poised itself close to Theron's hand. Her eyes dwelt upon his face with an engaging candor. "I began life," she said, "as a girl, by running away from a stupid home with a man that I knew was married already. After that, I supported myself for a good many years—generally, at first, on the stage. I've been a front-ranker in Amazon ballets, and I've been leading lady in comic opera companies out West. I've told fortunes in one room of a mining-camp hotel, where the biggest game of faro in the territory went on in another. I've been a professional clairvoyant, and I've been a professional medium, and I've been within one vote of being indicted by a grand jury, and the money that bought that one vote was put up by the smartest and most famous train gambler between Omaha and 'Frisco, a gentleman who died in his boots and took three sheriff's deputies along with him to Kingdom-Come. Now, that's *my* record."

Theron looked earnestly at her, and said nothing.

"And now take Soulsby," she went on. "Of course I take it for granted there's a good deal that he has never felt called upon to mention, He hasn't what you may call a talkative temperament. But there is also a good deal that I do know. He's been an actor, too, and to this day I'd back him against Edwin Booth himself to recite 'Clarence's Dream.' And he's been a medium, and then he was a traveling phrenologist, and for a long time he was advance agent for a British Blondes show, and when I first saw him he was lecturing on female diseases—and he had his little turn with a grand jury, too. In fact, he was what you may call a regular bad old rooster."

Again Theron suffered the pause to lapse without comment, save for an amorphous sort of conversation which he felt to be going on between his eyes and those of Sister Soulsby.

"Well, then," she resumed, "so much for us apart. Now about us together. We liked each other from the start. We compared notes, and we found that we had both soured on living by fakes, and that we were tired of the road, and wanted to settle down and be respectable in our old age. We had a little money—enough to see us through a year or two. Soulsby had always hungered to own a garden and raise flowers, and had never been able to stay long enough in one place to see a bean-pod ripen. So we took a little place in a quiet country village down on the Southern Tier, and he planted everything three deep all over the place, and I bought a roomful of cheap good books, and we started in. We took to it like ducks to water for awhile, and I don't say that we couldn't have stood it out, just doing nothing, to this very day; but as luck would have it, during the first winter there was a revival at the local Methodist church, and we went every evening, at first just to kill time, and then because we found we liked the noise, and excitement, and general racket of the thing. After it was all over each of us found that the other had been mighty near going up to the rail and joining the mourners. And another thing had occurred to each of us, too—that is, what t[illegible]dous improvements there were possible in the way that amateur revivalist worked up his business. This stuck in our crops, and we figured on it all through the winter. Well, to make a long story short, we finally went into the thing ourselves."

"Tell me one thing," interposed Theron. "I'm anxious to understand it all as we go along. Were you and he at any time sincerely converted? That is, I mean, genuinely convicted of sin and conscious of—you know what I mean!"

"Oh, bless you, yes," responded Sister Soulsby. "Not only once—dozens of times—I may say every time. We couldn't do good work if we weren't. But that's a matter of temperament—of emotions."

"Precisely. That was what I was getting at," explained Theron.

"Well, then, hear what *I* was getting at," she went on. "You were talking very loudly here about frauds, and hypocrisies and so on, a few minutes ago. Now *I* say that Soulsby and I do good, and that we're good fellows. Now, take him, for example. There isn't a better citizen in all Chemung County than he is, or a kindlier neighbor, or a better or more charitable man. I've known him to stay up a whole winter's night in a poor Irishman's stinking and freezing stable, trying to save his cart-horse for him, that had been seized with some sort of fit. The man's whole livelihood, and his family's, was in that horse, and when it died Soulsby bought him another, and never told *me* about it. Now, that I call real piety, if you like."

"So do I," put in Theron, cordially.

"And this question of fraud," pursued his companion, "look at it in this light. You heard us sing. Well, now, I was a singer, of course, but Soulsby hardly knew one note from another. I taught him to sing, and he went at it patiently and diligently, like a little man. And I invented that scheme of finding tunes which the crowd didn't know, and so couldn't break in on and smother. I simply took Chopin—he is full of sixths, you know—and I got all sorts of melodies out of his waltzes and mazurkas and nocturnes, and so on, and I trained Soulsby just to sing those sixths so as to make the harmony, and there you are. He couldn't sing by himself any more than a crow, but he's got those sixths of his down to a hair. Now, that's machinery, management, organization. We take these tunes, written by a devil-may-care Pole, who was living with George Sand openly at the time, and pass 'em off on the brethren for hymns. It's a fraud—yes; but it's a good fraud. So are they all good frauds. I say frankly that I'm glad that the change and the chance came to help Soulsby and me to be good frauds."

"And the point is that I'm to be a good fraud, too," commented the young minister.

From incident to event the author continues the narrative of Theron Ware's damnation. After this curious interview with Sister Soulsby he is introduced into the home of Celia Madden, whose character takes on a more inexplicable air as the book develops. The scene in her strangely furnished rooms however unreal is fascinating and highly dramatic, and in the modulation of the attitudes of minister and girl, there is the highest literary tact. Passing from this to the scene at Thurston's, and the interview with Doctor Ledsmar, to the camp meeting, which is as strong and graphic a situation as the Revival, to the duologue between Ware, Celia, and Father Forbes in the wood, which culminates in Celia's kiss—then the warning of

the dying Michael, who upbraids the minister's inconstancy and infidelity, and finally the trip to New York after Miss Madden and the priest—each accentuates the degeneration of poor Theron Ware. He is the victim of his own vain and hapless imaginings, a bubble on the wave of fate, tossed by events, and thrown, bruised and bleeding, against the rocks of worldliness.

The final scenes which follow the brutal awakening of the unfortunate Ware, when he flees, seeking to hide himself after the cruel speeches of the woman he so vainly adores, are expressed with rare power and restraint. Indeed, considering the book, there can be no question of its great ability, or of the vivid interest its narrative inspires. There is serious doubt, however, of the truth of the situations; we suspect the probabilities of such unconscious degeneration; it seems impossible that the conditions postulated should precipitate so involuntary a downfall. It seems so useless the game these various characters play against the unfortunate minister; his disillusion is so gratuitous, so merciless. One asks oneself what is the object of Celia's attentions and Father Forbes' interest—of Levi Gorringe's action?

Harold Frederic has left too many riddles.

[Chicago: Stone & Kimball, publishers.]

A DRAMATIC NEW WOMAN.

MISS ISADORE RUSH CONNECTS TAILOR-MADE GOWNS AND FEMININE ADVANCEMENT.

If you want to see anything as clear and crisp and up-to-date as Cleopatra, off the stage, you should meet Isadore Rush herself at home, not necessarily in one of her latest tailor-made gowns which are as naturally a part of her as are the chic and stately Cleopatra's, but as I saw her the other day in her room at the California Hotel, radiant in the gayest of silk kimonos, leaning back in a rocker, one softly rounded arm thrown up over her head, with its golden aureole of hair glinting above the broad white brow, and her large gray eyes lighting up an intensely magnetic face. Nothing slovenly about this déshabille de boudoir—simply the permissible negligé of a well-groomed woman. And then you should hear her talk of the "new woman," whom she portrays so charmingly in "The Politician."

"The 'new woman'!" she exclaimed, when some one broached he subject—"what do I think of her? I think everything of her. I *like* her—I *believe* in her—with her healthy, wholesome ideas—her reaching-out into new fields of thought and study"—this with all the earnestness in the world. "There's nothing so delightful, so charming as the really up-to-date 'new woman.' Now, don't misunderstand me." she went on; "I don't mean that I don't like a 'fluffy' woman, with all her chiffons and furbelows—I *love* a 'fluffy' woman, but I love the tailor-made girl, with her chic and her trig attire, just a degree or two better. When I speak of the 'new woman' I mean the tailor-made, up-to-date woman in all respects—not the old hen kind, you know, with corkscrew curls and shoes without heels, who goes about with bulging umbrella and a reticule on her arm, making speeches, and constructing platforms à la Mrs. Lease—loud-voiced, aggressive, ill-dressed—and I don't mean the bloomer woman, either."

"So you object to bloomers," I interpolated.

"Of all horrible garments, the bloomers are the worst," protested Miss Rush, raising her hands in holy horror. "When Rosenfeld came to discuss Cleopatra's costumes with me, he insisted upon bloomers in one scene—I insisted to the contrary, no bloomers for me—'let me dress Cleopatra,' I said, 'and if you don't like my costumes I'll agree to yours'; and I clothed her as I thought a chic, up-to-date, tailor-made woman should be clothed—free, untrammeled, with a mannish trick of coat and collar here and there, but still always womanly. Rosenfeld was satisfied, and there was no further talk of bloomers. I hate them," she continued; "why should women who go in for athletics, or for reading and thinking, make themselves hideous? That may have been the idea once, but——"

"Antre jours, antre moeurs," I suggested, "you see no reason why a woman should not dress well, and, at the same time, have an intellectual bank account to draw upon—isn't that it?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the young actress, smiling, "that is exactly my idea."

"The phrase 'new woman' is so variously defined," put in some one else, "tell us, Miss Rush, exactly what you mean by the term."

"What do I mean by the term 'new woman'?" she returned. "I mean the woman who has learned to take care of herself, who understands herself, who thinks for herself, who adds to the other benefits of education those which physical exercise and the care of the body bestow—one who is fond of outdoor sports, who can manage a horse or a boat, who can swing Indian clubs, or enjoy a ten-mile walk; with whom the morning tub is a daily habit, who keeps up with all the questions of the day, and is able to discuss them intelligently with men. Oh, yes, I know," she explained. "Men are not supposed to tolerate serious discussion with women, but bright-minded men really prefer bright-minded women as companions and help-mates to dolls. In short, the real 'new woman,' as we use the phrase in its best sense, is the one, of all others, whose mental, moral, and physical development should be of the very highest and shorn of the superstitions and mummified trammels in which she has been hitherto stifled. Added to this, she should neglect nothing in manner or appearance, which contributes to health or happiness, whether in herself or others."

This, then, is no half-awakened Galatea who plays the part of Cleopatra, but a woman of both brain and beauty, who feels intensely the part she is playing, whose graceful, winning personality is but a background for her conception of that latest development of the century, the "new woman."

E. D. H.

A SALVATION BOOM IN MATABELELAND.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

I think the story should be set down in this place because it is curious and worth its ink, and because it shows what strange manner of men are the Matabele—the music-mad, magnificent, brave, unspeakably cruel Matabele.

Ingodusi, who first told it, was an *induna* in Lobengula's pet regiment or *impi*, which afterward came to be the great *Imbezzu* impi. Since the tale is from such high authority, I think it must be true. Ingodusi is a ring-man and a head *induna*, and can have more than one wife, and can speak his thoughts aloud in the king's *indaba*.

It happened when Ingodusi was nineteen years old and was undergoing *Mahunda* with about a hundred other young Matabele, away up in the heart of Matabeleland, somewhere between Inyungo and the Umfuli River.

By some fearful mischance, at the very height of the *Mahunda indaba*, Otto Marks treked full upon it. But the matter must be told from Otto's point of view.

Otto was a sergeant in the Salvation Army. He came from Toledo, Ohio, to Mafeking in Bechuanaland, which is as far north as the railroad goes. Otto used to play the little organ every evening at the gatherings in the Salvation barracks at Mafeking until his superior officer decided to boom salvation in that mysterious wilderness of South Africa known indiscriminately as "Up country," or Charter-land, or Rhodesia, or Matabeleland.

Otto Marks started up in April before the rains were done, with a transport-rider named West and a little nigger voorlooper, a ten-year old Zulu boy.

Eighteen bullocks were spanned into their wagon; but their load was made up chiefly of two Estey parlor organs from Boston that were to help out-fit the barracks in some up-country settlement.

That was a strange sight—the eighteen lean Basuta bullocks, very slow-paced, led by the little Zulu voorlooper and the big, strange Transvaal wagon loaded only with these two boxed-up organs, the name of the Boston firm stenciled on the outside of the boards.

For two months Otto treked steadily northward, singing hymns upon occasion, and on Sundays spanning out all day long. At times he tried to revive the spirit of righteousness in his transport-rider, West, who blasphemed the bullocks hourly in more ways than you would believe possible, and at times he would try to convert the little voorlooper. The little Zulu was stunned and bewildered by Otto Mark's clamor, but Otto's swinging revival songs with their tambourine accompaniment sent him into a frenzy of delight, and he would invariably set to dancing, shaking his fists with vague and furious gestures.

After two months they were stopped by the Umnyati River, which was in flood, and were obliged to make a long cross-country detour, with the line of telegraph poles as their guide.

The huge wagon lurched down into the bed of the sluit, ploughed across through the scattered boulders, and took the rising slope of the opposite bank with the heave and crash of a stranding galley. West lashed at the wheel bullocks with the sjambok of rhinoceros hide, and then swore in Cechuana at the little voorlooper because he was not prodding on the lead bullocks, but was standing motionless at the head of the span, his hands dangling at his sides, staring stupidly across the bush. He was dumb with terror. The wagon slipped backward into the bed of the sluit, and the bullocks fell into confusion as the voorlooper came running back along the span, waving his arms wildly.

As was said before, Otto Marks had treked full upon an *impi* of Matabele, doing *Mahunda*, and when that happens to a white man he were best do himself to death as swiftly as he may. For a swift death, even if it be the kind that lies in the crook of one's forefinger, is better than the kind that comes slowly and in the midst of thick smoke, and screams and horrid twistings of the body. But Otto did not know this, and West, who should have known it, chose to think that they might even then escape. Otto climbed down from the wagon and he and West ran up the bank of the sluit and looked out far across the bush and saw the Matabele coming down on them slowly, in two long lines. But West observed that they advanced with a regular cadenced movement and that many of them staggered in the ranks, sometimes reeling almost to the ground.

"Drunk!" he exclaimed. "Drunk with Cape-Smoke; blind drunk and dancing. I've seen these niggers before, we may get off, but oh, it's a *chance*. Pray your God for a miracle now, Otto Marks, for there's little short of it going to get us clear of here. Drunk and dancing," he repeated; "yes, it's our only chance. Quick now, off with case of that melodeon."

Otto obeyed, at first stupidly and benumbed with fear, then, as West's crazy expedient flashed upon him, with an excess of frenzy tearing wildly at the stubborn boards, prying them up with his hunting-knife, wrenching them away with a strength that was born of the moment.

Meanwhile, West had started the bullocks again and the wagon was pulled up from the bed of the sluit and rolled out through the bush, heading directly toward the line of dancing natives.

"They're close in," shouted West in a few moments. Otto raised his head from his work and saw that it was so. Then the last boards fell away and the little American organ stood out under the African sun, shining bravely with veneer and scroll-work and celluloid.

"Play," cried West again. "For God's sake, play, play *anything*. They'll dance so long as you can keep it up." And Otto Marks flung himself at the instrument and dashed his hands upon the keys just as the rush came, and the green bush was shut from view by the scores of crowding brown bodies, glistening with sweat and all a-jingle with beads ahd wire-work.

Otto was hiccoughing with terror but he stuck to his work, playing away at the only kind of music he knew, the Moody and Sankey Gospel hymns that he had learned in Toledo, Ohio, and that he had found effective in the Salvation Barracks at Cape Town, and at Mafeking.

Then that strange procession began. The eighteen bullocks, headed by the little voorlooper, gray with fear; West, his face set rigidly to the front, walking by the wheel-bullocks; the creaking wagon following, and upon it Otto Marks toiling at the melodeon, playing Gospel hymns for the life he loved, while close pressed about them all, hemming them in on every side, the hundreds of naked Matabele, shaking their bull's hide shields and tossing their *assegais* and *kirris* high in the air.

Music-mad, as only the Zulu race can be, their minds all exalted and distorted by the self-imposed tortures of the *Mahunda* rites, dizzied and confused by the drunkenness of the Cape-Smoke, Otto's music caught them and held them and they danced and danced as though they would never tire, dazed and bewildered, working themselves into a fury, leaping and shouting aloud without knowing why.

Otto Marks struck into a fresh hymn with a veritable frenzy. The excitement and the strangeness of the thing was beginning to tell upon him as well. No barrack gathering had ever aroused such enthusiasm as this. By now he had come to

> "*Pull* for the *shore*, sailor,
> *Pull* for the shore,
> *Heed* not the *raging* waves
> Though *loudly* they roar."

And after this without a moment's pause he dashed into

> "I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

When that was done he dug his fingers into the celluloid keys again, kneading them with all the strength of his two arms, swaying from side to side, and while his feet threshed out the rhythm upon the pedals, played:

> "Hallelujah 'tis done
> I believe on the Son."

Suddenly the Matabele began to sing, catching up the tunes with the quickness and facility of savages, singing to the airs of these Gospel hymns the words of the war-song of "Moselekatse," the chant of the Black Bull:

> "Yaing-g'labi
> Leyo n kunze
> Yai ukufa."

Then at last the tension broke. The thing was more than Mr. Otto Marks of Toledo, Ohio, was made to bear. All at once his nerves crisped and recoiled like the broken ends of an over-strained harp-string, and he leaped into the air, suddenly seized with hysteria, shrieking and laughing and banging his fists upon the keys.

With the cessation of the music the spell was broken, the droning chant stopped in a medley of discords and the dancing feet grew still.

"Go on, go on," screamed West, "go on playing." But Otto neither heeded nor heard, for he was out of his head with terror and excitement and was dancing upon the wagon, shrieking out snatches of Gospel hymns. He was waving his fists above his head. His eyes were as the eyes of a fish and he was bleeding at the nose.

An *assegai* struck him all at once full on the face and he spun about twice gripping at the air and then went over side-ways upon the key-board of the organ, his blood splashing the dazzling white of the celluloid keys.

They ran in and overwhelmed the wagon like an ocean bursting a dyke, and the little voorlooper found his death amidst the panic-stricken oxen.

West tried to shoot himself underneath the wagon but was dragged out by one arm and a leg, with his chin shot away.

And what was done with Mr. West?

"Maghwheena!" exclaimed Ingodusi, as he finished the tale, "He was an Umtagati, a crawling snake. *Him* we crucified upon a telegraph pole—by the arms only."

TYPES OF WESTERN MEN.

I.

THE COLLEGE MAN.

Well, to begin with, he is a good fellow, but by that I do not mean to say he is *good*. He is not good in that sense. In that sense I am very much afraid to say he is a sorry case. He loves his pipe and his glass and is given over to late hours and to riotous home-comings with a great noise of shouting, his pockets stuffed with spoons and beer glasses and individual salt-cellars and small tradesmen's signs which he hangs up in his room as souvenirs. One great difference between him and his Eastern brother is apparent here. The Eastern brother holds his diversions in his own rooms and calls them "smoke talks" or "low beers" or "punches" and gets his friends together and makes only so much noise as the Proctor of his hall will allow.

But the Western college man needs a larger horizon, a wider sphere of action, and goes out of the college precincts to seek it, from Broadway in Oakland to Kearny Street in San Francisco.

There are two varieties of the type, the variety that live at the college and the variety that live in the city and travel over the Bay daily to their lectures and recitations. You may see the latter variety on the ferry-boats early in the morning and late in the afternoon, and you may recognize it at once by the small red satchel it invariably carries; as a rule—of course there are saving exceptions—but, as a rule, it wears a black, cutaway coat of diagonal cloth, and a white four-in-hand "necktie" of the kind that wash.

The other variety that live at the college differ from the traveling variety widely, one might almost say, in "language, institutions, and religion." If you belong to this variety you must wear either a cloth cap or a battered "plug," you must smoke a briar pipe, must own a dog, must carry a cane, and believe that the captain of the football team can do no wrong. If you wear moderately good clothes, "josh" about everything and everybody, never talk about yourself, and understand athletics, you are voted "on to yourself," and are popular and join a fraternity.

The Western college man differs from the Eastern brother in still another point. He never has very much money, and that's a good thing, too. The Eastern brother has the long green; the Western man the small brown, and sometimes, yes, sometimes, he hasn't even that. It is no rare thing for the Eastern brother to bring his stable and his man with him to college, and to have a cellar and a suite of rooms. But the Western college man is a true bohemian, and smokes his chum's tobacco, and wears his chum's clothes, and borrows his chum's money—or tries to—without fear and without reproach.

There is still another variety. But this kind is not often seen in the streets of San Francisco. When it is seen, however, it is recognizable at once. It is generally large of build, and wears a brown Fedora hat with an enormous brim, and one of those negligé pink shirts with the very high turn-down collar. In the lapel of its coat is thrust a red flag-pin. This is the variety Stanford.

In his relations with the world of Society, the Western man differs still again from the Eastern brother. The Eastern brother gives "teas" to young lady friends in his "rooms," where his mother is the chaperon, and where his sisters serve the tea and help him receive, all very decorous and solemn. The Westerner orders the matter on a totally different plan; his fraternity is the center of his social life at college. He, with his fraters, keeps "open house" on public days (having made a carefully expurgated edition of his room beforehand) and fills the place with a lot of jolly people—girls from the city, and visiting cousins, and even "coeds," who eat salads and ice-cream in the smoking-room, and play Virginia reels and popular songs on the rented piano in the back parlor, and who come out into the kitchen to help the Freshmen with the chocolate and ice-cream freezers. It's not a Society "function," and you don't have to wear a black coat if you don't want to. The girls have "the time of their life," and send over sofa cushions and lampshades the next week to show their appreciation.

In the matter of spending vacations, however, I am led to believe that the average Westerner and his average Eastern brother are very much alike.

Neither of them are in very great evidence at the fashionable summer-resorts. As soon as Commencement day is passed there is great talk of guns and maps, and the portage weight of cameras, and portable tents and salmon-flies. For the next two months the college man of the West and East alike is lost to view. Both of them like shooting better than dancing, prefer the climbing of mountains to the leading of germans, and would rather lie all night in the wet grass waiting to get a pot-shot at an elk than to pass an entire morning reclining in tennis flannels on the beach, talking to a girl, under a red parasol.

In the fall our Westerner comes back from the mountains, or, perhaps, from the desert, with his hair long and his chin rough with an incipient beard and the skin burnt off his nose, and tells of the fearful and wonderful times he has had. Then he settles to the grooves of his college life again, and after the pastime of camping is over, returns to the serious business of the fall term, which is coaching the football team.

And his work?

Oh, yes, his work; we had forgotten that.

Well, he graduates *somehow*.

MARMADUKE MASTERS.

CORA POTTER, BICYCLIST.

VIEWS ON DRAMATIC TENDENCIES AND THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION.

A few days ago it was my good fortune to meet Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter at the Oakland home of her parents, with whom she is staying while waiting for the Australian steamer.

Mrs. Potter is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, and as I arrived, was on the point of starting out for a spin. Very pretty she looked, too, in her biking costume—short, gray skirt, leggings, and sweater. As she wheeled away I noticed that she sat her machine without leaning forward over the bars, her body perfectly erect.

Her hair is still that wonderful flame-colored *chevelure*. "It is a kind of barometer," she said. "If I am well and in good spirit my hair sparkles, if I am in bad health or blue it becomes dull and lusterless at once. Isn't that curious?"

Colonel and Mrs. Urquhart cordially welcomed me into the parlors of the house, hung with the portraits of their two pretty daughters. Mrs. Potter in the many roles she has made famous, and Madame Raoul-Duval who married in Paris, where she lives permanently. The Colonel is very proud of his daughter; Mrs Urquhart and himself being entirely in sympathy with her dramatic ambitions. To them her work and profession are a constant interest and it is not hard to trace to her parents the pluck and enthusiasm which Mrs. Potter has shown throughout her stage career. It has seldom been my lot to see a family in which so much devotion and accord exists.

When Mrs. Potter returned from her ride we began to talk about the stage, and to my question as to the direction the public taste for the drama was taking, she answered:

"It would be hard to say, I fancy rather toward the romantic school. I think the new fashions are becoming old and the old ones new again. I hope it will be so. For my part I love everything that is old—like Mr. Hardcastle, and I hope to see a return to that literature and drama which has made the English language great. But the public taste is guided greatly in this country by the press, and there are many so-called critics in high places who are not honest in what they write about the drama, and set a bad example to the public who trust to them, by decrying the great and good and favoring a style that has neither grace nor elegance nor literary merit."

"About young girls going on the stage?" I ventured to inquire. "What do you generally advise?"

"I advise nothing," returned Mrs. Potter, "but I say this, that if a woman is in earnest and has the necessary qualifications for the calling, and does not seek the theater simply to gratify her vanity, she will find a profession that will repay her work handsomely and will develop her mind and body as will none other open to women."

"Do you think from a moral point of view that the stage is good for young girls?"

"That is a question that is an insult to the thousands of beautiful and good women who adorn the profession. I can safely say that no self-respecting girl will suffer contamination from the hard-working people she will meet in the theater.

Just then Kyrle Bellew joined us, accoutered in wheeling costume, and ready for a spin.

"What do *I* think about the tendencies of the drama?" exclaimed Mr. Bellew, laughing. "From time out of mind they have been telling us it was going straight to the 'demnition bow-wows.' They may be right, but the road seems rather long. Are you going for a ride, Mrs. Potter?"

"I love my wheel," said Mrs. Potter, as she prepared to mount again. "I think the bicycle will do much to make women happy in the future and get them out of the groove in which they have rolled for so many generations. I am no 'new woman'—at least, not in the generally accepted sense of the term, but I am a woman, and I do not see why I should surrender my rights as a human being. You will forgive my running away," concluded Mrs. Potter, as she mounted her wheel. "This is the time for exercise."

A. B. W.

PUBLIC PEOPLE.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES.

Edward W. Bok, editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, is described, by a lady who expected to find him with long hair and pale blue eyes, as muscular, well-knit, and manly; a magnanimous, straightforward, energetic person of dignity and suavity, who understands himself and his business, and is an ornament and a credit to Society

The Emperor of China, Kuang Hsii, never appears in public. When obliged to stir without, he is carried in a closely veiled sedan chair. His only knowledge of the outside world he obtains through his Chancellor. He has never ridden on a railway train, nor seen any of his own men-of-war.

Menelek, King of Abyssinia, is in constant fear of assassination, and employs a body-servant as taster of all the food he eats. He is especially fearful of his life during the present crisis.

Bismarck has no intimate friends. While he is cordial and affable in his demeanor toward all who approach him, he is so only with the idea of getting something out of them; and, consequently, he leads somewhat of an isolated life. His indefatigable brain is working constantly, like a printing press that has no more paper to print.

Queen Victoria takes her breakfast and lunch in private, only members of the family being admitted. The meals are remarkable for their simplicity. One might even say the queen dines en bourgeoise. A plain silver fernery ornaments the center of the table, offset at the nine o'clock breakfast by a silver kettle surmounting a tall stem. The tea and coffee services belong to the period of the early part of the century. The food is of the least complicated description, the luxuries consisting of a particular kind of biscuit, which for the last fifty years has been baked especially for the royal table.

Commissioner Eva Booth closely resembles in features her popular sister, though her face is somewhat stronger than Ballington Booth's. She is something over five feet in height and weighs about one hundred pounds. Her chief beauty lies in her eyes and hair, which are of the same shade of brown. The shape of the head is hidden by the ugly "salvation" bonnet, and a little fringe of curls softens the effect of a high forehead and large nose. Her mouth is large, and her lips thin. She has a typical English complexion, which shows signs of rebelling against the late hours and irregular meals with which it has long been contending.

Mr. George E. Raum of California who has been conducting excavations at the foot of the Sphinx is getting more than he bargained for. Not content with attacking the authenticity of his finding of the cap, the genuineness of his office is now impeached. It is claimed that he is not a colonel of engineers, but a plain American citizen who travels in Eastern Europe like any other tourist. Some one has suggested that he may be returned to us as Bey Raum.

No one takes a greater delight in practical jokes than the Prince of Wales. His great butt in times past was Sir Francis Knollys. It would take volumes to describe the number of apple-pie beds, booby traps, and hoaxes that the Prince has perpetrated upon his unfortunate secretary.

Canon Gore, in a sermon at Westminster Abbey recently, informed his congregation that much of the Bible must have been taken down in shorthand. He said that the speech of St. Stephen, Act VII., could only be recorded in that way.

The most notable of Cuba's heroines is Rosa Hernandez, the wife of Doctor Hernandez, of San Cristobel, who is in the field with her husband taking an active part in the fighting. She is young and beautiful, and had been married but a year when her husband was called on by Maceo to aid the cause of liberty. He came to his young wife, soon to become a mother, and told her what was required. She bade him go to battle, and in a week he had raised a regiment of five hundred men, who as they marched out of town shouted, *Vive la reina Cuba!* A week later, the Spaniards rode into the home of Hernandez on horseback, subjected his wife to insult, whereupon she rode off to her husband and since then has been in battle with him.

King Humbert of Italy is the most heavily insured man in the world. The amount of insurance he carries is over $7,000,000. The late Czar Alexander III. was insured for $5,000 000. The Prince of Wales carries different policies on his life to the amount of $3,250,000.

Robert Buchanan is about to set up as his own publisher, following Marie Corelli. It will be interesting to see what he makes of this course.

Turner's representation of lightning is scientifically exact, says Mr. Inwards of the Royal Meteorological Society. This can be said of very few painters, as they generally paint it as the conventional but impossible zigzag.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THINGS AND PEOPLE

GENERAL Thomas Hamlin Hubbard, the new second vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company, comes of sterling American stock, and has a record sufficient to excite admiration. He is the youngest and only surviving son of John Hubbard, who was twice Governor of Maine, and is a graduate of Bowdoin College. In the year 1861 he was admitted to practise in New York, but at the outbreak of the war entered the Union Army as Adjutant of the 25th Regiment of Maine Volunteer Infantry, in which capacity he saw considerable service in Virginia. After the expiration of his term of service he returned to Maine and recruited and reorganized the 30th Regiment Maine Volunteer Infantry. As Lieutenant-Colonel of this Regiment he served in the Red River Campaign, participating in all of its battles. He was mentioned with especial commendation by Admiral Porter for his services at Alexandria, which resulted in the saving of a fleet of Federal gunboats at that port, was commissioned Colonel of his Regiment in May, '64, and was mustered in as Colonel in June of the same year. Under General Sheridan he served in the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, and subsequently in Savannah, Georgia. Notably a brave and efficient officer, he distinguished himself in every position in which he was placed. After the close of the war, General Hubbard resumed the practise of his profession in New York City, where his ability and character have won him a leading position at the bar. As a lawyer he is strong, able, and competent, highly accomplished, and deeply read, a man whose identity stands for all that is honorable and upright in the legal profession.

* * *

There have always existed between the family of General Hubbard and Senator Fessenden of Maine the closest and most intimate relations. Accompanying him on his trip was Francis C. Fessenden, son of William Pitt Fessenden, Maine's great Senator. He also was a graduate of Bowdoin College, and upon entering the army, was General Hubbard's superior officer. In leading his brigade at Monett's Bluff, General Fessenden lost a leg. He served as Mayor of Portland, Maine, in 1876, and declined a renomination. The war records of both these gentlemen were brilliant and creditable. They have maintained relations of the Damon and Pythias character ever since.

* * *

ADOLPH SUTRO is vastly tired of office. His sixty-day leave of absence may be strung into months. Indeed, it is doubtful if he will return to San Francisco until the term of his administration reaches its natural climax. His future participation in municipal affairs will, if my information is reliable, be in the role of the retiring dignitary, who turns over the insignias of trust to his successor. Down in the soul of Mayor Sutro there lurks an impression that his reputation has gained nothing in these latter years of political importance Elected to office by the errors of his opponents, he has clung to the role of mountebank as persistently as in the olden days he did to his friends' dollars. He has given us his cry of "Octopus" until even the long-eared of the community are wearied of its repetition. The assumption that only a madman would so cling to a campaign cry is reasonable, though hardly tenable, for those who insist the man is insane lose sight of his proclivities as a showman. He is a natural "spieler." His utterances, however loud and impotent, serve a purpose as advertising, and he is drawing interest on his personality with a circus at the Cliff House. Nor is his action in crying "Octopus" in order to regain possession of the affiliated colleges' site, significant of the imbecility which his colleagues allege. When Adolph Sutro evinces real generosity, when he gives to the community or to an individual land or book with no conditions attached, then will I believe his brain—or, rather, the sense of acquisitiveness which with him passes for mentality—has given way. In Sutro's absence Supervisor Taylor is to act as Mayor, much to the relief of every one concerned in the business of the municipality.

* * *

The Buckley movement is no more. Its ancient standbys are petitioning the Junta to be sent to the Democratic Convention at Sacramento, promising adhesion to its program and obedience to its leaders. When Joseph Napthaly and Walter Levy are ready to join issue with its opponents then is Buckleyism dead. The Blind Boss may preserve a semblance of vitality, may lie in state at his clubrooms and other meeting-places, but for all practical purposes his day is ended; his obituary has been written and read. Whether the opposing forces in the Democracy will go through the farce of holding a primary is doubtful in the face of advices from the country. The forthcoming convention will have no patience with aught that savors of Buckley, and his myrmidons are too good politicians to waste effort. Their sole hope lies in joining the Junta and participating in the politics the new organization makes, for otherwise their career is ended. In so far as the desire of Judge Levy and Joseph Napthaly to go to Sacramento, their object is the furtherance of Joseph Kelly's Congressional ambitions. It seems the misfortunes of the last campaign have not sated the appetite of Mr. Kelly and he proposes hazarding his fortunes once again. To as little purpose, I fear.

* * *

The chances of the new charter are better than ever. It has the Democracy sure and may have the Republican indorsement, the important dailies will favor it, and I'm inclined to believe now will be carried with a huge majority. This probability infuses supreme importance into the forthcoming Mayoralty contest, for under the new instrument the Mayor of San Francisco has more patronage than the Governor of California. The prospects seem to favor James D. Phelan for the role of Democratic standard bearer. The role harmonizes with his ambition, and the wisdom of his selection is unquestioned. J. D. Phelan stands well among both masses and classes, is a popular personality in the Native Sons, is sure of the Irish vote, and is certain of the support of the down-town element. He is young, industrious, respected, and against his integrity no one has ever yet breathed a doubt. The Republicans will find it difficult to name a leader uniting so many political virtues.

* * *

HOW MANY of the men who saw little Barrios at the Occidental Hotel during the years of his residence there, imagined him dictator of a Central American republic? Though the presidency of Guatemala is an elective office, Barrios sees to it that there is no opposition, for he models his administration and his policy on that of Diaz who succeeds term after term in controlling the destinies of Mexico. Like Diaz, Barrios is forcing his republic into prosperity in spite of itself. He engages in great enterprises, organizes public improvements, and is himself getting rich at a great rate. Of course the monopoly system is in vogue in Guatemala—for instance, there are but four banks and one of them the president controls. Naturally, whosoever seeks the Dictator's favor patronizes his institution. Indeed, Barrios has shares in everything that goes and his revenues are enormous. He is said already to have amassed some fifteen million of dollars, which is quite a comfortable fortune to retire on. Though everything pays tribute to his coffers, his government is so strong and stable that all other sins are condoned for the security which his sway affords. But Barrios, I am told, is by no means satisfied with the state of affairs in Central America. It is his cherished ambition to execute the great project of his uncle, the Dictator, and consolidate the various republics into a great and important State. He is just now engaged in the construction of a railroad across the mountains into Mexico to make connection with the Mexican Central system. Some sixty miles of the line is being operated and an active force is pushing through the Cordilleras. That means, I fear, the loss to San Francisco of Guatemala's trade, for then New Orleans will doubtless be the entrepot.

* * *

Who ever suspected little Barrios of such Napoleonic ability. Time and again have I watched him sitting silent and preoccupied in the office of the Occidental, reserved, restrained—courteous to answer you, but unresponsive, undemonstrative. With his pretty wife, whose head was crowned with a fluffy mass of soft blonde hair, he sat at luncheon and dinner—small of stature, swarthy, a tiny mustache concealing the tense lips. They were a quiet pair; he kept much to himself, formed no intimacies here, though his wife had a small circle of friends. Is it not curious to think that this little man, whom any one of the porters could easily have carried upstairs, is to-day the ruler of a rich Republic, worth millions, and recognized, next to Diaz, as the most active and progressive of the Central American presidents?

* * *

SELDOM has the death of a public man evoked such general expressions of regret as I have heard expressed over the demise of Denis Spencer. He had been in politics many a year, had a wide acquaintance, and among his own people he wielded considerable power. So his repute is not based on ignorance or misapprehension. But he was a most honorable and kindly gentleman—a generous and unwavering friend, and as brave as he was true. There is an epitaph for a career—not the tribute of acquaintance or the flattery of post-mortem resolutions, but the statement of simple facts. Denis was a rare character; he was a fine speaker—really an orator in his best moments; he possessed an excellent legal mind, and like some other great men had the faintest sense of the nature of money. Indeed he valued the dollar not for its sheen or weight or for the labor of gathering, but merely for what it would purchase. I have no doubt that had he been spared Denis Spencer would have enjoyed here as much prominence as he had won in Napa. His name was never mentioned in a slighting connection and his friends were determined the public should appreciate him at their own valuation. So he was coming to the front. Of his career, the best commentary is the grief of his county which he served as District Attorney for six years.

* * *

PROFESSOR Gayley, the head of the department of English at the University of California, will spend his summer vacation in the East. He is to edit one of a series of text books on the English Comedy for the Macmillans, and the offer, I am told, is an especially flattering one. Professor Gayley is an enthusiast as well as an authority on this subject, and I do not doubt but that his work will prove as valuable as interesting. His lecture courses on The Old English Comedy have always been popular amongst the seniors at the U. C.

* * *

I understand that San Francisco is to have a new magazine, whether a weekly or monthly is not yet known. I believe it is to be a magazine of criticism, however, and that Mr. William Doxey is to be its sponsor. A good magazine of this character would readily find a place in periodical literature, not only on the Coast, but also, I hope, amongst discriminating readers in the far East. I shall look forward to its first appearance with a keen interest.

* * *

They were talking about portents and prophesies in the grill-room. The solemn man had told a story to the breathless circle about a friend of his who had prophesied his own death during the month of March, "and sure enough," he wound up, triumphantly, "at noon on the thirty-first of the month he did die." "That's nothing," said the fat man, breaking the awe-struck silence; "I had a brother who prophesied his own death to the minute; and on that very minute he died all right. "That is interesting," said the solemn man, preparing to make a note of it. "How could he tell so certainly?" "The sheriff told him," said the fat man. And the rest was silence.

THE WITNESS.

ALWAYS!

It was a lovely Sunday evening—and they had sauntered out to cull kisses under the tender twilight of early spring at Viroflay. A certain expansive warmth lingered in the atmosphere, and filled all space, even up to the cool-looking sky, where little, soft, rosy clouds hovered among the early stars.

They walked slowly—with not a word spoken between them—the young leaves overhead nodded and twitted together, marveling at these young lovers, who seemed to know less of love-making than they In vain the mischievous branches approached each other, trying to drive these two closer together—to lure them side by side; even the soft moss beneath their feet became slippery, but to no purpose. Suddenly, through the branches, the pair caught a glimpse of water; it was a pond, starred with pond lilies. The young man bent down and plucked one, and as he tried, with awkward, stumbling fingers, to fasten it to her pretty waist, through which he felt the quickening pulsations rising, his passion got the best of him, and, catching her, he held her close, while he wildly murmured:

"Do you promise to love me always—always?"

And she, her heart throbbing tumultuously, dropped her head on the shoulder of this big blonde boy, and answered as their lips met:

"Always, André."

* * * * * * *

Stretched out upon her bedroom lounge the lazy little lady was reading a sad love story, which filled her heart with pity and her pretty eyes with tears. Just then out from the leaves of her book fell a pressed pond lily—a poor little love token, faded and forgotten. On a slip of paper fastened to the stem she read these words:

Picked by *him*,
Viroflay, April 3, 1889.

She raised her serene eyes to the ceiling.

"Let me see—'89—why that's two years ago. Who was *him*, then?" then suddenly: "Oh, yes, I remember, he was a little dark-haired fellow named Adolphe."—*From the French of St. Madeline.*

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The Singular Life is, no doubt, Mrs. Phelps's greatest work. With it she has made a fresh start. The story has all the strength, the vigor, and the "go" of unexhausted, almost untried, powers.

The milieu is that of religion, the characters those of a town's parish, the hero, the new minister, and the motif of the story, a vigorous and telling onslaught upon theological bigots. All this material is not new, but its very conventionality is but one more factor in the surprising effect produced. You lay down the book with the impression of having lived in a new literary atmosphere, of having passed through fresh scenes, of having met new people. But this is not so. The material and the machinery are old, old as the days of George Elliott and Charlotte Bronté. It is, of course, the manner of treatment, the style, the point of view that is so new, so fresh, so original. In some subtle, delicate way of her own, the author lures the reader into seeing her story, her characters, and her incidents from her own standpoint.

For instance, what can be more hackneyed than the following contrivance: A drunken bully is beating a little child, the by-standers are helpless to interfere, the new minister, young and athletic, intervenes and knocks the bully down; the bully gets on his feet once more, surveys the stripling in some surprise, exclaims slowly "Well I'll be d——d," and is forever afterward the young minister's very best friend. We have seen all this, under slightly varying circumstances, a score of times before, but as told by Mrs. Phelps and met with in its own place in the order of the story's events it comes back to us new, striking, even unusual. But not all the episodes of the story are of this character. Here is the conversion of the drunken bully:

"Suddenly Bayard (the new minister) dropped Job's hand and spoke in a ringing voice:

"'Job Slip, get down upon your knees—just where you stand!'

"Job hesitated.

"'Down!' cried Bayard.

"Job obeyed as if he had been a dog.

"'Now, lift your hands—so—to the sky.'

"As if the minister had been a cut-throat, Job obeyed again.

"'Now, pray!' commanded Bayard."

For some time Job demurs, then,

"'*Pray!*' commanded Bayard.

"'Oh—God!' gasped Job.

"Bayard took off his hat. Job's arms fell; his face dropped into them; he shook from head to foot.

"'There!' he cried;' I done it—I'll do it again. God! God! *God!*' . . . . . .

"'Save him,' cried Bayard. . . . 'Save me this one man! I have tried and failed, and I am discouraged to the bottom of my heart. But I can't give him up. I will never give him up till he is dead or I am. If I cannot do any other thing in Windover, for Christ's sake, save me this one drunken man.'

"Bayard lifted his face in noble agony. Job hid his own before that Gethsemane. . . . The rain dashed on Bayard's white face. He rose from his knees.

"'Job Slip,' he said, 'you have signed a contract which you can never break. Your vow lies between God and you. I am the witness. I have bound you over to a clean life. Go and sin no more,—I'll risk you now,' added Bayard, quietly. 'I shall not even walk home with you. You have fifteen rum-shops to pass before you get back to your wife and child. . . . You will not enter one of them . . . and to-morrow you will send me a written testimony from your wife, Mari, that you came home sober. Now go, and God be with you.'

* * * * * * * * *

"'This is to certify that my husband came home last nite sober and hain't ben on a Bat sence. God bless you ennyhow.

"'MARIA SLIP.'"

This legend, written in laborious chirography on a leaf torn from a grocer's pass-book was put into Bayard's hand at noon next day.

[*A Singular Life*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Miflin & Co., publishers.]

THE NEW BOOKS.

Marie Corelli has published a new book which she rather self-complacently styles *Cameos*. The book is made up of ten short stories, highly colored, melo-dramatic, overwrought. The attitude which the author chooses to assume toward her reader is a cheap theatrical pose—a pose for the gallery. There is not the slightest effort made to conceal the fact that it is a pose, and while it may deceive the gallery, the effect it produces upon the reader possessed of the least degree of taste and literary judgment, is only one of exasperation; exasperation that the writer should believe him simple enough, crude enough, to be tricked into admiration for a single moment. Miss Corelli does not know the meaning of the word "restraint." She leaves nothing to the reader's imagination, gives him credit for no faculty of receiving suggestion. She relies for her effects entirely upon exclamation and hysteria. Of course, it is palpable which one of the greater authors Miss Corelli is trying to imitate, but the lamentable result is that we have all of Ouida's absurdities, all her rant and sensationalism without any of her great power of construction and her far-sighted preparation of effect. *Cameos* is on the level of the graduating essays of a seminary, has about the same truth in its views of life, and the same facility of composition and workmanship, but in some strange way Marie Corelli has "caught on," and no doubt imagines herself to be one of the foremost of the authors of this last quarter century, ranking with Caine, Howells, and Hardy. As a matter of course *Cameos* will have a large sale.

[J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers.]

When Greek Meets Greek, by Joseph Hatton, is fiction of an entirely different style. There is no morbid, hypchondrical pose here. It is a rattling, roaring tale of love and adventure, of intrigue plot and counterplot, laid in the days of the French Revolution, crammed with action from cover to cover. It may not be the highest or most desirable kind of novel, but of its kind it is good, and there is a straightforward frankness and directness to Mr. Hatton's style that win's one's sympathy from the very first chapter. For the reader who prefers this kind of yarn of adventure the tale is well worth its price. The theory of the story, which is also the justification of its title, is one familiar to all students of history and sociology; namely, that war is never so bloody, never so vindictive and relentless as when waged by peoples and races closely allied by family ties.

[J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers. For sale by J. A. Hoffmann.]

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, by Eugene Field, is a collection of charming little vignettes, struck off with a light and delicate touch, and with every possible grace. In each and every one we have a little essay, a little criticism, and a little love affair. Mr. Field represents himself as the bibliomaniac, a ravenous collector of books, new and old. Each new treasure that he adds to his library is associated alike with some phase of his life, his boyhood, or manhood, or early youth, and with some sweetheart, child, or girl, or woman. There is Captivity Waite and the New England primer in "My First Love," Fiametta and Boccacio in "My Romance with Fiametta." Fanchonette and the old French ballad-makers in "When Fanchonette Bewitched Me." In the whole of the little book there is not a dull line nor a heavy page. It is delightful rambling causerie from cover to cover. The author has observed no order nor fixed rule, and as often expresses himself in poetry as in prose. One of the best of these little poems is the one beginning, "My garden aboundeth in pleasant nooks."

[Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.]

The Failure of Sibyl Fletcher, by Adeline Sergeant, is a rather cleverly told story of one of those, as it were, reactionary marriages, where the girl, jilted by a certain type of man, suddenly falls in love with and eventually is married to precisely the opposite type. In *Sibyl Fletcher* the two men are Atherley and Michael Drage, the latter being hardly more than better of peasant. The relations between Sibyl and Drage, the one a man of the people—and of the country people at that—and Miss Fletcher, a young woman of London Society, must of necessity be so incongruous that their treatment in fiction becomes a matter of the greatest difficulty. Miss Sergeant is not always equal to it; at times one feels the story is forced and highly improbable.

There is a noticeable lack of delicacy in the handling of certain situations, particularly in the scenes where Sibyl begins to perceive that Atherley is tired of her. It is hard to imagine a girl of her pride and self-respect so clearly betraying her grief before her faithless lover, and, for that matter, no man in Atherley's position would have, *could* have, been so brutal, so boorish. Miss Sergeant's grip on the reality of her personages is not firm here. There are plenty of amateurish slips here and there throughout the book, and Miss Sergeant seems to have a predilection for the romantic and the melancholy. As a whole, however, the story makes fair reading.

[J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers.]

BOOK NOTES.

The announcement is made by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons that they have purchased the books of Robert Louis Stevenson heretofore published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, including the *Vailima Letters*, *Ebb Tide*, *The Amateur Emigrant*, and *Macaire*; and that they have also concluded arrangements for the publication of his posthumous works. *Weir of Hermiston* they expect to publish the latter part of May, and *St. Ives* at a later date. The Scribners will thus be the publishers in this country of all of Mr. Stevenson's works.

An interesting coincidence, or an example of mental telegraphy, is that just at the time when Professor Roentgen was perfecting his discovery of the X-rays, but before the results were made known, there was published in *Stella*, by Charles S. Hinton, a romance, the plot of which was based on the fact of the permeability of the human body to rays of light. *Stella* was published in November of 1895, and it was not until some months later that the condition stated in the book, and seemingly so far beyond any likelihood of conjecture, became a scientific and demonstrable piece of knowledge.

Mr. J. Selwyn Tait, an Englishman, now living in New York and publishing books, thinks that the American author is not encouraged in his own country. He says that we prefer English writers, and that we will not accept our own until England has given them the cachet of her approval. There is some truth in this, and Stephen Crane is a modern instance. England shouted over him first and we echoed the shout.

J. M. Dent & Co. in England, and Macmillan & Co. in America, are about to publish a translation of the works of Alphonse Daudet. This edition, which will be illustrated, will be issued in monthly volumes, beginning with *Tartarin of Tarascon*.

S. R. Crockett has just completed a story of about 10,000 words, which will appear in the May number of *The Windsor Magazine*. Otherwise, he has been principally playing golf. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is expected in London during the Spring, but I believe that it is at least premature to say, as several papers have, that he intends to settle permanently in England.

Stephen Crane is being extensively wined and dined and is warned by the critical papers against the adulation which Society is conferring on him. The author of the *Red Badge* is decidedly in the ascendant among the litterateurs just now and his utterances are fraught with great importance.

The Easter poem, "Night and Morning in Jerusalem," in the April *Harper's*, is by Katrina Trask, wife of Spencer Trask, the well-known Wall Street financier. Mrs. Trask published a poem a few years ago called "Under King Constantine."

It is strange to discover how often the success of a really great novel is due to the merest chance. Many critics have agreed in calling *Lorna Doone* the best of all modern novels. But Mr. Blackmore himself is responsible for the following remarkable story. Eighteen times the book was rejected by as many publishers, and when finally accepted by a new firm did not sell. About that time the Marquis of Lorne's engagement with Princess Louise was announced. The public chose to believe that *Lorna Doone* had something to do with Lord Lorne, and at once the book began to sell. The public discovered nothing about the marriage in its pages, but found something better, a wonderfully charming tale. From that time until now the sale has been large and steady.

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THE THEATERS.

MANSFIELD'S RENDERING OF "RODION THE STUDENT."

To see the "Fat Joy Club" (this may not be the Samoan spelling, but it's phonetic), to see the Fat Joy Club holding its revels at the Morgue would not surprise me more than to meet a man who wanted to see "Rodion the Student" a second time. It is dreary, it is even dreadful, but it is not powerful enough to be horrible, except in tiny spots; for the most part it is simply depressing and unpleasant, like dining in damp skirts and overshoes with some one who keeps explaining that two and two make four, and reminding you that your favorite dishes are probably infested with germs of disease.

Until the fourth act (or scene, as it is called in this "serious play") I could not imagine why Mansfield selected this unmitigated tragedy; then, of course, the reason became obvious: he wanted to do the dream scene from "The Bells," but did not care to share the honors with the mesmerizer and the rest of the paraphernalia. As Rodion he has it all to himself, with nothing to divert the attention of the audience from him for a moment. To tell the truth it would take a good deal to divert one's attention during his pantomime of the Jew's murder—that is, after he clutched his imaginary pick. I felt inclined to smile at the jerky sawing of his right hand as he stooped for the pick in the second act, when he prepared for Izaak's murder; in fact I did smile, and so did several other people, for it was manifestly overdone in order, I suppose, that we would recognize the motions when repeated in his delirium. There was no trouble about that. They were too noticeably unnatural to be forgotten, and the smile spread again, but it was soon turned into a shiver as he lifted his arms above his head and gave those two quick, unflinching blows.

With the single exception of this exaggerated sawing of the hand, the fourth act is good. Rodion's terror, when he is told of the summons, is capitally done; good, too, the dialogue with the magistrate, and his subsequent delirium broken in upon by the shrill cry at the door of "Rodion, Rodion, Romanytch"; it lingers in the backgrouud of one's mind for days. The last act is flat, and it seems to me most unnatural for a woman who had been so hardly used as Sonia to have still had enough faith in God left to say "atone" to the man she loved when atonement meant death to him. Perhaps it would have been more convincing in other hands, for, though Beatrice Cameron does this act very well, through the words "Rodion, you are more miserable than I," her shrill entreaties for expiation need amending badly.

I have never before seen Mansfield do so unsatisfactory a piece of work as the second act—"the deed"—of this play. The illusion was not complete; you never forgot for a moment that it was acting, and not the real thing. I don't like the manner in which he renders the soliloquy, or the way he claws at the pick—it ought to have been a hammer any way, or something small, for he could not have kept his intentions from his victim an instant with so large a thing as a pick in his hands. The resolution, too, with which he mounted the steps, accorded but ill with his agitated and uncertain demeanor at the Jew's door. He ought not to have exposed himself so fully when listening to the conversation between Sonia and the Jew, and he ought to have covered ground a bit faster when he made his escape, with his white, backward-turned, haunting face. Even his best-rendered lines in this act are not so convincing as his "I lofe you," in "Prince Karl"—but—I lost my heart to him as the blonde's adoring German.

Though an inspector of insane asylums or a contortionist might not think Rodion's finger-gymnastics remarkable, they look very strange to less well-informed persons, and seem to mean—almost anything. They also attracted attention to Mansfield's vigorous and well-fed arms—arms as much like those of a half-starved student as law is like justice. Taken as a whole, Mansfield in this play is disappointing to his admirers, of whom I am a most sincere one. The machinery, the methods by which he produces his effects, are too visible. The fact was thrust upon me as never before, how little he owes to what we call inspiration—that is, the almost intuitive perception and use of the right geture and inflection—and how much to the strong will which, couched in that outthrust jaw and square chin, holds him to insistent effort. An actor does not reveal his native talent so much by his results as by his method of arriving at them, and we are seldom permitted to see that or to know what he may have had to overcome and acquire. One can fancy the labor which Mansfield must have undergone before he could coerce his rather irritating, dominant personality and unpliant nature to ape the sweetness and simplicity of a Prince Karl or the suave foppish insolence of Beau Brummel. It must have been something like trying to cover the high flavor of a crisp ruddy apple with the indeterminate one of an apricot or the slippery sweetness of a banana. That he has been so successful in disguising his essence and in ringing these changes shows the intelligence, the careful work and accurate, distinctly outlined methods of the man as nothing else could.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

MISS BOWES' CONCERT.

It did not further the interests of Miss Carrie Bowes to advertise her as an "eminent pianist," for to the class of people who usually attend concerts the meaning of the word eminent is quite patent. Miss Bowes has a good technic, a very pretty touch, and a fair share of temperament. At her concert of last week she was best in some short pieces of Bach, and in the "Dance of the Elves," a charming composition by Sapelnikoff, who recently made such a success in London. The Chopin concerto (*e minor*) and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasie are as yet beyond the powers of Miss Bowes. Doubtless, though, she would have appeared to greater advantage had the accompaniments been more satisfactory. The orchestra was small, poorly balanced, and decidedly off pitch. Mr. Howe was the conductor.

P. C. A.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Next Monday evening, April 27th, we are to hear Rivarde, the violinist, who has made such a stir among musicians in the East. There will be six concerts at the Columbia Theater on the following evenings: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday matinee, and the last farewell concert, Sunday evening, May 3d. On each of these occasions Mr. Rivarde will be assisted by Mr. Lachaume, the pianist, Mr. Wm. H. Keith, the barytone, and an orchestra of forty musicians, conducted by Mr. H. J. Stewart, with John Marquardt and N. Landsberger occupying the first chairs.

Professor Bristol's wonderful trained horses begin an engagement at the Auditorium next Monday night. These equine thespians perform all sorts of remarkable tricks and are well worth seeing. The antics of the trick mule Denver are said to be very funny.

Ezra Kendall at the Columbia appears in the broad farce comedy "A Pair of Kids." The piece is so old as to be almost a back number by this time, but Ezra furnishes enough eccentric humor and funny situations to make it still very amusing.

The little Rossow brothers are the big feature at the Orpheum this week, and their boxing scene is one of the most amusing little "acts" the Orpheum has ever presented. The Hopkins Transoceanic Company is full of new specialties and will probably draw full houses during the period of their stay.

At the Baldwin on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday nights Richard Mansfield presents "A Parisian Romance," in which he appears in his famous interpretation of the Baron Chevrial. As the old French rake, whose life has been spent in dissipation, Mansfield is seen at his best. On Wednesday evening the last performance of "The Story of Rodion, the Student," will be presented. "Beau Brummel" will be revived for the last time on Thursday night. Mr. Mansfield will give us only one opportunity of seeing him as the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter," and that will be on Friday evening. Beatrice Cameron is also seen in a role that allows of some strong situations, and between the star and his leading lady we are given some unusually brilliant work. "Prince Karl" will be the bill for the last matinee on Saturday.

"Blue Beard" is still a success at the Tivoli, a number of new specialties appearing this week. Gilbert and Goldie have a new act that is very taking, and Ferris Hartman is still singing "Dat New Bully."

"Special Delivery" is the title of the "Post Office" play now showing at Morosco's. It has an interesting and melodramatic plot, interwoven with some bright comedy. Lisle Leigh and Fanny Warren have become great favorites with the Morosco playgoers. The singing and dancing of Miss Warren are especially noteworthy. The play is well staged and is on the whole worth the price of admission.

Roland Reed's "The Politician" has achieved a distinct success at the California. The piece runs through all next week.

Mrs. Auzerais-Hoyte made her first appearance as a professional this week at the Alcazar in "The Setting of the Sun" and 'Everybody's Friend" and for a tyro upon the boards did very well, showing herself possessed of a good stage presence, an attractive figure, and an intelligent appreciation of the demands of her calling. Whether Mrs. Hoyte will develop into a star comedienne remains to be seen.

San Francisco & North Pacific Railway

SANTA ROSA ROSE CARNIVAL

Thursday, April 30th Friday May 1st
Saturday, May 2d

Tickets on sale at $2 for the Round Trip, Wednesday, April 29th, to Saturday, May 2d, inclusive. Return limit, Sunday, May 3d. On Friday, May 1st, the day of the Grand Floral Parade, only $1 for the Round Trip. On Saturday, May 2d, Bicycle Day, only $1 for the Round Trip. Children between 5 and 12 years, half the above rates.

On Friday and Saturday there will be two trains each way, leaving Tiburon Ferry, San Francisco, at 7:30 and 9:00 A. M., and on return will leave Santa Rosa at 3:35 and 8:00 P. M. For further information, apply at 650 Market St., (Chronicle Bldg.) or General Office, Cor. Sansome and California Sts.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent.

GOLDEN GATE HALL

APRIL 30th, 8:15 P. M.

A CONCERT
WILL BE GIVEN TO
MRS. CARMICHAEL-CARR
Prior to her departure for England
The following artists will assist—
Miss Sofia Newland, Mr. Willis Bacheller, Mr. J. H. Desmond, The San Francisco Quartette, a Double Quartette from the Loring Club, Mr. Beel, Mr. Josephs and Mr. Jaulus.
Tickets, including reserved seats, 50c, now to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co

Y. M. C. A. AUDITORIUM
Corner of Mason and Ellis Sts.

Wednesday Evening, April 29th, at 8:15 P.M.
FIRST RECITAL
GIVEN BY
PEARL LADD
...THE WONDERFUL CHILD PIANIST...

Admission, 50c. and $1.00. No reserved seats.
Tickets may be obtained at the principal music stores, and at the Auditorium on the evening of the recital.

THE AUDITORIUM
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers

Commencing Monday, April 25, every evening including Sunday, Saturday and Sunday, PROF. D. M. BRISTOL'S EQUESTRIAN CURRICULUM, the finest trained horses in the world. A most astonishing and wonderful exhibition. Amazing animal actors. Horse arranging school [illegible] horses in mathematical problems; horse distinguishing colors; horses in a swing; horses leaping over their fellows; horse churning; horses teetering; horses rolling barrels; horses fishing with rod and line; mule valet; mule clown; horses rocking; horses as [illegible] mail carrier; horse ball catcher; horse actors; horse leaping from flying swing to trapeze.
Reserved seats, 15, 25 and 50 cents.
Children [illegible]

FINEST ON THE MARKET
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
EEL RIVER CREAMERY
SEE THAT THIS STAMP IS ON END OF SQUARE
A FINE CREAM DELICIOUS FLAVORED BUTTER
If you appreciate a DELICACY
Ask your Dealer for the BRAND

Racing! Racing! Racing!
California Jockey Club
WINTER MEETING
BEGINNING TUESDAY, MARCH 15TH
BAY DISTRICT TRACK
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Rain or Shine. Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P.M. sharp. McAllister and Geary street cars pass the gate.
R. B. Milroy, Secretary. Thos. H. Williams, Jr., Pres.

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS
Monday Next - [illegible] last week of [illegible] New York Comedy Theatre Stock Company
RICHARD MANSFIELD
Monday, Tuesday and Saturday Evenings
A Parisian Romance
Wednesday...The Story of Rodion, the Student
Thursday Beau Brummel
Friday (only performance)....The Scarlet Letter
Saturday Matinee.....Prince Karl
Monday May 4th EDDIE FOY
in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown"

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS
Next Week Monday April 27th
A Great Big Hit
Second and Last Week of
ROLAND REED
IN THE POLITICIAN
Monday May 4th
PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS

ORPHEUM
O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Week of Monday, April 27th
Positively the Last Week of the Great Vaudeville Organization
HOPKINS' TRANS-OCEANIC CO.
THE ROSSOWS THE
APPOLLO
HORACE BENNERS SHARP & FLAT
THE EVANS
CLAYTON, JENKINS & JASPER
TOM MACK
FORD & FRANCIS THE NAMEDOS
FULGORA

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Last Nights of the Brilliant Spectacular Extravaganza
BLUE BEARD
Last time of the pretty ballets, the novel specialties, the coster-song medley, the medley of negro airs, the beautiful scenic pictures, the gorgeous electrical display, the wondrous rays of light dances.
Next Opera CHIMES OF NORMANDY
In Preparation—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
First time in operatic form.
POPULAR PRICES 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of—Special Delivery
MONDAY, APRIL 27th
The Author's Melodrama
LADY LIL

Columbia Theatre
FRED. ZECH'S METHOD OF [illegible]
Beginning Monday Evening, April 27th
Tuesday Evening, April 28th
Thursday Evening, April 30th
Friday Evening, May 1st
Saturday Matinee, May 2d
Sunday Evening, May 3d
SIX GRAND PERFORMANCES
Introducing here for the first time AT THE COLUMBIA THEATRE
RIVARDE The Great Spanish Violinist assisted by
M. AIME LACHAUME, The Pianist
MR. WM. H. KEITH, Baritone
And a Grand Orchestra of 40 Selected Musicians. Mr. H. J. Stewart, Conductor.
John Marquardt, Concert Master.
Prices, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00
NOTE—At the Thursday Evening Concert, by request, MR. DONALD De V. GRAHAM will be the Vocal Soloist.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cents. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell Street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street.

SPLASHES.

SOCIETY, as I mentioned last week, is averse to fiestas, and if you speak of the affairs at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara as rustic festivities, you will find sympathy on Pacific Avenue and Broadway. In fact, there is nothing but marble hearts for rural queens. Swelldom wishes none of them, and as beauties, they are at a discount. Their fascinations are questioned, and, altogether, the local 400 holds aloof. This is the true San Franciscan spirit—a compound of envy and indifference. Instead of aiding in festivals that add interest to our life and add identity to our commonwealth, these unfortunately misguided fashionables prefer to remain at home, with no kind hand for other's enterprise. It's a poor spirit with which to rear a great State.

* * *

It is astonishing the number of new people who are developing ancestors. While there is no Herald's College here to discover armorial bearings or exhume genealogical trees, the imputation of lineage is effectively given by means of old furniture. The prevalent fad is that of conveying a remote air to new mansions, and this is done by means of alleged heirlooms, antiquated candlesticks, ancient mahogany sideboards, sofas, and settees; and in consequence of this craze, the proprietor of a certain old curiosity shop on Sutter near Polk is waxing rich. He has set up quite a number of homes with retrospective furniture, and is ready to pay excellent prices for memorial mahogany. I was in a strikingly modern villa residence and was shown a deadly old relic of Colonial days in the shape of a species of sideboard. "It's dreadful, isn't it?" said my hostess, whose history dates back to the discovery of California fruit, "but it has been in the family a hundred years and we could not think of putting it out."

* * *

There is precious little occurring these Easter days. So little, indeed, that Society has time to develop all its fads and fancies. Nowadays individuality is to the fore. To be prominent, it is not sufficient to go to entertainments, to make the rounds of teas, or to be a frequent visitor at Burlingame. One must possess a personality. This is accomplished in various ways. Certain young women attain significance by adhering to a single color or a solitary perfume; others by their fondness for a certain topic or a singular man. One girl I know wears nothing but black; a second has developed a reputation by her strict adherence to black and white; and a third maiden can only be persuaded to wear blue, but she adds contrast to this token of individuality by using no perfume but that of violets. These brilliant efforts after originality are, of course, to be commended, but it seems a pity the ambition does not take a more unconventional direction.

* * *

Baroness von Shroeder has given quite a number of dinners since her return from Europe, and is adhering strictly to the custom approved by the Prince of Wales, of limiting the menu. Instead of a variety of entrées, or an embarrassment of roasts, punches, and sweets, she confines the appetites of her guests to certain carefully composed plats, and her dinners are not allowed to last over an hour. This is the rule in the swell English houses which His Royal Highness frequents; though I believe Emperor William is fonder of a more extended cuisine.

* * *

It would be interesting to know why Mrs. Auzerais-Hoyte is consistently referred to by the dailies as a Society woman. She was called on the posters a "Society brilliant," whatever that may mean. I am sure Mrs. Auzerais never figured in Mr. Greenway's flock. Indeed, she never manifested any tendency in that direction; and, if she had cherished longing toward fashionable prestige, it is certain she made no special efforts at gratifying them. It is to be presumed Mrs. Auzerais is relying for success rather on her histrionic talent than on social reputation.

* * *

The 400, this season, does but little bicycling. The wheel, in so far as Society is concerned, enjoys no particular popularity. The excursions to the park, which were so popular a diversion of '95, are not thought of in '96. The excuse for the inconstancy involved in this abandonment is the popularity of the pursuit among damsels of lesser degree. It is alleged that every one wheels; that it is no more exclusive nowadays than walking, or driving; that no significance attaches to the pursuit, nor is it to be preferred to any other form of exercise. So swelldom reverts to its ancient pastime, and is happier than ever, doing nothing.

* * *

What does General I. F. Houghton propose to do with the Chanler house over at Piedmont? He recently became its owner, and there is considerable interest in Oakland to learn if he proposes to occupy it. Piedmont makes an admirable place for summer, and one can imagine the installation of the Houghton family there would tend to make the environment more popular. The Chanler house is a commodious house, is provided with a ballroom, and would be a capital place to entertain in.

* * *

There is a disposition on the part of Society to scatter far and wide this season. Besides the contingent that has gone East, or to Europe, there is a disposition in favor of the Southern part of the State, and quite a marked prejudice for Paso Robles. Indeed, quite a fashionable colony is established in that environment just now. The Webster Joneses are there, and the Goads also. Miss Blair has just returned, and J. A. Fillmore is about to make the hotel his headquarters during a prolonged vacation. The papers say he is suffering from diabetes. Mrs. Hager and Mrs. Morgan, who had secured rooms at Castle Crag, have abandoned their intention of residing there, and decide for Santa Monica this summer.

* * *

I learn that young Sam Blair, who has been traveling in Europe for his health, found the continent uncongenial. He experienced nostalgia in its most aggravated form, and determined to return to this side of the world without further ado. He is now in New York. This seems a pity, as it deprives Miss Jennie Blair of an interesting trip, it having been decided that she should join her brother in Paris.

* * *

Though the Colliers are in deep mourning over the loss of their youngest son, the catastrophe to their house at Lakeport is not to dissuade them from rebuilding. They have invited plans for a new house on the old location, and in the meantime have leased the Redhill place of Gardiner Hammond. Mrs. Collier and Miss Marquita Collier have been guests of Mr. Sheldon, and are now with Mrs. McCutcheon at Ross Valley. Subsequently, they go to the Bowies for a time.

* * *

In the acquaintance of all of us the eminent gourmet cuts a figure. In every circle there are several of these who turn up their noses at the average dish and hint how much better it would have been had they themselves prepared it. They are especially critical of oyster frys and welsh rarebits, and clever, indeed, is the chef who can satisfy them with either dishes. A clever restaurateur, who has recognized this tendency in a number of his friends, sees the opportunity for catering to these gentry, and is about to open a supper house on Market Street fitted out with a grill and other features. The novel feature will be a patent arrangement on every table, whereby, at the touch of a spring, a chafing-dish with electrical attachments will emerge into view, and the clever amateur cook, supplied with material from a sideboard, may prepare a dish to suit his cultured taste. The idea is a good one and ought to have a distinct appeal. It would be a good opportunity for Colonel Kowalsky to test his distinguished skill, though it may be said the Colonel has no superior in town at a clam chowder or an oyster fricassee.

* * *

In Boston just now the "X ray" fad is overshadowing everything else in the fashionable, as well as the scientific 400, and the one or two dealers in the Crookes tubes in that town are at their wits' end to secure a sufficient supply to meet the unexpected demand. So far as known, Society people are not attempting to photograph anything except their hands, at present, though it is probable as they progress in skill they will become more ambitious in this new photographic field. Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, the famous leader of the "swell set," is said to have secured some surprisingly fine pictures of her hands, which she has distributed as souvenirs among her most intimate friends.

* * *

Probably one of the most beautiful stained windows ever designed and executed on the Coast has just been finished by Bruce Porter and forwarded to its destination, the Episcopal Chapel at Coronado Beach. The window is in two panels; the panel containing the figure of St. John is an exquisite arrangement of colors, blues, and dull pinks. It was on exhibition last Saturday at the rooms of the Art League. Mr. Porter's success with his window is doubly commendable, since it is enormously difficult to obtain the proper quality of material, glass, etc., at this distance from the great art centers.

* * *

The Matinée Girl is disconsolate. She has discovered that Mansfield has weak eyes, wears spectacles off the stage, and—horror of horrors!—squints. This is a terrible accusation to make against so great an actor, but it is stated with due regard for facts, he is actually cross-eyed—the effect of relaxed muscles, I have been told. Of course, it is impossible to revere any man who squints, and it is sad that this disclosure should come at a moment when Mansfield was to be lifted into an object of worship by the Matinée Girl—and an eminently worshipful person he is, with his great artistic skill.

* * *

Some interesting gossip reaches me about our late guest Prince Luigi of Savoy. It seems he enjoys the distinction of having been born as a Spanish infant, or Prince of the House of Spain, a dignity which he retained only nine days subsequent to his arrival in the world. His birth took place in the week that preceded the abdication of the Spanish crown by his father, King Amadeus, who bore the title of Duke of Aosta in Italy.

* * *

The young Prince, who bears the title of Duke of the Abbruzzi, inherited a large portion of the immensely valuable estates which his beautiful mother possessed in Belgium, and he is accustomed to spend some time in that country each year whenever he can escape from his naval duties. Like his brother, the Count of Turin, Prince Luigi is of a gay disposition, inclined to mischief and, about two years ago, got into a rather serious scrape at Monte Carlo and Nice, which involved the expenditure of over $100,000 in addition to his losses at the gambling tables, before he could effect a compromise. This is one of the reasons why King Humbert manifests such aversion to Monaco and to everybody and everything connected therewith.

* * *

AS AT the final Assembly of last season, the attendance at the Friday Night Club's ball was meager; in fact, as somebody expressed it, so far as attendance went, the affair proved rather a frost. Yet no one denies it turned out the jolliest dance of the winter. Society grows indifferent to post-Lenten festivities, and just now there are not only many absentees, but quite a large contingent mourning departed relatives. The Eyres and Colliers were missing on account of bereavements. Chaperones were few and far between, and I believe there were but fifty girls on the floor. However, it was the younger crowd that was present, together with all the belles; there were two men to every maid, though in the case of pretty Miss Lucas of St. Louis, Miss Mary Belle Gwynn, Miss Mollie Thomas, and Miss Genevieve Goad, that degree of masculine attention was doubled. Miss Lucas in particular was decidedly in demand and rather carried off the honors. She is a bright, gay, and fascinating girl, who is going to be very popular this season. As for the hall, I have never seen it look prettier. The decorations were mauve, white, and silver, and parasols of ferns—a new effect—hung from the ceiling, intermingling their dark green fronds with the pale draperies. The supper was the best that Ludwig has served this winter, and altogether the affair had swing and verve, and is much more of a memory than its predecessors.

* * *

YOUNG MR. HOBART is no longer to figure as the hero of horsemen. His marriage sounds the knell of his racing career. It is a condition of the engagement, I am told, that he retire from the turf, and the race he rode on Ferrier the other day constituted his last appearance. In what manner Prince Fortunatis will dispose of his costly stable, I have not been told; but he intends to realize as soon as possible, gradually, probably, but inevitably. On the day of their wedding, he and his bride leave for Europe; they are to be absent at least a year. While away, polo ponies, roadsters, racers, and coach horses will be offered to the highest bidder. Young Mr. Hobart's love of horses has proved quite an expensive luxury. I am told his determination to have the best at any cost has made a hole in his resources. He cared little what he paid for a fine horse, and if his acquisitions represent a great deal of money, their quality is undoubted. He has done nothing foolish, and by means of shrewd handling he will recoup much of his outlay. Being cut off from the turf as a pursuit, it is presumable Mr. Hobart will find some other and more useful occupation for his surplus energies. Such a bright and ardent young man should develop a career for himself. He has energy and ambition enough to set the pace

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

Dainty and Refreshing

PAR EXCELLENCE

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.

Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

for Californians of leisure, and is quite capable, I believe, of showing a love for the best in other than equine directions.

* * *

The wedding of Mr. Hobart and Miss Williams is to be devoid of all elaboration. The two families are to have the ceremony to themselves. Miss Hobart will be the solitary bridesmaid, and Mr. Stetson as best man has the distinction of being the only stranger bidden. This privacy is due, of course, to the illness of Mrs. Williams. At first it was thought the ceremony would have to be performed in her bedroom, but she is sufficiently convalescent to be removed to the parlor where the twain are to be married with due formality and little festivity.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Lester and Miss Hobart returned from the East on Sunday last. They entertained quite a delegation of callers last Sunday as all their friends looked in to congratulate them on their return. So far as the Lesters are concerned, it is not probable that Society may expect much from them in the direction of entertainments, as Mr. Lester is not given to festivity and cares little or nothing for society.

* * *

I note, with interest, the marriage of Miss Ida Irwin, who was so often a guest of Mrs. Joe Tobin, and who is well known here in San Francisco. She was united Easter week to Daniel Leonard Barnes, at the home of her father, Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., in Chicago. The marriage was quite a military affair, and after the ceremony the young couple departed for the Continent, where, indeed, every one with spare dollars is now going. Mr. Barnes is happily dowered with wealth, and occupies a prominent social position in the Chicago beau monde.

* * *

THE IMPORTANT event of the year at Burlingame is the polo tournament, which has positively been set for the afternoon of Saturday, May 9th. There are to be two meetings. On Friday the teams play at San Jose, with Baldwin, Hobart, McCreery, and Richard Tobin representing Burlingame. On the day of the match, however, the team is to consist of McCreery, Joe Tobin, Walter Hobart, and Richard Tobin. I am a bit surprised at the absence of Lawson, but I am told he decided not to participate. There is no questioning his skill on the field. Still, the team, I am told, is playing a splendid game, and its members are in excellent condition. The ground is better than it has ever been, inasmuch as irrigating pipes have at last been laid and there is the certainty of grass and an elastic surface. By the way, the Riverside team is composed of W. Maud, Bettner, C. Maud, and Waring. Arrangements about trains, etc., will be similar to those existing last year, a special leaving Third and Townsend at 1:45 and returning at 5:30.

* * *

The financial situation at Burlingame continues to improve, though the chances seemed all against prosperity last month. The institution made a profit of some three hundred dollars, and the kickers are now regretting their precipitancy in resigning. There is no doubt of the future prosperity of the institution, and the present auspices are eminently satisfactory.

* * *

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Pacific-Union Club is better from the financial point of view than from that of growth and development. The profits were over five thousand dollars, which covers a loss of over nine thousand dollars on the restaurant. However, the total membership is but 485 against 510 last year, in which the loss was even greater, and the prospects seem to be that conditions will be worse rather than better next March. These figures include a gain of 19 members admitted during the year. Among other announcements, Presie dent Crockett states that the lease of th present premises expires next April, and that the Club has the privilege of renewal for ten years on the same terms—$1250 per month—by giving notice before November of this year. It costs money to run a big Club. The general expenses account amounted to about one hundred and eighty thousand dollars; of this sum, something like twenty-five thousand went to employees.

* * *

EVERY REFORM movement has its victims over whom the reformers must climb to the heights they desire to reach. In the Pacific-Union Club there are eight gentlemen who have just learned that they were used as stepping-stones to a reform in club politics. They are a little sore—being trodden upon figuratively is just as liable to cause soreness as a literal trampling under foot—and yet the martyrs seem to sympathize with the reformers. The fact is the members object to the black board style of nomination, to the excessive number of directors, to the high club dues, to the restricted membership list, and many other things. Without informing the candidates for positions on the board of directors of their intentions the reform party "put up the job" to elect one man only out of the nine, and so George A. Newhall appeared as a man of such popularity that he has not yet got over blushing at his success. The reformers have gained the first step, however, and a meeting of the club has been called at which they hope to push through the remainder of their cherished plans.

* * *

The new Board of Directors of the Bohemian Club has not yet given any indication of the "good-old-time" jinks that were to mark the return to power of Doctor Chismore, Peter, and others of that ilk familiar with the true Bohemian jinks as they used to be when the loving cup was of pewter, and the artist of the day made his sketches in the presence of the crowd with charcoal on rough paper.

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch made his appearance in the Bohemian Club dining-room on Wednesday evening after an absence of three weeks, which he has spent on the Comstook. He learned French in six weeks, and, precocious man that he is, he has learned mining in three. He has the lore of stopes, winzes, drifts, levels, etc., at his fingers' ends, and, strangest of all, he has really been enjoying the, to him, unusual exercise of hard work—which, like love in a cottage, may easily be a joy when it need only be indulged in as a fad.

* * *

In musical circles there is considerable interest over the forthcoming benefit of Mrs. Carmichael Carr. Sigmund Beel has had the program in charge, and it is, without question, one of the most interesting ever presented in San Francisco. No one has done more for music here than Mrs. Carr, and I bespeak for her entertainment a large audience. Apropos of music, I am informed Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the California girl with the phenomenal voice, is to be out here June 1st. Another important event is the Rivarde concert next Monday night at the Columbia, when we will have the pleasure of hearing young Mr. Keith. Quite a number of theater-parties are arranged for the occasion.

* * *

Of course, the Concordia looked very gorgeous on Tuesday evening last with all its snowy decorations, for the Hirsch-Schweitzer wedding, but I question the appositeness of lilies and pale roses as a background for matrimony. There were St. Joseph and calla lilies in all their variations, together with snowballs and wedding bells, and the effect was very brilliant; but a little color would really have been more appropriate, if less expensive. The bride looked as charming as ever in her wedding gown of white satin, and her sister, Miss Edna Schweitzer, was maid of honor; there was no best man. Doctor Voorsanger, as usual, tied the knot, and performed the ceremony with that easy grace which he has developed by practise. The marriage proper was performed in the parlor. Subsequently, there was a dinner, after which the guests adjourned to the ballroom and danced the night through.

* * *

IN SPITE of my pessimistic aspersions on Lent, I understand that results were really achieved in certain quarters of Oakland. During the season of abstinence, some eighteen maidens of the young generation met around various Jackson-street houses, and devoted themselves to the preparation of various fancy articles, and on Saturday last these were sold at the residence of Mrs. Hyde on Tenth Street. Mesdames English, Bangs, and Brigham supervised the sale, and boxes, baskets, and other dainty articles were set forth on tables properly price-marked and arranged. An abundance of candy had been supplied by the fashionable dealers, and under the stimulating influence of charity, excellent prices were obtained for the objects sold. Indeed, after the expenses, there were some two hundred and fifty dollars for the Free Kindergarten, which, considering everything, is a very satisfactory result.

* * *

The Pope-Rossiter wedding gathered quite an assemblage at the Church of the Advent, at East Oakland, Thursday evening. It was really a brilliant affair, and the decorations were magnificent. The conservatories of Mrs. Frank M. Smith were despoiled of flowers for the occasion, and Mrs. Walter Scott and Mrs. Goodfellow set them out to the best advantage. The ceremony was quite an interesting one, and among the novel features was the rendering of the "Prize Song" from Wagner's "Meistersinger," by Sigmund Beel, as the guests were congregating. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Nichols. The bride looked very charming in her wedding gown, the snowy tints of which set off her brunette beauty to the best advantage.

* * *

This afternoon the University of California baseball team will cross bats with a picked team from the University Club. It will be interesting to note the kind of game the youngsters will put up against the Old Grads. The younger eleven are in full training, but if they win it will not be a walk-over. They will no doubt go up against nine old players, who, in prehistoric times, when they were sophomores and juniors, pitched or batted for their own 'Varsity nines. Who knows, an old Yale player or two might crop out at the last moment, and Yale—even out of training—is hard to beat.

* * *

The Commencement season rapidly approaches at Berkeley, and entertainments are being crowded into the brief space that intervenes between the moment and the holidays. Saturday last, Miss Duff gave a tea, and her guests consisted, for the most part, of University men. It was a very pretty affair, with charming decorations. Miss Garber and Miss Bertha Foote assisted the hostess to receive her guests, and Miss Foote, I am told, looked especially handsome in yellow lawn over white silk. She is certainly striking, and possesses that rare combination, blonde hair and dark eyes.

* * *

There is considerable curiosity in Society over the character of the reception for which Mrs. Stratton has sent out invitations. Her cards bear the date of the 28th and 29th, with "posters" in one of the corners. Is it a poster exhibition? and if so, wherefore?

* * *

Recent acquisitions to Oakland Society are Mr. and Mrs. A. Mosley, who have just moved into a residence near the corner of Eighth and Oak Streets. Mrs. Knowles had a tea for them on Thursday last, at which the Jackson-street set were introduced to the new comers.

* * *

One of the late events at Berkeley was the tea at Mrs. Wilson's. They have a capital house for entertaining in, spacious, well arranged, surrounded by ample grounds. Young Mr. Wilson is a student, and the guests were all of the University set. The Wilson house is a curious instance of modified architecture. The family is well-provided with the goods of this world, and, on deciding to settle in Berkeley, and having purchased the location, commenced with the erection of a stable. This was to be quite an elaborate structure, with stalls for a score of horses, and sleeping-rooms for a cortège of grooms. However, over the spirit of their plans there came a change, and the result is the conversion of the stable into a mansion and with singularly pleasant effect. The lower floor may be thrown at will into one great reception-room, though it is ordinarily divided into the usual compartments. However successful as a stable, there is no denying it makes a very comfortable residence. A later tea at Berkeley was that of Mrs. Professor Gayley, to some fifty ladies.

THE GOSSIP

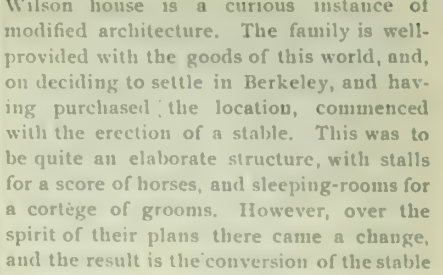
R. B. HAYDEN:

In this age of cheap whiskies, it is gratifying to know there are a few houses in Kentucky who place quality above everything else, and adhere faithfully to the methods of manufacture that have been the means of giving Kentucky Bourbon Whisky world-wide fame. Among these houses the Greenbrier Distillery Company, of Nelson County, Ky., is classed, and wherever its brand, R. B. Hayden, is used it is sure to make friends on account of its excellent quality and rich flavor.

SANTA ROSA CARNIVAL.

Active preparations are being made by the San Francisco and North Pacific Coast Railway Company for the accommodation of its patrons during the Santa Rosa Carnival. Tickets with stop-over privilege for three days at Santa Rosa are being sold for $2. All other information may be obtained at 850 Market Street, or at General Office, corner Sansome and California.

Mr. S. Strozynski, who for the past five years has been located at Ellis and Leavenworth, will remove on May 1st to a larger and more centrally located store at 24 Geary Street. Mr. Strozynski will continue to carry the finest stock of hair, and will continue to employ only first-class hairdressers.



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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The oldest and most reliable brand of Tea on the market.
Sold only in ⅓ pound papers at 20 cents per paper.
All grocers keep it.

RIPPLES.

CHARACTERISTIC.

Ikey—Is brudder Jake very sick, mudder?

Mrs. Isaac—Yah, mine tear, and he may die.

Ikey—Must we pe awfully careful vith him, mudder?

Mrs. Isaac—Yah; and dot doctor says dot we must give him dose dainty dishes, ain't it?

Ikey—But vat vere dose dainty dishes, mudder?

Mrs. Isaac—Dose dainty dishes vas such as chickens, squabbs——

Ikey—Squabbs, mudder?

Mrs. Isaac—Yah, Ikey.

Ikey—And if he doesn't have th' squabbs vill he die, mudder?

Mrs. Isaac—He might, Ikey.

Ikey—I have two squabbs, mudder.

Mrs. Isaac—Yah, mine goot little poy.

Ikey—If I sold them in dot market I vould get dirty-five cents apair for 'em, mudder.

Mrs. Isaac—Yah, mine tear, little poy.

Ikey—But if Jakey vas real sick and might die, I vill give tem to you for Jakey to eat for twoventy-five cents.

Mrs. Isaac—Vell, if I puy them, Ikey, you must rememper dot dey von't belong to you any mores.

Ikey—And you vill cook them for Jakey?

Mrs. Isaac—Yah, and he vill eat them himselves.

Ikey—Vell, all right, if you vants them takes them away. (Sotto voco,) If he vas so sick as she tinks he vas he can't eat two whole squabbs, and I will have some mineselves.

PULLING HIM DOWN.

A young commercial traveler, who is away from his wife nine months in the year, has been in the habit, while on the road, of invariably answering all of his wife's long, endearing letters in the same language as the following:

MY DEAR WIFE.—Yours received. Am glad to know that you and the children are well. I am alive and kicking. In haste,
Your loving husband,
HARRY.

The loving little wife, after receiving several of these unsatisfactory communications, finally became out of patience, and wrote the following:

MY DEAR HUSBAND.—Your same old chestnut letter of the 7th inst. has been received. I note that you are still alive and kicking. I wish to state in this connection that I am also alive and kicking, and kicking like a mule because you have never anything further to say than that you are alive and kicking. It seems to me that you are always kicking. Hereafter, however, if you do not write me more news in your letters, in answer to my loving eight-pagers, you will find on your return home that your little wife will kick worse than she is now, and you will wish that you had kicked the bucket while on the road.

It is needless to say that the next letter the little wife received from her hubby was a letter that any woman might have been proud to place in a frame.

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM.

The following communication was recently received by one of our large daily papers, from a subscriber in one of the northern counties:

MISTER EDITER ESQUIRE.

deer sur.—i hav bean subskribin 4 you papper 4 nie onto 6 months and i like it furst rate but the ole woman doesnt an that settles it an she insists that i doesnt subscribe for it auy moor but to subskribe 4 the other papper what yu doesnt have anithing to do with. The reson the ole woman dont like you papper is cause it dont fit her kloset shelfes by 2 inches whitch the other papper does so pleas stop sendin you papper an i wil see that the other feller does. Hoppin that you papper wont bust up akount of mi quiting subskribin 4 it i am you frend,
BILL JENKINS.

post skript. i think if you wil mak you papper bigger by 2 inches the ole woman wil want me to subskribe 4 you papper agin as she ses you papper is a better papper then the other papper, as it is thicker than hisn an lasts longer on the shelfes. hoppin that you and yous is well as this writin finds me of which i am thankful i am yous agan, BILL JENKINS
post skript no. 2. its rainin like hell up yere how is it down you way. BILL.

VERY MUCH SO.

"Yes," remarked the absent-minded man, "when I wake up in the morning I have forgotten where I placed my clothes the night previous."

"Why don't you write down on a piece of paper the exact place you leave each article before going to bed?" inquired a friend.

"I have already tried it," replied absent-minded, sorrowfully, "but it's very unsatisfactory; I invariably forget where I place the paper. Can't you suggest something else?"

"Yes, sleep with your clothes on."

WHY NOT.

"That boy of yours is a great talker; what are you going to make of him, a lawyer or a barber?"

"Neither; he's going to be a prize fighter."

DON'T HAVE TO.

"Are you working, Jones?"

"No, I'm holding a Government position."

IN NEW YORK.

Major Bluegrass (indignantly)—I tell you, sah, it's a damn outrage!! The idea of a gentleman being unable, sah, to get a drink on the Sabbath, sah, in the metropolis of these United States. I tell you, sah, New York is going back. Yes, sah, going back, sah.

Resident—Of course it is, and when you visit New York you must do as the New Yorkers do—go back—to the back door. Come.

MORE MONEY IN THE BUSINESS, PROBABLY.

Clairvoyant—Yes, I can tell you the past, present, and future; give advice on business and locate you wealthy mines.

Visitor—What! inform me where I can obtain a rich mine merely for the location?

Clairvoyant—Yes, sir.

Visitor—Well, then, why in Tophet don't you locate one for yourself?

BOUND TO GET THERE.

Blinks (after a long absence inquiring after old schoolmates)—And Jones, he was always inclined toward the stage, has he still a leaning that way?

Jinks—I believe he has; the last heard of him was that he stood up a stage in the mountains about a month ago.

SMART BOY.

Teacher—Tommy, what are the duties of the President of these United States?

Tommy—To go duck hunting and fishing.

OF COURSE.

Blossom (as the band passes)—Which instrument carries the air?

Bloomer—The bass drum, you idiot.

BRUNO.

SHEARINGS.

Affable Book Agent (to little girl at front door)—Is your mamma engaged?

Little Girl (in astonishment)—Engaged! Why, she's been married for years.—*Texas Siftings.*

Dazlin—Look out for these; they're trick matches.

Blazlow—In what way?

Dazlin—They light the first time you scratch them.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Friend—What a skilful touch your wife has, Binks.

Binks—You'd say so if you knew how much money she manages to get out of me.—*Judge.*

Employer—Vot's dot? Didn't I raise your salary a vile ago?

Office-Boy—It vos more as six months ago.

Employer—Vell, you t'ink I must gif you more vages efery time I make an assignment?—*Puck.*

Diana (the bride)—How do they know that we are bride and bridegroom? We have on our old clothes and I rubbed my wedding-ring in the ashes to make it look old.

Bridegroom—Oh, yes; but I knocked over the inkstand when I registered.—*New York World.*

Nervous passenger (on steamship that has run aground)—What on earth is the matter with this ship.

Captain (sorrowfully)—That's just it!—*Puck.*

Would-be Farmer—I am somewhat of a connoisseur in stock and I want only such as are young and in good condition.

Farmer—Well, buy this drove of yearlings.

Would-be Farmer—How old are they?—*Texas Siftings.*

Uncle Abner (from his almanac)—I allow them Chinese critters hain't sech senseless fools ez folks try ter make aout; they do their readin' back'ards.

Aunt 'Mandy—What's th' sense er readin' thet way?

Uncle Abner (irritably)—Ter sarcumvent them patent-meddycine advertisers. Nothin' on airth makes me so cussid mad as gettin' interested in a feller's hevin' a narrer escape from death, an' findin' aout thet Doctor Screechem's pills saved him!"—*Judge.*

Yeast—Do you know, sometimes I think it is wrong to play cards for money, and sometimes I don't.

Crimsonbeak—I suppose the times you don't are when you win?—*Yonker's Statesman.*

Western Train Robber—Hold up your hands.

Reggie Languid—Aw—go to my man, deah fellow, he always awanges my twaveling bills.—*Truth.*

Brown's Bronchial Troches will quickly relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Throat diseases. Sold only in boxes.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Book *free* at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

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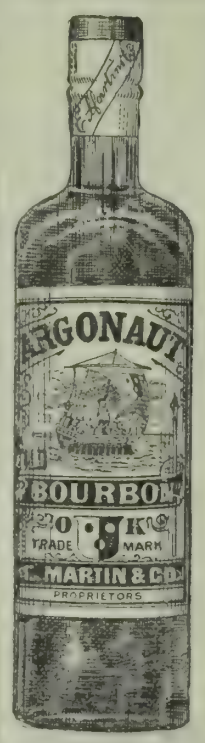

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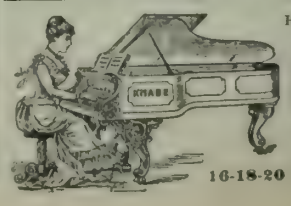

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THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON CURRENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

The excitement of the Relay has at last subsided, and for this week things will be quiet in cycledom. Then the National Circuit will open on May 1st in Oakland, and the race meets will follow close upon one another till the sixteenth. After that, there will be racing every Saturday afternoon and evening throughout the season at Central Park.

There promises to be a veritable boom in racing matters here this year. Three tracks are almost assured for this city—two of them actually in course of construction— and the ensuing competition for riders between the various promoters will necessarily result in the hanging up of liberal prizes. What the effect of this plethora of races will be upon the sport in general is a matter for future comment.

By far the most important event of the week, from the cyclists' point of view, was the meeting of the Cycle Board on Trade on Monday evening. That body, composed of all the principal dealers in wheels of this city, has announced as its main purposes, first, the repaving of Market Street with noiseless pavement, and, second, the lighting of the Park.

Both of these objects have the thorough support of every wheelman and driver of the city, and the Merchants' Association has promised every assistance in its power looking to their accomplishment. The League of American Wheelmen has thrown the strength of its organization into the scale, and it is a matter of easy prophecy that our next Board of Supervisors will be composed of men who will have unmistakably expressed themselves as in favor of these two measures.

As the number of wheelmen increases, the consideration shown them as street-users should increase in the same ratio. If every street-user was a wheelman, there can be no doubt that the pavements would speedily become specialized to the needs of the bicycle. It is, of course, true that the pavement that is best for the wheel is not the pavement that is best for the heavily loaded truck. There is evidently a conflict here that must be reconciled and adjusted. In general there are three ways in which this problem may be solved by municipalities; First—and this is the poorest method, yet the one most generally adopted—there is a compromise in the pavement itself, such a street-covering being selected as is not the best for teaming nor the best for wheels, but which will serve in a greater or less degree the uses of both. A second method is to set aside certain thoroughfares for the purposes of heavy teaming, reserving other and parallel streets for the use of light vehicles. In this way it becomes possible to use the pavement best adapted to each of the two classes of traffic. But in the case of our main thoroughfare, this second method is impracticable, partly because parallel streets exist only on one side of it, but principally for the reason that it is lined for the greater portion of its length on both sides with mercantile establishments, which fact necessitates the use of the street for teaming to a great degree. This condition of things renders necessary the adoption of the third method of compromise—that is; the reservation of a portion of the street to the use of bicycles and such light vehicles as would not injure the pavement best adapted to them, the remaining portion being so paved as to be best adapted for other traffic. To accomplish this, it has been suggested that the space between the tracks of the cable cars be bituminized, and that an ordinance be enacted restricting its use to wheels and light vehicles. It seems very probable that the cable railway companies would be heartily in favor of such a measure as this, as also would be the passengers upon their cars, for the reason that much of the delay, danger, and inconvenience in the operation of street-cars is occasioned by the indiscriminate use of their tracks by heavy vehicles.

C. MICHENER.

IS THE BICYCLE "BAGGAGE"?

BY CHAS. ALBERT ADAMS.

The passage of the "Armstrong Bill" in New York has revived the interest in the question "Is the bicycle 'baggage'?" within the meaning of the law requiring common carriers to transport a reasonable amount of baggage for each passenger. What is and what is not "baggage" has always been a mooted question, and in determining this question, the Courts have so variously construed the matter, that several apparently irreconcilable lines of decisions have been established. If the bicycle is "baggage," the Railway Company may be compelled to carry the wheel of a passenger without charge; if it is not "baggage," the Railway Company may refuse to carry bicycles except upon such terms and conditions as it may elect to make.

In this State, instead of the word "baggage" the English term "luggage" is used, but this word has been held to mean the same as the word "baggage." The Code Commissioners attempted to settle this vexed question by saying that "luggage may consist of any articles intended for the use of a passenger while traveling, or for his personal equipment"; but as pointed out by Judge Sharpstein, in a case decided by him, this provision of the Code has disincumbered the subject but little, if any, of the difficulty which previously surrounded it, and adds nothing to what had long before been understood as comprehended in the term "luggage."

By the term "luggage" or "baggage" is generally understood such articles of personal convenience and necessity as are usually carried by passengers for their personal use—as distinguished from merchandise and household effects. In one case it was said that "baggage" included only such articles as are of necessity for personal use, and such as the passengers usually take with them while traveling; but it was conceded that what articles would be so included would depend very much upon the habits, tastes, and resources of the passengers.

In a leading English case Chief Justice Cockburn decided the true rule to be as follows: "Whatever the passenger takes with him for his personal use and convenience according to the habits or wants of the particular class to which he belongs, either with reference to the immediate necessities, or to the ultimate purpose, of the journey must be considered as personal luggage. This would include, not only articles of apparel, whether for use or ornament, but also the gun case or fishing apparatus of the sportsman, the easel of the artist on a sketching tour, or the books of the student, and of other articles of an analogous character, the use of which is personal to the traveler, and the taking of which has arisen from the fact of his journeying. And on the other hand, the term 'ordinary luggage' being thus confined to that which is personal to the passenger, and carried for his use and convenience, it follows that what is carried for the purpose of business, such as merchandise and the like, or for larger and ulterior purposes, such as articles of furniture or household goods, would not come within the description of 'ordinary luggage.'"

This decision has been followed by many of the courts of this country, and the rule therein laid down adopted; and in a very late case which appears to have been well presented, the Supreme Court of Oregon, adopting the rule above stated, said "so that it would seem that 'baggage' in the sense of the law may consist of such articles as the necessity, convenience, comfort, or *recreation* of the passenger may require him to take for his personal use, according to the habits or wants of the particular class to which he belongs, either with reference to immediate necessities or the ultimate purposes of the journey."

If the gun of the hunter, the rod of the angler, the books of the student, and the easel of the artist are "luggage," it would seem that the bicycle of the wheelman, who is a passenger, ought to be likewise included. It is personal to his use; it is for his convenience, according to the habits or wants of the particular class to which he belongs, either with reference to the ultimate purpose of the journey; and is not carried for the purpose of business.

It is no answer to say, as has been said, that the bicycle is unwieldly, and because of its unusual shape is an awkward piece of [illegible] and it is therefore unreasonable to expect the Railroad Company to transport it on the same cars with passengers as baggage without imposing terms, for the reason that it is awkward to carry only because no proper provision has been made for carrying bicycles in the ordinary [illegible]. If baggage cars were fitted for transporting wheels, and only wheels, there would, perhaps, be no place to carry a trunk, but it would certainly not be contended because of this that a trunk of a passenger was not baggage.

Notwithstanding all this, it might be well to emulate the example set by the New York wheelmen, and secure the passage of an act of the Legislature, specifically including the bicycle in the term "baggage" or "luggage," as it is known in the law of this State.

The limits of this article preclude all consideration of the incidental questions of "checks" and compensation for injury or loss of the bicycle while being transported by common carriers. But these questions are comparatively well settled.

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531 Sutter Street - San Francisco

ANNUAL MEETING

..OF THE..

YOSEMITE COMMISSION

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to manage the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's office, on Wednesday, June 3, 1896, at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 21, 1896.

NOBBIEST STYLES NEATEST FIT BEST MATERIALS

HARLOE

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Novelties in Imported Wear. Bicycle Suits a specialty.

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Artistic Hair Dressing and Shampooing. A new preventive for the hair falling out. Superfluous hair removed. 1704 Market Street, San Francisco

FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

There was a time when the stage decreed what woman should wear. It was in the long ago—the time so feelingly alluded to as the palmy days.

There were plays then—yes. And the leading lady set the seal of approval on the latest thing in skirts and basques—yes, and bustles.

But this generation has not looked to the stage—mirror of fashion though it be—for the correct thing in dress. The leading lady copies the fashionable leader, and orders her jupe with the very same flare, her corsage of the very same design, and as for the bustle—physical culture and sense have done away with it.

But in spite of this glaring array of facts, an actress is going to be responsible and stand sponsor for the corsetless—yes, and fashionable woman.

Every daughter of Eve who was fortunate enough to attend the matchless performance of Mansfield as "Beau Brummell," no matter how engrossed she was in the actor's masterly interpretation, had more than half an eye for Jennie Eustace, her gorgeous gowns, and her magnificent stayless figure. And if every one of them who is possessed of the smallest atom of love for the beautiful did not go home and try how she would look, then I know nothing of the vanities and ways of my sex.

That exquisite gown—satin, all embroidered in gold—that extreme décolletage, yet, on account of the absense of the corset, modest; and, above all, the easy, swaying, graceful figure, have done more to kill the corset than all the dress reform that has ever been thundered forth from the platform by coarse, fat, dowdy women.

The corset will eventually have to go, and if you would know how to dress and dress well without one, and have your gown fit as perfectly and a deal more gracefully than if it was one mass of stiff whalebone, see Miss Eustace and study her gown. The stage has surely once again triumphed over the long-waisted, hour-glass figure of the fashionable leader.

Speaking of handsome gowns, I must tell you of several I saw at Mrs. Hager's theatricals.

The handsomest gown of all was the one worn by Miss Lizzie Carroll. It was of most delicate Nile green silk and the corsage completely covered with a beaded net that shone and dazzled in the brilliant electric light. The sweetest gown, to my mind, was the one worn by Miss Carrie Taylor. It was of pink—the delicate pink of the sea-shell. The corsage was cut square and the décolletage outlined with marguerites.

The simplest gown, one of those expensive, sweet simplicity frocks that make a young girl look like an angel, that novelists dwell upon and men rave about, was worn by Miss Isabel McKenna. It was all white, with not a particle of relieving color, and fashioned of soft fluffy white tulle over a white silk slip. The décolletage was just perfect, neither too high nor too low, by the way, not such an easy result to obtain, and edged with a tiny ruffle of lace, simple, sweet, and costly.

As usual, Miss McKinstry was in black and looked perfect. If you get behind a perfectly plain black gown at a reception, ten to one its wearer is Miss McKinstry. Perhaps she will wear a single long-stemmed American beauty and perhaps she won't. But her gown will be almost destitute of trimming, fit superbly, and she herself will look majestic. If Miss McKinstry affects black, Mrs. Jos. Tobin affects black and white, and while on this subject let me show you what an authority has to say on this effective color combination:

"It has often been said that the best dressed women almost invariably wear black and white, and it cannot be gainsaid that these two colors have an individuality and tone that more glaring colors do not possess. However, black is not becoming to every woman; indeed, there is something very trying in black materials of any kind worn near the face. The lines are made much harsher and more pronounced, while the soft tints of the complexion are often curiously deadened.

"White with black, or vice versa, is absolutely different, and the combination is one that is always in fashion. This season the black and white stripes and checks are shown in more bewildering variety than ever. One pattern in particular has a white ground with hair stripes of black, three or four stripes near together, then a space, and again a cluster. Such a silk, made with a waist of black Liberty silk in the shape of a short jacket, with broad revers faced with the striped silk, and a crossed-over waistcoat of white satin, is charmingly becoming.

"The fancy waists, which we are being informed all the time are no longer fashionable, and which are being made up in every swell establishment, are very smart in black and white. A black and white checked taffeta has a broad square collar extending over the shoulders, and back of the waist and in front turned off in points. This is trimmed with a ruffle of accordion-plaited black mousseline de soié with a narrow white edge. The front of the waist is full and soft, finished with a narrow girdle of black silk pointed front and back, so as to give a long-waisted effect.

"The white silk ground with black satin stripes is too conspicuous for street wear, but for dinner gowns, or, again, separate waists, is always becoming and in fashion. When it is so desired, bright ribbons, satin, or velvet, are worn, deep crimson, scarlet, or blue velvet being especially suitable.

"For wash goods there is no end of fascinating patterns in black and white. Piqué and duck in stripes and a smart little check will be much used for costumes of skirt and jacket, and, after all, this style of wash gown is by far the most satisfactory.

"If the material is shrunk before it is made up, it can then be easily laundered; and as there is never any trimming beyond a band or two of flat embroidery on the skirt, and the colors do not fade, these costumes can be put in the tub every week if necessary, and still look well."

BABETTE.

One can save all the trouble of making children's clothes by taking the materials to Madame de Soto, at 414 Geary Street. Entire satisfaction is guaranteed.

Poets sing of "woman's crowning glory." To perpetuate a beautiful head of hair, to prevent it from falling out, to incite it to a renewed healthy growth, is the assurance that goes with every bottle of Quinonia. Should your dealer not have it, get it at Lederer's, 111 Stockton Street; thirty-five cents a bottle.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

The lounge suit of this season is made with a sack-coat. The trousers are moderately wide, but not exaggerated, and a bit more narrow than those of last season. This sack-coat has a V-shaped collar with peaked lapels, and is single-breasted, with three buttons, which are of course, never buttoned. It tapers slightly from the waist, so as to give from the front the impression that it is going to be a cut-away, but it stops that tendency in the back by an orthodox uncompromising sack; it fits loosely, and its general length is about thirty inches. The waistcoat of dittoes has also a V-shaped collar with lapels, and is cut sufficiently low to show one shirt button. This is the dictum of J. A. Ulrich, tailor, Third floor, Crocker Building.

El Campo, the popular Bay resort, now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c; children 15c; including admission to the grounds. The steamer "Ukiah" will leave Tiburon ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 2 and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1, 3, and 5 P. M.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian Bath with Needle Shower. This latest improvement is now in working order, and proves a great attraction. The price for the above, which includes the Swimming Bath, has been established at the low rate of fifty cents.

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PHYSICIAN FOR THE HAIR

Has a Canadian Vegetable Tonic for the Hair that will make it grow when all else fails. Dandruff removed. Terms moderate. High-class references.

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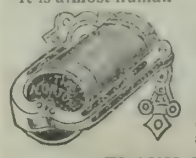

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 9—Probate. In the matter of the estate and Guardianship of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a Minor. Order to show cause on application for Guardian for Order of Sale of Real Estate. It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Gustave H. Umbsen, the Guardian of the estate of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a minor, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to his said ward, that it will be beneficial to said minor, and expedient and advisable that such real estate should be sold.

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said ward, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Monday, the fourth day of May, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 3d, A. D. 1896.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of the Superior Court.

F. D. MADISON, Attorney for Guardian.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10—Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased. Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made. A. J. Thompson, the Administrator of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell all or so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary, at public auction. And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks, in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated April 9th, A. D. 1896.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Judge of the Superior Court.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY

Assessment..... No. 78
Amount per Share.....15 cents
Levied.....March 25, 1896
Delinquent in office.....April 28, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock.....May 20, 1896

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America's Famous Summer and Winter Resort

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"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers"

G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

Flower Festivals
Fiestas
Rose Carnivals

. . . and the like, will be the delight of California for the next two or three months.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival, the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens **April 15.** *Queen Flora* will reign 3 days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles, now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22,** and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses, to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th,** inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

REDUCED RATES

will be made by the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY for all these brilliant events. Arrange your programmes accordingly, and call on agents for particulars.

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First-Class.....$220
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Lowest rates to CAPE TOWN

S.S. "Australia," **Honolulu** only, Tuesday, April 28, 1896, at 10 A. M.

S.S. "Mariposa," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, April 30, 1896, at 2 P. M.

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Freight Office—**327 Market St.**

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For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports; every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M.

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PALACE HOTEL

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"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

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Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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AWARDED
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HIGHEST AWARDS
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"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

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TALES OF THE DAY.

It was a London diamond broker and he was trying to get into the social swim. At last he received cards for a certain imposing function, but unfortunately, about the same time, was forced to assume the leading role in an unsavory police court case. "You 'ave now done it," exclaimed his friends. "You vill get a leedle note te say der dance has been postponed, and you vill not be told when der day is!" "Nod so," exclaimed the Jew, "I have der invitation to Somerset House taken to get it stamped. It is now a contract."

A trainer of parrots had labored for weeks to teach a certain bird to say "Hear! Hear! Grand old man.—God save the Queen," etc,. etc. It was his intention to introduce the bird to Gladstone with the hope that the great leader would purchase him for a neat sum. But the parrot proved refractory and at times the dealer would exclaim, "I've lost my time and trouble over you." Finally the parrot learned the phrases. The great day came, but the trainer was disappointed. Mr. Gladstone glanced carelessly at the parrot, saying, "I've no use for him." But the bird promptly astounded his hearers by remarking, "I've lost my time and trouble over you."

Paderewski played a solo at the Norwich festival in England, and the next day wandered through the great cathedral. He happened to pass a schoolroom from which musical sounds were issuing, and saw there a number of choir boys gathered around the piano. An urchin seated on the stool had just announced, "Let me show you how 'Paddy' plays," and he proceeded to give a freakish imitation of the great Polish artist. When he had finished, Paderewski advanced, lifted him from the piano-stool, and said, "Now let me show you how 'Paddy' does play." He then sat down and rendered two pieces in brilliant style for the amazed youngsters.

That there are better uses for hip-pockets than as receptacles for revolvers is evidenced by the experience of a Cincinnati tailor who went into the mountains of Kentucky to take orders. He was measuring a big mountaineer, and asked incidently how large his hip-pocket should be made, thinking that a man of his dimensions would probably carry a forty-four caliber revolver. The mountaineer seemed to be calculating. "I guess a pint will be big enough for these pants," he said, "bein' as the're my Sunday ones."

George W. Smalley, the American correspondent of the London *Times*, who was recently suspended from the Metropolitan Club in New York for reasons which are not confided to the world, while representing the *Tribune* in London was very fond of the nobility; and it is said, he dearly loved to be seen with a lord. *Vanity* says that when an invitation was received by any of the correspondents to a "small and early" affair, it was generally supposed to mean an earl and Smalley.

Congressman Crane of Texas who at one time was a leader of the House, enjoyed the favor of the newspapermen, who always reported his speeches. One afternoon in the press club at Washington while discussing politics with a party of journalists he remarked on the fact that when some men spoke the gallery was cleared, but while he was on the floor he could be sure of an audience of pressmen. He begged that they would be present next day when he expected to make the speech of his life on the McKinley Tariff Bill. Next day the press gallery was full. Several speakers had been heard when Crane arose, but no sooner was he on the floor than all the newspapermen arose and filed out into the lobby. This was a joke on the Texan, but so disconcerted was he that he stammered, hesitated, cut his speech short, and sat down. Then the gang filed back into the gallery. The shock was so great that Crane never delivered another set speech, and, though a joker himself, seemed quite unable to see the fun of this on himself.

He had been drinking hard for three days and when he returned to the barracks after leave and fell asleep on his bed his fellow-troopers fastened one of his spurs to his naked heel. As they expected, the poor devil thrashed about heavily in his sleep but was soon broad awake and shouting at the things that were in his bed and biting him. He leaped out on the floor and saw the spur on his heel. "Well, if that don't make me out a bad case," he exclaimed; "when I went to bed last night I took off my boot all right but forgot to take off my spur. I'll never drink another drop again."—*Youth's Companion.*

Sig. Crispi and Cardinal Hohenlohe are close friends. When the Italian Premier was visiting the Cardinal one day he took up the latter's red hat, examined it, and finally put it on. "What a fine Cardinal you would have made if you had been a priest," said Hohenlohe, with just a shade of patronage. "Cardinal!" answered Crispi, "I should have been Pope."

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One year at the Cooper Medical College will be given for 125 subscribers. This includes books and incidental expenses attached to the course.

A single term at the Medical Department of the University of California for 100 subscribers.

For 500 annual subscribers we offer the full four years' course at the Cooper Medical College. This offer includes all incidental costs and fees, except board and lodging.

We offer the four years' course at the Medical Department of the University of California, for 400 subscribers.

The two year's course at the State Normal School at San Jose, for 600 subscribers. This offer includes board, lodging, and books. A single year for 160 subscribers.

The course at Hastings Law College for 250 annual subscribers. This includes books and other expenses attached to the College, for a period of three years, and the privilege of studying in a first-class law office.

A three years' course at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art for 250 annual subscribers. A year's course for 85 subscribers.

A course in any department of Van der Nailen's School of Electricity and Engineering (except Department of Assaying) will be given for 125 annual subscribers. A course in the Department of Assaying) for 20 annual subscribers.

A six months' course in either the Business Department, or the Department of Stenography and Typewriting of Heald's Business College, for 50 annual subscribers.

A nine months' course in the Columbia School of Dramatic Art for 75 annual subscribers.

A three months' course at the Meisterschaft School of Languages for 40 annual subscribers.

The course at the California School of Elocution and Oratory for 35 annual subscribers.

Tuition in music, vocal or instrumental, from Francis Stuart, S. G. Fleishmann, J. H. Dohrmann, Sigmund Beel, Nathan Landsberger, Lesley Martin, or H. J. Stewart. A course of twenty lessons from any of these gentlemen for fifty annual subscribers. For 100 annual subscribers a course of twenty lessons each in piano, singing, harmony, or any other branch of music.

—A—
SAFE GUIDE

No man knows all there is to know about advertising. The subject is too profound, too complex, too perplexing, for any single person, or for any dozen persons, for that matter. The path to success in advertising is full of dangerous places. All business men would do well to engage a safe guide to conduct them past the danger spots—to tell them what to do and what to avoid doing.

PRINTERS' INK

Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

J. R. SMITH & CO.

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MERCHANT TAILORS

Will make garments to order
—At Great Reduction for Cash—

J. R. SMITH - - Manager

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Merchant Tailors

Many Novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to Order a Specialty.

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TO ORDER $15.00 AND UPWARDS

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COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

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FOR 1896

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"	ARENA	5 00
"	LITTELL'S LIVING AGE	7 75
"	ART AMATEUR	5 75
"	LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE	4 50
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"	HARPER'S MAGAZINE	5 50
"	HARPER'S WEEKLY	5 70
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THE "BEE'S" FALLACY.

The Sacramento *Bee* is inviting, by letter and marked copy, editorial discussion of a "most infamous and damnable law," the enforcement of which has cost that journal some five hundred dollars. So far as our observation goes, the "infamous and damnable" thing of which the *Bee* complains is a principle of law which protects every individual in his reputation, by holding newspapers liable for publishing, in advance of trial, false statements, harmful and derogatory to the good name of one citizen who has been arrested upon the complaint of another. The Supreme Court, in affirming the judgment of the lower court in the *Bee's* libel suit, in effect held that a newspaper cannot, with impunity, publish the tales told by a complaining witness derogatory to the character and reputation of the man under arrest. This protection to the citizen, the *Bee* regards as altogether unwarranted; and it proposes to batter down the very thin shield of security which the law and the court has set up between a man's reputation and the harpies of the press. It calls upon the editors of the State to "look well into this matter, with a view of correcting this infamy at the hands of the next legislature, for, as it stands, this is a law for the benefit of the scoundrel and the throttling of the press."

To be arrested is not to be a scoundrel. The *Bee's* position, however, would render every man such immediately the law took him within its custody. Even if the arrest were procured by a blackmailer, or a malicious foe willing to say anything injurious to the character of the victim, under the code of procedure advocated by the *Bee*, the press, in the exercise of one of its "sacred rights and prerogatives," would be justified in publishing the unwarranted and unsupported statements of such an irresponsible, simply because he had the hardihood to swear to the complaint. The principle of law of which the *Bee* makes complaint is intended for the protection of the honest citizen, not the rascal. The ruling of the court with which the *Bee* finds fault does not prevent the daily newspaper from printing sworn testimony that stamps scoundrelism upon the reputation of the citizen. It merely interposes its objection to the press setting that stamp upon him before he has been tried, and that upon the mere statements of the complainant who, perhaps, is the worst enemy of the accused, and perhaps a blackmailer to boot. Even though guilty as hell itself, until so proven, the accused is innocent in the eyes of the law. The presumption of innocence, indeed, is more sacred than all of the so-called rights and prerogatives of the daily press. If the thing for which the *Bee* contends were the law, then the mere filing of a complaint by some irresponsible citizen would serve to give license to the press to publish such damaging tales as the victim's enemies might, in complete safety, see fit to relate, and the assailed would have no recourse against them. Nothing that a newspaper might publish as coming from the lips of the complaining witness will hasten the conviction of a scoundrel, while that which it may say of the innocent might work grevious injury. It would be difficult to discover the benefits coming to the scoundrel under this decision, but the benefits to the innocent are manifest, and manifold as well.

The *Bee's* troubles arose in about this way: Upon the representation of a certain Mistress Truitt, who was characterized by the *Bee* as "a woman having every appearance of honesty," adown whose cheeks rolled tears as she told her story, the *Bee* published as emanating from her what it was pleased to call "a damaging tale against a Sacramento merchant." The woman charged the merchant with actions of the grossest character, which, if true, would have entitled the accused to a long sojourn at some state prison. The article appeared in the paper one hour after the filing of the complaint. The accused was held to answer by the committing magistrate, but, on subsequent proceedings had before the Superior Court, was released on *habeas corpus*. Suit for libel was then commenced against the *Bee*. It was tried without a jury, and a judgment of five hundred dollars awarded to the merchant. The trial court, among other things, found that "the publication was false, defamatory, malicious, and unprivileged," which finding, needless to say, badly handicapped the *Bee* in its litigation. The Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of the Court below; and, following the general rule of practise, did not disturb its findings. It is difficult to see how the Supreme Court could have rendered any other decision; but this is what the *Bee* has to say upon the subject:

> This paper has fought this shameful case to the end, and can do no more with the Courts. It can, however, point out to the newspapers and to the people of California an infamous travesty upon the liberty of the press and an arrogant and tyrranous outrage perpetrated against the most sacred rights of free speech and a free press, and done within the law as laid down by the highest judicial authority within the State of California.

There is a good deal of nonsense about this "liberty of the press." There is no liberty so much abused, no privilege so inhumanly exercised, no sacred right so often turned into a weapon of offense, as the so-called "liberty of the press." Honor and virtue are as nothing beside the insatiable greed of the daily scandalmonger. The press is the handmaiden of blackmail. Many a citizen to-day pays tribute to the blackmailer, coerced thereto by the knowledge that the boast of his enemy is true, that the press will scarify him if he does not submit. What does it matter to the sensational press that the story be false! It "makes a story." This is enough for them. It is an old maxim in the newspaper world, not to interview the man who can deny a story until after it is published. When the *Bee* calls upon "every good citizen within the State to work for the correction of the law" that prohibits this species of journalism, it threatens to awaken "every good man within the State" to the fact that there may be some possible hope of checking further encroachments by "the liberty of the press" upon the rights of the individual.

The interior papers are responding pretty generally to the request of the *Bee* to discuss this subject, and pretty generally, too, agree with the *Bee's* side of the controversy. It is highly probable that when the Sacramento journal comes to pay the merchant the sum of five hundred dollars for injuring his good name, that Mr. Gilman will have earned the money and become notorious from San Diego to Siskiyou, and from the Sierras to the sea.

THE NEW STATESMAN.

The incident of Jameson's raid has closed with the sentencing of John Hays Hammond and his fellow conspirators of the Johannisberg Reform Committee. Out of it all but one man has come with glory, and he is the pudgy and blear-eyed president of the Transvaal Republic, Mr. Paul Kruger, called by his people "Oom Paul." The world respects this Dutchman. It is not often that one meets with a statesman and a diplomatist of superior order among a people of modest territory and obscure situation. We look for the great men to come from the great countries, and feel, somehow, that it is presumptive for the little out-of-the-way corners to claim that they can produce men of affairs capable of grappling with those the countries of first rank produce. But even England must realize by this time that she has met with a very coarse and unpolished farmer of South Africa, who has played the great Chamberlain of England as a cat might play with a mouse. Kruger ranks among statesmen. It can be said of him as was said of Washington, while no one could say how great a general he was, no one could deny that he was equal to every demand made on him, and this is a test to which few can respond.

It was not so long after the unfortunate dash of Doctor Jameson and the younger sons that Mr. Chamberlain announced, as a triumph over his enemies, and as a reproof to the audacious German Emperor for his sympathetic letter to Kruger, that the Transvaal President was to visit England. And all England admired Chamberlain for his brilliant stroke; for every one thought that England's hospitality would be but a bribe to the South African, a diplomatic saying of grace before the British lion proceeded to swallow the little Republic. The whole unhappy business was to be smoothed over and the traitorous Uitlanders were to have their way after all. Kruger was to be fêted as the Shah of Persia is now and then, and his small watery eyes treated to sights that would so astonish as to hypnotize and entrance the poor countryman. But the weeks and the months passed, and President Kruger remained in the Transvaal. He had a previous engagement, he wrote Mr. Chamberlain. Other business was to be done, and that business was to put the laws into force against the men who had sought to destroy the Republic that was dear to those ungainly Dutchmen, as this Republic is to us, or as any other country is to men who have fought to make it what it is. There was no haste about the business. A foreign judge was called in, and the men were given the best counsel the country held. Then the prisoners found that the proof was too strong. They pleaded guilty and received the capital sentence as the law made necessary, knowing, however, that the condemnation was but a fiction. They were sentenced to death—these Englishmen and the one American, and it was only the entreaties of the two greatest countries on the globe that saved these men from being hanged by this obscure Dutch farmer, who has given notice to the world that he can play the little game of diplomacy quite as well as the skilled masters of Europe. President Kruger has been firm, resolute, active, yet humane and politic. He was equal to the crisis of the raid, when his country was filled as full of traitors as the Trojan horse was full of Greeks. He was equal to the handling of Jameson and his men. And now he has proved that he could maintain the majesty of the law and yet be true to the best sentiment of the world.

There are few men who would not have been carried off their feet at some stage of this critical incident. The whole thing seems trivial and very easy of handling from this distance, but to the men of the Transvaal it doesn't seem so, we may well be assured. To restrain his own people was alone a task of no small dimensions.

Many a man would have had a horrible massacre on his hands just after the Jameson raid. But Kruger had his people's confidence, and the Uitlanders—those who had grown rich through his hospitality and who had planned to repay him with a revolution—even these foreigners seemed, after the first burst was over, to feel that Kruger would do the manly, the big, the right thing, and went back to their work of digging gold. It is not every year, nor even every ten years that the world discovers a really big man of the Lincoln school of awkward genius, so we hail President Paul Kruger as a hero and a statesman.

It is no doubt destined that the Transvaal will become British. But it won't be in Kruger's day. He has made too many friends for England to attempt it either directly or indirectly for many a year to come.

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR.

Some weeks ago the *Examiner* and the *Call* were noisily abusive of the courts because a trial judge has set aside the verdict of the jury in a criminal proceeding against one Knutte, on the ground that the evidence was insufficient to support a verdict. These journals denounced the proceeding as an "innovation" and a "usurpation," and unkindly referred to it in language indignant and explosive, such as the daily press usually employs when charging at a windmill. There was nothing novel in the ruling of the court of which the daily press complained. Indeed, as "The Wave" pointed out at the time, it was as old as the jury system itself. Recently, this same ruling, which then fretted and worried the *Examiner*, has been invoked in favor of that journal; and Judge Sanderson, than whom there is no more careful and painstaking judge on the superior bench, was requested to, and did, scale down a verdict of $1500 recently rendered against the *Examiner*, and ordered a new trial in the case unless the plaintiff agreed to remit $1350 of the judgment and accept $150 in satisfaction thereof. We do not hear the *Examiner* or the *Call* protesting against this interference of the judge with the prerogatives of the jury. Judge Sanderson, in rendering his opinion, speaking of the power of the judge to interfere with the verdict of the jury, gave voice to some views which are well worth reading, not only by the lawyer, but by the layman as well. For that reason, we reproduce, in part, his remarks. The Judge said:

I would not take either the time or the trouble to discuss this matter here, were it not for the fact that the rulings of both the trial and the Supreme Court, in this case of People *vs.* Knutte just cited, have been the subject of much recent adverse criticism in the public prints of our State, under the impression, probably, that this was a novel and dangerous doctrine, and in which some members of the bar participated. No person, though, be he lawyer, layman, or newspaper man, who will take the trouble to investigate this subject, will find this rule either modern or vicious, and no right-thinking person will, in my judgment, ever wish to see the rule abrogated which confers and imposes upon the trial Judge the right of the duty of interposing and exercising his power as a Judge whenever the life, liberty, or property of a citizen is menaced, impaired, or invaded by the erroneous or unjust verdict of a jury.

The court critics denounce this as new law and dangerous doctrine. It is neither. It is as old as the history of jury trials in this republic, and consistent with reason and simple justice. Certainly no trial Judge in a criminal case would allow a person whom he thought innocent, or who was convicted on insufficient testimony, or on testimony he believed to be perjured, to be punished by the erroneous or unjust verdict of a jury. The same is equally true of verdicts in civil cases. No trial Judge would or should permit a person to be despoiled of property, when he believed a jury had based their verdict on false or insufficient testimony. Subject, of course, to have his judgment set aside, on appeal, if it be shown that he has abused his discretion—which is rarely done. The trial Judge is the final arbiter in jury cases, as well as those tried without a jury. As shown above, this should be done, in common justice to all litigants, otherwise improper and unjust verdicts would oppress the losing party, and there would be no relief therefrom.

Unquestionably the province of the jury is to find the facts in dispute. They are likewise to pass upon the value and effect of evidence. Their judgment, though, is not arbitrary and conclusive. They are to exercise sound and reasonable discretion. If their verdicts rest upon such reason and discretion, then a trial Judge rarely, if ever, disturbs their verdicts, and under such circumstances he certainly should never do so.

It is said that if the Judge have the power to set aside or modify verdicts at his pleasure, then the people might as well dispense with the expense and inconvenience of jury trials. This sounds plausible, particularly in this day and age, when Judges are elected, as with us, by the people, instead of being appointed by the crown, as in times past. But trial by jury is of great antiquity, and an important part of the machinery of our judicial system, which our people, it is highly probable, will never be willing to part with, since it guarantees a decision as to the facts in dispute, both in civil and criminal cases, by neighbors of the parties in interest.

Theory is one thing, but practise often demolishes its application. Though the rule in this State be as elsewhere, that the trial Judge must in the end decide whether the verdict of the jury shall stand or be set aside, yet it is only in rare cases, and those of the plainest, where the jury has given an erroneous or unjust verdict, that the trial Judge interferes. This department of this Court may be aptly cited in corroboration of this statement. For the past five years and upward this department has almost exclusively engaged in the trial of jury cases and mostly for damages, and during that time hundreds of cases, I may say, have been tried by juries, and yet only in one case have I granted a new trial, and in only four or five cases, and this among them, have I modified their verdicts. The jurymen accepted to try these cases have been men of integrity and good sense, and their verdicts mainly based upon logical deductions that might with reason have been drawn from all the evidence submitted to them.

Doubtless if these cases had been tried by the Court, without a jury, the damages given in some of them—perhaps in many of them—might have been for other and different amounts, either greater or less, than those given by the jury in these same cases, as the weight, value, and effect of the evidence given might have impressed or persuaded the Court differently than it did the jury; but that would be no good cause to disturb the verdict of the jury, when there was any reasonable view of the evidence on which to support the verdict. Most of the verdicts rendered by juries for damages are the result of a compromise of diverse though honest views entertained by the individual twelve jurors. Jurymen, as well as judges, differ and doubt, but their verdicts and decisions are in the main founded on some reason, more or less cogent and convincing, and as correct as can reasonably be expected from finite beings who must hear conflicting evidence, deduce conclusions, and render conscientious decisions therefrom.

THE WEEK IN POLITICS.

Thomas B. Reed must have shivered and shook when he got word on Wednesday that Vermont had deserted him and fallen in line behind the banner of Major Wm. McKinley of Ohio. New Hampshire made a most unsatisfactory straddle on the matter of favorites. This broke the solid New England delegation that the Czar was to have. But he consoled himself doubtless with the thought that New Hampshire would be true when she found all her Puritan friends loyal to the Maine man. And now to have Vermont desert—this is positively disheartening. Where lies the advantage in being a Czar if an undersized ex-Governor of Ohio can come right into your own presence and steal away your own game? Better had it been if he had made McKinley Speaker and himself led in the tariff fight on the floor and had the tariff measure called the Reed bill. What is to profit a man for standing off the whole Democratic party through three Congresses if the very next State to his is to go off after false gods. Surely Brother Reed has something to worry him these days besides the funding bill.

Can any one tell what the secret of McKinley's strength with his party is? How exceptional this man's popularity is may be known by this, that never did James G. Blaine have so many delegates pledged for him as McKinley now has. One favorite son after another has gone down, until the only serious candidates in the field are McKinley, Reed, and Morton, and Morton is only serious in our eyes, for to Platt Mr. Levi P. Morton is a sacrificial offering to be laid on whatever altar pleases the New York boss best. Bosses that have tried to sell their delegations in advance have had to wire for a release: "Goods can't be delivered. McKinley has the market." In this city Mr. Spreckels has had to unload Senator Allison rather than be swamped himself. And Mahoney and Kelly are shouting themselves red in the face for "that pure and brilliant statesman, William M. McKinley of Ohio."

For all these strange phenomena no one seems able to give an explanation. Cleveland became the natural candidate of the Democracy in '92, and swept things before him at Chicago because he had given the party the issue on which the campaign of '90 had been won. But McKinley is no more the representative of the high tariff policy than is any other Republican, except that his name is attached to the Republican measure. That bill, it will be remembered, was not satisfactory to Blaine, and but for him its main feature, that of reciprocity, would have been omitted.

But politicians may rave and candidates may curse, for McKinley has the Republicans who do the voting, and they are determined he shall be the man. They know one good thing of him—that he is owned by none of the national bosses and they want a candidate who owns himself.

Pennsylvania came forward this week with ex-Governor Pattison as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. If it were possible that Matt S. Quay could be nominated on the Republican side, Governor Pattison might be treated as a "Democratic possibility." The man who captured Pennsylvania twice, and the last time in a distinctly recognized duel with Quay, would seem to be the very man to defeat the ambitious Matthew Stanley. But neither of the gentlemen from Pennsylvanian can hope for more than a good-sized compliment from their conventions. This is not a Pennsylvania year.

That was a very sensible statement of his position made by ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts early in the week. While his own State had honored him by suggesting his name to the country, he wished no delegations pledged for him and would make no campaign whatever, leaving all delegates free to do what they thought best for their party and country when convention time came. This is characteristic of young Russell. He is not of the scheming and self-pushing kind. There is real patriotism in him, and he believes in the general idea that the people will do what is right in the long run much more heartily than most men in public life.

Senator Teller now joins Senator Carter in declaring that if the Republican platform does not declare for free silver and name a free-silver candidate he will bolt the party. When such men speak thus decidedly, we may expect an exciting time before the fall arrives, for the convention cannot please both New York and Colorado, and unless this seemingly impossible thing is done there will be a Republican "split"; and quite as surely will there be a Democratic smash-up over the same question. The man who knows what ticket he is going to vote in November is a soothsayer and a seventh son. There may be six electoral tickets in the field—Gold Republican and Silver Republican, Gold Democratic and Silver same, Populist and Prohibitionist—or there may be but any two of these. We submit a political puzzle apropos of these possible conditions: Find a ticket which would get the support of John P. Irish, M. M. Estee, and T. V. Cator.

THE LADY WHO REPLIED.

One difficulty of entering into discussion with a woman is that the feminine mind not prone to shrink from controversy is apt to object to being hampered by facts, is apt to ignore logic, and to bury under a mass of words the idea that may inspire it. Aside from this, one called upon to reply is conscious of a feeling of delicacy lest wounds be inflicted. Perhaps this is due to that gallantry to which "H.W. C." makes such strenuous objection, and being such is doubtless a fault. Hence for a moment let it be brushed aside.

The delicate chirography of her letter, and the absence from that letter of any coherent attempt to prove anything betrays the sex of the writer even if signature were absent. Beyond question, she is sincere. Probably there is concealed somewhere in her missive an idea, but so deftly has it been concealed that to ferret it out is a task far more laborious than to answer it could possibly be. Had she stated her various propositions clearly, not making them cumberous with side issues and irrelevances, to reply to them would have been a pleasure rather than a mere duty performed without hope of reward; without hope as to H. W. C., for the settled prejudice that marks every line of her work, and the spaces between, cannot be shaken by any earthly power.

Throughout the letter runs the absurd notion that women are in bondage. Anybody entertaining this notion has room within a mentality usually small, and invariably occupied by fads, for little else. Far from being in bondage, women are at least as free as men. They are even crowding their ways into the professions, and, in many lines, crowding the men out, because ready to work for less. In the home they are supreme. Perhaps the babes keep them busy, but a man toils willingly and long, that he may sustain this home. He is a veritable slave to business. He objects to his wife's voting, not because he deems her unworthy, but because he deems her too good to be reduced to his own plane; not because he deems her lacking in intelligence, but that he knows she is fitted for the higher fields of wifehood and motherhood, and in them has a far nobler opportunity for expending her intelligence. The claim that opponents of woman's suffrage consider women inferior to themselves is not only foolish, but so groundless that it falls, nor needs any attack to overthrow it. Its own witless weight carries it down. Miss Shaw and Miss Anthony are both women of brains, and amply equipped to do much for their sex did they not find it profitable or pleasing to waste their splendid energies in the fighting of a Bogie.

"Give the women the ballot and let them defend themselves," exclaims H. W. C. after devoting considerable space to assailing facts as to suffrage in Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah. But against whom shall they defend themselves? Against men who have always been their protectors? And how? By casting votes that unworthy women shall be at liberty to offset? No problem seems to have been solved by the somewhat hysteric suggestion. If women needed protection men would give it and be proud of the chance. If they needed some peculiar protection that could only be secured by placing the ballot in their hands, the ballot would have been theirs long ago, and without the asking.

H. W. C. objects to the allusion to "distant and idealized woman," and to the motive ascribed to the men of Wyoming when they granted this woman suffrage. It is her privilege to object, but simple objection never overthrew the truth, and the facts related, and that roused within H. W. C. something akin to ire, are indubitably facts to this day, and really there appears no method of altering them. She is as far wrong when she speaks of Utah, where, though she probably does not know it, women were the stanchest advocates of polygamy, and while here and there one rebelled, the mass made no outcry. The new element that went into the Territory, however, had not accepted the tenets of Mormonism, and was afraid of them. This element, with a show of right, demanded the ballot and got it. But the case, as "The Wave" stated before, was and is unique.

When H. W. C. speaks of the desire of women to war against the men who lead girls astray, she expresses a sentiment wholly proper, a sentiment of which every honest person must approve. But a vote could have nothing to do with the matter. Home is the place where girls and boys must have inculcated the proper

estimate of such villainy, and home is woman's domain. There no one disputes her sway. There is no wisdom in speaking of "a civilization that encourages men in the name of friendship" to crime of this sort. No civilization like this exists. Such encouragement as may be is entirely social and not subject to regulation at the polls. But to follow H. W. C. through her maze of verbage is hardly necessary. When she alludes to domestic familiarity breeding contempt, she is getting back into the rut from which her kind seldom escape—the theory that men who do not want their wives and daughters to vote are guided by a contemptible and wholly unnatural frame of mind, and what she construes into contempt is admiration and regard. She thinks that women have the privilege of seeking happiness according to rules prescribed by men, climax of pitiful illusion! A woman may seek happiness in her own way, and the men associated with her by ties of family or affection gladly contribute to it. But the woman who conceives no way to happiness save by the ballot has eyes that do not see. Has man found the ballot a source of joy? Hardly. Has he been able to legislate away evils that crowd upon him? Would the women who pine for a chance to vote be able to accomplish more than has ever been done? There is nothing to indicate their prowess in this direction. And it must be remembered that the average woman does not want to vote. The agitation is left to the Shaws, backed rather feebly by the H. W. C.'s, with an occasional Perkins-Stetson, and a semi-occasional Lease.

REJUVENATION AT BERKELEY.

The daily papers have lately blossomed out with gorgeous perspective views of the "approved plan for State University buildings at Berkeley." From a hasty glance at the explanations that accompany some of these spirited upheavals of the architect's art, it would appear that the University of California is an embryotic affair, about springing into existence on paper, with some possibility, with encouragement, of a life elsewhere. Perhaps some of our tourist journalists think this is the case. Perhaps the present honorable, but slumbrous, Board of Regents, headed by the active but misguided Mr. Reinstein, think it ought to be the case, so that to them might greater glory come in the upbuilding of a great institution. The idea, as paraded, is to start in fresh in erecting the material shell of this University, where quiet but effective work has been going on for the past twenty-seven years. The present ten buildings that have cost somewhere near $1,500,000 are to be relegated to limbo, and "structures"—not buildings—"permanent, grand, and harmonious," are to be arranged for. Architects from all over the world are to be asked to compete, and $10,000 in prizes will be paid them to give us, in this wild western land, a few tips as to how a university ought to be built.

Assuming that the tax-payers of the State will cheerily agree to this roseate scheme, which sounds much like an extract from a circular of our late Midwinter Fair, the Regents have given unanimous approval, according to published reports, to a general plan drawn up by an architecturally inoculated member of the Berkeley Faculty. In all the seductive blandishments of points and pigments, this plan sets forth the stunning details of the proposed California Acropolis. Not a trace of the present buildings remain. Even the new electrical and mechanics' hall, just built at a cost of $150,000, with all its granite and marble and pressed brick, has been wiped out. The chemical laboratory, that cost $75,000 to complete three years ago, has gone to the Berkeley junk-man. And the new conservatory, better and more modern than that of Golden Gate Park, has gone glimmering before this relentless movement toward harmony and bizarre reformation. The old central buildings, around whose ugly exteriors cling thousands of memories dear to the hearts of all early graduates, were the first to go in this scheme of paper rejuvenation.

As dainty as a fly-curtain design for Frederic Warde's "Cæsar" is the idea of this university of the future. Towers, spires, fountains, domes, and peri-styles loom up like the mirage that seems to reveal the Holy City to the Mohammedan pilgrim. There are miles of classic corridors and every professor apparently will be given a dome for his own exclusive use. Fountains play merrily, but it isn't explained how the long-vexed water supply problem for the grounds has been so triumphantly solved. And the trees—the noble wide-spreading oaks, that now give the chief charm to Berkeley's classic shades—nowhere appear on the new design. Must they, too, go? And then there is a mausoleum arranged for in a central location. No one can well object to Berkeley taking some ideas from Stanford University, but is not this going a little too far? Is there anything in the equipment of the modern university that requires a well-regulated mausoleum? True, the Berkeley faculty or the Regents may have use for one, or perhaps the mausoleum may have use for some of them, but it is certainly an innovation whose popularity remains to be demonstrated. All these new buildings are not to be erected at once, but from time to time, the harmony of the whole grouping and the general architectural features to be preserved in all. The tax-payers and the Legislature will press the button and the Regents and Mr. Reinstein will do the rest.

All this is extremely pretty and there is in it a grain or two of sense, but there is also much rubbish and mind slickens. No one with half an eye for the true and the beautiful can but be horrified at some of the architectural monstrosities on the State University grounds. They were built, as have been many of the public buildings of this State, on the plan that artistic design is entirely secondary to the amount of money for the contractor. But they have filled a useful place for the past quarter century, and have turned out just as brainy men as if they were the gold-tipped palaces of Araby the Blest. The work of these older buildings is done. New buildings should replace them as occasion and the condition of the times may warrant. There is no reason why a competent California architect should not be regularly employed by the Regents to have general supervision over all new buildings and all repairs. There are plenty of San Francisco men easily able to furnish the brains that will give to the Regents and Mr. Reinstein the harmony desired in all the buildings of the future. No need is there to vaunt abroad a poverty that has no existence. Several of the buildings are good for a half-century—solid, practical, and unobtrusive in style and eminently fitted for the purpose they serve. There is need for a main building to occupy a site to the west of all the present buildings. This has been long talked of and doubtless the next Legislature will provide the desired funds. With this main edifice and the present North and South Hall buildings replaced by buildings in harmony with it, the general effect of the University architecture would be vastly improved, and, generally, all that need be desired.

No colleges of the world, except the very recent, that were created, ready-made as it were, like Chicago University or Stanford, or the Catholic University at Washington, have buildings that present any sort of harmony in grouping or in architecture. And the fact is, that most of the educators who manage these old universities, or the men who are graduated from them, do not care a rap whether they have fountains and domes and minarets or not. The college or university is made up of men, not of buildings. The scholar will attract and instruct in a hut as well as a palace, although palaces are more in fashion to-day. The little university of Aberdeen, and the old college of Dartmouth are examples of institutions with honored names, whose buildings would doubtless make Mr. Reinstein smile. Some of the structures at Johns Hopkins at Baltimore are far from being up to date or architecturally pleasing. It is a common complaint of visitors of artistic sense that California is too new and has no history. If there is any place where sentiment and reverence for old associations ought to obtain it is at a college. The buildings are the home of the student. They shelter his loving Mother, or Alma Mater, as the phrase goes. If the buildings be moss-grown and tumble-down, they are still loved and honored. It really seems a question for the Regents and Mr. Reinstein and the tax-payers to talk over this scheme to set imitation Greek temples or Moorish halls or bogus mosques down among the poppies on the Berkeley hillsides.

American capitalists have purchased the entire street railway system of the City of Mexico, including the sole right of way over most of the desirable streets in the city. The purchasers are reported as negotiating for extensive water power, and propose to equip the lines under their control with electricity. The number of passengers carried over the lines purchased, in 1895 exceeded seventeen millions, at fares ranging from six to thirty one cents per passenger. The parent road has always paid dividends of from six to seven per cent, besides maintaining a sinking fund out of its earnings sufficient to purchase all competing lines except one small and undesirable single track road of four miles length.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE WOMEN.

ONE WOMAN'S VIEWS ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A lady in Eureka taking exception to our editorial on woman's suffrage send us the following communication. We regret that its excessive length precludes its publication in its entirety. We submit it herewith with apologies to the lady for the necessary excisions:

The heading of the editorial mentioned is very general in its sweep. "The Campaign of the Women" refers to the cause of woman; no matter how narrow in view the editorial may be in scope and substance. The whole page will remain a monument in black letters to the indiscretion and imperception of the writer, if not of quite a large body of men in their stand against woman suffrage. It is very easy to read between the lines, and trace the causes which have led to certain results, causes put into operation by men themselves, and results for which women are held to blame. The writer deludes himself. He either labors under hallucinations or imposes his theories on the credulous and thoughtless hoping that class may be in the majority to defeat the movement.

The opening paragraphs, which affect the machinations of the voters of whole States, and go so far as to declare the motives which prompted such acts, form a serious charge that demands recognition and proof. It is stated in effect that Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah did not confer the ballot upon woman, but shoved it at her and made a cat's-paw of her for the purpose of gaining certain ends. This may be true in part, but if so, it is a lasting shame to men and a blot upon the escutcheon of those States.

"Colorado," "The Wave" says, "took the step, owing to the determination to fight a life and death struggle on the subject of free coinage." We are asked here to believe that deep rooted selfishness was the motive; negroes, Chinamen, or idiots would have served the purpose just as well, but only women happened to be "available." A man in his extremity once cried, "Lord, save me from my friends!" and so women might often say, "Lord, save us from our protectors!"

As a diversion, please certify your assertion that "no member of the scarlet sisterhood failed to vote," and also inform us what members of the scarlet brotherhood voted. Again, why suppose that all of the former "caste" would vote in the interests of their enslavers. The world has good reason to believe that many of these women would be glad to cast a vote and fell the arm that brought them down to poverty, misery, and shame, glad to strike at the root of a civilization that encourages a man in the name of friendship to lead an innocent girl astray, and keep her in bondage without hope of return.

Now turn to Utah, in which State is claimed the situation was "unique." "A brand of shame was on the brow of the territory. Women there at one time were in a situation worse than ordinary serfdom." Men wanted the brand effaced. They hoped to make up by going to the opposite extreme, as we are to believe. Is it to be credited that people become serfs of their own volition! If women still possessed the privilege granted them by the Federal Constitution would they be likely to vote themselves serfs? Wherever slavery has existed, the strong, whether of size or number, have enslaved the weak and unresisting. The savage respects only his conqueror. So the ballot became the "reputed pledge of safety" to the women of Utah, as is stated. It is averred that "in no other part of the United States could a case in any degree analagous be cited." Let us see. The negroes were given the ballot, not because they were wanted or needed as voters, assemblymen, electors, or presidents, but because they needed it for their protection at the close of the war; and black, illiterate, poverty-stricken, and homeless as they were, they voted, and in voting are becoming "intelligent." The situation is quite analagous, in fact, it covers the case and goes away beyond it. The distinction without a difference is that one was a form of industrial slavery, the other of sexual slavery. The latter strikes at the root of health, happiness, and domestic and national prosperity. Women should have the right to assist in making certain sex laws, and provide for their infraction. Reason and justice are often subservient to the baser propensities of men, and property is protected by more stringent laws than virtue, as the "age of consent" laws attest.

Women are modestly stating their case at this moment all over California. The independent voter gains immeasurably in his own estimation, and wins the respect of his colleagues. He cannot lower himself by expressing an honest opinion in writing, nor in putting it on record, nor by putting it in a box to be counted. It is his expressed and recorded desire and defense, and if ever this country goes to the "bow wows," as they call it, men will have themselves to blame, for they go down with their votes in their hands. But what is this weapon? An ingenious contrivance of iron and steel, heavy to handle and easy to explode, and for this reason denied the physically weak but morally strong? No; it is only a bit of paper, on which is printed a modest opinion and a feeble desire for justice. Have drink, licentiousness, love of leadership, arrogant regard for power, and disregard of the character, and future of the unborn, blinded men to nothing but the basest ideals? "Distant and idealized women," in bondage at that, seems to be the only kind admired. Is it necessary for their own mothers, wives, and daughters to get upon some high peak, to be worshiped afar off, and given a kind of theoretical justice suited only to an *ideal state* of existence? The drunkard, the libertine, the false friend, and the coward are contemptible enough, and so are such insinuations. The conclusion is that domestic "familiarity breeds contempt" instead of love and respect.

Shall affairs become worse, and how, by giving woman the right to express an opinion that *counts*? Do women suffragists "lack sex"? "Sex" is the *too predominant* characteristic of their masculine opposites, and so is "stomach." This is why a certain class of women exist, and why the wine vats are full, to be soon emptied. And yet the hope that purity will come upon the land is a "shadowy dream." As women have not voted the existing evils are of man's own choosing and making. These hundred years are not wasted if only this is clear. The franchise to women is not the cause of all the divorces which cumber the courts, nor of the multitudinous and verbose laws which "lumber up" the statute books. It was stated that all women would vote one way. How shall it be proved, or that impossible reform laws would pile up and restrict the passage of wiser ones?

Still let us admit that the women of the United States are as happy as anywhere else in the world. The method of seeking happiness is prescribed for them, rules of restraint are now in full force, which women now are hoping to change.

"Uniform environment and sameness of influence" will cause husbands and wives to vote alike. Well and good, yet we believe there are thousands of men broad-minded enough to vote as they please and allow their wives to do the same.

It is the nature of women to be happy while "cleaning up" rubbish. The streets cleaned by women municipal officers are clean. This fact might be taken as evidence of reforms that might take place in the intellectual realm.

Many men are not able to vote at elections. The State prisons contain in all about three thousand prisoners, a few are women. Sailors on the high seas and drummers are not always able to vote. The pioneer forester and miner and the sheep-herder on the lonely ranges do not always vote. The migratory tramp does not stay long enough to claim a residence. Yet he and the foreigner, the negro, and perhaps the native-born Chinaman vote the destiny of the loyal American woman and nullify the votes of her husband and son. About four hundred children are born every month in San Francisco. The population is about two hundred and fifty thousand. A few women are in jail, perhaps, for neglecting their offspring, but a great many men are at large who should be in jail for deserting their families, and the law does not or cannot reach and punish them. If a number of women fail to vote then, why demur. The mother of children breathes a prayer for the future of her little one while her sisters and brothers cast their votes for mother, child, and State. Respectfully,

MRS. H. W. C.

Eureka, April 25, 1896.

THE FIESTA AT LOS ANGELES.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"But what is a Fiesta?" persisted the childish voice.

"It's what you're looking at. Now shut up," was the maternal answer; and so we who shared the curb-stone were left to work out our own definition. What is a Fiesta, anyway?

It means sidewalks packed to overflowing, elbows in your eyes, and babies under your feet, blocks on blocks of solid, good-tempered humanity. It means processions and floats and blonde ladies in sea shells and splendid, rousing brass bands, and backaches and headaches. And, of course, the flowers. They go without saying, and indeed, after one has read a few yards of the local drivel about Flora and the orange flame of the poppy, one is tempted not to mention them at all. And the joyous revelry, the innocent pranks, the bursting loyalty to the Fiesta Queen? Yes, of course, they are here, too. They must be, for the papers are full of them. Viva la Fiesta!

The Festival was formally opened Tuesday night, when the Mayor (probably feeling very foolish) made a somewhat fancy speech beginning, "Most gracious Majesty: Again we greet thee," and gave up the keys of the city to Mrs. Mildred Ho—forgive me, to her most gracious, humbly adored, extremely pretty, and highly temporary majesty, La Reina de Los Angeles. O democratic American people, who aren't going to have any dukes and earls sitting around on your cracker boxes, is this what you have come to? Or is it merely a safety valve for the unexpressed side of your natures, the impulse to bow down and worship all things great and titled? The quick Southern blood in the American composition would shout Huzza! and Viva! and Bravo! if the chilly English admixture didn't refuse to sanction anything so bad form. And then the native sense of humor always steps in with its dread of the ridiculous. It is no use, we are too complex as a people to take our pleasure simply. The Italians can masquerade and fling confetti to their hearts' content; the Chinese can dance the monster sea serpent to their naive music and trot their gorgeousness solemnly through an applauding multitude; the Indians can show their war paint, and the Mexicans dash about as fringed caballeros, and it is all very pretty and interesting: but an American in pink satin and powdered wig dancing attendance on a mock royal family is a sorry spectacle. He can't go into it with childish abandon, but must wonder if he isn't a little absurd and feel somewhat like a fool when he catches a derisive American eye, and so, as a masquerader, he is not a success. He can't lose sight of the fact that the chivalry is warmed over, the loyalty only make-believe. A mood of joyous exaltation is not of much use when you have the sense to be ashamed of it.

Nothing in a procession is much more attractive than the brass buttons. The National Guard and United States Marines led off on Wednesday, followed by some ornamental soldiery. Then the caballeros dashed by with much shouting and whirling. One fascinating little fellow—only he was probably a girl, to judge by the length of his hair—rode standing in the saddle till opposite the royal bleaching-boards, where she jumped down and made a deep reverence, then stepped in front of her pony, who put down his head and hooked her over it back into the saddle. It was as prettily done as it was unexplainable, and brought a volley of applause for the little equestrienne.

Ignacio Something or Other Garcia followed, leaning proudly back in his carriage under a placard announcing his hundred and fifteen years. When he rose to take off his hat to the Fiesta Queen, he didn't look a day over ninety, and the public cheered him loudly. He was interesting, but who wants to see nasty fat half-breeds, whose shirts consist of striped paint and nothing else, not even a collar button? The refined outcome of this decorative style of negligee was seen in a Mexican girl on the sidewalk, the string tie of whose shirtwaist was nicely cut out of white paper, with little bands of green painted around the edge of the bows; neat and simple, and not beyond anybody's means. Another of her countrywomen walked in the procession carrying a pair of ample calfskin shoes in her hand to rest her feet, or perhaps the better to show the world that she too had the correct footgear. We all have our little vanities.

The same huge, unwielding, joking, laughing crowd pushed and wedged its way into Athletic Park Thursday afternoon for the games. There the militia marched, and drilled, and fired cannon, and threw itself flat on the ground behind imaginery earthworks, regardless of the indignant "Get up!" that rose from the bleaching-boards. There were half a dozen bicycle races, one between a little scrap of a fellow, barely five years old, on a miniature wheel, and the winner of the last race, who had to go around twice to the mite's once. Of course the baby won—it would have been too cruel to beat him—and he was carried off, not on the shoulders of the crowd, but in the arms of a proud papa, to be rubbed down and cared for just like a grown-up scorcher. There were running races and dashes, too, and the Pueblo Indians showed the Pale Face how the Red Man of the forest can cover the ground in white pajamas, with a turkey red fillet binding his flowing hair. Man-Afraid-of-His-Job was announced to have come in first, Pain-in-The-Face next, and the rest straggled along at their leisure, Man-With-One-Shirt bringing up the rear, a quarter of a mile away. For any one who once loved Cooper, and can still see the long, lithe savage skimming lightly over the ground, graceful as a deer, and swift as the Sunset Limited, it is as well not to see the Pueblo Indians race. They are short and fat, muddy brown instead of dusky red, and look supremely foolish as they paddle around the course. Romance can't stand it. The Spanish caballeros on their patiently bucking and kicking horses were far more picturesque, even though some of them were suspiciously blonde. The little equestrienne with her unique way of mounting was there, charging recklessly at the crowd whenever it spilled over into the field. If any one displeased her, she whirled her horse around with his right hind leg toward the offender, who, if he was wise, left the neighborhood as quickly as possible, for the kick that followed was suggestive of a seven years' grudge. She is tough, this little rider—gloriously tough—but as graceful as the young Indian of fiction, and she knows a thing or two about riding.

Nobody but a parent expects much of a Children's Parade, and some of us went to the Friday afternoon exercises rather half-heartedly, to find them quite as attractive in their way as any part of the program. There were such dear little girls and sturdy boys, and so many of them, all too eager to get a good look at a real, live queen to think much of their own finery. One could imagine the excited, "She looked right at me!"—"She did not, she was watching us!"—"I don't care, she kissed her hand when we went by," that was sure to follow when the ranks broke. They marched unusually well under the leadership of determined girls and boys, whose shrill, childish "Company halt! Guide right! Forward-marruch!" made a droll contrast to the deep bass of the bands. Of course there were hitches: one little girl would pull up her stocking in the middle of "Company, Salute!" and several times the ranks showed signs of dislocation at the excitement of a royal smile. But it was all as pretty as possible, and if a little boy got out of position, it was a great deal simpler to poke him in the middle of his jacket with the end of the banner than to wait for a tiresome court martial to straighten him out. The silk flag that was to be raised in Central Park went surrounded by forty-five little girls, none of them over seven, and each as pretty as nature and a little white gown could make her, and having the best time of her life. No wonder they looked happy; for when you consider that, having rained all the morning, it might have rained all the afternoon, it makes you shudder.

Saturday afternoon brought the grand climax of the Fiesta, the floral parade. It was the prettiest event of the week, and the most Californian. Coach after coach drove slowly by, banked and canopied with roses, carnations, sweet peas, wistaria, snowballs, orange blossoms, and a thousand other flowers. Then came carts and phaetons, people on horseback and on donkeys and on bicycles, little traps drawn by dogs and Shetland ponies, and even a young Jersey bull harnessed to an ox-cart, each one a mass of blossoms. The horses wore saddle blankets of flowers, their riders great mantles of carnations or marigolds, while over the bicycles were parasols of roses. It was a floral debauch.

Saturday night was mad and merry, with the kind of fun that blows a tin horn in your ear and smashes your hat down over your head. The streets were full of maskers, and it was a brave man who ventured into them wearing his every-day face and clothes. He was not likely to keep either intact. They evidently enjoy it, this yelling, tooting multitude, and every one to his taste of course, since this is free America. One sometimes wishes it wasn't. This night of license only proves the more fully that the American is not a carnival animal. Where the descendant of a Latin race would show delicate esprit, he "joshes," and therein lies the contrast. He would far rather throw flour than pretty paper confetti, which can't do any damage. In fact, clever though he is, humorist unsurpassed, he hasn't the graceful art of being lawfully lawless. It was far wiser for the stranger within the gates to hurry away after the flower parade, taking with him a picture of three little girls driving a tiny cart buried in buttercups rather than a painted clown in a gingham sunbonnet. But this is free America, and every one to his taste.

The question as to where Franklin erected his first lightning-rod is agitating all the archeological societies of the suburbs of Paris. The Historical Society claimed that this conductor was erected upon a house in the Rue Singer, but a rival society now asserts that honor should be claimed by the chateau Beausejour, formerly inhabited by le pere Lachaise. M. Pascal asserts that an English collector has actually purchased the rod used.

THE DEATH-SPANCEL.

BY KATHRINE TYNAN.

High up among the dusty rafters of Aughagree Chapel dangles a thin, shrivelled thing, toward which the people look shudderingly when the sermon is of the terrors of the Judgment and the everlasting fire. The woman from whose dead body that was taken chose the death of the soul in return for a life with the man whom she loved with an unholy passion. Every man, woman, and child in that chapel amid gray miles of rock and sea-drift has heard over and over of the unrepentant deathbed of Mauryeen Holion. They whisper on winter nights of how Father Hugh fought with the demons for her soul; how the sweat poured from his forehead, and he lay on his face in an agony of tears, beseeching that the sinner whom he had admitted into the fold of Christ should yet be saved. But of her love and her sin she had no repentance, and the servants in Rossatorc Castle said that as the priest lay exhausted from his vain supplications, and the rattle was in Dark Mauryeen's throat, there were cries of mocking laughter in the air above the castle, and a strange screaming and flapping of great wings, like to, but incomparably greater than, the screaming and flapping of the eagle over Slieve League. That devil's charm up there in the rafters of Aughagree is the death-spancel by which Dark Mauryeen bound Sir Robert Molyneux to her love. It is of such power that no man born of woman can resist it, save by the power of the Cross, and 'twas little Robert Molyneux of Rossatorc, recked of the sweet Christ who perished that men should live—against whose Cross the demons of earth and the demons of air, the malevolent spirits that lurk in water and wind, and all the witches and evil doctors, are powerless. But the thought of the death-spancel must have come straight from the King of Fiends himself, for who else would harden the human heart to desecrate a new grave, and to cut from the helpless dead the strip of skin unbroken from head to heel, which is the death-spancel? Very terrible is the passion of love when it takes full possession of a human heart, and no surer weapon to the hand of Satan when he would make a soul his own. And there is the visible sign of a lost soul, and it had nearly been of two, hanging harmlessly in the rafters of the holy place. A strange thing to see where the lamp of the sanctuary burns, and the sea-wind sighs sweetly through the door ever open for the continual worshipers.

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Sir Robert Molyneux was a devil-may-care, sporting squire, with the sins of his class to his account. He drank, and gambled, and rioted, and oppressed his people that they might supply his pleasures; nor was that all, for he had sent the daughter of honest people in shame and sorrow over the sea. People muttered when they heard he was to marry Lord Dunlough's daughter, that she would be taking another woman's place; but it was said yet again that it would be well for his tenants when he was married, for the lady was so kind and charitable, so gentle and pure, that her name was loved for many a mile. She had never heard the shameful story of that forlorn girl sailing away and away in the sea-mist, with her unborn child, to perish miserably, body and soul, in the streets of New York. She had the strange love of a pure woman for a wild liver; and she thought fondly when she caressed his fine, jolly, handsome face, that soon his soul as well as his dear body would be in her keeping—and what safe keeping it would be!

Sir Robert had ever a free way with women of a class below his own, and he did not find it easy to relinquish it. When he was with Lady Eva he felt that under those innocent, loving eyes a man could have no desire for a lesser thing than her love; but when he rode away, the first pretty girl he met on the road he held in chat that ended with a kiss. He was always for kissing a pretty face, and found the habit hard to break, though there were times when he stamped and swore great oaths to himself that he would again kiss no woman's lips but his wife's—for the man had the germ of good in him.

It was a fortnight to his wedding day, and he had had a hard day's hunting. From early morning to dewy eve they had been at it, for the fox was an old one and had led the dogs many a dance before this. He turned homeward with a friend, splashed and weary, but happy and with the appetite of a hunter. Well for him if he had never set foot in that house. As he came down the stairs fresh and shining from his bath, he caught sight of a girl's dark handsome face on the staircase. She was one of the servants, and she stood aside to let him pass, but that was never Robert Molyneux's way with a woman. He flung his arm round her waist in a way so many poor girls had found irresistible. For a moment or two he looked in her dark splendid eyes; but then as he bent lightly to kiss

her, she tore herself from him with a cry and ran away into the darkness.

He slept heavily that night, the dead sleep of a man who has hunted all day and has drunk deep in the evening. In the morning he awoke sick and sorry, a strange mood for Robert Molyneux; but from midnight to dawn he had lain with the death-spancel about his knees. In the blackness of his mind he had a great longing for the sweet woman, his love for whom awakened all that was good in him. His horse had fallen lame, but after breakfast he asked his host to order out a carriage that he might go to her. Once with her he thought all would be well. Yet as he stood on the doorstep he had a strange reluctance to go.

It was a drear, gray, miserable day, with sleet pattering against the carriage windows. Robert Molyneux sat with his head bent almost to his knees, and his hands clenched. What face was it rose against his mind, continually blotting out the fair and sweet face of his love? It was the dark handsome face of the woman he had met on the stairs last night. Some sudden passion for her rose as strong as hell-fire in his breast. There were many long miles between him and Eva, and his desire for the dark woman raged stronger and ever stronger in him. It was as if ropes were around his heart dragging it backward. He fell on his knees in the carriage and sobbed. If he had known how to pray he would have prayed, for he was torn in two between the desire of his heart for the dark woman, and the longing of his soul for the fair woman. Again and again he started up to call the coachman to turn back; again and again he flung himself in the bottom of the carriage, and hid his face and struggled with the curse that had come upon him. And every mile brought him nearer to Eva and safety.

The coachman drove on in the teeth of the sleet and wondered what Sir Robert would give him at the drive's end. A half-sovereign would not be too much for so open-handed a gentleman, and one so near his wedding; and the coachman, already feeling his hand close upon it, turned a brave face to the sleet and tried not to think of the warm fire in the harness-room from which they had called him to drive Sir Robert.

Half the distance was gone when he heard a voice from the carriage window calling him. He turned round.

"Back! back!" said the voice. "Drive like hell! I will give you a sovereign if you do it under an hour."

The coachman was amazed, but a sovereign was better than a half-sovereign. He turned his bewildered horses for home.

Robert Molyneux's struggle was over. Eva's face was gone now altogether. He only felt a mad joy in yielding, and a wild desire for the minutes to pass till he had traversed that gray road back. The coachman drove hard and his horses were flecked with foam; but from the windows Robert Molyneux kept continually urging him, offering him greater and greater rewards for his doing the journey with all speed.

Half-way up the cypress avenue to his friend's house a woman with a shawl about her head glided from the shadow and signalled to the darkly flushed face at the carriage window. Robert Molyneux shouted to the man to stop. He sprang from the carriage and lifted the woman in. Then he flung the coachman a handful of gold and silver. "To Rossatorc," he said, and the man turned round and once more whipped up his tired horses. The woman laughed as Robert Molyneux caught her in his arms. It was the fierce laughter of the lost.

"I came to meet you," she said, "because I knew you must come."

From that day, when Robert Molyneux led the woman over the threshold of his house, he was seen no more in the usual places of his fellow-men. He refused to see any one who came. His wedding-day passed by. Lord Dunlough had ridden furiously to have an explanation with the fellow and to horsewhip him when that was done, but he found the great door of Rossatorc closed in his face. Every one knew Robert Molyneux was living in shame with Mauryeen Holion. Lady Eva grew pale and paler, and drooped and withered in sorrow and shame, and presently her father took her away, and their house was left to servants. Burly neighboring squires rode up and knocked with their riding-whips at Rossatorc door to remonstrate with Robert Molyneux, for his father's sake or for his own, but met no answer. All the servants were gone, except a furtive-eyed French valet and a woman he called his wife, and these were troubled with no notions of respectability. After a time people gave up trying to interfere. The place got a bad name. The gardens were neglected, and the house was half in ruins. No one ever saw Mauryeen Holion's face, except it might be at a high window of the castle, when some belated huntsman, taking a short cut across the park, would catch a glimpse of a wild face framed in black hair at an upper window, the flare of the winter sunset lighting it up, it might be, as with a radiance from hell. Sir Robert drank, they said, and rack-rented his people far worse than in the old days. He had put his business in the hands of a disreputable attorney from a neighboring town, and if the rent was not paid to the day, the roof was torn off the cabin, and the people flung out into the ditch to rot.

So the years went, and folk ever looked for a judgment of God on the pair. And when many years were over, there came to Father Hugh, wringing her hands, the wife of the Frenchman, with word that the two were dying, and she dared not let them die in their sins.

But Mauryeen Holion—Dark Mauryeen, as they called her—would not to her last breath yield up the death-spancel which she had knotted round her waist, and which held Robert Molyneux's love to her. When the wicked breath was out of her body they cut it away, and it lay twisted on the ground like a dead snake. Then on Robert Molyneux, dying in a distant chamber, came a strange peace. All the years of sin seemed blotted out, and he was full of a simple repentance such as he had felt long ago when kneeling by the gown of the good woman whom he had loved. So Father Hugh absolved him before he died, and went hither and thither through the great empty rooms, shaking his holy water and reading from his Latin book.

And lest any in that place, where they have fiery southern blood in their veins, should so wickedly use philtres or charms, he hung the death-spancel in Aughagree Chapel for a terrible reminder.

[From an *"Isle in the Water," by Kathrine Tynan.* MacMillan & Co., publishers.]

FLIGHT.

BY EARNEST MCGAFFEY.

A hickory-tree in the valley grew;
The snows and the sun and the spring rains found it;
And shrill-voiced winds from the northward blew,
And the dews in the night-time fell around it.

Deep into the earth its fibres crept,
And pierced the flint in the depths down under,
Till the lightning out from the cloud-ways leapt,
And the hickory fell and was split asunder.

And there by its side the shadowy marsh
A crane's nest held by the curving river,
Where the tall grass mingled, coarse and harsh,
With reed-beds broad and the sedge a-quiver.

And the tree and the egg and the stone lay there,
But shreds and shards at the dim earth's portal,
As common things that could never dare
The higher realm of the far immortal.

But an Indian wrenched from the tree a shaft
And struck a flint from the rock-ribbed ledges,
And a crane's quill picked from a tangled raft
Of reeds and weeds by the brown marsh edges.

And the arrow sped from its twanging bow
Till the lone blue vault of the sky was riven.
And that which was humblest here below,
Now at the last was the nearest heaven.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT WAIST.

"How should a stenographer dress?"—*Second to None.*

With fingers nimble and strong,
With eyes that are sparkling and keen,
A young woman sits in a womanly rig
With her pencil, her pad, and machine.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
With speed; not fussy with haste;
No poverty plaint, nor even a patch
Or smirch on her neat shirt waist.

Write, write, write,
From the business hours of nine;
And write, write, write,
Till time to lunch or to dine.

Then it's oh, for a jolly laugh!
With a bone of a Turk to pick,
Where sister workers meet and chaff
In the respite hour from click.

Click, click, click,
Merrily line upon line;
Click, click, click,
And the shirt-waist wavelets shine.

Quick-witted to catch the thought,
To correct each grammatical lapse,
Not sentimentally taught
By Balzac; but better, perhaps.

Click, click, click,
As eager at work as at play,
Click, click, click,
The sheet rolls up and away.

E's and $'s and Y's,
Y's and $'s and E's,
Picking them up with her twinkling eyes,
And rattling them off the keys.

Write, write, write;
All womanly work elevates:
Write, write, write,
Esteem on faithfulness waits.

Oh, women with brothers dear,
Oh, women with husbands and sons,
Heed not their sneers
At your sisters and peers,
Nor the talk of the morbid ones.

Right! right! right!
A just independence to gain,
And right! right! right!
Be it yours to help her attain.

—*New York Sun.*

POLITICAL PERSONALITIES.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

Senator Teller is one of the most cultured men in either branch of Congress. He is a great student and a fine linguist. He says he learned to read French when young, but after he got into active life he forgot all about it till, years later, it became necessary for him to consult a book on finance which had never been translated into English. He set to work to read it in the original. It was tough work, but he kept at it with dictionary and grammar, and by the time he had reached the end he had recovered all his early facility, and a great deal more. Now the French tongue is as familiar to him as his own, and so are three or four other modern tongues, besides. Of all languages, however, he prefers the Greek.

Mr. Mark A. Hanna, whose duty it is to nourish and foster the McKinley boom, is—as he needs must be—a man of tremendous physical capabilities. He is possessed of a short burly frame, a round head, and a countenance expressive of bull-dog determination. In his manner he is direct, to the point of curtness, bluff, straightforward as one having little time to choose his words. He is less a politician than a thorough-paced business-man, managing the campaign more through correspondence than through emmisaries and political agents. It is said of him that he reads every letter relating to affairs political that comes through his offices and (which is almost beyond belief) that he can remember their contents.

The chief and only distinction accorded Cannon of Utah is that he figures as the youngest member of the United States Senate. He is just a little over thirty-five. His profession is journalism, and his political experience was gained at home and as Territorial Representative. His colleague, Senator Brown, is neither young nor handsome. He had never held political office till he made his leap into the Senate, but he had been fighting the men of many wives tooth and nail for years. The first polygamy case that ever reached the United States courts was taken there by him—and won. The moment he reached Utah he took the question of polygamy into politics and agitated it till the President declared the many-wife system an offense to the law. Senator Brown believes polygamy to be as prevalent as ever if it is more secretive.

President Cleveland was considerably annoyed by the reports recently sent out concerning a serious disagreement between himself and a member of his Cabinet. At one of the Cabinet dinners last month this subject of trouble in the official council came up in conversation. President Cleveland did most of the talking. Turning his head slightly to one side, as is his habit when in a certain frame of mind, he said: "There is one thing that I feel more proud of than of anything else connected with my experience in the White House. During the time when we were here before, and this time (in this way the President habitually refers to his two administrations) there never has been the slightest trouble in the Cabinet. We have had no quarrels, no rows, no bickering. We have always been a happy official family, and when I retire to private life that is one feature of my public career to which I shall always be able to look back to with delight."

Mr. Allison has grown old gracefully and has maintained throughout a long and turbulent period of political history a reputation for geniality and urbanity which distinguishes him among all the other candidates for the presidency. Nor, from a physical point of view does he show any manifestation of the crabedness of old age. His figure is still erect, his step firm, his manner alert, and his eye still bright with the light of a strong and vigorous manhood. Mr. Allison's enemies—few though they be—are apt to call his good nature weakness. But Mr. Allison could not be a weak man and survive—politically—as long as he has in the fierce stress of latter-day politics. More than this, Mr. Allison's State (Iowa) has been more subject to wilful and capricious changes of policy during the last quarter century than any other State in the Union. It has been the home of political fads, greenbackism, grangerism, tin-pan-free-tradeism, and anti-bank follies. Yet, in some way Allison has kept his grip through it all and is stronger than ever at this present moment, an impossible achievement if he were the weak man his detractors would have us believe.

"That," said Secretary Morton, as he pointed out a little brick house at the east end of his building, "that brick house holds a most valuable result of scientific research. It cost Uncle Sam $20,000, and an army of scientists hunted for the thing from Alaska in the North to Darien in the South. Do you know what the thing is? It's a bug. He's not much of a bug to look at; his habits are indolent, and his face, when you catch him under the microscope, is sullen and morose and lacking in sociability, and yet that bug cost the United States Government $20,000. One of our scientists had a theory about mating the gypsy moth from Europe with his American cousin, sort of a mésalliance, you know, to degenerate the race. Well, he got his foreign moths all right, and kept them in a little mosquito-net cage while he went out to gather in the prospective bridegrooms. While he was gone the foreign gypsy moths broke jail and spread over the land and multiplied and waxed exceedingly numerous. They ate up every green thing they lighted upon, till the locusts of Egypt became abstemious by comparison. This was but a few years ago, yet the Legislature of Massachusetts has already been driven to appropriate over $400,000 to do battle with these gypsy moths, and save as much of the State from them as may be.

A reserved, quiet, calm man, a man of much manner and dignity, such seems to be the popular verdict of McKinley's personality. A chooser of words and a phrasemaker, perhaps, in the matter of conversation. Nothing flippant about the man—too much of the solemn Scot in him for that. A religious man to boot, deeply so. Not rarely were the less orthodox Congressmen surprised to hear him humming a hymn as he went about his business in the corridors of the Capitol. He is a lover of home life as well and enjoys the society of the invalid wife (that unhappy woman about whom we shall hear so much as the heat of the campaign grows apace, her maladies destined to be used as a political machine). The great man dresses but fairly well. He has even been known,—oh, grief!—to have worn a crocheted necktie. It would appear that it is unwritten law that all eminent American Statesmen must wear a Prince Albert coat. McKinley bows to that law, but be not deceived, the coat is not one of the narrow-waisted, long-tailed, rough cheviot variety, but is, we fancy, of good plain old-fashioned broadcloth, short, tight-fitting, long over the cuffs, and invariably closely buttoned. There is much of the machine about McKinley, calm, slow, methodical, impassive, and absolutely resistless. But there are certain times—so say his friends—when this impression is broken up; and markedly so. His well-wishers declare that one of the best sides of the man's character is shown when he is pushing his wife about in her invalid-chair. Then there is nothing of the politician about him, nothing but the loving and attentive husband. He is almost boyish then, and the observer feels like forgiving him his alleged belief in the statements of his backers and agents; i. e., that he will make the greatest President since the days of Washington.

TYPES OF WESTERN MEN.

II.

THE PLUMBER'S APPRENTICE.

His name is "Jonesee," and he is a tinner and gas-fitter during six days of the week, or at least attempts to persuade his brother in-law, into whose shop he has been received, that such is his serious occupation. Jonesee tried to impress the fiction upon himself during the first days of his apprenticeship, but the strain of sustaining the character increased in proportion as the novelty of the work diminished, until he has come by gentle degrees to keeping up appearances only during the times when the boss is in, and they are literally "appearances" even then. He never works unless he is absolutely driven to it, and he probably never will as long as he can live at home and exploit his father—who is an annealer in the mint—for enough change to keep him in beer and "cigareets."

In the back room of the grimy tin-shop on Polk Street Jonesee languishes and chafes by turns. The only ornaments on the walls are a couple of pictures cut from bill posters of the "Danites," and a dirty map of San Francisco, on which the location of the tin-shop is at once betrayed by a worn and soiled spot, the result of frequent contact with greasy finger-tips. Jonesee hates the place, and is much more content when he is sent out to do an odd job in the neighborhood.

At such times one sees him on the front platforms of cable cars, his hand-furnace for heating his soldering irons between his feet, together with his solder-sticks, plyers, clamping tools, etc., wrapped in their carpet case, his pockets loaded with brass faucets, short sections of lead pipe, and tweezers.

On these occasions he wears a suit that has once been black, but has now faded to a shade of green, except upon the trousers above the knee, where, by constant friction with lead and grease and dirt, they are thickly coated with a glazed and shining varnish of black. His battered derby hat is of a blackish green as well, and is marked with sweat stains around the band. He is always smoking the butt of a "cigareet," which sticks to his lower lip even when he opens his mouth to talk.

He is even more contented when he goes out to lunch at noon in the Polk-street restaurant, in the window of which one sees three china pigs and a plaster of Paris cow knee-deep in a thick layer of white beans. He likes to gabble and lounge at length among the postmen, car-conductors, and barbers who frequent the place, and hear the latest word on ward politics and prize-fights, or shake dice or match nickels for cigars.

Sunday, however, is Jonesee's great day. It is the one day of the seven when he is released from the work of seeming to work. He is not in evidence till the afternoon. Then sometimes he goes out to the Park or to the Cliff House, or sometimes, on rare occasions, rents a horse and buggy with a friend and *drives* there, sometimes he goes "across the Bay" on a public picnic, or sometimes "takes in" the races, or balloon jumps or high dives as opportunity affords.

But his favorite and characteristic occupation of a Sunday afternoon is general and promiscuous loafing, posing, trying to be tough, showing himself off in his cheap finery, for at such times he is dressed with scrupulous attention.

His soft felt hat is pushed back upon his head far enough to show his hair parted very much to one side, neatly oiled and plastered and brought down over his temple in a beautiful flat curve. He wears an inexpensive "Prince Albert" invariably unbuttoned to show the flowered design of his waistcoat. In the lapel of this coat he wears a tube-rose. His stand-up collar is very low and overlaps in front, while around this collar and often getting above it is a crocheted four-in-hand "necktie" of salmon pink silk, tied very tightly and transfixed with a scarfpin representing a palette and brushes, with four colors in variously tinted Rhinestones. He fastens this necktie to the side of his shirt so that it traverses *diagonally* the whole of the triangular expanse left by the vest. His trousers fit him very tightly and are of light brown cloth with broad chocolate colored stripes. The cuffs around his thick red wrists are frayed and in one of his freckled fists he carries a cane, a slender wisp of ebony with a gold head, won at the Tinners' and Gasfitters' Prize Masquerade Ball.

Thus arrayed, and attended by odors of tobacco, beer, hair oil, and German cologne, he lounges with three or four others of his stripe about the entrances of corner groceries, where a Milwaukee beer sign decorates the salient corner and where you may see displayed advertisements for cheap butter, eggs, and tea, painted in green marking ink upon wrapping paper. Here, together with his friends, he will while the time away, talking loud, swearing, spitting, scuffling, and joshing the girls that pass in twos and threes. Now and then he and his friends will go into the bar behind the store and have a "steam" or sometimes himself and a comrade will take off their coats, go into the middle of the street and with frequent cries of "all de way now" pitch curves at one another with an adamantine ball. Toward the close of the afternoon he will sometimes go with them to Golden Gate Avenue and watch the "turn-outs" coming home from the park, commenting upon the horses, and joshing the girl bicyclists. In the evening he goes to a cheap theater, and occasionally closes the day's enjoyment by becoming drunk and disorderly.

FRANK NORRIS.

RIVARDE, THE VIOLINIST.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST WHO LOOKS A SPANIARD AND TALKS LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN.

A graceful and fascinating figure is Rivarde as he stands before his audience—tall, slender, dark, his hair hanging in thick, black, wavy masses on his shoulders; his eyes—poetic, soulful, Southern eyes—scanning the orchestra with quick comprehensive glances. Slight, supple, young, the ideal image of a musician, he enchains the eyes of the gathering before he charms their ears. De Koven, who writes critiques in the *World*, insisted the vogue he had in New York was due to his appearance rather than a tribute to his talent—a conclusion subsequently retracted after the critic had heard Rivarde render the great Beethoven concerto, in which he developed unsuspected power and depth of feeling,

Merely because the young violinist wears rather more of a chevelure than the ordinary citizen, unless he be a football player, dares indulge, it is not necessary to imagine him affected or effeminate. It seems the custom among foreign musicians to deny their heads to the barbers' shears, and the consequences are rather typical of the art than characteristic of their individuality. Rivarde is so bright, quick-witted, and so utterly unpretentious, that one forgets, in the charm of his companionship, the fact of abnormal hair or unique talent. He has lived his life among the musicians we read of, and whose pictures are ever in the papers—the high lights of the great art world, whose gleams sometimes beam on these far-distant shores. Paderewski he knows well, and Ysaye, and Joachim, and the long array of men who make history and compose music for the rest of the world.

Strange though it may seem, Rivarde is an American, though he looks the typical Spaniard of poetry and pictures. He was born in New York—his father a Spaniard and his mother an Englishwoman. From the first he inherited the swarthy olive of his complexion, the mold of his profile and the poetic fire of his genius; from the second, an English accent and a decidedly English manner.

"Yes," he said to me, "I first saw light in New York and commenced the violin at the age of seven. My people had no idea I should make music a profession; au contraire, it was to be an accomplishment. But music came to me easily, and I could play well in no time. Indeed, my talent developed so rapidly that when I was only a little over twelve and one-half years old my mother took me to Paris. I was received into the Conservatoire, and at fourteen won the medal. Ondricek, who is at least six years my senior, was there at the same time, studying with Vieuxtemps, and we shared honors. My master was Danela, and not Marsick, as has been stated."

Rivarde is not a miracle of industry, as is Paderewski. Music is too easy for him, and he plays without effort—by the grace of God, it seems; that beautiful, true tone he evokes is a natural gift. From Paris he returned to New York, abandoned the violin temporarily, and commenced to repair his neglected education. Rivarde, Sr., took the boy in hand, and for several years, until the death of his mother, instilled as much learning as possible into his gay and frolicsome brain. Then, arriving at the age of eighteen, he set off again for Europe to complete his musical studies.

"Alas!" continued Rivarde, "I did nothing but amuse myself, and enjoyed life. I never touched the violin, never opened my case, even, in all that time, and, when my father came, he was angry to find how I had wasted my time. 'Now, young man,' he said to me, 'you must henceforth look after yourself. You have lost your best years and spent my money. Do as you please after this—support yourself.' It was pretty hard on me," said the artist, laughing. "It seemed a terrible blow at the time, but I went to Paris, took up my violin again, and in two weeks all the old facility seemed to have returned. I obtained the position of concert master in one of the big theaters, and the rest seemed easy. Incidentally I practised, but not for some time did I take music seriously. Then I began to study and work—especially on Beethoven—and I surprised all my confreres by announcing a recital at which I proposed to play Beethoven's 'Concerto' and the 'Chacune of Bach.' Yes, sir; they amused themselves greatly at my expense," he laughed, "and, on the night of my recital, gathered in parties to have fun over my failure. But I didn't fail. I was a success and a few weeks after that, Villiers Stanford, the great English director and composer, was in Paris, called on me, and engaged me to play in the great Bach festival in London. Since then," he continued, smiling, "I have often played in England, at the various festivals, and under the greatest leaders."

As I said, Rivarde's genius is not a tremendous capacity for taking pains. It comes very easily, his music. He seems to desire to express the ideas, to realize to the utmost the melody and beauty of his theme.

"It is nonsense," he said to me, "for the newspapers to say I am the successor of Sarasate. We have nothing in common—except, perhaps, a Spanish appearance. He is a different type of artist entirely, is a virtuoso, who imposes on all composers his own ideas, and who renders music as it appears and appeals to him, rather than as the writer intended. He is great and fascinating, but, to my mind, the greatest artist is he who interprets most accurately the thoughts of the composer. Therein lies the supremacy of Joachim. Though the power and fire of his great genius have faded with years, his performances of the violin classics are incomparably greater and broader than those of his rivals."

"Who is the greatest of modern violinists?" I asked.

"To me, Ysaye," he replied. "He has a strong personality, a fine tone, and is a great romantic player. He has worked hard, and undoubtedly, after Joachim, leads the world. But I place Joachim first."

We talked of technic. "I cannot practise a great deal," said Rivarde. "I'm not strong enough to spend seven hours a day at work, as Paderewski does, for instance. I think, too, he injures his health and his playing by the excess of his devotion to finger-exercises. How pale, exhausted, melancholy he looks. His nervous forces are destroyed, run down."

"Brilliant execution, then, is not the goal of your endeavor?"

"No; music is what I aim to produce. I try to form a conception of my composer's meaning, and express my idea of it. There should always be an idea in a performance; it is that which distinguishes it—individualizes it."

Rivarde is now twenty-eight years of age and knows certainly how to enjoy life. He amuses himself wandering around the city; has already made many congenial friends, and been the guest of honor at several entertainments.

ETC. JR.

It is astonishing the number of royal folk who earn their living in the most democratic fashion—not even drawing the line at the circus ring and music hall. The Princess Galitzin is a bareback rider in a French circus troupe. Prince Krapotine is a cabman in Moscow; Prince Solbikoff is a porter in a St. Petersburg meat market. Among the English nobility the Earl of Roslyn has achieved considerable success on the stage. The Honorable Roger Molyneux, brother of the Earl of Sefton, adopted the stage as a profession under the name of "Reginald Martin." He was a Captain in the First Dragoons, but retired to take up theatrical life. Other English aristocrats on the stage are a nephew of the Duke of Richmond and a grandson of the fourth Marquis of Londonderry. The Viscount Hinton, accompanied by his Countess, grinds a hand-organ through the streets of London with a touching announcement tacked to the instrument to the effect that his father has cut him off without a penny.

In London the way of the transgressing cyclist is hard. Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny recently lost control of his machine going down a steep hill and was fined for furious riding. A German Baron, appropriately named Seicllit, was fined for riding on thewrong side of the street. Mr. George Curzon, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, nearly ran down a new member of Parliament in Palace Yard, which is reserved for the use of members, and had to explain who he was to avoid arrest.

It is estimated that the coronation of the Czar and Czarina will cost the Russian Government $10,000,000. The trade among gold and silver smiths has never been so active in Russia as at the present time. Not even in the days of Catherine II.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THINGS AND PEOPLE

"JIM BUDD" is a racehorse, his owner is among the army of men who had regarded the Governor as a fine fellow before election. Indeed, the christening of a promising colt after a political celebrity is as generous a tribute of admiration as it is possible for one gentleman to give another. Before November '94 "Jim Budd" proved a winner, and many a time and oft landed pots and purses to the credit of the stable. But soon after the Stockton candidate had been ushered into Sacramento the power went out of his equine namesake. He lost race after race. About the same time his owner had undergone the accustomed turning-down, and in the language of politics had "soured" on the Governor. He was also grieved over the failures of "Jim Budd" and the inclination to contrast the two performances was so strong that it was assumed at the track when he cursed either he meant both. He was particularly blue one afternoon, when Dr. Mizner met him and fell discussing the demerits of the racehorse. "Hoodooed without doubt by his name," was the physician's comment, and he asked, "Why don't you change it?" "Good idea," said the owner. "It's hard on the horse, that name. What do you suggest for a substitute?" Mizner pondered. "Suppose," he said, "you call him 'Ingrate,' and he'll appear in the handicaps and on the programs as 'Ingrate, formerly Jim Budd.'" They cracked a bottle of champagne over the idea, and, next day, the owner announced his intention to President Tom Williams, demanding the required authorization. Now, the Governor has considerable potency in the racing world, for the managers are much in dread of hostile legislation and it behooves that his favor be preserved. Still they were powerless to prevent "Jim Budd's" owner from altering the title of his racehorse, and the by-laws compelled that the steed be entered as "Ingrate, formerly Jim Budd" and nothing else. In this quandary they bethought themselves of an obsolete rule, which allowed a charge to be made for all such changes, and the required permission was granted, but it was with the proviso that "Jim Budd's" owner should pay fifty dollars for the expense involved. He insists the gratification in question is not worth fifty dollars and so Jim is still Budd on the cards.

* * *

SO THE *Examiner* now has an editor—at least, I presume that will be Mr. Hawley's role, though his official title is publisher. He is chief of the works, not only of the shop on Mission Street, but also of the business office, and his will sways. Too long has it been customary on Mission Street to divide and shift responsibilities. Every editor ruled supreme in his own little kingdom, and the council which met each afternoon was simply the stalking ground for the various jealousies. The man who had last seen Mr. Hearst was supposed to have a specific inspiration, and until he was superseded by some later arrival, his voice dictated the policy. If the house divided against itself must fall still holds as a rule, then the stability of the *Examiner* constitutes a violent exception. Though Mr. Hawley is not as young as the *Call* misrepresented, his years are on the sunny side of forty, and his manner is not impressionable. He is shrewd, quiet, collected, most courteous, and so unpretentious that you would never imagine he had built up a big paper property in Denver, or figured among the engineers of the great deal which consolidated the *Times* and the *Herald* of Chicago. I am not conversant with dates, but it is only a few years since he descended on Denver from Minneapolis, purchased the *Times*, an old fogey evening journal of limited circulation, and so handled its columns as to convert it into a vigorous opponent of its morning rivals. He sold out at a splendid profit and shifted the field of his endeavor to Chicago. Engaging there with the sons of Carter Harrison in reviving the *Times*, he assisted in the deal which converted two newspapers into one, and was subsequently invited by Mr. Kohlsatt, who, at Jim Scott's death, became owner of the *Times-Herald*, to act as his managing editor. This honor he declined, however.

* * *

Various are the rumors about Mr. Hawley's connection with the *Examiner;* it is declared he has an option on the journal from Mr. Hearst and may become its owner should it seem to him an advantageous purchase. These stories are as often denied however. The new publisher ascribes his engagement to the interest which the California Napoleon's journalistic career had excited in him. Of course Mr. Hawley is removed from the necessities of striving for a living, having already made a fortune. As for the *Examiner* the intimates of Mr. Hearst declare he does not love the Monarch less because he gives more time to the *Journal*, that his earliest venture is still near to his heart, and that nothing but death or bankruptcy could part them. This is good theory of course, but young Mr. Hearst has a peculiar individuality and even his friends cannot always interpret his desires. One admirable trait characterizes him—liberality to his men. As an employer he is generous, even prodigal, most appreciative and considerate. No one in journalism responds so heartily to good work, though it must be admitted that he is quicker to recognize a smart "fake" than a good story. Still, Mr. Hearst is a successful journalist, and what is newspaper work but clever faking?

* * *

WHEN THE OPERATIONS of the Debris Commission sent John B. Hobson adrift off the Iowa Divide, he found himself a disappointment and his life a failure. For years had he tried after gold, and though Fortune smiled twice on his efforts, her averted face seemed to sentence him to poverty, with but slender hope of recuperation. This was less than half a decade back. Last year this victim of the blind goddess took out $400,000 worth of gold from the great Placer diggings at the headquarters of the Fraser River, in British Columbia. Such is the irony of fate. These stories of gold mining which I give space to here, to my mind represent the romance of this environment. What could be more interesting than the acquirement of a great fortune by a man just escaped from the grip of want? At once the world spreads out her treasures for him, Society flings her doors wide open before him, life becomes full of joy and color and attraction, and he a factor in all its glories. Some one told this Hobson of the great gold deposits awaiting the explorer in the remote fastnesses of the Fraser, and thither he traveled, and found a great tract of auriferous gravel, some thirty miles in length, on the borders of a chain of lakes. A peerless ground for hydraulic mining truly, and in British Columbia there are none of those regulations which render this form of development illegal in California. But he had to travel back to Vancouver, and there state his intentions to the Gold Commissioner, a functionary in that country whose powers are supreme in the direction of mining.

* * *

Within his jurisdiction is the regulation of all disputed claims, the determination of lines, the settlement of differences between employers and laborers. He is invested, also, with criminal powers which make him a most powerful personage. But his sway is most discreet, and so efficacious that mining is aided immeasurably. This Gold Commissioner accompanied Hobson to his great gravel mine, traveling with a wagon train of supplies and some score of strong-armed young laborers. They found it possible to commence washing on an immense scale, for the water power available was of terrific volume, and the splendid result of twelve months of washing but index the possibilities of the second year's operations. Hobson has arranged for the purchase of more apparatus and proposes now to attack his deposit with stronger streams.

* * *

Along the Pacific watershed, I learn that hydraulic mining is being conducted with considerable profit. A French company, which, some time ago, took up gravel lands along the Salmon River, operated at a gain of $80,000 last season. Private individuals are washing along the Klamath, and in most instances, are obtaining generous returns. So it seems gold is being taken out in rich quantities in spite of hard times.

* * *

INCREASING YEARS add not to the amenity of Richard Mansfield's disposition. He is hard to deal with, but sadder to act with. No actor on the boards cherishes so profound an egotism, nor a finer sense of the center of the stage. He must be in full view of his audience or he is unhappy, and wo betide the luckless wight who dares interfere with his perspective. For his support Mansfield has recognition, tempered with intervals of forgetfulness, in which the acquaintance of a day before is literally given the "glassy eye" in the form of a sustained, lymphatic stare with no suggestion of remembrance in it. If the truth really be told the eminent actor lacks those qualities of courtesy and gentility which adorn genius as much as they elevate mediocrity. He permits no one around the theater to speak to him, had the Baldwin doorkeeper soundly berated for daring to hand him a letter; he has a sarcastic manner when announcing his orders, and is full of all such affectations as seem to him impressive or suggestive of his importance. Naturally, his unpopularity is unbounded. The failure of Mansfield's season here is attributed solely to his repertoire. "Rodion," the only new piece he brought to us, is a dismal production, valuable because he has the solitary role which demanded action. "Arms and the Man," George Bernard Shaw's clever play he refused to give, because, I believe, the part calls rather for fine legitimate acting than elaborate mincing and make-up. Though he presented it in Chicago, Mansfield did not consider us worth appealing to, and refused the request of the management that he put on the play. However, the community has replied to his contempt by abstaining from patronizing his performances. Indeed, his season at the Baldwin has been a sorry one for the theater, and it is positive he can obtain no re-engagements until he adds to his depleted repertoire.

* * *

The question of picture prices has been successfully grappled by the Art Association directors. At the several exhibitions it is customary for the artists to put on their canvases preposterous prices—figures which would not be unreasonable for paintings of veritable reputation and which they have no expectation of obtaining. For instance, Ochre Brown asks $250 for a bit of landscape which he painted in a morning, and that he would gladly give you for $25 in his studio; or take the instance of Miss Ruby White, who, following the custom, sets $100 opposite her little sketch, which a bit of eulogy would obtain as the reward of appreciation or a $5 offer would purchase. This year, however, each artist has been asked to set the price on his work which he really believes he should have—the rates they would accept in their studios. With this they have complied, and if you fancy a canvas at the exhibition, Secretary Martin is able to quote a rate that may tempt you into a purchase.

* * *

The lesson of the passing of Jimmy Page was admirably painted in an *Examiner* article, which detailed the career of that ill-fated rounder from its inception to its sad end. Strange, the transition from honor and prominence to the felon's cell. Yet, Page may blame no one for his downfall but himself. He is the author of his own undoing—accomplished his own fall. At one time was he a creditable and honorable citizen; his successes were the achievements of popularity and a pleasant manner—the delusive handshake and the transient smile. The story in question was written by Tom Sullivan, and was a capital piece of journalistic work. Apropos of Page, Sullivan went to interview him after sentence had been passed, and addressed the prisoner ere he was conducted from court.

"I don't know you, sir," returned the ex-District Attorney, sharply.

"On which side are the congratulations, Mr. Page?" retorted the newspaperman.

* * *

AN INTERESTING contest is outlined in the Democracy between W. W. Foote, Stephen White, and E. B. Pond, all of whom have designs on the role of delegate-at-large to the National Democratic Convention. Superintendent Daggett has flung his beaver into the ring at the mention of Mr. Foote's name, and declares him ineligible and other opprobrious terms. I don't imagine this declaration of hostilities is liable to foment a new contest in the organization, but it will promote a few interesting sparring contests, in which the ex-Railway Commissioner will manage to say cutting things about the Superintendent of the Mint. In the meantime, Democratic politics are humming, for Congressman Maguire is soon to be home, and the Gallaghers and the Tracys and the Donovans are preparing to welcome him. Not, indeed, that the thanksgiving will be confined to those enthusiastic protegés of the unsuspecting Congressman, for there are other office-holders who cherish hopes on whom it will devolve to parade with the Gallaghers, Tracys, and Donovans on the great occasion of his return.

THE WITNESS.

The *British Trade Journal* some time ago stated that the Japanese Consul, at Tacoma, Washington, had officially announced that he had been commissioned by his Government to select a port on the Pacific Coast best suited for the arrival of Japanese steamers; it being stated at the time that the Japanese Government intended to pay substantial subsidies to a steamship company which would make regular voyages between Japan and the Pacific Coast. Mr. Kurino, the Japanese Minister to the United States, gives a pointed denial to this rumor.

Clement Shorter, editor of the *Sketch* and other London publications, is really the first to have recognized the promise of Stephen Crane's writing. Long before the *Red Badge* had captured an audience, he published several short stories by its now celebrated author. He was introduced to it by the Bacheller syndicate.

Great Book Sale at Dodge's New Store, 112 Post St.

THE YELLOW STORE
NEXT WHITE HOUSE

A LITERARY RECEPTION.

CONVERSATIONAL COMMENTS ON SOME NEW PEOPLE BY THEIR CREATORS.

"Come," said I to the General Reader, "here are some people who desire your acquaintance. They want you to like them."

"My tastes are capricious you know," answered the General, "but trot 'em out. Who's the first?"

"Here is Anthony Hope, to be sure," said I, as the gentleman of that name entered, "and the General Reader needs no introduction to *him*, of course."

Mr. Hope and the General shook hands. "I have been pleased to know Mr. Hope a long time," said the General, "and am glad to see you again in *The Comedies of Courtship*. But where are your people, the dramatis personæ of the comedies?"

"My people do not matter much," answered Mr. Hope. "They are just the ordinary people of the world like you and me, so I did not think it necessary that they should be in evidence here to-day."

"Their talk is delightful talk," said I.

"Thanks," he answered, "but it's the situation I'm after. My people only develop the situation."

"Now if it were the other way about," said I.

"How do you mean," enquired Anthony.

"If the situation developed the people."

"Ah," he answered, immediately, "then the people would be the important thing."

"Then we should have to have characters."

"I hope you will like the people and the situations in the Comedies," said I to the General. "They are equally delightful, especially in *The Philosopher in The Apple Orchard*. The people are well-bred, nicely poised and they bring about a state of things not too complicated, you know, but just intricate enough to be piquant. It is so in every one of the stories."

There was a great tramping and swearing outside, mingled with the clattering of a huge cavalry saber, and the Brigadier Gerard strode into the room, ushered by Mr. Conan Doyle.

"Tonerre de Bon Dieu," exclaimed the Brigadier, and there was no mistaking the ring and vitality of the oath. The fellow was alive to his finger tips. He went directly the hand, almost shouting "Touchez, la camarade."

"He's a fine fellow," said I to the General. "I like him at once." (For, of course, the Brigadier does not understand English. His exploit of *How the King held the Brigadier* proves that. "We congratulate you Mr. Doyle," said I, turning to the author of the Brigadier's being. "Your latest offspring promises to be a good brother to Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"I hope so," answered Mr. Doyle. "Since Sherlock's death I've been a bit alone in the world. The General, here, I think, has missed him."

"Yes," answered the General Reader, "though he can never quite replace Sherlock in my affections, I think I may say that I shall like Gerard."

"Tell the Brigadier," said I to Mr. Doyle, "that the General and I—who am the Weary Critic—both like him very much. There is a heartiness about him, a frankness, a *humanity*, I may say, that appeals to us at once. We like him for his splendid swagger, his magnificent egotism, as well as for the very interesting exploits he tells us about."

Mr. Doyle translated, and the Brigadier drew himself up to the salute, and gave a self-satisfied twist to his enormous mustache.

"Tell us more about him," said I to Mr. Doyle, after Gerard had passed to a little distance.

"Well," answered Mr. Doyle, reflectively, "he's not a fellow of very great depth, but, of course, I did not intend that. You liked Sherlock for what he *thought*. This chap's a little more on the surface; if you like him at all, it's for what he *does*, and for the way he tells it. I wanted Gerard to be full of life and energy and vigor—to be strong in a word, a fellow that you felt you could *know*. Don't you understand? Do you think I have succeeded?"

"In my poor opinion," I replied, "admirably; but I should say that his greatest charm is in his manner of speech. It is the *way* he tells of his exploits that pleases more than the exploits themselves. I would call your attention, General Reader, to one admirable trait. Notice how the Brigadier's character reveals itself in his talk. Mr. Doyle tells us never a word of him, and yet by listening to the Brigadier relate one of his exploits, we know him through and through. Yes, on the whole, General, I recommend him to your acquaintance. May we hear of him again, Mr. Doyle."

"Who's next?" enquired the General Reader.

The next one to be introduced was Marie Corelli. She came in snugly enough, dressed out in some of Ouida's old clothes, and wearing many of Ouida's paste diamonds and pinchbeck jewelry, all sham and delusive glitter. For the moment the General was dazzled and exclaimed:

"Ah! here is something fine. Who are the members of her family this time?"

"The name of my new family is the *Mighty Atom*," answered Marie, and she brought them in.

How different from the Brigadier Gerard! The Brigadier might have had his faults—was, in fact, full of blemishes, but he, at least, was alive. He was strong, vigorous, and independent of Mr. Doyle.

But Miss Corelli's characters of the *Mighty Atom* were of a different order entirely. One whom Marie said was the hero of the story was a shade, a ghost; we could barely make him out. He had scarcely strength enough to stand alone, and his author continually had to boost him up. Talk he could not; he had not life enough for that. Miss Corelli spoke for him, thought for him, acted for him; when he opened his mouth it was she that spoke. His ideas were hers; his movements only those that she chose to have him make.

"Lionel," she said, "is a very wonderful child: he is only eleven, but he is a profound thinker. He reasons like Hegel."

Mr. Doyle, who had remained with us, spoke up at this.

"It's quite possible, Miss Corelli. Of course, being his literary parent you have a right to say what characteristics he shall have. But the boy is not flesh and blood, he is not real, he does not *live*. He does not, as one might say, *convince* us."

"He does not convince me," said I. "How about you, General Reader?"

But the General paid no attention to the boy, being attracted by the cheap glitter of Marie's pinchbeck jewelry. Marie was pleased with this of course. It seemed to be what she was striving after.

"Here are four others of my new family," she said, and brought them in to us.

"This is John Valliscourt, this is Jessamine, this is Reuben Dale, and this is Professor Cadman-Gore."

"Well, I *declare*" exclaimed Conan Doyle, as he saw them. Lionel had been shadowy, colorless, but the four others were mere puppets, stuffed figures, misshapen mannikins that moved and "worked" only when Marie pulled their strings or wound them up. John Valliscourt was labeled "Cruel Father," Jessamine "Little Girl That's Dies," Reuben Dale "Rough-Diamond," and Cadman-Gore "Crabbed Professor."

"Well, they're *four* puppets," observed Mr. Doyle, "and I suppose—as in the case of Lionel—you are at liberty to label them anything you choose."

"They are not puppets," cried Marie Corelli, indignantly. "They are *characters*. Reuben Dale was made from life, from a man named James Norman, who 'sat' for the portrait."

"That may be true," said I. "He is not as real for all that as this old swearing, ranting, swash-buckling Gerard, a child of Mr. Doyle's imagination. It isn't the fact that he has really lived that will make Reuben Dale real. It's the way you draw him. He's all right in real life. In the *Mighty Atom* he's a puppet."

"Well, I don't care," returned Miss Corelli flippantly, "I've caught the General Reader's eye at any rate, that's the main thing, isn't it?"

"Surely," said Mr. Doyle to the General, "surely you are not going to be imposed upon by these puppets and lay figures?"

"Don't do it," said I, "go and find real people somewhere."

But the General Reader still gazed steadily at Marie Corelli's tawdry glittering ornaments and her smart cheap dress, copied from Ouida.

"I feel that its all sham," he answered, without withdrawing his eyes, "but it dazzles me for the moment. I like it. I told you I was capricious in my tastes."

RAYMOND ROTH.

Another *Lark* is hatched and sings its quaint and curious carol for the month of May. Surely no more fascinating little pamphlet ever was published. The cartoon is just as good as ever being last months cartoon seen from the back, the letters of the jingle *reversed*. Mr. Burgess's poem "A Daughter of the North," is a dashing Norse ballad with a splendid galloping movement that carries you along with it whether you will or no. It is full of delicate suggestion and of the free unrestrained spirit of the *true* ballad. The *Lark's Salon: Catalogue Illustrié:* is very funny, though there is danger that the casual reader will miss its real meaning. The prose story of the *Romance Association* is one of the best things of its kind we have yet seen in the *Lark*—which is saying a good deal. It is in this story that we are finally introduced to Vivette.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

Ladies when down town shopping should not fail to get luncheon at the Maison Riche.

THEORY AND REALITY.

AN OLD AUTHOR AND A NEW WRITER CONSIDER THE SAME PROBLEM.

There have recently appeared two books, both dealing with the same very delicate sex problem, a problem so delicate in fact that it is almost impossible to consider the books critically. One of these books is by Mr. W. D. Howells and is called *A Parting and a Meeting*. The other is by Mrs. J. R. Jarboe of this city and is called *Robert Atterbury*. Each book has to do with the "ultimate physical relation of man and woman." A dangerous subject truly.

Mr. Howells touches it lightly, delicately, handling it with the greatest subtlety and finesse. Mrs. Jarboe rushes in where Mr. Howells fears to tread, grapples the subject by the throat, sledge-hammers at it, tears the veil from it boldly, uncompromisingly.

Mr. Howells tells a story; Mrs. Jarboe develops a theory. The *Parting and Meeting* is a little tale of how a certain young man of some seventy years ago attempted to prevail upon his sweetheart to join the Shakers with him and to live out the remainder of their lives keeping the relations of brother and sister. In a scene of exquisite delicacy and sympathetic insight, the girl refuses. The man joins the Shakers and the girl marries elsewhere. Sixty years afterward they meet, and though Roger is so old as to be almost in his dotage, he recovers intelligence enough to say, "I'm not so sure but I'd have done about as well to have gone with *you*, Chloe." That is all; this is the whole story, a touch, a suggestion, a hint.

According to Mrs. Jarboe's theory "there is no love which can justify marriage as it is at present understood. There is no law, no blessing of priest or church, which can render it anything but legalized prostitution. It is a crime against nature, against the race, against God." The author proposes as a remedy the Malthusian theory of restraint, a theory, beautiful upon paper but which practise and good political economists have long since demonstrated beyond question to be as delusive and impossible as the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. That the increase of the family after marriage should be restrained and limited is a fine and admirable ideal, but the idealists will close their eyes to the fact that men *and women* are after all only human. Even this word "human" is misleading. Is it not even truer that so-called humanity still is, and for countless generations will be, three-quarters animal, living and dying, eating and sleeping, mating and reproducing even as the animals; passing the half of each day's life in the performance of purely animal functions? This is lamentable, no doubt, but the grandest theory ever conceived by the mind of the most prodigious thinker is powerless to better the condition of the race, in this respect, as far as immediate results are concerned. There is no prospect for betterment except in the gradual evolution of the type through infinitely vast periods of time.

Mrs. Jarboe, however, does not apply her theory to her hero and heroine—Atterbury and Sara—even after all its elaborate development throughout the first part of the story. In their case the two young people made a virtue of necessity, since one was a consumptive and the other under the shadow of hereditary insanity.

In the case of two healthy, natural young people in real life, or in a good realistic novel, Mrs. Jarboe's fine-spun web of logic would have been rent at the first breath. The greater author of the *Parting and Meeting* knew his real life better. Chloe even refused to consider a union of her life with that of her lover's, conceived upon any such morbid, Utopian principles, and even Roger acknowledges its futility in admitting that, after all, he would have done wiser to have gone back with Chloe.

Mrs. Jarboe presents her subject unskilfully. However admirable her theory—*as* theory—may be, it is not clearly and convincingly expressed in the pages of *Robert Atterbury*. No matter what its purpose or how great a lesson it purposes to teach, the novel should *be* a novel; first and foremost, it should tell a real story, of real people and of real places.

In Mr. Howells's story, even the old chaise horse becomes a character, "making snatches at the foliage and from time to time champing thoughtfully on his bit as if he fancied he might have caught a leaf in his mouth," and Chloe and Roger are flesh and blood characters from first to last. It is what *they* do and what *they* say that interest the reader. In *Robert Atterbury*, however, the people are little more than names and stand for nothing but the various mouthpieces for the author's theory. Chloe and Roger live and act by themselves, while Mrs. Jarboe shifts about the characters like a showman pulling the strings of his puppets. We forget Howells at once in the fortunes of his dramatis personæ. We cannot lose sight of the author of *Robert Atterbury* for a single instant.

F. N.

THE MAY MAGAZINES.

The May *Century* is certainly a fine number. There is a discriminating article on Diaz, the great artist, followed by a beautifully illustrated description of the coronation of Alexander III., apropos, of course, of the coronation of Nicholas III., which is to take place in Moscow shortly. This article is by Mary Grace Thornton and is certainly readable. James Bryce writes the first of a series of papers entitled "Impressions of South Africa." The installment of Napoleonic history is as interesting as usual. Among the stories is "The Harshaw Bride," by Mary Hallock Foote, with pictures by the author, pictures that are among the best in the number, being full of intelligence and charm. "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," illustrated by that artist pencil, is another feature. There is also a clever little story, "Cinderella Up to Date," by Elizabeth Pullen. There is symposium on the photographing of the unseen, in which quite a number of eminent scientists take part. Papers and essays on other interesting topics are also included, and one cannot but admit this to be quite the best of the May numbers.

One of the features of *Harper's Magazine* for May is an article on Mark Twain by his long-time friend, Reverend Joseph H. Twichell. The paper abounds in anecdotes, and is embellished with a frontispiece portrait of J. M. Clemens. "England and America in 1863" is the title of another article of great interest, illustrating, by means of correspondence between William E. Gladstone and Cyrus Field, the attitude of England during our Civil War. Jacques de Morgan, the Egyptologist, describes his important discoveries in a paper called "The Dashur Explorations." The paper is richly illustrated. The other noteworthy contributions comprise "the Penalty of Humor," by Brander Matthews; the concluding chapters of Mr. Black's "Briseis"; "Three Old Sisters and the Old Beau," by Mary E. Wilkins; and a fascinating fin de siècle ghost story called "The Bringing of the Rose," by Harriet Lewis Bradley.

Next month's *Atlantic* begins a series of letters from Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, edited by George Burbeck Hill. Kendrick Charles Babcock discusses "The Scandanavian Contingent." The third one of his papers on the foreign element in American life. An out-of-door flavor is given to this issue by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's carefully prepared article on "Whimsical Ways in Birdland." Lafcadio Hearn is represented by a discriminating Japanese sketch "A Trip to Kyoto," and Henry James by further installment of "The Old Things."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" by A. Conan Doyle. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"The Mighty Atom" by Marie Corelli. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers. For sale, J. A. Hoffman.

"Comedies of Courtship" by Anthony Hope. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers.

Lady Sholto Douglas has been playing at the Olympic in Chicago, and the *Times-Herald* says:

Lady Sholto Douglas closes her two weeks' stay in Chicago to-night, and has fairly earned the reputation of drawing more money into the house than any other single performer during the season, a fact which her engagement emphasizes.

QUEEN LILY SOAP

BEST ON EARTH
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THE THEATERS.

IMPROBABILITIES OF BARON CHEVRIAL—PROFESSOR BRISTOL'S HORSES.

Is it, after all, possible for the French mind to conceive of some other reason for a wife leaving her husband besides "another man," or his money? Or is the adapter responsible for most of Marceles farewell words in the third act of "A Parisian Romance"? She tells us that she elopes with Juliani in order to make money by her voice; that she will "return and change this hovel into a palace"; that she is also flying from Baron Chevrial and "temptation," though, on my life, the woman would be low and desperate indeed who could be tempted to transgress by such a horror, however incrusted he was with gold and clothed in power. To have made her flight natural, or even possible, she ought to have been indifferent to her husband and decidedly smitten with Juliani, while the "private door" to the street, so frequently and pointedly referred to, positively demands an intrigue of some sort, that is, on the stage; in real life it would probably be frequented by the butcher and baker and candlestick maker.

It is in this act that Beatrice Cameron's deficiencies are particularly noticeable. Though nothing could be more revolting than the gluttonous avidity with which the old roué presses his lips to her hand, she fails completely to give any reality to her disgust or to her fear of what her desire for the luxuries of life may lead her to do. However, as I have said before, it is very difficult to imagine a woman in danger when her tempter is such an exceeding unpleasant and decrepit old creature as Mansfield's Chevrial. His voice, his walk, the make-up of his face are all fearful and wonderful; he is the perfect picture of an aged Heliogabalus—an old debauchee with his life written on his body. I know of few more depressing scenes than that of the Baron's petit souper; it is strange how often it floats before one's eyes, and how often the old man's satirical, "Yet, I am loved," knocks at one's ears. Underneath the noise and chatter of the ballet girls—do ballet girls always go with a hop, skip, and a jump, I wonder?—and the seeming gaiety of it all, Mansfield makes us feel the grim specter approaching, so that his dreadful toast to the only deity he had ever acknowledged or kneeled to, is received in a tense silence.

As for the rest, the evening party at the De Targys' was quite a success—for a stage party—Miss Bennett looking very stunning and vigorous—and why isn't she given a better part?—and Miss Eustace, almost beautiful. Of course she is somewhat on the Venus Anno Domini order, still, she is divinely tall, with a throat beautiful enough for a goddess, and other good points too numerous to mention. She has also taste in dress, though it is not so noticeable in this play as in Beau Brummel. The support was very fair, Harkins making an excellent family physician, Florence Ethel a very pretty "Rosa Guerin," while Beatrice Cameron was, as always, careful, conscientious, "nice," and the mistress of a charmingly supple, well-poised courtesy. I do wish, however, that she would comb out those unbeautiful curls of hers, for—as far as it is possible to do so—they destroy the refinement of her delicate little face.

From Mansfield to Professor Bristol's trained horses is a far cry, but after all there is a certain relation between them, as they are without doubt the two best shows in town. True, the horses are not half so well groomed as Miss Rush, or so good-looking, and the little donkey, "Denver," "the funniest mule on earth," is not in it with Roland Reed, but nevertheless the combination at the Auditorium is infinitely more amusing and interesting than "The Politician," though it's very good fun, too. The performance begins a little late and ends a little early, but there is not a single dull moment from the time little Denver makes his bow in the beginning to the military drill at the end. The unique point about the affair is that the animals do everything that the advertisement announces, and do it well, too. The trapeze pony, Tony, actually jumps from a moving swing to a table and back again; Comanche imitates a rocking-horse; the saucy Denver swings standing and sitting and tossing his head aloft like the wrecked barge in the poem which enlivens the program. In fact, he seems to have been the author's inspiration, so accurate a description is it of his motions. With a few slight changes it reads—

> He heaved and sot and sot and heaved,
> And high his head he flung;
> And every time he heaved and sot
> A higher swing he swung.

He is a funny little creature, that mule, and worth his weight in—well, silver to his owner.

You must not imagine, however, that Denver is the only star, for the horses are one and all wonderfully intelligent and carefully trained, four of them being quite Denver's equal in every respect, save sauciness. The show is doubtless interesting to any one, but if you have ever loved and petted one of their kind, these gentle, intelligent brutes will give you "a pure morning joy."

PEG WOFFINGTON.

MUSIC.

RIVARDE AND LACHAUME.

Surely one at least of the violin classics has become sufficiently familiar to San Francisco, since every visiting artist of the present season has played it. This, the Mendelssohn concerto, is the work with which Rivarde chose to open fire. While as a virtuoso Rivarde is not to be compared with Ondricek, yet his interpretation of the concerto is scarcely inferior to that of the great Bohemian. In brief, the work has not been played with any particular warmth or breadth since the memorable performance of Ysaye. Still, the slow movement was played with the greatest delicacy and finish, and the staccato passages in the finale (the allegro vivace) were most effectively rendered. Rivarde has a fine, though by no means large tone and an adequate technic. He is musical, too, far more musical than Marsick, although he naturally has not the experience of the latter. On Monday evening he was probably best in a Spanish Dance of Sarasate's and in the well-known "Svendsen Romance." The Spanish Dance, while not invested with the fire of a Sarasate, was nevertheless given with a dreamy peculiar charm, eminently in keeping with the character of the composition. The "Airs Russes" of Wieniawski were not so well-played, but the accompaniment was doubtless party responsible for this. It is a great pleasure to listen to Rivarde, for he is truly an excellent artist. Speaking of him as "the legitimate successor of Sarasate" is merely a foolish newspaper comparison, since in style he is quite unlike the older master. Rivarde is probably next to Sarasate, the greatest *Spanish* violinist before the public.

Apparently much was expected of Mr. William Keith, barytone. Doubtless Mr. Keith has a fine voice, but he is wanting in musical intelligence. The sentimentality with which he invests his work is at times distinctly disagreeable. This was particularly noticeable in Massanet's "Vision Fugitive," a fine composition of decidedly Wagnerian tendency. Mr. Keith was rather better in the "Sancta Maria" (Faure).

Best of the trio of visitors, however, is M. Aime Lachaume, the pianist. This fine artist has improved wonderfully since his appearance here with Ysaye. Still he was scarcely noticed at Monday's concert, probably because his name is in small print on the posters and programs. How he must have suffered because of the orchestra! which body by no means fulfiled the expectations awakened by the performance of the "Oberon" overture and the advertising. The overture while not given in a finished manner, was nevertheless generally well done.

But in the opening bars of the Weber Concertstück, it was evident that there was a marked difference of pitch between piano and orchestra. Certainly the conductor should have stopped immediately. Why torture the listeners with such violent discord for eight or ten minutes? But Mr. Stewart did the next best thing—he stopped after a while and announced that the piano had been changed since the rehearsal. M. Lachaume filled in with an admirable performance of a Chopin Ballade. It was a most unfortunate affair, but Mr. Stewart, as conductor, has only himself to blame. Moreover, the wood and brass were badly out of tune throughout the evening. None of the accompaniments were at all well played. The orchestral numbers were more satisfactory. Mr. Stewart is not at home with the orchestra. This was very evident in the accompaniments, for he was uncertain with the violin numbers and floundered not a little in the ill-fated piano solo.

Unless there is a decided change for the better in matters orchestral, visiting artists will come to have a justly poor opinion of musical San Francisco.

P. C. A.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Primrose & West's minstrels have the stage at the California on Monday, May 4th. They have a very good show this trip and some exceedingly clever people.

Another week of Professor Bristol's trained horses at the Auditorium. It is evident the equines have caught on. The show is certainly worth seeing. Matinees on the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. announce that the entire tour of Duse has been temporarily canceled, owing to the great actress's illness. She gave her farewell performance in New York City last night, and sails for Italy next week.

The change of bill at the Orpheum next week will include Charlotte Parry, known as the American Yvette Guilbert; John W. Ransone, the New York comedian; Carr and Jordan who have some new farce comedy sketches; the Aerialists Morton and Mack, and many others.

The military drama "Lady Lil" is now on the boards at the Grand Opera House. It is a romantic dashing play, full of movement and episode, and is drawing crowded houses. The play is full of good situations in which the company do excellent work. Next week Mr. Edmund Colliers in Virginius.

Eddie Foy in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," opens Monday night at the Baldwin. The play must be entertaining as it had a run of 150 consecutive nights at the Standard Theater and a similar success in Boston. It has reached its 250th presentation in London. The original cast comes to us.

The Morrison Company in "Faust" is the attraction at the Columbia this coming week. There are some admirable scenic effects in the presentation, especially in the Brocken scene where there is much lightning and thunder. The well-known actor, William D. Roberts plays "Mephisto," Miss Olive Martin plays "Marguerite," Miss Annie Lewis "Sycorax," and Mrs. E. J. Vandenhoff plays "Zendoe."

Arrangements have been perfected for a special production by the students of the Berkeley University on Saturday evening, May 2d, at the Columbia Theater, of Congreve's comedy, "Love for Love," which was revised for the participants by Professor L. D. Syle, and the prologue and epilogue by Mr. Isaac Flagg. The performance given at Shattuck Hall last week was thoroughly successful.

Roland Reed's "Politician" is full of life and go, and is playing to good houses at the California. The play is strong in humorous situations, and the dialogue crisp and sparkling. As General Joshua Limber, Mr. Reed had an excellent chance to show himself at his best. Miss Isadore Rush took the part of Cleopatra Sturgess, the up-to-date young woman, with plenty of dash, and brought out all the humorous possibilities of the role. Her make-up was excellent and within the lines of good comedy.

"The Bells of Corneville" will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House, with a superb cast, picturesque scenery, beautiful costumes, and appropriate accessories. The cast will include Ferris Hartman as the scheming miser Gaspard, Fred Kavannagh as the merry notary, Kate Marchi as the good-for-nothing Serpolette, and Carrie Roma as the lost Marchioness Germaine. After this will be sung, for the first time in this city, Dellingar's romantic opera, "Lorraine." The cast will include a new baritone of good voice and experience, Mr. W. H. Tooker. Preparations are being made for an operatic revival of the favorite dramatic work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mary Hampton is the latest victim of a mania peculiar to successful players, and T. D. Frawley is learning that the management of two leading ladies in one company is fraught with trouble. Frawley engaged Miss Hampton for his Columbia Theater (San Francisco) stock company, informing her at the same time that there would be another leading lady. Miss Hampton made no objections until Maxine Elliott was engaged, and then she burned the telegraph wires with dispatches to Frawley, announcing that she must have the choice of parts. Manager Frawley promptly responded that he reserved the right to cast plays as he pleased, and Miss Hampton's contract was canceled yesterday. Amy Busby may succeed to the vacant place.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cents. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell Street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents 102 Eddy Street.

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MECHANICS' PAVILION

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BALDWIN THEATRE (AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.)

ALL NEXT WEEK

The Comedian EDDIE FOY

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN

NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER

CALIFORNIA THEATRE (AL HAYMAN & CO. INCORP'D PROPS)

Two Weeks—Beginning Monday, May 4th

Primrose and West's Big Minstrels

40 Whites—30 Blacks—70 in all 3 Military Bands

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Commencing Monday, May 4th
Matinee Saturday

Morrison's famous scenic and dramatic production of . . FAUST with its wonderful scenic, electric and calcium effects.

The marvelous "Brocken" scene with genuine flashes of lightning and the magic rain of fire. Produced here in its entirety. Reserved seats, 25, 50, 75c.

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An Entire and Remarkable New Company

20 Celebrated Artists—20

JOHN W. RANSONE, the ruler of New York, the World's greatest topical comedian.
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Last times of the brilliant spectacular extravaganza
BLUE BEARD

Every evening next week Careful production of Planquette's romantic comic opera
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In preparation, Lorraine—Dellinger's lovely opera
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Last Performances of Lady Lil

MONDAY, MAY 4th Mr Edmund Collier, in
..VIRGINIUS..

FLORAL FESTIVAL

—AT—

HEALDSBURG

ON

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday
May 6th, 7th and 8th

Tickets will be sold by the SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY from all points to Healdsburg and return, from Tuesday, May 5th, to Friday, May 8th, 1 96, inclusive, at the rate of—

ONE FARE AND A THIRD FOR ROUND TRIP

Return limit, May 9, 1896. On Thursday, May 7th, trains will leave San Francisco at 7:30 A.M., return will leave Healdsburg at 7 P. M.

SPLASHES.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN officiated at the marriage ceremony which made Miss Belle Cohn Mrs. Ernest Brandt. The happy pair were to have been made one at St. Mary's Cathedral, but the religious convictions of the groom are not Romish, and in consequence the De Young drawing-room was made the altar of the occasion. It was certainly a pretty wedding; the decorations, composed of small yellow roses, were charmingly arranged, and the general effect was exceedingly pretty. The bride looked very dainty and graceful in her wedding gown. She is a bright, accomplished young lady, who has had a most excellent education in Paris, where, I believe, she met her husband. He is a mining engineer of many acquirements, a son of Doctor Brandt, the fashionable physician of Nice, and is notable for his linguistic acquirements, for he speaks seven languages with facility. He is interested in the San Andreas exploration corporation, in which Prince Poniatowski and William H. Crocker are engaged, and is now developing a number of mining schemes for European corporations. George Hazelton was best man, and Miss Ida Callaghan stood up with the bride. It was altogether a delightful and very happy marriage, and after the ceremony the company adjourned to the art gallery, where tables were set for the dejeuner. The room was beautifully decorated, the frames of the pictures and the tables being profusely adorned with orange blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. Brandt will reside for the time being at San Andreas, and subsequently are to go to Paris.

* * *

The latest international engagement to be announced is that of Miss Josephine Delmas and Mr. Lionel Fitzgerald Kenny, a nephew of the Earl of Westmeath. This is veritably an achievement of Cupid, for Mr. Kenny and Miss Delmas met accidentally in Florence, and proceeded without any preliminaries to fall head over heels in love with one another. He is Irish, and decidedly good looking, and is possessed of a comfortable income. I have not heard the date of the marriage, but the event will doubtless keep the Delmas family on the continent for some time to come.

* * *

ENGAGEMENTS seldom come singly; the announcement of one often precipitates the declaration of others. For instance, the novelty of Miss Alice Gerstle's betrothal has hardly worn off before the engagement of her brother, William L. Gerstle, to Miss Sadie Hecht is proclaimed. It is safe to believe this will be a very happy pair, for fortune has endowed them both with wealth and good looks. Miss Hecht is a charmingly pretty girl, who has carried off the honors of belledom the two seasons she has been out. She is dark, with magnificent eyes, a rich olive complexion, and a slender, graceful figure. This happy twain met in Europe some years ago, and being separated, encountered one another again at the marriage of the bride's sister, Miss Hilda Hecht, who is now Mrs. Marcus Gerstle. Since then the courtship has been active, and I believe the marriage will take place in the early future. Mr. Gerstle, of course, is rich by descent. Colonel Hecht, the father of the bride, figures as A 1 on the Mercantile Registers, and it is highly improbable that either of them will ever experience the luxury of an ungratifiable desire. The engagement presents are already pouring in rapidly, and will be followed, I suppose, in due course, by marriage gifts.

* * *

Is it not time this rather senseless system of engagement presents was put an end to? It is a great drain on the resources of friends, and decidedly an exaction, considering that the gift does not exempt the giver from a proper indulgence in wedding presents. Some brave young lady should put an end to it by announcing she will receive no engagement gifts. It is only among the Jewish people that this custom prevails. There is really no reason to justify this indulgence and it deserves frowning upon.

* * *

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Selma Loupe, who figures as one of the most popular of the younger set of the Concordia Club, and Theodore Goodman, who, I believe, is a wholesale tobacco dealer. Miss Loupe is the daughter of L. Loupe, the well-known merchant, once prominently connected with William Haas, of the Haas Bros. and the Cassle Bros. Both being exceedingly popular, congratulations and presents have poured in upon Miss Loupe in profusion. I believe they are to be married quite soon.

* * *

Miss Hilda Newman, whom Paderewski recommended to go to Vienna and study under Lechitichsky, is to have a recital in the room of the Century Club, on the afternoon of May 7th. Miss Evelyn Henry and Doctor Gilbert Graham are to assist her. Miss Newman is quite a brilliant pianist, and has very fine executive talent. It is hard, indeed, to secure a piano-forte audience with Paderewski, but she succeeded, and seems really to have impressed the great artist. By the way, I perceive, in his final interview, that Paderewski says he enjoyed his stay in California better than elsewhere in the United States.

* * *

Doctor and Mrs. Hatch, née Greenbaum, having returned from their wedding tour, left this week for their future home in Jackson, Amador County. They are about to build a house and make themselves as comfortable as the environment admits of.

* * *

Society was well represented at the Rivarde concert on Thursday night, when Donald Graham was the vocalist. It was quite a brilliant program. The great violinist played with much charm, and Mr. Graham's voice was at its best. He was generously applauded.

* * *

Among the distinguished visitors at the Palace recently were Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Duryea, whose names are familiar to those who read of the doings of New York Society. They are immensely wealthy, indulge in their own yacht, and are now on the way to Honolulu. En route they must be content with the luxuries of the Oceanic Steamship Company, like the rest of us, but in Hawaii they can indulge all their tastes to the degree of their income—something like three-quarters of a million, I believe. Mrs. Duryea was the widow of William Weld, an immensely rich Bostonian, who, at his death, left her his share of the great Weld fortune. She is a tall, handsome woman, of fine figure and presence, whose red hair and blue eyes distinguished her amid a crowd of guests in the café of the Palace. They are accompanied by Mr. H. Madison Jones, a somewhat languid young millionaire, who is traveling with two valets and many trunks.

* * *

Mrs. Donahue and Mrs. Martin are getting ready to move into their new house down on Broadway. It is not probable they will entertain there, though, before the fall season; but their reception is liable to be the first event of the autumn, and it will be followed by a series of dinners.

* * *

Mrs. Tim Hopkins gave a big dinner on Tuesday night at which a number of society people were entertained. Afterwards, Estrella Belinfante, the blind Italian vocalist, rendered several songs in charming style. This vocalist sang at the Century Club recently.

* * *

There is joy among the younger set over the return of Emil Bruguiere, who is once more on the boulevard in a suit that commands the admiration of all "True Bohemians." The boys declare that Emil has become a student of "Him" in *Vogue*, and is about to inaugurate an interesting career as a leader of fashion.

* * *

The Knights Templar are tendering each other receptions. Commandery No. 1 entertained the Grand Commandery last Friday night, in Odd Fellows' Hall, with music, dancing, gorgeous decorations, and feasting. The Sir Knights were arrayed in their gorgeous uniform, and the California corps went through their evolutions with great exactitude. There was dancing later, with many handsome matrons and maids on the floor. A little before midnight, supper was served. Following the custom among the Knights, the feasting was mingled with talking. Among the orations, that of Rev. Dr. Walk was given the palm for eloquence. It was quite a fine speech, and created a strong impression among the Knights, who are given to oratory, and love decorated perorations as they do their uniforms.

* * *

The season at San Mateo promises brilliantly. The hotel this season is in the hands of Mr. J. S. Vallely, who understands the gentle art of running a summer caravansary, and promises the menu will leave nothing to be desired. Most of the rooms are engaged, and the cottages, all but one, are taken. The summer program includes a dance every Saturday night, with a band from town. The Encinal Yacht Club is to be there on the 16th and will have a special entertainment in its honor.

* * *

Society, or at least a section of it, was given an opportunity of seeing the interior of the George Whittell Florentine villa on Tuesday last. This is the mansion on the corner of California and Jones Streets, over which the manager of the late Nick Luning's millions had so much trouble with his architect, and compromised between good taste and his own sense of economy by means of a wooden porch and a machine made railing. The particular occasion, however, was an extensive luncheon which Mrs. Whittell gave to some forty of her friends. There is no denying the spaciousness of the mansion. The rooms seem immense, and look bare, for the tables and chairs and couches are carefully ranged around the walls, and the center of each apartment is as barren as the Sahara. Perhaps the decoration is as yet incomplete, but this is the effect the style of adornments has on the visitor. The lighting system is novel, incandescent globes being set around the frieze in the manner which concert hall architecture effects. The floors are polished and are covered with huge rugs, but the views from the windows are so magnificent that no absence of artistic beauty inside could detract therefrom. As for the luncheon, that was quite an elaborate affair. The tables were set in the form of a Maltese cross, were decorated with a profusion of red and pink roses and looked decidedly pretty.

* * *

THE MOST enthusiastic convocation we have ever had were the Hotel men, who insist they never enjoyed themselves more, were never made more of, and never left a region with greater regret. Certainly, everything was done for their entertainment, but they have no eulogies strong enough to express their appreciation. The swellest event of their stay was undoubtedly the banquet at the Palace, which Manager Kirkpatrick says was the finest ever given in California; and the guests say it was even a more enjoyable and brilliant spread than that they were given at Delmonico's last year, which had figured as the finest they ever sat down to. They saw Del Monte under the best possible auspices, with F. S. Douty for a Cicerone. They took the Cypress Point drive, saw the seals, and for that occasion old Sol shone clear and bright bringing out the verdure of the lawns and the color of the flowers.

* * *

THE CONDITION of affairs at the Pacific-Union Club continues to excite conversation. The progressive element hopes to obtain a majority of the new board, and propose, I believe, to elect James D. Phelan president. Though conservative, and rather to be found among the old heads than with the young, Mr. Phelan has a progressive spirit, and is quick to support new ideas. There is much to be done in the club this year, for the impression is general that the institution should be installed in a building of its own, of architectural pretensions befitting its importance as the leading club of the West.

* * *

The Cosmos Club is conducted with such a degree of conservatism, and all the conventionalities are so rigorously observed there that it seldom gets into the papers. However, there are spasmodic intervals of activity celebrated by means of suppers and other festivities; and they are arranging to give a big dinner to Jack Cunningham who soon leaves for Europe, and the guest of honor has asked that the affair take place on Saturday night next. It will be a great occasion, for Mr. Cunningham is one of the most popular members of the Club, and has been its president.

* * *

The new Board at the Bohemian Club proposes to have a jinks in the month of May. Dr. Rosenstirn is to be sire, and a number of brilliant papers, together with several interesting features, are promised.

* * *

A MOVE which is interesting to clubmen, especially to those whose names are on the Pacific-Union roll, is a project to make the membership, in certain of the leading clubs throughout the country, interchangeable. A prominent New York gentleman, a member of the Union Club, whose traveling has acquainted him with the disagreeables of hotel life, is agitating this scheme, in accordance with which members of certain stipulated clubs, on arrival in another city, being properly armed with credentials from their home institution, become, on presenting themselves, fully accredited members of the leading club there. This plan abrogates the necessity of cards of admission, invitations, and other formalities, but the members are required to pay the regular dues. It is a capital idea, and is so feasible that it is curious no one arranged it before. The clubs involved, so far as I know, are the Union of New York, the Maryland of Baltimore, the Chicago of Chicago, the Art Club of Philadelphia, the Somerset of Boston, and

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

institutions of equal rank in several of the large Southern cities.

* * *

THERE IS much indignation at the Pacific-Union over certain minor economies which the house-committee has put into practise. The customary procedure, from time immemorial, when members ordered plain drinks, has been to send from the sideboard a tray on which was a decanter of the desired brandy or whisky ordered, together with siphon and other paraphernalia which permitted every man to help himself according to his capacity. However, this is no longer allowed. Conceiving that the old arrangement was unprofitable, and that it promoted undue liberality in the use of strong liquors, the committee proceeded to inaugurate the "jigger" system. Now-a-days, when Brown or Robinson orders whisky, the waiter brings him a little bottle containing a stipulated quantity of his favorite brand. This figures as one drink; if he desires a second or an additional supply, he must order a second jigger and pay for it. Naturally the arrangement is unpopular; not, perhaps, because the jiggers hold an insufficient quantity, but because the members feel their discretion is abridged. There is, of course, a good deal of fun on the subject, especially because the committee, in its strivings after economy, purchased too few of these bottles, and the consequence is that the members are quite often kept out of their evening drinks just because the available "jiggers" are in use.

* * *

It is not generally known that William Greer Harrison, for some reason a *persona non grata* of the last Bohemian Club administration, was re-instated as a member from the date of his resignation, by the new Board as the latter's first official act. This same august aggregation has been called upon to hear charges against George Malter, the Fresno vineyardist, of interfering with the prerogatives of the constitutionally illegal "kitty." The latter is recognized by the house rules and denied existence by the constitution. George and a number of his cronies play *solus*, a game of cards in which the stakes are absurdly small, and kitty's share is disproportionately large. George objected to the heavy toll levied under the house rules, and vowed he would not contribute to kitty's support. Then Bill English and a number of others drew up a formal bill of complaint charging genial George with tampering with the rights of kitty. Mr. English was accommodating; he signed his own name to the complaint, and the names of a number of other club members who do not know solus from a glass eye. The document was made up in proper form and handed in to the directors.

* * *

There is to be a reception at the Bohemian Club this evening, tendered by the members to the distinguished violinist, Achille Rivarde, and his equally able associate, Aime Lachaume. This will be the first entertainment of the new Board, and though there is no set program, considerable interest is felt in what may be provided. Those who claim to know assert that Rivarde is, socially, Ysaye's superior.

* * *

The Philomath had quite an interesting debate on Thursday, and before it appeared as champions of Old *versus* New Comedy, Miss Florence Praag and Miss Friedlander; the latter upholding the comedies of Henry Arthur Jones, Sidney Grundy, Belasco, Clyde Fitch, and others, as against the productions of the days of Queen Anne and Charles II., claiming they have greater artistic merit, more interest, and, in many cases, higher literary skill. Miss Praag opposed this view with considerable earnestness, but the Philomath agreed with Miss Friedlander, and the verdict of the debate was in her favor.

* * *

The California State Floral Society is to hold its Thirteenth Semi-annual Exhibition and Rose Show at the Palace Hotel in the near future. Judging by their premium list the Exhibition will be an exquisite collection of color, roses, carnations, Pelargoniums, etc. The committee of arrangements include Professor Emory E. Smith of Palo Alto, and Mrs. W. S. Chandler, Mrs. M. Grothwell, Mrs. B. E. Henriksen, Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins, and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin, all of San Francisco.

* * *

THE VERY LATEST FAD that Oakland is experiencing is dressmaking. Unaccountable as it may seem, Society has turned to needlework as a diversion. On Jackson Street and along Alice, there are sewing circles whose afternoons are devoted to plying the needle. A Mrs. Sitzgrave is responsible for this latest craze. It seems she has patented a system of cutting and fitting by chart, and, by following certain measurements and rules, women may model themselves garments whose folds cling and hang as though proceeding from the ateliers of Worth or Felix. Of course, results come only after practise, but the experimenting is interesting, and besides affording topics of conversation, gives much work for idle hands to do. The dry goods' stores are ransacked for challies and dimities to practise on, and I fear there will be much sorrow in the ranks of the professional modistes, though it is thoroughly understood the fad will not be of long duration. I am told there is a good deal of fun over the manner in which the inexperienced ply the untried needle. Indeed, the funniest feature of the craze is the fact that it is the rich set which has taken it up. Among them are the Watts, Knowles, Dunhams, Glasscocks, and many more; and even Miss Nellie Chabot has taken it into her head to design her own costumes.

* * *

A MISGUIDED MALE, who had been talking about the Oakland 400, suddenly found himself unpopular. He is requested to remember that, though the boundaries of Alameda County are wide, eligibles are few and far between. In fact, it is proper—in alluding to what Mr. McAllister spoke of as the 400, and Mrs. Ogden Mills calls the 150—to say the 90. This dictum comes to me from an elevated social source, and it is to be regarded with the utmost respect. It means there are but ninety ladies and gentlemen (young or old) entitled to rank among the smart set. Perhaps it may be contended that the lines have been drawn rather closer than the occasion necessitates Think of it! Out of the fifty thousand composing the population of the burg across the Bay, only ninety beings really and absolutely select. Is this not a striking reflection on the others who are ineligible for various causes? It would be interesting to know on what grounds the 90 segregate themselves from the rest. We, over here, have always believed Oakland Society sufficiently miscellaneous to be interesting.

* * *

Though one craze subjugates Oakland, others fall lame and impotent. No one imagined the vogue the needle has attained, but it is disappointing to learn that the gymnastic idea has been received so coldly. Mrs. Stebbins's effort to persuade the Jackson-street set in the direction of muscular development proved unsuccessful. Apparently, there is no tendency in that direction, just now, the ambition to cultivate sinew having departed with the decline of the bicycle. However, next season the conditions may be different, for then will the woman's suffrage question be disposed of for four years to come, and dressmaking must surely have followed the fate of its predecessor fads.

* * *

I learn with pleasure of Harvey Wiley Corbett's success in the French Capital. Mr. Corbett is a young San Franciscan, and a recent graduate of the State University—class of '95. At the U. C. Mr. Corbett won the hardly earned reputation of the most brilliant mathematician of his class, and, since his graduation, has been studying architecture in Paris. The news has just been received that Mr. Corbett has successfully passed the examinations for the Ecole de Beaux Arts. Three hundred and fifty competed for the honor which is annually accorded to but forty. Our congratulations to Mr. Corbett. Mr. Corbett is well known in Society on both sides of the Bay. At the U. C. he was a member of the fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta and of the Skull and Keys Society.

* * *

Miss Maud Howard is at Palo Alto attending lectures. She took a party to Mrs. Carmichael-Carr's on Thursday evening, but returned at once to the University. Carl Howard has been at the "La Paloma" Mine where he is associated with Mr. Mark B. Kerr. In the meantime, the Howard house on Alice Street is closed. About the fifteenth of this month Miss Howard and her brother go East for the wedding of Mr. Shafter Howard and Miss Mollie Hunter, which is to be celebrated later on at Newport.

* * *

Considerable interest has been developed over Miss Ethel Cohen's picnic party, which is to be given at Ferncliff this afternoon. Miss Cohen returned recently from the East, where she had been the guest of her sister, and is ready to occupy the place in Society which she vacated at her departure. She is a bright, handsome girl with lots of vivacity and quite a tendency at repartee. The picnic, which is to be quite a novel affair, is to be given in a vacant mansion on the Cohen estate, and is to have all the familiar characteristics of an outdoor entertainment. The house has been transformed to suit the eccentricities of the occasion; the luncheon is to be strictly picnicky, and the music by the Presidio band. Alameda County will be represented, of course, in the guest list, but San Francisco has decidedly the preference.

* * *

Over in Berkeley there is much anticipation of the joys of commencement week. Class-day is to be celebrated by an infinity of luncheons and suppers, all the Fraternities having sent out invitations. Miss Head has a dance, and, of course, the "Set" will entertain in proper abundance.

* * *

The Ebell Club's concert can hardly be acclaimed a brilliant success, for, though several morceaux on the program were played with artistic insight—notably the piano-forte work of Mr. Tolmie and the singing of Miss Wall—it would be impossible to praise the rest and preserve regard for veracity. Rather a feature, though, was the performance of the Hus Quartet. This is composed of the children of Dr. Hus, who certainly show considerable musical talent. The eldest boy plays the cello; the second, a son, also, performs on the violin; the daughter, who is not much more than nine, is quite a clever pianist; and the youngest, a little girl aged seven, is quite adroit at second fiddle. The eldest boy, indeed, is but sixteen years of age. They played several things quite prettily, and undeniably interested the audience.

* * *

East Oakland is still acclaiming the Pope Rossiter wedding as the prettiest in the annals of the environment. The use of oak branches for decorative purposes is a novelty, and as such is eulogized. Certainly, Mrs. J. M. Smith's hothouse flowers, with which the chancel was adorned, were of the rarest and most beautiful varieties, and in their abundance, an evidence of millionaire-dom's conservatories. At the Pope residence a charming effect was attained by the snowy flowers that formed the table decoration; they contrasted admirably with the pink roses which covered the chairs. Seven floral wedding bells hung over the table, forming an exceedingly pretty canopy for the bride and her maidens and ushers.

* * *

Miss Snook, who married Mr. Ed Williams last week, is an exceedingly pretty girl. She is a niece of Mrs. J. A. Folger, and a cousin of the charming Miss Austin. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only the immediate friends being present. The happy pair have gone East for the honeymoon.

* * *

Mrs. Shelby Martin has returned from her wedding tour, and from all appearances will be given a hearty welcome by Society. Miss Catherine Haruub had a luncheon for her recently, which has been declared the forerunner of a number of similar entertainments. The bride looks brighter and prettier than ever after her wedding trip.

THE GOSSIP.

Who does not know the Maison Riche! Though it was not the earliest established among San Francisco restaurants, it is perhaps more celebrated than any of them. Within its rooms important banquets have been held, and glowing entertainments given. It has the finest chef in town, and the most admirably appointed kitchen. It has a fine cellar, in which the choicest products of the Cote d'or repose in cool seclusion—but then every one in California knows the Maison Riche, and it is unnecessary to announce its characteristics. However, it is interesting to learn that Justin Ladagnous has now become sole proprietor, and has reorganized the institution; is doing his own buying, composing his own menus, and, altogether, is giving the institution his particular personal attention, which is a good thing for those who care for good eating.

The Maison Riche resembles a private hotel rather than a conventional French restaurant in which the accommodation is for the evening only. Up-stairs are suites of rooms, while on the top floor are located the famous quarters which Will Hearst had decorated, and which Talbot Clifton now occupies. These are, perhaps, the most beautifully appointed rooms in San Francisco—the dining-room in Dutch style, with leather panels, sanded floor, and ancient, leather-covered armchairs. The sitting-room is in French style and light tones, while the library is a beautiful apartment with stained-glass windows and carved shelves, and the most luxurious divans and reclining chairs for Mr. Clifton whenever he desires to read. The other rooms are handsomely furnished and fitted up with bathrooms and connecting dining and sitting rooms. For those who don't care to put up at an hotel, but prefer the seclusion and the exellent cookery of a French restaurant, the Riche has undeniable attractions. It has, of course, a number of regular boarders, and is also headquarters for [illegible] elsewhere on their way through San Francisco.

The restaurant proper is back in its old quarters on the second floor. The room has been redecorated and retinted, and with its array of tables covered with snowy damask and shining glassware, presents a brilliant picture, especially at noonday when the gathering of business and club men, who gather there daily, assemble for lunch. In the evening, the usual table d'hote dinner is set out; and, I believe, Mr. Ladagnous has rearranged the scale of prices, and serves what is really the finest lunch in town at noon for seventy-five cents, and dinner, with the best grade of California wine, for one dollar.

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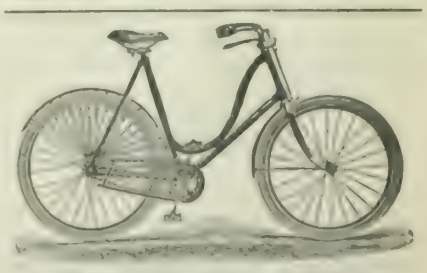

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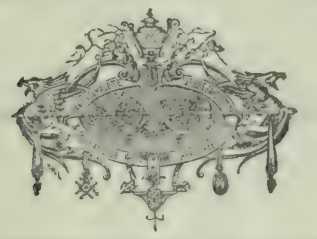

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RIPPLES.

EATING.

This is a subject of which I am very fond. Some people live to eat, and others merely eat to live. If I couldn't eat I wouldn't want to live, and I don't think I would; that is the reason I eat.

Eating is merely a habit. Some people eat according to their purse, and some people eat according to the other fellow's. You will also find many that drink the same way.

Some evening when you are calling on a neighbor you will hear the host say, "Oh, yes, I eat very often at the Maison Bologne," or some other high-priced caterer's, leading you to think that it is almost a daily occurrence with him, whereas he has probably eaten in a first-class place once in twenty-seven years and then at the expense of a friend from whom he has purchased a large bill of goods for the firm of which he is an employee. And if you should happen down in the neighborhood in which he is employed about noontime and would condescend to enter a little chop house close to his place of business, you would observe that his luncheon consisted of coffee and sinkers with a bottle of oil, vinegar, and a dirty mustard pot on the side. Yet he will talk glibly of more high-sounding dishes of which he has partaken that it was ever the misfortune of a waiter in a French restaurant to have dreamed of.

Speaking about eating puts me in mind of the time when I was grossly insulted in a restaurant within the walls of this beautiful city of Sutro.

I was in the habit of wearing my hair somewhat long, after the style of a Circassian beauty. Entering the restaurant, I removed my hat, and, through habit, ran my fingers through my hair to keep it off my brow. Having seated myself and given my order, I curiously glanced about the room in search of a familiar face, when I observed a patron on the other side of the house conversing laughingly with a waiter, with their eyes fixed on me. It seemed they were greatly amused about something, and that I was the cause of their amusement. Being somewhat annoyed I motioned the waiter to my side and asked the cause of their joyfulness.

"Well, sir," replied the waiter, "that gentleman over there wanted me to ask you if your name was Pad——"

Assuming my most ferocious look, I glared at the person who had sent the message, and said quite loudly: "Tell fellow that my name is not Paddy Whisky or Paddy Brandy, but it's Paddy Ryan, the ex-pugilist, and that I'll see him after I have finished my luncheon."

I thought that would knock him silly, but it didn't; for he replied back much louder than I had spoken:

"You're a blank liar. I am Paddy Ryan, the ex-pugulist, and I'll see *you* before you finish your grub."

But he didn't; for I escaped from that restaurant before he had a chance to get up from his table.

There is a time for everything. That's the reason I don't believe in mixing your eating with fighting.

TOMMY'S VERSION.

"What did you learn at school to-day, Tommy?"

"Didn't learn nothing."

"Didn't learn anything, Tommy?"

"Naw, never learn anything at school."

"Why, don't you learn to read and spell at school?"

"Naw."

"What do you do while at school, Tommy?"

"Recite what I've learnt at home; they don't teach you nothing at our school."

A WONDER.

Mrs. Wedgewood—You didn't know my first husband, did you, John?

Mr. Wedgewood—No, but I know him now. It's too bad he ever died?

Mrs. Wedgewood (sharply)—Why?

Mr. Wedgewood—'Cause he could have made his fortune in a dime museum.

NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.

Blossom—I tell you with our army bicycle we could lick anything on the field of battle.

Bloomer—Yes, but what's the matter with the other fellow having the same equipment?

HIS ADVICE.

Miss Stagestruck (to professional actor)—Would you advise me to go on the road in the fall or the spring?

Professional—In the spring by all means; you will find the walking better.

FULL.

"That fellow is full of business."

"Why, he's drunk."

"Yes, I know; he is a whisky drummer.

SINCERE GRIEF.

Mrs. Vixen (placing flowers on the grave of her first husband)—James, I really believe that you are actually sorry that poor George died.

Mr. Vixen (wiping the tears from his eyes)—Sorry! There is nothing that I regret more than the death of poor George.

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Fadder, I tink Jakey vas roppin' dot till?"

"Vat? Jakey roppin' dot till? Vat makes you tink so, Ikey?"

"I saw him on a pootplack stand last night getting a shine."

OF COURSE NOT.

"Do you think if Gibson of Oakland should receive the Populists nomination for the Presidency that he would be elected?"

"Of course not; what does he know about hunting or fishing?"

SUNDAY MORNING.

Mrs. Bloomer—Don't say another word, Will Bloomer, or I'll lose my temper entirely.

Mr. Bloomer—It would be a blessing if you did.

ALMOST THE SAME.

Acquaintance—And does your wealthy father-in-law foot all your bills, Count?

Count Shavyernek—Well, he kicks at 'em

LEFT.

"Jones must have struck me for an idiot to-day."

"Why?"

"He wanted to borrow ten dollars."

SURE SIGN.

"That fellow Blinks is one of the whitest barkeepers I've ever met."

"How much do you owe him?"

NATURALLY.

Reporter (to capitalist)—And to what do you owe your success in life.

Capitalist—To being born. BRUNO.

[illegible] OF HAIRDRESSING

How many times of late have we heard that Strozynsky was about to move into a more central store at 24 Geary Street? All the ladies especially are talking about it, and seem to be glad to hear it—and why should they not be glad to think that the popular hairdresser is to be more centrally located? For Mr. Strozynsky has always had the reputation of being the finest hairdresser in San Francisco, and his store has always been recognized as the one place in San Francisco, and, in fact, the one place outside of New York, where the latest Parisian styles are to be found. So one can easily see that the removal of such a store is a subject to be talked about. The new store is the perfection of elegance and beauty. It is modern and handsomely frescoed, partitions, cases, and covers in the front of the store are decorated with black and gilt, rendering a most pleasing effect. In the rear of the store are the hairdressing and shampooing apartments.

With the opening of the new store on May 1st, shampooing will really be a pleasure, for a most beautiful shampooing fountain has been purchased, and connected with it is a patent water-heating boiler, of which there are no others in San Francisco. Directly beside the fountain are chairs in which one may sit while the hair is being dried by a patent drying process. By this method the possibility of a cold is averted. The stock which Mr. Strozynsky will have in the new store will be such as he always kept, the finest in the city. The employees will be the same which he has had for many years past, and who have proven themselves by their work to be the finest in the city. Mr. Strozynski has no apprentices, and only competent artists are employed. He will continue, as he has in the past, to make annual trips to Paris, and on his return from the next visit he promises to bring to this Coast novelties such as can only be obtained in Paris. There is one thing in Mr. Strozynski's stock which I think deserves particular notice. It is "Eau Broux" to restore gray or bleached hair to its natural color. The use of this is perfectly harmless, and the desired result has always been obtained. Another important feature is the "Bernhardt" waver to wave the hair without burning.

As Mr. Strozynski's prices have always been popular, and will continue to be so, it is an assumed fact that he will soon have the largest hairdressing establishment on the Pacific Coast. By the removal, Mr. Strozynski will get back many of his old patrons, who have found the store at Ellis and Leavenworth somewhat inconvenient.

ask

your doctor. The doctors approve of **Scott's Emulsion.** For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. **Scott's Emulsion** is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

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THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON RECENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

The National Circuit will have opened by the time this is printed and the season of racing fairly started. That it will be successful no one doubts, and yet the conditions are seriously changed from those of last year. Class B is now a thing of the past and the public is to be tried with races that are in name, as well as in fact, professional. What the result will be, what effect the contests of wheelmen riding under the name of professionals will have upon the public will be demonstrated for the first time by this season's circuit.

What was the real significance of Class B to the public in general? Was it not merely an assurance of *honest* professionalism? It seems to me, in the ultimate analysis, that that was almost all the term implied. True, it enabled us to avoid the use of the word "professional," and this at the inception of the sport was all-important, for the reason that the public mind was prone to couple with that term all the trickery and jockeying of the ring, the horse race, and the diamond. Then, too, it attempted to remove, by limiting the value of the prizes ridden for, much of the temptation to dishonest work that might exist were larger amounts of money in question; and, further, it still left a class to which any dishonest B might be relegated on the discovery of any trickery. All these things the public appreciated, and the interest in Class B racing, through the seasons which it has been in existence, kept pace with its development.

But when it abolished Class B the Racing Board by no means abandoned the control it had exercised over the former members of that class. It still holds out to the public its guaranty of the honesty of races run under its sanction whether by amateurs or by professionals; it still has in store for any rider punishments and penalties for dishonest work; it still limits the amounts to be ridden for. In this view of the case, it seems evident that the change is mainly one of name, and really not so great as it would seem at the jump. When we consider this, and the further fact that amateurs and professionals ride at the same meets, I think it is fair to assume that we shall have professional racing, the development of which will be supported by the people, and that the taint that clings to the phrase—already disappearing in so far as it has to do with cycling—will completely vanish.

this peninsula during the summer and spring months is the early morning. There is less wind and less fog then than later; the air has a keener, fresher taste, and the sunshine drenches into you with a quality that differs perceptibly from its effect in the afternoon hours. You want to take a bite to eat before you start and a shower and a rub when you return. An hour of actual riding is plenty, and by getting out of bed at 6:30, the whole thing—dress, breakfast, rub, and ride—is easily possible by half-past eight. Try a spin to the Cliff some morning under these conditions and see if you don't feel the *brio* and tingle of it all the day through.

C. MICHENER.

RIDING THE SLOT.

BY J. E. HARVEY.
[PRESIDENT CALIFORNIA CYCLING CLUB.]

Slot-riding is a thing peculiar to San Francisco. During the twelve years I have been riding a wheel in various parts of the world, I never struck a slot till I came to this city. For the last three years, however, I have covered many miles of it, every day almost.

The slot is a smooth strip of iron, or rather two strips with a half-inch space between them, in all from three to four inches wide running midway between the tracks of the cable cars and intended for use in connection with the grips of those vehicles. To the wheelman it affords a means of getting over many of the streets of the city that would be otherwise practically impassable for the bicycle. From the fact that a cyclist is compelled to choose between walking and riding the slot every time he desires to cross the Bay, it will be seen that the art must be acquired early in the list of his wheeling experiences. It is a trick that presents more difficulties than are apparent to the theoretical observer. To keep the wheel continuously on that narrow band of iron is a practical impossibility even for the experienced rider, and when it slips off, something unpleasant is very likely to happen.

The slot presents three conditions: first, where it is level with the pavement on each side; second, where it is raised above the pavement, and third, where it is sunk below the pavement. In the first case, there are no peculiar difficulties presented. The problem is the same as riding on any smooth surface. If the wheel leaves the slot, it merely runs along on the adjacent pavement till it returns to the slot again without danger and difficulty. But in the case of the raised and depressed slot, there are a number of peculiar problems presented, and here the rider is made to feel that he is acquiring a new art. Here a slipping of the rear wheel—the one that always slips, of course—means an immediate and entire loss of control of it, as it takes the ridge formed by the raised slot or one of the ridges of the adjoining pavement in the case of the depressed slot. With both wheels in contact with these ridges, a recovery of balance once lost is, of course, extremely difficult.

The principal suggestions to be made in connection with slot-riding are these: Ride with low handle bars. Then in case of a side-slip of the rear wheel, you will be able to throw most of your weight on the front wheel and thus regain control. Have your seat from two to three inches behind your crank-axle—the best position under any circumstances for controlling the rear wheel. In passing a car or other vehicle, avoid going from one slot to another at too sharp an angle. Forty-five degrees is the safest. Many riders pass from one slot to another at an angle of twenty-five degrees. This often results in catching the rail, and the outcome in that event is certain to be serious. If the slot is wet, the best suggestion to be made is, Don't ride it. If you must ride a wet slot, let the air out of your tires till they are just as soft as is possible, without the possibility of the cobbles striking the rim if you happen to run against them. This is especially essential in the case of the front tire.

With a good breeze at your back and a clear stretch of level slot before you, this is really as good a wheelway as a wheelman could desire; but in a city like ours, such a state of affairs is impossible, except in the very early morning.

A BIT OF TOURING.

BY WALTER N. BUSH.

Last June in company with a friend I started on my wheel from San Francisco for Los Angeles. We passed through Santa Cruz during the carnival days of the Native Sons, and took up one by one the towns which on the road map lie like black beads along a string. While each bead recalls incidents of greater or less importance to the story of our travels, there is room for names only. Leaving Santa Cruz we plunged into parts to us unknown, and taking what is known as the Coast Route, passed in turn through Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Gonzales, Kings City, Jolon, Pleyto, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Templeton, Santa Marguerita, San Luis Obispo, Arroyo Grande, Santa Maria, Los Olivos, Santa Ynez, and Santa Barbara.

cause it was unknown to us. Surprises were sprung at every turn of the road; most of them pleasant, some disastrous, but all of them welcome after the monotony of park and city riding. At nightfall, after a day of combinations, of pedaling against the wind or sailing with it, up grade and coasting, tedious walks over trestles and sandy river bottoms with the wheel for a necklace, sleep came without wooing.

In the early morning before the ranchers were astir we were off. The fresh morning breeze, the vast stretches of picturesque landscape, the sharp changes from the hot valleys to the high bluffs skirting the sea, soon blotted out the memory of city cares, of "cricks" in the knee, and the discomfort of swollen hands. If the sordid ghosts of city life were laid low the gaunt specter of hunger replaced them, and drove our foot at the pedal until, like black-winged night at the approach of the lady with the pink fingers, it sped away before the good cheer of the country landlord. Every meal was a banquet, whether served in the humble abode of the railroad and harvest hand, or in the pretentious stage exchange.

The roads are often crooked, the road-bed ragged, and the mounts and dismounts quite as frequent as those of the rider in the circus ring, and one's thoughts often revert with a regret that savors of despair to the hard, level, and delightful road to San Jose. Aside from the climb over the mountain, however, just this side of Santa Barbara, there is nothing so severe as the steep, dusty, and dangerous road that lies between Los Gatos and Santa Cruz, familiar to many of our city wheelmen. But the rider is well rewarded for the loss of weight and temper to be charged against this Santa Barbara mountain. On a long slope reaching down to the sea rests the city in its setting of fruit trees, with its missions, its delightful mingling of eastern and western rural and urban life. Santa Barbara with her mountain and Oakland with her Grizzly Peak are twin cities.

The trip is full of interest and instruction. After a week of hard riding one sits astride his wheel powerfully impressed with the vastness of his State, the remoteness of its confines. He learns, as he can in no other way, of its fertile valleys, its waste places, its sparsely settled condition, and its possibilities.

The excursionist should be well mounted, his wheel in excellent repair, and not higher than a "68" gear. His wearing apparel should be light and limited to essentials.

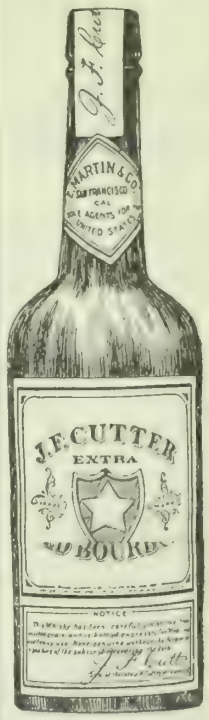
If I were asked if the trip, on the whole, was enjoyable and profitable for the average rider, I should reply that I am going again.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate and sure relief.

Reindeer meat from Russia and Norway is a late addition to the bills of fare of the Paris restaurants.

The very finest cut flowers are to be had of Chas. M. Leopold, 39 Post Street. Mr. Leopold has attended to the decorations needed in many of our leading weddings and dinners, and as an artist in this line is acknowledged the peer of all others.

Good Appetite
Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated
Peruvian Bitters



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EXTRA
Old Bourbon
has been a staple family and medicinal whiskey for a quarter-century
E. MARTIN —AND— CO.
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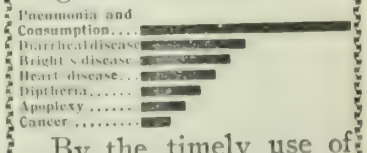
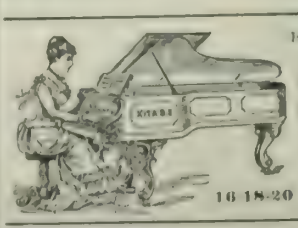
SAN FRANCISCO

Consumption's Cruel Record.
More than two-fifths of all deaths in this country are caused by consumption and pneumonia. This diagram tells the story:



By the timely use of Dr. Acker's English Remedy, consumption and pneumonia are quickly and absolutely cured. Take it at the first sign of sore throat and lungs.
3 Sizes; 25c., 50c., $1. All Druggists.
ACKER MEDICINE CO. 19 Chambers St. N.Y.



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CALIFORNIA UNDERTAKING CO.
Fine Funeral Furnishers
Telephone, Main 971 123 STOCKTON ST., Cor. Geary
Finest Funeral Parlors in the city
Embalming a specialty Open day and night

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Of California's manufacturing industries is, no doubt, the "STANDARD" SHIRT FACTORY. The quality and fair price of these shirts (White, Outing and Percale) is their strong PROTECTION against Eastern competition.

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SAN MATEO

45 minutes from San Francisco
18 trains daily
Sea Bathing · Beautiful Drives

Free Bus to and from Depot

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TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation

For infants and adults

Delightful after shaving

Positively relieves Prickley Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples; makes the skin smooth and healthy.

Take No Substitutes. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts.

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Late of E. E. Caswell

FINE FRENCH MILLINERY

36 GEARY STREET

MRS. EDITH E. McLEAN

PHYSICIAN FOR THE HAIR

Has a Canadian Vegetable Tonic for the Hair that will make it grow when all else fails. Dandruff removed. Terms moderate. High-class references.

Office Hours 10 to 12 and 1 to 6.

Rooms 45, 58 and 60
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NEW YORK HAIR DRESSING STORE

MME. E. KESSING, Proprietress

Artistic Hair Dressing and Shampooing. A new preventive for the hair falling out. Superfluous hair removed. 1704 Market Street, San Francisco

MODEL HOUSEHOLDS.

Quite the greatest charm writers of fiction have attributed to their most fascinating heroines is that of individuality. In the budoir, the den, the drawing-room, there is always that "touch of a woman's hand" which betrays to the adoring hero many of the characteristics of his charmer. He may read her tender heart in the book which opens so easily at a certain marked passage. He discerns her love of ease and luxury by the multitude of cushions heaped high on an inviting divan. Her love for the beautiful and her eye for color are betrayed by the arrangement of the rare bits of bric-a-brac and the few but choice paintings that adorn the room; and in an odd piece of old china he discovers unknown quantities of mind and heart.

If it is so in fiction, it must be so in real life, or else all fiction errs. Now, it would not be uninteresting, would it, to read the character of some of our belles and matrons by the arrangement of their homes? The minute you put foot in the Hager home there is something—that "touch of the woman's hand"(?)—that breathes hospitality and welcome. The large, square hall is so warm and inviting. If there is the least chill in the atmosphere a fire crackles and blazes in the grate. The immense bear skins are so comfortable under foot. There are flowers everywhere, and that large, carved table, which occupies the place of honor in the center of the hall, is worthy the attention and even much valuable time of a connoisseur. The drawing-room is formal, all in white and gold, and suggests ceremony. But the peep into the adjoining music-room, with piano, mandolin, guitar, stacks of music, and divans piled high with cushions, strikes the true key-note of the elegant and cultured home.

There is an indefinable charm about the Kip home. You needs must grow patriotic. The old family portraits that smile down on you from everywhere, make your pulse thrill, and infuse into your blood some of the spirit of '76. And it is the same with everything. The china is old. The silver is old. And the mahogany—why you just warm to it and rub your hands stealthily over it in silent reverence. And it all seems perfectly natural. The only thing you marvel at is the sweet fresh young beauty of the charming Kip girls.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Scott you only see paintings. Doubtless the furnishings are elegant and comfortable and there is much to challenge admiration, but you don't see it. You feel as though you pean gallery. All the world, seemingly, has been called upon to contribute wonderful collections. The New World and the Old World finds famous representatives in this marvelous gallery, and your hostess with rare knowledge shows you the beauties of each and all.

At the Alvord's you only want to see the library, and it is one of the few true libraries in any San Francisco home. It is an immense room and there are books everywhere—books that have been selected with care and sorted with discretion. All the scientists, the philosophers, the novelists are there, and it seems almost unnecessary to state that Mr. and Mrs. Alvord spend much of their time in this famous room.

Mrs. Bouvier's home suggests art and refinement. There is no disturbing element. The hall is one of the handsomest in this city and recalls visions of medieval splendor.

Mrs. Joe Tobin's drawing-room can boast of more receptacles for bloom than all the drawing-rooms in the city combined. And they are always filled with flowers—American beauties—violets principally.

And so I could go on revealing secrets, but I must stop a moment and tell you that there is something new in the way of dressing hair.

Of course, everyone knows that the fluffy bangs, and even the coquettish waves that so graciously concealed the imperfections of an ugly forehead, are, as well as the girl that wears them, out of date. The mannish girl is at the height of the fashion, and she is astounding thousands of her primmer sisters by parting her hair at the side.

Absolute severity and simplicity is the motto of the new hair-dressing. Twist or coil or braid or do whatever you will with your back hair, so long as the result is modest and inconspicuous, but under no circumstances must you venture to impart a feminine curl to the front locks.

The tailor-made girl of the coming summer promises to be a model of congruity, with the addition of her mannish little hats and her hair newly parted at the side.

The new fashion may not be positively becoming to those who are afflicted with straight locks, but when the hair has a natural wave, the effect is rather graceful. The girl who knows the secret of looking well rises superior to the most exacting fashion, and even transforms a purely mannish coiffure so as to call forth admiration.

This is the time to go up into the garret, open lavender-scented trunks and bring down every article of apparel you find there. This is the season of revivals, and the older the fashion, incongruous as it may seem, the more fashionable it is.

Above all, do not neglect the jewel tray, for the most noticeable of all the quaint, old-fashioned revivals are the new old styles in jewelry.

The new bracelets are exceptionally pretty. They owe their reappearance almost entirely to the popularity of the elbow sleeve.

BABETTE.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian Bath with Needle Shower. This latest improvement is now in working order, and proves a great attraction. The price for the above, which includes the Swimming Bath, has been established at the low rate of fifty cents.

El Campo, the popular Bay resort, now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c; children 15c; including admission to the grounds. The steamer "Ukiah" will leave Tiburon ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 2 and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1, 3, and 5 P. M.

Poets sing of "woman's crowning glory." To perpetuate a beautiful head of hair, to incite it to a renewed healthy growth, is the assurance that goes with every bottle of Quinonia. Should your dealer not have it, get it at Lederer's, 111 Stockton Street; thirty-five cents a bottle.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

One can save all the trouble of making [illegible] Madame de Soto, at 414 Geary Street. Entire satisfaction is guaranteed.

A Sanitarium
A Summer Resort
A Winter Resort
An all-the-year-round Resort

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Climate,
Location,
Hotel,
All Unexcelled.

Blithedale

The nearest Summer Resort to San Francisco, and the most charming, is within five minute's drive from Mill Valley Station. Wooded hills shelter it from the wind and fog. Rose paths and beds of fragrant clover surround the houses, and all around are the redwoods—300 acres of woods. The cottages have porcelain bath tubs and electric lights and *perfect sewerage*. The never failing brook runs through the place. Table excellent—cream every day. Terms moderate. For particulars, address—MRS. FARRAR, who will be at Blithedale after April 15th.

The place will open on May 1st.

Napa Soda Springs

California's Famous Mountain Spa!

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE LATELY?

1000 feet above Napa Valley. Climate unsurpassed. Views magnificent. Table supplied from orchard and ocean, field and farm. Hot and cold Napa Soda water baths. Telephone and Postoffice. Burros to ride. Bowling alleys, tennis, croquet swings and hammocks. New improvements every year. Gas and running water in every room. Relief for asthmatics. WARM WATER SWIMMING TANK. An ideal summer resort. Children's paradise, mothers' delight, husbands' rest. Address ANDREW JACKSON, Napa Soda Springs, P. O.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

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WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The Ideal Summer Resort should offer gaiety for the gay, rest for the weary, a beautiful country for the nature lover, a pleasant home and genial climate for all. These and many other attractions may be found at the Sea Beach Hotel, within easy reach of San Francisco. For additional information, address—

JOHN R. CHACE,
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The Club Hotel

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First-class Hotels, centrally situated, well furnished. ENTIRE FOREIGN MANAGEMENT. *Experienced English Matron in attendance.* Excellent table under the superintendence of qualified foreign Chef.

The Hotel steam-launch attends steamers arriving and departing. Passengers are met at the Railway Station. *Visitors have the option of messing either in Tokyo or Yokohama, without extra charge—The only Hotels offering such an advantage.* Certified Guides are in attendance at both Hotels. European Hair-Dresser on the premises.

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THE GRILL ROOM SERVICE

—OF THE—

PALACE HOTEL

Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as - - - -

"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

Hotel Del Monte

America's Famous Summer and Winter Resort

The Most Elegant Seaside Establishment in the World

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers"

G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

Flower Festivals
Fiestas
Rose Carnivals

. . . and the like, will be the delight of California for the next two or three months.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival, the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens **April 15.** *Queen Flora* will reign 3 days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles, now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22,** and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses, to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th,** inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

REDUCED RATES

will be made by the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY for all these brilliant events. Arrange your programmes accordingly, and call on agents for particulars.

COOLGARDIE GOLD FIELDS
(FREMANTLE) AUSTRALIA

ONLY SIX DAYS TO HONOLULU — S.S. AUSTRALIA

First-Class.....$220
Steerage.....110
Lowest rates to CAPE TOWN

S.S. "Mariposa," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland,** Thursday, April 30, 1896, at 2 P. M.

S.S. "Australia," **Honolulu** only, Saturday, May 23, 1896, at 10 A. M.

Ticket Office—**114 Montgomery St.**
Freight Office—**327 Market St.**

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch Steamers leave San Francisco for ports in Alaska.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 19, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M,

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles) and Newport, every fourth and fifth day at 11 A. M.

For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month.

Ticket Office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
10 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

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Occupies the block bounded by Montgomery, Post and Sutter Streets

IT IS——
——scrupulously clean;
——accessible to all street car lines and places of amusement;
——conveniently situated for business men;
——a quiet, model place for a family to spend the winter;
——moderate in price, yet first-class in every particular.

AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN

K. B. SOULÉ, Manager

Ask your Blacksmith to shoe your horse with

PHŒNIX HORSE SHOES

——GIVE THEM A TRIAL

Pacific Towel Co.

Telephone 1780 — No. 9 Lick Place, San Francisco

GEO. K. MOORE, Proprietor

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 9—Probate. In the matter of the estate and Guardianship of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a Minor. Order to show cause on application for Guardian for Order of Sale of Real Estate. day presented and filed by Gustave H. Umbsen, the Guardian of the estate of Emma Phyllis Clarke, a minor, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to his said ward, that it will be beneficial to said minor, and expedient and advisable that such real estate should be sold.

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said ward, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Monday, the fourth day of May, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 3d, A. D. 1896.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

F. D. MADISON, Attorney for Guardian.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10—Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased. Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made. A. J. Thompson, the Administrator of the estate of Mary T. Thompson, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell all or so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary, at public auction. And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks, in THE WAVE, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated April 9th, A. D. 1896.

CHARLES W. SLACK,
Judge of the Superior Court

ANNUAL MEETING
..OF THE..
YOSEMITE COMMISSION

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to manage the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's office, on Wednesday, June 3, 1896, at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 21, 1896.

ORDER YOUR CARRIAGES AND COUPES OF THE——

PACIFIC CARRIAGE CO.

At Baldwin Hotel
200 Sutter Street, corner Kearny
48 Eighth Street, or
St. Nicholas Hotel, Market and Ninth Streets

Steamer and Train Service a specialty 'Phone 1950

CRESTA BLANCA WINES

AWARDED
THREE
HIGHEST AWARDS
AT

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

OF SIX MEDALS
AWARDED TO CALIFORNIA

Cresta Blanca Wines

OBTAINED THREE

WETMORE-BOWEN CO.

140 Montgomery Street
Under Occidental Hotel

HIRSCH-KAHN & CO.
MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS.
IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL GOODS
PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS & SUPPLIES ETC
333 KEARNY STREET
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BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

REMOVAL

Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,

of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

128 POST ST., Bohemian Club Bldg.

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Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

—A—
SAFE GUIDE

No man knows all there is to know about advertising. The subject is too profound, too complex, too perplexing, for any single person, or for any dozen persons, for that matter. The path to success in advertising is full of dangerous places. All business men would do well to engage a safe guide to conduct them past the danger spots—to tell them what to do and what to avoid doing.

PRINTERS' INK

Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

J. R. SMITH & CO.

230 BUSH STREET
And Room 7, Rotunda, Mills Building

W. HALL, Successor

MERCHANT TAILORS

Will make garments to order
—At Great Reduction for Cash—

BICYCLE and GOLF SUITS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
Many Novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to Order a Specialty.
622 Market Street, San Francisco
(Up-stairs, opposite Palace Hotel)

Charles Lyons — London Tailor
Business Suits from $15.50
Fine Dress Suits from $19.50
1212-1218 Market Street 302 Kearny Street
908 Market Street, San Francisco

Merchant Tailor **MARSHAL F. JONES**
ROOM 115
PHELAN BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

BONESTELL & CO.
Dealers in **PAPER**
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

It is almost human "The Old Norton"

Door Check and Spring
BEST in the WORLD
The only *Air Check* in market. Will close doors without slamming. If you want a GOOD thing, try them.
FRANK D. MORRELL
595 Mission St., near 2d San Francisco, Cal.

TALES OF THE DAY.

She was engaging a cook, and the very first applicant for the situation was a raw Norwegian girl fresh from the fjords. "I suppose you understand plain cooking," remarked the lady of the house. "Naw, no plain cooking." "Oh! fancy cooking, then?" "Naw, nor faäncy cooking." "Heavy sweeping and housework?" "Naw, doän do housework." "Perhaps you are a laundress, then?" "Naw, I doän launder." "Don't you even know plain sewing?" "I naäver sew." "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the distracted lady; "what, in heaven's name, *can* you do?" "Aw," was the answer, "I caän milk a reindeer."

In one of Cleveland's trouting excursions he was accompanied by a negro guide, an octogenarian, but a man of few words. On the morning of the start, it had been raining steadily for over a week, and the President remarked, "Plenty of rain in these parts, Uncle." "Dat's de worst on't, Mithtah Clevelan'" was the answer. On every second cast the President's line was caught in the overhanging boughs. "Lots of brush here, Uncle." "Dat's de worst on't, Mithtah Clevelan'." Nearly half a dozen times the presidential ankle was all but sprained amongst the boulders in mid-stream. "Pretty rocky brook, Uncle." "Dat's de worst on't, Mithtah Clevelan';" and a little later, "Too many mosquitoes about here, Uncle." "Dat's de worst on't, Mithtah Clevelan'." Finally, at the end of the day, when the Chief of the Republic looked dejectedly into an empty creel, he exclaimed: "Uncle, I think there's no fish in this confounded brook." The answer was unchanged: "Dat's de worst on't, Mithtah Clevelan'."

Mr. Lamon in his "Recollections" tells still another Lincoln story. A certain Washington police officer whom it seems was on intimate terms with the President, had accidentally killed a rough while making his arrest, and though it was two o'clock in the morning repaired at once to the White House and requested Lincoln to come into his office. Mr. Lincoln heard his story and observed that he had only done his duty. "It isn't that," answered the officer, "I know I did my duty but I felt so badly over the affair that I wanted to talk to you about it." "Well," answered Lincoln, "go home now and get some sleep, but the next time you hit a man don't hit him with your fist. Hit him with a club or a crowbar, or something that won't kill him."

Tim Healy's brother is the author of a book on the standard authority with English jurists. Though a clever lawyer, he is bashful and retiring, and moreover is afflicted with a stutter. There arose, over a Belfast election, a serious difference of opinion between the Home Rulers and the Unionists about the voting lists, and, after some correspondence, Healy was sent over by his party to represent them in Court. The case was duly called, but Healy had not reported; his associates were much perturbed by the absence of the able assistance which had been promised, and when Mr. Young, the representative of the Unionists, began an able and exhaustive argument why certain individuals could not be retained on the polling list, they wrung their hands in despair. In the midst of a lull in the proceedings, a modest-looking young man arose, and asked: "My Lord, th—th—a—I would like—th—th" No one knew him, and there was a roar of laughter in which even the judge joined. The stutterer continued: "My Lord, just one question. From what b—b—book does the l—l—learned gentleman quo—quote?" "From Healy's book on Revision," replied Mr. Young. "I am Healy," said the young man with the defective speech, whereupon there was an instant change of demeanor. The stutterer was saluted all round and handled his case so vigorously that Thomas Sexton, the well-known home ruler, was returned for the city of Belfast.

THE HOTEL MEN.

CALIFORNIANS SUSTAIN THEIR REPUTATION FOR HOSPITALITY.

The gastronomic and epicurean propensities of the hotel men being well known, the menu of last Friday's banquet at the Palace was selected by the committee with the greatest care and rare refinement. From the excellent frogs' legs a la poulette to the generous Pommery Sec, which was so carefully selected from all brands submitted, the banquet may be considered an unqualified success, and one such as will never be forgotten by those who participated.

The Healdsburg Floral Carnival promises to surpass the one at Santa Rosa. With its usual activity and desire to accommodate its patrons, the S. F. and N. P. C. R. R. is making extensive preparations. Round trip tickets with limit to May 9th are being sold. On Thursday, May 7th, the day of the floral parade, tickets for the day will be sold for a single fare for the round trip. The excursion will leave San Francisco at 7:30 A. M., and will return leaving Healdsburg at 7 P. M.

BYRON
HOT SPRINGS
CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST SANITARIUM

Despite the wonderful strides made by medical science in the alleviation and cure of many diseases hitherto considered unconquerable, there yet remains a large list of excruciatingly painful and regrettably common afflictions to which flesh is heir which defy the resources of the materia medica and continue to make life a burden to the sufferers. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, insomnia, Bright's disease, scrofula, obesity, and nervous disorders constitute a group of the most obstinate, yet most common, complaints, against which the medical profession has waged bitter but almost futile warfare.

The truthful physician will frankly confess his inability in many of these diseases, especially if of a chronic nature, to do more than temporarily relieve the patient's sufferings, and does not hesitate to recommend them to have recourse to Mother Nature's laboratory whenever such course is practicable. The truth of the foregoing is best emphasized by the frequency with which sufferers from the named diseases are advised by physicians to visit the greatest of all American health resorts—Byron Hot Springs.

Nature, when in the mood, is a generous giver, and she has showered upon this health resort a wealth of attributes that make it unparalleled in America. Its location could not be improved upon. Situated in Contra Costa County, in the geographical center of the State, on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, easily accessible from every point, and within three hours' ride of San Francisco, it affords special inducements to the business and professional man, while it is bereft of the terrors to an invalid involved in a long journey or tedious stage ride. The climatic extremes are never found at Byron Hot Springs, no winter fogs ever touching there, while the cool, balmy breezes from Mt. Diablo temper the summer heat and bring health and refreshment to the invalid guests.

The provisions made for the care of patients and the satisfaction of their creature comforts leave little room for improvement. The hotel is a modern structure, planned especially with a view to the requirements of those who are not in the enjoyment of perfect health. The rooms are large, airy, and elegantly furnished, while the thoughtful care of the architect has placed them all on the first floor—an obvious safeguard against fire and the discomforts to invalids attendant upon any other arrangement. Cozy cottages are also provided for those who prefer, or would [illegible] superb, while the corps of attendants win the warmest encomiums of the guests.

In building the bath houses the same provident foresight was exercised, and every provision made to inure to the benefit and convenience of the guests. They are fitted with the best of modern sanitary appliances, and connected by covered walks with the hotel, thus averting any possible danger from exposure after a bath.

In considering the natural creations at Byron Hot Springs, we find a combination of medicinal springs, seven in number, not duplicated at any other health resort in the world. And while each spring possesses a peculiar curative quality of its own, there are groups which so supplement and succeed each other's ministrations in the cure of diseases that the beholder is wrapt in delighted amazement.

The first of these springs, and one whose curative properties were known to the aborigines long before the white men's invasion, is the Hot Salt Spring, the water of which has a temperature of 130 degrees Fahrenheit. As a bath for rheumatism, gout, and scrofula, it has proven a marvelous success; taken internally, its equal has not been discovered as a remedy for dyspepsia and chronic constipation.

Next in order and merit comes the Hot Mud Springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur, from which is taken the mud which constitutes in combination with the Hot Salt Springs the most powerful and effective treatment for rheumatism and kindred diseases known to the medical world. Sufferers from obesity derive immediate benefit from these baths, without incurring the dangers or annoyances usually met in other methods for reducing the flesh.

Bright's disease and other humors of the liver and kidneys are speedily vanquished by the third spring, which is most appropriately named the Kidney and Liver Spring.

Catarrh, that dread pest of California, finds its master in the waters of the Black Sulphur and Iron Springs, while the White Sulphur Spring furnishes a certain and palatable remedy for blood diseases. The Surprise Spring merits its name—it is the most extraordinary freak of nature. Its water is the heaviest mineral water known, containing in solution forty ounces of mineral ingredients to the gallon. Externally it is a valuable rubrifacaent and liniment for inflammatory joint diseases, while taken internally it is a prompt and powerful purgative.

In order that the guests at Byron Hot Springs may derive the best and speediest benefits from the waters, the management has secured the services, as resident physician at the hotel, of Doctor Robert Crees, whose microscopical and bacterial labors have won for him deserved recognition in scientific circles. Doctor Crees has made an exhaustive study of the medicinal properties of these springs, and the results of his investigations and his personal attendance are at the free command of all guests.

[WILDER & CO.]
BIRDS EYE VIEW OF BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

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THE GREAT WORK OF A FEW MEN.

When the next Federal administration comes into power, be it Democratic or Republican, it will find but little patronage to distribute compared with that great body which was once so large a share of election spoils. Gradually, and with little advertisement, the civil service of the United States has been shifted from a basis of political favoritism to one of merit. One department after another has been brought under reform regulations by orders of the President or his Cabinet chiefs. The large postoffices, the Navy yards, the Treasury, the lower consular service, the National printing office, these, and many other departments of the Federal service of less importance numerically, have been taken altogether out of politics under Presidents Harrison and Cleveland, the finishing touch being given to the whole reform edifice by the President's order of Wednesday last placing 30,000 more employees on the protected reservation, and leaving but a few secretaries and laborers on the outside.

When, during the Hayes administration, a few high-class men, led by George William Curtis, began serious agitation for the destruction of the spoils system, they were met with sneers from the politicians and indifference from nearly all others. The Universities were the only places where there was any warm appreciation given the movement, and this indorsement brought down still more bitter jibes from the followers of Senator Marcy, the inventor of the slogan, "To the victor belong the spoils." Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, "Gentleman George," as his Democratic constituents liked to call him, espoused the cause of the reform in a very modest manner and introduced the Pendleton Bill, which met defeat in the Senate, and so never reached the lower House. The defeat was of little importance to the reformers, and caused no sensation among any class, for Curtis and his followers expected it and the politicians laughed at the reform as impossible, impractical, undemocratic. But it was not long before Garfield was shot by a disappointed office-holder, in the midst of the fight over the New York collectorship, and in his death he did great work, for since that time the Civil Service reform idea has grown and become powerful until within twelve years it has captured the entire service of the United States Government, thus bringing us in line with all the complex working governments of the world.

This reform has played a considerable part in National politics. The support given President Cleveland by the Independents in New York at his first election was largely based on his known loyalty to the Civil Service reform idea. Antagonism to Mr. Blaine as a spoilsman were the two planks in the Mugwump platform, and the former was made the chief campaign issue only because it touched the greater number of voters. There was not a Civil Service Reform Association in the country, not even that in this city—that struggled along with but three active members—which did not pass anti-Blaine resolutions, and every leader in the reform work was on the Democratic side for that campaign, excepting Theodore Roosevelt and Chabot Lodge. Mr. Cleveland was a disappointment to his Mugwump friends during his first term, though he was severely censured by the Dana press for the good work he did toward taking the minor offices out of politics. When the '88 campaign came round the Mugwumps of New York were divided. Mr. Harrison was known as a sympathizer with the merit system, and the prominence of so many office-holders at the convention that renominated the President maintained the loyalty of the reformers and contributed to Mr. Cleveland's defeat.

When Mr. Harrison was nominated an agreement was made by his managers with "Tom" Platt that the latter should have the Treasury portfolio and the New York patronage. The new President repudiated this agreement, claiming that his managers had no power to so bind him, and throughout his administration he refused to subject himself to Platt's control, and by several orders extending the Civil Service system, greatly weakened the New York machine's working force. The Civil Service Commission, with Roosevelt at its head, became, during the Harrison regime, an active element in upholding the law and laboring for its extension, going even so far as to criticize the President, who had appointed a majority of its members, for some breaking of the spirit of the law. By the end of President Harrison's term, the Civil Service reform current was so strong as to carry all parties along with it, and on his second election President Cleveland began by choosing a Secretary of State outside of party lines, as early Presidents had several times done, and followed this up with a series of orders, which, ending in that of this week, have ended the spoils system in our Federal service. A greater reform has rarely been accomplished with so little agitation and in so short a time. It does not now draw out any particular remark from newspapers or political organizations, but history will give a large page to the story of this movement.

It remains now for all the States, counties, and municipalities throughout the Union to adopt the merit system. Several of the Eastern States, including Massachusetts and New York, have brought most of their minor places under the system. And so it is with all the larger cities of the East working under recent charters. One of the features in the fundamental instrument, now presented by the Freeholders to the people of San Francisco, which most commends it to all who are not supported by office, is its scheme for the control of the municipal service on a merit basis. And for this, if for no other reason, the new charter should be adopted by the people.

The success with which this idea has met should give encouragement to all who are advocating practical reforms. It has been demonstrated that few men of brains earnestly working together for some patriotic purpose can change the feeling of a nation in a few years.

THE SACRAMENTO CONVENTION

How meaningless political platforms are, was well manifested at Sacramento by the Republicans who adopted a free-coinage plank and a McKinley plank by the same vote. Certainly McKinley does not represent free silver, and nothing can more safely be prophesied than that he will not be nominated on a free-silver platform. The only conclusion to be drawn from such an illogical situation is that the Republicans of California want free silver, but want McKinley more. The issue of the campaign is to be protection versus tariff reform—if the Republicans can make the issue—for McKinley is the prophet of the high tariff.

It being known a full month in advance that McKinley is to be the nominee—for the result in Sacramento puts it beyond doubt, as California had not been counted in the McKinley column—the genius of the party can now be expended both in the framing of a platform on the money question and in the making of deals that will prevent a bolt. When Eastern Republicans learn that California, although nominally a silver State, is for McKinley, they will be justified in declaring that there is no money issue. There may be a slight revolt by Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and a few scattering delegates, on the money straddle that will be proposed, but the whole party seems bent on ignoring money and making the campaign on protection; and probably Senators Teller, Dubois, and Carter, and others of their strong feeling, will before long see how useless it will be to break into open rebellion when such states as California and Oregon join Vermont and Indiana in demanding the nomination of McKinley on any platform they can get him on. Silver has met with another defeat. The Republican Party does not dare, in this year of promise, to burden itself with any declaration on the money question that will embarrass its protection campaign. The Democratic Party is controlled equally by fear, and we may be certain that by the time the Chicago Convention convenes the Democracy will be forced to meet the Republicans on the ground the latter have chosen. So for a third time the tariff question will be the one issue in our national arena.

If the daily papers can be relied on, Mr. John D. Spreckels failed to present such a figure to the State as his friends had hoped. To threaten desertion because the army won't go his way is not a soldier's part. The little girl who says she will take her dolls and go home is a source of amusement, not an inspiring picture of heroic courage. But Mr. Spreckels is young in politics and for such a mistake may be forgiven. The ununderstandable part of his conduct is that he accepted election as a delegate after having so strenuously maintained that as a gentleman and a Republican he would not go to St. Louis unless altogether free. Mr. Spreckels failed to capture this Convention as completely as Burns did the last.

The dominating element in the Convention was beyond question the Los Angeles delegation and its allies. They have a clever lot of Republicans down in that south country. They have come up with obscure men of the Markham-Millard type to all the late Conventions, and almost invariably had their own way. So long as the two Southern districts can get one half the delegates at large, the Chairmanship of the Convention, and the Lieutenant-Governorship, there ought to be very little talk of separation on their part.

General Barnes could not be more brilliant as a correspondent than he is as an orator, for as the latter he stands with the first three or four of the country; but he certainly would have made a journalist of the school of Henry Raymond or Alexander McClure. His letters to the *Examiner* were sufficient proof that he does not write his speeches; for, in all frankness, they were not so good. If the *Examiner* will now be good enough to secure Mr. Depew's services at St. Louis, we will be able to compare these two, Barnes and Depew, as writers, and no doubt we will arrive at a verdict as favorable to the Californian as we did when the two spoke at the same table.

One thing General Barnes said is of a significance he

did not give it. He spoke of the lack of interest and enthusiasm in the work of the Convention. Why did he not go further and explain that in these days of programs, when delegates are mere machines, and platforms are meaningless, and leaders are sphinxes, and issues are without any sentimental side, there is nothing to make men forget their selfish interests and give vent to patriotic emotion?

ECHOES FROM THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

There has been a Woman's Congress in session at Native Sons' Hall during the past week. Its avowed object has been to advance the movement to amend the Constitution and give women the right to vote. The event was so timed that strength might be given all friends of woman suffrage in the State Republican Convention in session at Sacramento.

It was an enthusiastic gathering. Women from far and near gathered there and shrieked and waved their handkerchiefs and adopted resolutions to uphold the "dear old flag." Women of undoubted culture and normal sanity were there, and yet where were these attributes when they listened to and approved sentiments that favored a return to savagery? They went further than that. They rallied about speakers who denounced their husbands as "brutes" and "despots"; that threw overboard religious vows, and indorsed Susan B. Anthony as "our spiritual chief"; and they applauded the somewhat hazy moral decision that "true descent is essentially through the mother." There were, no doubt, many estimable, high-minded and progressive women there, but in the contagious hysteria of the occasion they evidently threw good sense to the winds and approved all the flim-flam of suffrage millinery.

"Rot" is an inelegant though forceful Saxon word, but there is none other to designate such stuff as this, to which, according to published reports, Miss Sarah M. Severance gave birth, in a moment of inspiration that would do credit to a third-termer at Agnews:

> There were no disabilities among the women of savagery. The savage warrior stalks along, spear in hand, to ward off danger or to hunt game for himself. Behind him comes the squaw, with the family burdens, papoose on top. Now, that woman does not belong to that Indian. She belongs to herself, the burdens she carries are hers, and that papoose is her papoose, not his papoose. Really, that woman suffers no special disabilities.

And Miss Severance, as an avowed champion of her sex, ought really to feel encouraged, and to see an approaching fulfilment of her desires. For, if enlightened Californian women can not only sit still and hear, but applaud such dribble as this, the waning intelligence indicates a strong movement toward the squaw and papoose days. The spectacle of Miss Severance, attired in a red calico gown, with her independent and regenerate papoose upon her back, seeking alms from Pullman passengers at desert railway stations, is a conception that gives force to her rhapsody. It is true, as the author of the above gemlet of modern socialistic philosophy says, that the squaw of savagery suffers no special disabilities, but isn't that negative sort of comfort? Are the abilities that enable the advanced Digger lady to make her dog stews and to dry deer meat for her royal buck sufficient to make her happy in her independence? Then there is that papoose which the eminent speaker holds up as a badge of disenthralment. Does not the sentiment involved in "that papoose is her papoose and not his papoose" demand a system of revised social ethics that even Miss Severance, when she comes to ponder, would not be inclined to fully accept?

It was no less a woman than Miss William Keith who nailed up the banner of Mrs. Anthony as "our spiritual chief," advising all women to give to her undying fealty. She also had something to say about despotism in the family, and the instincts of brutes. And then she talked about overthrowing Nature, saying that "they (the aforesaid Miss Anthony and her associated spiritual chiefs—whoever they are) do not point to Nature as the end of all perfection." She proceeds, according to the published reports:

> They would have us profit by the experience of the past and search the future for examples of perfect social relations. They do not make the false assumption of conservatives that whatever is found existing in Nature is the best possible attainable state. On the contrary, they teach us that all true social progress is made by improving on Nature, and while they say "whatever is is right," they also say that "whatever is to be is right, also." They are the true apostles of liberty.

This is all very happy and may be all right, but the wonder is that the eminent artist who is the husband of the enthusiastic speaker is thoroughly committed to this sentiment of "improving on Nature." Shall we apply to social ethics advanced ideas not acceptable to the tenets of true art? The artist whose aim, unless he be committed to the school that makes purple flesh and pink rocks, is to typify and to glorify Nature, is not likely to go about hunting up schemes of improving the soulful and awe-inspiring things to be seen about him, to better the "splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower."

There was digression at one session of the Congress to talk about patriotism, and to show that "women are patriotic." In the name of high Heaven who has ever said they are not? And who would dare to say it? And why, oh, why, is it necessary for a congress of intelligent women to waste their time and brain tissue in thus endeavoring to prove that twice two is really four, and that any one who says it isn't is a brute? And then patriotism brought up Barbara Freitchie "of Fredericksburg town," and that eminent fiction of poetic inspiration was made to do time-honored duty in developing feminine hysterics. Incidentally Mrs. Nellie Eyster announced that Barbara's old gray head had belonged to her aunt's grandmother. Mrs. Eyster also proudly announced that she was the mother of eleven children, thereby causing great confusion in the ranks of the apostle of the independent and regenerate papoose.

In the judgment of fair critics it is just such performances as have marked some of the sessions of this Congress that go down as weighty arguments against suffrage for women. To prate in these days of freedom of disenthralment, of the independence of savagery, suggests only that the speakers need either bromide or fresh air. Suffrage for both sexes has many friends, and is gaining more, but not by the ventilation of such sentiments as these. It is a cause that requires sober thought and good, hard common sense, and not rhapsodies that suggest the editorial output of the Napa Asylum's Weekly Howler.

MR. HAWLEY AND THE EXAMINER.

The *Examiner* has imported from the East a Mr. Hawley, who—so common rumor has it—is to stand in the shoes of Mr. Hearst, the proprietor; and, to all intents and purposes, is to constitute the publisher of that journal. He is to shape policies, is to approve or disapprove of this or that movement or undertaking wherein the interests of the State may be so dovetailed as to be practically one. He is to have a hand—and a powerful hand—in shaping and molding public opinion in a commonwealth to which he is a stranger, and among people of whose history and material interests he knows practically nothing. This is pretty broad power to be vested in one young man, and it deeply concerns every individual and every interest in the State, for, say what we may, the *Examiner* is a powerful journal, for good or for bad. The future attitude of this gentleman will affect local progress in many particulars. The welfare of the State is very largely in his hands; he can make or mar many a private and public undertaking; he may discourage or encourage enterprise; he may take hold of public opinion, now very much awry, and assist toward straightening it out; he may teach the community the value of standing together for the common welfare, or he may increase our woes by widening the breaches already made and adding a new disturbing element. Mr. Hawley comes to a community which has never been taught the wisdom of concerted action or the value of local patriotism. He comes to a community that is often divided against itself, through small jealousies and mean motives. This condition he must admit to be most damaging to progress. It is a condition that has been brought about, largely, by the daily press. There is a belief, strong and definite, among men of intelligence, that the *Examiner* has crippled and injured this community to a greater extent than any other one factor in the State. This statement is not made in anger, nor is the sentiment at all limited to special classes. With the *Examiner*, circulation has been the chief aim of its existence. True, the best literary talent is on its pay roll, and Mr. Hearst has not been niggardly in the matter of wages. True, too, the *Examiner* has almost monopolized local journalistic enterprise. But, with all these tendencies toward the higher walks of literature, it has ever catered to the lowest elements of Society. It has advocated strikes, and upheld strikers; it has attacked local industries, lied about them, and sent forth to the world statements which, true or untrue, have worked incalculable harm to the local labor market; it has magnified a mild "trembler," for the sake of a sensation, into an earthquake of the tropics, and frightened settlers away; it has persistently and wrongfully charged defects in the cruisers and warships built by our local works, which charges are preserved in the archives of the Marine Bureau of Japan, and the untruthful statements therein made are used as an argument against patronizing our local ship-building concerns; it has assailed our railroad builders with a persistent malignance that was unfair, unjust, and untruthful; it has driven capital from the State, and made it appear to the would-be settler from the East that we were "in the clutch of a gigantic monopoly," which did not permit industry to thrive, or the farmer to succeed. It has encouraged every wild theory of government advanced by irresponsible dreamers and wild-eyed reformers. It has attacked our judiciary, which is as pure and as upright as that of any land in the world; and has charged it with deeds of dishonor, and, by hint and innuendo, contrived to breed a feeling of distrust among the unthinking. It has built up nothing—not one solitary thing—but its circulation and a host of enemies.

Mr. Hawley may be minded to correct all these shortcomings. We sincerely hope so. He may still bid for the patronage of the lower element of humanity, by printing sensational stuff that must sicken his stomach as he reads it; but let him at least forswear the sensation that strikes at the material interests of the State. The *Examiner*, in some matters, particularly when dealing with railroad affairs, has reached a point where a discriminating reader may not believe anything it says. So often have its alleged statements of fact been proved mere statements of falsehood, and so frequently have its attacks been manifestly malicious, that the public has come to regard it much as they do Mayor Sutro, who, if threatened with an ingrowing nail, would charge the pain inflicted by it to Mr. Huntington or the "Octopus." Mr. Hawley must understand that the public scold soon comes to be discredited. To be effective as a reformer, one must adhere to the truth, and to principles of right and wrong. This the *Examiner* has not done; and, in departing therefrom, it long ago forsook the allegiance of intelligent and honest men.

TWO FLAGRANT ABUSES.

If Police Commissioner Gunst really aspires, as it is commonly reported he does, to become the Teddy Roosevelt of San Francisco, to be the Perseus to rescue our Andromeda from the abuses that surround her, he ought to be up and doing. It is true he has outfitted the police force with helmets and belts and rubber coats, obtained by contract with the Levites and Hittites of the East. Rumor has it that he also proposes to work an additional reform by supplying all officers with a new thing in clubs. These are made of hard rubber, and are warranted not to fracture any skull, howsoe'er thin it may be. Various New York dogs, now deceased, upon whom the official club tests were made, would testify to the erratic character of these clubs, but the reply to them would be that tests made after their funerals had proved the entire safety of the new weapon. The introduction of these clubs by Mr. Gunst may, perhaps, not make him popular among the masses, but there are some people who would not be suited with any club, however delicate its construction. Citizens whose heads have been fractured by rude contact with cherry sticks wielded by zealous policemen, will gratefully greet the innovation and count Mr. Gunst a benefactor.

But these are minor reforms for the San Francisco Roosevelt. Two great things there are that demand prompt attention in the interests of humanity and decency. These are the open patrol wagon and the treatment of people accused of insanity. The one is directly under the control of the police commissioners; the other is an abuse that they have at least the suggestive and indirect power to remedy. Not a day passes—scarcely an hour, but what crowds rush to the curbing on busy streets, attracted by the resounding gong of the patrol wagon. The ward heeler, who bangs the gong with the energy of the crack o' Doom, beams down upon an admiring constituency, while crouching upon the seat behind is some unfortunate, vainly shrinking from public view. Perhaps he is an offender, a law-breaker, a public nuisance. Perhaps not. Arrest often means that the person in custody is merely under suspicion. Fully one-third of all arrests result in dismissal in the police court. But guilty or innocent, red-handed or pure as Sierra snow, the big, open, blue wagon, with the resounding gong and dare-devil driver, awaits the man or woman under arrest.

It's a democratic, free-for-all carry-all. No citizen, however high his station or big his bank account, may say that his turn may not be next, and the gaping crowd may yawp at him and pass remarks, classing him with Chris Evans or Holmes. And half the time these wagons are used for ambulance purposes. The one ambulance so generously provided from private means cannot begin to answer all emergency calls, and the patrol, steered by its political Pluto, is constantly pressed into hospital service. Into it at any time, to be whirled through the city in public view, your wife or daughter may be forced. A runaway, a falling cornice, or any one of the hundreds of street accidents, may cause a broken limb or serious injury, and unless the injured person is conscious and able to direct otherwise, the patrol wagon will be called into use to take the victim to the Receiving Hospital. All credit to the wisdom that directs prompt emergency service; all praise to the efficient physicians at the Receiving Hospital; but why should not these wagons, so important, so all-pervading, be respectably enclosed? The covered patrol wagon is common in Eastern cities, and it ought to be here. It may seem a little thing to reform, but it's much more important and just as impressive in another way as the proposed anti-fracture, India-rubber club.

So much has been written in the daily papers about the system of caring for persons accused of insanity,

that the authorities must be extremely indifferent or imbecile to not give heed. Lack of funds is the assigned reason for not fitting up a proper place of detention. At present the dark cells of the receiving hospital are utilized, and the frantic yells of poor wretches with minds bereft often cheer the last hours of some hospital patient. The whole system, or lack of system, is outrageous, and one that would reflect credit on the wise policy of the Mujumitsu of the Matabeles. There ought to be a local place of detention for the insane, equipped with all conveniences. Judge Hebbard, when Presiding Judge of the Superior Courts, was especially zealous in this direction, but single-handed he could do little. The physicians whose duty it now is to examine insane patients are impressed with the need of this reform, but, like others, they can only suggest ideas that it is the duty of the Supervisors and Police Commissioners to carry out. Now that the City Hall's wingless angel is properly roosting, it might be well for some of the city officials to turn next to a few things nearer earth.

THE CAREERS OF TWO MILLIONAIRES CONTRASTED.

A man is to be accounted rich not so much by what he has but by what he spends, and is to be adjudged charitable, not by what he *gives* as by what he *shares*.

Subjected to these tests the late Maurice de Gereuth Baron de Hirsch is proven to have been at once charitable and rich. Born of humble parents in an obscure town in the interior of Bavaria, De Hirsch, in fifteen years from the time he entered business, got together a fortune estimated at all the way from fifty to one hundred and fifty million of dollars, while his average yearly expenditures came to something over seven million. For fifteen years De Hirsch had been content to play the rôle of a shrewd, hard man of business, bent upon acquiring money, not always over-scrupulous as to the choice of the method employed. Having made his fortune he set about spending it. He chose a surprising way to get rid of his dollars. He became a philanthropist. He began by putting $10,000,000 into a Jewish Colonization Society, then gave $2,000,000 to the Jews of Gallicia, following this up by a donation of $2 500,000 for the education and Americanizing of the Hebrew immigrants to this country. This was one of his cherished ambitions, the social equality of the Hebrew race. His other great desire was of a personal nature. He wished to be received into the ranks of European society. De Hirsch lived to see the utter failure of his two life objects. One after another the Jewish colonies collapsed. It was a bitter disappointment to him, and as a substitute he offered $10,000,000 to Russia for the founding of schools with the single condition that no distinctions should be made in the matter of race or religion. Again the scheme was a failure owing to the Czar's refusal to accept the Baron's offer.

Perhaps even keener than the desire for the advancement of his race was De Hirsch's ambition for social preferment as regards himself. But although the Prince of Wales called him his friend, though Lord Beresford was often his companion, though Prince Henry of Orleans was bound to him by every tie of gratitude for salvation from financial ruin, yet the doors of the great houses persistently remained closed to him. It was not altogether on account of his plebian origin that the Baron was denied entrée into the more exclusive circles of Paris, London and Vienna. Personally, the man was not fitted to shine in society, adding to a disagreeable manner a hopelessly illiterate address. It is related that exasperated by his exclusion from the club of the *Cercle de la Rue Royale*, De Hirsch quietly bought up the property and notified the club that they must seek new quarters. However, a short time previous another wealthy Hebrew, a particular enemy of the millionaire, had been black-balled by the same institution, De Hirsch caused this man to be put up a second time, and on his being admitted, the baron permitted the jockey club to keep its home.

Colonel North, the Nitrate King, though equally rich and equally illiterate was of a somewhat different calibre. De Hirsch was content to win his fortune in the Old World, Colonel North Struck out a fresh field for himself in the untried nitrate beds of South America. De Hirsch was the type of the financier; North, the type of the adventurer. In the one case we have the calm, shrewd man of business, persistent, relentless, with that enormous capacity for taking pains which is said to be genius, and that marvelous faculty of grasping and retaining details. In the other, the bold daring of the speculator, quick to perceive, instant to act, willing to take chances, ready to hazard a fortune on the turn of an hour's events. Both men aimed to shine in a social way, but from different standpoints. Baron de Hirsch strove to be received in aristocratic society. Colonel North did the receiving himself; the German Baron wished to be entertained; the English Colonel studied to entertain. He seems to have studied to good effect, for the magnificence of his receptions and his prodigal liberality made him the talk of Europe. In other respects the two great millionaires were singularly alike. Both were obscurely born, both knew what it was to work and work hard for a living in their younger days, both amassed enormous fortunes, to the enjoyment of which they gave the latter parts of their lives, both were the friends of the Prince of Wales, and both had a keen passion for sport; De Hirsch "going in" for horses, Colonel North for the fine breeds of hunting dogs.

And now the piled up millions of the two great money-makers will be broken up, distributed, partitioned out among the heirs, who in turn will partition out their share among *their* heirs, who will leave their modicum to *their* descendants, and little by little, like the infinite ramifications of a system of waterways, the once compact fortunes will filter down and divide, and re-divide, sinking down lower and lower, spreading out amongst the people from whom they were originally wrested, until some new Baron de Hirsch or some new Colonel North will begin the task of welding it together again. And so it goes.

SONGS OF THE SOUL, BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

BY LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

From his hilltops overlooking the Golden Gate, amid his vines and roses, Joaquin Miller holds communion with the stars; he exults with the dawn; he hears the voices of the wind, and interprets the anthem of the sea. His poetry is an inspiration, not an art. It may lack the charm of moderation, but it has the splendor of exuberance. His is the gift of untrammeled speech, which Swinburne has, which all the barbaric bards from Homer to Ossian have had. He utters the oracle as he feels and sees it, and does not wait to weigh and to fathom, to adjust and to readjust. His very mannerisms serve only to accentuate the virility of his thought and the wealth of his expression. His verse may run riot, but it is the riot of sound and of color. As Thackeray said of Dickens, we may quarrel a thousand and a thousand times with his art, but we are filled with wonder at his genius.

In "Sappho and Phaon" he has invaded the realm of the preternatural, and has thus given us a new creation. Concede that it is a vagary; so is the "Ancient Mariner," and for that matter, so are "Paradise Lost," and the "Divine Comedy." It may be a meager plot on which to hang a purpose; but it is a moving chaos of splendid visions, the war of the elements, the terror of the tempest, replete with action, intense and resistless. Beneath the poet's magic touch land and sea are ablaze with insufferable light, or wrapped in impenetrable darkness.

All great pictures are impressions, not photographs; and Sappho and Phaon may be a memory of prehistoric man. Keats says the imagination is like Adam's dream: he awoke and found it truth. Give ear and listen while I quote.

How knocks he at the Golden Gate,
This lord of waters, strong and bold,
And fearful-voiced and fierce as fate;
And hoar and old, as Time is old;
Yet young as when God's finger lay
Against Night's forehead that first day,
And drove vast Darkness forth, and rent
The waters from the firmament.

* * * * * *

How deep the hollows of this deep!
How high, how trembling high the crest!
Ten thousand miles of surge and sweep
And length and breadth of billow's breast!

* * * * * *

Then lightning reached a fiery rod,
And on Death's fearful forehead wrote
The autograph of God.

* * * * * *

God's name and face—what need of more?
Morn came: calm came, and holy light,
And warm, sweet weather leaning o'er,
Laid perfumes on the tomb of night.

* * * * * *

And oh, such sea-shell tints of light
High o'er those wide sea-doors of dawn!

* * * * * *

"That long, lorn blackness, seams of flame,
Volcanoes bursting from the slime,
Huge, shapeless monsters without name
Slow shaping in the loom of time;
Slow weaving as a weaver weaves;
So like as when some good man leaves
His acorns to the centuries
And waits the stout ancestral trees.
But ah, so piteous, memory
Reels back, as sickened, from that scene—
It breaks the heart of me!

* * * * * *

Life is so brief, so very brief,
So rounded in, we scarce can see
The fruitage grown above the leaf
And foliage of a single tree
In all God's garden; yet we know
That goodly fruits must grow and grow
Beyond our vision. We but stand
In some deep hollow of God's hand,
Hear some sweet bird its little day,
See cloud and sun a season pass,
And then, sweet friend, away!

* * * * * *

Her face reached forward, not to him,
But forward, upward, as for light:
For light that lay a silver rim
Of sea lit whiteness more than white.
The vast, full morning poured and spilled
Its splendor down, and filled and filled
And overfilled the heaped-up sea
With silver molten suddenly.
The night lay trenched in her meshed hair;
The tint of sea-shells left the sea
To make her more than fair.

* * * * * *

In Persia's rose-fields, I have heard,
There sings a sad, sweet, one-winged bird;
Sings ever sad in lonely round
Until his one winged mate is found;
And then, side laid to side, they rise
So swift, so strong, they even dare
The doorway of the skies.

* * * * * *

Fair land of flowers, fair land of flame,
Of sun born seas, of sea born time,
Of clouds low shephe ded and tame
As white pet sheep at shearing time.

* * * * * *

Lo! suddenly the lone ship burst
Upon an uncompleted world,
A world so dazzling white man durst
Not face the flashing search-light hurled
From heaven's snow-built battlements
And high heaved camp of cloud-wreathed tents.
And boom! boom! boom! from sea or shore
Came one long, deep, continuous roar,
As if God wrought, as if the days,
The first six pregnant mother morns,
Had not quite gone their way.

This largeness, largeness everywhere!
White rivers hanging in the air,
Ice-tied through all eternity!
Nay, peace! It were profane to say:
We dare but hear and see.

Be silent! Hear the strokes resound!
'T is God's hand rounding down the earth!
Take off thy shoes, 't is holy ground,—
Behold! a continent has birth!

* * * * * *

"I watched the wide-winged birds that blew
Continually against the bleak
And ice-built north, and surely knew
The long, lorn croak, the reaching beak,
Led not to ruin evermore;
For they came back, came swooping o'er
Each spring, with clouds of younger ones,
So dense, they dimmed the summer suns.
And so I knew somehow, somewhere,
Beyond earth's ice-bared, star-tipt peaks
They found a softer air.

If Joaquin Miller had written nothing else, this one poem would make a place for him among the immortals.

"Sunset and Dawn in San Diego," and "A Song of the Soundless River," are neither more nor less than his early songs. I am glad that he has had the audacity to find a publisher in San Francisco. Get the book and read and reread it, it will repay you. Do not wait until the lands beyond the sea applaud, but for once let us recognize our own.

["Songs of the Soul," by Joaquin Miller. The Whitaker & Ray Co., publishers, San Francisco.]

Durham University has granted the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity to the Reverend Sukiui Baronian, Archpriest of the Armenians in England.

Congressman Robert R. Hitt, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, is described by *Gath* as resembling a more square-faced John Quincy Adams. His black eyes have the Adams shine; they are far apart. His nose is a full faculty; with the chin and Bismarckish tangled eyebrows, it expresses our Foreign Minister like Old Otto himself. Yet he is not stern. The forehead line, the round skull, fall into the Shakespearian stock. He is descended from Spotswood's Germans, who settled Germany's furnance and ford in the van of the great German emigration to America. His forerunners moved from Virginia through Kentucky to Illinois. His house is full of books and pictures and looks like the hotel of a foreign minister in Paris.

Congressman Tarsney of Missouri, who in his day had prominence as a campaign orator was making a tour of New York State, and in a certain country town was introduced in flowing terms by a local celebrity, who served as chairman. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we have with us to night one of the greatest statesmen of the great West, an orator famed throughout the Mississippi Valley, a gentleman whose name is to you a household word. Permit me to introduce to you Mr. —— Mr. ——" Here the flow of his eloquence was checked, and leaning toward the orator of the evening, he whispered: "What did you say your name was?" "Tarsney of Missouri," whispered the orator. "Fellow-citizens," resumed the chairman, "it is my proud pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Larceny of Missouri."

Ex-Representative Martin, best known as "Martin of Texas," while in Congress, was the hero on one or two occasions of thrilling escapes from death by blowing out the gas. It seems, however, that he was not the only Texan with an antipathy to gas, as the following, vouched for by a judge from the Lone Star State, is evidence: When ex-Senator Richard Coke came to Washington in 1877 to take his seat, he stopped with Senator Hamilton, his predecessor, at the Metropolitan Hotel. When the two retired on the night before the new Senator was to be sworn in, the latter was last to get to bed, and, of course, had to put out the light. Before getting into bed the future Senator tried to blow out the gas. He blew and blew, then got on a chair and blew again, but failed to extinguish the light. At last an old home idea struck him, and grabbing his big slouch hat, Mr. Coke made a slam blow at the gas, which left the room in darkness. Just then his friend raised himself on his elbow, and said: "Dick, that ain't no way to put out that sort of light. You have to turn the thumbscrews underneath."

Congressman Hitt was Lincoln's stenographer in the debates with Douglas, and during the municipal elections of 1859, in Chicago, immediately after defeat, he reported a speech his chief had made at the polling-place as the returns were coming in. In it he addressed himself to Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, and other critics in the East, who thought he ought not to have opposed Douglas. After the meeting Hitt took the speech over to the Chicago *Tribune*, and said: "Lincoln has made a speech—the first one in fine temper since his defeat. I am going to write it out for you and give it to you." So he sat down to do the writing, when the managing editor, Henry M. Smith, came in and said: "Mr. Hitt, we really haven't got room for that speech of Lincoln's. We want all our room for the city election returns,"—which proves that Lincoln, in his own metropolis, was considered hardly worth reporting in the face of an election for town officers only a year before he was talked about for President. This speech Hitt subsequently discovered in one of his old note-books thirty years after the event. He noticed in an old note-book that a piece of shorthand was not run through with a line, and as he read it over, the memory of that night returned. Then for the first time he transcribed the speech, and gave it to Hay and Nicolay for their history, and to Thorndike Rice for his review. It was only saved by accident.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

THE CANDID IMPRESSIONS OF AN UNPREJUDICED OBSERVER.

The most startling thing about the Woman's Congress was the surprising minute knowledge shown by the speakers of God's plans in regard to the relative position of men and women. They seemed to know exactly how He intended us to be hitched up. It was awe-inspiring. They constantly and kindly explained His original but evidently frustrated plans; they asserted that God intended this and that and thus and so, until I, for one, became quite jealous of these intimate friends of God.

The next thing to strike one was the lack of a definite motif in the papers. Some of them, it is true, showed considerable information and research, but they didn't prove anything. Taken as a whole I have seldom heard such an eruption of words and such a poverty of conclusions. Of course, there were exceptions. It would be quite impossible for Miss Severance, for instance, to be anything but pungent, pointed, and comprehensive. We had, however, but little of her, for her manner of talking terse and rather explosive, enabled her to say in ten minutes what another person might take an hour to get out. It was also noticeable that neither the speakers nor the women in the audience were what we call "new women." They were of an older generation. Neither was there any suggestion of the "new woman" in their gait, the speakers being particularly careful, it seemed, to avoid anything like mannishness in their attire. In fact they were rather given to frills and laces, and I don't believe one of them would dare wear a linen collar or a man's tie. It is probable that they live in terror of being called masculine, anyway I heard it proudly affirmed that one of the speakers had twelve children.

To an outsider, who attended the Congress religiously up to Wednesday evening, they seem to have been wasting time. Miss Shaw, "sweet-voiced, valient, alert, elate," has been conspicuously absent except on Monday which was given over to the discussion of Government. Barring the quiet expressions of Professor Kellogg, and President Jordan's good wishes, I cannot see how the cause was benefited on that day. True there was some discussion, but mainly by two men, one all beard and the other all hair and both unintelligible. Great enthusiasm was evinced by Mrs. Cooper and others over some of President Jordan's remarks, but their faces were studies when he said that he had rather see ten men drunk from choice than one man sober from compulsion—it was evidently a bitter pill. By the way, how inadequately President Jordan is always reported. From the *Examiner* for an instance, one might have supposed he had declared in his address that clean streets, etc., were the summum bonum of government, whereas he distinctly stated that the best government was not necessarily the one which gave us clean streets, etc., but the one which gave us the best men, the best opportunities for self-government and development.

Tuesday there was little to be heard save spread-eagleism and essays, wherein we

> "Behold how inexperience buys,
> At little price the wisdom of the wise."

Mrs. Van Pelt told us how her mother made and raised a United States flag in the South during the Civil War and sat underneath it when threats of pulling or shooting it down were made. No one "dared" to touch it, Mrs. Van Pelt said, seeming to be unaware of what her mother doubtless knew, that this "courageous" woman was protected surely, but solely, by her sex; that a man would not have been able to sit under that flag ten minutes, and that a woman in this country can and could sit with perfect safety under any flag she choose.

Wednesday opened better, though somebody did state that there were a few men who had the same standard of purity for themselves as for their sisters. A dozen rows or so were filled when I entered, and an incessant but fluctuating murmur rose and sank back and rose again, magnified and made almost musical by the reverberation, which is the salient characteristic of the Native Son's Hall—this and the draughts. On the platform were two or three gray-haired women flanked by bunches of red flowers which threw a note of discord on an otherwise peaceful scene; the most noticeable clash being that of a beautiful cluster of poppies with a small but very rosy handful of American Beauties, which lay on the table in front of the chairman. Two or three reporters were seated at the long pine tables. One of them, a dark, good-looking young fellow, rose, went to the side door, and was presently seen on the stage talking to the speakers, with courteous bendings of the back and solicitude in every movement. No lack of respect there, but, you see, he wanted to get something, and Miss Severance would say he was a good illustration of the manner in which all men will treat us when we have something to give; i. e., a vote. But I suspect his politeness was the result rather of some old-time tradition about gray hairs, women, etc. A young girl left her seat, and, stooping as if she wore two pairs of corsets, picked up a note which had fluttered down to her from the balcony above, where many women were leaning over, presenting a frog like appearance as they squatted on the chairs with their elbows on the railing, their backs flattened and almost parallel with the floor.

As my eyes wandered over the crowd I wondered if they represented the class from which most of the female voters would come if women were given the ballot. I wondered that there was not greater effort made by those interested to prove this; for once proved, fully three-fourths of the oppositions to woman suffrage would be removed. They were not good to look at, they were not young or fashionably attired. There was not a tailor-made gown, a pair of Deut's gloves, or a chic hat in the house. They were, for the most part, knotted and gnarled women of fifty, discreetly clothed rather than dressed, with hair often arranged after the fashion of years ago. The huge protruding "French-twist" was there, the kind made over a switch and jutting out much as a corpulent sausage would; also the hard round knot at the back of the head which, unlike the "bath-bun," looks like a fat tightly coiled giant worm. Others had their hair drawn up tight and straight to the top of the head, every thread making a right angle with the hat—infinitely ugly but neat withal. On the whole it was a clean, intelligent crowd. If their dresses, as a rule, hung and fitted badly, there were, on the other hand, few frayed velveteen skirt bindings and high-heeled shoes or drug store complexions and pre posterous skirts and sleeves. The facial angle was as a rule good, the faded gray and brown eyes pure and earnest, the manner and bearing womanly. Of course there were a few girls present—in the evening many—but the major part of the listeners were the mothers of this generation, and the mother's contemporaries, not the "new woman" or the bicycle-girl.

"Woman as a Popular Myth," was the subject of the opening paper by Miss Kirkland, who objected to the somewhat flabby anæmic ideal woman who is enshrined in most men's hearts. She seemed to think, however, that this ideal was a thing of the past. She even gave thanks for the cessation of idealization, and congratulated women on being seen as they are, and not as most men would like them to be, (which seems to me a doubtful blessing), forgetting that men's notions as to the desirable physical and mental attributes for women are the natural and inevitable ones for an animal to hold who is built on straight lines, is covered with knobs of muscle, and is human enough to like to feel that his supremacy is not solely physical. Man will have to become a much more spiritual and intellectual creature than he is at present before he will be genuinely attracted by the robust matter-of-fact roast beef woman who is beginning to be developed by basket-ball calisthenics and college courses. At present he finds her too much like himself to be fascinating

Next on the program came Miss Severance, who did more toward demonstrating the advantages of woman suffrage and gaining adherents than all the other speakers in the past two days had accomplished. Her manner of speaking is not exactly perfect but it is original and expressive. She talked of the condition of the States in which women were permitted to vote, and, with a very agreeable mixture of statistics and grim humor, filled up her twenty minutes and left one with the impression that woman suffrage emptied prisons, made women more prolific, and men more polite. "Don't believe," she said, "that power ever subtracted from respect, or that men will be less courteous to you because you have a vote." Which speech I suppose would naturally irritate most men for they hold that it is not voting but "going into politics" which would have the bad effect. Next came "Woman as a Social Factor," by Mrs. Eliza Orr, a long paper full of dead, colorless words to which few people listened. Nevertheless she asked for a continuance of time in order to read it to the bitter end. The pièce de resistance of Wednesday afternoon was Mrs. Lovell White's paper on "Women in Fiction." She pitched into Felding, Richardson, and Smollett (not for their coarseness) praised Scott—one of the dailies made her refer to "Rebecca di Vernon"—said that although Scott paused (as Taine says) on the threshold of the soul, his "delineations of character are fascinating." It seems to me, barring "The Antiquary," that I read Scott for the story.

Professor Imbre, he of the hair, rose after Mrs. White concluded, and, with eyes that shone like black jewels and with his tongue wrapped in cotton-batting, began a discourse of which the only distinguishable words were, Vooman—Vooman—Vooman, the rest being a tangled torrent of reverberations. The afternoon session was then closed by a paper on "Woman in Poetry," which was long, ornate, and delivered with a profusion of mechanical smiles, which only the speaker's prettiness made endurable. She also gave unmistakable signs of having been exposed to a virulent case of elocution fever. Time was up long before she finished, but some people were rash enough to ask for a continuance, in order, I suppose, to discover the motive of her discourse, which so far had not been even intimated. They got the continuance, but not what they wanted.

The evening session was doubtless more interesting, as Miss Shaw and Miss Anthony had returned, but hope deferred had made me too weary to attend, so I know of it only what appeared in the papers. I wonder if Miss Shaw really thinks that "the women of this country commit a crime if there is another child born till the law gives the ballot or protection to women." Does she think it, or only a dash of something like it? It seems to me that the number of women who are determined to eschew babies is quite large enough already. As for me, I fancy that the removal from the world of the corset, and the style of dress dependent upon it, would be of much more benefit to the human race than the removal of the word male from the Constitution.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

THE MORNING MAIL.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

It was the postman's ring, and Jennie retied the strings of her apron and adjusted her cap before the hall mirror on her way to the door. The position of housemaid had its compensations. No matter how much Miss Aileen thought of a man she'd never get a chance to say hello to him three times a day.

"Good morning, Mr. Hurd," she began, politely. She called him "postman," or even "you letter carrier," when she was in a bad humor, or when Miss Aileen was, which was much the same thing. "What have you brought us to-day?"

"Well, I've got something for you," he said, shifting his bag and running over the bunch of letters he held between his thumb and forefinger. The group between his first and second fingers was intended for the next house, where it was to be hoped nobody was impatient for his mail.

"A letter for me?" with breathless interest.

"It is not a letter exactly, and I can't give it to you right here, but if there's nobody in the hall——"

"Don't get gay," said Jennie, wrathfully, starting to slam the door.

"Hold on a minute," he exclaimed. "The family may want their mail, you know."

Jennie reluctantly opened the door a few inches.

"Give it to me, then. I can't stand here all day," she said.

"I wish you could," said the postman, sending a fascinating glance through the crack.

The door opened several inches more.

"How would I ever get my work done?" she asked, with signs of relenting.

"You're too pretty to be waiting on other women," he said, leaning his elbow against the door-post and pushing back his helmet to show the curly brown hair beneath. "You ought to marry and have a nice home of your own."

"I'd rather wait on other women for twenty-five dollars a month than wait on some man for nothing at all," said Jennie, demurely. The door was wide open now. "Goodness! there comes Miss Aileen. Give me the letters now, and stop your fooling."

"Hers didn't come to-day," he said.

"Nor yesterday neither; that's funny. It hasn't missed before for months.

"Perhaps he's thrown off on her," suggested the postman.

"No such thing!" said Jennie, indignantly. "It's more likely you've lost the letter."

"Perhaps. Well, so long," he said, nonchalantly. "I must get a move on. There's a girl waiting for me in the next block. She's a little beauty. You ought to——"

But the door had slammed.

The next morning Miss Aileen happened to be lingering in the hall when the postman rang, and she went to the door herself. He managed to choke down the brilliant opening remark he had planned, and handed her two invitations and a bill in resentful silence. The girl in the next block hinted that he'd probably got out of the wrong side of bed that morning—he'd no call to be so short with people, anyhow—and winked away a couple of tears after she had shut the door.

Meanwhile Miss Aileen scolded Jennie for not answering the doorbell more promptly, and said that the drawing-room wasn't half dusted, then went up to her room and cried. It was a very blue day all around.

Jennie was at the door the next morning almost before the bell rang.

"Nothing at all for your folks," said the postman. "I just thought I'd stop and tell you."

"What would you have said if Miss Aileen had opened the door to-day?" she demanded, in a cautious whisper.

The postman winked and held up an envelope scrawled with an unintelligible name and number.

"That's as likely to belong here as three doors down on the other side of the street," he said.

"Aren't you awful," exclaimed Jennie, with an admiring laugh.

"That's what the girl in the next block says," he answered, complacently.

Jennie's eyes blazed.

"I'm dead sick of that girl in the next block," she burst out. "Why don't you marry her and be done with it?"

"Well, she won't have me ——" he began.

"Oh, she refused you, did she? I didn't suppose she had such good sense."

"I was going to say she won't have me for a husband so long as you're around, Jennie," putting a big hand over the rough little one that was nervously twisting the door knob. Jennie flushed and pulled hers away with a defiant jerk.

"I'll get another situation, then, so as not to stand in her way," she said, with tremulous sarcasm.

"Well, do it before to-night, any way," he said, "for I'm coming to see you. I've got a place in my mind that you might care to take, and I want to talk it over with you,"

Jennie grew redder than ever.

"Strikes me we've talked enough for one day," she said.

"Oh! I guess not," he answered. "I want some advice, and the girl in the next block has got to stay with somebody who's sick to-night, so she can't help me. You're going to be home, aren't you?"

"No, I ain't," snapped the housemaid, and the door was shut.

Peace was still unrestored when she answered his ring the next morning.

"I'm a little late to-day, but the pain's pretty bad, and it's hard to get around," he said, pressing his hand against his left side. Jennie's hostile expression changed into one of anxiety.

"What's the matter?" she said, quickly.

"Oh, my heart's giving me a good deal of trouble lately, that's all," he answered, leaning against the doorway and closing his eyes for a second.

"Can't you do something for it?" she said, entreatingly. "Oh, you must! First thing you know——" She broke off with a quick breath.

"It isn't so very bad," said the postman, looking a little ashamed of himself. "Lots of people have—trouble with their hearts. I know just what I ought to take for it."

"What is it? Tell me and I'll fix it for you," said the little housemaid.

He came a step nearer.

"It's—you," he said.

Jennie drew back in confusion.

"Oh! I must go. Give me the letters, *please!*" she exclaimed.

"May I come to-night?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Her letter hasn't come yet," he said, "but there's one for her with a black border."

"Why," said Jennie, "it's his postmark, but it isn't his writing."

"Let me see," said the postman, stepping into the hall. It was a very dark hall.

"Oh, don't!" said the housemaid, with a little gasp.

"Jennie," called Miss Aileen from above, "is that you in the hall? Hasn't the mail come yet?"

THE GLOAMING.

BY LUCIUS H. FOOTE.

The west is in a blaze of gold,
The day in regal splendor dies,
And silence falls on field and fold.

While, in the east, I now behold
The crescent moon in glory rise,
The west is in a blaze of gold.

The darkness deepens in the wold,
And soft the evening zephyr sighs,
And silence falls on field and fold.

As timid stars, grown overbold,
Peep, one by one, from out the skies,
The west is in a blaze of gold.

The gowan nestles in the mold,
The dewdrop on the heather lies,
And silence falls on field and fold.

The hearth is warm, the heath is cold,
A wight, belated, homeward hies,
The west is in a blaze of gold,
And silence falls on field and fold.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was content to part with his first ballads for very little money. He sold his popular "Hush Thee! My Baby" for $25, and some of his earlier songs for even less. Now he can command $3500 for any ballad that bears his name on the cover. "The Lost Chord" alone brought him over $50,000. Sig. Tosti, the composer of "Good-by" and "Forever and Forever," whose first manuscripts were invariably declined with thanks, can now command $1250 for a song, and the same figure may be obtained by Mr. Milton Wellings, Mr. Molloy, and Mr. Cowen. Frank L. Moir made $10,000 out of his popular song "Only Once More."

WESTERN CITY TYPES.

THE "FAST" GIRL.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

She dresses in a black, close-fitting bolero jacket of imitation astrachan with enormous leg-of mutton sleeves of black velvet, a striped silk skirt, and a very broad hat, tilted to one side. Her hair is very blonde, though, somehow, coarse and dry, and a little flat curl of it lies low over her forehead. She is marvelously pretty.

She belongs to a certain class of young girl that is very common in the city. She is what men, amongst each other, call "gay," though that is the worst that can be said of her. She is virtuous, but the very fact that it is necessary to say so is enough to cause the statement to be doubted.

When she was younger and a pupil at the Girls' High School, she had known, and had even been the companion of, girls of good family, but since that time these girls have come to ignore her. Now almost all of her acquaintances are men, and to most of these she has never been introduced. They have managed to get acquainted with her on Kearny Street, at the theaters, at the Mechanics' Fair, and at baseball games. She tells these men that her name is "Ida." She loves to have a "gay time" with them, which, for her, means to drink California champagne, to smoke cigarettes, and to kick at the chandelier. Understand distinctly, however, that she is not "bad," that there is nothing vicious about her. Ida is too clever to be "bad," and is as morbidly careful of appearances and as jealous of her reputation as only fast girls can be.

She lives with her people on Golden Gate Avenue. Her father has a three-fourths interest in a carpet-cleaning "establishment" in the Mission, and her mother gives lessons in hand-painting on china and on velvet.

In the evening, especially if it be a Saturday evening, Ida invents all sorts of excuses to go "down town" You see her then on Kearny or Market Streets about the time the theaters open, arm in arm with one or perhaps two other girls who are precisely like her. At this time she is not in the least "loud," either in dress or in conversation, but somehow when she is in the street she cannot raise a finger or open her mouth without attracting attention.

Like "Jonesee," Sunday is her great day. Ida usually spends it "Across the Bay" somewhere. A party is gotten up and there is no "chaperon." Two or three of the men with whom she and her friends have become acquainted during the week arrange the "date." The day's amusement is made to include a lunch at one of the suburban hotels and a long drive in a hired "rig." The party returns home on one of the ferry boats late in the afternoon. By that time they are quite talked out, their good spirits are gone, and they sit in a row, side by side, exchanging monosyllables. Ida's face is red, her hair is loose, and the little blonde curl has lost its crispness. She has taken off her gloves by this time. In one of her bare hands she carries her escort's cane, and in the other a bunch of wilted wild flowers. Sometimes, however, the party returns to the city in a later boat, one that makes the trip after dark. Then everything is changed. The party "pairs off" at once. You will see Ida and her "fellar" sitting in one of the dark corners of the deck. The fellar sits as close as the length of his acquaintance with Ida will justify. He rests his elbow on the rail back of her and, by and by, carelessly lets his forearm drop at full length.

When the Mechanics' Fair opens Ida rarely misses an evening. I remember that I once saw her and the fellar in the art gallery up-stairs. Ida's mother, "who gives lessons in hand painting," had an exhibit there which they were interested to find: a bunch of yellow poppies painted on black velvet and framed in gilt. When they had found it they stood before it some little time hazarding their opinions and then moved on from one picture to another, Ida had the fellar buy a catalogue and made it a duty to find the title of every picture, for she professes to be very fond of hand painting. She had "taken it up" at one time and abandoned it only because the oil or the turpentine or something had been unhealthy for her.

On this occasion she looked at each picture carefully, her head on one side. "Of course," she explained to the fellar, "I'm no critic, I only know what I like. I like those 'heads,' those ideal heads like that one," and she pointed with her arm outstretched to a picture of the head of a young girl with disheveled brown hair and upturned eyes. The title of the picture was "Faith."

"Yes," said Ida, reflectively, "I like that kind."

Dominican nuns at King William's Town in Cape Colony, where they have a farm, do their own outdoor work. They plough and hoe, have built their own buildings, do the carpentry and all the blacksmith work, besides teaching the boys and girls in their school.

THE FABIOLA FESTIVAL.

RAIN, ROSES, AND AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

Let the first of May be what it will: let the wind blow and the rain fall, and the sky become overcast, and the sun withdraw its warmth until your hands get blue and your nose turns red; let the day be cold and wet and dreary, yet will the devotees of Saint Fabiola stand heroically to their posts and act as though they were rejoicing in the return of summer while they are shivering in a winter wind and dripping with an April rain.

It is not so strange after all that the active participants in the parade should brave out the elements. In their desire "to be seen of men," *they*, at least, had a reason for their actions if not an excuse. But it *is* strange that some fifteen hundred or two thousand people should be willing to sit and see the sorry sight, while the wind whipped their faces and the drippings from their neighbor's umbrella ran down their backs.

Not only did the audience on the unfinished grand stand of the Oakland Trotting Park sit out the whole show upon the hard board bleachers, (let him who has sat upon them for three hours say *how* hard), but they actually appeared to enjoy it thoroughly, though it may have been that the frequent clapping of hands and stamping of feet was not so much an effort at applause as an attempt to induce a little warmth into those members.

The crowd swarmed everywhere: it was banked in solid masses in the grand-stand; it was packed in long, straggling lines behind the fences that bound the track, and it sat on the fences themselves at times, especially that part of it that wore bloomers and plaid stockings, chewing its gum and swinging its plaid legs without fear and without reproach. For the crowd had come with intention aforethought to have a good time, and nothing was allowed to stand in the way of its determination. It applauded everything. It applauded every time the judges awarded a prize banner, whether the banner was a green one for a first prize, a red one for a second, or a white one for a third. It even applauded when no banner was given at all. A man on a black horse rode past at a gallop, and the crowd clapped its hands; a policeman ordered a small boy off the course, and it stamped its feet; a fat man fell off the fence, and it howled with delight. Everything was funny; everything "went."

The four-in-hands in the vehicle class were the best part of the show, and of these the prettiest in the opinion both of the crowd and of the judges was the one entered by Mrs. P. E. Bowles. It was nothing but a mass of pink and white and looked less like a coach than a moving heap of La France roses, geraniums, and pink satin ribbon. The bevy of pretty girls on the top courageously held up their pink parasols trying to pretend that there was not danger of rain every minute and the crowd was good humored enough to appreciate, and stamped and clapped as vigorously as ever until the coach was awarded the prize in its own class and a special banner besides for being the best decorated vehicle on the grounds. When this happened the crowd went fairly wild with delight, and yelled and stamped and waved its hats.

The mounted competition was a distinct failure; beyond a couple of well-decorated mounts the thing was tame. Many riders had even been content to hang a simple garland about their beasts' necks. As for the riders themselves the costumes were more variegated than attractive, and we actually saw one young man who bestrode his animal wearing a frock coat and white cotton gloves. The great difficulty came in distributing the banners. Flowers and brass bands and excited crowds often proved too much of a strain upon over-sensitive equine nerves, which revolted altogether when the horses were brought up to the judges' stand, and the flapping green banner was thrust out at them. They shied, they squealed, they rolled their eyes, and they walked sideways until in almost every case the miserable rider was fain to spur away without the coveted silk flag and rode off down the course making remarks about horses.

The novelty competition was better, and it showed what effect a flag can have upon a crowd as well as upon horses. Mr. Varney Gaskill entered a battery of artillery, horses, riders, cannon and all, covered with red, white, and blue flowers. The crowd gasped with delight at this, but this was not all. One of the riders did produce and conspicuously display a small American flag. The crowd waited to see no more. The Stars and Stripes had appeared, that was enough. The grand-stand went wild at once—it clapped and stamped, it waved its hats, its canes, and its umbrellas, it shouted and it cheered until you were reminded of the bleachers at Central Park, Thanksgiving Day, when Berkeley has scored.

Never in all our experience have we seen such an admirable crowd, never a one so easily aroused to enthusiasm, or so prodigal of its applause, never a one so bent upon enjoying itself in spite of every obstacle. As long as the Fabiolians can depend upon the services of such an audience they can count upon successful May-day celebrations, even though they hold them in a snowstorm.

ETC., MAJOR.

Lady Helen Stewart, daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry, is a most muscular maid and makes a specialty of training her biceps. She rows, shoots, fences, and even boxes, while she is able to lift very heavy weights. In the matter of muscle, she is not to be compared with the archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria, who toys with heavy dumbbells. It is said that she lifted an iron column of great weight off the back of an unfortunate workman, and then, dusting her gloves, settled herself in her carriage as though nothing had happened. Her power, like that of the novelist Gyp, is of nervous origin, as she has neither a great physique nor immense muscles.

English bicycle thieves are ingenious. A lady was riding near Sarbiton when a gentlemanly looking person called out to her that her tire was out of order and offered to inflate it for her. She accepted his offer, and after remedying the fault he got on the wheel to show her that it was all right, and then rode off with the wheel.

A DIVORCE COMPLICATION,

THE CURIOUS SITUATIONS WHICH FORMS THE PLOT OF MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL.

Unfortunate is the writer whose style grows uncontrollable. Marion Crawford seems utterly at the mercy of his facility. He is incapable of brevity. Compression is beyond his powers. The last novel of this writer, *Adam Johnstone's Son*, is a long-drawn-out book which details the courtship of Clare Bowring by Brook Johnstone. The theme is common enough, but the complication is curious, for the respective parents of Brook and Clare had once on a time been man and wife. For good and sufficient reasons the wife obtained a divorce, and both married again, that previous condition being kept a secret from the offspring of their second unions. So here we have this strangely assorted twain, in no way related, and yet indefinitely connected by the passion of their immediate progenitors, loving by force of a fascination whose source is unconscious, and whose power, especially for the man, is irresistible. The situation illustrates the Spencerian theory of the mystery of first love—that the longing of man for a particular woman and her devotion to him are but the expression of the preferences of their ancestors. Clare is just such a woman as her mother was—pure, delicate, concentrated; Brook has the careless frankness and fascination which led his father into error, but the evil traits are mitigated by the inheritance of tenacity and loyalty from his mother.

The setting of this situation is the summer hotel at Amalfi, where Clare is convalescing after a serious illness. The quiet of mother and daughter is broken into by the arrival of a yachting party in which Brook appears, acting as cavalier servente to a Mrs. Crosby. Unfortunately for the happiness of his subsequent courtship, the girl overhears the dialogue in which he terminates that affair, declining with more decision than tenderness the generous offers of Mrs. Crosby, who wants to divorce her husband so Brook, who is immensely wealthy, may marry her. Conceiving a detestation of the man, she is yet attracted to his cool, frank, manly personality; while he piqued by her indifference and mystified at the open expression of her dislikes, yet falls violently in love and presses his suit with an ardor that defied negations and laughed at obstacles, as the passage which follows indicates. Considering Mrs. Crosby was a gay and flirtatious lady who was fair game, the reader is inclined to sympathize with Brook, but the author makes the attitude of the maid possible by insisting on her youth, innocence, and unworldliness. In the long run, the wooer conquers, not because of his vehemence, indeed, but rather, I suspect, because Crawford grew tired of a complication which, if further indulged, threatened to prove interminable. So as the repulsed Brook prepares to depart, Clare has a revelation of her inner consciousness, and very prettily declares she cannot let him go. There is a capital foundation for a second novel of this series in which two volumes or more may be devoted to detailing what happened to both in the first week of their wedded life.

It cannot be denied, of course, that *Adam Johnstone's Son* is readable. It is. No one would think of stopping before the fate of Brook's love-making is decided, but the plot is that of a novelette rather than a novel. The power of suggestion seems to have been lost by this author, who must pursue every situation with a microscope and leaves less to his reader's imagination than Howells. However, considered as love-making the wooing of Brook lacks nothing of vehemence. Those who care for proposals may find this one interesting:

It was very hot and still. Not a breath stirred the young vine-leaves overhead, and the scent of the last orange-blossoms hung in the motionless air. The heat rose quivering from the sea to southward, and the water lay flat as a mirror under the glory of the first summer's day.

They stood still. Clare felt nervous, and tried to think of something to say which might keep him from speaking, and destroy the effect of her late question, but it was too late now. He was pale, for him, and his eyes were very bright.

"I can't live without you—it comes to that. Can't you see?"

The short, plain words shook oddly as they fell from his lips. The two stood quite still, each looking into the other's face. Brook grew paler still, but the color rose in Clare's cheeks. She tried to meet his eyes steadily, without feeling that he could control her.

"I'm sorry," she said; "I'm very sorry."

"You shan't say that," he answered, cutting her words with his, and sharply. "I'm tired of hearing it. I'm glad I love you, whatever you do to me, and you must get to like me. You must. I tell you I can't live without you."

"But if I can't——" Clare tried to say.

"You can—you must—you shall!" broke in Brook, hoarsely, his eyes growing brighter and fiercer. "I didn't know what it was to love anybody, and now that I know I can't live without it, and I won't."

"But if——"

"There is no 'if,'" he cried, in his low, strong voice, fixing her eyes with his. "There's no question of my going mad, or dying, or anything half so weak, because I won't take no. Oh, you may say it a hundred times, but it won't help you. I tell you I love you. Do you understand what that means? I'm in God's own earnest. I'll give you my life, but I wont' give you up. I'll take you somehow, whether you will or not, and I'll hide you somewhere, but you shan't get away from me as long as you live."

"You must be mad!" exclaimed the young girl, scarcely above her breath, half-frightened, and unable to loose her eyes from the fascination of his.

"No, I'm not mad; only you've never seen any one in earnest before, and you've been condemning me without evidence all along. But it must stop now. You must tell me what it is, for I have a right to know. Tell me what it all is. I will know—I will."

She turned pale suddenly. Then her words came mechanically.

"I was out there when you said 'good-bye' to Lady Fan. I heard everything, from first to last."

He started in surprise, and the color rose suddenly to his face. He did not look away yet, but Clare saw the blush of shame in his face, and felt that his power diminished, while hers grew all at once, to overmaster him in turn.

"It's scarcely a fortnight since you betrayed her," she said, slowly and distinctly, "and you expect me to like you, and to believe that you are in earnest."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Do you wonder that I disliked you from the first?"

"I don't see why you should," answered Brook, stubbornly. "If you do—you do. That doesn't change matters——"

"You betrayed her!" cried Clare, indignantly. "You forget that I heard all you said—how you promised to marry her if she could get a divorce. It was horrible, and I never dreamt of such things, but I heard it. And then you were tired of her, I suppose, and you changed your mind, and calmly told her that it was all a mistake. Do you expect any woman, who has seen another treated in that way, to forget? Oh, I saw her face, and I heard her sob. You broke her heart for your amusement. And it was only a fortnight ago!"

"I'm sorry you heard all that," he said. "I don't wonder that you've got a bad opinion of me, and I suppose I can't say anything just now to make you change it. You heard, and you think you have a right to judge. Perhaps I shouldn't even say this—you heard me then, and you have heard me now. There's a difference, you'll admit. But all that you heard then, and all that you have told me now, can't change the truth, and you can't make me love you less, whatever you do. I don't believe I'm that sort of man."

"I should have thought you were," said Clare, bitterly, and regretting the words as soon as they were spoken.

"It's natural that you should think so. At the same time, it doesn't follow that because a man doesn't love one woman he can't possibly love another."

"That's simply brutal!" exclaimed the young girl, angry with him unreasonably because the argument was good.

"It's true at all events. I didn't love Mrs. Crosby, and I told her so. You may think me a brute if you like, but you heard me say it, if you heard anything, so I suppose I may quote myself. I do love you, and I have told you so—that fact that I can't say it in choice language doesn't make it a lie. I'm not a man in a book, and I'm in earnest."

"Mr. Johnstone," she said, steadying her voice, "this can't go on. I never meant to tell you what I knew, but you have forced me to it. I don't love you—I don't like a man who can do such things, and I never could. And I can't let you talk to me in this way any more. If we must meet, you must behave just as usual. If you can't, I shall persuade my mother to go away at once."

"I shall follow you," said Brook. "I told you so the other day. You can't possibly go to any place where I can't go too."

"Do you mean to persecute me, Mr. Johnstone?" she asked.

"I love you."

"I hate you!"

"Yes, but you won't always. Even if you do, I shall always love you just as much."

Her eyes fell before his.

"Do you mean to say that you can really love a woman who hates you?" she asked, looking at one of her hands as it rested on the wall.

"Of course. Why not. What has that to do with it?"

The question was asked so simply and with such honest surprise that Clare looked up again. He was smiling a little sadly.

"But—— I don't understand——" she hesitated.

"Do you think it's like a bargain?" he asked, quietly. "Do you think it's a matter of exchange—'I will love you if you love me?' Oh, no! It's not that. I can't help it. I'm not my own master. I've got to love you whether I like it or not. But since I do—well, I've said the rest and I won't repeat it. I've told you that I'm in earnest, and you haven't believed me. I've told you that I love you, and you won't even believe that——"

Clare began to think that the heat had hurt his head. And all the time, in a secret, shame-faced way, she was listening to his incoherent sentences, and rough exclamations, and remembering them one by one, and every one. And she looked at his pale face, and saw the queer light in his blue eyes, and the squaring of his jaw—and then and long afterwards the whole picture, with its memory of words hot, broken, and confused, meant earnest love in her thoughts. No man in his senses, wishing to play a part and produce an impression upon a woman, would have acted as he did, and she knew it. It was the rough, real thing—the raw strength of an honest man's uncontrolled passion that she saw—and it told her more of love in a few minutes than all she had heard or read in her whole life.

[*Adam Johnstone's Son*, by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers.]

Rivarde has the greatest violin in existence; it is known in both Europe and America as "The Emperor Strad," and belongs to Mr. Wm. H. Klopton, of New York City, a wealthy gentleman, who becoming very much interested in the artist, and infatuated with his playing, loaned it to him for his American tour. It is said that the intrinsic value of this instrument is thirty thousand dollars, and it is insured for that amount. The violin is over three hundred years old, in a perfect state of preservation, and the tone qualities of this magnificent instrument are indescribable.

Queen Rainovalona of Madagascar signed the treaty conveying the island to France with a steel pen made in Birmingham. General Duchesne, who commanded the French expedition, now has the pen and holder.

THE BENEFIT FIELD DAY FOR THE CALIFORNIA EASTERN TEAM.

Last Saturday was a Berkeley day beyond any doubt. The much-heralded, much-advertised championship games were held for the benefit of the Eastern Track Team of the California University, and, judging from the attendance, the team must have benefited largely.

Over a dozen different athletic organizations entered men in the events, the Berkeley contingent being, naturally, the largest; Stanford wisely held aloof; a week previous the tie, which seems to be the invariable outcome whenever the two Universities meet, had again been the result of the intercollegiate Field Day, and the athletic powers of the Cardinal College had apparently decided to let well enough alone. And, after all, Stanford did do well enough to tie the team that had tied Pennsylvania and beaten Princeton.

But the boys from Berkeley struggled hard to wipe the stain of practical defeat from their record, and took advantage of the championship games to prove that they, and not their red rivals, were the representative Western college athletes, and had the right and power to challenge Yale, Harvard, and Princeton to trials of strength on the cinder path and in the field.

Of all the contests of speed, the prettiest, to my taste, is the bicycle race, for you receive a very distinct impression of velocity minus the disagreeable sight of the foam and lather and bloody flanks of a horse race or the wavering gait, the distorted face, and the laboring muscles at the finish of a fiercely fought foot race. Of course, the effort is all there in a wheel race, but it is not nearly so apparent.

Nothing could have been prettier than the races last Saturday; run as they were upon a board track so steeply inclined at the turns that the whole thing looked less like a bicycle track than an enormous oval platter. It was impossible to resist a thrill when the racers turned into the straight just before the beginning of the last lap. It was the beginning of the end then. By that time the pace that kills had strung the riders out into a line, and only those who were well up to the front could hope to win. At "the turn into the straight"—that final fatal place where so many hopes have died—the leaders begin to ride in deadly earnest and the battle commences that is to be fought out all the way around the track. If you watch them close you will observe the leaders holding back, eyeing each other, each waiting for the other to begin the spurt, each maneuvering for that place which expert riders tell you is the best in a race—just at your opponent's rear wheel. Then the spurt comes all of a sudden, and a new life runs through the race like fire, the crowd shouts now one name, now another, the bell rings furiously for the last lap, and the glint of wheels comes spinning down upon you, the hollow boards of the track roaring under the flying tires, the race goes by with a flash and a rolling noise as of distant thunder, and the next instant you see it careening around the turn, the wheels canted over to the incline of the track like ships in a gale; the race flashes along the opposite side, strikes the turn again, the last turn, grows small and fore-shortened as it wheels into the home stretch and finishes close under you with a fleeting glimpse of whirling tires, gleaming colors and a momentary flash of the broken tape.

Yet for all this there was not very much enthusiasm at the meet, none of that infectious spontaneous thrill that runs from end to end of a crowd, and that drags you up to your feet, shouting and throwing things into the air. Only once was there a suggestion of this. It was when the man who did the announcing through an enormous extinguisher told the Berkeley element in the audience about the baseball game played that same afternoon on the Palo Alto Campus between the California and Stanford Nines. "Stanford—U. C. baseball game," thundered the extinguisher; "U. C. wins—score 13 to 3." These were winged words. For the second time in history California had beaten out Stanford on the diamond. Even the bicycle races were forgotten for the moment while the bleachers roared to the California slogan, and the air grew gray with tossing arms, and hats, and canes.

California needed this victory, especially after the tied games of the week previous. It was vitally necessary that the College, and the outside world as well, should have ocular physical proof of the fact that a California team *could* win when matched with a strong rival.

What is the matter with the University across the Bay? Somewhere deep down in her complicated athletic machinery a little screw is loose. Even in the benefit field day California did not show as strong as was expected; three first places went to Stanford; Torrey was beaten out in the hurdles—though perhaps intentionally—but all through the events there was a noticeable lack of spirit. There can be no doubt that as far as material goes California has put into the field team after team equal to any college team in the United States. This may seem a large order, but it is, we believe, absolutely true. Of course it is not demanded that these teams win from Yale or Harvard, but it is not unreasonable to expect something more than a long series of tied scores in California's meets with Stanford.

It is quite possible that there is too much coddling of the California teams by the undergraduates; that the college at large is more responsible than the athletes themselves. It is the wrong spirit that pats the men on the back, that says, "You are doing well; you are a fine fellow; you are going to win hands down." A better spirit would be that which shuts its hands and teeth, and exclaims: "D——n you, win the game."

Hinckey, the Captain of the Yale Eleven, kicks Beard, his own right guard, before a crowded grand-stand for some delinquency in his play, and the college supports the Captain.

The spirit may not be a gentlemanly spirit, we admit—it's not the spirit that the player relishes, but it's the spirit that wins intercollegiate games.

A queer pig story is told by the London *Telegraph*. A sow that had lost her tail by an accident, had a litter of ten little pigs, but seeing that they all had tails, placed them in a row and bit off the tails one by one.

Dr. Jameson's goods have been sold at auction at Johannesburg, very high prices being paid by the Boer farmers for the horses and mules.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THINGS AND PEOPLE

NOW THAT the Republicans have found a hero and adopted delegates, political anticipation is centered in the Democracy. It gathers in Sacramento and will pledge its representatives to no candidate, for the party's great men hang back, out of modesty, doubtless. The months prior to election are fertile of incident, however, and who shall say but that events may yet turn the tide for the Democracy. In the meantime the Junta seems to have affairs well in hand. The hearts of its leaders beat brisk, for John H. Wise has at last discovered the demise of Buckley—a fact which had appealed long and offensively to the nose of the party His adhesion at this late day is more a measure of desperation than a tribute to his discretion and is estimated accordingly. Though the political manner which Mr. Wise assumes is that of a prodigal son, it would be more appropriate if he looked as he must feel—sheepish. No fatted calves are being slain in his honor, unless there indeed be some distant connection between that ceremony and the aspirations of Harry Wise, who aspires to be chosen a delegate from the First District. The usual interest prevails over the delegate-at-large-question—the chances favoring E. B. Pond, W. W. Foote, Stephen M. White, and Barney Murphy. From the Fifth I anticipate the nomination of James D. Phelan and George T. Marye, from the Fourth, Frank Nichol is a certainty, Tom Geary may be a delegate from the First, or a delegate-at-large, and there is a Dr. Nutting of Siskiyou, an able and progressive man, who will surely be among the chosen.

* * *

That Frank Gould will be chosen chairman seems now a certainty. I'm told, however, that Mr. Buckley recently made a call on W. W. Foote to demand that he accept that office himself.

"I am here to insist that you accept the chairmanship of the forthcoming convention," said the Blind Boss. "The party needs you, sir. We promise you our support."

"But I don't want the place," replied Foote.

"But I speak for the party. The Democracy needs you. If you won't be a candidate, this Stockton fellow, Gould, will be elected and we are against him to a man." Mr. Buckley was as impressive as a telegraph pole.

"I'm for him," returned Foote. "But that aside, Mr. Buckley, of what does your promised support consist? You know your delegation is slated for destruction, and that the State is dead against you."

Just what objection the unfortunate Boss interposed to this statement history does not announce. However, it may be accepted that at last Buckleyism is dead.

* * *

PROVIDENCE denies to the lawyers the saving grace. They may gather and invest, but ultimately they die poor. Take George R. B. Hayes as an excellent example. No one guesses how much he contrived to spend per annum—but the amount must have figured into the thousands; he died poor, leaving an encumbered life insurance policy as the sole result of his laborious years. Hall McAllister earned many thousands in his day, but he lived luxuriously, and lavished his gold with a prodigal hand. The story of John B. Felton's life has a like lesson; Judge Hoge left less than two hundred thousand dollars—a mere tithe of his earnings. There are exceptions, of course—the late Samuel M. Wilson, whose family inherited nearly two million; Tom Bergin, McAllister's associate, retired from practise with a fortune; the late Fred Billings devised a large estate, but neither Judge Mesick nor Judge Belcher, who died in the fulness of years, and after brilliant careers, left millions as a memorial of their industry. To the successful lawyer money comes in large sums at a time; he cannot calculate on a weekly or a monthly stipend, as the merchant may; his life is a series of coups—unless, indeed he have retainers from corporations, as E. W. Pillsbury has, to whose interests he attends for a monthly consideration. Apropos of Hayes, however—he had a most profitable connection and should have left a prosperous association. He had the bulk of Archbishop Riordan's business, he handled the affairs of the London, Paris, and American Bank; the French bank over which E. J. Le Breton presides entrusted its legal affairs to his charge. There were also estates, commercial houses, besides important cases in the office, and yet I fear there is little left for the widow. A similar condition prevailed in the case of Denis Spencer—surely the most generous and kindly of men. Alas! he lacked the sense of economy, and the residue of his earnings are small.

* * *

That the business of the several institutions will not remain with the survivors is accepted—Tim Lyons had already, ere the death of Mr. Hayes, been entrusted with certain affairs of the French Bank, while Rothschild & Ach, who are certainly clever at spreading their clientelle, which is to-day one of the most extensive in town, had essayed, sometime ago, to handle the London, Paris, and American Bank. It is probable, then, that preceding affiliations solved these problems of destination. As for the Archbishop's interests—there are many aspirants—Sullivan & Sullivan, for instance, who are high in clerical favor, or A. H. Loughborough who has had a generous share of ecclesiastical patronage these many years.

* * *

THAT CURIOUS little "school," or "cercle," or "coterie," called "Les Jeunes," who have of late furnished literary gossip from San Francisco to New York, assembled to a characteristic supper, last Friday eve. at Martinelli's Café in the Italian quarter. The supper was given by Frank Burgess, editor and promoter of the terrifying little bibelot, *The Lark*. Mr. Burgess also designed the weird individual menus. These latter were most unique, a feature of the design being a border of "goups" with interlaced arms and legs. (N. B.—A "goup" is the type of that awful formless creature that you see in *The Lark;* the shape which shape has none; the boneless, jointless horror with the staring eyes.) To be a "Jeune" it is necessary to have had a contribution accepted by *The Lark*. Among the inner circle of "Jeunes" at Martinelli's were Earnest Peixotto, Porter Garnett, Bruce Porter, Willis Polk. The "Jeunes" of the outer circle, the un-Larked "Jeunes," were Karl Howard, Frank Norris, Mr. Cochran, L. S. Vassault, Phil Brown, Morgan Shepherd, Mr. Raymond. Toward the middle course a huge paté de volaille was served. Mr. Burgess, cut it open, and, lo! a flock of tiny larks flew out, and filled the room with their singing. The effect was pretty in the extreme.

* * *

In connection with "Les Jeunes," I must add that the *Petit Journal Des Refusées* is well under way and will burst upon an astonished world on or about the first of June. It is to be printed on wall paper with appropriate illustrations, and its contents are guaranteed to thrill the most jaded bibliomaniac of the East or West. We have been privileged to see some of the advance sheets and can safely aver that the *Petit Journal Des Refusées* will be so impossible, so horrible, so riotously, blasphemously bad, that nothing will be left for any bibelot that may arise in the future. The *Petit Journal* is to be the last word of degeneracy.

* * *

As a correspondent General Barnes proved both an acquisition and a discovery. His matter was admirable—interesting, skillful and informative. He was both eloquent and descriptive, and gave us the only coherent and comprehensive idea of the late convention. Though his friends are not happy over this conversion to journalism, it is to be hoped his contributions will not terminate after so auspicious a commencement. However, General Barnes is so brilliantly a versatile man that no one would be especially surprised at his success in any line of endeavor.

* * *

They call Mr. Maybeck the prominent young architect over in Berkeley since he gave to the world the unique scheme which renders the University a whole but blots out its parts. He is somewhat eccentric; sufficiently so, indeed, to resign a one hundred and seventy-five dollar post in Page Brown's office to accept the place of instructor in drawing at the University, for which the remuneration is fifty dollars; otherwise he is a graduate of the Beaux Arts in Paris, is also a vegetarian, and lives in a chalet in the foothills. Among his architectural achievements is a house in which the ascent of the upper floors is accomplished by ladder—no provision having been made for a stairway. However, these are only the peculiarities of talent, for Maybeck is undeniably clever, and his exteriors are charming.

* * *

THERE ARE no real elegantes in San Francisco. No veritable swells of our own growing and rearing The temperament of the community tends to dwarf this product of the higher civilization, and prevents the unfolding of all its splendid affectations. Some frontier prejudices still linger here, relics of the days when silk hats were outrages and boiled shirts mere foppishness. But even with the passing of our sartorial bigotries, years must elapse ere the climate could possibly develop so interesting an individuality as that of H. Madison Jones, who was at the Palace a few weeks ago with the Pierpoint Duryeas. This was the most exquisite of youths, languid as a lily, as exacting as an heiress—an attenuated, frail personage who traveled with four Saratogas, two valets, and a jewel case. Some years ago his millionaire progenitor departed for celestial spheres, and it devolves on H. Madison to make the best possible showing for the Jones family.

This radiant youth came under my observation up at the Club. It was about five o'clock, and it was evident he had just emerged from the hands of his valet, arrayed in all the splendors of the afternoon toilet—frock coat, white tie, a superb vest, checked trousers and patent leather shoes; he was veritably a pocket edition of "Him" in *Vogue*. His little pinched features resolved themselves into a smile at my approach. I felt the pressure of a thin weak hand, like the clasp of a delicate woman, there arose from him a faint odor of a perfume I did not know, and as I sat at the table beside him I could not but catch the serious querulousness of his expression. He ordered a cocktail, with minute directions as to its composition—I likewise—and the little man commenced to talk indifferently of London and Paris restaurants, and tailors, of the prevailing vintages, and the new cuts which Poole favored. Evidently he had but recently come from Europe and knew the last about clothes and things. The cocktail arrived. With a slight glance at me he sipped it; then the little face relaxed its tight lines and grew less bonze-like as he tossed the decoction down.

Just then H. Madison Jones becoming sensible of a condition which needed amelioration, thrust his hand into an inside pocket and drew out a cambric mouchoir, which quite indifferently he carried to his nose. He sniffed; the expression of the face changed; the pinched suavity gave way to indignant protest; the lines around the mouth deepened; the forehead puckered into a frown. The little exquisite was almost excited. Hastily he rang the bell which summoned a servitor.

"I wish you'd call me a messenger-boy at once," he said.

The messenger arrived, Jones surveyed him from head to foot, as Napoleon is said to have scrutinized the men whom he proposed sending on a desperate service.

"Messenger boy, go down to my rooms—Mr. Madison Jones's rooms—at the Palace, and ask Rayner, my head man, to come here at once, please"—this in a tone of agitated languor.

About ten minutes later Rayner arrived—an Englishman, smug, smoothfaced, serious, his face full of apprehension. Diffidently he approached his little master, who looked at him for at least twenty long seconds through a monocle before replying to his respectful "Yes, sir." At last he said, in tones that trembled with indignation and reproach:

"Rayner, I should have thought you had been long enough in my service to know I cannot abide the odor of white rose."

With a gesture that was absolutely tragic, H. Madison Jones drew forth the offending cambric and handed it to the trembling valet. "I do wish you would send me another at once," he continued. Then, turning to me, he added in a patronizing way, "Such a good man Rayner is, too; I'm so sorry he made that mistake. I know he feels it himself."

The conversation languished until the obsequious Rayner returned with an appropriately perfumed handkerchief, and then the little gentleman actually darted into a discussion of prize-fighting, and the chances of Fitzsimmons whipping Corbett.

Mr. Jones has one fad—collecting uncut jewels. It is said the array of these he has gathered is quite the finest in the world. It represents several hundred thousand dollars in value, and he carries around with him some of the choicest specimens in a brazen casket. Just prior to his departure for Honolulu, I again found him at the club, arrayed en grande tenue, but looking thinner than ever, pale and tired. Once more the flabby handshake, the silent smile.

"Well, Mr. Jones, you look tired; been out at the Cliff?" I said.

"Oh, dear, no. I never go sight-seeing. I spent the afternoon in my rooms at the hotel. I have just been looking over my jewels—you have heard of my collection?—and am quite exhausted."

He rose to go. "I'm so sorry you were not here a little earlier, and we might have had another cocktail together. But really, I must get back to the Palace in time to be dressed for dinner, you know. I wish you'd let me show you some rubies I've just picked up—real beauties."

He toddled off then, leaving me thankful the particular disease of which he is so fine an example has not yet become epidemic in San Francisco.

THE WITNESS.

Great Book Sale at Dodge's New Store, 112 Post St.

THE YELLOW STORE
NEXT WHITE HOUSE

BOOKS BY LETTER.

EPISTOLARY COMMENT, KINDLY AND OTHERWISE, ON CERTAIN NEW NOVELS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—*Sleeping Fires*, *A Fight With Fate*, and *Mistress Dorothy Marvin*; these are the three books I have read this week, and I think I must say that Mr. Gissing's *Sleeping Fires* pleased me the best. But oh, the classicism of it! I know nothing about Mr. Gissing's early education, but I will warrant the gentleman is steeped to the ears in his classic authors. It is amusing, most amusing, to read a modern novel in classic form.

Sleeping Fires is a curious anomaly. It deals with the sex problem, and surely nothing can be more 1896, but deals with it coldly, chastely, with great dignity. Just listen to these sentences as specimens of the book's style: "She exhibited much distress," "There was no difficulty in procuring a conveyance," and this one when Agnes is struggling in the crisis of her life in a wild tumult of conflicting passions, torn by the most violent emotions, "You pretend to read my thoughts, yet you have no understanding of my strongest motive. This is quite enough to prove that we are really far apart, and not only seem to be so." Isn't it lovely? Isn't it fine? The scrupulously chosen words, the well-balanced coordinate phrases, the feeling for movement; and all this with her brain in a whirl. The conversations are just as amusing. They go on for pages in such strain as the above, the actors making the dialogue almost in alternate lines like the old Greek tragedies. One almost looks for the hexameters. And in fact the whole construction of *Sleeping Fires* is upon the lines of Greek tragedy. There is the complication, occurring long before the story begins, the start, rise, and height of the plot, the god-from-the-machine (the killing off of Louis) that precipitates the plot, and even the messenger of evil tidings, in this case modernized to a telegraphic dispatch.

Here and there you may quote lines from the book as though it were in stately verse. See, now, how this suggests the roll of the verse of Sophocles, "By the dead city of the menaced shore into a regal sunset burning upon Naples." I am quite sure you will like the story, for it is evident Mr. Gissing knows his trade; and I repeat this treatment of a modern sex problem in old Greek tragedy form and in a style classical, chaste, reserved, and pure, is *piquant*. It is odd. Moral of the story—Love without marriage better than marriage without love. A chorus, a Greek chorus, should sing this in strophe and antistrophe at the end of the last chapter.

And what shall I say of the next book, Mrs. Alexander's *Fight With Fate?* Alas and alas it is very grievous. Why will such books bewritten, why published and why—in heaven's name!—why read?

Poor little "governess," or "upper servent," or "secretary," or whatever titles your romancers may deem fit to dub you with, how long shall we suffer you; how long shall we bear with you; how often since the days of Jane Eyre have you been dragged from the seclusion of oblivion and thrust out upon the public stage, how many times, and each time thinner, more shadowy, more lifeless than ever. Jane, you have been worked to death; you died long ago, and the person whom Mrs. Alexander calls Beatrice is your attenuated shade your ghost. *De Grace Madame Alexandre!* respect the ashes of the dear departed; let the dead sleep in peace. Even if you do not respect the dead, respect our feelings at the very least. You can't harrow us with Jane any more. If you must Fight with Fate throughout precisely 300 pages, let it be done with some new flesh and blood people. Then we will be interested in the combat; but don't work poor Jane Eyre any more. She was *over*-worked long ago; it is cruel to "put upon her" again. Give her a rest; give us a rest, too. With stories like *Mistress Dorothy Marvin* a-making like mad, you can't, as once was done, charm us with your played-out machinery and your worn-out characters.

Look at *Dorothy* now; she's a beauty, a regular out-and-out, dashing, swearing, night-riding, glorious girl of long ago. She catches you up with her, as it were, upon the horse Wallenstein, and gallops you through the fifty-odd chapters of Mr. J. C. Snaith's tale; through battle and murder and sudden death, through "escaladoes, camisados, onfalls, pallisados, estacados, mines, countermines, and a very babel of military jargon." Oh, it may not be the best literary art, it may not be the careful polishing and re-polishing of the *Sleeping Fires* of Mr. Gissing; but "*b-r-r-r*" it has the breath of the outdoor life in it. There is movement in it, dash in it fervor and spring and *go* in it. Its fine fighting and the swinging of swords and blood—yes, blood, plenty of it—and the jar of horses, and the marching of armies, and conspiracies against the person of kings. *Mistress Dorothy Marvin, that's* a book worth your while to read, but the other—*The Fight With Fate*—sickly, overdone sentiment, no! reading that is a waste of time.

RAYMOND ROTH.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

LADY OR TIGER.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S PLOT TO SOLVE AN INTERESTING LITERARY PROBLEM.

Since the identity of Junius has been fastened on Sir Phillip Francis, the most perplexing of literary problems concerns "The Lady or the Tiger." Mr. Stockton has given us a problem which, thus far, defies solution, and as he declines persistently to decide the complication himself—and as both Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw, or His Holiness the Pope, have no time for the consideration of the puzzle—I fear the situation must remain mysterious until Judgment Day.

Many and most imperious have been the efforts to persuade the author to reveal his dark secret. The best story thereon is told in *The Bookman*. Stockton and Kipling met at an author's reception, and, after some preliminary talk, the former remarked:

"By the way, Kipling, I'm thinking of going over to India some day myself."

"Do so, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. "Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we'll do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back and have one of the very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forefoot directly over your head. Then I'll say, in my most insinuating tones, 'Come, now, Stockton, which was it—the Lady or the Tiger?' What would you do then?"

"Oh, well, that's easy enough. I should tell you a lie."

"Thanks, awfully! That's just as good as the truth, now that you've told me that it's to be a lie. If you say, 'the Tiger,' I'll know it was the Lady; and if you say, 'the Lady,' I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!"

Then both of them drifted away from the interested group, and were presently observed to be standing in the immediate vicinity of a large china bowl with something pink in it.

Apropos of the first yarn, *Vanity* offers this:

At a dinner given to Stockton, the hostess caused the ices to be placed before her to be served. They were in individual forms of tiny ladies and tigers. The hostess asked, in a voice distinctly heard by all the guests: "Which will you have, Mr. Stockton, the lady or the tiger?" and the company held its breath in anticipation of the answer. Stockton replied, with an innocent smile: "One of both, if you please!" And the riddle is still unsolved.

BOOK NOTES.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Jr. University, has prepared for publication a series of chapters on the "Care and Culture of Men." This book is now in press and will shortly be issued from the press of the Whitaker & Ray Co.

Hypnotism Up To Date, by Sidney Fowler, is a little book describing the practise and methods of mesmerism. The author admits himself to be the mouthpiece of Dr. Herbert A. Park, lecturer on psycho-therapeutics for the Illinois Medical College at Chicago, whose work in rescuing hypnotism from the charlatan is well known.

[Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers.]

"The Gray Sleeve," by Stephen Crane, is presented with the attractions of large type and convenient form, in the last number of *The Pocket Magazine*. It is certainly a remarkable story and worthy the author of "The Red Badge." The feature of the number is "Flore," by Stanley Weyman, which occupies most of the little book. Another good story is "Mrs. Bunker's Chaperon," by W. W. Jacobs, the clever English story-teller, whose very natural sea yarns are just coming into vogue.

A page devoted to *Current Literature* would but give the vaguest idea of its contents, which is as broad as the world, and only a little less numerous than the encyclopedia's. This journal advises on reading, sleeping, and surgery, and may be read at a single sitting, provided one sits long enough. The prominent exercpts this month are from *A Lady of Quality* and *The Broom Squire*, the former being that exciting passage in which Clorinda kills Sir John Oxen with her riding-whip.

The best thing the *Review of Reviews* has is "M. de Blowitz, Journalist," a character sketch by W. T. Stead. In his career at the helm of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Stead got to know this eminent ambas-ador of the people, as he calls him, and tells story after story narrating his peculiarities, his magnificent assumption, and his amusing eccentricities. Otherwise the magazine presents its usual departments, including the Progress of the World, which is admirable material for editorial writers, and instructive even to the ordinary wayfarer.

In these days of South African troubles, Olive Schreiner's story of a South African farm, that somber, powerful study of human nature in a far-away land, has taken a new lease of life. In appearance Miss Schreiner, or rather Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner, is altogether unlike the typical blue stocking—short and stout, with a bright, open expression. Nor would the casual observer believe that, with possibly the exception of Cecil Rhodes himself, no one in South Africa is more thoroughly acquainted with all the complicated phases of the "Boer question," or more deeply versed in the endless intricacies of Transvaal government.

The opinions of Sarah Grand, discoverer of the "new woman," on Mr. Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*, and Mr. Grant Allen's *The Woman Who Did*, are interesting. To an interviewer she said: "I have a great respect for Mr. Hardy's genius, but I cannot make out whether he intended to teach anything by *Jude the Obscure*. The work is colossal in strength, but ethically it is amorphous. I perceive no special teaching in it." Her reply to the question, "What do you think of *The Woman Who Did?*" was more pointed. "It seems to me," she said, "that Mr. Grant Allen wants us to return to the customs of the poultry yard."

The May number of the San Francisco *Traveler* is unusually interesting, and abounds in a profusion of elegant half-tone engravings, as well as a great variety of reading matter. Among the many entertaining articles for May, all illustrated, are: "Water Front Sketches," by E. K. Rountree; "A Chapter on Basketry," by J. Torry Connor; "Tehipite Valley," by Theodore S. Solomons; "The Fair Sex in Egypt," by Arthur Inkersley; "Picturesque Humboldt county," by D. G. Waldron; "The Great Rabbit Drive at Fresno," by Hu Maxwell; "Ostrich Farming," "A bit of Natural History," and other regular departments comprise in all one of the best numbers ever issued.

The *Cosmopolitan* is much better pictorially than it is as literature, though, of course, one cannot expect a great deal for ten cents. "Artist's Models," by Eric Pape, are very prettily pictured. Chatfield Taylor presents some beautiful photographs of 'Seville the Fair"; we have some more of "Hilda Stafford," by Beatrice Harriden, and of Frank Stockton's "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht"; there are a number of pictures of high buildings, incident to a well-reasoned article on the dangers of high buildings; more pictures of the Phœnix Park tragedy, and a very readable article on convicts and bushrangers in Australia. The colored cover is certainly catchy to the eye, but hardly appeals to one's sensibilities.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* has certainly the prettiest cover of the May monthlies, and it opens with a charming spring picture by William Hamilton Gibson. Ex-President Harrison is still instructive about this country of ours; John Gilmore Speed tells about running a train at night. The ladies who made the Christmas *Examiner* a couple of years ago will probably read with interest a clever little story by Bessie Chanler, entitled "The Woman's Edition"; Mr. Bok, under the nom de plume of Edward Clayton Staley, writes of the newest in stationery. There are some drawings by Kate Greenaway, together with those advisory features which make the magazine so popular among those who read it, whereby one learns how not to eat and what not to drink, how to dress, to propose, and above all, how to answer invitations.

So Stone & Kimball have dissolved, and we have two new firms—H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, publishers of the *Chap Book*, and Mr. Kimball, who, having acquired the entire business of Stone & Kimball and the right to that name, has removed his headquarters to New York. We learn now that Mr. Stone is the literary member of the firm, and that Kimball officiated as business manager. The announcement in the *Chap Book* informs us: "With increased facilities, with a complete independence, and with new arrangements which enable the editors to devote themselves exclusively to its interests, the *Chap Book* begins its third year under peculiarly pleasing conditions. It has already made many engagements of unusual importance, and is happy to announce that in the near future it will present new contributions by Henry James, the late Robert Louis Stevenson, Stéphane Mallarmé, now 'le poète des poètes,' and others.

"Chicago, April 20, 1896."

Mr. Harry Whitney McVickar has published, through Harper Brothers, a curious brochure entitled *The Evolution of Woman*. The tale of the evolution is carried out in a series of little jingles, each with a full-page illustration. The pictures are much prettier than the poetry, of which we submit the following specimen.

Here we see
The famous tree—
The snake believed,
And Eve deceived.
(Eve thus dis-Eved
Because be-leaved.)

Mr. McVickar is already well known as an illustrator in *Life* and *Vogue*. In *The Evolution of Woman*, he starts a new style, many of his drawings showing a strong influence of the famous French cartoonist, Earan d'Ache.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Fight With Fate," by Mrs. Alexander. J. B. Lippincott, publisher. For sale by J. A. Hoffman.

"Mistress Dorothy Marvin," by J. C. Snaith. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Robert Atterbury," by Thomas H. Brainerd. Cassel Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by "The Popular Book Store."

"A Parting and a Meeting," by W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"Sleeping Fires," by George Gissing. D. Appleton & Co, publishers.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Wednesday evening next will be the first anniversary of the opening of the Columbia Theater under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. It is conceded that the Columbia has been the most successful theatrical venture of the year.

The attraction to follow Morrison's "Faust" at the Columbia is the comedy, "Pawn Ticket No. 210," interpreted by a company of comedians which includes Miss Amy Lee, Marion Clifton, Mr. Frank Doane, Joseph P. Winter, and others

"Escutcheon," "Brother John," "Geoffrey Middleton," "On Probation," "His Wife's Father," and the "Social Test," are among the new plays that form a part of the Frawley Company's repertoire this season. Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing, who left the Daly Company and joined the Frawley organization, will star jointly next season under the management of Mr. T. Henry French.

At the Orpheum next week, the change of bill includes Wood and Shepard, America's greatest instrumental comedians; Fields and Lewis, parodists and comedians; John W. Ransone, the New York comedian; Charlotte Parry, in clever impersonations of the world's greatest celebrites; Carr and Jordan in farce comedy; the aerialists, Morton and Mack, and many others.

Tragedy at the Grand Opera House this week—tragedy of the old style, classical order—in the shape of "Virginius," Sheridan Knowles' well-known drama. In the title role was Edmund Collier, whose final appearance it was in San Francisco. He is a man of fine physique and easy presence, whose gestures are graceful and whose voice is excellently modulated. He hardly rises to the heights which the character demands, but his rendering is interesting and certainly conscientious. Miss Leigh made an admirable Virginia, and the stock company was, as usual, an adequate support. Next week commencing Monday, May 11th, we have "The Cross-roads of Life," a play that has numerous thrilling situations and an interesting plot.

Ladies when down town shopping should not fail to get luncheon at the Maison Riche.

QUEEN LILY SOAP

BEST ON EARTH
FOR LAUNDRY USE

Patronize Home Industry

THE THEATERS.

THE MINSTREL SHOW AT THE CALIFORNIA—EDDIE FOY AS "MISS BROWN."

In childhood, I thought chocolate eclairs (we used to call them chocolate cream cakes then) were a most delicate and heavenly food, made for angels, and permitted only to mortals who were basking in the smiles of Fortune. I never even dreamed that a chocolate cream could pall upon one; but, alas! they don't taste the same now; neither do macaroons, nor any of the other confections that used to bring enjoyment and sweet content to the none too discriminating palate of youth. I am a little afraid the minstrel show strikes me about as a chocolate eclair would to-day. It has something of the old taste, something of the old flavor, but the old relish is not with me. I can recollect (and it is not so long ago) in the days of Fatty Rice, Moreland, Emerson, and Billy Courtright, that my seniors used to tell me, in a superior way, that the minstrel show of *my* day was nothing like the minstrel show of *their* day, when Birch, Wambold and Backus sang "Lucy Long," "Sally, Come Up," "Dance de Boatman, Dance," and "Jim Crackcorn, I Don't Care." As an up-to-date youngster of that day I considered these hypercritical, gray-headed seniors as somewhat of the "back number" order; and very likely the young person of to-day, who hears me declare the minstrels of the present time are not so funny, not so entertaining, as the minstrels of my day, sagely includes me among the back numbers. I don't believe there ever was a grotesque song and dance equal to the "Flewy Flewy" of Billy Courtright; or that ever a break-neck song and dance team equaled Johnson and Bruno. In those days Primrose and West did a neat song and dance; that was all. They constituted one team out of many; but the leaders in that line were generally conceded to be Delehanty and Hengler, the music of whose songs was whistled by every boy upon the street.

Primrose and West, however, have survived them all, and can boast of a partnership running over a quarter of a century. Now, they come to us with "big" minstrels; and they are big minstrels, though it is a little difficult to harmonize "The Vanishing Grenadiers" and "The Millar Brothers Famous Diorama" with the minstrels we knew. Diorama, be it known, is a pretentious name for a very unpretentious set of stereopticon views. Jack Haverly was the first iconoclast to introduce the "big" feature and the new departures, and I have never liked him for it. I presume, however, the public demands a change; and the change has taken the direction of "big" with satin costumes and other things that have no more to do with minstrelsy than have coffins or cheese.

The cleverest comedian among them all in this "big" minstrel show, is Jimmie Wall. Jimmie is slight of figure, but has enough of fun and versatility in him to star in a farce-comedy. He holds down the bone-end with Primrose in the first part, has a pleasing voice and is very graceful as well. Later, in what was once termed the "olio," he appears again in a musical trio of Howe, Wall, and McLeod, developing some ability as a musical moke, as well as additional fun-making proclivities. George Wilson of the tambourine end, is also clever and amusing. Of course, Mr. Primrose and Mr. West, when they are on the stage, monopolize the calcium light; but no one seems to object to that. Primrose has lost nothing of his neatness of manner; nor has he taken on any additional graces.

Ever since minstrelsy began, it has served to do one thing, if no other; to wit, it has brought together the phenomenal freak voices that are never to be met with in conjunction under any other circumstances. The "great Australian barytone," the "peerless tenor," and the "sweet-toned alto," the latter of whom changes the pitch of his voice to every bar of music, are all brought together on one stage in the minstrel performance; and one wonders what they do for a living when out of a minstrel engagement. I suppose they get into church choirs, or join some quartet that sings "Just Over There," or "The Gates Are Ajar," for pay, at funerals, and so eke out an existence. Primrose and West have them; and they have, besides, a little singing darkey whom they call Master Eddy. His nose is largely in evidence when he sings. A blind man would know of its presence, but altogether his voice is not unpleasing. In the big choruses (and they have big choruses at Primrose and West's) his high, childish treble may be heard ringing clear and distinct above all the din of voices and brass instruments. Probably Master Eddy caught onto the house stronger than any one who appeared on Monday night. An "original song and dance sketch," introducing the three champion buck dancers of America, reminds one of the barnyard scene in "Old Kentucky." Altogether the minstrel show is all it pretends to be, "big" and modern.

The first part on the program—Minstrelsy in the Past—in which the simon pure negro prevails, was, I presume, a concession to the theater-goer who, like myself, loved the minstrels of the past, but who certainly would not have loved them had the cornet been so obtrusively in evidence, and the bass drum so unmercifully pounded as it was on Monday night, by an enthusiastic but non-discriminating young "cullud gemmen."

If Eddy Foy's reputation rested on the work he has to do in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," and if that character and the "business" of Miss Brown marked the limit of his ability, a metropolitan public would relegate Eddy and his play with the elongated title to one-night stands in Missouri towns. "The Strange Adventures," etc., is not without some merit, but, devil take it, "some merit" is not what the public wants nowadays. A few of the people with him are far above the average. Lizzie Conway gave a touch to the character of Mrs. O'Gallaghar, in the first act, that reminded one strongly of the elder Yeamans in Harrigan's play, "Cordelia's Aspirations"; and when you say this you admit that she nearly approaches the cleverest woman in her line on the American stage. Another surprise was James E. Sullivan in Herr von Mosier. I cannot place Sullivan, or recollect ever having seen him before, but he is an artist. He has the gem character of the entire play; and that it shines at all I feel is due to himself, for he must have polished and polished it after it had left the hands of the playwright. He was something of a revelation to me, and I doubt not will be heard of as a star in days to come. In spite of all that one can do, the idea will suggest itself that "The Strange Adventures," etc., should be re-written, and Herr von Mosier and Mrs. O'Gallaghar given the principal roles. Any half-way clever female impersonator could be substituted for Foy, and make more out of the part, perhaps. One need not suggest that in such a reconstruction of the play the second act might hold a schoolroom scene with something of music and something of singing that might be made excruciatingly funny in the hands of the Herr. Hoyt would never have missed the opportunities presented by such a plot. Whatever shortcomings are apparent at the present Baldwin Theater performance may be laid strictly at the door of the playwright, not to the people on the stage; for the company is certainly made up of very clever actors. Foy has not yet found his play, and a comedian such as he should not risk his reputation in strange communities in such an inappropriate part.

Leaving Eddy Foy and his misfortunate setting, one must have been struck by the pretentious announcement of the attractions for the season of '96-'97, traveling under the management of William A. Brady. I can remember Billy Brady but a few years ago, when he was "butcher" on the trains running out of Oakland. He sold peanuts, cigars, and the like, for years. Now he is one of the leading managers of America, and presents a list of attractions almost as formidable as the Frohmans'. Such are the possibilities of a career in America.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytola ca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cents. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell Street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

MUSIC.

RIVARDE-LACHAUME IN OTHER PROGRAMS—MRS. CARR'S BENEFIT.

Educated in Paris, it is not surprising that Rivarde should entertain ideas of Bruch and Beethoven rather different from those of a musician of German proclivities. Therefore, that he infuses the works of these masters with the proper spirit is an opinion not shared by every one. His sweet, even tone grows monotonous in compositions of such rugged character. Clearly he is better in compositions of a smaller musical caliber. In his cadenzas to the Beethoven concerto, Rivarde has endeavored to retain the spirit of the composition, and has, in a measure, succeeded. But he has not always handled his material cleverly, and portions of these flights of his fancy verge on the trashy. The Joachim cadenzas are better in every respect. Since Rivarde admits that technic is not his strong point, it is questionable if he should play Ernst's "Airs Hongroise" in public. At any rate, his performance of these is somewhat tame after that of Ondricek. It can only be repeated that, in compositions suited to his temperament and of a not too exacting nature technically, Rivarde is delightful. Many think that Chopin nocturnes, as well as the Spanish Dances of Sarasate are best suited to his style. This may be; but whether or not violin transcriptions of Chopin nocturnes are artistic, is a matter of one of two kinds of taste.

The Rivarde engagement was certainly not a pecuniary success. Indeed, the public cannot be blamed for not attending concerts which, excepting the pianist and violinist, were second-rate. And Rivarde was the drawing-card, for Lachaume was not a popular favorite.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr richly deserved the big and fashionable audience that greeted her on Thursday evening of last week, for no local musician has done more for art or asked less in return than this charming friend and pupil of Hans von Bulow. Except as an accompanist Mrs. Carr appeared but once upon the stage, playing the theme and variations from Raff's Second Sonata with Mr. Sigmund Beel. And it was truly a delightful performance, as was also that of the clever Dvorak Trio for two violins and viola, played by Messrs. Bell, Josephs, and Jaulus. Joachim's Fantasie for viola is hardly the thing for a concert program, although Mr. Jaulus played it very well indeed, and with a warm, sympathetic tone. As far as the audience was concerned, the violin solo was the success of the evening. Mr. Beel can play the "Russian Airs." He has the tone, the technique, and the temperament; and he invests them with all the verve and abandon that were missing in Rivarde's performance. There were vocal solos by Miss Sofia Newland and Messrs. W. E. Bacheller and J. H. Desmond; a double quartet from the Loring Club, and a quartet of mixed voices known as the San Francisco Quartet. The latter, consisting of Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. Carrol Nicholson, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller, and Mr. Thomas Rickard, was especially pleasing in the Hunting Song from Benedict's "Lily of Killarney." The voices are all good, and there is a pleasing absence of the *vibrato*. The ensemble, too, gives evidence of conscientious study. The accompanists of the evening were Miss Constance Jordan and Mrs. J. Conning.

The Loring Club gave its final concert of the season on Monday evening last, assisted by Mme. Y. Seminario, soprano, and Mr. B. Jaulus, viola. Certain of the accompaniments were strengthened by a quintet of strings, flute, and organ. Beethoven's Chorus of Dervishes, from "The Ruins of Athens," excellently sung by the club, was the gem of an evening largely spoiled by persistent encores. Mme. Seminario sang Kucken's uninteresting "Heaven Hath Shed a Tear." She was apparently not in her usually good form. Mr. Jaulus played two of Joachim's "Hebrew Melodies." Mrs. Carmichael-Carr was, as ever, a satisfactory accompanist. Mr. D. P. Hughes was the conductor.

P. C. ALLEN.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents 102 Eddy Street.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Primrose and West remain at the California a second week, and promise an entire change of program, including a cake walk in which fifty couples will participate. Following the minstrels comes the Hoyt & McKee Company in "A Trip to Chinatown," with Harry Connor and Geraldine McCann in the lead.

The Tivoli has given us a very good performance of the "Chimes of Normandy," and next week presents Auber's romantic opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Martin Pache in the title role, J. J. Raffael as Lord Allcash, Arthur Boyce as Lorenzo, and Ferris Hartmann as the two bandits, Beppo and Giacomo. Kate Marchi and Carrie Roma have the feminine roles. The following week we are promised "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in an operatic setting, including picturesque scenery and accessories, and several black-faced specialty artists.

Another week of Morrison's "Faust" Company at the Columbia Theater. The presentation is interesting for its employment of electricity throughout the production. A cross starting into light by the church wall daunts the fiend amidst his loudest boastings; flowers leap into glowing blossoms in the scene where Marguerite gives herself to her lover. But it is in the Brocken scene that the scene of "light effects" is attained. Fierce dragons pass through the air, leaving a train of sparks behind, and a veritable cataract of fire descends at the close between the uncanny people of the Sabbath and their illumined chief on the mountain peak above.

Large houses have been the rule at the Baldwin this week. Following the Eddie Foy engagement, which continues until the 17th, we have Ada Rehan in "Countess Gucki," with Augustin Daly's Company. The "Two Escutcheons" and "The School for Scandal" will also be given. A "Midsummer Night's Dream" is the pièce de resistance of the second week, with "The Last Word" on Saturday evening. The third week will be devoted to "Twelfth Night," "The Hunchback," "The Belle's Stratagem," and "The Honeymoon," concluding with "The Taming of the Shrew." Prices during the engagement will be $2.00, $1.50, and $1.00. Seats on sale Tuesday next.

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Admission 50 cents
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BALDWIN THEATRE (AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.)

To-night, Sunday night and all next week—last times of the comedian—

EDDIE FOY

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN

Last time, Sunday Night, May 17th.

Monday, May 18th—ADA REHAN Accompanied by Augustin Daly's Company

CALIFORNIA THEATRE (AL HAYMAN & CO. INCORP'D PROPS)

Next Monday, May 11th—Second and last week of

PRIMROSE & WEST'S BIG MINSTRELS

Entire change from start to finish, including the GRAND PRIZE CAKE WALK
Exactly as presented at Madison Square Garden, N. Y.
50—COUPLES—50
Cash and valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners. All local talent can participate free of entry. List of prizes will be announced in daily papers. Monday, May 18th—A TRIP TO CHINATOWN

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Second and closing week

Morrison's famous scenic and dramatic production of FAUST with its wonderful scenic, electric and calcium effects.

The marvelous "Brocken" scene with genuine flashes of lightning and the magic rain of fire.
Reserved seats, 25, 50, 75c.

Next Attraction—Amy Lee and Frank Doane

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WOOD AND SHEPARD, America's greatest Instrumental Comedians
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THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY

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Mr. Andrew Bogart

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Metropolitan Temple, Fifth St., near Market
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SPLASHES.

SOCIETY was quite startled to learn, the other day, that Mrs. Moses Hopkins had concluded to shake our dust from her feet, to the extent at least of disposing of her mansion on Clay Street. This château-like structure, with its magnificent stable, is a feature of the Western Addition; and round the superb stable clings the memory of the dance in the barn, which Mrs. Hopkins gave there some years ago. The house is said to have cost $150,000, and is not only strongly built, but richly appointed. The new owner is Isadore Schwartz, a California merchant, who has made a large fortune in trading with Central America. He is a friend, I believe, of President Barrios, and is associated with him in several great enterprises. When the dictator of Guatemala decides to visit San Francisco, he will doubtless make this mansion his headquarters. By the way, Mrs. Hopkins will make her home in New York.

* * *

Two very popular girls in the persons o Miss Lily Lawlor and Miss Mamie Burling are leaving the fashionable world of San Francisco to become residents of the interior. The Supreme Court having finally decided the Burling suit in favor of the Sharons, Mrs. Burling has no longer any interest in remaining in San Francisco, and she and her daughter purpose to reside at Coronado, where they have taken a cottage. Miss Lawlor accompanies her family to Bakersfield, where her father has obtained a position with the Southern Pacific Company.

* * *

Among the distinguished strangers in San Francisco is Mrs. Charles Yerkes, wife of the street-car magnate of Chicago. Mrs. Yerkes is decidedly a handsome woman, who has made some effort at spending her husband's immense income. Their new house in New York is one of the finest residences in the metropolis, and contains a Japanese room said to be the handsomest in the world. Mrs. Yerkes was a guest at the Brandt wedding at Mrs. de Young's, the other day, and, I believe, leaves San Francisco to-day. She is not enjoying especially good health, else she would have protracted her stay here.

* * *

I hope to do full justice to the San Jose Fiesta next week. Quite a number of house parties have been arranged by wealthy householders of the Garden City for that great occasion, and we may anticipate great doings. For instance, the Misses Clark have invited quite a crowd to witness the festivities under their auspices. Among the guests are Miss Hoffman, Miss McKinstry, Miss McKenna, and Miss Blair, Mr. Hart, Mr. Tarn McGrew, together with a set of Stanford boys.

* * *

The Bench Show has had quite a run this season, and is decidedly popular. Quite a number of Society people have visited it during the week, and much interest is exhibited in the various canines.

* * *

THERE IS QUITE a fleet at Mare Island at the moment, and the congregation of captains, lieutenants, and ensigns very naturally provokes the community to festivity. At anchor there, just at present, are the "Bennington," "Thetis," "Concord," "Albatross," "Philadelphia," "Patrol," and "McArthur." Friday night last, there was a big cotillion given by the bachelor officers to the Island. There must have been a hundred present. Dancing began early and lasted till two, and everyone had a thoroughly jolly time. The punch was excellent. Competent authority assures me the prettiest girls there were Miss Young of the Presidio, Miss Pigman, daughter of the captain of the "Bennington," Miss Genevieve English of Oakland, and Miss McKelum of Mare Island, who is tall, blonde, and decidedly a graceful girl. On the following afternoon, the officers of the "Monadnock" had a reception, which, as might have been expected, culminated in a hop. Another festivity is a garden-party which Mrs. Howison promises as a species of farewell, her husband having been ordered back to Washington.

* * *

CONDITIONS at the Presidio have been much disturbed by recent orders from Washington. In order to afford the several artillery corps the necessary experience in handling the big guns, there has been a general change of companies between Alcatraz, Black Point, and Fort Canby. Lieut. and Mrs. Ward go to Alcatraz, and the Treats are back at the Presidio from the Point—over which there is much rejoicing. Captains Crabb and Hill have exchanged, which brings the latter to the Point, and sends the former and Lieut. Coffin to Fort Canby; an arrangement which separates Miss Crabb and her fiancé, Lieut. Gately, though I believe their marriage is set for the early future. By the way, there is a new physician out at the Presidio in the person of Doctor White, who, though his hair is gray, is pronounced charming. Dr. Straub is assigned to Fort Canby.

* * *

The story of Major Darling's retirement, hinted at in the *Call*, is quite without foundation, and the many friends of the gallant Major will be glad to learn that he is liable to remain in the army until the hour of his formal retirement. Colonel Young has left with the cavalry squadron for Yosemite, and travels via San Jose. There they stay over for the Fiesta, though the aspect of the troupe cannot add much to the glory of the occasion, inasmuch as full dress uniforms have been packed away for the season, and the company travels in its campaign outfit.

* * *

The Presidio Hop on Saturday night last was a species of re-union prior to the departure of the various Companies for their new assignments. It was a very jolly affair, and there were any number of fashionable girls present—among them many maidens who are never seen at the Post save on such occasions. On the same night, Major and Mrs. Darling gave a dinner to General Forsyth at their pretty home. It was a thoroughly jolly affair, and was notable for the number of capital stories which the hostess and her guests contributed. Mrs. Captain Blunt and Mrs. Gelette had a dance and supper at their Black Point home last week, and between all these various festivities the Presidio has been almost gay.

* * *

I am told that guessing clubs are being organized all over town, even in fashionable realms, in which groups of men and maidens are gathered to discuss the mysterious *Mill of Silence*, and to gain, if possible, the thousand dollars which goes to the first correct solution of the plot. It is somewhat invidious on the part of the Monarch to restrict the opportunities of winning this dividend to the fair sex, which is now so busily engaged in denouncing us at the Native Sons' Hall. However, it is the fair sex that buys newspapers, so the *Examiner's* editor will tell you for the asking.

* * *

THE EVENT OF NEXT WEEK, and the event of the season, is the wedding of Miss Hannah Williams and Mr. Walter Hobart. Seldom is it my lot to chronicle so interesting a combination of millions and beauty; for Miss Williams is undeniably charming—the belle of the season—and extremely well connected; whereas Mr. Hobart is a pleasant, bright, and enterprising young man, with at least a million and a half in property and a big stake in the richest gold mine in America. They are to be wedded at the Williams homestead in San Rafael—a delightful old house, covered with climbing roses and honeysuckle. Situated near the Mt. Tamalpais Academy, it is surrounded with lawns, gardens, and shrubbery—indeed, an ideal place for a country home. The happy pair are to be married in the family sitting-room—a spacious apartment which opens from the hall and connects with a dining-room, furnished in Colonial style. A feature of this latter apartment is a beautiful carved buffet, which once belonged to the Duke de Montpensier. A highlow contains an admirable collection of cups, saucers, and plates of ancient willow ware, and a fish-set of old majolica—treasures whose value is best appreciated by connoisseurs of china. The drawing-room serves as a reception-room. It is rather an old-fashioned apartment, furnished in light-blue satin, with a long antique mirror which reaches from floor to ceiling. The decorations for the eventful day have been entrusted to Miss Worn of Ross Valley—the details we will have later.

* * *

Considering the conditions, it is not astonishing the wedding presents are very gorgeous. Thus far, there has arrived a gold service from Miss Hobart, who has also presented the bride with a magnificent sunburst of diamonds, which she is to wear on the day of the wedding. The third present is a complete set of Faience ware, which the same generous donor, who is extremely fond of her brother, had ordered through Mrs. Paulson of the Nathan-Dohrmann Company. Though the wedding gown was made in San Francisco, it has quite a Parisian air, the corsage and sleeves in tulle, and an escharpe of Duchesse lace across the shoulders. In the train are five flounces of Duchesse lace; the general effect is plain, simple, and yet most sumptuous. According to previous announcement, the wedding will be a quiet affair. The maids of honor are Miss Hobart and Miss Julia Williams, and Mr. Harry Stetson officiates as best man. The bride's grandfather, Mr. Neal, will give her away. Bishop Nichols and Reverend Hartmann of San Rafael will perform the ceremony. Subsequent thereto, the bride and groom will retire to San Mateo to the Hobart Villa, and thence go to make a tour of the Eastern watering places. They are to spend some weeks with Mrs Governor Dennison, at Bar Harbor, but will be back in time for the "Shoot" at Del Monte. Their future plans include spending the winter in San Francisco and departing for Europe in the early spring.

* * *

THE RECEPTION to Rivarde and Lachaume at the Bohemian Club Saturday night, was informal and very jolly. There was singing, music, and speeches. Dr. Chismore gave a casual introductory talk, and Al Geberding addressed the gathering in restaurant French, which he claimed he had gathered from Jeremiah Lynch. The audience also heard Roland Reed, who talked smartly and briskly, and told a funny story about a one-night stand in an out-of-the-way theater: The company arrived and Reed and the agent marched out to inspect the temple of Thespis in which they were to play "The Politician." The local manager led them on to the stage and into a large apartment, which he pronounced "the finest dressing-room in Nebraska." "That's for the star, of course," said Reed, "but what is the rest of the company to do?" "What's the matter with the company?" inquired the manager, "Don't they speak to one another?" After supper, Rivarde sent down to the Baldwin for his "Strad," and played one piece after another until the wee sma' hours, Lachaume alternating with brilliant piano solos. It was a very jolly affair, and the guests thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it.

* * *

The Century Club has been much honored by Herr Schott. This eminent musician proposes going to Washington and establishing there a great conservatory of music. He is not content with instituting a mere college in which harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and the instruments will be taught, but will be satisfied with nothing but a national institution of which he may be director-in-chief and instructor-in-general. In order to perpetrate this stupendous idea he has set about organizing what he is pleased to call "Sisterhoods" throughout the States; the function of the sisterhood being to assist Herr Schott in his highly honorable enterprise. The first of these affiliated organizations is to be established at the Century Club, and Herr Schott has already enthused the ladies there with his elaborate advertisement of great purposes and the fine rainbow of his hopes. There is no reason why Herr Schott should not establish a national conservatory, though we may be forgiven for imagining the Boston Conservatory figures as such. I believe he proposes to deal with the several branches of vocal art in propria persona, as he holds that in a multiplicity of teachers there is confusion (expense), and that pupils advance better when the same artist teaches them to sing, to gesture, and to act.

* * *

QUITE A BRILLIANT contest was that between Orestes and San Mateo at Ingleside the other day; and, though Mr. Hobart's colt was the victor, the quality of the son of Ormonde cannot be gainsaid. But one fact was proved: that the latter is not clever at getting a start. He seems shy over the Australian gates, and stares and blinks at them as though afraid they intended to remain immovable. Orestes, undoubtedly, is a stayer, and generally finishes as fresh as at the start. Had there been a furlong further to go the result would have been different. There can be little doubt about his future, and the success this splendid looking animal must win can but justify Mr. McDonough's daring enterprise. By the way, I am told another son of Ormonde arrived the other day, and that three more are expected in the very near future. At the recent sale of Mr. McDonough's horses, there were some excellent bargains picked up, though, on the whole, the prices are satisfactory to the owner. I see Zamar, one of the studs he sold, has won several races at Chicago.

* * *

SO BURLINGAME played all around the Riverside team at the San Jose carnival, and the southern triumph of the previous tournament was reversed. This is about as the experts anticipated, for the game at San Mateo has improved enormously since last spring. It is a bit curious that Hobart and Baldwin, from whom less was expected than from McCreery and Tobin, really made most of the interesting plays; though, of course, the others held their end up, with the result of Burlingame 5, Riverside 0, which was thoroughly satisfactory. Of course, the main interest is centered in the match at Burlingame this afternoon, which is the event to which Society has so long looked forward. The ground is in excellent condition, and Riverside expects to make a better showing than it did at San Jose, where the ground was not brilliant. The

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

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"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

train leaves Third and Townsend Streets about 1:45, returning about 5:30, and you can buy tickets at any Southern Pacific office.

* * *

The season at the Vendome is fairly under way, and promises to surpass the record of all previous summers. From turret to its basement the institution has been renovated and repainted, and looks as fresh and bright as though especially decorated for the Fiesta. The demand for quarters pours in on Manager Snell. An orchestra has been engaged for the season; there are to be hops every Saturday night; and if the guests don't enjoy themselves it will surely not be the fault of the management. During the Fiesta the Vendome has been the headquarters for fashionable visitors. The Phelans have had a suite, and have done considerable entertaining, and quite a party of prominent San Francisco people have been down there for the great affair.

* * *

MY RECENT COMMENTS on Mansfield seem to have attracted the attention of the *Bulletin*, at least. That journal early in the engagement devoted an editorial to the actor, deploring the shabby audiences at the Baldwin, and the neglect of our San Francisco public. Though the great man gave no sign, he was evidently highly flattered, and bought many copies of the edition, which he sent to his Eastern friends. But the *Bulletin* conceived a desire to draw him out in an interview, and a representative of that journal was dispatched to the stage door. The doorkeeper refused at first to take any communication, for the attachés are under strict orders neither to bow to or address the great man. Finally he was prevailed on to carry the reporter's card to Mr. Mansfield's manager; whereupon the great man sent out word that he never saw reporters—a most ungracious answer—under the circumstances. Mansfield suffers from a most unfortunate disposition. Notwithstanding his great ability, he has acquired no wealth, and it seems impossible for him to submit to management. A fews weeks after he had entered into it he coolly broke the contract under which Frohman had guaranteed him twenty-five thousand per year, and what is worse, he refuses to consort nowadays with any one who does not boast social prestige, wealth, or connections. The explanation of those who knew the man intimately is, having played Beau Brummel so frequently, he imagines himself the character, and his attitude toward the world is similar to that he assumes to his valet in the famous play, when, in answer to the servitor's "Good morning," he says, "Go to the devil."

* * *

Among the artists considerable interest prevails over the promised exhibition of sketches which the Guild of the Arts and Crafts announces. If it be as successful an affair as the typographical exposition which preceded it, the community may expect a show worth looking at. The sketches are hung in the old Christian Association rooms on Sutter Street, and the exhibition opens to-night, May 9th.

* * *

The engagement presents of happy Miss Hecht, whose betrothal to Mr. Gerstle was announced last week, are already pouring in. Perhaps the most rapturous gift that has yet come to her is a magnificent flounce of antique Duchesse lace, some three yards, I believe, so fine and of so elaborate a pattern as to be veritably priceless. The story goes that Mrs. Gerstle, whose gift it is, offered the alternative to her future daughter-in-law of this lace or the most beautiful jewel she could select at Shreve's, and the lace had the preference.

* * *

A pleasant habit of Mrs. Schwabacher is the celebrating of her mother's birthday. On that anniversary, she gathers the surviving friends and schoolmates of Mrs. Blum, and entertains them at a big luncheon. This year, however, Mr. and Mrs. Schwabacher are to be in Europe, and, in consequence, the luncheon is to take place to-day, and promises to be a very pleasant reunion. The decorations, as at all Mrs. Schwabacher's affairs, are to be magnificent.

* * *

The supper at the Schweitzer-Hirsh wedding is pronounced by connoisseurs to have been the finest ever served within the precincts of the Concordia Club, and Ludwig is receiving general congratulations thereupon. It is proper now at wedding feasts, and at elaborate suppers in general, to serve champagne throughout the repast, so there is no mixing of drinks, and, consequently, heads are lighter and clearer next morning. On that occasion, sixteen dozen of wine were consumed, but then it should be remembered there were one hundred and eighty guests. At Mrs. Hager's entertainment in the Native Son's Hall, eleven dozen of Mumm were drunk. By the way, the custom of having late suppers at one's home is out of date. It is proper after the theater nowadays to convene at the Palace, the Riche, or the University Club, and there partake of supper. Dining around in French restaurants in small parties has also become a favorite diversion among the fashionables, and one sees at Marchand's or at Martinelli's gatherings of the elect, who subsequently take in the variety show.

* * *

THE JUDGING of the judges of the Fabiola Fête seems to have afforded general dissatisfaction. No one denies that the Burlingame coach, which had been decorated by Mrs. Bowles and her friends, was a very effective feature, but it is unfortunate under the circumstances that Mr. Bowles should have officiated as one of the judges whose decision gave his wife the prize. The ill-feeling which such errors engender is liable to put an end to Fiesta diversions in Oakland, for considering the protests, it is improbable another Fabiola Fête could be organized with any prospect of success. Among the coaches I noticed was that of the "Thirteen Club," which had really been artistically decorated, yet obtained no recognition whatever. Miss Drum's cart, drawn by Shetland ponies, and decorated in marigolds, was one of the prettiest components of the entourage, and yet she also missed the eye of the judges. As for Mrs. Alexander McBean, who made so piteous an outcry in the *Examiner*, her fate has evoked no sympathy, for however elaborate the decorations of her equipage, the taste displayed was the reverse of artistic. Blue bachelor-buttons and marigolds are hardly a harmonious combination. Judging by the fate of Oakland ladies who have submitted to interviews, and subsequently found themselves in impossible positions, I would suggest that they deny themselves to callers of journalistic persuasion as they would to the devil. It is much safer to be silent than idiotic.

* * *

The Ferndale picnic last week gathered some forty men and thirty girls within the precincts of the Cohen domain in Alameda. It is an immense place, and of course there is room to wander around in the shrubbery and get lost as often as the most ambitious might desire. The entertainment was a species of Dutch treat, all the girls contributing to the picnic spread which was set forth in the baronial hall of the Cohen mansion. There was beer ad infinitim, and sandwiches, and chicken salad, and lemonade, and many other appeasing and satisfying articles. The Presidio Band rendered music, and between times the forty men and thirty girls wandered in couples or quartets through the lawns and the shrubberies, and had, I am sure, a reasonably interesting time. They returned to town about 7.15, and most of the girls finished the day at the Presidio hop.

* * *

Mrs. Fred Stratton's posters are worth seeing. She was one of the few who recognized the importance of the fad before it had been generally taken up. Her collection is replete with early and interesting examples, and was materially added to while she was in Europe recently. She has some capital French examples, some very good American studies, and a number of London posters—the usual Dudley Hardys, but also including an original drawing by Aubrey Beardsley. The collection quite covered the walls of her home, and her guests at the recent reception found much to entertain them. The reception lasted two days, during which time there was a continual stream of callers. Mrs. Stratton is one of the most adroit hostesses in Oakland. She has the art of casually introducing people, and knows whom to separate and whom to bring together—indeed, an art, in its way. She was assisted in receiving by a number of the Jackson-street set. On Saturday, Mrs. Stratton's posters, and those Mrs. Wheaton has gathered, will be exhibited in the rooms of the Ebell Society as an alternative to the performance of Professor Putzker, who had promised an exposé of Anna Eva Fay, but concluded his dignity might be compromised in consequence.

* * *

The summer exodus commences. The first family to depart for the sunny South are the Dunhams who have closed up their Oakland home and taken a cottage at Los Gatos, removing their carriages, horses, and all the other accoutrements that make life redeemable, to their new home.

* * *

Mrs. McLane Martin, who became a resident of Berkeley while her daughters have been studying at Miss Head's School, soon goes to live in Paris, I understand. She was quite a devotee of the University during her stay, learning wisdom at the feet of Professor Gayley, whose lectures she sedulously attended. Mrs. Martin has lost most of her love for California, and is happy in the idea of living in Paris for the rest of her life.

* * *

There is a good deal of disappointment over the manner in which "Love for Love" was given by the University troupe, the other night at the Columbia. It was not at all successful, and very much below the rendering in Shattuck Hall; nor was the size of the audience expressive of any particular University interest in the performance. Some Oakland people had parties, but the affair was by no means sensational.

* * *

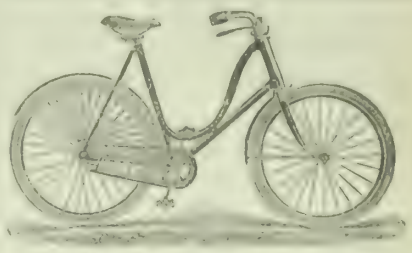
Over in Berkeley one hears nothing but anticipations of Class Day, which, as every one ought to be aware, is Saturday next. The Fraternities have arranged for a big time, and have issued invitations for dinners and lunches. On the following Saturday, the "Skull and Keys" gives its annual entertainment in Shattuck Hall.

* * *

There is precious little to write about as occurring within the borders of Alameda County this week. Mrs. Coghill's card-party gathered the Jackson-street set, and rewarded its efforts at playing with very handsome presents of cut-glass, silver, etc. Miss Crellin had a theater-party for the Thirteen Club, concluding with a supper at her home, presenting her guests with souvenir bonbon boxes. This Club is an offshoot of the Deux Temps. Among its members are Whitneys, Retters, Selbys, and Becks.

* * *

The death of William A. Holcomb has evoked sincere sympathy for his two daughters. While both were very young, Mrs. Holcomb died, and on the surviving parent devolved the task of rearing them. They are charming and interesting girls, graduates of Mrs. Field's Seminary, and the elder, Miss Lulu, is one of the most popular members of the Deux Temps set. Their grief over the death of their father is poignant, and some months must elapse before they can recover from the shock. Mr. Holcomb, I believe, left quite a large estate; so, in matters finance, the girls are well provided. Considerable interest is felt in the disposition of the fortune and the girls' future, as the father does not seem to have given any of his friends charge of them, compelling his daughters to grasp these problems for themselves. THE GOSSIP.



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BURGLARY ARRESTS	233	1891	454	FIRE ALARMS
	143	1892	344	
	329	1893	497	
	430	1894	471	
	420	1895	445	

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TWENTY MINUTES WITHOUT A CHAPERONE.

BY MARY E. McCLANE.

This is a prize story. John Kendrick Bangs thought it the best submitted in the "Chap" story competition, and awarded it the fifty-dollar prize.

Elise was a girl of seventeen, with little in the way of wit to recommend her, but with a certain beauty of the eyes and brow, and a low note to her laughter, infinitely pleasing. As for character, she was very innocent and submissive, content to be led about and shown glimpses of the world, of which, no doubt, she had formed many romantic and impossible notions. Elise was an orphan, and, what is worse, an heiress; but yet not destined to be the prey of ill-to-do fortune hunters, for the golden fleece itself was no more carefully guarded by its dragon than Elise by her imperious and valiant aunt. Perhaps in her slumbers now and again, when the May moonlight flooded her chamber, some Jason of dreamland came and bore her off to a country of rosy unreality, but no flesh and blood hero had as yet dared to encounter Mrs. Van Dam.

To-day Mrs. Van Dam, in very fine array, with Elise sheltered under her gorgeous wing, had invaded an artist's studio. A heterogeneous and distinguished crowd filled the rooms, talk and laughter rose and fell, and oriental music throbbed in a monotonous undertone. Elise thought it exciting. The strange perfumes, the dim lights, and the incessant beating of those tuneless harmonies, made her blood go quickly. Her aunt was speaking with every one, and Elise smiled with shadowed eyes.

"Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics!" she heard her aunt exclaim. "Old women and new women! What a weird accumulation of people! but it is interesting, of course."

One person after another was introduced to Elise.

"Wake up, dear," laughed Mrs. Van Dam. "We are going to find the tea. My head is turning to a tom-tom with that fearful music."

A man was saying, "Let me come with you, Mrs. Van Dam. The tea-room is beyond that arch."

Elise supposed she had met him, but his name had slipped by her in a maze of imaginings. They pressed through the crush of people and into an alcove, where a Moorish lamp swung to and fro, shedding a fitful purple light. Elise sank down on a pile of cushions.

"Aunt Sarah," she murmured, "this is so beautiful! Let me stay here until you come back. I don't care for tea."

"But Elise, dear, *alone!* Of course I cannot let you stay here alone!" cried Mrs. Van Dam.

"I will stay, too," said Jason. Elise opened her eyes. The purple lamp still swung, Aunt Sarah looked complacent, and the bold young man had not been devoured by fire. Here was a miracle.

Aunt Sarah murmured, "How kind! I really do not mind trusting her to you. Well, then, Elise, I will come back in a little while."

Elise looked softly up at the young man. This, thought she, with a flutter at the heart, this is a tête-à-tête. He returned her glance carelessly, and threw himself down on a pile of cushions near by. Then, pointing to the walls and ceiling which were hung with tapestry, he asked:

"Isn't it strange to think that every stitch in those great needlework pictures was put in by the little, soft fingers of women—women who are bones and dust now? Poor, tired, little fingers!" Then he looked at her. "Do you embroider?" he asked.

"Yes" said Elise.

"I thought as much," said he. "You sit still a great deal and embroider and are driven about in a carriage. You ride a horse, but in a heavy skirt, and slung on one side like a donkey's panier. Ah! when will a beautiful girl like you learn her power?"

Elise felt mystified; but at least he had called her beautiful, and he was, without doubt, impressive. There was a smothered fervor about him which laid hold on her imagination. She justified herself. "I am not quite so useless as you seem to imagine," she murmured. "I do some charity work—in the slums, you know."

"Of course you do," said he. "I could have told you that. Three or four of you go together, and your tender souls are racked by the sights of sin and poverty, and the tears fill your pretty eyes, and you go home with your ruffles full of microbes."

Elise laughed. "What a funny point of view!" she said.

Her new friend smiled cynically, but not unkindly. Then he leaned forward, and, looking into the purple depths of her eyes, "Miss Van Dam," he said, "you are very young and very innocent; the windows of your soul are not darkened, and I know that what I see of your nature is the truth of it. You are like the new-made universe, fresh and lovely from the hand of God—'and God looked at it and saw that it was good.' Think and tell me, are you content to be only an ornament in the world all your life? Society's earring, a little jewel to be kept in a satin case? Or will you use your power, the power of beauty and wealth and purity, to fight against ignorance and slavery?"

Elise did not answer; she was fascinated. She could not turn her thoughts from his excited eyes and his slim, eloquent hands.

"Tell me," he insisted. "You have the power. Should you not like to take part in the earnestness of life? to know that your mind and energy were pushing on civilization, and that what you chose to do was important to the world? Think! you are ignorant and dependent, you have been carefully trained not to concern yourself with living facts; you are a young girl—a white fog of feeling and expectation—but you have a brain. Use it. Look about and see the busy world, and then look down at your own idle fingers."

He picked up her hand and spread it open in his. Then he dropped it, a little disdainfully. "Child," he said, "your intellect is in petticoats, and your judgment wears kid gloves."

The tears sprang to Elise's eyes. "You are very rude," she said.

"I am sorry," said he, and flung himself back again on his cushions. There was a silence between them, but the distant music beat along the air, and the lamp swung and shed its purple light now on his cold, dark face and now on hers, which was flushed and indignant.

"What can I do?" said Elise, at last, in a plaintive voice. "I know so little!"

"Why," said he, "there are literature classes, aren't there? where you eat salted almonds, and I suppose you talk French with your maid."

"Yes," said she, "and for real mental strain there is the German opera, you know."

He laughed and looked at her with a lightened expression.

"Don't think me disagreeable," said he, "but there is so much to be done. Opportunities slip by and are lost because women are trammeled by custom and fashion. Heavens! what might not be accomplished with the energy you expend on dancing and flirtation."

"At least," cried Elise, "I do not flirt."

He was growing fervent again. "I wonder," he mused, with his eyes on her face, "I wonder if that is true."

"Oh, it is, indeed," said Elise, eagerly.

"The world is so very full of flirts," he went on, "and so very empty of earnest women. If I could make you know the joy of being in earnest. Do you never feel the need of some serious work?"

"Often, oh, very often!" cried little Elise The feeling was born even as he spoke.

"Ah," he urged, "give up your idleness and pleasure-seeking. Come and help me. Together we could do so much. I need your money; but far more than your money I need the tender sympathy that lies in your dear, true eyes." He folded her hands in his. "Together," he said, "we could come near to righting this very crooked world."

Elise was charmed, yet frightened. To have her first tête-à-tête end in an impassioned proposal was more than the most romantic maiden could have bargained for.

"Won't you wait," said she, "and let me have time to think of it?"

"Yes, yes," he said, "think of it as long as you will! Picture to yourself the thousand worn hands that lay hold on you and claim you as theirs; listen to the voices that cry 'we need you'; think of the sinning and the starving; think of it, dear, and come to me."

He let go her hands and left her. In a dream she saw him go, and when Mrs. Van Dam returned Elise sprang to her feet and caught her aunt's arm.

"Aunt Sarah, oh, Aunt Sarah! what is his name?" she cried.

"His name!" gasped Mrs. Van Dam, "whose name?"

"The name of the man I have been talking with."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Van Dam, "what can Mary Armstrong have been about? You don't mean to tell me that she left you alone with him?"

"You left me with him yourself, Aunt Sarah."

Then Mrs. Van Dam laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

"You little goose!" she said, "you blessed little goose! Did you never hear of Doctor Mary Armstrong? Elise, dear Elise, I see it in your eyes, you have been flirting with a new woman!"

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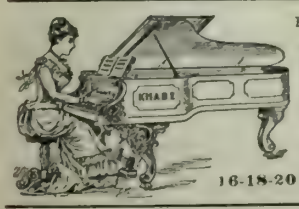

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THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON CURRENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

Two meets of the National Circuit have been held and no one can longer doubt the success of professional bicycle racing. Still, the conservative ones are waiting for the San Francisco meet—to be held on the 16th inst.—before finally coming to an opinion on the subject, for in the case of the Oakland and Santa Rosa races there were numerous other attractions to draw the crowd. In San Francisco it will be bicycle races pure and simple.

The Fabiola races excited intense interest and the meet was thoroughly successful, but the weather was a bit nasty most of the time. The management of the affair was as careful as possible, but I believe that meet demonstrated conclusively that cycle racing should not be attempted in conjunction with other entertainments. The long wait between the morning and afternoon contests had clearly a bad effect.

The point that the Fabiola meet brings to the front is this: There should be a League definition of a standard bicycle track, and records to be accepted should be made on such a track. It should not be greater in extent than three laps to the mile. This became very evident from the efforts of the referee to watch the riders, who much of the time were half a mile away from him. The new racing rules of the League are very explicit as to careless, reckless, and unskilful riding, and give the referee power to disqualify a rider for the meet in the event of an infraction of them. But on such a track as that of the Oakland Trotting Park it is simply impossible for the referee to perform his duty in this regard. Of course, he is supposed to be assisted by umpires, but if there were any present at the Fabiola meet I failed to see them.

Of the Santa Rosa day there is little to be said. Bad weather interfered very considerably here, and the track was in such a condition as to render fair contests practically out of the question. The rider who was lucky enough to strike a hard strip shot ahead, leaving the rest waiting in the sand. The Referee, Mr. Plumber, made several unfortunate mistakes during the day, those which call for comment being his setting the time limit so low in many cases that it was simply impossible, owing to the condition of the track, to ride the heat within it. As a result, the final of one of the most important events was declared no race, and the prizes were not awarded.

The racing rules give the referee very large discretionary powers as to time limits, and there is no appeal provided for from an abuse of his discretion. He is privileged to place any limit he may see fit upon any race except handicap, team, and lap races, and if the competitors fail to finish within the limit thus set, he is privileged to withhold any prize, if, in his opinion, any competitor did not try to win the race. However, if the contestants fail to ride within the limit, still, if the referee is convinced by their riding and the time made that they endeavored to reach the limit, he may award the prize. In view of the result, I don't believe Mr. Plumber will soon act as Referee again.

The whole proposition of the imposition of a time-limit seems to be but imperfectly understood, even by the racing men themselves, and the reason of the rule is quite diversely stated. It is well known that the general public likes a fast race and is prone to judge the merit of a performance by the time made. A loafing race is unappreciated even though it may have been planned out and executed by the winner with far more skill than a race done in much quicker time. It is in view of these facts, many think, that the time limit has a place among the League Racing Rules.

While it is quite possible that such considerations may have had some influence with the Racing Board in the adoption of the rule, still its real reason is to enable the referee to prevent any unfair advantage being taken. An unfair advantage may be defined as the use of some circumstance apart from the rider himself which is not equally open to all of the contestants. If several members of the same team are riding in a race, it may be easily possible that some of them may succeed in causing the pace to be so slow that one of their number may win out when otherwise he could not. When such a possibility as this exists, then there is occasion for the imposition of a time limit, and, in the event that it becomes evident to the referee that such a conspiracy has been successfully carried out, then if the time limit has not been reached the prizes should undoubtedly be withheld. But this was not the case at Santa Rosa.

C. MICHENER.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN AND ITS RACING BOARD.

BY R. M. WELCH.
[MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL RACING BOARD.]

Until a wheelman begins to race, he has little idea of the power of the Racing Board. He may have pottered around for a time, a law unto himself, until some day, fancying that he is possessed of a bit of speed, he enters a track race. From that moment he comes under the surveillance of the Racing Board. His first experience may be unfortunate. His début on the track may have been in some one of the unsanctioned Sunday races that form a feature of every public picnic during the season, and a few days thereafter he finds himself bulletined as suspended from the track for thirty days. On inquiry he gets his first idea of the Racing Board and learns that every track event must have a sanction, and that no sanction will be granted for a Sunday. His impulse may be to defy this to him newly discovered authority, and before his thirty days suspension is ended, he again races in some obscure unsanctioned event. He now finds himself bulletined as suspended for a year, and if, still heedless of the warning, he again offends, his name is added to the list of those permanently suspended. Thereafter his entry will be rejected by the promoters of every reputable cycling event, for the League of American Wheelmen is recognized as supreme in all that relates to cycle racing within the United States. His only opportunities for racing will then be in the discredited events of disreputable promoters, with fellows of his kind having no recognized place in cycling.

Assuming, however, that our novice starts right, that his first attempt is at the meeting of some reputable club held under the rules and with the sanction of the Board, in that case a copy of the program, giving his name and residence and a record of his performance, will be filed with the local bureau at the Board.

His maiden effort may be such as to discourage him from further attempts, and thenceforth the racing programs will know his name no more; it will be only recorded with those of that innumerable host who "also rode"; or he may persevere until he begins to take place and prize, and then he attracts the attention of the handicapper, who draws him nearer to scratch, till one day he finds himself starting from scratch, and, overhauling the field of starters in front of him, he wins. The Racing Board may now call on him and ask questions that may be variously regarded as pertinent or impertinent, concerning his right to remain an amateur. He may satisfy the Board, or he may decide to seek the more valuable prizes, the emoluments from the trade, and the greater freedom from the espionage of the Board, which are to be had in the professional class. As he takes a higher place among the racing men of the world, he may decide to compete for the large money prizes that are offered on the tracks of Continental Europe and Australia.

If every sport requires some rules formulated for its government, how essential must they be to cycle racing, around which cluster the varied interests of the racing man, the manufacturer, the track-owner, and the race promoter, and which, in its hold upon the public and the expensive character of its appurtenances, ranks next to horse racing. The experienced racing man appreciates the necessity of a strong governing body, and though at times he may in his mind question the wisdom of its legislation, he gives a ready obedience thereto, feeling assured of the honesty of the motives that prompted such legislation and believing that errors of judgment in time bring their own correction. It is the new or unsuccessful man, whose racing privileges avail nothing to himself or anyone else, who assumes to be above all law, and attempts to settle all vexed questions on the basis of what, at the moment, best suits his convenience.

The sanction rule, which is the one most often disregarded, was first put in force at the commencement of the season of 1892. The reasons for the rule are varied. It prevents a conflict of dates—formerly the cause of much contention among race promoters and demoralization among racing men. When an organization obtains a sanction for a race meeting on a certain date, it is protected against the competition of another meeting on the same date within such a distance as may be fixed by the Board. The rule further secures a record of the racing men and their performances, for one of the conditions of the sanction is that a marked copy of the program, showing the names of the starters and the times of the first and second men in each event, must be filed with the local bureau of the Board and the official handicapper of the District, within one week after the meeting. It also secures the racing man his prizes, for if a race-promoter fails to deliver the prizes, or if they are not of the value advertised, no further sanctions will be granted that promoter until such shortcomings are adjusted.

The small fee charged for each sanction provides a fund for the support of the Racing Board, the most expensive and active bureau of the League, rendering services directly and indirectly to innumerable persons who contribute nothing to the support of the organization.

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to consider the Board's rules in detail and illustrate their application. The rules are now so freely distributed that they should be in the hands of every racing man, and a careful reading should be conclusive to him that they were framed for his protection, not to oppress him.

One not in touch with the racing interests of this country will find it difficult to understand the power the Racing Board possesses in its control of the racing men of all classes. Its authority is recognized from ocean to ocean, from Canada, where it is allied with the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, to the border line of old Mexico. In every State and Territory the representatives of the Board enforce its authority.

The power possessed by the Board is a trust delegated to it by those whom it is called upon to govern. A patient and considerate hearing is assured the man who appeals to it, unintentional violations of the rules will be condoned so far as the interests involved will permit, but punishment swift and sure will be meted out to him who openly defies the Board or seeks to evade its rules.

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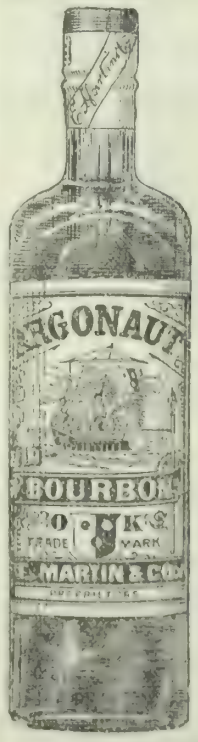

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families. and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

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FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

All the crystalized sentiments that for many, many years have done duty as head lines for the copy book, have been tested, I believe, and not found wanting. I distinctly recall that—sort of "Look out for the Engine"—admonitive, one that warns the youthful mind "not to cross a bridge before you come to it."

With all due respect to my honored teachers, and although Christmas is oh, such a long way off, I can't help thinking what a terrible shock that dear old Santa Claus is going to receive, if, perchance—wholly on account of its greater capacity—the happy offspring of fashionable parents should hang his mamma's stocking up. Of course, the lovely old man's mind remembers back to the days of the barber pole hosiery—but the fashionable stocking of to-day!—why, all the glory of the much-vaunted Solomon pales in comparison with it.

There are stockings in the Persian designs and grotesque affairs in the Aubrey Beardsley patterns. Then, like the dress goods, there are stockings galore showing changeable and iridescent colors. Then there are the gay plaid stockings, and stockings with lace effects.

Besides the plaid stockings in English wool for golf and bicycle wear, there are fine silk stockings in the gayest of plaids. The combination of colors used in the plaids is most effective. Some show a variety of delicate shades, such as lilac, faint green, dim pink and pale blue with a square of white here and there to add to the delicacy of the whole, while others are in the darker Tartan plaids.

There are two popular designs in the new Persian stockings. One has much the appearance in coloring and pattern of a piece of Persian silk. The other is a black stocking in lisle or silk, with narrow parallel stripes in the Persian colors.

One of the greatest novelties of the season is the changeable silk stocking. It is made for both house and bicycle wear. Such odd color combinations as purple and navy blue are seen. In these changeable stockings it is the darker color which is always most in evidence, but the lighter shade gleams through the dark silk threads effectively. Among the favorite colors of the changeable silk stockings are black, with under tints of light green, brown and bright orange, bronze and dull green and dark blue and fawn.

The Aubrey Beardsley stocking is almost too grotesque for description, and yet it is in the design and not the coloring that the artist's influence is shown. The stockings come in yellow, a peculiar blue, and in black. The intricate design is either in black, yellow or white.

Stockings in the lace effects both in black and colors are very popular. Frequently the open work design is shown only on the instep, the upper part of the stocking being plain or ribbed. With evening slippers this stocking is always effective. When the open work lace effect is in black it is often embroidered with a bit of a colored flower.

A stocking which is all in the lace work effect has been made specially for summer wear, and is very cool as well as beautiful.

Black and white stockings are all the vogue just now, and the tan shades are beginning to receive their perennial welcome.

For the spring and June brides a new supply of bridal hosiery has just appeared in the shops. To wear with the wedding gown there are many varieties of exquisite white silk stockings. One pair, I especially noticed, is of fine white silk, with narrow bands of real lace inserted in the instep. The newest idea is to have the instep of the bridal stocking trimmed with the same lace that adorns the wedding gown.

And now to jump from the stocking to the necessary shirt waist. Of course, no wardrobe may be considered complete without a plentiful supply of this very fin-de-siècle garment.

It used to be a sort of an unwritten law that the shirt waist must be severe—plain and stiffly starched. Now, the most dainty of summer materials are made into these waists, fancifully trimmed, and some of them quite strangers to any starch. Airy lawns and silk ginghams—in fact, almost every wash material makes charming waists—ruffled and frilled, gathered and tucked, and still they are all classed under the elastic head of shirt waists.

Cuffs and collars for them are very important features. Now that fancy runs toward decorated neckware, there is a wide variety made for these waists—detachable, of course, for they have come to be the favored kind for wash waists and gowns.

Satin stock collars are going to be largely worn. They are stylish, certainly, but the dainty little lace affairs will look much more comfortable when the weather gets summery. The sleeve part of shirt waists is the feature which changes least. They keep to the full bishop and leg-o'-mutton shapes of last year.

But the waist fronts—they show the onward march of the shirt waist army. They come full of ruffles, lace insertion, tucks, and gatherings, and generally show a spirit of stepping out from the hitherto prescribed line of march. Now they will be as dressy and stylish as any waist in the summer girl's wardrobe. The Persian effects are well represented, and so are the grass linens. The grass linen and batiste shirt waists this season rival the silk waists in beauty. Many of the newest show an effective silk stripe running through them, or a tiny embroidered flower. Shirt waists of grass linen are also seen embroidered in gold. Broad gold braid is used for the stock collar, and cuffs, and narrow belt. These elaborate waists are all made over a a silk foundation.

There are the narrow belts of monkey skin with gold buckles, belts of vivid green lizard skin, and exquisite hand-painted belts. There are the woven gilt or silver belt studded with mock gems, and belt of white suede, as well as of patent leather. All the new belts are very narrow, and the majority of them may be bought with a chatelaine bag to match.

These bags are quite necessary to the completion of the outfit.

They are used as a substitute for the missing pocket. Many of the bags are very elaborate, and are made of uncut velvet, mounted in enamel and trimmed with gold. In buying a leather belt, it is one of the fads of the season to purchase a chatelaine bag, pocketbook, and traveling bag to match.

For those who do not affect the chatelaine bag there is the natty palm purse made in white suede, the wrist strap finished with a brass buckle, and a light ring of the same fastening the purse with a spring snap. Altogether, as regards finish and general appearance, this little palm purse is one of the smartest novelties possible, and charming to wear with the white gloves now so much the fashion; neither is its hue any drawback, as might be at first supposed, as it only needs the application of a little pipe-clay to make it quite new and fresh-looking, when the effects of wear are beginning to tell upon it.

Never before in the history of fashion has as much time and attention been devoted to neckwear. Collars are cut higher in the back than they were formerly, and besides the ribbon band and bow, there is a ruche of plaited silk, chiffon loops of black velvet ribbon or lace set in the edge. Striking contrasts of color are another feature of the new collar, and bright green with blue is one of the newest combinations.

Elaborate neck boas seem to be quite as much worn now as they were in the winter. An odd one is of cherry satin covered with black-dotted net. A line of jet holds the huge ruche through the center, and it fastens under the chin with two immense wings of the plaited net passed through a jet buckle. A pretty tour de cou is of turquoise blue velvet, covered with ruffles of white lace. Mock jewels follow the pattern of the lace. Black and white net is popular. A charming boa is made of alternate fans of the black and white crushed closely together. The ruche is opened in the back to allow of a large bunch of roses, and a small bud is placed on each side of the chin.

BABETTE.

For Coughs, Asthma, and Throat Disorders Brown's Bronchial Troches are an effectual remedy. Sold only in boxes.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

Artistic effects in prevailing styles of hair dressing are always a certainty at Lederer's, 111 Stockton Street.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

El Campo, the popular Bay resort, now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c; children 15c; including admission to the grounds. The steamer "Ukiah" will leave Tiburon ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 2 and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1, 3, and 5 P. M.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

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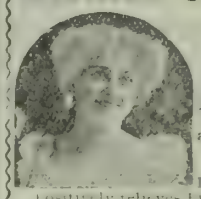

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ANNUAL MEETING
..OF THE..
YOSEMITE COMMISSION

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to manage the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's office, on Wednesday, June 3, 1896, at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 21, 1896.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ISAAK STRAUSS, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Isaak Strauss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, room 35 Third Flo r, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the estate of
Isaak Strauss, deceased.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 7, 1896.

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593 Mission St., near 2d San Francisco, Cal.

LATTER DAY YARNS.

Gilbert A'Becketts, in his Reminiscences, tells an incident in the campaign at Astley's Circus in London in which Wellington met Bonaparte nightly. Business had been bad and the treasury would not permit the engagement of more than one quadruped. This steed the rival commanders divided between them. When Wellington appeared riding the charger in the second scene, upon which Napoleon had been mounted in the first, there was a shout from the gallery of "Where did you get that horse?" The representative of Bonaparte was equal to the occasion, and in the next act appeared on foot to harangue his army, and concluded a most exciting speech with the words: "But what I am most proud of in ye is, that by the prowess of your glorious arms, ye have rescued from the hated thraldom of the blood-thirsty British soldiery my favorite charger who has on so many occasions carried me—and ye—to victory!" Then he produced the beast amidst thunders of applause, and retained the animal for the rest of the evening.

A Battery-street drummer, stopping one night at Stockton, left word to be called in time to catch an early train for Livermore. This was a freight and was expected along at 4 A. M. He went to bed, slept peacefully until a racket at the door aroused him. "All right," he said; "I hear." "Massa Jones! Massa Jones!" sang a darky voice at the door. "You want to catch de Livermore train? Well, dey ain't no use of you gettin' up. De train's done gone, sah!"

A recent governor of Georgia, renowned for his church-going habits and unalterably opposed to drinking and gambling, was considering the names of certain gentlemen who had been mentioned as candidates for a vacant judgeship. One of them stood accused of being addicted to both vices, and a convivial friend interfered to save him. The judgment and breath of this friend were mellow as he approached the executive. "Gov, old boy," he said, "charges been made Jim plays poker. He plays less poker'n any man in the county. Now, lemme tell you, old man, I've played with 'im and he's the poorest poker player ever saw in m' life, and you can't git the damn fool over a two-dollar limit. And as for whisky, Gov, lemme tell you about that. Known him all my life, and I'll take paralyzed oath never saw him stagger morne's twelve times in my life. Old sport, you jess appoint Jim. He's all right. He's hot stuff, Governor, but he's the [illegible]

Many stories are told of the late J. B. Stetson who died worth two and one-half millions. A deserving youth, who had served as treasurer during the season, found himself in the midst of summer without a cent. He gave Stetson what theatrical friends call "a long, hard-luck story," and besought the loan of one hundred dollars. "Not a cent!" snapped the manager, "g'wan away with you." The young man retreated in good order. Having taken counsel with some friends, he renewed the petition, telling Stetson that a very sweet girl, his fiancée, was on the eve of starting out with a burlesque company and simply had to have some new clothes; he wanted the one hundred dollars to give to her. "Why the deuce didn't you tell me that at first?" inquired Mr. Stetson, fiercely, as he handed over the money; "everybody knows you can't feed love on hay."

Stetson prided himself on ability to draw an ironclad contract, but the Kiralfys got the better of him on one occasion. They had brought to the Globe Theater one of their big spectacles, and, in some way, had secured the insertion of a clause in their agreement that all so-called extras—calciums, advertising, extra stage hands, and so forth—should be provided by the house. Thus it happened that while the receipts for the week figured up nearly six thousand dollars, Mr. Stetson's share came to just six dollars and fifty cents. He accepted this facer without a murmur, but took his vengeance in his dry way, by heading his advertisement in all the Sunday papers with the announcement in large type: "Positively the Last Appearance of the Kiralfys at the Globe Theater Forever and Ever."

Stetson was noted for his bulls. Once at the rehearsal of a vaudeville company, the director said to the manager: "This piano will never do, Mr. Stetson, it's pitched too high, we'll have to get another." "That's all right," responded Stetson, "just send for the carpenter and have him saw two or three inches off its legs."

Frank Bright, Secretary of the Reform Committee, was out in Indian Territory inspecting jails. In the principal stockade he encountered a sturdy, vigorous-looking young fellow:

"What are you in for?" asked Mr. Bright.

"For introducin'," he replied.

"What in the name of heaven is 'introducin'?" gasped Mr. Bright.

"Introducin' whisky."

LATE VERSE.

AT THE EDGE OF THE DAY.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

See Twilight standing on the brink
That skirts the dark abyss of night,
The dew-wet roses in her hair
Shed incense through the waning light,
Low in the west one lonely star
Shines tremulous and white.

Across the far, dim edge of day,
The task of morn and toil of noon
Slip noiselessly adown the tide
With dusky shadows thickly strewn,
And o'er the lately purple hills
Rises the yellow moon.

Go, Twilight, trembling on the verge
'Twixt shadowy earth and shadowy air,
Fold peaceful hands on peaceful breast,
Spread starlit wings and gently bear
To heaven's gate a burden sweet—
The world's low vesper prayer.

—*Youth's Companion.*

AMERICA.

BY M. J. ENRIGHT.

[These verses were awarded the prize in the recent competition organized by the *Times-Herald* of Chicago for the best American patriotic poem.]

Come, lovers of this mighty land,
Come, volunteers in Freedom's band,
Peal Columbia's anthem out,
And let a million freemen shout
The victorious notes.
The chorus swell, o'er hill and dell,
From voluntary throats.

Ring out a song for widening fame,
With swelling hearts and proud acclaim,
Ring out a cheer, for Freedom's home,
Let voices reach the vaulted dome
By which her glory's spanned,
No cause for fear to dweller here,
No slave in all the land.

No helot clanks a galling chain,
Or sighing, chants his mournful strain,
No peon bends 'neath kingly sword.
No peasant owns a titled lord,
Their fealty is love,
Her sons all free, who bend the knee
To none but Him above.

Not without price, was freedom bought.
Not without loss, the battle fought.
With patriots' blood, on crimson bars,
With heroes' souls amid the stars,
She bore the cross beside the crown,
Was victor in the fight.

And, for the struggle grandly won,
A grateful world has homage done,
While future peoples will proclaim
Eternal honor to her name,
Through ages yet to be.
Hurrah! Hurrah! America.
Triumphant, great, and free.

MORAL COURAGE.

It had always seemed to Reuben,
When our failings were discussed,
That a lack of moral courage
Was our greatest—or our wust.
He knew this fatal weakness
Must be tackled pretty soon,
So he asked a judge to lecture
At their pleasant afternoon;
And the theme was "Moral Courage."

Now, his Honor, when invited
In that highly moral way,
Took it as solemn summons,
'Twas his duty to obey.
But his Honor, now reflecting
O'er his walnuts and his wine,
Sees the moral courage wanted
Was the courage to decline.
And it takes some moral courage.

It was not the first occasion
They had met within the lists,
Though they'd cramped the layman's action
With some bracelets on his wrists.
Yet he'd even dared to differ
With his Honor in a way,
And "Not Guilty" was the substance
Of the speech he made that day,
When inspired by moral courage.

Then the subject was "Plain Living,"
Or the joys of an abode
In the healthy sweet seclusion
Of a north suburban road,
Where the hominy is wholesome,
And the worker gets a show.
Though he didn't like the diet,
They persuaded him to go,
With the help of moral courage.

If you think the subject silly,
And you call it pointless fudge,
Just engage in controversy
With some very learned judge.
You may seek to smash his ruling
In a big rhetoric burst,
But you'll find you finish second,
And the judge an easy first.
That's the worst of moral courage.

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FOR 1896

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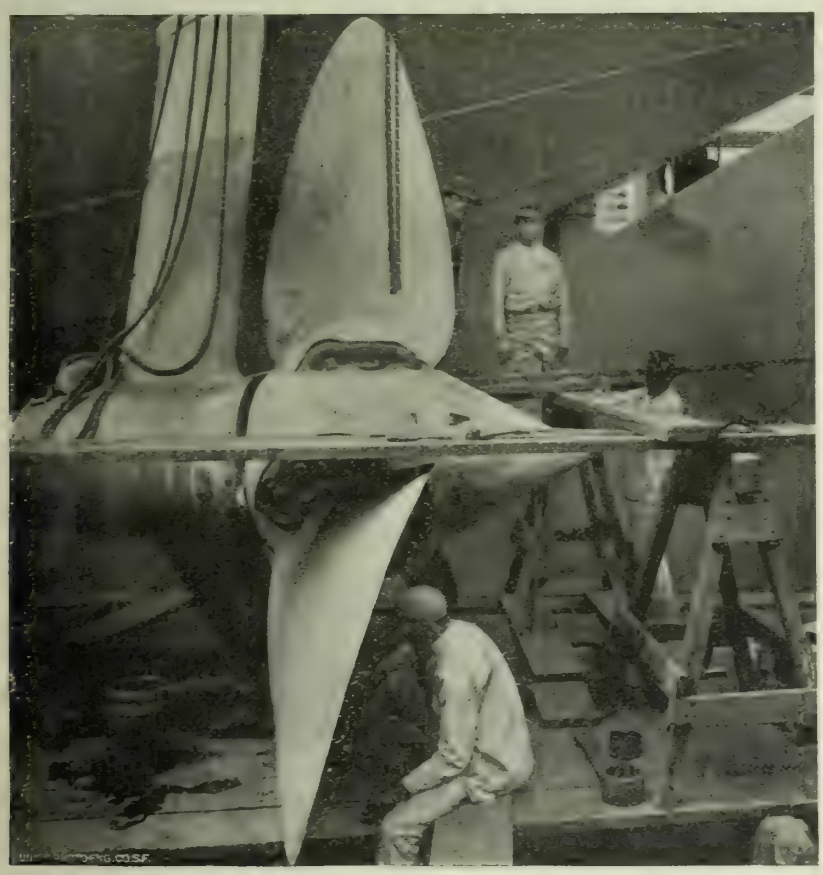

ONE OF THE PROPELLERS.

IN THE DRY-DOCK.

AT ANCHOR IN THE STREAM.

THE NEW BATTLESHIP "OREGON."

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Friends of "The Wave," who may have watched with interest its rapid strides to the foremost ranks of journalism, will note with pleasure the determination of its publishers to further brighten its pages with illustrations. Reproductions of scenes and events in the way of illustrations, have become a fixed part of daily and weekly journalism, and the publishers feel that an effort in that drection is due their readers. To weekly journalism, this line of effort adjusts itself with peculiar appropriateness. The hastily drawn line sketches of the daily press are often but the merest scrawls, and at best hardly satisfy the reader or do justice to the artist. Indeed, they are coming to be the butt of the ridicule of the joker, and the target for the lampooning of the satirist. In half-tones, such as appear in this number of "The Wave," faithful reproductions of things and persons are not only possible, but are as certain and as accurate as photography itself. Striking events in politics and prominent events in artistic and society circles worthy of illustrations will hereafter receive our attention. It is the hope of the publishers that "The Wave" will come to be recognized as the only legitimate illustrated weekly publication west of New York.

After June first, the offices of "The Wave" will be located in "The Wave" Building, at number 24 Montgomery street, the increasing business of the paper demanding more extensive quarters than it is at present occupying.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FETE DAY.

The movement which is on foot to establish a San Francisco fête day has excellent features, but there is no reason why suggestions to that end should be limited to carnivals and flower festivals. The former is too apt to approach the vulgar and culminate in a carousal that would put a period to further efforts, while the latter properly belongs to the bucolic town of the interior, and should have no place in a metropolitan demonstration. The committee, if there is a committee, having in hand the determination of the character of celebration that shall mark our fête day, should first resolve to avoid imitation, and exhibit something of originality of conception. "The Wave" suggests that the Fourth of July be designated as the fête day for San Francisco. It is far enough away in point of time from the fiestas of the interior not to intrench upon them. The National holiday has been gradually falling into disrepute, and each annual celebration is marked by a loss of some of the feature that were once distinctive. The people of San Francisco could well afford to offer to the militia companies valuable trophies for the best drilled companies, and prizes for the best marksmen. Militia organizations from all over the State would center in San Francisco and enter the lists in competition. To extend the interest similar inducements might be offered for the best drilled of our secret and benevolent societies. The effect such an annual competition would have upon the discipline and effectiveness of our State militia cannot be measured. It would become an occasion to which the entire military of the State would look forward with anxiety and interest, and thousands of people would flock here to participate in or view the contests. As a day to celebrate, the Fourth of July would have a revival. Such an annual drilling tournament would awaken an interest of breadth and width impossible in flower fetes or carnivals. Naturally enough, banquets and balls would come in its train, and every merchant, every hotel and restaurant in the city would feel its beneficial effect. There is a suggestion here that some enterprising citizen might carry out to a successful end. Once properly inaugurated, the annual gathering would go on forever, and the plan would have the merit of being distinctly original and novel. There is an opportunity here, too, for our rival daily papers. There would be subscribers in such a scheme, and certainly this ought to have weight in inducing some or all of the enterprising journals to push the movement. We might have *Examiner* prizes, and *Chronicle* prizes, and *Call* trophies, and the like.

LABOR'S FOES.

Telegrams to the daily press during the early part of the week announced the startling fact that an attempt had been made to destroy the valuable concentrating works of the Bunker Hill Mine in Idaho. Dynamite and kerosene played an important part in the dastardly outrage, and back of these two weapons of the anarchist and the incendiary were the miserable hands of the members of labor unions, who are fighting to maintain the dignity and honor of American Labor by the commission of penal offenses, outraging decency, and violating the laws of man and God. There is no strike at Bunker Hill, not even a semblance of a strike The mining corporation employs some four hundred happy and contented men—men who are thoroughly satisfied with their employment and their wages. The highest salaries, compatible with the output of the mine and prevailing prices of silver and lead, are paid to these men. Miners receive three dollars per day, and ordinary shovelers and others similarly employed are paid two and one-half dollars per day. First-class board is furnished by the company at a low price to employees who desire it. A reading-room is provided, and other accommodations generously furnished that seldom enter into the expense account of mining and other large employers of men. There is not the slightest dissatisfaction among those connected with the institution. The men understand that in consequence of the low price of silver and lead their employers could not operate the mine at a higher scale of wages. They are satisfied with the situation. The prowling, treacherous marplot; the fellow who won't work for union wages unless his employer boycotts the non-union men; the fellow who has an idea that the wage-workers' honor can only be maintained by compelling the employer to surrender his own manhood and submit to the exactions of the unions; the fellow who declares that labor unions should have a monopoly of labor, and that all non-union men should die of starvation, is the only dissatisfied man about Bunker Hill. He is not happy at the sight of four hundred contented men working along in harmony with their employer without the intervention of the union. Conditions such as these teach the wage-earner the folly of maintaining walking delegates, and they warn the agitator that contented labor may yet get away from his clutches. One means of coercing employers into recognizing the union's monopoly is to destroy his property, harass, annoy, and pursue him, and this is what was unsuccessfully attempted at the Bunker Hill Mine in the early part of the week. Probably the labor papers will deny that the unions had any connection with this outrage, but at the same time they will carefully refrain from denouncing the cowardly act as it deserves. It is such outlawry that brings unions, and the labor they are presumed to represent, into disrepute, and adds another barrier between labor and public sympathy in the hour when it may most need the moral support of the people.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE MAID.

No San Francisco marriage that we can recall has excited such general and sympathetic interest as that of young Mr. Hobart and Miss Williams. That exclusive and fretful circle known as Society had no monopoly in this affair. Those who knew these young people were not alone interested. Probably every woman who can read in the State, and most men, read with more or less of sentimental interest the accounts given of this wedding. Not because of the wealth of the groom or the beauty of the bride were people attracted with more than usual attraction by the union of these two young people. Neither are of old or eminent family. The young man held no official station, and only had such prominence as his fortune and its expenditure had given. Nevertheless if Governor Budd had married Miss Anna Shaw there could not have been more interest in the affair and certainly there would have been much less enthusiasm over it and fewer to say "God bless you, children."

The boy was twenty-two years of age, and the girl nineteen. He fell in love with her and paid his court like any boy of spirit She was just out of school and in all the first flush of a bud's social success when he asked for her heart and her hand. He was rich; she was not. There's the story, and it is the basis of a thousand books and as many plays. Children learn it from Mother Goose and their elders read of such things in novels and usually laugh cynically at them in life.

That all the world loves a lover there can be no denying after the proof we have just received. There is still a good portion of the original healthy sentiment in us which conventional life is striving so hard to destroy. There has not departed from us all of that spirit which prompts the gallery god to cheer the hero, weep with the forlorn maiden, and curse the villain. Down in man's make-up, no matter how stiff, formal and spell-bound he may be, there is left something of that primal instinct which rejoices when young folks mate and step out into the world with joy upon their faces and sweet confidence in each other's love.

No doubt to nearly every mind came the thought that in his early marriage young Hobart had broken through the lines laid down for rich young men to follow. Our sons of fortune have not yet taken to marrying titled ladies of Europe but they give up the fresher years of their lives to dissipation, possibly wedding some fairy of the footlights for a season, and at last "settling down," which means giving to the wife the worthless butt of their misspent and unhealthy lives. The temptations which Society set for the rich men are such that few can resist them, and for this reason, more than any other, so small a proportion of our young men of inherited wealth proves worthy of their hard-working ancestors. Thrown into the world to battle for themselves and take such knocks as strong men give, many a man who now drops sleepily into a club-bachelor's Nirvana would have made a robust and useful citizen.

> Down to Gehenna or up to the throne,
> He travels the fastest who travels alone.

So Kipling sings in one of his Barrack Room ballads. But the road to Gehenna is more smooth, slippery, and soft for the young man with a million. He would stand more chance for the throne on the other roda—that which young Hobart took.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Because of the very nature of men's minds, if for no other reason, there will always be a third political party, a party of dissent and of radicalism. This is not an unhealthy sign. On the contrary it is evidence of activity and life in the body politic, a manifestation of an interest in matters of State which makes in the end for good government. All reforms, political or social, must come slowly. The rebellion of the colonies, which we are growing to regard as a unanimous uprising of the wronged people, began with but a handful of high-spirited young men, and the war was not approved by the soberer and more conservative of the people until it was made quite plain, as Benjamin Franklin said, that if they didn't hang together they'd all hang separately. But this feature of our early history is not frequently referred to in Fourth of July orations. The minority of Abolitionists grew, through the exigencies of politics and war, into a controlling majority of the nation. Among a people intelligent and sovereign the men with an idea need never be discouraged. For the few soon grow into the many, the local coterie into the national party, the pleading minority into the respected and compelling majority.

But there are third parties which express nothing but disapproval and have no rational platform of relief, no centering principle of reform. And the People's Party is such an one. Ask what it stands for and you are answered with the Omaha platform. A grunt or growl at the present condition, political, commercial, social and financial, is all that the populists ever utter. They kick at what is, but are united in supporting no scheme of regeneration. A populist may be such for as many and diverse reasons as those given by the toper as excuses for his morning nip. Of only one thing can you be certain as to the People's Party, it stands for opposition to everything that the conservative classes respect and seek to maintain.

One blessing this party confers upon the nation! it draws to itself by natural affinity all the soreheads, kickers, malcontents, revolutionists and anarchists that otherwise would float at large as scum upon the sea of politics. The Sacramento Convention of this week is in point. Nearly all the men who took prominent part in that body were at one time eager for office within the old parties. The exceptions were a few young men of enthusiasm, poetic feeling, and a youthful belief that through their efforts this wicked world is soon to be restored to that condition of impossible happiness which Rousseau so eloquently pictures as that of man

in the natural state. For these there should be no words of condemnation; they will know one day that the millennium is not to be effected by a change of bosses and a few fine words. And for the others, their sages and leaders, the halt and maimed who have got into a procession with which they can keep up—for these there should be more pity than abuse; they die a happier death in the hope of some time being able to fill the chairs of power which stouter men now occupy. That the bulk of the party is composed of men who think they are right, is not to be questioned, but to think yourself right is not sufficient justification. To waste force is worse than to lack it. But the courage of conviction is itself a virtue these days, even if that conviction is of the most negative character. The yeomanry are not afflicted as are the degenerate of civilization with the consciousness that the other fellow may not be so very wrong after all. In his persistent belief that all others are liars and traitors, the Populist may not be rational, but he certainly is filled with a sort of rough barbaric directness which is interesting as all prejudices and hatreds are. And it may serve a purpose.

Debs should be the nominee of the People's Party for the presidency. He is not without ability, has served a term in jail in the "people's cause," and hates all things that are with the vim and vigor of a French Morat. He is for everything political that anybody wants, that is, everything that will disturb anybody and make trouble, and there hasn't been a man these eighteen centuries who could please him. "The Wave" nominates for President as the logical candidate of the People's Party, its personification and most manly expression, Mr. Eugene V. Debs. He needs no platform but his record.

THE OBJECTIONS TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"With or without the cock God sends the day," and with or without the Woman's Congress and Miss Anthony we will, doubtless, in the course of time have woman suffrage with all its benefits and its ill effects, but in the interim we suffer and sorely. Our wives come home from convention or lecture and render the always trying minutes before dinner unendurable by cross examining us on the subject—a subject which the great dailies have already made as tiresome as a temperance lecture and as unpalatable as unsalted soup. Not content with cross-examining us, they insist that we shall have red-hot convictions, and that these convictions shall be not only red-hot but of exactly the same shade as their own. This in spite of the fact that in order for a man to have rampant, extravagant views on woman suffrage he must be either illiterate or narrow or both.

The man of fair intelligence and education generally regards woman suffrage either as an inevitable evil, to be quietly accepted, or as something which may in time become an abated blessing. He neither rails nor eulogizes; while not desiring it, he is often willing to accept it if it comes, though he dreads the chaotic condition which must exist for a time after women are given the ballot; dreads it not because he thinks women as a whole would vote unwisely, but because the whole would not vote but only a part and that part the worst.

The degraded, the unrefined, the incomplete—and therefore cranky—spinsters, the unhappy wives (the minds of unhappy wives always become more or less diseased) would flock to the caucuses; but the women developed and occupied by the cares of maternity and the women whose delicacy the vulgarity of a political meeting would revolt, would stay at home and leave the business of politics to their less desirable sisters. This for a time, perhaps fifty years or more, would be the condition of affairs. For what decent man would like to see any of his womenkind at a political caucus of the present day, and what sensible, cultivated woman would like to be there?

The two great objections to woman suffrage, in most thinking men's eyes, are these: First, if women vote they will run for office, and office-holding is no fit career for women, and is particularly unfit for the best (because most fully developed) class of women, i. e., the happy, cultured mother.

Second, the contact with all sorts and conditions of men necessitated by a political life would have, in a great measure, the same effects as co-education; effects which seem to be qualifiedly bad. Of course, the bad results would not be quite so great as in co-education, for the women would be older, and their characters more firmly set, but still it would be coarsening. It is not easy to think of any other reasonable objections to woman suffrage, and if Miss Anthony, Miss Shaw, or any other occupant of the suffragists' bandwagon, will offer a solution of the first objection, we will waive the second and play a triangle or some other difficult instrument in the aforesaid wagon. We will also supplement this offer right here by giving gratis some valuable advice as to future Congresses: First, abolish all maiden essays which read as if they ought to be tied with a pink or blue ribbon and hung in a debutanté's bedroom with rows of brass buttons (army and navy), cotillion favors, boys' photos, souvenirs, bad bric-a-brac, and college colors. Do not ask any one to prepare an address who has not either solid facts in your favor at his or her finger-ends, or else the power of holding crowds. People are not won by a cause which bores them to death—or flight. Try to reach the workingman, the hard-headed business man, the minister, and the "Society girl." They are your arch enemies.

Don't let Miss Shaw say that a woman commits a crime if she has a child before she has suffrage. It sounds so—well, visionary and impractical. If you must use the Native Sons' Hall, pray keep the balcony doors shut. We San Franciscans are used to gales, but we generally find them outside.

Don't brag so about your patriotism, past and present, or tell irrelevant stories unless you are an artist in words. Give the "savages" a rest; ease off on the word "freedom," and cease to use it as a synonym for the word "ballot." Place a string of young, up-to-date pretty women on your platform, and give them strict orders never when at home to mention suffrage to their male dependents until the latter have been well fed, and never by any chance fail to give the learned men who address the convention a good "wet" dinner beforehand.

TWIN EVILS—ANGER AND WORRY.

Mr. Horace Fletcher has given to the world a thoughtful little book entitled *Menticulture*, that, if widely read, will work much good to humanity, and visit benefits not only upon the converts to his theory, but contribute as well to the happiness of those about them. The author takes the position that Anger and Worry are the germs—mental microbes, so to speak—of a wide range of annoying and depressing mental afflictions, which may be eradicated by the mere exercise of the will. These two arch-enemies to content and peace are merely habits of the mind, not its necessary ingredients. He states, and one may well believe it, that men given over to these habits embrace with joy and enthusiasm the idea that emancipation from these twin mental devils is within their control. He graphically pictures his own delight when first this discovery was made known to him, and draws a pleasant picture of the new life that one enters upon when emancipated.

The hurly-burly man of affairs will not be likely to take Mr. Fletcher's work very seriously at first reading; but, catching him in a mood of thoughtfulness, it cannot fail to make an impression. There are some pages in the book well worth reading and re-reading, for they manifestly bear the imprint of a thoughtful mind deeply sensible of the virtues of the theory advanced. The illustrations employed by the author to develop his theory will summon to the mind of the reader half-forgotten incidents of the past coming under his own observation; and, if he will be led on by degrees to a serious contemplation of all that the practise of Mr. Fletcher's theory may mean to him and to those about him, there is a reasonable chance he will realize its truths and become a convert. The writer has in mind at least half a dozen men, some of whom are gentlemen of the highest culture, who might take profit from the reading of the little book, and render the burdens of life lighter to themselves as well as to those forced in contact with them. The opening chapter contains some lines well worth reproduction, the reading of which may lead to further investigation of the subject. Mr. Fletcher says:

All the evil passions are traceable to one of two roots.

Anger is the root of all the aggressive passions.

Worry is the root of all the cowardly passions.

Envy, spite, revenge, impatience, annoyance, selfishness, prejudice, unrest, and the like are all phases of anger.

Jealousy, fear, the belittling of self, the blues, and all the introspective forms of depression are the children of worry.

Anger and worry are the most unprofitable conditions known to man. While they are in possession of the mind, both mental and physical growth are suspended.

Anger and worry are thieves that steal precious time and energy from life.

Anger is a highway robber and worry is a sneak-thief.

Anger and worry are the most potent forms of self-abuse, for the reason that in many cases anger is the result of misunderstanding, and in most cases, worry's prophecies never come true; or, if they do, the fulfilment is generally caused by the worry itself.

Anger and worry do not stimulate to any good end.

Anger and worry not only dwarf and depress, but sometimes kill.

Anger and worry are bad habits of the mind and not necessary ingredients.

Anger and worry are no more necessary than other passions civilized man has learned to control, and it is only needful to realize that they are unnecessary in order to make it impossible to feel, much less to show them.

Anger and worry cannot be eliminated through process of repression any more than a weed can be killed by cutting down the stalk, or a cancer can be cured from the surface, or the drinking habit can be got rid of by "tapering off." Germ eradication is not only the *easiest*, but the *only sure cure* for all physical diseases and mental handicaps

The dispossession of anger and worry does not cause indifference or encourage indolence.

The natural tendency of the emancipated mind is toward growth, both intellectual and spiritual, just as the tendency of plant life is toward vigorous growth and perfect blossoming, if it is kept free from the gnawings of cankerous worms.

Anger and worry are as much parasites as are the cankerous worms that attack plants. The intelligent horticulturist knows that the worms are parasites, picks them off his plant, and throws them away too far to return. The intelligent menticulturist of the future will treat anger and worry in the same intelligent manner.

It is not necessary to engage in battle the small army of lesser passions if you concentrate your efforts against anger and worry, for they are all children of these parents. Oppose them with a bold front; make one heroic stand against them and they and all of their children will fly. Disown them once and the ability to readopt them will have disappeared with them.

Anger and worry, especially worry, are the cause of most of the drunkenness and other dissipations which are the curses of the age. Excuse for them or temptation to them is found in the desire to smother the depression which they themselves cause.

Anger and worry are creations of the mind, and can be dispelled by the same power that gave them birth.

Anger and worry are caused by phantoms that we create within ourselves and whose only strength is that with which we endow them.

Anger and worry are like echoes; they do not exist until we call for them, and the louder we call, the louder is their response. We can never drown them; yet, if let alone, they drown themselves.

Fear is possibly the truer name for the cowardly root-passion than worry; but as they are synonymous, and as anger and worry are more frequently used together, and worry has a less formidable sound, I have chosen to present it for attack under that title.

While the evil passions align themselves into two classes, as the offshoots of anger and worry, they are in fact, all growths from one root. Worry (or fear) is the main principle, as it were, without which all the others wither and die. For instance, if we do not worry, we do not fear; and if we do not fear aggression, or insult, or slight, we do not become angry. We quarrel most frequently with what *we fear* is thought or intended by our adversary, and least frequently with what he actually does or thinks. On the other hand our adversary endows us with intentions which he himself creates, and each puts his own fuel on the fire, to increase the heat of the controversy.

In Emancipation there is no fear (or worry), and consequently no fuel for discord.

Emancipation is a disarmament which disarms others, but adds strength to itself.

To the Emancipated every moment is a delight, or a moment of calm, during which he is susceptible only to good impressions, and the best interpretation of everything, no matter what the external conditions. Even in cases of sickness, the tendency of the emancipated mind is so inclined to gratitude for the limitations of the calamity, that it has little if any room left for regret. Its thankful appreciation of a half loaf of blessings leaves no place for disappointment that is not a whole one, and it certainly has no desire to question the wisdom of the process of evolution to which it is related.

To question or to regret the inevitable seems to the emancipated mind the greatest folly imaginable. It certainly is as foolish as barking at the moon.

"Sweet sorrow" must not be classed with the depressing passions. It is the tenderest expressions of love. If tears of love or of sympathy spring to the eyes, do not repress them; do not be ashamed of them; they are like dew from Heaven and promote the growth of the soul.

Neither must friendly rivalry nor ambition to excel be classed as aggressions, as they are phases of growth.

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE "OREGON."

The battle-ship "Oregon" is the latest fighting machine to join the white squadron. Previous to her official trial trip, her builders have given her a preliminary spin both in San Francisco Bay and in Santa Barbara Channel. The great ship left nothing to be desired. From her torpedo-tube chambers to her fighting tops, from her cutwater to her stern-post, she is as perfect as man can make her. A few inferior details, such as ballast, furniture, and the minor parts of the armament, will be added shortly, and the "Oregon" will go into commission as a first-class United States battle-ship.

She is 348 feet on her water-line, with an extreme beam of 69.5¾ feet, and draws 24 feet of water. Her displacement at the time of the preliminary trial was 9600 tons, but when fully armed and equipped, she will displace power 10,200 tons. Her armament consists of four 13-inch guns, four 8-inch guns, two 6-inch guns, twenty 6-pounders, and four 1-pounders. The 13-inch guns carry projectiles of 1100 pounds each, and may be fired every three minutes. The 8-inch guns carry 250 pounds of metal each and can be fired once every minute.

The run to Santa Barbara was especially successful, the "Oregon" easily attaining 16 knots. The log-book noted the run as follows: "Left whistling buoy and threw over log at 10:15 o'clock Saturday morning. Until 12 at night she kept a steady pace, averaging 13½ knots with 94.7 revolutions per minute by the starboard engine and 95 6 of the port. From 12 till daylight, she stood off and on, and at daylight picked up the land and steamed slowly down to Point Conception."

At Point Conception the "Oregon" was sent at speed over the official course and made a notable performance. Her two great engines averaged 128 to 132 revolutions to the minute. During the trial trip she made an average speed 16.78 knots. For a time she was running at the rate of 17.34 knots an hour, and yet under all this pressure there was but little noticeable vibration throughout the great steel frame. There was but one opinion among all those on board, and that was to the effect that the performance was little short of wonderful.

THE BALL IN PLAY.

A SCRIMMAGE.

A RACE DOWN THE FIELD.

HOBART. JOSEPH TOBIN. R. M. TOBIN. McCREERY. BALDWIN. LAWSON.

SCENE AT THE GRAND-STAND.

BURLINGAME STATION.

Photos by R. J. Waters.

THE POLO TOURNAMENT AT BURLINGAME.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE FLOAT.

JUST A "SNAP."

THE FIESTA AT SAN JOSE.

In the midst of flowers and bunting, waving parasols and tossing handkerchiefs, the crowning of San Jose's Queen took place, and the carnival could be fairly said to have begun.

The scene of the coronation itself was one of the most imposing sights of the whole Fiesta. The ceremony was held at the pavilion, which had been magnificently decorated for the occasion, and was conducted before a throng large enough to test the capacity of the building to its utmost.

The curtain rose for the coronation at a little before noon, and the Queen entered the stage immediately after, clad in royal robes. Six tiny pages in white carried her train and escorted her to her throne of roses.

Mr. B. A. Henington delivered the coronation speech with all due solemnity, ending with the words, "It affords me great pleasure to crown this, our fair and lovely Queen, the Queen that will lead and govern us for the rest of this festive occasion."

The Queen advanced slowly and received the crown upon her head. Instantly the band burst into "God Save the Queen," following it by "Hail Columbia," while the audience applauded to the echo, and the parasols and handkerchiefs shook and tossed again.

Immediately afterward Queen Lillian assumed her throne as duly crowned Queen. Mayor Roch presented her with the keys of the city with the words:

"As Mayor of the City of San Jose I now give you the freedom of this city. By virtue of my official position I extend to you the service of our people. We deem it the highest honor on our festal day that our Queen will give her gracious and womanly presence to sanction our festivities. Accept full control and jurisdiction of this city."

MISS LILLIAN REA, CARNIVAL QUEEN.

The coronation and procession were probably the best ever seen in San Jose. The parade was especially elaborate and lengthy; float succeeded float till the eyes were dazzled by the kaleidoscopic blaze of roses and geraniums, violets and pansies. The Woman's Club was represented by a floral boat representing Progress, with allegorical figures in the bow and stern. The Floral Society entered a float in the shape of a vast cornucopia of flowers. The Longfellow School float received round after round of applause, profusely decorated as it was, and filled to overflowing with a bevy of little school maidens.

Looking down the streets after the parade the effect was striking; everything that could be decorated *was* decorated; the front of the buildings, the very telegraph poles and lamp posts disappeared under masses of flowers and buntings. Arches succeeded arches, while festoons without number garlanded the streets overhead from one facade to another. The scene was one glow of beauty, while at the end of the vista of the street could be caught occasional glimpses of Mount Hamilton, hooded in cold white, frowning its snowy brows at the merry city at its feet.

The San Jose Carnival was a distinct success, not because of its elaborate display of bunting and flowers, nor because of the unstinted outlay of time and money spent, but because of right carnival spirit that has developed in the Garden City. They have the gaiety, the spontaneousness, the insouciance, down there that gives life and verve to such a celebration. Without that spirit the fiesta becomes a fiasco

OBSERVATORY PARLOR, N. S. C. W., FLOAT.

Photos by Mrs. W. S. Johnston, San Jose

WOMAN'S CLUB FLOAT.

THE HEROISM OF JONESEE.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

For a moment be pleased to consider the moral quality of courage. There are three kinds of it. There is the courage that loves danger, and there is the courage that despises it; then there is a third kind—a kind that is born of more complicated motives, not a heroic kind of courage, but one that is oftenest met with. It is that peculiar, desperate sort of courage that comes of fear, and that makes a man courageous because he is afraid to *seem* afraid.

It was this last kind of courage that inspired Jonesee to do what he did on that particular Sacramento-street car. He was brave upon that occasion because he was scared to death. The thing he did was afterward told up and down the length of Polk Street; but Jonesee caused it to be believed that his courage was the kind that loved danger, or the kind that despised it—the heroic kind. Jonesee said things that were not so, because if you remember about Jonesee at all, you will remember that there was nothing heroic about him. He is a plumber's apprentice on Polk Street—you may recall the fact—and you would not expect heroic, noble things from him. He is common.

On a certain Sunday evening, Jonesee, with some friends, had a dinner, that consisted chiefly of things to drink, at a fearful place called The Rathskeller, and had gone to the Bella Union afterward. He drank a good deal more beer between the acts at the Bella Union, and about midnight was just sober enough to remember that he must take the last boat across the bay. Why he had to do so has nothing to do with this story. He boarded a Sacramento-street car about midnight. He was the only passenger.

Jonesee stood on the back platform and labored to convince the conductor that Billy McGovern was a light heavyweight and not a heavy lightweight. The conductor was filling out his time-forms for the trip, and his attention was so equally divided between elementary mathematics and Jonesee's pugilism, that he very nearly overlooked two fares that signalled to him at the corner of Sansome Street. Jonesee called them to his notice in time, and when the car stopped a fellar and a girl came out of the surrounding gloom into the circle of light thrown by the car lamps, and got aboard. The fellar pushed the girl into the car ahead of him. As he followed, Jonesee saw him give the conductor two dollars and heard him say in a low voice, "You can keep the change." Here was a mystery!

Jonesee affected not to hear, but began to pay close attention to what was going forward. Pretty soon the fellar leaned forward and called out to the conductor:

"Say, are we going to get that last boat?"

"No," answered the conductor.

When the girl heard this she suddenly began to cry violently. Then Jonesee knew. The conductor had lied—that was certain. Jonesee was not so drunk but that he knew the car would connect with the last boat; that in fact, it was run for that very purpose.

"It's a job to do the girl dirt," he reflected. Then he lit a cigareet.

"'f you wanta smoke, you'll have to go forward," observed the conductor.

As Jonesee went through the car, he took in the couple at a glance. The girl was not in the least pretty; her eyes were close together and her chin was large. Over her shoulders she wore a cape of flimsy red cloth with accordion plaits; her hands were bare, and her shoes were unkempt and showed blue at the toes and sides. Her crying did not become her; there were red spots over the bridge of her nose and about her eyelids, and her large chin quivered like a jelly. She was cheap and she was vulgar, but Jonesee told himself that she was no chippy.

The fellar, Jonesee recognized in an instant, with a simultaneous qualm. His professional name was The Spider, and one of the proudest moments in Jonesee's life had been when he had given a knee to the bantam-weight champion of Contra Costa County in his eight-rounds-with-a-decision go with French Frank at West Berkeley, the March previous. Jonesee gloried in the acquaintance he had with the prize-fighter, and often bullied his companions with the fact, lying about its different phases with brilliant audacity. The Spider did not recognize him now, or did not choose to, and Jonesee went out on to the front platform of the car, and slid the door to behind him.

Seated on the dasher, he watched what was taking place inside of the car. The Spider was talking earnestly to the girl, who was still crying. Jonesee could guess that he was trying to persuade her to get off the car, it being useless to remain on it now until it reached the ferry. He was confirmed in this by seeing him signal to the conductor to stop at the next crossing. His companion seemed to have yielded. "What could the poor girl do?" quoted Jonesee to himself.

Between Montgomery Street and the ferry landings, Sacramento Street runs fairly level. This neighborhood is taken up for the most part with wholesale houses, fruit-packers, commission merchants, broom manufacturers. After dark it is a solitude.

As the car trundled its way on with a grinding of wheels and a strident whirring of jostled glass, Jonesee could see the four squares of light thrown from the car windows running over the somber fronts of the closed buildings. Their doors and windows were covered with green-painted iron shutters; empty crates and flat blue boxes for shipping butter were piled at intervals along the sidewalk. At the crossings vistas of sparsely lighted streets opened on either hand. No one was in sight, not a cat moved.

Jonesee was a coward. For all his posing and bullying when with his friends or when backed by the gang of his ward, he was horribly afraid of getting into a street fight, unless it was a sure thing. But what would have induced him to cross The Spider, the man with the scientific left, the hardest man in Contra Costa County—the man who had put out French Frank in eighteen minutes, whose friendship raised Jonesee to a glorious and envious eminence throughout all Polk Street? Was it for him—Jonesee—to call The Spider to account in a lonely part of the town, at midnight, with never a policeman within shouting distance? No, he would not interfere.

The car was within twenty yards of the next street when The Spider got up and Jonesee saw the conductor reach for the bell rope. Then, all at once, without knowing why, Jonesee put up his hand into the bell above his head between the hammer and the curve of the metal. As the conductor pulled the rope the hammer struck against his fingers, and made no sound. The car kept on its way. Then Jonesee realized the enormity of what he had done. He knew that The Spider would jump him now, and he shook again at the thought. Not only this, but he had forever sacrificed the precious acquaintance with the Contra Costa champion; never more would he be able to nod to him at local bars or "sporting resorts" with his invariable "Well, Spider, what's the good word to-day"; never more would he be able to lie about what happened between "me 'n The Spider." Yet the next thing he did was to cut off as much of the bell rope as he could, and with it to lash the handle of the car door to the iron rods which guarded the front windows. He thought if he could keep the car going he might succeed in what he had undertaken. As long as the gripman received no sign from the conductor he would keep on. They were within three blocks of the ferry now, and if things could remain as they were but five minutes more all would be well. So thought Jonesee; he was too drunk to understand how impractical was his idea.

The conductor pulled the bell-rope again viciously, and Jonesee saw the severed end above his head disappear with a fillip through the hole and drop limply on the floor inside the car.

The conductor came forward through the car and looked out at Jonesee on the platform; he pulled and jerked at the door in vain, and then shouted at him to open it. He expressed an opinion as to the legitimacy of Jonesee's immediate ancestors and preferred doubts as to his future salvation. Jonesee returned appropriate blasphemies, and kept his eye on The Spider. All this time the car was lessening the distance that yet lay between them and the ferry; safety was but two blocks away. The conductor turned to The Spider.

"There's a drunk out here has cut the bell-rope and tied up the door; can't stop the car unless the gripman hears the bell.

"To hell with him," cried The Spider, getting to his feet in a fury. "Smash the glass an' *I'll* get holt of him."

"Yes," returned the conductor, with irony, "and me be stuck for the glass, huh? I guess not."

The Spider now approached and delivered himself of a long snarl of oaths and threats. Jonesee listened to the car-wheels telling off the rails, and, in a tremulous voice, said to himself over and over again, "You'se think your hell, don't you? You'se think your hell." The next moment the crisis of the matter had arrived.

Jonesee thought that The Spider had given up the affair and had jumped off the car, leaving himself and the girl to their own devices. Suddenly he found himself face to face with him. The Spider *had* got off the car, but instead of leaving it, had run forward, and now, with one hand on the rail of the front dasher, was preparing to jump on. From where he was he might easily have called to the gripman, but he was too excited, too angry, too bent upon having it out with Jonesee to think of this.

For an instant, as The Spider ran along parallel to the car, Jonesee saw his face a little lower than his own and saw it set with an expression of mean, vicious rage, bullying, aggressive; Jonesee remembered it had looked like this when the prize-fighter came from his corner for the last round with French Frank.

During the instant that immediately succeeded the sight of The Spider's face so close to his own, Jonesee observed several things. He saw that The Spider intended to jump him; but he saw, too, that he had not recognized him and was sizing him up, waiting for a chance. Jonesee saw that the instant he assumed the defensive, that The Spider would swing himself to the platform and run in upon him; that the moment he showed fear it would be all over for him. He saw, too, with startling vividness, that if he was to stand any chance of escaping a terrible fight, he must take advantage of this one instant of indecision. On such occasions as these a man can think pretty fast. Jonesee reflected rapidly upon the different ways of injuring the vicious, cruel face that now looked into his out of the darkness. He might with whitened knuckles strike it heavily upon its salient chin; or he might, with the switch-iron hastily grabbed from the dasher, beat it in with two or three swift underhand strokes. It would be cut and slashed, too, to some advantage if he had time to get to his knife, or it could be shot into if one were handy with a revolver—and had one. All these things Jonesee realized could be done, but what he finally *did* do was none of them. What he finally did was to kick with the suddenness of a relaxed spring and with all the combined energy of hip and body. He felt his boot strike into the soft part of the throat; recovering himself as quickly as he could, he kicked again and again, felt his foot reach home; but the third time he only struck the empty air—the face was gone.

The Spider must have cried out or shouted as he went over backward into the street. Jonesee himself did not remember of hearing any sound, but indeed all that happened in the next few minutes was ever afterward a matter of uncertainty to him; he could only suppose that The Spider had shouted, for the gripman, suddenly realizing what was doing behind him, let go the rope and stopped the car.

"Go on. Go on," screamed Tug. "It ain't anything. Just keep a going."

The gripman got off the dummy and hit him twice on the back of the head. Jonesee was accustomed to say afterward that the conductor attacked him, too, and cut his forehead with his bell punch. It is impossible to say whether he did or no, for Jonesee himself, after the gripman had finished with him, was too dazed to have a clear and connected recollection of anything. He could recall the rest of the evening by fragments only.

Somehow he found himself with the girl, too frightened now to cry, in the midst of a crowd, and there she suddenly recognized a man whom she called Dick, crying out, "Oh, there's Dick and Ma now." It afterwards turned out that she and The Spider were to have met this party on the last boat. Jonesee remembered that she told him this, but just where or when he could not say, the gripman having temporarily spoiled his process of reasoning.

After the girl had been taken off by her mother and her brother, Jonesee remembers of the crowd still remaining in a close circle about him, looking at him. He remembers, too, of the conductor holding him up by the arm, giving his number and that of the gripman to the policeman, who took them down in his note-book. Jonesee staggered when he tried to walk, and could not remember his name. Soon after he heard a sound which smote him with terror. It was the clanging bell of the approaching hurry-up wagon and the gallop of the horses over the cobbles.

When they tried to put him in the wagon, he pulled back stupidly with wide-opened eyes and seized hold of the brass railing of the wagon to brace himself against their efforts. He remembers how the policeman caught his thumbs and bent them back till they were nearly sprung from their sockets. He had to let go. Somebody put his hat on for him, tilted over one eye, and they took him to the station house. Once there he was entered on the books as drunk and disorderly.

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But you must not think from this that Jonesee went unrewarded for his part in that night's affair. The opinion of the world notwithstanding, virtue *does* sometimes get its requital as well in real life as it does between paper covers or behind the footlights. It is true that Jonesee lost the honor that accrued to him from his acquaintance with The Spider. But this was as nothing when compared to the glory which he acquired when it became known that he was the man who could claim the proud distinction of having kicked the Contra Costa bantam into insensibility. Jonesee is the cock of Polk Street now, and, even beyond it, is occasionally spoken of as being "hard."

An improved snake story comes from Calcutta. Two tame pythons were kept together, when one swallowed the other. The inside snake, feeling uncomfortable in the other's midst, proceeded to eat its way out at the other end.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

VAN ALSTYN SEES POLO AT BURLINGAME.

Dear Old Chap:—I tell you it's *man's* sport, this polo—a gentleman's sport it is; and when I use the word "gentleman" in such connection, I mean it in its best and broadest sense. It's not a game for the masses, but for the classes, like tennis and golf, like the running of tourneys used to be. Only it's better than tennis or golf, because it's more dangerous—a young girl can play these games. But to play polo—think of it! Think of all the things that a man must know and do to play polo. And, by Jove, Old Chap, he must know and do them *well*, if he loves his fair young life, and would come out of the game all in one piece. Did you ever see the game, Old Chap? Of course, you have; but do you remember your first impression of it? That first impression wears off, you say? Well, it never wears off with me, Old Chap. The wonder—the absolute marvel of the thing was just as fresh for me last Saturday as it was five years ago, when I saw the first game. Such riding, *such* riding! Positive centaurs, you know. It's football on horseback, and that's saying an awful thing, as you may well suppose. I am, as you know, a "rank outsider" on the subject of polo, and I went down to Burlingame last Saturday rather indifferent, if I must confess it, a bit sluggish in my nerves, a bit "off," as I might say. This was because I had forgotten. Well, you missed it.

One thing that makes polo so fascinating is the background. The thing works itself out in the midst of a charming misé en scéne. There was not much of a crowd at Burlingame; but it would have done your worldly, fashion-loving eyes good to have beheld what there was of it. Seen from the far side of the field, the grand-stand (it's not a very *grand* stand) had the air of a cluster of blazing flowers set in the dark green of the landscape. There was the gleaming and swaying of brilliant parasols, and the flash of silks and gay bonnets. There was the glitter of harness and clinking polo-chains; there was the satin sheen of perfectly groomed hides, and the dull glowing of the flanks of the lacquered tally-hos. To see all these colors moving and twinkling and shimmering in and out under a California sun, in the out-of-doors of a perfect California day, was in itself alone worth the trip. And the pretty girls, Old Chap—no, you can't match them anywhere else. It's the beauty of the Viennese, the chic of the Parisienne combined with her own good, splendid American dash and strength, the fine, hard, new strain in her blood, that makes the California girl what she is. Let the disaffected rail as they will against the "smart" set, I tell you, Old Chap, there is nothing in the world so fine, so beautiful, as a well-dressed, thoroughbred American girl.

But the game.

Poor Riversides. They made a gallant, uphill fight and they scored two hardly earned goals. But there was nothing on the field that day that could withstand the rush of the Burlingames. There was a furious recklessness about them, an absolute disregard of life and limb that could not be gainsaid. They would win if they broke their necks for it, and when men go into a contest with such determination as that, the other side may as well draw out from the start. The game in detail I shall not describe you, Old Chap, you have no doubt had that already through the daily papers; suffice it to say that Burlingame started in slowly at first, not overconfident at the start. Then suddenly warmed to their work, struck a pace, a tremendous pace, held it—and won twelve goals. Toward the end they had Riverside "on the run." The instant the ball was tossed out they rushed it. They were off as though from a starter's flag in a race, the hoofs rolled and rippled over the hollow ground, there was a cloud of gray dust shot through with brilliant flashes of color—a spot of red, or white, or more often the yellow of Hobart's cap, brilliant as a golden *casque*. Here and there the ponies' heads rose and fell, shadowy and phantom-like through the dust, then the scrimmage broke up. You heard the sharp "tock-tock" as the ball was struck out, and saw it spinning—a little white, bounding shape—down the field like a flying rabbit. The leaders go down the field after it riding *at* each like mad, the long polo sticks swing in the air like the swinging of slender spears, the grandstand rises to its feet, there is a craning of necks, then a cheer, and the scorer hangs up another goal to the credit of Burlingame.

Where is the man who says the young man of the latter day is degenerating through cigarettes and whiskey cocktails, or that the American race is enfeebled through dyspepsia and ice-water? Where is he who says that polo is a "dude's game"? I tell you, Old Chap, that man should have seen the game of last Saturday. He should have seen Walter Hobart win five out of Burlingame's twelve goals, win by some of the most magnificent as well as the most daring and reckless riding I have ever witnessed.

It's a good thing; it is as it should be. Sport such as this is the best thing a man can do in a recreative way, just because it *is* so difficult, so dangerous. It's better, Old Chap, than dancing, better than the cock-tail route, or the leather chairs of the club all an afternoon. By Jove, it's virile, it's manly. It's good for the race and I hope these masculine dangerous sports like football and boxing and polo, the sports that *hurt*, will never lapse from among us Americans. It's good for the race, and it builds up a sturdy hard-muscled type, the type we had in '75. We may have need of that type again some day, may be in a short time. Who knows, Old Chap, perhaps many a future battle has been already won on our football gridirons and our polo fields.

VAN ALSTYN.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOT.

MAXINE ELLIOT.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN ACTRESS WHO OBJECTS TO BEING INTERVIEWED.

The most "photographed" woman in America—there's a distinction for you. Miss Maxine Elliot has faced the camera more frequently than even Lillian Russell. Her lineaments are as familiar to the American world as the coarse contours and heavy features of Grover Cleveland. Those large dark eyes have looked out of the pages of innumerable weeklies and monthlies. They know those features wherever *Munsey's*, or *Harper's*, or the *Illustrated American* penetrate, and yet their owner is not especially proud of her distinction. She is young, unaffected, and quite devoted to her profession; would much rather go forth to the world as an artist than appear before it as a beauty. However, the public and the journalists sort out roles and they elect to adore the physical outlines and endowments of this heroine. If she adds to nature the fascination of art, she charms the more surely. Stage loveliness is so often a clever blending of charcoal and limelight that I was prepared to be disappointed in Miss Elliot. After meeting her I denounced the limitations of the camera.

It was in the lobby of the Columbia Theater—at the moment Faust was repining in melodramatic tones the guile of Mephistopheles, and the introduction was drowned by the torrent of his eloquence. However, introductions are only formulas after all, so at the first opportunity of silence I begged Miss Elliot to prepare herself for the ordeal of an interview.

"About what, pray?" she asked. She has a fresh, clear voice, buoyant in timbre, and admirably modulated—not a trace of accent in its tones.

"Mainly about yourself, but not necessarily," I replied.

"The properly regulated interview is seldom about anything in particular," responded Miss Elliott. "It is intended either to introduce a photograph or disguise a biography. Shall I tell you where I was born, or must I relate the circumstances of my debut?"

"You were born in Rockland, Maine, so, though your appearance is that of an Italian, we claim you as kinswoman."

"Correct, thus far," she admitted.

"It is your fifth season on the stage. You have been to California before with Willard, and you appeared in "Judah" at the California Theater. So it is unnecessary to ask if you love San Francisco, for have you not returned to us?"

"But this is mind-reading, not interviewing," interrupted the subject. "You know those are my lines you are repeating."

"But you commit yourself to nothing this way," I reassured her. "Besides, there are dozens of other things to say."

"Yes, about the weather."

MR. FRANK WORTHING.

"Will you admit you don't like being interviewed?

"The difficulty about an interview is that it gives the public an unfair idea of one's personality," Miss Elliot responded, growing quite serious. "I am fairly sensible, and yet I've read articles in which I'm represented as saying the most idiotic things. The casual remarks one makes in the course of a general talk don't appear to advantage in type, and then the idea that one's words are being written down or remembered to be reproduced makes one as stilted as a—as a—well, as a clothes' prop.

"You shall not talk like a clothes' prop, if I can help it," I hastened to announce.

"That is most kind of you, I am sure," this with a touch of sarcasm. "You see we have but little time to ourselves on the stage. It is rehearsing by day and the play at night, and if one is ambitious, it means the concentration of one's whole mind and strength throughout a performance. The intervals of leisure are necessarily intervals of rest or of study. As for amusement, that comes in vacation time. All of which is said," she added with a charming smile, "to convince you how little an actress has left to give of herself to the public in an interview."

"The excuse of the interview," I explained, "is that the public desires to realize that the heroine who has enchained its interest, or wrought up its emotions last night, is to-day but a woman—that she rises in the morning and has breakfast—possibly eats beefsteak, and, maybe, likes bacon. They want to know her in that most interesting of all roles—herself. So the responsibility is really with Miss Elliot, and not with the interview. If she did not herself create the demand, the journalist would not trouble her to supply it."

"It would be pleasant to believe so," replied the actress, "but, for my part, I should never permit any one to peep behind the scenes It destroys the illusion."

"But you are not an illusion, Miss Elliot," I suggested.

"Not now," she laughed, with a glance at the sweeping lines of her figure—she is a tall and finely proportioned woman. "At the moment I'm decidedly not illusive, but that is because I've done nothing for a month. I'll be the shadow of this after a few weeks of hard work and rehearsal."

"On the contrary; I shall pray with the Mohammedans that your shadow may never grow less," I retorted.

"Don't please, for, by some accident, your prayers might be heard, and I would hate the consequences."

What else she might have added was interrupted by a harrowing scream from Marguerite, combined with the thunder on the "Brocken"—and the blended clamor sent us both out into the air, and abruptly ended my interview.

F. R. S.

Great Book Sale at Dodge's New Store, 112 Post St.

THE YELLOW STORE
NEXT WHITE HOUSE

THINGS AND PEOPLE

THE WEDDING of the season is over. The guests have dispersed, and bride and groom are spending their honeymoon at San Mateo. The dailies have already exhausted the details of the ceremony, and have described the decorations until the bent of every petal and the hang of every gown are as familiar as the Lord's Prayer. The young millionaire and his bride were made one at the Williams mansion, which happens to be the old Rosecrans place at San Rafael. A small and intimate audience beheld the ceremony, which was celebrated by Doctor Nichols assisted by Reverend Hartman. The guests consisted of the two families and of the schoolmates of the bride, Miss Hoffman and Miss Bertha Smith, together with Miss Mary Eyre, the most intimate friend of Miss Hobart. The male guests were Mr. Taylor, Mr. Stetson, and Mr. McNear, who are the men with whom Mr. Hobart has been most intimate. The twain were married in the library, under the usual canopy of flowers, and, after the Bishop's blessing, passed into the hall to receive congratulations, and thence into the dining-room where the dejeuner was spread. This room is furnished in old colonial style and was beautifully adorned with roses, lilacs, and other choice flowers. At the bride's end of the table there were orange blossoms galore. In her simple wedding robe, which is described with more or less exactitude in another column, the bride looked really lovely. Afterwards came the usual showering of rice, then the happy twain took a special to Sausalito, and later headed for San Mateo.

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The presents were not numerous, but were really beautiful, and, as befits the condition of millionairedom, had the virtue of costliness. The groom's present was a tiny watch about the size of a nickel, set in diamonds, and depending from a pin set with a diamond crown. Besides, he presented the bride with a jeweled polo-player on horseback, done in diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, an exquisite piece of jewelry, chaste in design, and beautifully executed. Miss Hobart's magnificent present of a golden service was much admired. It was contained in a large oaken chest with five drawers, and the service is certainly the most beautiful of its kind I have ever seen. There was a crystal bowl with a gold cover admirably chased, in the center of which was a medallion, from Mrs. John P. Jones. From Mrs. Lester there was a sumptuous five-o'clock tea-set of elaborate and beautiful design, in silver of course, with salver, tea-kettle, spirit lamp, cream jugs, etc.; from Mr. Taylor, a silver ice cream set; from the best man, Mr. Stetson, a bread and butter set in silver; from Doctor Tevis, a beautiful medallion set in fine diamonds; from Mrs. Alvinzo Hayward, a cake-set in silver lace 'work, a magnificent gift which suggested the Utica and millions; Mr. and Mrs. James Cross sent a silver soup service; General Forsyth, uncle to the bride, a medallion set in pearls; Mrs. McCutcheon a very fine silver fruit dish; and from Mr. and Mrs. Sam Knight a silver liqueur service—altogether a very valuable and beautiful array of silver and gold, gorgeous enough to make happy the heart of a less favored bride than Miss Williams.

* * *

IT IS CURIOUS the public took so little interest in the polo at Burlingame. Considering the audience of last year, the gathering at this tournament was sparse. However, the game suffered nothing from the attendance, inasmuch as it was a fine entertainment, and the Country Club men triumphed brilliantly. The club set was most evident in the gathering at the grand-stand, together with

MISS JULIETTE WILLIAMS.

contingents from San Mateo and Menlo, but there were few outsiders. The ground was in beautiful condition, thanks to Director Breuer, who has done admirable work, and given all his time to the purpose. By the way, Mr. Breuer is a brother-in-law of Postmaster McCoppin, and it is to his executive ability that certain departments of the institution have been converted from expensive luxuries to sources of profit. Entrusted with the task of putting the polo ground in good shape, he set all his own horses and men at work; and certainly the field reflected his efforts. In the apportioning of the congratulations, Mr. Lawson must not be omitted, for he really made the victory possible. His abstinence from the game was a fine instance of self-abnegation, inasmuch as he is the captain of the team, and was entitled by skill and by right to meet Riverside, but he retired in favor of McCreery. The honors of the day were rather carried off by Hobart, McCreery, and Joe Tobin. Dick Tobin, who played back, had hardly a chance to show his ability, so excellent was the playing of the others. However, the aspect of the game is expressed on another page.

* * *

The coaching crowd was out en grand tenue. Harry Tevis had Walter Hobart's four-in-hand, and his guests were Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Miss Hager, Miss Lucas, and Mrs. Mountford Wilson. In Mrs. Joe Tobin's coach were Miss Bates, Miss Clement, Mr. Will Heath, and several others; while Mr. Wilsey had a third brake, with Miss May Hoffman, Miss McNutt, and Mrs. Doctor Whitwell. On Charlie Baldwin's coach were Mrs. William Howard and Mrs. Perry Eyre. Jerry Lincoln entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs; the Henry Scotts had the Schwerins and Russ Wilsons. Of the Crocker contingent, only Princess Poniatowski put in an appearance, and of the Parrotts, only Mr.

MRS. WALTER HOBART, *née* MISS HANNAH WILLIAMS.

Jack of that clan. He had two carriages there, however.

* * *

The upsetting of the Tobin coach, which might have been fatal, proved nothing worse than a ludicrous mishap. Joe Tobin, it seems, is a bit less expert at handling the ribbons than at polo or football, and when he set out to tool his coach up the cañon and over the hill, he miscalculated his skill, and, instead of driving on the beaten track, swung into the side road, which leads to the Willie Crocker mansion. This road is hardly intended for so ponderous a vehicle as a four-in-hand, and the quick turn was too much for its equilibrium. The result was it capsized and deposited its entire load into a bed of newly planted lilies. The only consequences, happy to relate, were the destruction of the lilies, and the production of a very shamefaced and dusty crowd of young people, together with the extreme consternation of Mrs. Crocker, who beheld the invasion of her grounds with mingled feelings.

* * *

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of Miss McKenna's engagement to Mr. Martin was certainly a surprise to Society. It seems they have been betrothed for nearly a month, but the understanding was that no announcement should be made until July. Miss McKenna is the daughter of Judge McKenna of the U. S. Circuit Court, and Mr. Martin is the son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and a nephew of Mrs. Peter Donahue. Though well known in San Francisco, Mr. Martin is now in Los Angeles managing the Downey and Warren estates. In his connections he is very fortunate, and prospectively he has much to look forward to. The engagement consummates the ardent desires of the two families, for Miss McKenna is especially admired by Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Donahue. She is a very charming girl, and, as her portrait shows, decidedly handsome. She is a blonde, refined, modest and of an exceeding sweetness of disposition. She was educated in Washington, where she originally met

MISS ISABELLE McKENNA.

Mr. Martin, then a student at the Georgetown University. Judge McKenna graduated to the judiciary from Congress. For many years he represented the Second District in the Lower House, and at the death of Judge Sawyer succeeded him. He was much thought of by Senator Stanford, who made him a trustee of the great University at Palo Alto.

* * *

THIS WEEK the excitement of mining is in the air—the oft-repeated anticipation of a fresh bonanza fills the papers, sends worthless securities buzzing, and agitates the speculative mind of the community. Let but the Brunswick lode develop the aspect of an ore deposit, and we will have just such a fever as disturbed conditions in the early days, made millionaires and paupers and invested Pine Street with the air of romance. If there is gold, as the anticipatory rumors declare, then the sensation is sure, but thus far the condition is purely expectant. Not even the initiated know, nor is it possible to guess until developments reveal the ore body. There is a suspicion that the excitement already engendered by preliminary announcements has been engineered by the speculators; there is suspicion of a ring with journalistic connections, but it must be remembered that the news is of real importance if there really be a mine. That is the question.

* * *

Apropos of mining I am inclined to view with suspicion the preposterous capitalization of the Sebastapol, which certain members of the new Gold Mining Exchange are floating on a three million basis. The property is sufficiently promising at the moderate price its owners so long demanded—$20,000 with a two years' bond—but a three million capitalization is carrying imposition too far. Unless there be an enormous and unexpected development, which we would have heard all about before this, I would suggest that the Exchange directors investigate and protect the good name of their youthful institution. The Sebastapol Mine forms a link in the history of Robert Watts's fortune. In the early days when this millionaire and his brother inaugurated their mining ventures, they were enabled to purchase this property with money borrowed at the rate of 4 per cent a month. This was in '57; powder was then $13 a keg, and labor demanded extortionate prices. They persevered night and day, and excavated some 200 feet, extracting pay gold most of the way. They cleaned up sufficient coin to satisfy their debts and to purchase interests in the Massachusetts Hill and Rocky Bar mines. The Sebastapol was abandoned, perforce. At the Fraser River excitement the Grass Valley district was deserted and the Watts left alone on their property. Then it was they proceeded to develop the Massachusetts Hill property, out of which the bulk of their millions were taken. Some years later the Sebastapol was sold to an enterprising company which ran its shaft several hundred feet deeper and set the property in condition for working. Alas, on the day of operation a fire broke out, consumed the workings, and so disappointed the owners that they abandoned their prospects.

* * *

So Cecil Rhodes has determined to try his hand on the mother lode. That at least is the latest report. The story goes that it is his money which purchased the Alabama Mine—a property for many years in the possession of Thomas Bell. It is near the Rawhide, and is pronounced a promising claim. Since John Hays Hammond became engineer of the Rhodes Syndicate, rumors have come from Johannesburg, suggesting that the South African dictator had designs on Californian mining properties. Unquestionably such a vigorous hand as his might well be occupied on the great mother lode which is as important a deposit as the great ore bodies in the Transvaal. No one—not even Alvinza Hayward with all his millions—has yet grasped the splendid possibilities of this region. It seems, however, Mr. Rhodes has sufficient on hand these latter

days to occupy his time, so the hope of his participation in Californian mining is doubtless vain. There is a better prospect in the suggestion that Marcus Daly may transfer his energies to the Sierra Nevadas. Apropos of the Rawhide and its environment, I learn that Alvinza Hayward has just sold the Tryo Mine to a French syndicate for $150,000. This property is so precipitably situated that it must be worked through Rawhide ground, and the relations between Captain Nevill and Alvinza are of a character to prevent the prospect of such an agreeable arrangement. Great mining men often object to one another's personalities as great singers and actors do.

* * *

Over Hale & Norcross decisions Pine Street is kept guessing. A story of the latest decision which reflects on the promptness of Police Judge Low is being appreciatively told at the City Hall. A lawyer who happened to be in the Court's Chambers when the decision was handed in, met Low ten minutes later, and informed him of the reversal of Judge Hebbard's verdict. Concluding that this meant another long delay, Low, who had held quite a large block of stock, telephoned to his broker, ordering that it be sold immediately. The shares were at once offered and disposed of. Ten minutes later news of the decision arrived; there was an immediate slump, and margins were wiped out, but the prompt Police Judge had $1100 to his credit—profit on the transaction. By the way, Jeremiah Lynch was the purchaser.

* * *

A country storekeeper of the Hebrew persuasion appeared before his creditors at the Board of Trade rooms the other day, and to the queries of the creditors' attorney stated his liabilities at $1700, and his assets, $1300, of which $500 represented stock.

"How much insurance did you carry?" queried a creditor.

"I haf fifteen hundred tollars," responded the insolent.

The ten seconds of dead and suggestive silence that followed were broken by a voice:

"'Vell, 'vy not?"

That was all; there was no context, but every one roared.

* * *

WHOEVER suggests that Governor Budd is destitute of humor failed to appreciate the delicate tact of his latest appointment. By no one has he been so pestered for patronage as by Pat Reddy, and no one, save it be Harbor Commissioner Colnon or Sam Leake, has found the Executive

MISS ELLA HOBART.

so amenable. However, the comfortable placing of a dozen aspirants did not gratify the Reddy appetite. Indeed, the development of new candidates—Reddys from the North, and South, and East, was almost as inspiring in point of numbers as the mustering of the Gallaghers at the slogan of Congressman Maguire. The petitions of all these anxious and ambitious individuals were pressed by their adroit relative, who, when he grew tired of appealing, sent his partner, Joe Campbell, to the gubernatorial ear. Finally, in despair, out of desperation Budd conceived an idea—an idea which constituted both an opportunity and a hint—he precipitated the dismissal of Superintendent Weaver and presented Pat Reddy's brother with the City Almshouse. Over that institution Mr. Edward Reddy now presides, and the Governor is happily released from all further importunities. In the meantime the politicians are laughing over the episode as the joke of the season, though it is said that neither the law firm or its brother has yet captured the point.

* * *

It is well to avoid all needless familiarities with the Governor these dark and grim days, as he is loaded. Not for

MR. WALTER HOBART.

bear or for bores, but for cranks. Every mail that comes to the Capitol brings a threatening letter of one kind or other addressed to the Executive. Sometimes these minatory epistles are specific, oftener they merely denounce. They come from quacks of various degrees, unsatisfied aspirants for office, from socialists or communists, and Budd likes them not. He has spoken to Captain Lees on the subject; measures have been taken for his protection, but he admits himself so seriously disquieted that he carries constantly in his hip pocket a young cannon in the shape of a revolver, warranted to make an elephant pause in its mad career. No one cares to fool with a man thus accoutered, and it is advisable to be respectfully distant when in the company of Budd. By the way, I am told he was seen entering the Louvre the other night by a species of side door, and when he made his appearance in the midst of the throng, no one could think where he had come from. If his effort was to create a diversion, he was illimitably successful.

* * *

Surely there's a special oxygen in the California atmosphere which tends to develop the lungs of our vocalists and makes of them notable singers. Neally O'Sullivan, for instance, has a leading role in a London Opera Company; Ella Beech Yaw hails from the South; Emma Nevada is of the West, and so, too, is Madame Frances Saville, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The latest aspirant for vocal fame is Percy Jackson, a son of Colonel J. P. Jackson of this city, who has been for the past three years studying under Professor Jacques Bouhy, a well-known teacher of the French metropolis. The young man possesses a splendid voice of great depth and power and the critics prophesy a brilliant future for him. The New York *Musical Courier's* Paris correspondent gives an interesting account of a party which Mr. Marvin, Mr. Jackson's cousin, had in honor of the latter's coming of age. The affair was a brilliant social function and took place at the Solon Champ-Elysées. The American element was well represented but there were present quite an array of prominent people, including the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin, Viscount and Lady Weymouth, the Earl of Stradbrook, Madame Patti, and many others. Mr Jackson is to make his début in the early future.

* * *

MR. PERCY JACKSON.

George Nagle has gone, and the Bohemian Club has lost one of its most genial members. The spirit of the true Bohemian breathed in him, and the joy of his life was within the club walls or under the greenwood trees by the Russian River during the summer outing. The black-bordered card hanging in the club office, which announced his demise, evoked many a sigh, and for months to come there will be those who, all unforgetful of their friend, will look around for him, only to remember how vain is the search. Donald de V. Graham was a most faithful friend and kindly watcher at the bedside of the sufferer during the illness of many weeks, and the Club is grateful to him.

* * *

The midsummer jinks are already announced in the usual way, and the card in the café asks those who intend to participate in the camping to notify the secretary at once. The camp will open on August 8th, and the great jinks will be held with customary mingling of the weird, the solemn, and the uproariously humorous on August 22d.

* * *

The University Club did not succeed in getting up any excitement over its election. The straight ticket went through vem con, and since then the officers have been chosen, so that the men in command are James E. Tucker, President; T. B. Berry, Vice-President; J. S. Severance, Secretary and Treasurer; Hall McAllister, George W. McNear, Jr., A. H. Small, M. W. Haskell, Directors. The Club has done itself credit by electing William Keith, the artist, and Joseph Le Conte, the scientist, to honorary membership.

* * *

The new constitution of the Pacific-Union Club did not work, and now it has been amended so that in place of fifteen, of whom five were elected annually, the members will be called upon to vote every year on a full board of eight directors. The first election will take place on May 26th, and is to take the place of that election held last month, at which George Newhall achieved the distinction of being the sole man chosen, and the members took occasion to force the calling of a special meeting and a second election under revised conditions. Three or four tickets are in the field already, and there is yet plenty of time for the members to agree upon a favorite for president.

* * *

THE WILES of the politician are as various as the disguises of Proteus. In olden days a clever old Statesman named Lane represented Oregon in the United States Senate. A tactful, cordial personage, he understood the gentle art of appealing to the wives of his constituents and winning indirectly the hearts and votes of their husbands. Sometimes, however, he proved a bit too clever and I remember one instance where his genial duplicity lost him the votes of an entire district. Just prior to an election it was Lane's rule to canvass the country in a buckboard. He traveled from ranch to ranch, with a jolly word of greeting here and a pleasant remembrance there. He had an excellent memory for names and faces, and invariably treasured those tittle scraps of family history and detail which are so flattering to the casual acquaintance. The story goes that the Senator was traversing Rogue River Valley and stopped at noon at the farm house of a man named Bemis. The farm hands were all at dinner and Lane pushed genially through the parlor, saluting the good man, and made his way to the kitchen. "Why, Mrs. Bemis; it's good to see you again," announced the statesman, wringing her hand fervidly. "I've been wanting this long time to see you about those beans you gave me the last time I was here. I never tasted such beans in my life, and, indeed, the other day in Washington I spoke of them at the Department of Agriculture, and they especially asked me to get some samples. Now, I want you to give me a parcel of those beans to send along, and they'll be propogated there and used for seed.

PETER DONAHUE MARTIN.

Of course, the honest housewife, whose beans were excellent, rejoiced at this generous praise. She knew the beans were excellent, and straightway she proceeded to tie up a packet which the Senator duly placed in his satchel. He then departed for the next farmhouse, where John Evans, his wife and boys lived. The scene here was similar to the other. Mrs. Evans and her youngsters were at the door to welcome the great man, who was as effusive as possible.

"I've brought these all the way from Washington, Mrs. Evans, for you," he said, presenting the boys with some toys and the wife with the beans he had just received from Mrs. Bemis. They are the finest beans in the country.

After more blarney and chat, he drove onwards on the rest of his rounds, leaving happy and fluttering hearts in each farmhouse. Alas! for the denouement, however. Mrs. Bemis and Mrs. Evans met the following Sunday at church and exchanged reminiscences of the statesman.

"Such a nice man," said the latter, "he knew the children's names, and gave me some beans that he had brought all the way from Washington for me—he said they were the finest beans in the world."

"Beans," returned Mrs. Bemis, "why, he asked me for some of those beans of mine to bring to Washington—said the government wanted them for seed."

"How were they wrapped up, those beans he gave you?" she pursued.

Mrs. Evans described the packet.

"The deceiving ruffian," burst out Mrs. Bemis, "those were my beans he gave you—oh, the slippery scoundrel! Well, not a vote he'll get in our place." The story spread around, and those beans cost Senator Lane the vote of Rogue River Valley that election. THE WITNESS.

MADELON AND JOAN OF ARC.

MARY WILKINS AND MARK TWAIN WRITE OF WIDELY DIFFERENT TYPES.

It's *Madelon*, by Mary Wilkins, that I want to tell you about this week.

Well, it's a strange book in some ways. Really, I think parts of the story are pardonable only because Miss Wilkins is the story-teller. It's the way that counts after all. Your impression after the first few chapters is one of absolute reliance upon the author. You know, or, at least, you feel that she *knows*. She has such a sure grip upon her style. She expresses the most subtle and elusive thoughts in words of mathematical precision. It is like a clever person fitting together of the parts of an intricate block-puzzle. But somehow it strikes me as bad realism that this beautiful exactness should be carried into the conversations as well. It's all very well for Miss Wilkins to express herself so easily, but for the characters, especially the homely, direct, uncomplicated characters of a New England village to talk in the manner of a literary essay jars a bit. Even in the presence of sudden death, the knife actually in the wound, Lot Gordon can have enough presence of mind, enough command over his faculties to utter such an admirable phrase as, "You haven't killed me, even if I die, since you took me for Burr." Do you think, now, that that is very good art. Wouldn't Lot be more *surprised* than anything else—bewildered? Wouldn't he be likely to exclaim confusedly, "Madelon, why—why?" and stare about him stupidly? Be it far from me to teach Mary Wilkins her trade, but it is hard to believe that a man can lay back in the snow with his life-blood running from his side, and deliver himself of a fine ethical abstraction. Of course, he *might* have done so, it's the *possible* thing, but in a novel like *Madelon* we are dealing with the *probable* thing. But then all this is a detail, and besides, Miss Wilkins has so won over our confidence by her fine handling of the opening chapters, that after that we are ready to believe almost anything she has a mind to tell us.

As a matter of course the story is good. Not only is Miss Wilkins sure of herself as regards words, she is sure of her larger technic, her arrangement of episode, her composition. There is nothing loose about the putting together of the tale—no dangling ends. The story begins at once and never leaves off till the last chapter. If Madelon were longer or shorter by a single chapter it would lose in effectiveness.

But I cannot say I agree with the author in her conception of Madelon and her rigid puritanical conscience that leads her to leave no stone unturned, no effort untried to convince the community of her guilt as a murderess. Of course, her lover's life was at stake; she might have made the sacrifice—if sacrifice it could be called—in the end, but there would have been, I think, some natural struggle within herself, against herself, some human compunctious revulsion against the thought of death—of death by the hemp. Think of it—a young girl like that, full of life as was Madelon, rushing to death on the scaffold as to a bridal.

It is the same with Eugene Hautville. He loves Dorothy Fair, Dorothy loves him, and though she actually beseeches him, he repulses her, pushes her from him to satisfy a little conscientious scruple; he says honor is more than love with men, and sacrifices himself, and the girl as well, to a phrase. Of course it's fine, and if he felt that way it's the thing he *ought* to do. But, in real life *would* he have done it? I don't believe that you or I *could* have done it, if we loved our Dorothys as Miss Wilkins says Eugene loved his.

A last point. Miss Wilkins is particularly strong where so many other less clever novelists fail—as I have had cause to lament so often. I mean the *background* of the story. At every moment you can see the village itself where the thing is happening, can feel the cold of the long winter, and the last hard fall of snow, the sudden rush of spring in April, the royal summer, and the first returning frost. This is good; it's part of the picture, it completes the unit. Yes, on the whole, *Madelon* is an admirable novel; it's the work of a master hand, far and away above any of the new publications I have read so far this month.

Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc* is, I think, the first human, flesh and blood Joan of Arc I have yet come across. Say what you will, Mr. Clemens is tenderness itself when dealing with the wonderful little girl. He has managed to conjure her out of the domain of history and into that of life itself. She does not rant and she does not pose, but just leads her own simple, natural life. There is even little about her that is heroic, she's too human for that. As you get along into the book it is as though you knew Joan, knew her intimately, and when the end comes you are as sorry for her, and as blindly exasperated against the wretched court and the unspeakably miserable King, as was the *sieur Louis de Conte*.

This is very good art you know. It's much more difficult to get a fresh, human conception of an historic character than it would be to create an entirely new one. In the first place, the author is restrained and cramped by the historical *facts* of the case, and in the second, many people have their own conception ready to hand and are unwilling to accept anything different. The story is unique in a way. It certainly is not an historical novel, and it certainly is not an historical study. It's not a novel surely, and yet it *is* fiction.

One feature of the story I do rejoice in—we are spared the heroic medieval style of address. There is none of the "hither minion" or the "an-thou-lovedst-me" clap trap, but just plain, straightforward converse. No, there is no melodrama about the treatment of the story, and in a less experienced writer the temptation to introduce it would have been overpowering. I think the charm of the book lies in its surprising simplicity, a studied absence of art that is the very best art of all, if we only could know and appreciate it. This for instance; see how admirably it's told, so plain, so easy, so unaffected, yet try to imitate it if you can. It's the incident of the saving of the Dwarf:

"'In the train of wains laden with supplies a man lay on top of the goods. He was stretched out on his back, and his hands were tied together with ropes, and also his ankles. Joan signed to the officer . . . . to come to her, and he rode up and saluted.

"'What is he that is bound there?' she asked.

"'A prisoner, General.'

"'What is his offense?'

"'He is a deserter.'

"'What is to be done with him?'

"'He will be hanged; but it was not convenient on the march, and there was no hurry.'

"'Tell me about him.'

"'He is a good soldier, but he asked leave to go and see his wife who was dying, he said, but it could not be granted, so he went without leave. Meanwhile the march began, and he only overtook us yesterday evening.' (*Yesterday evening*, says Mr. Clemens, mark you. Not "*yester even*," as most of the historical novelists would have done.—The conversation continues:)

"'Overtook you—did he come of his own will?'

"'Yes, it was of his own will.'

"'*He* a deserter! Name of God! (These oaths of Joan are admirable.) Bring him to me.'

"The officer rode forward and loosed the man's feet and brought him back with his hands still tied. What a figure he was—a good seven feet high, and built for business! He had a strong face; he had an unkempt shock of black hair, which showed up in a striking way when the officer removed his morion for him; for weapon he had a big axe in his broad leathern belt. Standing by Joan's horse, he made Joan look littler than ever, for his head was about on a level with her own. His face was profoundly melancholy; all interest in life seemed to be dead in the man. Joan said:

"'Hold up your hands.'

"The man's head was down. He lifted it when he heard that soft friendly voice, and there was something wistful in his face which made one think that there had been music in it for him and that he would like to hear it again. When he raised his hands Joan laid her sword to his bonds, but the officer said with apprehension:

"'Ah, madam, my General!'

"'What is it,' she said.

"'He is under sentence.'"

"'Yes, I know, I am responsible for him,'" and she cut the bonds. They had lacerated his wrists and they were bleeding. 'Ah, pitiful!' she said, 'blood—I do not like it.'"

Joan starts to bind the wounds, and the officer interposes, saying, "Let me bring another."

"'Another? De par le Dieu! You would seek far to find one that can do it better than I, for I learnt it long ago among both men and beasts. And I can tie better than those that did this; if I had tied him the ropes had not cut his flesh.'"

That is a fair sample of how the story goes, easily, steadily, and as simple and natural as the talk of children.

Would it have added to the charm of the book if another story—a love story if you like—had been interwoven with the tale; same secondary plot involving people whose fortunes would have been influenced by those of Joan? Such machinery is old as the days of Sir Walter, and has oftentimes proved very taking. The reader looks for such a secondary story for a long time after beginning *The Personal Recollections*. Mr. Clemens could not have overlooked the possibility of its introduction. He must have omitted it consciously. Very probably he thought the use of the second plot would draw attention from the main important theme. Would it have done so, I wonder, or would the reader have become all the more interested in Joan because interested in those characters whose fortunes were decided, one way or another, by her rise and fall? I find it hard to say. What should *you* think? RAYMOND ROTH.

["Madelon," by Mary E. Wilkins. Harper & Bros., publishers.]

["Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain. Harper & Bros., publishers.]

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

WESTERN TYPES.

AN ART STUDENT.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

He is in evidence to the world outside, at the opening days of spring exhibits, and in and about the art gallery in the Mechanics' Fair. Sometimes you see him coming back to the city on one of the ferry boats late Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. He has been sketching over in Alameda or among the Berkeley hills. He carries his stretchers, camp-stool, umbrella, and paint-box in a clumsy shawl-strapped bundle, and his empty lunch-basket is full of faded eschscholtzias and wild flowers.

On week days he works—and he works hard—at the School of Design—the Art Institute. For the past five years he has been working away here desperately, painting carrots, dead fish, bunches of onions, and above all, stone jugs. He toils at these jugs with infinite pains. If he can manage to reproduce truthfully the little film of dust that gathers upon them, he is happy. A dusty stone jug is his ideal in life.

He thinks he is an artist and he is quite conscientious about it, and thoroughly believes himself capable of passing opinions upon any picture painted. He expresses these opinions in a loud voice before the picture in question, looking at it with half-shut eyes, making vague gestures at it with his closed fist, moving the thumb as though it were a brush.

Once in a while you see his pictures—still life "studies" of stone jugs and bunches of onions—in the exhibits. Occasionally these are noticed in the local papers. He cuts out these notices and carefully pastes them in his scrap-book, which he leaves about in conspicuous places in his studio.

And his studio. His studio is his room at home (he lives with his people). He tries to hide the stationary wash-stand behind screens and hangings, and he softens the rigidity of the white marble mantel-piece by hanging a yellow "drape" upon one corner. The room is dirty and cluttered; studies of dusty stone jugs are pinned or tacked upon the walls; flattened paint tubes lie about the window-sills, and there is a strangling odor of turpentine and fixative in the air that mingles with the smell of tobacco and the odor of cooking food from the kitchen down-stairs.

Art with him is *paint*. He condescends to no other medium than oil and colored earths. Bougereau is his enthusiasm; he can rise no higher than that, and he looks down with an amused smile upon the illustrators, the pen-and-ink men, Gibson, Smedley, Remmington, and the rest. "Good in their way, oh, yes, but Gibson is very superficial, you know." He is given to astonishing you in this way. Pictures that you admire he damns with a phrase; those you believe to be execrable, he enthuses over.

He believes himself to be Bohemian, but by Bohemianism he understands merely the wearing of large soft felt hats and large bow scarfs and the drinking of beer in German "resorts." His Bohemianism is not dangerous.

What becomes of the "Art" student I have often wondered. He starts early at his work. Even at the High School he covers the fly-leaves of all his books with pictures, and carves the head of the principal in chalk. At home he has made fearful copies of the sentimental pictures in the "Home Book of Art." His parents are astonished, become vaguely ambitious and send him to the Art School before he has hardly begun his education. Here, as I have told you, he toils away the best years of his life over "still life" studies, enthusiastic over little things, very ambitious in small ways. A year passes, two years, then five, six and ten, he is still working as hard as ever, and he is nearly a middle aged man now. You meet him on his way home in the evening and he takes you to supper and shows you his latest "piece." It is a study of turnips and onions, grouped about a dusty, stone jug.

He never sells a picture. He has given his life to his work. He grows older; he tries to make his "art" pay. He drifts into decorative art; is employed perhaps as a clerk in an art store. If he's lucky he is taken on a newspaper and does the pen-and-ink work that he once affected to despise. He's over thirty by this time, and is what he will be for the rest of his life. All his ambitions are vanished, his enthusiasm's dead, but little by little he comes to be quite contented.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

In Society, the topic of the week was the marriage of Miss Williams and Mr. Hobart. It has been discussed at full length and with an infinity of details. I am told the cause of the deplorable illness of Mrs. Williams was an attack of typhoid fever sustained some years ago, when she and her daughters were at Sienna, in Italy. The shock left a permanent impression upon her constitution, and she has never enjoyed health since.

* * *

I regret to hear of the illness of Mrs. Holbrook, who, from all accounts, is decidedly under the weather. Mrs. Major Darling had a lunch on Tuesday last in honor of Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Mrs. J. A. Robinson. The table decorations were very pretty and the menu just right, for Mrs. Darling rejoices in the possession of an excellent cook. The affair was followed by a high tea, at which Miss Jennie Catherwood, who had returned from Coronado, officiated as hostess. The officers were out in force, of course, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, the Misses Barnes of St. Louis, Mr. Bilss, I understand, is a prominent lawyer of St. Louis, and the Misses Barnes are his nieces. Miss Catherwood will remain her mother's guest for some weeks to come, and in July will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome to Del Monte.

* * *

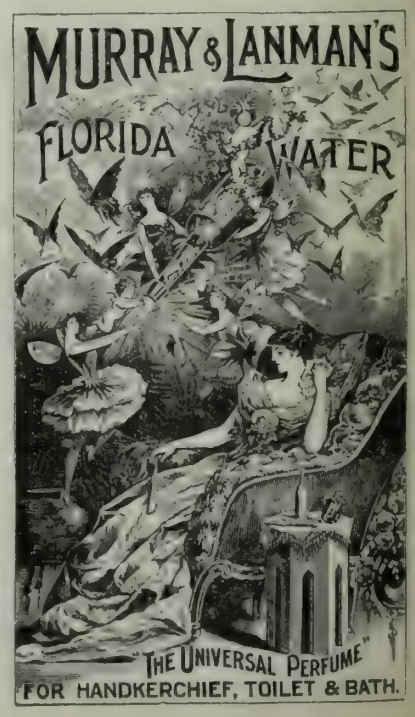
The marriage of Miss Bessie Crabb and Lieutenant Gateley is to be celebrated early in the fall, and, being a military affair, is the subject of much anticipatory interest at the Presidio.

* * *

The Carnival of Roses at San Jose was as brilliant socially as it was effective spectacularly. San Francisco was quite adequately represented in the gathering. The Misses Clark had a party of fashionable guests; Charles Baldwin and Dick Tobin both had coaches and parties, and at noon, on the day of the polo match, they lunched beside the race course at rustic tables. The Misses Morrison had a large house-party at their charming residence, and on Tuesday night had a dinner in honor of their special guest, Miss Bellinger, daughter of Judge C. B. Bellinger of Portland. In the parade they drove some sixteen men and girls in a beautifully decorated coach. Mrs. N. C. Bond entertained General Forsyth and other friends at luncheon. Mrs. General Ricketts, of Washington, who is temporarily residing at San Jose, gave an informal reception to Colonel Young, Captain Rogers, and two or three other cavalry officers on the way to Yo Semite. The Misses Lieb had a party of Stanford students at their home on the Alameda.

* * *

It is May, and the summer is upon us. From the Sea Beach, at Santa Cruz, I hear tidings of great interest, indicating the inauguration of a prosperous season and the entertainment of a long guest list. There is no doubt of the attractiveness of Santa Cruz; the beach is an unrivalled lounging place for a lazy afternoon. It is thoroughly comfortable to sit under the shade of an umbrella watching the bathers tripping carefully down to the water's edge or boldly breasting



the breakers. Under Manager Chace, the especial attractions of the hotel will be added to. The new chef wins golden opinions.

* * *

At San Mateo the season is fully under way. The hotel is headquarters for the gaiety of the neighborhood, and the cottagers gather there of an evening to exchange the gossip of the day, or to play bowls or billiards as their mood dictates. Manager Vallely has everything arranged in good style, and the cuisine is pronounced capital.

* * *

CLASS DAY gathered the Alumni of the University of California to their Alma Mater. It was a glorious day, with a clear sky, bright and sunny, and the girls looked charming in their light gowns and picture hats. Tuere were any number of feminine visitants in addition to the co-eds; as for the exercises—they were rather different to the performances of other years, and there are various opinions current as to the advantages gained. They were held in Benweed's Amphitheater. However, there is no gainsaying the hospitality developed. The fraternity houses were very gay. The Chi Phi's, Phi Gamma Delta's and the D. K. E's had the largest and most select crowds. The Chi Phi's entertained in their new house, and had a fashionable gathering. It is a comfortable and prettily furnished establishment, though I am inclined to think the Beta's building is rather more commodious. There were decorations, of course, and music. At the Beta's, Mr. Weddermeyer sang, and in the evening this fraternity had a dinner for those who remained for the Glee Club concert. Oakland was exceedingly well represented by damsels in duck rigs and leghorn hats, and there was quite a large sprinkling of San Francisco girls, whose garb was rather less summery. During the commencement week, Berkeley has been as gay as possible. I hope next week to present portraits of the cleverest graduates, together with some notes of their personalities and careers.

* * *

Class day has evoked considerable gaiety over in Berkeley. There have been lunches, suppers, dinners, and other affairs. Mrs. Spear, on Friday, had a lunch for Mrs. Harris, who is Mrs. Professor Gayley's mother. The table had blue and gold decorations, and the guests were Mrs. Ben Morgan, Mrs. Glascock, Mrs. Toller of Boston, Mrs. Wall, and several more. On the previous day, Mrs. Garber had a lunch, and on Friday evening Professor and Mrs. Kellogg received the graduating class with the ceremonial proper to an official function.

* * *

To be properly in the swim nowadays one must possess an artistic fad, something in the direction of music, art, or literature. The particular proclivity of Mrs. Percys is a collection of Madonnas, and she has gathered copies of most of famous pictures of the Virgin by Italian, Spanish and French artists. Last week she had an afternoon devoted to the Madonna and exhibited to a number of friends these interesting treasures. The collection made an excellent excuse for a very charming gathering, and furnished a topic of conversation for the assemblage when it arrived. The affair proved a considerable advance on the average tea. Mrs. Fred Stratton, Miss Moore, and Miss Wilson assisted in receiving, and in introducing the guests to the pictures. Another pleasant little affair was a dinner which Mrs. Prentiss Selby gave in honor of her daughter, Miss Edith. It was a pink and white rose entertainment. The guests were young and pretty girls, and there was a pleasant crowd of young men to amuse or be amused by them.

* * *

There is no decrying the advantages of Oakland as an ideal place for the rearing of children, and at the gatherings which are organized to celebrate the various anniversaries of childhood one sees innumerable pretty maids and rosy boys, whose exuberant health and rounded outlines promise well for the beauty shows of the future. Mrs. A. Schilling had a gathering of young people in honor of little Miss Polkmann, at her beautiful home on Lake Street. Here there is a lovely garden, an abundance of roses, and an ample area of lawns for all sorts and conditions of games. There were living pictures, a May-pole dance, an egg and spoon race, concluding with dancing, and, in the evening, fireworks. This list includes most of the possible in the direction of youthful amusement, though I don't doubt that, had others suggested themselves to Mrs. Shilling, she would have included them also.

* * *

The list of coming events is more generous than the statement of happenings, for this week at least. To-night the "Skull and Keys" play in Berkeley promises interest. On Friday, Mrs. Henshaw gives a card-party, and Miss Clara McChesney, the well-known artist, is the recipient of a reception on Friday evening, by the Ebell Society. She is also to be entertained at a tea by the Sketch Club. Miss Amy McKee, on Tuesday last, had a tea in honor of Miss Claire Ralston, which proved a very jolly and interesting affair. The McKee homestead is a capital place for an entertainment.

THE GOSSIP.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Interest and anticipation are centered on the coming of the Dalys with Ada Rehan in the lead. Since she last graced the San Francisco stage, the peerless Ada has won eminence the world over, and is recognized as the leading English-speaking comedienne. Undoubtedly, the company has suffered recently by defections, and it is said to be rather wanting in feminine talent; but Daly still has James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Charles Richman, George Clark, and Edwin Stevens, in addition to the peerless Ada herself, so we need have no fear of inadequate productions. "Countess Gucki," by Franz Von Schonthan, adapted by Daly, is on for the first night.

The Columbia has "Miss Harum Scarum" this week, with Amy Lee and Frank Doane in the leading roles. It is a show full of fun and movement. There are good songs and good specialties, and Miss Lee is said to be quite handsome, clever, and entertaining. Indeed, some have gone so far as to speak of her as the successor of the peerless Lotta.

There is a new visitation of "A Trip to Chinatown" this coming week at the California. The dramatis personæ include Harry Conor, Geraldine McCann, and sundry other really clever people, who, having toured the country, are now to go to Australia under the management of Williamson and Musgrove. Harry Conor, was the original Welland Strong, and his impersonation was exceedingly clever.

Maxine Elliot and Frank Worthing created the leading roles in "The Two Escutcheons," and the recognition and success which they obtained undoubtedly led to their separation from the Daly Company. The play was taken off long ere public interest in it was exhausted, and subsequently the service of Miss Elliot was lent by Mr. Daly to other managers. Later, she wrote for her release, which was granted. The Dalys played "The Two Escutcheons," with Miss Rehan and Mr. Richman in the parts which Mr. Worthing and Miss Elliot created.

Much interest is expressed in the personality of the L. R. Stockwell Company which is to appear at the California. Mr Stockwell himself takes the responsibility and some of the risk of the organization. Herbert Kelcey has been engaged for the lead, and I presume Effie Shannon will have the prominent feminine roles. The personnel of the others has not yet been announced, but the strength of the Frawley Company, against which the California organization must play, compels the engagement of clever and prominent people. By the way, Kelcey is no longer in the employ of the Frohmans. He leaves "The Heart of Maryland" to come to the Coast, and next season, I believe, is to tour as a star. It is to be hoped that the plays at the California will suit his peculiar talent.

The "Cross-roads of Life" at the Grand this week is cleverly enacted, with Edmund Collier as hero. Florence Thropp, as Lilie Hawthorne, had a role which afforded the opportunity of displaying her singing and dancing accomplishments, and the audiences have been very applausive, especially in the scene in which Collier foils the cunning schemer, Fred Butler, as the curtain falls. Next week, Mr. Collier presents "Jack Cade, the Bondman of Kent," and we are warranted some notable effects.

"Fra Diavolo" was revived at the Tivoli this week, and went off with lots of snap and go. Martin Pache and Kate Marche were the successes of the performance. Next we will have "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The clever political hits by John W. Ransome have won the audience at the Orpheum. Among the new faces this week are Wood and Shepard, the clever colored comedians who were here with Lottie Collins. There is a clever tight-rope walker, and a Trilby burlesque, which is quite good.

The cake-walk was the feature of the minstrel performance this week. In addition to the seventy eminent vocalists, comedians, and others of the Primrose and West Company, there were a number of local colored pussons, who competed for prizes consisting of frosted cakes and various other things. The show has done very well here.

Paderewski, who has just completed his tour through the West, has been resting in New York. Since he left there some time ago he has played at eighty-two concerts, the total receipts of which were $208,000.

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A GREAT CIGAR HOUSE.

"If the ordinary San Franciscan were told that from this city the world's richest men were furnished with cigars," said a prominent clubman to a representative of THE WAVE, the other day, "he would receive the statement with incredulity. That is a fact, however. Pulitzer of the New York *World*, who is known to be a connoisseur, invariably buys his cigars at a certain House in San Francisco. The Baring Brothers, the famous bankers of London, buy their cigars from the same institution, paying $1650 for one case. Herman Oelrichs and his friends, when gathered in his smoking-room, consume cigars purchased in San Francisco. At one time Mr. Pulitzer gave two columns of space in his great journal to calling attention to this peculiar condition of trade."

Mr. Blaskower is the merchant who is in possession of this rich trade. He succeeded the firm of Cohen & Co. in 1890; which firm was founded in 1850 at 627 Clay Street. Increase of business compelled the firm, in 1871, to take larger quarters at 225 Montgomery Street. Recently another removal, consequent upon still further increasing business, has been made to the commodious store at 223 Montgomery Street, next door to their old location, and it is now probably the largest wholesale and retail tobacco store on the Coast. It is divided into departments: one for imported cigars only, one for Key West and New York stock, and one for case goods. Mr. Blaskower has just returned from Cuba, where, in spite of the trouble, he has succeeded in obtaining contracts for the best Havana stock, and has also consumated an arrangement with a Cuban factory for supplying the finest of the Island's output. Mr. Blaskower also secured a large stock of El Telegrapho cigars, which are very popular with the club men of the East, and are rapidly gaining in favor here.

It is always interesting to note the advance of young men. Mr. Blaskower entered the firm of Cohen & Co. as an office boy. From that he became a clerk, and then chief clerk. By thrift and economy, he was enabled to purchase a small interest in the firm, and now, finally, has become its sole owner and proprietor, his former employers having retired from business with a competency. However, Mr. Blaskower is not content with supplying millionaires with their smoking; his lower priced cigars are the best in the market, and, the fact is, one can be certain of the quality and value of whatever is sold in this store.

Hopkins' Stockton Excursions

(Bulletin, May 7, 1896)

The popular weekly steamer excursions to Stockton, inaugurated last summer by George W. Hopkins, will be resumed for the season on Saturday next. Excursionists take the California Navigation and Improvement Company's elegant steamer, T. C. WALKER, at 5 P. M. Saturday, from Washington Street wharf, arriving in Stockton Sunday at 5 A. M. Returning, leave Stockton at 5 P. M. SUNDAY, arriving in San Francisco at 6 o'clock Monday morning. The most enjoyable trip out of San Francisco and cheaper than staying at home. Round-trip tickets, including transportation, meals, rooms, carriage drives, baths, view of the country from the Court House dome, etc., etc., only $1. Tickets can be had only upon application to GEO. W. HOPKINS, General Manager, 30 Montgomery St

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MONDAY, MAY 18th

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AT THE BENCH SHOW.

REFLECTIONS ABOUT CERTAIN POODLES AND ST. BERNARDS, WITH NOTES ON A FOXHOUND.

It was Saturday afternoon, the judging was finished, the show almost over, but still from the rear of the pavilion rose a sharp yelping from the imprisoned dogs. Underneath the frenzied barking of the Scotch collies, the yapping of the smaller dogs could be heard, while occasionally a "wooh wooh" from one of the great dames dominated and drowned out all other sounds and woke tremendous echoes. It was quiet, I was told, in comparison to the first two days of the show. The dogs made morose, sullen, irritable or frantic (according to their various temperaments) by the crowds and the confinement, were too hoarse now to express their feelings continuously, but the yelp of Rob Roy, one of Mr. Ames's collies, was still unremitting and in its pristime shrillness. He must have a throat of brass, that little Scotchman, for there he stood the entire afternoon, straining at his chain, his body quivering, his brilliant brown eyes fairly scintillating, and hurled piercing ear-splitting yelps at the casual passer-by. When a friend stopped and spoke to him he would fairly thrill from tip to toe with excitement, lurch against his collar, roll over and over with rapidity almost electrical and, worse luck, redouble his yelping. On account of this vivacity he attracted more attention from the unlearned than any of the 1st prize winners—St. Claire Laddie, Otto Clifton, and Mrs. de Ruyters pup, Ruford Ailser.

To any one with a sense of the fitness of things the names of some of these dogs were distressing. Fancy a Scotch collie being called Don Burlingame. One could find a better in any page of Scott's novels—witness Mr. Ames's success. Among the big dogs the St. Bernard's certainly carried off the palm, (the showing of mastiffs and Great Danes being small and not particularly good, while of Newfoundlands there were but four;) stationed at the east end of the building, shut in by themselves, were over fifty of these great tawny brutes. Sedate, magnificent, they lay calmly in their kennels, ignoring the groups of men and women who discussed them and tried to gain their attention. Occasionally a head would be lifted and a pair of kind eyes would rest on yours, only to be turned away as from an entirely uninteresting and unnecessary object. There was never any arrogance in their glance (as in that of the coach dog and the poodle) for arrogance is a plebian vice utterly foreign to the St. Bernard's noble and magnanimous nature, and incompatible with the grand simplicity of his manners; but there was a kindly indifference which infinitely was harder to bear. The tallest dog in the lot was H. E. Corbett's dog, Tammany. He stands thirty-three inches and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, but his head is not so good as either California Bernardos or Grand Masters. Neither did his hind legs seem so strong as theirs. However, he is a much younger dog.

The winner of the first prize challenge class was California Bernarod, one of the most beautiful dogs I've ever seen. His body is symmetrical and powerful, his legs strong and well set, his head broad, square, and high on the skull, his eyes gentle, intelligent, courageous—altogether a splendid dog, with a most majestic front and bearing. Judging from the number of animals in each exhibit, the most popular dogs with Californians are, first the St. Bernards, next the setters, pointers, and fox terriers, next cocker spaniels and collies, with the fox hounds, bull and Yorkshire terriers, and Great Danes bringing up the rear, the rest of dog-kind—nowhere Of course, there was the usual collection of little dogs; toy terriers, Japanese spaniels, etc., and, I regret to say, nine pugs. The Californian who wishes to be proud of his countrymen can, however, comfort himself with the fact that there was but one poodle exhibited, Fanchette, the property of George Newhall. Do you remember Washington Irving's description of a poodle? "A little, old, grey-muzzled curmudgeon," he says, "with an unhappy eye that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up: his mouth is drawn into wrinkles so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone into misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground." It is not an exact description of Fanchette, but it is not far out.

Standing alone in mournful state was a tall, gaunt deerhound, covered with a scraggy, uneven coat of grey. He looked, with his deep-set, melancholy eyes, like the very image of want and despair, rather than what he is—the petted darling of a petted darling. A little further on was Buckshot, the silent, subdued, and solitary specimen of the much-maligned bloodhound. Poor fellows! Though not more irascible than many lap-dogs, they are doomed to go through life with the finger of horror pointed at them, and all because of a name. Near his wrinkled and troubled, but not unkindly, face were the American foxhounds, fifteen in number, with Paddy and several of his numerous progeny for prize-winners. I was surprised to see how many people passed them by with hardly a glance. But what do these city boys and girls know, O Paddy! of the joy of hearing you "open" or of your full, deep toned bay? The pleasures of the chase are unknown to them; their substitutes are "shooting the chutes," "tripping the trolly," and heaven knows what other infernal invention of man, but of the freshness of a country morning, of the delight of feeling a good horse under you, whose feet lightly brush the dew from the grass, and, far away, (but not too far) the cry of the hounds—they know nothing and care less.

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FRAWLEY'S NEW COMPANY.

THE MANAGER OF THE COLUMBIA THEATER ON THE PLAYERS AND THEIR PARTS.

The history of the Frawley Dramatic Company is important, as it marks a distinct and successful epoch in the art of the drama on the Pacific Coast. It was just a year ago, when this organization opened at the Columbia Theater, under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., in a way that was modest, but at the same time earnest and ambitious. Its success since that opening night, when its players were new to the public, has surpassed all expectations.

After touring the country for several months, Mr. Frawley comes back to the Columbia Theater with a new and very competent company comprising several of the most interesting artists in America. They open on Monday evening, June 1st, for an indefinite period, and will present a variety of plays that are new to the theater-goers of San Francisco.

It must be admitted Mr. Frawley has found some very inrelligent people to present these plays. First may be mentioned Miss Maxine Elliot, who is acknowledged the handsomest woman on the stage in America, and is also an actress whose clever and painstaking work has placed her in the front ranks of the profession. Miss Blanche L. Bates is a native of California and is already well known here by past achievements. Miss Margaret Craven ranks as one of the best comediennes on the stage as her work with the leading eastern companies has attested. Miss Hope Ross, the charming ingenué, is still a member of the Company. Miss Lansing Rowan, Miss Gertrude Elliott, and Miss Phosa McAllister will add their quota to the success of the performance.

Daniel Frawley, George W. Leslie, Frank Werthing, late Daly's leading man, Maclyn Arbuckle, Harry Carson Clarke, the new comedian, Walter Clarke Bellows, Wilson Enos, H. S. Duffield, Charles Wyngate, George Bosworth, F. C. Thompson, Thomas Phillips, and Tyrone Powers, for years with Augustin Daly, make up the complete personnel of the Company. Their names are all well known to us—if not in propria personæ, then by reputation.

Not only was Miss Elliott one of the few women whom Ada Rehan would recognize as having the required attributes to appear in the same company with her, but she has also won prominence and attracted attention in London and New York for the magnificence of her wardrobe. She has admirable taste in clothes, and the repertoire of exquisite confections which she brings to the Columbia promises to be a feature in itself. However, the wardrobe of the entire company has undergone the process of renewal and they will present us the very latest ideas in fashionable fabrics and garnitures.

Just a word about the plays. "Brother John," Wm. H. Crane's great Eastern success, has been secured for the Frawley Company exclusively. "The Two Escutcheons" is one of the best plays of the decade, and the right to produce it was purchased from Augustin Daly. "A Gold Mine" is Nat Goodwin's great success. "His Wife's Father" was one of the three big hits among the new plays produced in New York City last fall. These plays are all new here, and will be followed by such well-known plays as "Lord Chumley," "The Highest Bidder," "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "The Merchant," "The Westerner," "Goeffrey Middleton," "On Probation," "The Lost Paradise," "Men and Women," and "The Senator." "The Social Trust," a new and great play by Ramsay Morris and Hillary Bell, will also be given.

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THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON CURRENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

The San Jose Meet of '96 will long be remembered. Though it was the third in date on the National Circuit, yet it so far eclipsed the other two in point of success that it may be considered the opening of the season.

The day was delightful, in bright contrast to the gloomy drizzle that characterized the Oakland and Santa Rosa races. It was not a day for breaking records, for there was a sharp bit of wind most of the time that interfered with work of that sort. But the sun was shining delightfully all the time, and the people were warm and full of enthusiasm. It was the prettiest grand-stand I ever saw. Every seat had been sold days before, and every seat was filled. There were girls and girls and girls, and they were dressed in every gay contrast of summer color—lots of pale yellow that shaded through into blues and greens, with fluffy white and dainty pink. Really, it was worth the trip to San Jose just to see that audience.

And when the favorite of all these came onto the track, dramatically the last of the string that lined up for the Two-thirds, what a welcome he got! The whole stand rose en masse, and there was clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs and cheering that showed plainly enough what a goodly number of the audience had come to see. They were there to see Wilbur Edwards win his race, and he won it, and every one was glad.

The management of the meet was fairly good. The most noticeable trouble was the crowding in of trainers and people in general upon the officials, so that at times it was quite difficult to see the tape at the finish. Then, too, we all missed the favorite announcer. That is a hard place to fill, and, in fact, I am of the opinion that there is only one real announcer about. Upon that official depends much of the spectators' enjoyment. Ideally, he should keep the audience posted as to every event that is happening on the track, so that they may be in possession of all the information that reaches the little group of officials at the finish. This is rarely done, however, and it often happens that quite a wait occurs while some deliberation is being held among the judges, or some protest or other complaint is being considered, which seems tedious enough to the spectators who know nothing of what is going on. A word from the announcer as to what was the occasion of the delay, what was being done, what it was all about, would break this tediousness wonderfully.

Of the real riders at the meet, Foster, Wells, Long, and Jones all met with some misfortune or other which prevented their showing at their best. The fouling of Long in the first race and his consequent fail and the demolition of his wheel, of course put him out of it for the rest of the day, and though he rode in the final of the race and in another heat, it was out of the question for him to do anything to recall his plucky work at the Oakland meet. Wells and Foster were almost as unfortunate. Really, to allow more than five riders in a heat on the San Jose track is unsafe and denotes poor management, and this is especially so in the case of heats were riders who are fast becoming noted for reckless riding take part.

Of such riders, the two most conspicuous for careless riding were present at San Jose. No one claims that their frequent collisions happen by design, for it is preposterous to suppose that a professional rider would run the risk of permanent hurt merely for the sake of putting another out of a race, and this too when it must be apparent that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his own chances must be ruined to accomplish the end. Even the highest paid and most self-sacrificing of team riders is not expected to do that. But still it does seem pretty plain that when a man has been so reckless and negligent in his riding as to violate the carefully formulated rules of the Racing Board regarding the manipulation of a wheel upon the path for three successive times, in such a case the referee should exercise the ample power vested in him and disqualify such a rider for the meet. More, when he becomes notorious for such conduct the matter should be called to the attention of the Racing Board and a suspension should ensue of sufficient length to give him time, in private practise, to learn how to manage his wheel properly.

The San Francisco Cycle Board of Trade is continuing its active and aggressive work for the repaving of Market Street. I attended a meeting recently at which some sixty of the hundred or so dealers in wheels of this city were present and the enthusiasm manifested was indeed gratifying. Still, as is often the case with new organizations of any kind, there seems to be a disposition on the part of many of their members to build bigger than their timbers, to demand too much at first. To repave Market Street throughout its entire breadth, as many of them would seem to desire, means the immediate expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and during the discussion it was admitted that such an undertaking would be impracticable under our present charter. Now, a new charter is a thing of the future by several years, in any event, and I would suggest to the gentlemen composing the trade in San Francisco, that there are but few business men who can afford to wait for a year or two for such a needed stimulus to their business.

The bicycle trade in San Francisco has reached a stage when practically all the riders for pleasure have been supplied with wheels. It now remains to create a demand for the machines among those classes of people who will use them for the sake of the saving effected thereby. I know many young men whose wheels are worth twenty cents a day to them in actual saving of transportation charges; but I know a far greater number whose business is so situated that they are unable to make any use of their wheels at all in going to and from work, owing to the miserable condition of the streets over which they would be obliged to pass. The proof that ridable streets have a direct influence upon the volume of the bicycle business is not far to seek. The bulk of the trade transacted this year has been in the interior towns where the wheel is fast supplanting all other means of transportation wherever the streets have been put into condition for its proper use. It is a matter of safe prophecy that unless some decent wheelway is provided along Market Street before the beginning of the next riding season, one-half of the present dealers, at least, will be obliged to transform their stores into mere distributing depots for the country trade.

With such a practical problem as this staring them in the face, it is not surprising that the bicycle dealers of San Francisco have organized and are working for an improvement that means so much to them, and it is to be sincerely hoped that their energies will be directed along the lines of least resistance. They have appointed committees who will visit all the bicycle clubs of the city during the coming week and explain the purpose in view. This is certainly a step in the right direction, for unless they can get their proposition into such shape as to meet the approbation and receive the support of the wheelmen, they will be powerless in themselves to accomplish any good.

And right here let me make a pertinent suggestion to the Cycle Board of Trade. How many of your members belong to the League of American Wheelmen? Would it not be a good idea for you to join the League in a body at your next meeting? It seems to me beyond question that such an action would place your organization in closer touch with the work it is undertaking, and could not fail to result beneficially. The scope of your endeavor is not confined to the improvement of a single highway. You are interested in the improvement of streets and roads throughout the State. One of your strongest arguments for the repaving of Market Street is the good example that will be set thereby for the improvement of other highways. It seems to me, then, that no one of your members can consistently remain out of this organization.

The Meet at Central Park opens to-day, and what promises to be one of the most extensive series of cycle races ever planned will be inaugurated. Flushed with his success at the in-door tournament, the promoter has attempted something which is practically untried, and the success of which in our climate is questionable in the extreme. Cycle racing at night out of doors under San Francisco atmospheric conditions is a thing only to be attempted where the supply of riders is large, indeed. For it will kill them off rapidly. And a dark night or two would have a very similar effect upon the audiences. If the place could be roofed in with glass, as has been suggested, it would change the complexion of things entirely, and in that event we might confidently look for a repetition of the triumph at the Pavilion.

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A SLIGHT COLD, IF NEGLECTED, OFTEN ATTACKS THE LUNGS. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and effectual relief.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

El Campo, the popular Bay resort, now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c; children 15c; including admission to the grounds. The steamer "Ukiah" will leave Tiburon ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 2 and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1, 3, and 5 P. M.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents 102 Eddy Street.

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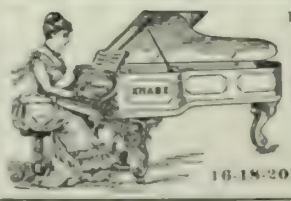

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If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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WEDDING GOWNS.

TECHNICAL DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MARRIAGE GARMENTS AT THE HOBART NUPTIALS.

I can't exactly recall how old a woman must be, according to the theory of the sages, when she ceases to take an interest in bridal finery and wedding cake. I am perfectly positive, though, that it is an age far beyond that of any of my readers. And I will go further and wager that the State Statistics will prove that no female in all the width and breadth of this land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers has attained to that venerable age.

Having satisfactorily settled all embarrassing preliminaries, I feel certain you are listening with bated breath while I tell of the glories of Miss Williams—I humbly beg her pardon—Mrs. Hobart's wedding gown. To fully realize the beauty of the satin from which it was fashioned—for it was of cream white satin, of course,—you want to recall to mind the handsomest piece of satin it has ever been your rare good fortune to see and then decide that this piece is at the very least one hundred per cent finer, richer, handsomer, glossier. And it was made, like the immortal Worth himself would have decreed, simple, as befits the modesty of a blushing bride—elegant as befits her social station. The jupe was perfectly plain, clinging close to the hips and flaring at the hem. It was lined throughout with white taffeta, and the baleyreuse consisted of five flounces of Duchesse lace, shirred on white baby ribbon and fastened at regular intervals with pert little rosettes of the same. The corsage was a creation of satin, tulle, and lace. The back was perfectly plain, fitted smoothly without a seam. The front was veiled in a fleecy mesh of pure white tulle, which also draped the small modish sleeves which reached only to the elbow, and the stock which fastened snugly round the slender throat. And the bride looked lovely. With all due respect to her wondrous beauty, I query who wouldn't look heavenly in such a ravishing gown? Mrs. Leuenberger accepts congratulations for this creation.

The gowns of the bridesmaids, Miss Juliet Williams and Miss Ella Hobart, were made exactly alike. Miss Hobart brought her gown from New York and Miss Williams had it copied here. It was one of those sweet simplicity frocks that men invariably rave about and recommend to their female relatives—until they see the bill—when little shivers run up and down the small of their back.

Pink taffeta—a pink as delicate as the petals of a blush rose—swiss and Valenciennes insertion and flouncing—that is what the gowns were fashioned of. The silk was utilized for the close-fitting slip and the swiss for the over-dress. If there was a greater demand for just such gowns, there would be no such thing as a seamstress without work. Ten girls worked from early morn to late at night for a full week making the tucks on the over-dress. They were about one-eighth of an inch wide, and all made by hand. The overskirt was tucked around, and at an interval of every eight tucks there was an insertion of Valenciennes. The corsage was tucked vertically eight tucks and a band of insertion, as were the full elbow sleeves. A deep edging of Valenciennes finished off the hem of the gown, and a pink sash tied snugly around the waist, with the ends reaching almost to the hem, lent the finishing touches to the sweet simplicity and daintiness of the whole.

And now the humorist (?) is getting in his deadly work relative to bloomer girls, shirt waists, and collar buttons. We've seen the man in the illustrated funny (?) papers, with his forehead looking like a map, with swollen veins for the mountain chains and rivers, looking under the bureau for the tantalizing collar button. Will they be kinder to the girls? Time alone can tell.

BABETTE.

POMMERY SEC.

The firm of Veuve, Pommery, Fils & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommery, Henry Vasnier, the experienced directeur, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that Pommery Sec occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

At the recent public wine sales the following were the prices obtained for cases containing twelve bottles.

Pommery Sec	83 to 89 shillings.
Moet & Chandon	77 to 82 shillings.
Veuve Clicquot	77 to 82 shillings.
G. H. Mumm	72 to 77 shillings.

Tourists to the Continent of Europe also observe the higher price which Pommery invariably commands at the better hotels and resorts.

Ladies when down town shopping should not fail to get luncheon at the Maison Riche.

CHARMING MADAME TULLY.

AGE AND WRINKLES ENCHANTED INTO YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

The accomplished Madame Tully, who has been celebrated for more than fourteen years as the most advanced scientist of the land in the successful treatment of all facial blemishes and skin diseases, has arrived in

this city and taken elegant apartments at the Baldwin Hotel. This charming lady is credited by the highest authorities of fashionable society with the magic power to convert permanentlythe wrinkles of age and all blemishes of the features into the very bloom of continual youth. She comes here with a bevy of trained assistants to introduce the latest European discovery, the new thermo-electric treatment, which has created so much excitement abroad by actually restoring to the features, no matter how old or wrinkled or discolored by age, all the plumpness and charm of sweet sixteen. The process is a secret, but that it is a success beyond doubt or question in every case is not only guaranteed by Madame Tully herself, but proclaimed by the elite of Eastern and Southern society, where the ladies have greeted its recent introduction with all manner of enthusiasm as a real and lasting solution of the problem of perpetual youth and beauty. Under the magic touch of the fair mistress of this art ladies with fairly good complexions improve remarkably, and even those who have long since surrendered to the "crow feet" or to blotches, scars, or blemishes of any sort are delighted to find their features restored permanently as by enchantment after only two weeks' treatment.

As Madame Tully is the very princess of her art, indorsed by great physicians and almost worshiped by society devotees of facial beauty, it is predicted that this, her first visit to San Francisco, will be to the ladies, at least, quite equal in interest to the late visit of Paderewski.

Her apartments are ideal; fitted up in a manner becoming to such a charming woman as Madame Tully. The stock which she carries is large and her assistants are the most experienced, having been with her for some time. The stock is fresh and that it is perfectly reliable is shown by the fact that Madame Tully has recommendations from all the leading physicians of the South, where she has long been located and where she has among her patrons the most aristocratic people.

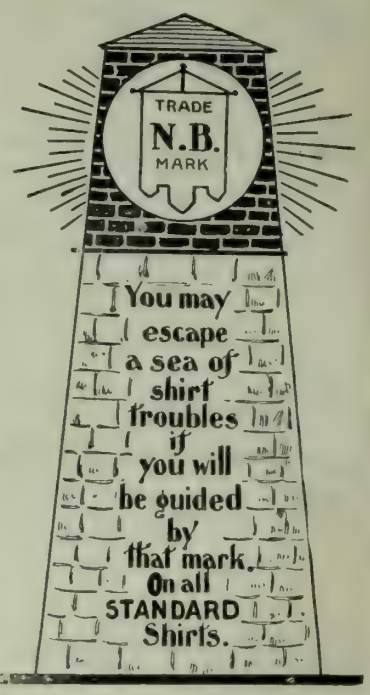
Among the many things in her stock is a patent oil steamer, which is perfectly harmless and can be used by ladies at their own homes. These steamers can be purchased at a very low figure.

The feminine lovers of clear complexions will find that Madame Tully's Almondine, a day skin food, and Wool's Oil, a night skin food, just the thing for which they have long been looking.

Another article which Madame Tully has for sale is the massage cup, by the application of which wrinkles are removed. These cups have been pronounced the best thing of that kind, and many will be glad to know that they may be purchased.

Madame Tully also has for sale depilatory powders, the application of which is the only known way to permanently remove superfluous hair without pain.

The weekly Saturday excursions to Stockton, instituted by George W. Hopkins, are proving so popular that the demand for tickets is often beyond the supply. As a proof of the popularity of this gentleman we can state that last year, at one of the excursions he was conducting, his treatment of the excursionists was so well appreciated that they presented him with a written testimonial, which contained the signatures of some of the most prominent people in this city.



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California Jockey Club

WINTER MEETING

BEGINNING THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26TH

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ANNUAL MEETING
..OF THE..
YOSEMITE COMMISSION

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to manage the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's office, on Wednesday, June 3, 1896, at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 21, 1896.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ISAAK STRAUSS, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Isaak Strauss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, room 35, Third Floor, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the estate of
Isaak Strauss, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 7, 1896.

Pacific Towel Co.

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—A—
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LATTER DAY YARNS.

Sydney Smith's son was given to horses and dogs, and his conversation savored of the turf. But he begged to be allowed appear at an important clerical banquet which his brilliant parent was about to give, and was allowed a seat by agreeing to be silent throughout the meal. Unfortunately, at the latter end of the dinner there occurred a pause, and the son broke in: "Is your lordship able to tell me what was the condition of Nebuchadnezzar when he came off the grass?" Sydney Smith was horrified by his offsprings' rashness, but retrieved the situation by remarking: "I've always told my friends that my son possessed what might properly be called a stable mind."

During the war with Great Britain, General John M'Neil, who was a brother-in-law of President Pierce, and Major-General of the New Hampshire militia, was shot while mounted on his faithful horse, receiving a severe wound in the knee, which caused him to walk stiffly for the rest of his life. "How did you hurt your knee, General?" asked a young man, whom the old officer characterized as a "whipper-snapper" one day, from a certain lack of respectfulness in his manner. "Did you have a fall?" "Yes, sir," snorted the General, indignantly. "I fell off a horse! You never read the history of your country, did you, sir?"

Father Darcy, a celebrated Irish wit, visited the mansion of a millionaire parvenue and was escorted from basement to attic by the owner who finally led him into the library—a magnificent apartment full of costly tomes. "Here," said the parvenue, "is my retreat. This is my own room where I sit among these books that are my friends. And these here on the desk (pointing to a score of ultra-looking volumes) are what I may call my intimate friends." Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good-natured face as he said: "Well, it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate friends."

"I think that if a man were cheered when he entered this room it would mean that he was truly great." Disraeli spoke these words when a young man of eighteen as he entered the Royal Exchange of Liverpool in company with Duncan Stewart. The room was crowded with merchants. Disraeli passed through the throng unheeded. But on his next visit to Liverpool he again visited the Exchange, and again in company of Duncan Stewart. A cheer began that became a deafening roar. It was an ovation, and as the two left the building the great leader thoughtfully remarked, "My ideal of greatness has been realized."

The Hodja Nasr-Eddin, a Turkish teacher and preacher, one night shot out of a window at what he thought was a robber, but it turned out next morning to be his own caftan hanging up in the garden. Perceiving that an arrow had pierced it he cried, "Thanks, O Lord, that I was not inside it, for otherwise I must have been killed."

Colonel Thomas Nelson of Indiana relates that he was on one occasion traveling in Indianapolis by stage-coach in company with an angular, seedy-looking individual, whom he tried to astonish by wonderful tales of centrifugal force. A few years later Nelson was candidate for a diplomatic position, and was finally summoned by Lincoln to the White House. Lincoln notified him of his appointment, and finished with the remark: "Colonel Nelson, I have often thought of your talk on that stage-coach about centrifugal force, and now I am going to toss you away off to Chile."

A story of Charles Hugo comes to hand that does not altogether reflect credit upon the great poet's son. Rochefort relates the anecdote: "He came to me one day saying, 'I don't know how I am to manage this month. I have already had several advances from my father and I don't care to ask him again. I want you, if you will, to start a game of baccarat and get him to play.' 'But he has never touched a card in his life,' I interrupted. 'That doesn't matter,' replied Charles. 'You have sufficient influence with him to induce him to play. I need 800 f. urgently, and to avoid a scene I prefer that he should lose the money at cards than ask him for it.' I finally consented, and after dinner we all sat down, leaving Victor Hugo isolated in a corner of the room. After the third deal Charles made a place for his father to draw up to the table. It was atrocious. When Charles had lost he threw his cards at once in the basket and cried 'Nine!' which meant, of course, that he had won. And Victor Hugo paid each time without a murmur. He continued to play obstinately until, when the 800 f. had been won, the prodigal son became once more the honest man that he was all his life."

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638 MARKET STREET

THE WAVE

VOL. XV. No. 21. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 23, 1896. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

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WILLIAM H. McKINLEY OF OHIO.

MRS. WILLIAM H. McKINLEY.
Her best photograph.

MRS. GEORGE E. MORSE
[illegible] McKINLEY
Daughter of the [illegible] A. McKinley of San Francisco

MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY,
Eighty-six years of age.

WILLIAM McKINLEY,
Died November, 1892, aged eighty-three years.

THE McKINLEY FAMILY.
From the latest photographs.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at the Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 23, 1896.

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CRIME AND THE DAILY PRESS.

The murder of Mrs. Langfeldt has brought forth the usual amount of advice from the daily press as to the best means of preventing such horrors. Some wish the abolition of appeal to the Supreme Court in criminal cases, others the establishment of a Supreme Court that will affirm conviction with or without the law. Because we have a Supreme Court that deals out the law just as it finds it, we are supposed to be a cursed people. What we need, say these public prosecutors, is a court that will hang the murderers in double quick order, and so save the city from being "deluged with blood."

It is taken for granted quite generally that San Francisco is the most homicidal city in the country, if not in the world. How San Francisco ranks in the murder list we do not know, we can find no tables giving even approximate figures, but it is to be doubted whether this city is proportionately more given to the taking of life than others of our size and seaside situation. The murder that would attract no attention whatever in New York or London, is here made matter of household talk by our great "moral organs," which print elaborate illustrations of harlots' hovels, run suggestive interviews with notorious women on the same page with reports of sermons, and face children's pages with pictures of half-naked actresses.

Chicago is the commercial center of the continent, a city of extended quarters of exceptional degradation, of a large floating population, and a water front, yet Chicago would stand no such daily papers as San Francisco supports. The *Tribune*, *Times-Herald*, and *Inter-Ocean* are religious journals compared with the trinity of dailies that come to our breakfast tables each morning. Let a woman announce that she has become lost to self-respect, or a man discover some new form of vice, and the details are certain to be given a "scare." To say that such reading is demanded by our people, and that the production of such papers proves only the viciousness of our people, is false reasoning We must have the news, and the respectable will not be deterred from reading newspapers because mingled with the real news there is a quantity of rottenness and filth. Our papers, let us give them due credit, are unusually enterprising, but they don't know where to stop. The trouble is deep-seated, way down in the make-up of the men who run them. There is no sense of moral responsibility in our newspaper press. Regarded as mere money-making machines, they feel justified in extending their circulations by reaching out for classes that a public print should never pander to.

If, however, we allow that the daily press of this city is a mirror of the popular life, then it must be agreed, we think, that the need of the time is not a Supreme Court that will kill every man charged with murder, but a higher moral sense in the community. Where vice is as popular as our journals would represent, it would seem like beginning at the wrong end to insist on a few men of homicidal impulse being hanged. A Supreme Court that would take this journalistic advice and affirm every judgment of "guilty" that goes up to it, can have little influence for good where the daily papers are constantly at work giving criminal suggestion to the weak or vicious. The example of a man being hanged is offset by the sympathetic picture of dozens of other criminals given by the press. The very hanging is so illustrated and written up that the murderer becomes the hero of the hour in the minds of the boys and youth of the city. Yet this crime-making press dares to charge the volume of our crime upon a Supreme Court that is made up of men of as certain respectability and ability as any that our State produces. They would have us believe, these papers, that there must be some secret alliance between the judges on our benches and the criminals in the boxes. Or, if no such alliance is hinted at, these judges are called moss backs and technical experts and masters of the refinements of the law but not its spirit. They forget, if they ever knew, that the purpose of the law is not to convict, but to give trial by a certain system, which has been found the fairest and surest ever invented, the fairest to the accused and to the people, and the surest to work neither wrongful injury to the prisoner nor to the community. To convict on other lines is for the Supreme Court Justices to deliver lynch law.

If carping newspaper editors will look to their own columns more and to the Supreme Court decisions less, they will discover why San Francisco is the scene of so many crimes that give her so unfortunate a reputation in other communities.

THE MAN OF WEALTH IN POLITICS.

Good Government Clubs, modern Municipal Charters, and constant agitation on the part of decency, have done much in the East and something in the West toward curtailing the power of the old-time political boss. He is no longer the same untrammeled factor that once dominated municipal politics and defeated honest ambition to perpetuate the greedy knave and pliant tool in office. The wide powers once pretty generally conceded to the pothouse politician can not now with safety be flaunted in the face of indignant and astounded voters. A long series of abuses has given rise to a corresponding resentment, which has culminated in organized rebellion. It is no longer safe for a political boss to employ a brass band in his performances. He may not with safety openly boast of his power. This in itself is a gain, and a distinct gain, in behalf of decency. Two things in America have gone to make up the boss and to maintain him in his power: First, patronage, the spoils of office; and, second, the wealthy corporate interests that have been terrorized into paying for a very questionable political protection. Modern political reform is gradually destroying the spoils system. In many Eastern cities it is entirely obliterated; and, if the new charter carry with us in San Francisco, it will be almost abolished here. With its going, and with the coming of civil service, there came also a blight upon the boss, and a consequent diminution of fear and of allegiance on the part of the interests, corporate and individual, that he for years had blackmailed. In his stead, in place of the beetle-browed politician, there has sprung up in the East (and there is some evidence of the growth of the same thing here) the wealthy political manipulator. The man who hitherto sustained the boss by contributions to his funds is now assuming the role of leader, and attempting to operate the politics of the country through the lesser manipulators of the communities. A cry of alarm has gone up from the East against the rich man in politics. Not that there is any objection in the abstract to the rich man's participation in the politics of the country; the lance of disapproval is rather leveled at the methods they employ and the manner of the "doing." As far back as January last THE WAVE had this to say upon this subject:

> The citizen in ordinary circumstances cannot afford to indulge more actively in politics than to go to the polls. For him to be elected to office is a twofold calamity. To live up to its requirements means neglect of his private affairs, and often that to offset this he will use his position dishonestly, resort to the unscrupulous methods in vogue about him, become an unfaithful steward. The heavy business man, whose commercial interests receive his personal attention, can hardly be expected to turn their management over to substitutes while he attends to public needs. The fact becomes plain that people who engage in politics ought to make it the serious business of life. It is equally clear that only representatives of a leisure class can do this. There are two leisure classes. One is made up of the shiftless and the lawless. It easily graduates the rounder, who may develop into the boss. The other class has wealth. It has the advantage of education, of culture broadened by travel. Its young men of necessity have a knowledge of affairs; its old men are busy. The country needs these young men, and politics invites them. They would have no occasion to truckle to a low-browed master enthroned in a groggery. They could reject, and would from pride, if not from principle, the offer of the paid corruptionist. They could, in apportioning minor offices, be guided solely by the merits of applicants.

On this subject *Harper's Weekly* recently contained a most timely editorial, based upon a letter written by Mr. W. Dudley Foulke of Indiana. This gentleman pointed out the fact that in his State, "In view of the supposed certainty of Republican success next fall, the candidates who are now pushing their claims most loudly and eagerly are men without distinction or experience in public life, whose chief qualification is the possession of great wealth which it is believed they are willing to use in paying for the coveted honor by enormous contributions to the campaign fund, as well as in other ways." This condition of affairs Mr. Foulke views with well-founded alarm, believing that its success would mean the introduction of a new and powerful element of corruption in the politics of the State, involving greater injury to its honor and to its welfare than the mere success of either political party.

The man of wealth who enters politics has many reasons for avoiding the byways of political corruption. He has none of the financial needs of his unworthy predecessors to lend excuse for his derelictions. He will be tolerated only because his success as a leader may promise deliverance from the plunderer, and the giver and taker of bribes. The first feeling of the great public toward the wealthy political leader is one of suspicion—the natural suspicion that the great masses have for the rich. Let some unprincipled man of wealth assume the reins of political control, and, to achieve success, attempt to duplicate the reprehensible performances of his predecessors, and the people will drag him from power in the winking of an eye. If he alone paid the penalty for his indiscretion one might not take the matter seriously; for the failure of such a man's ambition is a victory for decency. Such a fellow, however, does something more than work his own destruction; he discredits every man of wealth who may thereafter, with every honest purpose, essay the role of leader. There is but one fate awaiting the son of wealth who engages in "rough politics"—a short life and a speedy death.

Mr. Spreckels, our local man of wealth, who has recently adopted politics as a profession, should take this matter seriously to heart. He will have much to answer for, if he fails to hew to the line of honesty. Roosevelt in New York, young and rich, has done more to establish confidence in the political integrity of the young man of wealth than could a thousand sermons. If Mr. Spreckels will but emulate his example, he will serve the same noble purpose, and a grateful people will munificently reward him. If he take the other path, political oblivion will be his hasty doom. Victories won by trickery are not worth winning.

THE "IDEAL MAN" NONSENSE.

To that instinctive virtue which she so much despises, to wit, the chivalry of man, Miss Anna Shaw to-day owes her life; for if Professor Griggs of Stanford were not chivalrous, and uncommonly so, he certainly would have made a gentle angel out of Miss Anna during the past week. No man ever had better cause since Cain invented manslaughter. To be called the ideal man by a shouting old maid at a Woman's Congress, and then to have the daily papers take up the Shaw-cry and publish pictures of the ideal man at breakfast, the ideal man in his library, the ideal man in his school, and the ideal man at everything intimate except at his bath, is justification for a crime, desperate, radical, and relieving.

Miss Shaw has missed her vocation. Instead of being a "preacher lady," she should be what the Hebrews call a Satchen, a promoter of matrimony, a wife-finder. She should give up the platform and start a matrimonial bureau; she should fill the personal columns of our dainty dailies with small advertisements of ideal men who feel badly in need of ideal wives. A new standard of perfection might be established and men be classified as ninety per cent Shaw-ideal, eighty per cent Shaw-ideal, and so down to that low grade where the Shaw-ideal ends and men become fit for association with the general run of their own sex.

It is to be noted that although many women of greater or less intelligence addressed the Congress, Miss Shaw called the attention of the world to none of these as her ideal. Why was this? Is not an ideal woman as much deserving of distinction as an ideal man? Among so many writers, readers, and speakers, can it be that Miss Shaw could find no one to her taste? Does not the world need the Shaw opinion on the perfect woman as much as it does that on the perfect man? Or can it be that even in woman's congresses, and even among preacher ladies, there is to be found that spirit of rivalry so common among the uncongressed of the sex, which does not permit one woman to unqualifiedly declare another to be everything that is good, true, and beautiful? Perhaps, after all, it was because of blushing maiden modesty that Miss Shaw refrained from mentioning the name of her ideal woman.

And the letters that have filled the papers—the silly, vapid, senseless, sentimental, amusing letters that have

been written by women about their ideal man! It was such an opportunity as the cynical young men of the press could not miss. It gave opportunity to print the faces of all the distinguished men of the town who have enjoyed life hugely by faithfully repressing idealistic tendencies, and whose successes are largely due to pretty intimate contact with the common soil of which we are all made. Altogether, it has been a week of guy for the papers, which has relieved the tedium of Weyler atrocities and Texas tornadoes. The conventions have declared for McKinley and free silver, or McKinley and gold; we have grown hopeless in our effort to scare up a war with the baby king of Spain; the fiesta queens have retired to the becoming obscurity of their own homes; in fact, there was a great dearth of "features" in the newspaper offices, and Miss Shaw relieved the situation, and, perhaps, herself, by metaphorically throwing her arms around Professor Grigg's ideal neck and declaring that he was a man after her own heart.

But the poor Professor, we must think of him. Is he married, and does his wife meet him with the morning greeting, "How is Miss Shaw's Ideal feeling this morning? Will he have toast or a muffin?" At noon do the Professor's ears tingle as he is asked if the Ideal man prefers a chop or a steak? Or perhaps he is not married. Then worse fortune is his. Alone in a co-educational institution, with San Jose only ten miles away! He must bar his doors, close up his windows, and retire to his attic to keep out the hordes who wish to gaze on his dear loveliness. He is not altogether to blame, poor man. He did not prompt the remark we feel assured. But he was to blame, nevertheless. Had he not attended the Congress he would never had drawn Miss Shaw's awful curse. The experience of this young man should be a warning to all men tempted in the future to venture upon the platform of a Woman's Congress.

THE EXAMINER AND THE GRANT MONUMENT.

Hysterical nonsense has come out victorious in the Grant monument affair. The bust and granite pedestal, which were all set up and ready for the ceremony of unveiling, have been taken apart and carted away from Golden Gate Park in answer to as cheap a sentiment and as stupid a cry as ever went up from an insincere and mock-serious press. The pedestal had, forsooth, been made at one of the State prisons, and that condemned it. The workmanship was good, and the design was in harmony with every drawing of the artist. But the stone was unfit: unfit, because it had been dressed by men behind a prison wall; unfit, because the hand that chiseled the epitaph and emblems of war upon its polished surface was the hand of a criminal; unfit, because the eye that guided the tool was that of a convict. The poor wretch whose misdeeds have brought him within the restraint of the law is unworthy to record the good deeds of another. His hand sets upon the thing he touches the stain of sin, the stamp of crime, rendering it unworthy to bear testimony to posterity of the affection and love in which the people of this generation hold their soldier President. Was ever such nonsense so seriously blown in the face of the public, and so seriously regarded? Has it come now to pass that certificates of character must go with the chiseled memorials that mark the memory of our dead? Does the chastity or morals of the sculptor affect the honor of those whose noble deeds and generous impulse we would commemorate? If so, who then will vouch for the honor and integrity of those who have now in hand the task of duplicating the work of the criminal craftsman? The one is out of jail, the other in. Yet the apprehended and imprisoned man, who is driven shackled to his work, may be less of a wretch and have more of honor than he who is now scot free. Perhaps, indeed, as the imprisoned man wrought the stone that was to do honor to another's nobleness, he compared the rich rewards attending an upright life with the punishment that had overtaken him for his own delinquencies. Perhaps, for the first time in his life, the lesson of reward and punishment had been brought home to him; and now the hopelessness of his lot is thrust before him as he sadly learns he is unclean, and that his touch, though masterful, had polluted the monument and rendered it unfit to do honor to the dead.

The labor unions, needless to say, were noisily opposed to disgracing the Park with a convict's shaft. So dearly did these imported Americans hold the memory of the dead hero that they resented the sacrilegious proceeding, and set thereon the stamp of labor's disapproval. There is another granite shaft out near the ocean, upon which Labor has also set its seal of disapproval. But it still stands undisturbed. The inscription on it reads:

"MURDERED BY STRIKERS;"

and it is set up to mark the spot wear lie four dead boys in blue, who were murdered in the name of Labor. The Secretary of the Lather's Union warmly condemned the "prison dressed granite." A poor lather, named Mars, was murdered in this city but a few weeks ago, while trying to earn his daily bread—murdered by fellow lathers who refused to work, and demanded that Mars join them in their idleness. We heard no word of disapproval from the Secretary of the Lathers' Union at that time over that outrage; though he might more appropriately than in this instance have denounced the act as cowardly and atrocious.

By some irony of fate, the work of the convict is to be replaced by another pedestal to be paid for by the daily *Examiner*. The bust of this great man is to be supported and held up to the gaze of admiring throngs of passers-by for generations yet to come, by a stone paid for by the *Examiner*. The spirit of Grant must writhe in torture at such an announcement. Think of that, ye friends of Grant! Turning back over the files of that paper, we select at haphazard some clippings attacking the reputation, belittling the military achievements, impugning the veracity, and questioning the honor, not only of Grant, but even his friends, and that, too, at a time when he most needed kindly criticism. Let the committee having charge of the monument judge whether the paper printing such atrocious lies of this honorable man should be permitted the rich privilege which it has sought with so much of business-like concern. These editorials were printed at an hour when his stanchest friends and admirers were moving heaven and earth to place Grant in the Presidential seat. They read as follows:

He left the army by the magnanimity of Secretary of War Davis, during the administration of President Pierce, who allowed him to leave in an ostensibly honorable manner, and mercifully refrained from subjecting him to an enforced retirement by process of Court Martial for ample and sufficient reasons personally humiliating and contrary to the efficiency and welfare of the army. When he obtained the commission of Colonel in an Illinois regiment, his own father thought him utterly worthless, and his credit among the people who knew him at Galena was so down to zero that he could not get his distrustful father or any of his acquaintances to go his security for the uniform he required. But never did he, while undergoing the various gradations of his civil life, from "poor gentleman" to his lowly position in his father's and brother's tanyard at Galena, in any way distinguish himself; unless it was in practically demonstrating his utter worthlessness for any bread-winning occupation, his incompetency to support even his own family, and his ability to make himself felt in no other way than that of one withheld from vagrancy by prideful relatives, who preferred the self-sacrifice of his cheap substinence to the humiliation and shame of his mendicacy in a public way.

And again:

No man knew better than Grant the colossal corruption that had marked every department and bureau and branch of the Government during his eight years in the presidency; nor did any one fear more than himself the exposure which was certain to follow. The man who transgressed all precedent and violated all propriety and constitutional methods in his desperate devices to defeat the popular will in the case of Tilden, will not be the man to hesitate or refrain from any means, no matter how atrocious or treasonable, when the struggle is in his own behalf, to place himself once more in the Chair of State, as the absolute master of the centralized form of government, which he will so wield as to destroy the autonomy and the reserved rights of the State, and compact the whole system into one supreme head of which he shall be master and director.

Another reads:

It was during the last four years of Grant that the civil service became notorious for its wild excesses in extravagance and debauchery. It was the carnival time of corruption and jobbery, when hundreds of millions were wasted, meretriciously squandered, or stolen outright. . . . It was the cycle of the aggregation and the culmination of all the rottenness and corruption and public crime which at last aroused popular indignation and the demand that justice should be done. . . . The proverb that "a man is known by the company he keeps" is still a universally accepted article in the popular creed, and Ulysses S. Grant will be judged by the men who have stood forth as his special champions. The policy which these men, in Grant's name and with his full knowledge, would have carried out to the bitter end, would, if successful, have encouraged violent methods to gain and retain power and patronage.

The man who will resort to fraud and coercion to obtain advantage over his own kindred and friends, cannot safely be trusted by the community.

He now invites the treacherous stab in the back which shall be as the finishing coup to his towering ambition, his insatiable lust of power, and his consuming love of self above the love and duty the true patriot bears and devotes only to his country.

The Union League Club of this city, more than any other organized body in the State, should see to it that the institution which maligned, pursued, and attacked their brilliant and noble leader in his lifetime, should not, from mercenary motives, be allowed to pollute the shaft that is to stand for all time to come as a memorial to the very honor and integrity it once so mercilessly assailed. Perhaps the convict who dressed the stone within the prison walls had once regarded the dead man with love and reverence. We know its present builder did not, and it should not be permitted to make a farce of so solemn an undertaking.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.

That there are women who have a reason for the faith that is in them is attested by the following letter. "The Wave" is opposed to woman suffrage for reasons already given, but often to be reiterated, doubtless, during the next few months; nevertheless, we shall give publication to communications from those favoring the reform:

MY DEAR WAVE: Will you permit me to notice your editorial of May 16th upon "Objections to Woman Suffrage"?

In the preceding column you say: "All reforms, political and social, must come slowly. The rebellion of the Colonies began with but a handful of high-spirited young men. The minority of abolitionists grew into a controlling majority of the nation. Among a people intelligent and sovereign, the man with an idea need never be discouraged. For the few soon grow into the many, the local coterie into the national party, the pleading minority into the respected and compelling majority."

You will observe that I am noting the greater generosity with which you regard reforms, ideas, and pleadings when they concern men rather than women. Yet "the world was made for women, too." Her identity, existence as an individual, right, under God, to be a self-governed entity, are as dear to her, once she becomes a fully-reasoning being, as are any man's similar rights to him. How careful we are of his inalienable rights as an individual and a human being in the case of the very meanest man, the most ignorant and debased among us. And how careless we have been as to wrongs against the freedom and equality of the human being, be she a woman. Who among us would not recognize the injustice, the inevitable condemnation to degeneracy and contempt, should it be proposed to deprive of equal rights, secured and expressed through the ballot, the whole class of red-headed men, relegating them thenceforward to the guardianship of the pure blondes and brunettes? But we are indifferent to a far more calamitous stigma and degeneration, one actually involving the mothers of the race.

Yet you say that when it comes woman suffrage is to be accepted of men as a necessary evil, and that meantime the subject is tiresome and unpalatable. Doubtless that was said of all the "reforms, political and social," with the rebellion of the Colonies and abolition of slavery, while those measures were still the interests of the minority, pled only by a handful of high-spirited young men.

As Miss Shaw pertinently says, women have talked of their interests for only fifty years and you are tired, while men of themselves have prated since the world began and we are not weary.

The men who have advocated equal suffrage for women have been by no means illiterate and narrow. We know our friends, and they are a goodly roll. From Plato himself to Garfield and Mayor Sutro, remembering Abraham Lincoln, Chas. Sumner, Wm. H. Seward, Chief-Justice Chase, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, J. G. Whittier, G. W. Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Jno. Stuart Mill, Huxley, Victor Hugo, Chas. Kingsley, T. W. Higgenson, Henry Ward Beecher, Jas. Freeman Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Jno. Quincey Adams, Honorable Benj. F. Wade, Theodore Parker, Geo. F. Hoar, with Martin Kellogg, President of the State University, and David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University—we look in vain for the illiterate, we fail to find the narrow.

Neither is the assumption well-founded that chaos, even for fifty years, is likely to follow upon the possession of a vote—a choice and a voice in the affairs that surround and concern her—by woman. Woman suffrage prevails, in full or in part, in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Isle of Man, South Australia, New Zealand, Finland, Iceland, Pitcairn Islands, Gurnsey, Russia, parts of Switzerland and India, Canada, Cape Colony, Sweden, with full suffrage in three of our own States, municipal suffrage in one and school suffrage in twenty more. In Wyoming, where women have been voting for twenty-five years, governors, houses of representatives by unanimous vote, ministers, lawyers, teachers, newspapers, members of congress, secretaries of State, presidents of historical societies, and other honorable persons, concur in testifying to the results being good, and not evil, to Society, the home, and the woman. It is not true that the majority of voting women are bad women; the facts are enormously to the contrary. The polls cease to be unclean and unpleasant, and have been known to blossom as the rose; caucuses have been known to be held in parlors, in places where women vote. Figures, names, and testimony could be given, did space permit, to prove that experience shows what mere bugbears are all those fears existing in men's minds concerning women, and counted as valid reasons for depriving one-half the race of their just share in the dignity of a Government of whose burdens they bear their full proportion. Fears that they will change from being women, will neglect and desert their homes, shun domestic and adopt public careers, inaugurate religious persecutions, be too good, or else too bad, be "coarsened by coming in contact with all sorts and conditions of men," or, indeed, will fail to use their privilege.

But surely it is inconsistent to hold in the same breath the objection that happy, cultured mothers will fail to exercise their political rights; and that office-holding is no fit career for the same class of women—happy, cultured mothers. Only one of those dangers can be a real one, not both, in the same community.

But women come in contact with the men of their voting precincts every day, on street, trains, ferries, in market places, shops, and stores, places of business and amusement. The further contact during the act of depositing a ballot need not prove "coarsening." Voting is only choosing, and being accorded worthy to choose and capable of so doing, it does not imply office-holding. Thousands and tens of thousands of men are unfitted for office holding, and, in fact, are never invited for that distinction, yet they are not disfranchised on that account. Not only may women vote without running for office, but they may and do hold office without voting, as upon health boards, school boards, and as school superintendents. Only eleven per cent of women, in most communities, are mothers of young children, and, in all probability, neither now nor in time to come will offices be likely not only to seek but to force themselves upon unsuitable women who do not desire them.

In reciprocal courtesy and good feeling, in return for the advice which the Congress is going to accept, I confidently look to see "The Wave," triangle in hand, clamboring forthwith into the band-wagon.

I am, therefore, yours gratefully.

M. L. WAKEMAN CURTIS,
Chairman Oakland Press Committee.

TATTOOED MAN FROM THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

TAHITIAN REST-HOUSE.

THE DIADEM (FROM THE SOUTH).

NATIVE HUTS.

THE DIADEM (NORTH VIEW).

GROUP OF NATIVE WOMEN.

SCENES IN TAHITI.

From photographs by J. S. Kearney.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE "OREGON."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. R. ECKERT, EXPERT OF THE UNION IRON WORKS.

Saturday, May 9th, the battleship "Oregon" steamed out of the harbor through the Golden Gate, to make what will hereafter be known throughout the world as her famous trial trip. She had a mean draught of twenty-four feet four inches, which was four inches more than required for her official run. Her displacement was 10,500 tons.

The whistling buoy anchored off the bar was passed at 10:17 A. M., and the patent logs were thrown over and commenced their registration of speed. Records were kept of distance by landmarks, and before night set in, the engines had registered 95.2 revolutions as their average. The indicator cards taken from the engines gave 3318 as the horse-power developed, From shore observations it was recorded that she had averaged 13.5 knots per hour. The slip of her screws was but a little over seven per cent. This record of itself was but of little importance to any one excepting the builders and engineers; but to them it was the first reliable data that gave them faith in the record she was to make.

IRVING M. SCOTT,
President of Union Iron Works.

Early Sunday morning, Point Conception lighthouse was passed and the ship was placed upon the surveyed speed course; steam was gradually raised to a higher pressure, and the engines were speeded up to 127 revolutions, indicating 10,025 horse-power, recording over 17 knots per hour, with a slip of propeller less than sixteen per cent.

With these two records before them, the builders knew before the sun went down that, barring accidents, her record would be made on the first attempt over the official course, and nothing remained to be done but to prepare for an early start when the stake boats could be stationed in their proper positions by the Government officials, and other preliminary arrangements made.

On account of storms and unfavorable condition of the sea, the official run was not made until the fourteenth. At daylight on that day the anchor was hove up, men and officers took their respective stations, and while the ship and machinery were entirely under control of the builders, all data as to time of passing the different ranges located on the shore, with the revolutions and power of the engines, as recorded on the ship, was taken by the Trial Board, and form a part of the official record of the ship.

To a certain extent the runs are affected by tidal currents, which were observed on the different stake boats that were located for that purpose. Their effect has not as yet been officially determined, but sufficient is known to enable the assertion to be made that the speed record will be slightly increased over that already published. The ship was required to make a four-hour continuous run, without slowing down for any purpose, and her speed was to be determined by the time made in running twice over a course of 31 sea miles.

On the first run to Westward her speed was recorded as 17.09 knots. The ship turned and had reentered the course on her return run in 15½ minutes, and accomplished the return with a rating of 16.49 knots, making an average for both runs of 16.79 knots per hour.

It should be stated that in nearing Point Conception an excessively heavy swell was setting in, which often buried the whole bow of the ship under water.

On completion of the trial the records show that the engines had made a remarkable record as to uniformity of revolutions and power. For the first run the starboard engine averaged 128.6 revolutions per minute, and the port engine 128 7. On the return the starboard engine made 128.7 revolutions and the port engine 128.4. The average slip of the propeller for the total run was only fifteen per cent. The horse power developed by the starboard engine was 5529, and that developed by the port engine was 5525, making a total of 11,054 horse power for both engines. The latter will be subject to a slight correction due to the indicators, so that when the Trial Board has made its official report, the corrected power will likely be in the neighborhood of 10,600 horse power, or at least 1000 horse power more than that developed by her sister ship, the "Indiana."

W R. ECKERT.

TRAVELING SEVENTEEN KNOTS.
Showing the water and spray breaking over the bows. It will be noticed that the water reaches nearly to the flag. Shortly after this photograph was taken the flag was washed away.

THE "OREGON" TURNING AT FULL SPEED.
From a photograph taken during the maneuvering trial after speed trial.

"MAN PROPOSES."

BY FRANK NORRIS.

I.

It was at the seaside toward the end of the season. A cruiser had anchored just opposite the hotel, and there had been a ball on board. She and her mother had left early, and, of course, there was nothing left for him to do but to come home with them.

"If you want to very much," said her mother, as they reached the hotel veranda, "you can go back in the next launch, and come home later with your aunt, but I wouldn't stay much after eleven."

However, they didn't do this.

"I say," he exclaimed, as soon as they were alone, "you don't want to go back there, do you?—nothing but a lot of kid ensigns."

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, indecisively, looking vaguely toward the cruiser's lights.

"Well, what's the matter with sitting out here on the porch a little while," he went on. "I don't think it will be cold, and there's a moon in about ten minutes."

They sat down together and talked in low tones about the "master of ceremonies of the hotel," whom it was said had once been a monk in Lapland. Then the moon shrugged a red shoulder over the inky black line of the bath-houses.

"It *is* a little cold," she said. "Suppose we walk?"

There was a long board walk along the beach. It was here they found themselves in a few minutes. They walked slowly, he, bending a little forward, his hands thrust into his pockets, she, hatless, her hair a bit out of curl, her bare arms folded under her cape.

Rarely had he seen her in better spirits. They talked and laughed incessantly, and found huge amusement in trifles. For himself he was delightedly content. It was his hour, and he had her all to himself. There were no hectoring chaperones, no jingling pianos, no Other Fellows, no constrained and prolonged silences to mar his pleasure.

"It's a good thing I thought to wear my thick-soled shoes to-night," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I shall catch it if they find out I didn't go back to the cruiser, but *I* don't care," she laughed. "But isn't this all so pretty—the moon and the water and all—and so still. The noise of the breakers is just like part of the stillness, isn't it?—and, oh, *do* look back and see how pretty the ship looks from here."

It was pretty. The cruiser built itself up from the water as a huge, flat shadow, indistinct and strange against the gray blur of the sea and sky, looking now less like a ship of war than like an island-built fortress, turreted and curious. The lights from her ports glowed like a row of tiny footlights, while the faint clamor of the marine band, playing a Sousa quickstep, came to their ears across the water, small and delicately distinct, as if heard through a telephone.

All about them, seemingly coming from all quarters of the horizon at once, glowed the blue-white moonlight.

"Looks like a nickel-plated landscape," he remarked, looking towards the distant hills and promontories.

"Say *silver, do*," she answered, then suddenly interrupted herself, exclaiming, "Oh, I want to walk on the railroad track." They had come to that point where a disused siding of the railroad began to run parallel with the board walk. She stepped upon a rail and began to walk forward, swaying and balancing. All at once, and without knowing why, he put his arm around her waist, as if to steady her.

Then he choked down a gasp at his own temerity. It was astonishing to him how simply and naturally he had done the thing. It was as though he had done it in a dance. He had not premeditated it for a single instant, had not planned for it, had felt no hesitancy, no deliberation. Before he knew it, his arm was where it was, and the world and all things visible had turned a somersault.

In making the motion he had somehow thought to slide his arm beneath her cape, and the sensation of his hand and forearm against her firm, well-laced waist was, he thought, the most delightful thing he had ever experienced. He believed that this was the best moment of his life.

The question now was, would she let his arm remain where it was, or would she be angry and hurt? Had he gone too far, or did she care enough for him to allow such a liberty? Everything was happening in an instant of time. For a fraction of that instant he waited in a tremor of suspense. He felt that the next thing she should do or say would decide whether or no she was ever to care for him. One of two things, he told himself, must surely happen. Either she would resent what he had done, or plainly let him know that it was permissible.

It was a crisis.

But instead of acting as he expected, she suddenly seemed to concentrate all her thoughts on keeping her balance upon the rail. She did not pay the slightest attention to what he had done, but walked on, swaying and laughing as before. For a moment he was perplexed; then he saw his answer in her very silence. He instantly fell in with her mood, ...yfully affecting ignorance of anything unusual. For a moment he debated the question of attempting to kiss her, but soon told himself that he had too much delicacy for that. This one great favor was enough at first.

"Really, we ought to be going home," she said, at length. "Just suppose *and* suppose if my aunt should come back from the cruiser, and mamma should find out I wasn't with her. I'd *more* than catch it."

They turned back and started home, but he kept his arm where it was, both of them still pretending to think of other things. Part of the way she walked on the rail again, and at one moment, losing her balance altogether, swayed toward him, and throwing out her hand instinctively, seized his shoulder furthest from her. On the instant he caught her wrist with his free hand and held her arm in place where it was.

At this she could no longer affect not to notice. She stopped suddenly and tried to pull away from him. Now it was *his* turn to assume a blissful ignorance; he looked at her, surprised.

"Come along," he exclaimed. "I thought you said it was late; look there, the cruiser's lights are out."

"Oh, but suppose somebody should *see* us," she gasped.

They did not talk much on the way back.

It was about quarter after twelve when they reached the hotel. The elevator had stopped running, the night clerk had just come on duty, and a porter was piling the office chairs together, making ready to sweep. She drank a glass of water at the ice cooler in the corner of the office, and said she was going to bed. He went with her down the hall to her room, talking about a riding party the next day.

"I think I'll just see if Howard is in bed," she said, as she stopped before the door of the room that opened from her mother's and in which her little brother slept.

He followed her a couple of steps inside the room. Howard was there in bed, very warm and red, and sleeping audibly.

As she bent over the bed and smoothed out the pillows for her little brother, the sense of her beauty and her charm came over him again as keenly and vividly as when he had first met her. The hall was deserted, the hotel very quiet. He took a sudden resolution. He partially closed the door with his heel, and as she straightened up he put his arm about her neck and drew her head toward him. She turned to him then very sweetly, yielding with an infinite charm, and he kissed her twice.

Then he went out, softly closing the door behind him.

This was how he proposed to her. Not a word of what was greatest in their minds passed between them. But for all that they were no less sure of each other.

She rather preferred it that way.

EXTRAORDINARY CASES.

CURIOUS SHORT STORIES FROM A LAWYER'S LIFE.

Mr. Clinton's *Extraordinary Cases* makes interesting reading. In it one may find the motif and complication for many a good work of fiction. They are sketches of legal cases, in many of which the author (a distinguished New York lawyer) acted as counsel. Some of these cases were among the causes célebrès of their time, and are particularly interesting on account of the historic battles of the eminent lawyers engaged. The cases of Henri Carnal (Chapters XI., XII., and XIII.) and of Otto Grunzig (Chapters XIV., XV., and XVI.) show the extraordinary efforts of counsel in fighting for their client's life, and those of Proper and Cantor (Chapter VIII.), the ingenuity employed in devising defenses. All through the book are anecdotes of judges, lawyers, journalists, and well-known men. In the opening chapter Mr. Clinton gives some peculiar features of legal practise in the first half of this century. Among other famous cases of which the author gives descriptions are the Forrest divorce case (Chapter X.), the Lemmon slave case (Chapter XVII.), the Jumel case (Chapter XXIX.), and the case of Millspaugh against Adams (Chapter XXVII).

The matter of the book is of interest to laymen as well as lawyers and it is consequently somewhat of a drawback that the technical language of the law should be so often employed. Again, in many instances, Mr. Clinton allows himself to drift into minute descriptions of legal processes, which have no bearing upon the development of the stories under consideration, while the final impression gained by reading the book is that Mr. Henry Lauren Clinton has a very high opinion of his own ability and shrewdness.

One of the cases, entitled "The Case of Prudent Rosier," is as follows:

Rosier was arrested for the theft of six thousand dollars' worth of watches on board the packet ship "Iowa," which he had hidden in the vessel's hold, closely packed in leathern covers or cases in the form of books. It was remarkable that these false books were labeled "Medical Jurisprudence." Rosier's case had not a leg to stand on; however, Mr. Clinton, on preliminary trial, endeavored to set up the plea of insanity. On behalf of Rosier, the principal witnesses summoned were persons confined in The Tombs upon charges of assault and battery, burglary, forgery, and other crimes. To establish any sort of a case, even with witnesses of the highest respectability, would have been difficult enough, but to attempt to prove the prisoner's insanity by such witnesses, based on their observations of him and conversations with him, was, at least, bold if not desperate.

Ben Butler was, at the time, the District Attorney. When the first witness was called an appeal was made to Mr. Butler *not* to ask him for what he was confined to The Tombs, as the charge against him was only assault and battery, and it would be humiliating to him and to his family to have the fact appear that he was in The Tombs on any charge. Mr. Butler kindly consented to refrain from the obnoxious question, but made the fatal error of keeping a similar silence as regarded all the remaining witnesses.

Each of the criminals testified to Rosier's insanity. Their testimony carried weight, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that Rosier was not responsible for his actions, and he was confined in the Bloomingdale Asylum whence he shortly afterward escaped.

In his experiences with juries, collectively and individually, Mr. Clinton has some very good stories. In 1844, Polly Bodine was tried for the murder of the wife and child of her brother. The case was strong against her. The jury retired and remained out for two days and two nights. Mr. Clinton and the defendant were in the greatest anxiety and suspense. Finally the jury came into court, announced that they could never agree, and were discharged. It was subsequently learned that but one juror was responsible for the disagreement. In reply to questions by Mr. de Witt, counsel for the defense, this juror stated he was not for acquittal, and the following conversation took place.

Mr. de Witt—Were you then for conviction?
Juror—No.
Mr. de Witt—What verdict were you in favor of?
Juror—No verdict at all.
Mr. de Witt—How is that?
Juror—It was all circumstantial evidence. I would not render *any* verdict on circumstantial evidence; that is, not unless it was in the *fourth* degree.
Mr. de Witt—What do you mean by circumstantial evidence *in* the *fourth degree*?
Juror—*Four eye witnesses who swear that they saw the act committed.*

Thus was the life of Polly Bodine saved by this incorrigible juror, who invented the doctrine of circumstantial evidence in the fourth degree.

Here are some good stories about James W. Gerard and Charles O'Conor.

He and Mr. O'Conor were opposed in an important case, in which the plaintiff claimed heavy damages of the defendant on the ground of fraud in a business transaction between them. Mr. O'Conor was counsel for the plaintiff and Mr. Gerard acted for the defendant. The fraud could only be proved by a variety of facts and circumstances, any one of which by itself was probably not very strong, but all combined, it was claimed, would prove an overwhelming case. Lawyers accustomed to try cases of fraud understand how the force and weight of the circumstances depend upon the impressive manner in which they are brought out in evidence before the jury.

Objection is often made to the admission of the evidence, the bearing of each circumstance is not unfrequently discussed by opposing counsel, and its relevancy has to be shown before it can be admitted. In this way the jury become interested and get educated in regard to the plaintiff's case as the trial proceeds, and the various facts and circumstances as they are brought out in detail continue to increase in importance until their combined force, when plaintiff rests, is sufficient to prove his case. In the case in question, when Mr. O'Conor produced his first witness and began to examine him, Mr. Gerard, in his peculiar, quick, nervous manner, arose and said: "Mr. O'Conor, what do you propose to show by this witness?" Mr. O'Conor stated what he proposed to prove. Mr. Gerard said: "It is useless to waste the time of the Court and jury in proving that. I admit it." Mr. O'Conor called his next witness and began to examine him. Mr. Gerard, in the same manner as before, jumped up and asked Mr. O'Conor the same question as to what he proposed to show by the witness. Mr. O'Conor, in his peculiarly clear and succinct manner, stated precisely what he expected to prove. Said Mr. Gerard: "I admit it; don't let us waste time." Mr. O'Conor called his next witness. Mr. Gerard put to him the same question, and Mr. O'Conor stated the facts he expected to prove. Said Mr. Gerard:—"I admit all you say you are going to prove. Let

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us hurry along." In this way Mr. Gerard, as plaintiff's witnesses, one after another, were called, admitted everything that was sought to be proved by them.

With a rapidity that almost took his breath away, Mr. O'Conor found that his whole case was admitted—all his facts, which, by dint of determined perseverance and great professional skill, he had expected to get into evidence, were admitted wholesale. He therefore rested his case; and as Mr. Gerard had no evidence to give on behalf of his client, the case went to the jury on the evidence of the plaintiff. Of course, it was for the jury to construe the facts and circumstances and determine whether they proved the fraud charged upon the defendant. Mr. Gerard instantly addressed the jury. His speech was very short, and was substantially as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury—Some of you know me personally. I have no doubt those of you who are not personally acquainted with me know me by reputation. Now, gentlemen, you know that if my client had been guilty of fraud I would be the last man on earth to admit it. I would hide it from you, I would cover it up, I would fight, fight—and I know how to fight—against the proof of it getting in evidence. If my client had been guilty of fraud, do you think I would admit it? No! No! Never! Never!! Never!!! [Mr. Gerard here looked at his watch.] Gentlemen, excuse my brevity. I have an engagement to dine to-day, and my time is almost up, so I will detain you no longer."

Despite the able and elaborate argument of Mr. O'Conor to the jury, he failed to impress them with the importance of the facts and circumstances which, through Mr. Gerard's admissions, he had got in evidence, and without hesitation they rendered a verdict for the defendant.

The case of Calvin Russ should be entitled, "It Takes Nine Tailors to *Hang* a Man." Russ, a journeyman tailor by occupation, was tried for the murder of his wife. On behalf of the prisoner, Mr. Clinton, persuaded that persons in the same sphere of life would best sympathize with him, succeeded in getting nine tailors upon the jury, and was honestly surprised when a verdict of "guilty" was returned. Upon investigation it was found that the nine tailors had no fellow-feeling for the prisoner and were for conviction from the outset. RAYMOND ROTH.

[*Extraordinary Cases*, by H. L. Clinton. New York: Harper Brothers.]

AN INTERVIEW WITH AUGUSTIN DALY.

THE "AMERICAN DRAMA" WILL BE A DRAMA OF CHARACTER.

"Well," said Mr. Daly, as he graciously pushed away his writing, in the midst of which I had interrupted him, "what do you want me to talk about—the Drama, I suppose?"

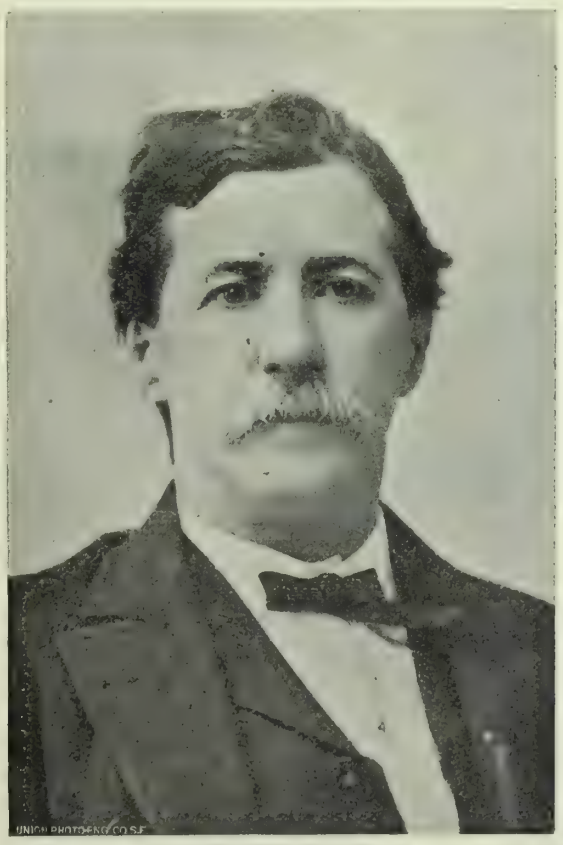
"Yes," said I; "the Drama with a big 'D,' and in particular the Drama as it is related to San Francisco audiences."

Mr. Daly impresses one as a big, genial, whole-hearted man, no "side" about him, a simple, straightforward American gentleman, of the type of the preceding generation. He wears boots and a shoestring necktie, and the three top buttons of his vest are unbuttoned. He puts you at your ease at once, which is quite different than what you expected from a man of such wide experiences.

"My first experience with San Francisco audiences," answered Mr. Daly, "was when I brought out Fanny Davenport to California, and we showed at Platt's Hall, and from that time until now I have had constant opportunities of observing the theater-going public of this city. Next to New York, the San Francisco audience is the most critical in the United States, more so than even Boston. By that I do not mean that they are cold, reserved in their judgment, or apt to cavil at minor detail; I mean critical in the best sense of the word. They judge for themselves. Because a play is successful in the Eastern circuit, it does not at all follow that it will please San Francisco; and the other way about, a play—a good play—may fail utterly in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, and yet be a great hit out here. San Francisco has its favorites, too, and is loyal to them. Its people remember a good actor or a good play. You might almost say of a piece produced in San Francisco, 'Once a success always a success.' Besides this, the audiences in this city are warmer and more generous of their applause than in New York. You know a New York audience, especially on a first night, is proverbially frigid. But if your people here like a play, they do not hesitate to proclaim the fact."

"And the 'American drama,'" said I, "the great American play which we are all expecting—is it ever going to come?"

"Yes, it will come in time. In that respect I believe we



AUGUSTIN DALY,
Whose company is now at the Baldwin.

are passing through an epoch of transition. Bronson Howard and Carleton wrote good plays, but their style is a little out of date just now, a little old-fashioned. We are done with that type of drama now, I believe, and the very fact that we *are* done with it is a step in advance. The ground is cleared; when the American play appears we shall be ready for it. Many American dramatists are writing dramas that are American in tone, but unfortunately they are the plays of a day, of an hour. They do not last. The great play must make a permanent, lasting impression."

"You think, then, that the coming drama of America will be along new lines?"

"Yes, altogether new. The dramatic authors do not lack encouragement by any means. For myself, I have long been on the outlook for this famous drama. To the younger writers (and I shrewdly suspect the 'American drama' will come from their ranks), to the younger writers, I say, I have given all the encouragement I could, but so far they have produced nothing good enough to be even staged. Some of the older writers have gone farther; their dramas have been brought out—many of them by me—but have achieved no great success. They have all tried their hand at it. Mark Twain has tried, Marion Crawford has tried, and Henry James. Mr. Clemens's play was in a measure successful, but I do not need to tell you that it is not what we are looking for. Marion Crawford was obliged to turn his play into a novel before the public would listen to it. Henry James was signally unsuccessful as a dramatist. His touch is far too delicate, too subtle, for a theater audience. But the American drama will 'arrive' in good time. We are too much in a hurry to produce the dramatist himself. How long did England wait before Shakespeare appeared?

"A romantic drama? No, I do not believe it will be a romantic drama. It is very hard to say. I believe the American drama of the future will be realistic. Not, however, the realism of the police courts, you understand, but the realism of the everyday life that surrounds. Furthermore, I hope and I believe that the coming drama will not be a drama of plot, but one of character; that the episodes and incidents, the machinery of the story, in a word, will be turned to the development, or exposition, of human character, and not, as heretofore, of merely situations. A drama such as this is of the kind that endures. The plays that represent certain humorous, pathetic, or tragic phases of society last only so long as the particular conditions of social life that gave them birth; when society changes, for the better or worse, the plays lose all their meaning; they are, as I said, the plays of the hour. But human character is the same now as in the days of Sophocles or Shakespeare, and will be unchanged till the end of time. The drama that is founded on character, on humanity, is the one that appeals to the widest interests, is the one that will *endure*."

F. R. S.

TAHITI.

Tahiti rests on the shell of an extinct volcano, the sides of which rise to the height of a mile and a quarter above the sea. On nearing the island the first point of land apparent is the delicately splintered peak of Orohena, 7250 feet above the sea level. The most distinctive and characteristic mountain is, however, the Oara (6576 feet), the Fuji of Tahiti, crowned with the beautiful cluster of crags that have been christened the Diadem by the French colonists. Though lower than the Orohena, its sides are more precipitous, and it is situated in such a peculiar manner that it can be seen from almost any quarter of the island.

Probably no more equable climate can be found in any other part of the globe; the heat of the tropics being tempered by a sea breeze during the day and a land breeze during the night. We have the word of world-wide travelers that the scenery is unsurpassed for variety and sublimity.

Around the main island are a group of smaller islets, extinct volcanic cones. Each of these islets is surrounded by a coral reef, with an intervening lagoon. The coloring is marvelous, the foliage of the islet itself is a blaze of tropical splendor, the coral reef is red and purple, while in the depths of the water—so clear that the bottom can be plainly seen at one hundred feet—swim a multitude of fishes of the strangest forms, colored purple, pink, and gold.

Papeeti, the principal town, is situated within the horns of a crescent bay. It is a small town of few streets, shaded by groves of trees. A wide boulevard called the Broom Road encircles the Island. The houses are of the Bungalow type, detached and surrounded by thickly growing trees and such shrubs as the tree flora ponda, the Tiari (our Gardenia), and Castilian roses.

The island was conquered by the French in 1845, and has remained under the French Protectorate ever since. The French, however, administer Tahitan affairs badly, and there is no little discontent among the natives, who are described to be more hospitable than the Arab, and more courteous than the Japanese. Though colonized by Europeans, civilization has made but little progress among the Tahitans who have remained practically in the same condition as they were in when discovered. It is the happy, carefree, guileless, hand-to-mouth existence of the savage of romance, the savage of Paul and Virginia.

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THINGS AND PEOPLE

MORE EXCITING than the recitals of *Galloping Dick*, more daring than the adventures of D'Artagnan, are the stories which forger Dean tells of his plundering expedition to Europe. Accompanied by John Becker, the most expert of all forgers, and a small bevy of assistant middlemen, he made the rounds of the great capitals, cashing drafts which the skill of Becker had prepared. Apropos of Dean's raid on the Nevada Bank and his arrest at Minneapolis, THE WAVE published an accurate account of the operations of this gang, describing its methods, detailing its modus operandi, and commenting on the personality of the extraordinary man whose superlative skill made these depredations possible. That the captive would confess, or that there existed even a remote chance of catching so eminent a criminal, was not then suspected; but Captain Lees, with that intuition which achieves results mere skill and reasoning are incapable of, saw in the prisoner a disposition he was quick to appreciate. Dean considered himself deserted by his pals; they had not aided his cause as he thought his services deserved. The wily detective conversed with him, skilfully aggravated his discontent, and persuaded him at last to reveal the identity of his accomplices. Finally the man confessed everything, turned State's evidence, and on his testimony the ablest criminal of the century will find just deserts in San Quentin. Becker and his middlemen were arrested just on the verge of flight, and they are due here next week, I think. It was a remarkable piece of work, this wringing a confession from Dean, and it is a tremendous credit to Captain Lees. I suppose he and the Pinkertons, who assisted in the operation, will divide the $50,000 which the Bankers' Association offered for the capture and conviction of this gang of forgers.

* * *

An impression of Becker's artful skill may be obtained from the fact that he once counterfeited a thousand franc Bank of France note. By a miscalculation he exposed himself to arrest, was jailed, and the plate turned up among his effects. A Parisian expert, sent from the Bank, examined both note and plate, and pronounced them genuine. Only after he had convinced himself that no plates were missing from the vaults of his institution would he accept the theory of counterfeiting. The consequence to Becker was six years in prison. He comes by his knowledge naturally enough, for he was once head of the Department of Engraving in the National Treasury, and has served in several big paper manufacturing houses. He must have stolen over a million dollars by this trick of raising drafts and forging signatures. Indeed, there is no branch of the chemistry of ink and paper he does not know.

* * *

THERE is a trick among those politicians who have found the Governor forgetful of former favors or too grateful to Stockton for its shelter all these years, to suggest innumerable strange circumstances surrounding a pre-election meeting with Mr. Buckley. The celebrated twain did encounter one another; it was at the home of Harry Emeric, then headquarters for Budd, and the object of the Blind Boss's visit was the cause of Joseph Kelly, candidate for Congress. The name of this gentleman had been removed from the ticket in consequence of certain charges which Max Popper made, but friends rallied bravely to his aid, and he ran on his own recognizances. Buckley was deeply interested then

MISS AGNES SIMPSON.

in his welfare, and demanded that Budd restore the young man to the ticket, deposing Denman. In return he promised the rallying of the Push for Budd. The latter gave no answer, but laid the statement before the State Central Committee, which had ample evidence of the relations existing between Buckley and the Republicans. So they rejected the proposition with appropriate disdain.

* * *

The political gossips have much to occupy their tongues these latter days. Between John D. Spreckels and C. A. Buckley, with McKinley and the A. P. A., with George Knight and the Convention—there is no dearth of topics. The latest report ascribes to Mr. Knight the intention of touring the Eastern States for McKinley. His connection with the Ohio Napoleon is described as most intimate, and whosoever would enlist the patronage of the man of destiny must first see the attorney of Charles Fair. If it is true that Mr. Knight has the potency ascribed, there is good reason for congratulation. George remembers his friends, and will see that his enemies are properly left out in the cold. The meeting of Mr. Buckley and Mr. Spreckels in the South has proved entertaining at appropriate length in the dailies, so there is little to add, save to comment on the latter's diplomatic evasion of a reporter's query. Asked about the connection between the Blind Boss and himself, Spreckels replied: "Mr. Buckley has not seen me in years."

* * *

So Whitelaw Reid finds the California spring so agreeable that he has determined in future to spend that season of the year in Milbrae, the palatial home of his father-in-law. The raw winters of New York deal severely with the proprietor of *The Tribune*, whose health the hard work of early years has undermined. The direction of his life includes the passing of Christmas and the coldest months in Phœnix, Arizona, journeying to San Francisco in April. By the way, I learn Mr. Reed has become interested in mining; he has purchased a rich mine in Mariposa County, near Coulterville, and, it is said, he proposes to develop it—thus affording himself an occupation in California and a vent for his surplus energy. His participation means much

MISS BLANCHE BATES,
Of the Frawley Co.

for the State, for the *Tribune's* appeal is to the wealthiest class of New Yorkers, whose attention attracted to our resources would mean much for our prosperity.

* * *

The Frawley Company boasts a coterie of very handsome young women. Miss Blanche Bates, one of its most promising members, is a San Francisco girl, whose dramatic talent is a legitimate inheritance, her mother, Mrs. Bates, being a well-known actress. She has had an excellent education, and graduated from school-teaching to the stage; besides, she is quite a clever musician, and the experts believe in her future. Physically, Miss Bates is handsome, vigorous, and vivacious. Miss Lansing Rowan is a graduate of the Columbia Dramatic School, and has shown talent enough to preserve her position in a company which is certainly one of the strongest in the country. Her embodiment is well suggested by her portrait.

* * *

WITH THE betrothal of Miss Hobart, the genus *great heiress* disappears from our midst. Her only rival, Miss Butler, surrendered to Cupid some months ago, and there survives now only Miss Kate Dillon and Miss Emma Spreckels, who are in Europe, with intentions of remaining there for two or more years, and Miss Jennie Flood, who is said to have rejected all thoughts of matrimony. Of course, there are still possibilities in the persons of several charming young women, who will doubtless come into quarters and halves of millions, but the star heiresses are all lined up with Hymen. This fact will undoubtedly relieve tension in Society; the pursuit of millions has afforded the youth of the aristocracy a pleasing diversion, with much individual excitement. The 400 have followed with absorbed eyes a variety of spectacular approaches and attacks. They have watched the wooing of innumerable ambitious and expectant males, deemed irresistible at the 'Varsity Club. Aspirations have grown before their fixed gaze, developed into assumptions, then into ambitions, and yet have ended in disap-

MISS LANSING ROWAN.

pointments so often that the condition became as melancholy and as frequent as a funeral. There is nothing left now but to wait the development of a new crop of heiresses. There will be no material for entertaining gossip until the upgrowth of the younger generation.

* * *

THE NEXT literary event should furnish a social sensation. It is the approaching volume of Seneca Swalm's memoirs; they are on the verge of publication and promise to make hay of certain reputations. The author having spent some seven years in San Quentin is, naturally, able to tell the facts of jail life, and what his pen does not reveal, the pictures, of which the book is full, presents; so there is as little as possible left to the imagination. Swalm may not be an estimable person, but there is no doubt he was railroaded to prison to satisfy the ire of Dick McDonald. He vows vengeance on all who aided his incarceration and deals most urgently with the entire McDonald kith and kin, though he has only kindness for Clara Belle. As Mr. Swalm is not rich the book is being published on subscriptions. Many of the most prominent men in town have put down their names for copies, and, what is better, have paid in advance. So the memoirs are assured, and so, also, a wide circle of readers. Apropos of exciting reminiscences what has become of the unfortunate Chambliss I wonder? After affording us hopes of unparalleled revelations he produced the feeblest and stupidest book of the age—perhaps a distinction, but equivalent, rather, to a certificate of lunacy.

* * *

THE PASSING of Talbot Clifton might be made the subject of caricature, and affords an opportunity for reflection. Surely we have never had so extraordinary a personage among us—such a queer compound of the virtues and the vices. He was gorgeously lavish, preposterously eccentric, and led no one to suspect the existence within him of any fixed or animating principle of conduct. He had a certain wit and a most uncertain manner; fancied men who amused him, be they tinkers, toughs, or millionaires. His life here was variegated; he rode, drove a coach to Burlingame, and was certainly of service to the Country Club in diverting to himself the ridicule the earlier efforts of the institution attracted. With all the man's peculiarities, it must not be forgotten he proved a source of great profit. Of all the Englishmen who visited this environment, he alone proved lavish. He expended over a hundred thousand dollars here—perhaps double that. He threw out gold as though it was had for the asking. Indeed, he had no sense of the value of either money or horses or aught else. His allowance of about $50,000 per annum was paid him through Will Crocker. The impression is that his people, hearing of his doings, were anxious to persuade him home again, and rather reduced his income latterly. I see he has given Dan McCarthy his horses, and the furniture and fitting of his rooms at the Maison Riche. Much has been written of these beautiful apartments, which were originally decorated and arranged for Will Hearst of the *Examiner*. They were designed by Schweinfurth, and consist of library, parlor, dining and bed rooms—all quaintly paneled and artistically adorned. They cost about ten thousand dollars, and were sold to Clifton for some five thousand dollars, when Hearst departed, last year, for Europe. I suppose the Riche will have the benefit of the

MISS MABEL SULLIVAN.

W. D. THOMPSON.

MISS LOU WHIPPLE.

HARRY H. HIRST, *Medalist.*

MISS ELEANOR V. BENNETT.

ARTHUR BROWN, JR.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '96, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

more substantial fixtures, and it is easy to believe another millionaire tenant will be discovered for the place.

* * *

THE LATE Henry Bigelow—how sad it sounds, and yet death was a most merciful visitant. Death cut short a misspent life; it ended a misguided career. Not that "Petey" is blameable, or that I desire to debit him with the obligation of his failure, for failure it was. He was born into the world with impulses rather than will power, a kindly and generous heart, a ready and willing hand, but with no power of execution or direction and no sense of moral responsibility. His mental gifts consisted of an admirable memory and an intelligence like lightning. He knew a little about everything and had the catch words of all subjects on his tongue tip. The instincts of the millionaire he had; he united an astounding power of work with a surpassing indolence and procrastination. Yet, in his prime, before his excesses had inflicted their inevitable consequences, he produced some capital passages of narrative. He wrote gracefully and most entertainingly, never veraciously. To him truth was ever subordinate to interest; the sequence of events never lacked a link with him at the pen. He certainly had a fertile, a vivid imagination. The crowning achievement of Bigelow's career was the Evans and Sontag interview. Unfortunately the adulation he received spoiled him. He never recovered from that success and gradually slipped down, regretted by his friends who ever cherished for him, in spite of his faults, the kindliest feeling. For he was a most lovable fellow, was Petey– the soul of generosity, of hospitality, of conviviality. In olden days the Bohemians gathered around him, and even until the last he had the power of collecting his friends round the table in the Franco-American Restaurant, and leading the conversation to some subject all might share in. He was certainly most tactful, and had the Lord but ordained Scotland as his birthplace, rather than San Francisco—with that quick brain and fertile imagination, backed by a sense of dignity and moral responsibility, he would surely have made a name. I fear though, that the old-time Bohemianism of San Francisco dies with Petey, for he was the soul of it.

* * *

Ex-President Barillas of Guatemala is the recipient of distinguished hospitalities. Irving M. Scott has escorted him over the Iron Works; Vice-President Schwerin of the Pacific Mail showed him the bay; H. E. Huntington has taken him off to Del Monte and the South, so he is seeing San Francisco under excellent auspices. Barillas preceded Barrios as Chief of the Southern Republic; he is decidedly a gentleman, whose manner has much of the old-time Spanish courtesy. Though an immensely rich man, he retired from office over a million in debt, a decided contrast to his successor, President Barrios, under whose administration the country has prospered, but whose personal fortune is said to already attain the total of fifteen million dollars. Barillas is accompanied by his partner, Pedro Bruni—an

CROSS, BRITTANY, BY JOHN F. STANTON.

able and clever administrator, who handles the immense estate and plantations of the ex-President. Together with Mrs. Bruni and the Misses Bruni they make quite a party.

* * *

THE CLASS of '96 just graduated from the University of California is one of excellent promise, while at the same time it is one of the largest ever graduated from the U. C. The medalist was Mr. Harry H. Hirst, who can boast the further honor of being the first honor man to come from the College of Engineering. All through his course Mr. Hirst stood very high, finding time, however, to take a prominent part in the affairs of his class. He held several class offices and was editor-in-chief of the college organ, *The Berkeleyan*. It was through Mr. Hirst's efforts that *The Berkeleyan* came to be issued as a daily instead of a weekly paper. He will follow the profession of engineering. Arthur Brown, Jr., is another "high stand man," and during his college career was one of the leading spirits of his class. In his freshman year he was elected to membership in the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, and two years later, as a junior, was called to be

ITALIAN GIRL.

A Study, by Arthur F. Matthews, in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

one of the select circle of the Skull and Keys Society. Mr. Brown was a hard student and gained distinction in the course of electrical engineering, supposed to be one of the most difficult studies in the Berkeley curriculum. He graduated with honors, taking the degree of Bachelor of Science, and expects to pursue the career of mining engineer. Among the "Coeds," Miss Eleanor Vanderbilt Bennett, Miss Lou Whipple, and Miss Mabel Worthington Sullivan carried off the honors. All three graduated as Bachelors of Letters. While these young ladies are far from the generally accepted type of female student, blue-spectacled, unlovely, and above the trivialities of fashion and dress, they are equally distant from the unconventional "new woman." The typical Berkeley "Coed" of 1896 would seem to have hit upon just the right balance between these two extremes.

* * *

THE SKETCH EXHIBITION of the Guild of Arts and Crafts which has just closed was, in general, disappointing. Whether it was that the local talent had exhausted itself in producing the more finished work that was shown at the Hopkins' Institute in the regular Spring Exhibit of last month, or whether it considered that the Guild was not worthy of its best efforts, may not be said here. Certain it is, however, that the work hung in the Guild's rooms was below the average in the opinion of the visiting public. The exhibit was intentionally one of sketches, but the esquisses and ébauches that took the place of the usual more elaborate compositions were slight, trivial, and seemed to indicate a lack of seriousness on the part of their authors. The impression prevailed that the affair had been gotten up hurriedly, and that the artists, lacking time or interest to complete any fresh designs, had contented themselves with "studies" and sketches selected from old portfolios. Stanton, Matthews, and Peixotto showed work that was the redeeming feature of the exhibit. Mr. Matthews had several good bits of figure studies, and Stanton some landscape effects, very French both in subject and in treatment; No. 12 was particularly good. Two sketches were shown over this number; one, the study of an old stone cross (which I shrewdly suspect was one of the sketches used by Mr. Stanton in preparing his larger picture in the Hopkins' exhibit), and another, an admirable study of sunlight broken up and diffused by a "mackerel sky." Peixotto contributed some half-dozen pen and inks, as good as anything that has come from Penfield or from Howard Pyle. His three sketches of the World's Fair buildings were little gems of airiness and sunlight.

* * *

A QUESTION in the Democracy is the advisability of permitting a suffrage plank in the platform. The Junta leaders favor its inclusion, assuming that the party might be at a disadvantage as against the Republicans, but in the ranks there is a strong opposing sentiment which will certainly obtain voice in the Convention. Among the Germans the feeling is vehemently adverse. They realize that woman's suffrage means strict sumptuary legislation, and a sad and thirsty Sunday. The professional element finds the idea unwelcome, and there is little ambition for the voting privilege among the better class of women. Apropos of this fact, the attitude of ex-Mayor Pond is interesting. An eminent suffragist who had asked him to support the voting amendment at Sacramento was deeply provoked by his answer.

"Madame," he replied, "I'm quite willing to vote for woman's suffrage, as soon as you can convince my wife of the necessity or advisability of possessing it.

* * *

I hear of an amiable, and, ordinarily, very peaceful citizen who has become painfully loud and vehement in denouncing women's suffrage. He is a man of some influence, and his attitude in this connection has been a matter of surprise and disappointment to some of the female adherents of the Shaw and the Anthony. Recently he was waited upon by a committee of women who desired to win him over to their side of the cause.

"You wouldn't deprive woman of her rights, would you?" coaxed one of the committee.

"No, indeed," responded he.

"You don't claim that women are inferior?" she continued.

"I positively do not," he confessed.

"Then why do you denounce us, why do you want to deny us our rights?"

"Madame," responded the amiable gentleman, "I am simply bowing to the superior judgment of womankind, I am permitting woman to exercise her dominating power over man; I am submitting to the dictation of my wife and my mother, who are both opposed to woman's rights, and am following in the path they point. In such high esteem do I hold womankind, and so completely do I believe in the superiority of the sex, that I have waived my own judgment, and am simply giving voice—loudly, perhaps—to the unutterable views of two very wise, very gentle, but very determined ladies. Left to myself, free from the control of these two women, I might be with you, but you will have to go around and get them to change their instructions

MUZILLAC, BRITTANY, BY JOHN F. STANTON.

to me, for they have me in their power. I am constantly oppressed with the feeling that I am not good enough to have two such women for my companion and my adviser. If you can only induce them to join your ranks, I shall not so strongly feel sensible of their superiority."

The ladies withdrew. They stood in the outer hallway a long while, wondering what he meant. THE WITNESS.

SPLASHES.

THE ENGAGEMENT of Miss Ella Hobart and Charles Baldwin affords Society a subject that promises to be interesting for several weeks. This is an instance of the unexpected happening. It must be said that Mr. Baldwin has disappointed his friends. Not one of them anticipated a matrimonial consequence to his career; they asserted him beyond the reach of Hymen, because he had so often been enshrined in the nets of Cupid. Indeed, he was considered proof against all ordinary wiles, and his succumbing is an event in the circle of his intimates. Though he is the subject of congratulations innumerable, his friends are chagrined he should have fallen after such stout resistances.

* * *

The engagement ring which Mr. Baldwin has presented to Miss Hobart is a solitaire diamond, a large stone of the purest water, with a very fine antique setting. By the way, I am told, the Hobart family have become deeply interested in jewels, and the various members have agreed to make a fine collection which is to constitute a family treasure.

* * *

The Daly first night at the Baldwin was a great social event. The Downey-Harveys had two boxes and two brides-elect—Miss McKenna and Miss Hobart—and on them the audience concentrated all the attention which remained undistracted by Miss Rehan. The De Youngs also had a box, and Mrs. Hagar had a large party. The Tobins were in an upper box, and Miss Maxine Elliott witnessed the performance with Daniel Frawley. Apropos of the company one may be allowed to wonder as to the possibilities of Mr. Charles K. Richman. Will he prove an enchanter for the matinee girl here? In New York they bow before him, smile with his smiles, and consider his contours captivating. To me, he appears rather more robust than graceful. His style is emphatic rather than suggestive, and he looks as though he would not be amiss on a football field. At least two or three seasons more with Daly are required ere one dare hope for repose in him. By the way, the audience was much taken by the spectacle of Mr. Daly, in sack coat and string tie, appearing at the end of the first act to bow acknowledgments with Miss Rehan.

* * *

MILLIONAIRES, it seems, are not more fortunate in their appeals to surgery than individuals strangers to fortune. I am told that Harry Stetson, whose arm was broken as the consequence of a midnight race on the Hobart course in San Mateo, is now laid up because the bone was improperly set. It seems the surgeon in attendance was unequal to the occasion, and, as the bones knitted, it became evident that the junction was improper. As a result, the arm has had to be rebroken and reset. The young man is confined to his room, but is said, otherwise, to be doing very well. Apropos of fractures, one may not easily forget the expert physicians who swore in court that Charley Baldwin's collar-bone had never been fractured when the callous bone around the break was plainly perceptible to the unskilled touch of a layman.

* * *

Among the luncheons of the week was an elaborate affair given by Mrs. Mountford Wilson; Mrs. Joseph Austin had a pink luncheon on Thursday in honor of her friend, Mrs. Thomas Keane of Page Street. Fourteen ladies sat round a table beautifully decorated with La France roses. The house was charmingly adorned with spring blossoms, and the aspect of the rooms was most agreeable.

* * *

Congratulations are pouring in on R. H. Pease, who has captured the coveted agency of the U. S. Rubber Company. This is the great trust which has consolidated the assets of the various rubber concerns, and which in future will operate their businesses under a single management instead of under a dozen. This means the closing of the various rubber institutions in San Francisco, save the trust agency, which Mr. Pease will control. I am told the consolidation is rather a measure of economy than of a desire to increase prices. The position is, of course, a valuable one, and there are excellent grounds for the congratulations. Mr. Pease is well-known in Society, and is a prominent member of the Pacific-Union Club.

* * *

The wedding of Mr. Gerstle and Miss Sadie Hecht is to be celebrated in October, I am told. An interesting piece of gossip going round announces that the President of the Alaska Company has presented his sons with a million dollars each, and has made an equally generous provision for his daughters. Something similar to this was done by Claus Spreckels at the termination of his deal with the Sugar Trust. He, too, presented his sons and daughters with a million apiece. By the way, the Gerstles go to San Rafael for the season, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle accompanying Colonel and Mrs. Hecht, who have taken the De Young place for the summer.

* * *

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss May Harley and Mr. Livingstone Jenks, which is to be celebrated at the Harley residence, 2319 Scott Street, on the evening of June 2d. The betrothal was announced at a luncheon which Mrs. William Romaine gave last week in Miss Harley's honor at the University Club. The prospective bride is the daughter and heiress of the late Charles Harley, who made a great deal of money in wrecking operations, and she inherited also a fortune from her uncle, who was her father's partner. She is, therefore, a decidedly wealthy, and happens also to be a charming and interesting young lady. The groom-elect is a graduate of Harvard and of the Harvard Law School, and is practising his profession in this city. He is the son of Chancellor L. Jenks, a multi-millionaire of Chicago, who is at present stopping at the Berkshire.

* * *

Madam de Guigné has returned from Colorado Springs restored to health. She has been suffering severely from pulmonary trouble, and was ordered to the Springs, which is an admirable place for that form of ailment.

* * *

The marriage of Mr. Douglas Tilden and Miss Bessie Cole is set for June 6th. The ceremony is to be celebrated at the home of the bride in Oakland. Willis Polk is to officiate as best man, and Bruce Porter and Ernest Peixotto will be ushers. Apropos of Tilden, he is much disappointed, I am told, over a sad difficulty with the model of the Native Sons' monument, on which he has been engaged these latter months. The figures were executed in a certain quality of clay, which, as it dries, has shrunk and crumbled, with the result that the models are all out of proportion, and he is compelled to do the work over again.

* * *

The wedding of the week was that of Miss Ida Denicke and Professor Leuschner, professor of astronomy at the University of California. Miss Denicke is a daughter of the well-known capitalist, E. A. Denicke, and she lives in the fine mansion situated on the corner of Sacramento and Mason Streets, which commands so magnificent a view of the bay. She is a charmingly pretty girl, petite, graceful, and bright, dowered with nut brown hair and lovely blue eyes. She is given to athletics, swims, and plays tennis, and is full of vivacity and life. Professor Leuschner is a man who has achieved more than passing fame in astronomical research and calculation. For some time he was at the Lick Observatory and has to his credit the discovery of a comet. The Regents have granted Professor Leuschner a year's vacation on half pay, and he is going to Europe for the honeymoon. The happy pair were married on Wednesday evening by Judge Slack, in the presence of some twenty-five friends. Miss Stella Locan, who is a very handsome girl, was maid of honor, and Miss Eleanor Frauenholz was bridesmaid. Professor C. L. Corey of the University was best man.

* * *

Miss Alice Coleman, a niece of Dr. Elkin Cohen, whose fine contralto voice has attracted so much attention among connoisseurs, has left for Europe to study, I am told, with Madam Marchesi. Mose Gunst, the young lady's uncle, has decided, it is said, to finance her aspirations as a prima donna, and promises to pay the expenses of a year's tuition at Paris. When she returns, Al Hayman has taken the responsibility of launching her. Under such auspices, Miss Coleman should be a success.

* * *

The Saturday Morning Orchestra announces a concert for the evening of May 28th, in aid of the establishment and maintenance of a bed in the Little Jim ward of the Children's Hospital. The Orchestra, I am told, has made distinct progress during the past year, and an interesting program has been arranged for the occasion. In addition to the orchestral pieces, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen plays De Beriot's Seventh Concerto; Mrs. Oliver B. Evans sings "The Shadow Dance" from Dinorah, and Senor Lombardi performs a flute obligato. This organization certainly deserves public support, for it has done much in the cause of charity. The bed is to be called the "Saturday Morning Orchestra Bed," and in future will be maintained by the young ladies.

* * *

Santa Cruz is almost excited over the approaching Water Carnival, for which elaborate preparations are being made. Brilliant as last season's carnival proved, the show this summer will far surpass it. Electricity will of course be used to produce the spectacular effects. Apropos of the season, I am told there is a strong demand for rooms at the Sea Beach. The gardens round the hotel are a mass of roses. The bay is alive with salmon and some fine fishing is being had. Among the guests there just now is Mr. A. C. Bassett of Menlo Park, who has made some fine catches. Major McLaughlin and his family are at Golden Gate Villa, and gave a dinner party Saturday evening last in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Tanner, who have recently returned from their honeymoon.

* * *

Over at Blythedale but few of the summer guests have yet arrived. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder have rented the Thomas cottage, and will occupy it until October 1st.

MRS. LEUSCHNER, *née* IDA DENICKE.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. G. Lyman are now occupying the Garvin cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. James Alva Watt have taken a third cottage. The Percy Moores and Smedburgs are among the expected guests. Mrs. Lieutenant McIvor, Mrs. Smedburg's eldest daughter, spends the summer there with her parents. The roads around Blythedale are being put in good condition by the Tamalpias Water Company, and the track to Redwood Cañon is in good condition for bicycling. The Cañon, by the way, is to be guarded by two keepers, who are to preserve it from the profanation of unauthorized picnickers. By the way, at Mill Valley they talk of the Blythedale people as "angels," because they live so high up.

* * *

The Vendome has begun to fill up. Among the guests already registered for the season are Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bonnell, Major and Mrs. Pickard, and Mrs. E. Ackerman. The orchestra discourses sweet strains every Saturday night, there are the usual hops and excursions—though San Jose in general is engaged in recovering from the Carnival.

* * *

The Encinal Yacht Club was entertained at the Hotel Mateo last Sunday, and succeeded in having a very good time. Thus far there are but few San Franciscans at the hotel, though most of the rooms have been engaged for the summer. The cottages have all been rented. Mrs. Harry Williams has one of them; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eaton are occupying their summer villa, and several other San Mateoites have returned to their summer quarters. Burlingame is already quite gay. Mrs. Richard Tobin has one of the villas, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe have together taken the Page Brown house. By the way, the arroro where the unfortunate architect fell to his death has been enclosed by a substantial fence so no one else can come to grief there.

* * *

IT HAS been almost gay in Oakland these latter days. Several things have happened, and the community has had three separate topics of conversation. This is material enough for an evening and a half across the Bay, though in more frivolous parts of the world they might be exhausted in a minute. In this connection it should not be forgotten that, save on gala occasions, it is proper in Oakland to go to bed at 9:34 P. M.

* * *

Miss Clara McChesney was the recipient of a reception from the Ebell Society on Friday evening, which was quite an affair. All artistic Oakland was there. The guest of honor looked very picturesque in black, which showed off to admirable advantage the tones of her Titian chevelure. During the evening there was music, Mr. Purcell played the violin, Miss Bessie Wall sang, and the audience inspected a pastel by Miss McChesney, which had a place of honor on the platform. On Thursday last, Miss McChesney was given a reception by the Sketch Club at its rooms on Montgomery and Sacramento Streets.

* * *

Considering the preparations, the failure of Miss Howard's tea in aid of the Free Kindergarten was quite a disappointment. She certainly did everything to make the affair a success. Rustic tables and comfortable chairs were scattered throughout the beautiful grounds of the Howard residence on Alice Street. Tents were pitched on the lawns, and under the trees was a booth for ice-cream and soda; but few came in, though the band played merrily. I fear Miss Howard did not properly advertise the event; or was it the superior and prior attraction of the Neighborhood Club, which had a reception the same afternoon? There, Professor Griggs (the ideal man according to Miss Anna Shaw) held forth, and a number of maidens listened, deeply attentive, to his words of wisdom. I should advise Miss Howard to make another attempt in aid of the Free Kindergarten, which is a most deserving institution and needs encouragement.

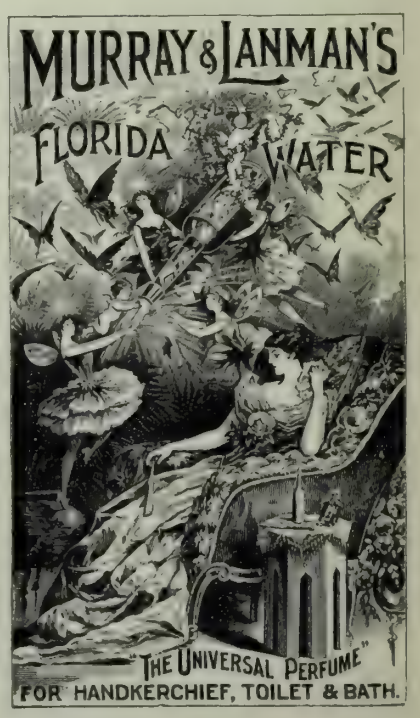
* * *

An Alameda engagement just announced is that of Miss Gertrude Peck and H. A. Page. Mr. Page is a brother of Clifford Page, the young composer, whose musical work has begun to attract attention in New York.

THE GOSSIP.

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well-known one of Duff, Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff, Gordon & Co., sherries.

Deutz & Geldermann's "Gold Lack" is without doubt, the finest dry champagne imported. No connoisseur should fail to try it.



The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

THE THEATERS.

ADA REHAN AS COUNTESS GUCKI.

O dream, O hope, O promise of long years, thou art dashed to the ground again with a sickening thud, for still the clever Rehan insists upon being frolicsomely juvenile. I had hoped that her new part would not call for giddy girlishness; that the Countess Gucki was a widow I knew, and I hoped she was sedate and forty, but, alas, alas, she is as sprightly and arch as the most kittenish of the Rehan creations.

However, it is an adorable role (or if it isn't, Ada Rehan makes it seem so), that of a delightful woman, acute, piquant, spirited, with, underneath the glitter, a warm and generous heart. It is the sort of a part a young girl chooses for herself in her day-dreams. Did you ever—this for women only—did you ever lie in a hammock, or, better still, flat on your back on the grass under a tree, and gaze up through the branches with half-shut eyes at a blue sky with big white clouds, and dream you were all you would like to be; that you were beautiful, witty, and wealthy, with an "indescribable charm," and an equally indescribable way of always saying and doing the right thing in difficult situations, which, by the way, were invariably brought about by your own superlative fascinations and the jealousy of other women—whom you always treated with superhuman generosity; that all men fell down before you, like nine-pins before a big ball, and kissed your hand, and that one man in particular—ah, dear me, what dreams we have at sixteen! Of course, persons' day-dreams differ, but the Countess Gucki reminds me of some I've known about. Hers is a nature very rich and very mutinous, but tender withal, and strong; the sort of a woman whose personality affects one much as a mellow, golden note does from a great deep-toned Chinese gong, which, come to think of it, is an absurd comparison, though it does seem to me to give an idea of the feeling she produces. Just how much of this feeling is due to Ada Rehan, and how much to the lines, I am unable to say, but this I know, that the combination is delightful in spite of the fact that the Countess is all archness and coquetry, and that these expressions are singularly unsuited to Ada Rehan's intelligent but unbeautiful face.

Many a time and oft since Monday night, I have heard the remark, "I was disappointed in Ada Rehan." This, however, is not surprising, for the first impression of her accords but ill with her reputation. At first sight, she seems a big, unpleasing woman, with a trammeled, ungraceful walk, and a faulty method of speaking, but see her a dozen times and you lose sight to a great extent of these defects. It is the triumph of mind over matter, and, of course, such triumphs require time to be perceived, and—a certain amount of brains in the perceiver. Nothing demonstrates her ability so much as the fact that she interests us deeply in parts which she is physically unfit to play. This last new role, for instance, its entire success in the second and third acts, depends on the impersonator's ability to express the tremulous happiness which takes possession of a woman when she begins to feel an ardent and spontaneous love, and knows intuitively that it is returned. There are few things more elusive or more difficult to portray than this; yet Ada Rehan, in spite of all her defects, manages to give one the very essence of the condition.

In the little scene over the punchbowl, when she says with happy irrelevance, "You know I'm very fond of champagne," she seems to be fairly bubbling over with that delightfvl joyousness which comes to a woman when she knows that all her nonsense is adorable in a certain all-important person's eyes. When she left the room at the close of this act and again when she came in next morning—in that very remarkable costume, for a morning walk, with something on her head which made her look like a grandmother—she made you understand perfectly that she had a regular spring morning feeling, that "the world sang to her," and that it is a delightful thing to be in love.

> "And hear the bubbling of the springs,
> That feed the world."

As for the play itself it is as sweet and clean as lavender or new-mown hay; a fresh and delicate comedy centering in a fine vigorous character which it shows in patches and gleams, but the incidents are very slight, and the plot thread-like and not dramatic, so its palatableness lies too much in the hands of the dramatis personæ. In this instance it was very good indeed, for the cast was excellent. If it were necessary to tell the entire truth I would be forced to confess that Lewis seemed to me to be the star in the performance; he was such a dear comical old Counselor Von Mitterstieg, with a sort of suggestion of Jefferson in his methods and make-up. I know it is incredible that so handsome a man as Charles Richman can be a good actor, but that he made a capital Bruno Von Nuehoff I am ready to swear. He has a most natural and infectious laugh, and makes that decidedly bold young officer charming. In the hands of others—Herbert Kelcey, for an instance—it might be ineffably sickening. I can fancy how the statuesque Kelcey would turn Bruno's audacity into shameless effrontery, and make him exceedingly obnoxious.

Edwin Stevens, as the rheumatic Russian General, was good; Mrs. Gilbert, capital, and little Helena Nelson not at all bad; really she fell in love with her stick of a cousin, Leopold, quite as naturally as any one could have done. One should, of course, scan gently our unfortunate fellow creatures who are cast for such parts as Leopold, but, perhaps, it is not amiss to say that in order to give Lilli's preference for Leopold the appearance of sanity, he should be made little less unattractive and green. As Sidney Herbert presents him, I think Lilli would naturally say, as the Countess did to Bruno, "You are too young; drop in again when you're sixty."

It is stated on the programs that the costumes worn in this play are of the year 1819: I can't quite remember myself what they wore that year, doubtless Mr. Daly does; but I'll wager that if it was a "baby waist," there were no tightly laced stays under it, for it is a style of dress that is beautiful and graceful if worn without corsets, and endurable over loosely laced ones, but unspeakably ugly when worn on top of a vise such as Miss Rehan seems to wear. I cannot understand how so sagacious a woman can make such a mistake. Loosen them, Ada, or do something, and the first time you get a chance, take a good, long look at the manner in which Miss Eustace clothes herself and moves in Beau Brummel.

Apropos of Miss Eustace, it is stated that when Mansfield and his company played in her native town, that he graciously permitted her to take all the calls, saying, "You are the star to-night." Of course this was not very much, but it is more than some stars would do who have a much better reputation than Mansfield.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

MUSIC.

At his farewell concert Mr. Andrew Bogart sang Tosti's "Memories," Gounod's uninteresting "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness," and Chadwick's beautiful setting of "Thou Art So Like a Flower." Since by intention of going abroad to study, the young singer appreciates the fact that he has as yet something to learn, criticism of his work is scarcely in order. It is enough that Mr. Bogart has a light barytone voice of very pleasing quality, and that he is sufficiently musical by nature to become a charming concert singer, when he shall have devoted several years to serious study. The program—too long by at least four numbers—embraced solos by Miss Alma Berglund, Mrs. Olive Reed, and Mrs. Anna Brune; concerted numbers by the Philomel, Plymouth, and California Quartets, of which the "Peasant's Wedding March" (Soderman), sung by the Philomel, was decidedly the best; and selections by the Saturday Morning Orchestra. This organization of young ladies will be duly noticed in reference to the concert given for the benefit of the Children's Hospital.

On the seventh of this month Miss Hilda Newman and Miss Evelyn Henry gave a piano duo recital in the Century Club Auditorium, playing the "Tannhauser" overture, "Les Preludes" (Liszt), and a "Rondo Brilliant" by Mendelssohn. Orchestral compositions, played upon the pianoforte, are usually interesting only from a student's point of view, therefore the places occupied by the Liszt and Wagner numbers might have been advantageously supplied by compositions especially for two pianos. Moreover, the young ladies have not the broadest possible conception of these works. Of a certain part of the Tannhauser overture, particularly, they have an entirely mistaken idea as to the proper tempo. Both are evidently talented and promise to become good performers. Miss Newman has a clean technic and a good tone. She really produces many charming effects. Dr. Gilbert F. Graham sang "I love thee" (Grieg), 'By the Sea" (Schubert), and later, "My Dreams," by Tosti.

Mrs. Eunice Westwater, at her concert on Wednesday evening, sang a group of four songs, any one of which is sufficiently long for a concert number. A selection from Saint Saens's "Samson and Delilah" seemed better adapted to her voice than the compositions of a more florid nature. Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen played the slow movement and finale from De Beriot's Seventh Concerto. Miss Gruenhagen has a full, rich tone, which, however, she often forces. Her technic is by no means impeccable, and her use of the positions not always the best. Signor E. Martinez played a Tarantelle and Prayer (Rossini) with ample technic and too much pedal. Signor Martinez's performance was the best on the program.

P. C. ALLEN.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cents. Try it. Get it at 110 Powell Street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Daly engagement at the Baldwin has been quite a success socially as well as artistically. The second week will be inaugurated with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Miss Rehan appears as Helena, and Mr. Lewis as Bottom. The scenic settings are those of New York and London. On Saturday evening "Love on Crutches" will be performed. The third week we are to have "Twelfth Night," "School for Scandal," "The Honeymoon," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

This week the Tivoli is drawing crowded houses by the operatic productions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Hartman, as Lawyer Marks, is a great hit, while Kavanagh's auctioneer, and Irene Mulle's Aunt Chloe are excellently well done. Gilbert and Goldie have good opportunity for specialties as Legree's Sambo and Quimbo, while the banjo chorus earned fully half a dozen encores. The idea of a musical production of Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal story is very fetching and the Tivoli's production is in for a long run.

"Miss Harum Scarum," at the Columbia, is not a success. The type of play is old, and, even if good of its kind, could expect but a lukewarm reception. As it is, "Miss Harum Scarum" is a strange medley of farce and melodrama poorly arranged and badly acted. Miss Amy Lee and Frank Doane are conscientious in their efforts, but they are handicapped as well by the inefficiency of the company as by the feebleness of the play itself.

The revival of the old-time romantic drama of "Jack Cade" at Morosco's Grand Opera House promises well. Collier in the title role is well worth seeing, the character of Cade being well adapted to his heavy style. The crowded houses of this week go to prove that the old style of melodrama is still popular with the public.

The feature at the Orpheum this week is the performance of Le Clair, a female impersonator. He imitates with great cleverness the women of different nations, but is at his best in the portrayal of the German type. He is well sustained by Leslie. The pair have made a hit, and will doubtless draw good audiences during the rest of the week.

Rather funny was the announcement of Augustin Daly that he would not produce "The Two Escutcheons" during his stay here. The fact is, this is an admirable drama, and the only successful production which Augustin Daly scored in New York last season. That notification changes the plans of the Frawley Company, and on Monday, June 1st, they will open in "The Two Escutcheons," with Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing in the roles they originally created in New York. It was at first determined to open the season with Crane's "Brother John," which is said to be one of the best plays presented last season. However, it will follow the "Escutcheon" in due course. Three members of the new Frawley Company hail from the Daly menage besides the leaders—Tyrone Power, Harry Corson Clarke, and Miss Gertrude Elliott.

The enormous vogue Paderewski has obtained in New York was illustrated at his last concert. The enthusiasm was stupendous. The following excerpt from a two-column article, descriptive of the scene, in the Sunday *Sun* presents the extraordinary scene with vivid effect:

It was after the regular program that the people broke loose. Evidently the ushers foresaw this, for as the virtuoso arose from the piano after the last number, they sprinted down the aisles with their flowers lest they should be shut off by the crowd. And they were none to soon. Before Paderewski had reached the door every aisle was crowded with women rushing toward the front. It was like a panic. In the middle aisle a woman tripped—went down—screamed—and was dragged out from under the feet of those behind too a place between the seats. Three men tried to hold back the rush from another woman who was faint, but were swept on irresistibly until the rush was blocked against the front of the stage. Then, for the first time, one realized that there were a great many men in the house. They did the shouting, many of the women joining in. After a minute or two Paderewski appeared, bowed, and disappeared. The applause broke forth with greater vigor. He came again.

"Play to us," pleaded the women in front, putting up their hands to him like children. "Just this once."

It was Chopin that he played this time, and the crowd went one degree madder than before. For fifty feet out from the stage front the aisles and seat rows were packed to suffocation. Nobody was sitting down. All were on their feet, shouting, waving handkerchiefs, or flinging hats into the air. Many of the women were crying, quite unreservedly and unabashed, perhaps unconsciously. And the strangest part of all was that while you were there and under the spell it didn't seem strange at all, but quite natural and to be expected. Paderewski himself felt the stress of emotion. When, after answering a dozen recalls, he came out to play his last, he was white to the lips and his eyes, ringed with purple half circles, blazed from under his overhanging brows. He sat down and began Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. As the tremendous bass notes went booming through the hall, there arose a mighty shout—such a shout as makes a sounding board of your spine and tingles in every nerve center.

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ANIMADVERSIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF RUFFLES AND DRESS REFORM.

Englishmen are grown witty these latter days. No longer is British journalism ponderous by pressure of public opinion. There is actually an appreciation of frivolity, an admiration for fun in the realm of Her Majesty. London is really headquarters for literary finish. It has the monopoly of the stylists, for most of them live there. There you are liable to meet Anthony Hope and H. G. Wells and Arthur Symons and Ernest Dowson and Hubert Crackanthorpe — all clever and polished writers, some sedate, others light and humorous.

The excerpts which follow are from a little book by George Fleming, *For Plain Women Only*. (The Merriam Company, publishers.) They have the virtue of sense and the charm of style. When a man (or may be it is a woman) can be both witty and wise, there is no limit to his possibilities. This book will go far, especially as it is addressed to and aimed at the feminine majority. The form is the dialogue, similar in manner to the capital *Select Conversations With An Uncle*, which H. G. Wells gave us. My Aunt Lavinia, who does deus ex machina for Mr. Fleming, poses as a student of the average woman, and is a lady of marked character and substantial income. She holds the theory that every woman owes it to herself to be as beautiful as possible. She rails against the dullness of the British matron and her daughter, whose plainness she attributes to stupidity and ignorance. The following is apropos of Ruffles:

"'The longer I live, the more I become convinced that the average English woman never looks at herself, but only at her neighbor. Or how else, my dear Theodore —how else would you explain the present epidemic of fluffy foldings of black chiffon, encircling throats not two and a quarter inches long; surmounting high and heavy shoulders; filling up natural spaces; clinging to gowns of the roughest, the most masculine fabric?'

"'A—a friend of mine, a—lady I admire, wears chiffon ruffles with all her tailor-made dresses. She put a big, fluffy black ruche about the neck of her ulster. She said it made her feel dressed. And she looked—charming!' said I, resolutely. But it was an uncomfortable form of resolution.

"'Ho!' said my aunt. 'Ho! Indeed! Little Fanny Smyth.'

"'Miss Smyth,' said I. 'It was one of those wet days last week. I can assure you, Aunt Lavinia, the whole effect was charming.'

"'Well, well, I dare say the child *did* look pretty,' said my kind old relative very sweetly. 'But in an ordinary way, Theodore, you will surely admit that the ruffle is the birthright of the meager. Slender women, long-necked, small-faced, may fly to it for a suggestion of softness and quaintness singularly pleasing. But the massive, the red-faced, the squarely-built, the pyramidal, the portentous—. I met a distinguished woman the other day, and, before I had even laid eyes upon her, one of her friends had described her to me as having the figure of a shelter-tent. I saw her; I lunched with her, in fact; and, during lunch, had occasion to remark more than once upon the exceeding good nature and common sense of many of the opinions and ideas which she was—sheltering. And then, before we said good-by, I saw her rise and tie on a large, enormous, spreading black chiffon ruffle. It was trimming a three-decker, my dear boy. It was a neck-gear devised and patented for the small, alluring, pointed face of a Mary Queen of Scots, and she tied it about her, about her throat, about where her throat might have been under freer and lesser circumstance, with all the complacency of British virtue following the Fashion. She came in like a shelter-tent, and she went away from that luncheon party looking like—like an omnibus; and what—*what*, Theodore, is the use of experience of the world, of social position, of sound, sincere native common sense to any woman, if it leaves her exposed to moments of delusion such as that?'"

In the course of the following dialogue Aunt Lavinia propounds certain axioms about millinery, and announces some admirable theories about the rights of beauty.

"'Once convince a conscientious woman that it savors of wrongdoing—is, in fact, a sort of moral forgery—to wear clothes evidently designed for different personalities, and there you have it. You establish a new standard——'

"'A new form of compulsory education,' said I.

"'——you start a really rational dress reform—not an unholy utilitarian compromise between a badly cut skirt and a badly fitting trouser, but a serious attempt to embellish and diversify the appearance of daily life——'

"'Which would be passed before the looking-glass,' said I.

"'I would have them spend half the time before it that they spend there now,' my aunt retorted tartly, 'but it should be time intelligently spent. Let a woman know what becomes her, she can dress as rapidly and surely as any man. It is your tentative attitude toward decoration which makes for confusion and failure. If you are dissatisfied with your personal appearance, for heaven's sake don't go on adding to the difficulties in your way. If there is already a lion in your path, why import another menagerie? Why pile on more flowers and multiply gathers, and tie on more objects because the right object has not been found? The moment that you are in doubt about the effect produced,' said my Aunt Lavinia, solemnly, 'go, go that instant to your long looking-glass, and stand before it until you discover *what it is that you can take off*. That is the first golden rule of good dressing. Reach your effect with as small an expenditure of ornament as possible. Why, good heavens! said my aunt, my good heavens! it is the A B C, the twice-two-makes-four of artistic economics; and yet, how many freed souls do you or I know, Theodore, unharassed by the childish belief in the one more bow, the additional falbala, the superadded frill, which shall see them safely across the great gulf fixed between the pretty woman and the plain one?'

"'Speaking of pretty women,' I interrupted; '*such* a pretty woman came to my rooms to-day. On business, Aunt Lavinia. She was wearing a bright brown straw hat, which at the edges had turned black in some delightful, incomprehensible fashion, and rising from its crown was a fan-shaped knot —you call 'em knots, don't you?—of bright celestial blue flowers. Blue as her blue eyes were those wonderful blossoms; and held in place by a big, shining, twinkling, bewildering silver-and-paste pin. On either side of this erection sprawled soft yellow roses and sharp-spreading black birds'-wings, while just over the hair nestled an unexpected, a delightful bunch of wine-dark flowers. Purple, gold, brown, black, and brightest azure blue, she had 'em all on; and underneath—a face, Aunt Lavinia! —such a face——'

"'Ah!' said my aunt, sympathetically.

"'Rippling brown hair; little cheeks tinted like an almond flower; and eyes—Aunt Lavinia! her soul was shining through them like—like a treasure dropped into clear blue water.'

"'H—m. You are poetical, Theodore,' said my aunt.

"'*Quale in chiare acque un tesoro.* I did not say it myself, worse luck! but I tell you what I did, ma'am, I *saw* it. And I saw at the same time the disproof, the triumphant disproof of your wholesale condemnation of the arbitrary—the macédoine—mode of headgear. I saw——'

"'A pretty woman' said my aunt quickly, 'and you would not be my own nephew, my dear, if you had been thinking of anything else.'

"'But, as a matter of fact——' I urged.

"'My dear Theodore,' said my aunt, severely, 'I have always noticed that when a man's arguments are beaten, he falls back upon facts. As if facts were of any consequence! Besides, as it happens, all the facts are on my side.'

I said nothing. Indeed, for the moment, there was nothing to say.

"'You must admit,' continued my aunt in a gentler tone, 'that if nice customs courtesy to great kings, they go down on their knees to pretty women. A really pretty woman is the exception that proves the Rule under which all the other women are groaning. She justifies her existence by letting herself be looked at; and it is the prime business of the lookers-on to justify her actions. She is better off than the heathen, for she is not only a law unto herself, but a stringently observed law unto others. She is born fortunate; she is privilege incarnate. For if she is duller than her plainer sisters, what good reason is there for beauty to be aught but divinely, convincingly silent? And if she be gifted with a pretty wit, her brilliancy flashes and dazzles with all the advantages of a royal setting. Indeed, her most simple good qualities increase in value like so many diamonds; a carat or more of this or that virtue in her shall count in the balances for a thousand pounds.'

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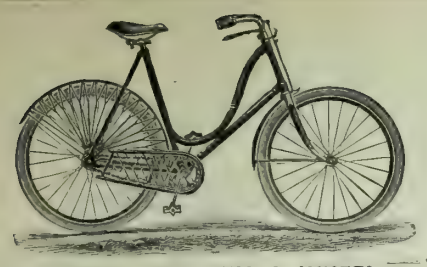

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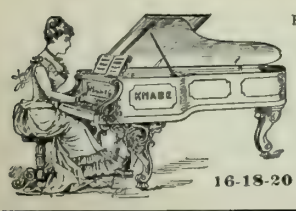

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THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON CURRENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

The opening of the races at Central Park brought together many of the best riders of the Coast, and some few from beyond our borders. The prizes were liberal and the program was attractive. The track is a safe one for five riders, and no accident that can be ascribed to its construction happened during the day. The only change I can suggest in the construction of the track is that an apron be built along the Mission-street end from the fifty to the ninety yard marks to obviate the present difficulty in starting for those who have handicaps between these distances. The track could be shaded into this flat apron, and a man started on that. As it is now, the difference between a handicap of ninety and a hundred yards is far greater than the difference in distance would seem to indicate.

The management of the affair was very good, indeed. The track was kept clear, the announcing was excellent, and there was nothing to interfere with the full enjoyment of the sport furnished.

Owing to the rather forbidding weather, the evening audience did not equal that of the afternoon in numbers, but those who were there witnessed the most exciting finish of the day. In the final of the one-half scratch amateur, Gooch, who had fallen in one of the semi-finals, was put in as pace-maker with the understanding that if he should succeed in crossing the tape second or third after setting the pace, he should be entitled to the prize of such place. This was consented to by the other riders, and Gooch led the way on his apparently impossible task, followed by Crafts, Freeman, Delmas, and Squires. The pace was a hot one, naturally, and, in a few seconds, the bell sounded for the last lap. The sprint was furious, with Freeman behind, and the rest in a close bunch. As they came into the stretch Freeman's second sprint was put in play, and in the last ten yards he devoured the distance that separated him from Delmas, who was leading, all but some five or six inches. Crafts and Gooch came through a tire-width or two behind Freeman, and the third place was given to the pace-maker. It was the prettiest race I ever saw.

The decision of the judges called forth some little comment from the trainers and starters who were standing about, and one in particular, Mr. Pickard of the Acme Club, let his warm friendship for Crafts so intermingle with his disappointment at the decision of the judges, that his resultant outburst of protest was couched in language most accentedly definite, and brought him dangerously near suspension from the track These things were jarring and seriously marred the concinnity of the event.

The coming parade of the Cycling Clubs of the City and Oakland, in the interest of repaving Market Street, bids fair to be a demonstration of political portent. The Cycle Board of Trade has sent out committees to every club of the city and received universal and cordial support. To indicate the uselessness of the present pavement of our main thoroughfare, the procession will move down that street dismounted and leading the wheels. It really seems as though the wheelmen have at last got together on a proposition that is definite enough and feasible enough to be jammed through.

C. MICHENER.

ANNOUNCING AT RACE MEETS.

BY WILBUR F. KNAPP.

The announcer at a race meet is the person who tells the audience what the men on the track are doing, and a good portion of the enjoyment of the spectators depends upon the efficiency with which this is done. I have been announcing the results of race meets for some five years now, and it seems possible that I might make a few suggestions on the subject from that experience that could prove more or less useful to the people who fill this position on the track.

In the first place, let me say a word or two about the phone and the manner of its use. It was about three years ago, I think, that Captain Geo. Strong suggested the idea to me of using this aid in announcing, and I had one made immediately, and have used them ever since. At that time, of course, the thing was a novelty. Now it is essential at every race meet, and is in such general use that a company is actively engaged in manufacturing them. The phone should not be too long nor too thin. This is the frequent mistake. A long, thin phone concentrates your voice to a very limited patch in the audience, and but a few hear the announcements made through it. I have found that either paper or tin answers equally well as a material, provided the interior of the instrument is perfectly smooth.

In announcing, the most essential thing is to watch your audience. If you notice that their attention is strained while you are speaking, that they are leaning forward and are listening, then something is the matter. You are either talking too low or too loud, or perhaps the instrument is not properly pointed. If you talk too loud, the sound is muffled and the words are indistinct and unintelligible. If you talk too low, the words are not carried to the audience. If the instrument is not properly directed, the words will fail to reach the ears of the spectators. The distance must be considered

WILBUR F. KNAPP.

and the voice varied accordingly. Furthermore, the direction of the wind must be taken into consideration, and due allowance made for that when pointing the phone. If you see your audience writing on their programs while you are talking, then you may be sure everything is all right and that they are hearing well.

Now, as to what to say—this is where the skill of the announcer may be exercised. He must keep himself fully informed of everything that is going on on the track, and select such things for the information of the audience as will keep them posted. He must keep up with the general news of the day; know what has happened recently to any one of prominence in the audience, and utilize that knowledge to break the monotony of a long wait. An occasional remark to the riders helps to make things interesting for the public and is often just in place. These things go to make up the "jolly." The proper use of the "jolly" calls for the exercise of some tact. No one must be hit too hard, yet each must be made to furnish his share of amusement for the people.

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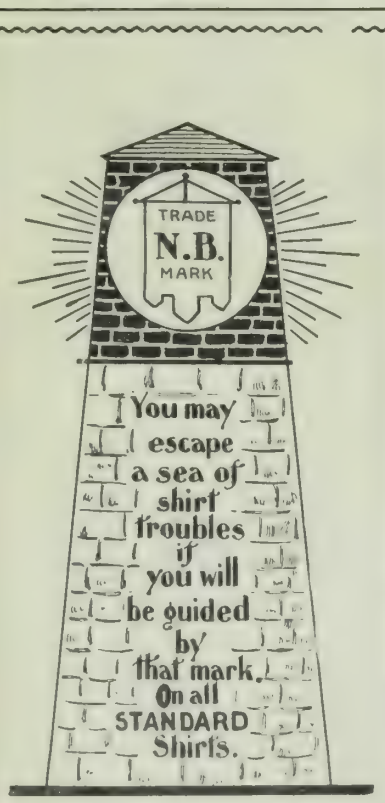

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PHYSICIAN FOR THE HAIR

Has a Canadian Vegetable Tonic for the Hair that will make it grow when all else fails. Dandruff removed. Terms moderate. High-class references.

Office Hours 10 to 12 and 1 to 6. Rooms 45, 58 and 60 ST. ANN'S BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GRADUATING GOWNS.

THE PROPER GARB FOR A GREAT OCCASION

The merry month of May.
The sweet girl graduate.

Really there are but few persons of the superior sex, bien entendu, to whom these terms are not synonymous. Commencement day, doubtlessly, is the most glorious of all days; but all must agree that the few weeks previous are not exactly agreeable ones. Mammas who have never been known to do such things before, wrinkle their brows in deep and mighty cogitation. Big sisters, belles, with a Vere de Vere repose, hurry and skurry, and rumple their curly locks. Papas are out of humor, and mutter, "Such nonsense"—and sometimes they qualify nonsense, and secretly wonder what it is going to cost. Big brothers grow witty at the glorious day's expense, and in its honor repeat, without a single blush, the worn witticisms that have served a similar purpose for more than a century. And the sweet girl graduate herself—well, she is not as sweet as she ought to be, and really her essay is of secondary importance compared to the all-absorbing thought—How am I going to look?

But truly, though, this year there is no legitimate cause for all this worry. The organdies and the muslins are particularly pretty, and the choice is varied. The contouriers has given much of her thought and time to the all-absorbing subject, and the results should be surpassingly beautiful. To those who like to embody and perhaps improve upon the ideas of others, I would submit what an authority has to say on the graduating gown.

"For a graduating gown an extremely pretty design is made up of lace-striped organdie and plain India mull. The outer skirt is mounted over a thin lawn underskirt. The edge of the front breadth is trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes insertion and a ruffle of Valenciennes lace—in all about three inches wide. At the foot of the skirt is a five-inch ruffle of organdie headed with a tiny beading. The underskirt of lawn has a lace-edged ruffle the same depth as the one on the skirt. The back of the skirt is gathered into about three and a half inches. The back of the waist is simply gathered under the belt, the ribbon of which is sewed into the under-arm seam about halfway down, from there is crossed to the back and drawn round in front, where it is fastened into a loosely tied bow. The waist in front is made of plain mull, as is also the lower puff of the sleeve. The waist is set on a gathered yoke of the same, with bands of narrow Valenciennes lace. It hangs over in a pretty, loose fashion, but so that the lines of the figure are not hidden. Narrow edgings of Valenciennes lace and white satin ribbon bows are the trimmings.

"Another graduating dress, which is much simpler, is also of white organdie, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The body is made with a round yoke, and a full ruffle trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves have bands of the lace, and the skirt is edged with a ruffle trimmed with Valenciennes. It is made with a white lawn skirt, but can be worn equally well over any other color.

"A white dotted Swiss, which is exceedingly dressy, is made up over white taffeta. The seams are all marked with insertion of Valenciennes lace, which shows the sheen of the silk through very prettily. The waist is shirred on the shoulders and hangs in blouse fashion over the belt, while the sides and back fit more snugly. A V-shaped piece of Valenciennes insertion is let in at the throat under a high stock-collar of ribbon, while the sleeves are finished with ruffles of Valenciennes."

Of course you have noticed the glory of the summer hat, the wealth of flowers and the bright and, to the conservative dresser, the incongruous combination of colors. And as for the crusade against big hats, really I don't know how you can manage if you wish to be even the slightest bit in fashion.

The tailor-made girl is at her wits' end. If she wishes to be fashionable, as, of course, every tailor-built girl does, she must either wear a flower-laden hat or one with a bird of paradise perched upon the crown. Even her best friend, the walking hat, comes with a ruching around the crown and a waving paradise plume at the side. To such an extent has the tailor-made young woman been forgotten in this season's millinery.

An odd characteristic of the flower-trimmed hat is that if it appears toward the front a flowering mass of blue bachelor-buttous, it is just as likely as not to be banked with brilliant green orchids at the back. Blades of grass are seen on many of the newest hats, and clusters of bright, glossy hollyberries are also used. The latest aigrette is of twisted ribbon, with a pert bit of a bow at the top. Almost every hat is trimmed with dozens of yards of tulle, and in the most vivid colors imaginable. Wide-spreading fans of tulle in four different colors appear on many of the hats. All large hats are tilted well over the face, and veils are conspicuous in the spring modes—indeed, the department given up to "voilettes" in large shops seems to be the most crowded one. A novelty in veils is a cream chiffon, long enough to pass about the hat, cross and tie in a bow under the chin. The short edges are fringed and it has a border about the four sides of brightly colored lines. It is very pretty when worn over a sailor hat, and the thick chiffon protects the face well while yachting or bicycling. The embroidered lace veils are still in favor, and the most modish ones are of black lace with cream or white lace figures inserted in them or the reverse. They certainly give a finish to most hats, but are becoming to but few people.

It seems a cruel thing to say, but it is in most cases true that only people with too much or too little complexion have any need of them. Tulle veils are, perhaps, worn more extensively than anything else at present, and counters are piled high with tulle in every possible shade. As most hats are trimmed with tulle, the tulle veil should match the tulle on the hat, and as two shades or colors of tulle are, as a rule, used, the veil is often of two colors, one shade or color being drawn over the other.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

The question is often asked, from what point the most commanding view of Kearny Street is to be obtained. The Chronicle Building is one point of vantage; the Nucleus is rather removed from the stream of traffic; from the Blythe corner one has a splendid range of the main thoroughfare and its tributaries, but to the mind of the writer, dentist Teague's window, which overhangs the intersection of Geary and Kearny Streets, gives one the freest view in all directions. The observer is near enough to the throng to see the individual faces, and yet sufficiently removed to be unseen. From there it is possible to watch the San Francisco world go by. It is an admirable location to witness the Saturday afternoon parade, notably the most interesting sight of San Francisco. It sweeps Geary Street to the Riche, the best part of Market Street—Lotta's Fountain: beneath it the flower-sellers congregate. Kearny Street, the best part of that artery is in view up to Raphael's. It makes a capital place to moralize in, for one cannot watch the passing of the world, the flesh, and the devil without thought, without interest, and without comment.

A lady, dressed according to the fashion of the advanced woman of the time, in a man's hat, periwig, and riding-coat, met a tenant of Sir Roger de Coverley. She asked whether a house near at hand were not Coverley Hall. The man, seeing only the male part of his querist, replied, "Yes, sir." But upon the further question whether Sir Roger was a married man, chancing to drop his eye to the lady's skirt, the embarrassed man changed his note to "No, madam!"

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES

Are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

The old adage, "Every day brings something new," does not preclude that the old shall be ignored or discarded because of age, if merit is retained, as is the fact with "The Old Norton Door-Check and Spring"; though "silver amongst the gold," yet still with youthful vigor will close your doors so quietly it seems almost human. The first device to accomplish the double purpose of closing and checking doors, and, so far as practical demonstration goes, is the best from the fact of its simplicity and durability: Compressed air, automatically adjusted, its checking power. See advertisement in other column of our paper for agents' address. We have them placed upon our office doors, and are giving satisfaction.

IN THE DAYS OF RALSTON.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese and other of our prominent citizens walked to North Beach for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. That era, happily, has gone by. The Lurline Baths provide the best imaginable facilities for swimming, and the institution is almost in the very center of our city. The latest feature which the Olympic Salt Water Company has added to the luxuries of its menage is a Russian Bath with Needle Shower. This latest improvement is now in working order, and proves a great attraction. The price for the above, which includes the Swimming Bath, has been established at the low rate of fifty cents.

J. J. Pfister KNITTING CO.

120 Sutter Street Rooms 21-24 San Francisco

ONLY HEADQUARTERS FOR

BATHING SUITS

Sweaters——

BICYCLE SUITS, ETC.

ENTIRELY NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STYLES

Send for Illustrated Catalogues-----

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation

For infants and adults

Delightful after shaving

Positively relieves Prickley Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples; makes the skin smooth and healthy.

Take No Substitutes. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts. FREE

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Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. LATEST STYLES in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

THE LEADING HAIR DRESSER

STROZYNSKI'S

24 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Racing! Racing! Racing!

California Jockey Club

WINTER MEETING

BEGINNING THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26TH

BAY DISTRICT TRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Rain or Shine. Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P.M. sharp. McAllister and Geary Street cars pass the gate.

R. B. Milroy, Secretary. Thos. H. Williams, Jr., Pres.

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12 ROOMS AND BATH FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

Grounds Attended to and Water Paid for by Owner

Baldwin & Hammond,

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America's Famous Summer and Winter Resort

The Most Elegant Seaside Establishment in the World

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

Flower Festivals
Fiestas
Rose Carnivals

. . . and the like, will be the delight of California for the next two or three months.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival, the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens **April 15.** *Queen Flora* will reign 3 days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles, now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22,** and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses, to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th,** inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

REDUCED RATES

will be made by the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY for all these brilliant events. Arrange your programmes accordingly, and call on agents for particulars.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch Steamers leave San Francisco for ports in Alaska.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 19, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles) and Newport, every fourth and fifth day at 11 A. M.

For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month.

Ticket Office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
10 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

COOLGARDIE GOLD FIELDS

(FREMANTLE) AUSTRALIA
First-Class.....$220 Steerage.....$110
Lowest rates to CAPE TOWN
S.S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Saturday, May 23, 1896, at 10 A. M.
S.S. "Monowai," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, May 28, 1896, at 2 P. M.
Ticket Office, 114 Montgomery St., Freight Office, 327 Market St.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 Post Street, below Kearny, Mechanics' Institute Building
Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
JAS. D. PHELAN, Pres. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier
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Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
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OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1726
Capital Paid Up, $3,416,100 Assets, $21,584,413
Surplus to Policy Holders, $8,980,251
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Sun Insurance Office OF LONDON
Founded A.D. 1710 Cash Assets, $10,270,535
Oldest Purely Fire Insurance Office in the World
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40 Years in Business on the Pacific Coast
Manager for the Pacific Coast, WM. J. LANDERS
205 and 207 Sansome Street, near Pine

Aachen and Munich Fire Insurance Co.

Of Aix La Chapelle, Germany. Established 1805
Capital, $2,250,000.00
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VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

No Air, No Life.

Pneumonia suffocates, because the swollen tubes get solid, and keep air from the lungs. Dr. Acker's English Remedy reduces the inflammation, so the patient breathes freely, and is soon well.

Miss R. Ray, 354 W. 22d St., N.Y., says: "When threatened with pneumonia, I took one bottle of Dr. Acker's English Remedy, and the pain and cough disappeared."

3 sizes, 25c.; 50c.; $1. All Druggists.
ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16-18 Chambers St., N.Y.

ANNUAL MEETING
..OF THE..
YOSEMITE COMMISSION

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to manage the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's office, on Wednesday, June 3, 1896, at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 21, 1896.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ISAAK STRAUSS, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Isaak Strauss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, room 35, Third Floor, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

A. C. FREASE,
Administrator of the estate of
Isaak Strauss, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 7, 1896.

Pacific Towel Co.

Telephone 1780 No. 9 Lick Place, San Francisco
GEO. K. MOORE, Proprietor

CRESTA BLANCA WINES

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THREE
HIGHEST AWARDS
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OF SIX MEDALS
AWARDED TO CALIFORNIA
Cresta Blanca Wines
OBTAINED THREE
WETMORE-BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street
Under Occidental Hotel

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MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS
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BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular)

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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,
of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at
128 POST ST., Bohemian Club Bldg.

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510 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.,

Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

—A—
SAFE GUIDE

No man knows all there is to know about advertising. The subject is too profound, too complex, too perplexing, for any single person, or for any dozen persons, for that matter. The path to success in advertising is full of dangerous places. All business men would do well to engage a safe guide to conduct them past the danger spots—to tell them what to do and what to avoid doing.

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Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

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Also specially selected stock of Clarets and White Wines on hand.

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Many Novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to Order a Specialty.
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Business Suits from $15.50
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COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
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BONESTELL & CO.
Dealers in PAPER
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
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It is almost human
"THE OLD NORTON"

Door Check and Spring
BEST in the WORLD
The only *Air Check* in market. Will close doors without slamming. If you want a GOOD thing, try them.
THE WAVE uses them.
FRANK D. MORRELL
505 Mission St., near 2d San Francisco, Cal.

RIPPLES.

MESSENGER BOY 59.

"Say, dat feller's er regular Chinaman. He ain't no good nohow. Why, der hair-cutter wants me to take dis bookay up to er lady's on der hill, and he never even gave me an extra nickel. He just paid der office and dat's all. Say, but I won't do anyting to dat bookay before der gal gets it, will I? Nit mich! And der chump had de gall to tell me to get a move on myself quick, so der flowers wouldn't go to seed before dey was delivered. Ah, say! but he's a Chinaman, he is.

"How is I to get even? It's dead easy. Me big brudder is der head bar-keeper down to Murphy's. To-day is der day dey always trow out de old bookays and puts in fresh ones. All I has to do is to swipe one of de old bookays from der ash barrel, tie dis feller's card to it, cover de whole ting up wid paper like dis one's fixed, and give me big brudder de good bookay, see? Say, when der dude goes to see der gal to-night, she won't do anyting to him, will she? Nit mich, I don't guess.

"Ah! dat's nothin' to de way I treated one of dose cheap dudes de odder night. I was on der night watch den. He comes into de office about nine o'clock in der evenin' and said he wanted a message delivered over in Oakland, and wanted de answer delivered to him at his room where he lived. I tought dere was going to be er big extra in it for me, but dere wasn't. He wouldn't even trow his snipe away for me to shoot. Say, but I didn't do anyting to dat feller. Er message like dat de Comp always charges for der time der messenger is gone. Well, I struck Oakland about ten o'clock, spotted der place where de message was to be delivered, and den went down town and saw some of my friends. Say, I had a great time over dere. Just a little before der last train left over dere for Frisco, I scoots out to der house where der message was to be delivered, rang de door-bell until I had every Oaklander on der block awake. I told der bookee wat came to der door dat I had er hard time findin' der place, and dat I was afraid I couldn't get der last boat home. After he got der answer all fixed up, he told me dat I only had five minutes to catch der last train, and dat I would have to run for it. Did I run? Nit mich. I made er bluff at runnin', but just as soon as he closed de door, I walked. I met some more friends down town and we had a fine time for an hour or so, when I went home wid one of my friends and had a fine sleep at de expense of de dude in Frisco. Der only ting dat jarred me was catching the first train in der morning for home. Say, maybe dat feller didn't beef? It didn't do no good, as he had to pay der damages.

"Say, yer'll have to 'scuse me now, for here comes Mag. Say, she's a peach, she is. Why, she's my leddy. I'll tell yer about her some time. See yer later."

GRATIFYING.

"Jones," remarked the editor of the humorous paper, to the young man standing beside his desk, "you have been bringing your stuff in here for a number of years, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir; about five years."

"Did we ever publish anything of yours?"

"No, sir."

"Do you write the stuff with the hope that some day you will be able to eke out an existence by your efforts?"

"Oh, no, sir. I merely write to kill time."

"Thanks, Jones. I'm glad to hear you say so. I was under the impression that you were writing to kill me. Declined with thanks, Jones."

BANGED IT.

"Do you hear our piano evenings?"

"Oh, yes, I hear it all right?"

"Who do you think does the playing?"

"Blessed if I've ever heard any one play it yet."

OF COURSE NOT.

"No, I'm not well enough to run a sewing machine."

"What do you intend doing this afternoon?"

"I believe I'll take a ten-mile run on my bicycle."

AT HIS OWN EXPENSE.

Mr. Casey (suddenly)—Be Hivins, Katy, Oi made th' mistake of me loife this day.

Mrs. Casey—Phwat was it, Moike?

Mr. Casey—Oi do be makin' a big mistake, Katy, an' how th' divil Oi could have been doin' it, after wor-r-kin' on th' strates of this city for the past fourteen years, is more than Oi do know.

Mrs. Casey—For th' love of Hivin, Moike, tell me what happened yer?

Mr. Casey—Oi, loike er dom fool, cut up my 'baccy and filled my poipe outside of wor-r-kin' hours, whin Oi could have done it just as well at th' city's expense.

J. F. Cutter
EXTRA
Old Bourbon
has been a staple family and medicinal whiskey for a quarter-century
E. MARTIN
—AND—
CO.
411 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

FOR GRIPPE IT'S A DANDY
VINA BRANDY
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It's Pure! That's Sure!
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At Baldwin Hotel
200 Sutter Street, corner Kearny
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NEW YORK HAIR DRESSING STORE
MME. E. KESSING, Proprietress
Artistic Hair Dressing and Shampooing. A new preventive for the hair falling out. Superfluous hair removed. 1704 Market Street, San Francisco

THE WAVE CLUBBING LIST
FOR 1896

By special arrangement with the Publishers, THE WAVE is prepared to offer the following list

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THE WAVE and	CENTURY	$6 00
"	" ARENA	5 00
"	" LITTELL'S LIVING AGE	7 75
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"	" JUDGE	6 50
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"	" LIFE'S COMEDY	3 50
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"	" SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN SUPPLEMENT	6 50
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THE WAVE

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THE CITY HALL DOME.

View from Market Street—the Lick statuary in the foreground.

[R. J. Waters, photographer.]

THE WAVE

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The next issue of THE WAVE will be issued from "The Wave Building," Montgomery Street between Sutter and Post Streets.

THE "EXAMINER" AND THE MOB.

That Market Street has not been the scene of riot and bloodshed during the past two weeks, is not the fault of the *Examiner*, for that journal has done all it safely could to incite the loose and lawless elements of this city to anarchistic outbreak. The Market Street Railway people chose, for their own protection, to inaugurate a new transfer system. It was a system to which the people of this city were unaccustomed, and one which caused more or less inconvenience to those who travel; but it deprived no one of any right, or of any privilege, or of any gratuity, which he had heretofore received. Passengers could come down Powell Street and transfer either way on Market by stopping for a moment at the corner and having a check exchanged for a transfer. Where it was evident a mistake had been made by a passenger who had no intention of defrauding the company, or who was not acting out of a spirit of bravado, the conductors and gripmen evidently had instructions to treat such passengers with consideration, and not force them to the inconvenience of returning for a transfer; but, if the rule was to be at all effective, it had to be enforced after sufficient notice had been given. At its enforcement, the *Examiner* took occasion to appeal to every lawless instinct of the lower classes by crying out that it was the right of the people to ride regardless of this new regulation, and suggesting in covert terms that support should be given to every passenger whom the company wished to eject from its cars. This journal even went so far as to "fake" a story of the experience of a woman who had failed to get a transfer because of her absorption in its latest mystery story. Whenever a drunken rowdy or a young hoodlum was put off a car, he was given the benefit of a column in next morning's paper; and if a respectable and property-owning man became involved through some mistake, the *Examiner* shrieked louder than if all the rights and liberties of American citizenship were being destroyed.

After ten days of constant appeal to the prejudice of those who hate millionaires for the money that they have, it was no wonder that we saw Market Street, on Monday evening, in the possession of a mob, ready, had there been a man at hand to say the word or give the cue, to overthrow the cars or hang Mr. Vining to a neighboring telegraph pole.

Kearney is forgotten. He walks the streets, an unknown and disregarded quantity in the community. But the spirit of Kearney survives in the *Examiner*. And that spirit which made him a leader of the sand-lot and brought terror to the people of this city, forcing them to organize a guard of vigilance, is the self-same spirit that moves this iniquitous newspaper to prompt the people to disregard the law and do deeds of violence. There can be no more serious enemy to society than a journal of such a character as this. It is not to be wondered at that San Francisco alone, of all the large cities of this coast, is boycotted by Eastern men of capital. Such men have been led by the *Examiner* to believe that this is not a safe place in which to invest money. It is true the *Examiner* does not call upon the people editorially to overthrow cars and mob conductors, but the people know perfectly well that it intends to suggest such acts by the sympathy it gives to all who are lawless. It is the same line of conduct that was pursued by the *Examiner* in the early part of the strike; but as soon as its policy of sympathy and mob-pandering had led to murder, it appealed, in double-leaded columns, to the good sense and law-loving nature of the people to refrain from such acts, else they would hurt themselves and bring ruin on the very cause which they supported. The *Examiner's* is a policy as cowardly as that of Robespierre, who would first order to the guillotine the men who were his rivals, and then decry the Reign of Terror and declare himself innocent of murder. If the mob on Monday night had done what the *Examiner* prompted it to do, we would have found Tuesday morning's paper filled with an address to the law-abiding people of the city, asking them to organize for the protection of property and the preservation of life.

The means which the street railway people have taken for the protection of their rights may not be the most perfect that can be devised, and may have subjected some worthy people to more or less trouble and embarrassment, but this cannot be any excuse for the incendiary spirit of that daily paper which has sought to make capital and gain subscriptions by appealing to the lawlessness of the mob.

MISS ANTHONY TO THE DEMOCRACY.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has issued an appeal to the Democracy of California, in which she sets forth that the Republicans, the Populists, and the Prohibitionists have adopted platform planks favoring the present suffrage amendment, and beseeches the party of Jefferson to do likewise. Her closing paragraph reads as follows:

Men of the Democracy of California, if not for justice sake, at least for the sake of holding to your party the sympathy and respect of the women of your own families, I beg of you declare at once that henceforth and forever you stand for equal rights to women, not merely by courtesy, but by the rights of constitutional law.

In other words, if the Democratic party does not favor the women, the women will not favor the Democratic party if the amendment carries and they gain the privilege of voting. The women who wish to vote, will, according to Miss Anthony, lose respect for and sympathy with the Democratic party if it does not favor this extension of the suffrage. All the other parties have declared Miss Anthony's way, and the Democratic party must understand that if it does not follow suit there will be the very mischief to pay.

It was this fear of possibly losing the respect and sympathy of possible women voters that led the Republican party to indorse the amendment. As for the Populists—they indorse anything that asks indorsement, even T. V. Cator. The Prohibition party was thoroughly honest in adopting the plank, as it is entirely composed of women. But the Republicans in their desire to hop aboard every band wagon they could find, blindly declared for female suffrage without a protesting voice of any volume. This was not the result of judgment as to the wisdom of doubling our list of voters. There was no debate, no consideration of the problems involved, no pretense of weighing the matter. There was danger that if they refused to indorse Miss Anthony's plank the Democratic party might indorse it, and if the women came to vote they would "have it in" for the Republican party. Having terrorized the one party, these good women of misdirected energies turn to terrorizing the other, setting forth that the Democratic party will stand alone if it does not join the ranks of this new Salvation Army.

If women are so narrow and petty minded and unreasonable and unpatriotic as to act as Miss Anthony thinks they would, there can be no question as to the unfitness of women for any participation in political affairs. It was to be expected that most of the enfranchised negroes would ally themselves with the Republican party, because of Lincoln's proclamation and Thad. Stevens's reconstruction policy. The only excuse for negro suffrage was its political necessity, and the political party that gave them the vote expected their support and got it. But women surely will not cast their votes on such grounds of political indebtedness. If prejudice is to play so serious a part with woman's vote, then the longer she is deprived of the franchise the better. There are problems of government much greater than that of woman suffrage, and on these the parties are divided and will be divided. Will women allow the sentiment created by a cowardly plank in a party platform to control their votes rather than right reason? If Miss Anthony wishes to defeat the woman suffrage amendment, she should follow up her appeal to the Democracy by more of the same kind. Unless woman is large enough of mind to be uninfluenced by the considerations Miss Anthony sets forth, she had better give up the task of elevating politics.

There is one other passage in this appeal which contains remarkable matter coming from such a leader among women as Miss Anthony. She says:

Our opponents taunt us with the fact that our suffrage audiences are composed so largely of women. They never stop to ask the reason why. They do not see that the little adjective "male" in the Constitution, restricting the right to vote to men—excepting only such as are lunatics, idiots or unpardoned criminals—virtually places the women of the State with those defective and delinquent classes of men, adjudged incompetent to express an intelligent opinion, worthy to be counted in the gathering up of public sentiment to be crystallized into law. If women are incapable of making an intelligent choice at the ballot-box, they must be equally wanting in ability to discuss any and every question that is sent there for final arbitrament. The absence of men from our suffrage meetings, therefore, indicates their lack of respect for women's opinions, and that lack of respect grows out of the fact that women's opinions go for nothing, are not counted, are not weighed and measured in the political scales, which in our representative Government decide the value of every opinion and every holder of every opinion.

A fair epitome of this passage is certainly this: Women are deprived the right of voting, hence men have no respect for women's opinions and won't go to hear them speak. "If you would teach the boy to respect his mother's opinions," she says, "you must make the Constitution respect them." This is as logical as if we were to say: If you would teach men to revere God you must turn the Constitution into a prayer. There are men who hold that this is an infidel nation because the name of God is not found in our fundamental instrument. These men are quite as sound reasoners as Miss Anthony. Is it true that men refuse to attend Women's Congresses and such because women do not vote? May it not be that men so refuse because they prefer to spend their time out of the sound of strident-voiced women who talk fudge? There were addresses read by gray-haired women at the recent Congress in this city that were unworthy of a self respecting graduate from a young ladies' seminary Some other women made sensible talks on things with which they evidently were familiar. Clever things were said by Miss Shaw, and when Miss Anthony forgot her text for a minute she made one wish to enjoy a quiet talk with her. But if the picked women of the coast there present showed any such knowledge of the world or its affairs as would justify one in believing that our politics would be elevated and our Government better run for their intervention, the fact has not been revealed by the zealous press.

But because men do not go to Women's Congresses or suffrage mass meetings does not in the least argue that men have no respect for the opinions of women. A colored man who made so bold as to address the women from the floor of the hall, spoke wisely to those who were crying for the suffrage that they might reform things, when he said that women now have more influence over men than men have over each other, and if there was aught wrong in our government or society it was woman's fault, for she had now the power that if spent rightly would accomplish anything that she could hope to accomplish with the vote. There never yet was a reform which women were united on that men did not effect. The mothers and wives and sweethearts of California do not need political conventions and party platforms and primaries and ballot-boxes to make men respect their wishes The boy who does not respect his mother's opinion when the Constitution denies her the ballot, would not respect that opinion though woman's political equality were declared in every clause of the Constitution and every statute in the books. A mother of boys would not have even hinted otherwise.

STATE CONTROL OF PRIMARIES.

The recent decision of our Supreme Court, holding that under our statute the crime of bribery cannot be charged against one buying votes at a primary election, ought to do much toward bringing about a speedy reformation of our primary election laws. Though theoretically the primary is but a minor incident in the machinery of democratic government, yet under the party-system which we have developed, the primary has become the foundation of the popular election. The evils that affect the primary must necessarily affect the whole superstructure. It does not follow, to be sure, that because there is bribery or false swearing at a primary that the election that follows is corrupt. But it is true that where men vote party tickets, the carrying of a primary by corrupt means destroys the possibility of a full and honest expression at the polls. This is thoroughly understood by political managers. They strive for control of the party organizations, knowing that if by stuffing the rolls and unlimited "repeating," they can carry the primaries and send the delegations to the conventions that they choose, the people will have no alternative but bolt the party ticket at the polls, and this being revolutionary they know will rarely occur.

The Australian ballot has remedied most of the evils

that obtained under the old system by making it impossible to see that the "goods" are delivered. The one chance left for wholesale theft is at the count, and this also can be put away by the use of the automatic counting machines, which register each vote, and make up the totals, leaving nothing for the ignorant clerk to do but tally the name of the voter on the register With such machines it would be impossible to carry elections by sending word at midnight into the purlieus south of Market Street that so many hundred more votes were needed, and these the clerks and judges must find. The adoption of these machines would materially reduce Mr. Buckley's hack bill on election nights.

Almost perfect system of registering the popular choice at elections should be extended to the primaries. To give the option to the party managers is doing an idle thing. The law should recognize the primary as the first step in the election, and take as full charge of that as it does of the regular election. If a candidate's name is to go upon a State printed ballot credited to a political party it is the right of the State to see that the convention which named this candidate was chosen honestly. We have undertaken to secure fair elections, and to do this we find it is not sufficient to have statutes governing the acts of men at the polls on election day, but we must go deeper and further and give men rules by which alone they can secure places on the ticket, and deviation from which will subject to punishment.

Logically we should adopt the primary; the historical development of our elective system demonstrates that it is no more essential to have an Australian ballot at the secondary election than at the primary. In the early days of our history there was no primary, because no necessity for it. The members of the party gathered in the town hall or schoolhouse and there by *viva voce* vote chose their delegates to the convention. Early elections of all kinds were by voice, not by ballot. But communities got too large for this method to be useful, and the voter was instructed to come to the polling place with a slip of paper on which he could write the name of his favorite candidate and deposit it in the hat that would be passed around. The hat gave place to the ballot box, and gradually by slow stages we have progressed to the complicated government-controlled electoral system of to-day, with ballots printed by the State and guarded by State officials, registers of voters, and all the other machinery which was undreamed of fifty years ago. But the primary we have left practically where it was in primitive days. The two elections were conducted in the same fashion originally. We have adopted one but not the other, on the theory that we had no right to interfere with party affairs. But it is evident now that if we have the right to say what printed names shall go on a ballot, we have the right to determine the method that must be taken for placing those names there. The result is the State control of the primary, and to this we must come.

It is a very great mistake to suppose that our bucolic brothers are any less in need of stringent election laws than we of the cities know ourselves to be. Farmer Jones may be "jay" when he comes to the city in his top boots and flannel shirt, but in his own precinct on election day Hayseed Jones is *fin de siècle* to a degree that would astonish the late Horace Greeley if he were alive to see. He may not know as much as Senator Mahoney about increasing the population of a hotel, but he knows to a man how many hands can sleep in his hay-loft. There is no such large-handed rascality in country elections as in our city ones, but all who know of such things attest that if from the primaries up there was governmental control, the result would often be different.

If we are to have a popular Government much longer, it is evident that we must make it possible for the voter who is not a politician to vote at a primary and have his vote counted. The responsible elements in cities pay as little attention to primaries now as they do to Sunday picnics. It is but a step further to going fishing on election day. And there is no danger so great as that of the indifference of the citizens. If our election laws tend to cultivate that indifference by making useless and idle the effort of the cleaner classes at the primaries, then it certainly becomes the highest duty to secure laws for primaries similar to those which now govern popular elections.

The attack on the Supreme Court, made by the *Examiner*, for holding that the new election laws do not apply to primaries, illustrates once more the necessity of a lawyer on the staff of the "Monarch." The fine-spirited young socialists who write *Examiner* editorials have the impression that it is the duty of a court to make laws, not to interpret them, to twist them into some shape that will make for good government instead of discovering the intention of the legislators. No doubt the members of our Supreme Bench would be pleased to place every obstacle possible in the way of crime, and help on to the fullest extent the work of reforming our loose election laws, but they find that before their inclination comes their duty. To get better laws we must go to the legislature not the courts. When will the *Examiner* learn this simple principle? Can it be that there are subscribers to be gained by insulting the Supreme Court every time it renders a decision adverse to the preconceived notion of the mob or contrary to the expressed desire of the *Examiner*?

TROUBLED ABOUT MONEY.

It is a foregone conclusion that the Republican National Convention will declare for sound money, but cast a smile toward Free Silver just to keep that maiden from becoming hopeless. The McKinley position is understood to be that presented in the Ohio platform, which declared for a currency "as sound as the Government." This kind of evasion may be good politics, but it is certainly not dignified statesmanship. The Republican leaders know that they have the advantage in the presidential campaign if the tariff is the issue, and naturally they wish to avoid the dangers which encompass the question of sound currency. The issue must be the tariff with McKinley as the nominee, and the silver men will find themselves too weak to bolt, and will come away from St. Louis pretending, at least, to be satisfied with the outcome.

But the Democratic party; what of it? From the West and from the South and from the North large delegations of free silver men will gather at Chicago to meet the forces of the gold standard from the Eastern States. Will these two bodies melt and coalesce, or will they meet with a clash, and, like rearing horses, fall back divided and furious? It is too early now to know how the convention will stand on the money question, but it is certain that the battle of the standards will be fought at Chicago and not at St. Louis. Within the Democratic party there are more who to-day favor free silver than within the ranks of the Republican party. The feeling in the former, too, is much more intense than in the latter. Every Democrat at Washington on whom the President has not smiled, will carry a valise of dynamite to Chicago to explode under the Administration. The cross-roads politician who has failed of getting office will be there to "swat" Mr. Carlisle. The victim of a bank's cruel demand for a return of its loaned money will lay his misfortune to the Cleveland bond issues and the insufficiency of the money supply. And so the whole disorganized mass of free silver delegates, alternates, and workers will make Chicago a Babel of financial shrieks, while the gold standard men, organized and directed with intelligence, will answer the cries of their opponents with that polite coldness which always aggravates the radical.

None of the published tables showing the probable outcome at Chicago are reliable. California is thrown into the free silver column, yet it is already very well decided that at least four, if not more, of the delegates to be sent from this State will be friendly to the Administration's policy. Equally in error are the estimates as to Oregon and Washington, the delegations from which are divided on the money question. These discrepancies show how worthless these tables are, and give the Administration men reason to believe that they will be successful in defeating free silver, for, conceding everything claimed to the silver men, they have a lead of but fifty votes.

There may be a bolt at Chicago. Whenever a crisis arises, there is generally a large number of Democrats anxious to do the most foolish thing possible. The party is so replete with leaders, that there are few plain soldiers who will obey orders. This was never better demonstrated than in the last Congress, and if that same spirit prevails in the National Convention, the Democratic party will make absolutely certain its own defeat, not only this year, but for many more to come. The Democratic party has but one chance of success, and that is none too bright. If the Republicans straddle, the Democrats dare not follow suit. Their one hope is in a straight-out policy and no bolt, and the straight-out policy that can win must be that which will carry New York, New Jersey, and New England.

BERKELEY AND STANFORD.

In founding the Leland Stanford, Jr., University the late Senator Stanford conferred the greatest blessing possible on the University of California. Isolated on this coast, two thousand miles from any first-class institution of its kind, the State University dragged along for years without the stimulus of competition. It is no discredit to the professors at Berkeley to say that before the opening of Stanford there was a period of some length in which the State only learned of the existence of such an institution when an appropriation was asked for or the faculty was called on to discipline some unruly student. The regular work of the curriculum was done well, no doubt, and there was a manifest effort to keep the University up to a standard in scholarship which now gives it rank, as President Eliot says, among the first five universities in the land. But the institution was not in touch with the people; its professo[illegible] within their cloisters; its students enjoyed little o[illegible] college life which is so valuable a portion of the four years spent at a university. There could be but little college pride, because there was no rival nearer than Ann Arbor. Even the grounds, more beautiful in site than any other in the country, excepting, possibly, those of Cornell, were allowed to fall, for the greater part, into their primeval state. And jealousies arose, as they naturally must in a separated community, which threatened to disorganize and degrade the college force.

But with the entrance of Stanford, the University across the bay took on new life; it braced itself for a tussle, and in that bracing process has lifted itself out of its old dreamy self and become an institution to make the State proud. At first there was a disposition among the Berkeleyans to sneer at the Palo Alto "kindergarten." Sneers of one kind or another are occasionally exchanged now, we believe, but there is recognition on both sides that the other fellow has metal worthy of being tried, and in every line the universities are doing their best to outrun each other. It is a healthy, manly rivalry which will make both great.

With the decision of the Stanford case by the Supreme Court, Mrs. Stanford comes into full control of funds which will enable her to realize the expectations of herself and her husband. But Berkeley is dependent upon the liberality of the State, and the work that is needed cannot be done without money. Governor Budd has recently suggested that a larger proportion of the State funds be appropriated for the University, and this may be the best means of increasing the fund available for university expenses. It is certainly not the intention of the people of this State that their University should be forced, as it now is, to raise the standard of its entrance examinations so that hundreds may be excluded who can not be accommodated for lack of class room and faculty.

With the erection of the new Affiliated Colleges building on the Sutro site, new importance will be given to the professional schools, and it is to be hoped that the legislature will provide for new buildings at Berkeley on some general plan, such as suggested by Regent Reinstein. But there will still be one building lacking to make the University complete—the dormitory. There will never be the fullest college life at Berkeley until more of the students live there, and are brought together under large roofs. Columbia College made the trial of the Berkeley plan, and has now with its removal to upper New York, decided to return to the dormitory scheme, which is so important a factor in the life of all other of our largest universities

Stanford's rapid rise in athletics is due in a great degree to the concentration of the students within comparatively narrow limits. When college men live together they will do team work which otherwise they could not be brought to do, and no matter how strong, active and skilful the individual players, good work in baseball, football and other sports requiring men to work together cannot be accomplished without united practise.

It is possible under the dormitory system also to develop the independence and self-respect of the student body to a high degree. President Jordan gives to the students themselves the disagreeable task of maintaining discipline, and finds that it works better than any other. This he can do because the students are made part of a great family gathered around the campus, or rather they may be said to constitute an independent and isolated body of men having their own democratic government. This system only obtains at Berkeley to a modified degree, and its further extension must await the coming of the dormitory, on which also so much else that makes for University improvement depends.

California is already famous for many things—fast horses, beautiful women, rich men, great trees, impressive scenes – and it is to be hoped and expected that she will also become renowned as a center of learning. The president of Harvard has prophesied that in this State would be located one of the three great universities of the continent, the other two to be at Chicago and Cambridge. It is not useful to speculate as to which of our universities will represent this coast. The useful thing is to take such a live interest in both that they will grow together and make out of our people all that higher education can make any people.

British taxpayers are audibly grumbling over the amount of the repairs demanded on the different royal residences. Last year $178,750 was asked for repairs, new works, and maintenance, but this year the demand has gone up to $200,725. Marlborough House, the Prince of Wales's town residence, is to have a new hydraulic lift costing $5000. The Queen insists that Buckingham Palace must have entirely new drainage, which will cost her subjects the exact amount of $43,327.02. The Duke of York's residence, White Lodge, is to have an additional bathroom at a cost of $2960. Holyrood and Hampton Court are also down for extensive repairs.

Tivoli's famous waterfalls are now utilized to provide electric power for lighting Rome. The power is conveyed eighteen miles over the wires, and in the daytime is used to drive the street cars.

THE EMPORIUM AND THE PARROT BUILDING.

1. The great dome and the cafe. 2. The main vestibule. 3. Corridor on the mezzanine floor. 4. The Oriental Department. 5. The main staircase.
6. The Parrott Building, from the intersection of Powell and Eddy Streets; the Baldwin Hotel to the left.

[Photographs by R. J. Waters.]

THE CLOSING AT STANFORD.

Down at Stanford they have been spending the week graduating the Class of '96. The hailing forth of young men from their college has become a matter of much form, but there were features to this "closing week" that were all Stanford's own and not of the orthodox pattern. To begin with there was the closing game of baseball between the students and the faculty, with President Jordan, big, bespectacled and enthusiastic, behind the bat. It may not have been the greatest of ball that was played, but it was the greatest of sport, not only for the players but for the crowd. There was no surrendering of dignity in President Jordan's action. He stood on the same plane with the boys on the baseball field that he does in the class-room—simply that of a leader in all the work that goes to make a man. As one of the boys said on Saturday:

"He can stop an out-shoot just as well as he can pick a fish to pieces and tell the history of its fathers. At the bat he is a slugger, and the proudest man on the field is the student pitcher when he fools the 'Prex' with a lively drop." He plays ball for all that is in him, does this two hundred and twenty pound president of a university. Was there ever a time when President Martin Kellog of Berkeley played baseball? But perhaps this is an irreverent question.

On Monday came more serious work, though the day began with a farce—a satire on students, faculty and the Berkeley University—written by W. H. Irwin, of '96. It was cleverly written, cleverly acted, and was a big success. A Berkeley man was in love with a Stanford maid, and to see her he passed himself off as a professor in sporadic microphology, which involved him and every one else in no end of complications. There were three scenes to this little piece—the lobby of Encina Hall, the library of Sporadic Microphology, and Lovers' Corner in the Quadrangle. The cast was as follows:

Jack Latham, Stanford, '96 ..... H. H. Brown.
Tom Stone, Stanford, '97, Jack's chum.. ..... M. A. Folsom.
Ned Evans, Berkeley, '96, in love with Nell Holton..G. P. Baldwin.
The Rev. Dr. Holton, Yale, '64..... .....Benjamin F. Bledsoe.
J. W. Wilkins, Stanford, '98, collector of everything ..... H. S. Hicks.
Fred Simpson, Stanford, '97, dweller in Encina. .....G. W. Ritter.
Nell Holton, Stanford, '96 ..... Miss Anne Martin.
Flossie Freshe, Stanford, '99..... .....Miss Sarah Comstock.
Mathilda Prim, Stanford, '97..... Miss A. Kohler.
The Telegraph Girl..... ..... Miss F. Lord.

Students in sporadic microphology.

Of course, the play was full of *hits*, local and otherwise, Stanford's Blue and Gold rivals coming in for a good share, but the audience was, for the most part, made up of collegians, or those well versed in college matters and the "hits" told.

Most of the Fraternities kept "open house" and had their guests of the day to lunch. In the afternoon Class Day "exercises" were held in the "Quad." The new feature of these exercises was the dedication of the class-plate in the quadrangle. A metal plate bearing the figures "'96" is set into the floor of the "Quad," and here each succeeding class that goes out is to leave a plate, until the great square is tiled with these memorials.

A lamentation has gone up over the departure of '96, a wail of heartfelt grief, for with '96 goes about three-fourths of the 'Varsity football team. Think of it! eight men off the eleven at one fell swoop, men like Cochran and Frankenheimer, hardly to be spared. Commencement is all very fine, and Class Day exercises and farces and Senior balls and Junior "Proms," and flowers and gas, and the cup that cheers and does inebriate, the "*Glitter of the Glamor*" is all there, as it ever was; but underneath the jingling gayety is a sterner note. What Stanford is thinking of chiefly during this Commencement week is how the University is going to build up a new football team by next Thanksgiving day. "An Intercollegiate Affair" did admirably as the title of Monday's farce; but with the team, *the* team, all but wiped out, the Stanford undergraduate cannot but look forward to that other intercollegiate affair, just six months away, that is worked out on the gridiron field, and that is not a farce, however.

JORDAN AT THE BAT.
The Only Baseball Player Who Is Also President of a University.

THE PARROTT BUILDING.

A LITTLE WORLD OF STEEL AND STONE.

There is always inspiration in mere size. Enormity alone compels the admiration, independent of beauty of outline and symmetry of form. But an immense structure such as the Parrott Building, at once big and beautiful, has in itself all the majesty of an enormous granite cliff subdued to the demands of art, conquered, as it were, and trained up, by human agency, to conform itself to the laws of proportion, and the requirements of artistic design.

One can see now the finished effect, but consider for a moment a few figures, representing the amount of material employed, to arrive at the result. In the matter of excavation alone, 77,000 cubic yards of earth had to be removed before a single brick could be laid; and while speaking of bricks it may be well to add that 5,000,000 were used before the huge structure was complete. This was the largest contract of its kind ever let in San Francisco.

The larger dimensions of the Emporium are astounding. The ground floor is one single vast room, covering an area of 275 feet by 250 feet, merely divided by fixtures into various departments. The main naves, 40 feet wide, form grand promenades, running from end to end of the building, while from their center springs the great glass dome, as light and airy as some vast crystal bubble, 100 feet in diameter, and as many more in height from the pavement.

The pavement itself is mosaic, admirable in its color effect, and composed of tesseræ of African, European, and American marbles, with deep borders of Grecian patterns. There are 30,000 square feet of this mosaic work in the building, and at least 4,000,000 pieces were used in their laying.

Sixty-five thousand cubic feet of sandstone went to build the Market Street façade alone. It was selected with the greatest discrimination, care being especially taken that it should combine the requisites of strength and enduring qualities together with a color suitable to the design of the building. It was necessary as well that the stone should be furnished rapidly and in large blocks, as a great number of the pieces required weighed on an average twelve tons each. One of the large arch-stones weighs eighteen and one-half tons, and for hoisting it to place a specially arranged hoisting gear had to be employed.

This has been called the "Cement Age," and surely the name is justified if the Emporium be taken as a type of the modern building. Over 20,000 barrels of cement were used in the foundations, plastering, tiling, and for the pavement of the sidewalk. For the last, a French cement was used, guaranteed by the French Government Inspector who inspected all the barrels before they left the works.

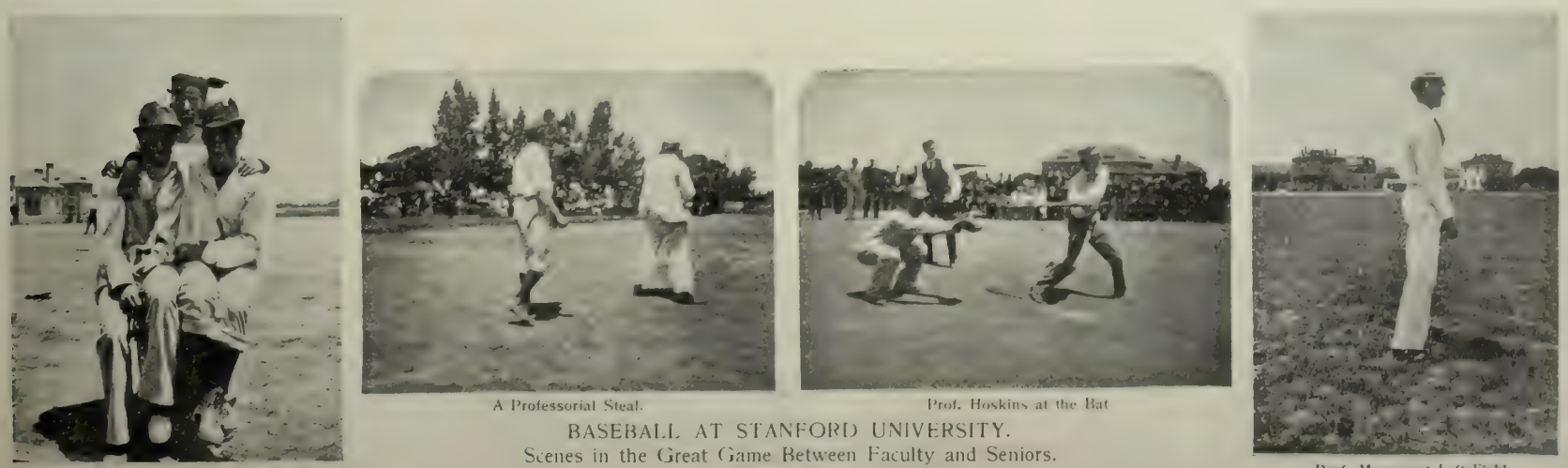
The foundation piers for the steel columns were made of concrete. There were 302 piers distributed over the whole site, varying in size from nine feet square to twenty-two feet square, and eight feet deep. The exterior piers of both fronts and the retaining walls are fifteen feet high above the basement floor and are of concrete.

It is very interesting to observe the peculiar and extraordinary precautions that have been taken against the spread of fire. The first two stories of the Emporium are in steel skeleton frame construction, and above that are walls of solid stone. The roof space, wherein in ordinarily constructed buildings fire will spread with almost inconceivable rapidity, is divided into a number of compartments by means of Hollow Tiling. This tiling is made from a fire-resisting cement, found in Southern California, mixed with cinders and ground clinkers. The result is a light, tough concrete that is a very poor conductor of heat; altogether 300,000 square feet of these partition walls have been built.

The general impression of the Emporium from the outside is one of solidity and stability. On the inside, especially when standing under the great dome, the exterior effect is replaced by one of exceeding lightness and delicacy. The light color of the paint where paint is used, the clear flood of light from the skylight, the slender columns and intricate iron work, all combine to produce an impression of airiness and gayety that is admirable.

Pissis and Moore are the architects, and have made for San Francisco a truly beautiful building. It is due to the taste and judgment of this firm that we can now claim a department store equal to any in the cities of the old world.

Amsterdam has now municipalized the water and telephone service of the city. Next year it will take possession of the gas works and, as soon as possible, of the street-car service.



Seniors Costumed as Plantation Darkies. A Professorial Steal. Prof. Hoskins at the Bat Prof. Murray at Left Field.

BASEBALL AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY.
Scenes in the Great Game Between Faculty and Seniors.
[Photos by Thors.]

A DECADENT PERIODICAL.

THE LAST ISSUE OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S QUARTERLY.

The second number of the new decadent quarterly called *The Savoy* has made its appearance, and in its introduction Arthur Symonds, the editor, takes occasion to thank the press for the flattering notice the critics vouchsafed the preceding issue, adding, in truly decadent spirit, "none the less flattering because for the most part unfavorable."

Whether or no it be due to graver second thought or to the "flattering" denunciation of an outraged press, the second number of the quarterly is an improvement on its predecessor.

For one thing, the illustrations are more attractive. Aubrey Beardsley at his best, or worst, contributes one of his latest illustrations, "The Rape of the Lock." Besides, there is an admirable charcoal study in soft, blurred outlines called "The Diver," by Charles H. Shannon, whose signature also appears under another drawing, "Salt Water," full of grace and softness and beauty.

The literary features of the book are up to the standard set by the illustrations. Cæsaro Lambroso's article, entitled "A Mad Saint," is sure to be widely read. The theory Signor Lambroso develops is that all saints are in a way necessarily insane, and that the germ of holiness as well as that of genius is to be sought for and found amongst the insane. It is a sort of reversion of the other well-known theory—that the germ of insanity is to be discovered in geniuses. Lambroso's mad saint is an Italian woman, a certain Maria G., whom the doctor discovers one day at his clinic. Lambroso details her antecedents and her modes of life before disclosing the fact that she dreams dreams and sees visions. Her visions are of all sorts from unclean spirits in the guise of beasts up to the Diety Himself, who appears to her in intolerably bright raiment and charges her with missions which she endeavors to fulfil. A few centuries ago she would have been a saint—have founded cults, have become an historical event. Now she remains simple Maria G., a daft Italian peasant woman, whose story in the pages of decadent literature serves to wile away an idle hour.

Paul Verlaine, his eccentricities and individualities, is almost a feature of the issue. Edmond Gosse, the eminent English critic, writes of "The First Sight of Verlaine." W. B. Yeats, the young poet upon whose shoulders some say has fallen the lyric mantle of Robert Louis Stevenson, describes "Verlaine in '94," while Verlaine himself is represented by an article descriptive of his London visit.

More interesting to the general reader, however, is an article on Nietzsche, the brilliant German philosopher, detailing some of the strange characteristics of his genius. The article is timely, in view of the recent publication of Nietzsche's treatise on Wagner.

In the pages devoted to fiction we are introduced to a very shocking young lady, who swears, drinks brandy, smokes cigars, and finally comes home drunk, and has to be put to bed by her husband—truly, a new woman with a vengeance. There is no great plot to the tale, but it is interesting from a decadent point of view. Another story is "Countess Marie of the Angels," a charming, graceful

The Rape of the Lock, by Aubrey Beardsley.
[From *The Savoy*.]

little story by Earnest Dawson. "Rosa Alchemica," by Mr. Yeats, is distinctly a "literary production," written with a fine feeling for style and an admirable precision in the matter of words and phraseology. It is fantastic and weird to a degree, dealing largely with mesmerism and alchemy.

The continuation of Aubrey Beardsley's "Under the Hill" completes the volume. It is imagination run riot, the last extremity of *dégenerescence*, but wonderfully good of its kind. Fanfreluche, the abbe, awakes in his new bedroom, and as he lies back on his silken pillows, catches glimpses through the window curtains of sunlit lawns, and silvery fountains, and shady trees, beneath which are seated groups of early breakfasters. The abbe nurses his awakening thoughts, which Mr. Beardsley considers worthy of tabulating, as follows:

He thought of the Romaunt of the Rose, beautiful but all so brief; of the Claude in Lady Delaware's collection; of a wonderful pair of blonde trousers he would get Madam Belleville to make for him; of a mysterious park, full of faint echoes and harmonic sounds; of a great stagnant lake, that must have held the subtlest frogs that ever were, and was surrounded with dark, unreflected trees and sleeping fleurs de lis; of Saint Rose, the virgin, and how she vowed herself to perpetual virginity when she was but fourteen years old. He thought of the splendid opening of Racine's "Brittanicus"; of a strange pamphlet, called "A Plea for the Domestication of the Unicorn"; of Morale's Madonnas, with their high, egg-shaped, creamy foreheads, and well-groomed, silken hair; of Rossini's Stabat Mater, that delightful demodé piece of decadence, with a quality in its music like the bloom upon wax fruit; of love, and a hundred other things. He proceeds then to read. One book is "Tuesday and Josephine"; another the score of "The Rheingold." Then, at eleven, he rises, swings around, dives into his bath, and is dried by the attendants of the fairy princess. Then he goes out, meets the beauteous Helena, and goes with her to feed Adolphe, the milk-white unicorn with the ivory hoofs, who has a pretty palace of his own, made of green foliage and golden bars. Adolphe, by the way, is fed on spicy buns, and snorts in the process.

Well, it's a curious production, is *The Savoy*. In the main it's *not* literature, but rather the strange weaving of bright threads into curious designs—done chiefly for the sake of

A Vision, by W. T. Horton.
"Give heed to seducing spirits."—1 Timothy, iv. 1.

the weaving, interesting mainly for the ingenuity of the weavers.

"Why, the 'Savoy'!" exclaims Mr. Zangwill, "I know not, unless it is to suggest gilded restaurants and flowing champagne and strange sins."—*Leonard Smithers, The Effingham House, London.*

THE CITY HALL DOME.

San Francisco has its City Hall, and its City Hall has its dome. Its builders are proud of it, and thoughtless citizens admire it. The day has long since passed when architecture ceased to express an idea, or transmitted a meaning—that is, a valuable idea or an intelligent meaning. Our City Hall dome is perhaps the last dome, of the last days, of the last degenerate epoch of architecture for perhaps the next half century. It is probably the last important swing of the pendulum of the ignorant political conceit that has dominated the building of public "monuments" during the past half century. It has in fact spanned over the intervening awakening. It has been a bridge over which our politicians have tried to reach the new era. They have sincerely tried to do the right thing. They have recognized the advent of the new architectural epoch. They have tried to assume the manners of it, but have lacked the qualifications that insure success. Their attempt is but a poor masquerade. They have to their credit the sincerity of their effort. They have to credit their ignorance to their range of vision, which has been merely local. Had they been capable of looking farther afield they might have recognized their disqualifications and contented themselves with mere office holding. The removal of angels' wings might have been considered beyond the scope of their abilities and the question of art have been given a hearing. The contour of their dome might not have outraged all the lines of beauty inherent in domes.

Caricature of Aubrey Beardsley, by Max Beerbohm.

The gentlemen who are pleased to call themselves architects will not find their counterparts connected in any responsible capacity with the invention of any new architecture that the cleverness and the wisdom of the new American people is to produce. Men and conditions that create characteristics in style such as our old mission and colonial types, the Gothic of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance of the fifteenth century, are not the kind that accept such characteristics as fit models for imitation or reproduction.

Our City Hall dome is a valuable object lesson, and while it undoubtedly pleases its builders, gratifies the thoughtless citizen, and astounds the bucolic visitor, it furnishes sustenance to the thoughtful student, and though domes are only built about twice in a century, it supplies the world with a nineteenth century example of political ignorance and permanently records the principal vice of the age—spoils—and that, too, perhaps, without having been a sluice through which the spoils were distributed, but a sort of penance for the outrages perpetrated in the sacred name of art as tribute to that great institution, practical politics, which controlled the building of the cradle which rocks the dome—the City Hall.

WILLIS POLK.

Because of the number of prominent personages its entertainments involve, the periodical "Jinks" of the Bohemian Club have assumed a semi-public interest. Within its membership the institution includes certain of the brightest writers and most brilliant orators of our community, and their concentration on a particular occasion ensures its illumination, and the amusement, instruction, perhaps the amazement of the immediate audience. At the last jinks on Saturday night "Problems" was the topic, and Dr. Rosenstirn officiated as Sire. "Problems is susceptible of innumerable constructions, and the speakers on this occasion justified their selection by illustrating a few of its variegated phases. The Sire confined his ministrations to introducing the orators, commenting, of course, in a manner peculiar to sires who are neat of speech, on the peculiarities of the especial phase and its relation to the personality of the speaker. For instance, there was Sam Shortridge, in whose mind the subject took a patriotic aspect, and he soared into the rhetorical empyrean and vigorously fluttered the feathers of the national bird.

W. H. L. Barnes conceived a serious view of "Problems," and tackled the great mysteries of life and nature which defy solution. It was quite a fine effort this, characteristically brilliant. Uncle George Bromley solved the subject in an arithmetical way, and humorously detailed the experiences of his younger days, when problems had a mathematical meaning and were dealt with by dint of pencil and slate.

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"MAN PROPOSES."—No. 2.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

He was a coal-heaver, and all that day he had been toiling at the dockyards with his fellows, carrying sacks of coal into a steamer's hold. The fatigue of work had been fearful; for full eight hours he had labored, wrestling with the inert, crushing weight of the sacks, fighting with the immense, stolid blocks of coal, smashing them with sledge-hammers, sweating at his work, grimed like a negro with the coal-dust.

It was after six now, and he was on his way home. A fine, cold rain was falling, and over his head and shoulders he had thrown an empty coal sack, havelock-fashion.

He was an enormous man, strong as a dray-horse, big-boned, heavily muscled, slow in his movements. His feet and hands were huge and knotted and twisted, and misshapen by hard usage. Through the grime of the coal-dust one could but indistinctly make out his face. The eyes were small, the nose flat, and the lower jaw immense, protruding like the jaws of the carnivora, and thrusting the thick lower lip out beyond the upper. His father had been a coal-heaver before him, and had worked at that trade until he had been killed in a strike. His mother had drank herself into an asylum, and had died long ago.

He went on homeward through the fine drizzle. He thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, gripping his sides with his elbows, drawing his shoulders together, shrinking into a small compass in order to be warm. His head was empty of all thought; his only idea was to get home and to be warm—to be fed, and then to sleep. At length he reached the house.

He pushed open the door of the kitchen, then paused on the threshold exclaiming, "What *you* doing here?"

She straightened up from the wash-tub and pushed the hair out of her eyes with the back of one smoking hand. "Yi sister's sick again, so I come in to bear a hand with the wash," she explained. "Yonder's your supper," and she jerked a bare elbow at the table with its linoleum cover. He did not answer, but went straight to his food, eating slowly with the delicious pleasure of a glutton, his huge jaws working deliberately, incessantly. She returned to the tubs, her shoulders rising and falling over the scrubbing-board with a continuous rhythmical movement. There was no conversation.

He finished his supper and sat back in his chair with a long breath of satisfaction and content, and slowly wiped his lips with the side of his hand. Then he turned his huge body clumsily about and looked at her. Her back was toward him, but he could catch occasional indistinct glimpses of her face in the steam-blurred mirror that hung on the wall just above the tub.

She was not very young, and she was rather fat; her lips were thick and very red and her eyes were small, her neck was large and thick and very white, and on the nape the hair grew low and curling.

Still watching her, he straightened out a leg, and thrusting his hand deep into his trousers' pocket drew out his [illegible] a stemmed clay pipe.

The tips of her bare elbows were red, and he noted with interest how this little red flush came and went as her arms bent and straightened.

In the other pocket he found his plug of tobacco and his huge horn-handled clasp knife. He settled his pipe comfortably in the corner of his mouth and began to cut off strips of tobacco from the plug with great deliberation.

As her body rose and fell, he watched curiously the wrinkles and folds forming and reforming about her thick corsetless waist.

E. H. GRIGGS,
Professor of Ethics Leland Stanford Jr. University.
He espoused the cause of female suffrage at the Women's Convention, and was dubbed the Ideal Man by Rev. Anna H. Shaw.

He shut his knife with a snap and slipped it back into his pocket and began to grind the strips of tobacco between his palms, his eyes still fixed upon her.

Little beads of perspiration stood on her forehead and glistened in the hair on the nape of her neck. She breathed rapidly, and he remarked how her big white throat alternately swelled and contracted.

He took his pipe from his lips and filled it, stoppering it with his thumb, put it back unlit between his teeth and dusted his leathery palms together slowly. Then he let his huge hands fall upon his knees, palms upward. He sat motionless, watching her fixedly. He was warm now, crammed with food, stupid, content, inert, and the animal within him purred and stretched itself. There was a long silence.

"Say," he exclaimed at length, with the brutal abruptness of crude, simple natures, "listen here. I like you better'n any one else. What's the matter with us two gett'n married, huh?"

She straightened up quickly and faced him, putting back her hair from her face with the same gesture of her soapy hand, drawing back from him frightened and bewildered.

"Say, will you?" he repeated. "Say, huh, will you? come on, lets."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, instinctively, refusing without knowing why, suddenly seized with the fear of him, the intuitive feminine fear of the male.

He could only say: "Ah, come on; ah, come on," repeating the same thing over and over again.

She, more and more frightened at his enormous hands, his huge square-cut head and his enormous brute strength, cried out "No, no!" shaking her head violently, holding out her hands and shrinking from him.

He laid his unlit pipe on the table and got up and came near to her, his immense feet dragging and grinding on the bare floor.

"Ah, come on," he repeated; "what's the matter with us two gett'n married. Come on; why not?"

She retreated from him and stood on the other side of the tub.

"Why not," he persisted; "don't you like me well enough?"

"Yes."

"Then why not?"

"Because——"

"Ah, come on," he repeated. There was a silence, the hundred tiny bubbles in the suds of the wash-tub were settling and bursting with a prolonged and tiny crackling sound. He came around to where she stood, penning her into the corner of the room. "Huh, why not?" he asked. She was warm from her exertions at the tub and as he stood over her she seemed to him to exhale a delicious feminine odor, that appeared to come alike from her hair, her mouth, the nape of her neck. Suddenly he took her in his enormous arms, crushing down her struggle with his immense brute strength. Then she gave up all at once, glad to yield to him and to his superior force, willing to be conquered. She turned her head to him and they kissed each other full on the mouth, brutally, grossly.

THE AUTOCRAT'S LIFE.

BIOGRAPHY OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

All the reading public the world over knows vaguely of Oliver Wendell Holmes. We have been told, for instance, that he was the most lovable and kindly of men, genial and charming, and almost peerless in after-dinner talk; that he was versatile to a degree which was, at times, actually startling; at one moment talking philosophy with Emerson, and at another plunged into an exciting controversy over the latest prize fight, which he was able to discuss in all the technical language of the roped arena.

Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., however, in his admirable *Life and Letters* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) shows the amiable Doctor in this, his generally received character, but shows much more in addition. It is curious to discover what a singularly uneventful life was that of the Autocrat, how much he was *in* the world, yet how little *of* it. Living as he did throughout the most stirring period of American history, he took no especial interest in the great questions which were tearing asunder the North and the South. These subjects Holmes left for the great inspired poets among his contemporaries, the Whittiers and the Longfellows. Mr. Morse doubts whether Holmes *was* a great inspired poet, but adds: "There is no doubt at all that he was a charming singer according to a distinction which, it must be admitted, would affect the standing of some of the most delightful versifiers from the days of Sappho and Anacreon down to this current year. A song half occult, but not less delicious for its lurking semi-concealment, nestled in a very large proportion of his short poems, which means his best poems, since there can be no question that lyric poetry was his proper field. Truly, the lyre was never far away from him in his happiest moods. His melody was absolutely perfect; he could take any form of rhyme ever devised by song-makers, and render perfect music with it. He was a consummate master of all that is harmonious, graceful, and pleasant in rhythm and in language. He played with measures with such light, natural mastery as Hawthorne tells us that the Faun displayed in dancing. In all respects his literary finish defied fault-finding. His perfect taste could never be deceived. He had more, even, than taste or judgment or discretion: he had a quality which must be called tact. Is there in all literature a lyric in which drollery, passing nigh unto ridicule, yet stopping short of it, and sentiment becoming pathos, yet not too profound, are so exquisitely intermingled as in 'The Last Leaf'? To spill into the mixture the tiniest fraction of a drop too much of either ingredient was to ruin all. How skilfully, how daintily, how unerringly Doctor Holmes compounded it, all readers of English know well. It was a light and trifling bit, if you will, but how often has it made the smile and the tear dispute for mastery, in a rivalry which is never quite decided. It was the best, but not the only instance of his power in this way. The like rare capacity may be seen especially in some of the later of the poems, written for the meetings of the class of 1829. It was the best proof of how truthful the Doctor's sensitiveness was—so delicate and so unerring that it reminds us of some scientific instrument of the most exquisite mechanism." Mr. Morse tells us further that Holmes's ambition was to be considered rather as a poet than as an essayist or a novelist, and that he regarded *The Chambered Nautilus* as the best effort of his life.

There are plenty of amusing anecdotes all through the book, as, for instance, one attributed to Colonel Wentworth Higginson. Higginson averred that he had never met two men whose talk was so habitually brilliant as that of Holmes and Lowell. Neither, however, in the Colonel's opinion, had learned the London art of repression, and often monopolized the conversation. "He (Higginson) had a reminiscence of a dinner given to Doctor and Mrs. Stowe, at which Lowell endeavored to convince Mrs. Stowe that *Tom Jones* was the best novel ever written, while Holmes, at the other end of the table, was endeavoring to convince Professor Stowe (a clergyman) that all swearing owed its origin to the pulpit. The story is as characteristic as it is amusing."

Here is another anecdote that touches San Franciscans nearer home: "The Bohemian Club, celebrating a festal evening in San Francisco, chose Doctor Holmes to membership, and at once dispatched a telegram notifying him [illegible] honor. The message reached Boston in the dead of [illegible] and no reply was expected. What was the astonishmen[illegible] the Club when, before adjournment, a messenger boy brought the following responsive dispatch:

> "Message from San Francisco' Whisper low
> Asleep in bed an hour or more ago.
> While on his peaceful pillow he reclines,
> Say to his friend who sent these loving lines
> 'Silent unanswering, still to friendship true,
> He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you.'"

Mr. Morse discovers to us as well the more serious side of the Autocrat's life, the side with which the public is, unfortunately, almost totally unfamiliar. "Intellectually," says Mr. Morse, "he was a close and logical reasoner. . . . The following seems to be a very striking letter on immortality; it stands by itself, so far as I know, amid all those he has

A NEW GRACE DARLING.
Miss Laura Bradshaw, whose strength and presence of mind saved the yacht "Rover" from destruction in Oakland Creek.

publicly or privately written." The letter is to John Lindley, and is labeled "Private—an impromptu answer":

BOSTON, December 28, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—I should prefer to say that I *trust* there will be a righting of this world's evils for each and all of us in a future state, than say that I share the unquestioning certainty of many of those about me. The natural argument seems to me against the supposition. In the year 1800 I was not, to the best of my knowledge. Since that time my consciousness has been evoked, and my experiences have been accumulated. I do not see that I have any natural ground for claiming the future any more than the past, other than my conviction that it is or ought to be so, a conviction which is sometimes strong and sometimes weak, as in the experience of many others.

I have seen many human consciousnesses put together like my own. They were at one time represented by the unconscious life of the *ova*. By and by they got sense, intellect, will, conscience, experience.

But I have seen many consciousnesses taken to pieces also—they lost the senses to a great extent; the intellect, and of course the conscience with the will were enfeebled, almost lost, and the experiences of life so erased that the wife forgot her husband, the mother her children.

The natural conclusion would be that this gradual decay ends in extinction. The question might well be asked, whether the individuality so nearly lost in this world is likely to be restored by the destruction of the organism.

I *hope* and *trust* that my feelings are right, which tells me that this world demands a complement.

If the evidence of the New Testament is a proof (and not merely a probability of a certain value, variously estimated by different honest persons), there is no need of asking the question.

One thing seems to me clear—that if the future life is to be for the bulk of mankind what the larger part of our pulpits teach, namely, a condition of hopeless wo, there is no reason why we should wish to have proof of another life.

The more I consider the doctrine of eternal punishment, the more it seems to me a heathenish institution. . . . . We must carry to any future life the characters we form here, and these must influence, if they do not determine, our condition. O. W. HOLMES.

There was a time in Holmes's day when these words were considered most horrid heresy. It is a significant mark of the times that to-day such sentiments are, if anything, conservative.

As can be seen from the passage quoted, Mr. Morse himself is a litterateur of no mean ability, often expressing himself with a really exquisite felicity of word and phrase.

The book makes admirable reading, and is a genuine addition to literature, Mr. Morse apparently striking just the right proportion between Memoir and Correspondence The illustrations to the books (the work is in two volumes) are few but chosen with discrimination. Especially good is the etched portrait of Holmes in 1850, which is the frontispiece to Vol. I.

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THE YELLOW STORE
NEXT WHITE HOUSE

THINGS AND PEOPLE

IT IS EVIDENT that Mr. Spreckels' talent is not political. He is unfortunate in his affiliations, and lacks the diplomatic skill which makes combinations and captures conventions. His late alliances, though costly, don't seem to have won him the control he longed for. His course is punctuated by defeat; he has arrayed against him innumerable enemies; outside his own little coterie there are no kind words for his administration, and however excellent his intentions, his manner of execution, and the character of the political staff by which he has surrounded himself, arouse serious misgivings in the minds of sober and honest citizens. Only in the small circle of his intimates is there any regret at the turning down of E. F. Preston, which so emphatically demonstrated Mr. Spreckels failure to control the Executive Committee. Major McLaughlin, though not an opponent of the Sugar King, is under no obligation to him, and is, moreover, the type of man who cannot either be influenced or persuaded. Though independent, he is in the best sense a programmer, and may be depended on to adhere to the cause of his friends. The actual chief of the party, the veritable State Boss, is Jim Rea of San Jose, whose combination with the South yields him control of the committee. He divides supremacy with Henry Lindley, who has perhaps a better organizing faculty than the ex-Railroad Commissioner, though he has not the popular personality and genial manner which have so often lauded Jim in office and disconcerted his enemies at the polls. This new alliance is the fruit of Rea's indignation at the Republican Convention two years ago, when Burns and Spreckels controlled everything, and allowed no outsider a voice in its affairs. Returning home the energetic San Josean vowed he'd recruit a personal organization which would follow his leadership to the bitter end. His great popularity, combined with A. P. A. affiliations (he controls that body in Santa Clara County), soon landed the ex-Railroad Commissioner where his ambition directed. The combination with Lindley was brought about easily enough by mutual Protective Association sympathies, and the rest followed in due course. I am informed that the Santa Clara boss has been for months past in confidential communication with Mark Hanna and Colonel Grosvenor in Washington. At their suggestion that a strong Californian be sent on to Canton to aid in the campaign, George Knight, a consistent friend of Rea, went East, and I am told it is on the cards to have George second the McKinley nomination—decidedly an honor to the State and the orator. All this means, of course, that Jim Rea is close to the throne, and in the event of McKinley's election will have a corner of the President's ear when it comes to the distribution of federal patronage.

* * *

IN THE DEMOCRACY the interesting fight is that directed against the candidacy of Frank Gould for Chairman of the Convention. The Associated Villainies are opposed to his aspirations, but as he seems to be safe for the place, they are bending energy to defeat him in Stockton. Of course the condition of distinction at Sacramento depends on his election as a delegate, so the enemy is trying to encompass his undoing in San Joaquin County. I doubt the measure of their success, for Gould is strong in his own burg and safe for selection. The Buckleyites had Lieutenant-Governor Jeter in town the other day grooming him as an opposition candidate. He listened unwillingly to a variety of propositions, and without consenting or declining left himself in the hands of his friends. I fear when the convention is called to order Jeter will find the hands in question are those of his enemies.

* * *

IT CANNOT truly be said the new directorate of the Pacific-Union Club offers brilliant prospects of rejuvenation to the institution. Eminent respectability is its best characteristic. It is as sedate and as safe as a monument, and will neither lead the club into temptation nor a new building; its election means but another increase in the membership of the University and Bohemian Clubs. The young element has neither voice nor say, and the new condition but perpetuates the prevailing stagnation. It would be interesting to learn just how the downfall of the opposition ticket was precipitated. I imagine the men composing it were good for a fight, but Ed Hopkins and his coadjutors of the regular schedule bowled them over like ninepins, and lo! they are elected by default. Mr. Hopkins is to be president, I believe, and George Newhall secretary. According to the latest amended Constitution, eight members compose the Board, the fifteen-puzzle system, with its three-year attachments, having been voted out of existence.

* * *

THE EJECTMENT of Superintendent Weaver from the Almshouse, a feat achieved by heroic efforts, has given currency to many yarns. For a long time the accomplishment of the Governor's desires was frustrated by the determined stand of Dr. Williamson, the Republican member of the board, on behalf of Weaver, whom, it seems, is a distant relative of his wife—a relationship unsuspected until after his appointment. Great was the indignation bred by this struction; but as the law compelled unanimous expulsion the others were powerless. However, there are more ways of killing a cat than mere drowning him, and Williamson's colleagues finally found an argument which changed his mind. In the distribution of Board of Health patronage the Republican member was given the quarantine office, and he selected his friend Dr. Chalmers for that role, just as Dr. Morse in his turn chose Dr. Lovelace to be Health Officer. When Williamson refused to succumb to the pressure against Weaver, the Board began to pick flaws in the administration of Chalmers. He was watched day and night, and finally caught in a compromising predicament. He had permitted to pass in without proper examination a steamer belonging to The John D. Spreckels Company, which hailed from an infected port. Instantly proceedings were begun to have the Quarantine Officer indicted by the Grand Jury. Papers were drawn up and placed sealed in the hands of the District Attorney, and then Williamson was warned that the continuance of the Weaver regime in the Almshouse meant the indictment of his pet, Chalmers. He succumbed to save the latter but at the expense of his other friend, the Superintendent.

* * *

After all, it is its vicissitudes that lend color to life and make it worth living. Another instance of the regenerative possibilities of the individual is furnished by the case of the well-known author, Morley Roberts, whose name is familiar to readers of the London periodicals. It is signed to vivid and passionate stories of Western adventure—wild tales of exploits and happenings by flood and field, told with considerable dash and vim. No question of the ability of the man, especially in his latest yarns, though the longer efforts, written ere he began to appear in the *English Illustrated* and *Chapman's Fiction Magazine*, were sentimental and maudlin rather than literary in tone. Eight years

JOSEPH LE CONTE
Professor of Geology at the University of California.
[Photograph by Thors.]

ago Morley Roberts was engaged on Mrs. Hood's ranch up in Los Guilicos Valley tending the live stock of that lady. He was a sufficiently presentable fellow and kept the place some months. However, he did not impress the Hoods with any surplus gentility, and there was a difference of opinion over the manner in which his duties were executed. In consequence, he made as dignified an exit as the condition permitted, and no one ever expected to hear of him again. But lo, some two years ago he revisited Los Guilicos, and reintroduced himself to Mrs. Hood, informing her that he had found in fiction a field for his talent. He was invited to spend a couple of days with the family, and I am told he aired himself as the most popular among English novelists, which, in view of the sales of his rivals, was bolder imagination than his pen had ever compassed. Subsequently he utilized his experiences at Los Guilicos in a story which appeared serially in the *Illustrated London News*, and which indicated quite plainly that stable-keeping in California is not a form of enjoyment.

* * *

RATHER amusing the efforts of the dailies to explain the dismissal of Chief Clerk Barnett of the Mint. An old friend of John Daggett, secretary of the Santa Rosalie Mining Company and identified with the Superintendent's various interests and many ambitions, he, if any one, should have remained in the service. But he is out and angry, and the reporters have not yet found why. Strange to say Mr. Barnett offers no solution of his own exit, though he has a knife out for Daggett, while the latter is as mute over the matter as Mt. Shasta. However, there is gossip in the inner circle about a transaction which, if it does not actually account for the rupture, is good reason for it. When the employees of the Mint invested in the Santa Rosalie they were guided by the advice of Mr. Daggett, who, knowing the value and advantage of the property, was anxious they should share its profits. A dozen at least had stock, for which they paid but little, and the discovery of rich ore speedily converted these holdings into a desirable asset. A sense of the uncertainty of mining is implanted in this community, however, and the little coterie in spite of favorable prospects kept an eye out for malign portents. As secretary of the company and the confidential friend of Daggett, they assumed that Deputy Barnett would know the psychological moment at which to sell, and his expressions on the subject were eagerly canvassed. It happened that excellent news had come from the Santa Rosalie indicating a big dividend, and as it filtered through Mr. Barnett's mind it aroused a regret that his individual holding was too small to add much to his income. So he thought up a little scheme, and when his cronies among the stockholders approached for news he was gloomy of demeanor and alleged that he had sold out his shares, carefully naming a third party as the purchaser, with the rider that the same man was a "good thing" and could be saddled with more. There was a general rush to unload while yet the "good thing" was willing, and in a day or two, half the stockholders had transferred their holdings, at a good profit it is true, but at nothing resembling the value of the shares.

* * *

If Mr. Barnett had really been smart he would not have descended to such a trick, for it soon came to light that the "good thing" was his own creature and that the stock had been retransferred to his name. In a few hours the fact had penetrated the entire Mint, and in due course came to the ears of Superintendent Daggett. Soon after the conversation that then ensued, the office of Chief Clerk was vacant, and there is general agreement in the inner circle, as I have indicated, that the two events were cause and effect. Of course the severance of relations may be due to a different contingency, but it is certain Mr. Barnett and the Superintendent are no longer friends. The former was seen on Market Street on Saturday last on the arm of Chris Buckley—a mortal sin in the eyes of the Mint. The motive of this promenade was Barnett's desire to obtain a proxy for the forthcoming convention, at which he hopes to find an opportunity to assail the reputation of his former friend. Of course the deposed and deceased Boss, whose ears are always wide for anti-Daggett tales, promised him assistance, but I fear that is all Barnett will have for his degradation. Nowadays there is a great gap between the promises of Christopher and their performance.

* * *

Professor Joseph Le Conte of the State University goes East shortly to deliver a series of lectures at the summer schools of several of the Atlantic Coast universities. Professor Joe is now well into the seventies but is as sound as ever in mind and body. On his return I believe he contemplates a camping and tramping trip into the Yosemite. Think of it, when most men of his age must hover over the fire at home, wrapped in shawls, fearful of drafts, wrecks physically and mentally, Professor Joe will sling his blanket roll about his shoulders and plunge into the wilderness of the high Sierras, doing his twenty to thirty miles a day, hardy alike to heat and cold; enduring hardships—positive hardships—from which many a vigorous young man could be excused from shrinking. It has been a matter of genuine regret with the students at the University of California that Professor Joe has given up indefinitely his courses in Zoology and Geology. His classes in these two subjects were so large that no roll was ever called, so consequently the students could absent themselves at will, with impunity, but so far from this being the case, they would present themselves at the lecture rooms ten and fifteen minutes ahead of time in order to secure desirable seats. Professor Joe has one famous lecture on Glaciers that comes early in Geology course. It is a masterpiece of scientific analysis, exquisitely blended with veritable eloquence. At its termination the class invariably breaks into enthusiastic applause. That this should be so, especially when one considers the almost inevitable dryness of the subject, and that the applause should be as it is, quite genuine and spontaneous, is perhaps one of the best evidences of the genius of the veteran scientist.

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AN AMUSING COMPLICATION is reported from the Pacific-Union Club. It is a consequence of the great dinner which Irving Scott gave to celebrate the success of the "Oregon" last week. The feast was worthy of the importance of the event, and to accommodate the long list of guests—army and navy men for the most part—the main dining-room was converted into a banqueting hall. On ordinary, and in fact on all previous occasions, the private dining-room has been the scene of all private festivals, but that apartment was all too narrow for a tithe of Mr. Scott's guests, and it became an alternative between the big dining-hall and the Palace Hotel. The directors concluded to waive precedent, and on Thursday night last the habitués of the institution unbidden to the festal board were compelled to dine in the breakfast-room, a condition which promoted huge discontent. Among the number of the banished was Danny Murphy, whom the condition excited. He determined to protest, and formally lodged a complaint

against Mr. Scott with President Joseph Crockett. The gravamen of his petition was directed against the exclusion of members from the Club's dining-room, an apartment they all held in common. At a subsequent session of the directors, reply was made to Mr. Murphy that it was the privilege of any and every member to have, if he choose to pay for it, the exclusive use of the main dining-room, or any other apartment in the Club. Whereupon Murphy amended his pleadings. He complained of an infringement of the by-laws by Mr. Scott, in inviting to dinner at the Club a number of men who were not members of the Club. Again the board convened, and decided that any member giving a dinner in the Club house had the right to invite as his guests whomsoever he pleased, without transgressing constitution or by-laws.

* * *

Barred out by two novel and yet decided rulings Murphy was at a standstill. Then a happy idea struck him. He asked the privilege of the main dining-hall for an evening in June for the purpose of giving a dinner to all the employees of the San Francisco Gas Company, of which he is a director. This means the invasion of the luxurious sacred salons of the Pacific-Union by a strange and unfamiliar gathering of laborers, mechanics and clerks. What is worse, the prospective host declines to be laughed out of the project, and announces himself determined to execute it, though it costs him a thousand dollars. In addition, following the scheme of Mr. Scott, who had the room decked in flowers arranged to imitate all the color signals of the United States Navy, Mr. Murphy proposes adorning the hall with gas fixtures and leaden pipes, festooned, of course, with blooms, but primarily suggestive of plumbing. The situation is a veritable comedy by itself, and every one is laughing over it but the directors, who cannot escape their own rulings, and Mr. Murphy, who is grim set on teaching them a lesson. Apropos of the banquet, it was really a magnificent affair—the beautiful room embowered in flowers, the tables covered with snowy damask and shining silverware. Among the guests the Government's officers were decidedly in the majority, as might be expected—trial boards, commanders, captains, lieutenants, all the men the event included, together with prominent citizens, bankers and merchants of various degrees. The oratory was congratulatory and informative rather than brilliant, but it was proper on so great an occasion that facts should prevail over rhetoric.

* * *

AN EMISSARY from the Fish Commissioners' office in Washington is due here to investigate the condition of our lobster beds. Though many thousands of these crustaceans have been planted along the Coast, they are not gathered by the fishermen in any abundance north or south—a condition unaccountable, in view of the efforts at propagation the Government has made. It cannot be possible, surely, that subsequent shipments of lobsters shared the fate of the original cargo which was sent to the Coast two decades ago, during the incumbency of Commissioners Dibble and Tom Sherwood, who had as deputy, a well-meaning but ignorant fellow named Shibley. That shipment consisted of 25,000 crustaceans which arrived in good condition, packed in the familiar tin cases of the Fish Commission service. It is well known that crabs are combatants and ready to fight one another on any provocation. In order to preserve the peace during the period of confinement in cans, it is customary to pass a strip of wire around each formidable claw, thus effectively preventing hostilities, during the excursion, at least. The consignment was turned over in due course to Deputy Shibley who hired a tug and set about planting them from Eureka south to Catalina Island. Soon after the accomplishment of this task a representative of the Commission arrived in California and interrogated the deputy about his work.

"You must have had a hard time unwiring all those crabs we sent you," he remarked.

"Not at all," answered the guileless Shibley; "the cans came open all right—every key fitted, and there was not the slightest trouble. I just threw the lobsters over and the brutes looked as healthy as possible."

"What—you mean to say you did not strip the wire off the claws of those twenty-five thousand crabs?" pursued the emissary. "How do you expect they find food without the use of their claws, man?"

"Wire! What did I know about their claws? I followed the orders of the Commissioners, and no one said a word to me about wire," returned Shibley, in dismay.

"That simply means, then, that several thousand dollars, the cost of that shipment, has been thrown away, for by this time every lobster in that lot is dead."

This is the original and true story of the first great lobster shipment. The error was often attributed to Joe Redding, but Shibley was really the guilty man, though much of the blame attached to Messrs. Dibble and Reynolds.

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THE METAMORPHOSIS of prosperity into misfortune is so often exampled here that the tragedy of the transition makes no impression commensurate with its gravity. A curious story is told me, apropos a transaction in the settlement of the late Thomas Bell's estate, which consigns to poverty Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart Bell, who have figured for many years in the rich set at Santa Barbara. Considering the episode concerns the historic litigation of that county and the names of its most notable families, the tale is the better worthy of narrative. The most fiercely contested cause ever fought out in a California court was that involving the Hollister ranch at Santa Barbara, the title to which was claimed by the Den family. After protracted years of trial, retrial and appeal the Supreme Court entered a final judgment, and the Dens proceeded to evict the Hollisters. It was on the night of departure from their historic homestead that the fire occurred which levelled the beautiful old house to the ground—but that is another story. Assuming possession, the land was divided among the members of the victorious family; Mrs. Bell, who had been Miss Den, receiving her share with the rest. She alone had financial ability, and as her brothers proceeded to squander this hard won patrimony, she it was who loaned them money, accepting mortgages on their acres as security. Most of the coin thus invested was derived from Thomas Bell, who during his lifetime proved a generous friend, and aided and abetted their investments.

MISS MAUD ARQUES

The granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murphy of San Jose, and a niece of Bernard Murphy, whose engagement to Dr. Irving Frasse has just been announced.
[Photograph by Marceau.]

* * *

In due course the mortgages were foreclosed and most of the property had passed under the control of Mrs. Bell and her husband. Just about this time Thomas Bell wrote his nephew that he was about to engage in an important transaction. In order to make the best possible showing of his resources, he asked for a flat deed to the ranch and a note for the money advanced—some $90,000 in all, I believe. It was merely to make an appearance, he explained, as the property would be restored in due course. Mrs. Stuart Bell opposed granting the request, this pledging of their total resources without recourse, but so many ties of gratitude bound Bell to his uncle, that he consented finally. Deed and note were sent to San Francisco and soon after Thomas Bell died. The documents were found among his papers; against the fact of their possession there could be made no showing of equity, and the consequence was that the executors, requiring money, disposed of the ranch to the Hibernia Bank, which assumes possession in July next. So all the years of litigation were for naught, the great victory of the Dens over the Hollisters, the clever financiering of Mrs. Stuart Bell goes for nothing. It's a sad ending for so much effort, and the family is properly entitled to sympathy.

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The art departments of the several dailies gathered to celebrate the departure of George E. Lyon and H. Nappenbach, two artists whose signatures are sufficiently familiar to readers of the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*. The former goes to Mr. Hearst's journal, having been called by special telegram to New York, and the latter proceeds to Europe to study in Paris. Lyons has a special proclivity at drawing heads and faces. Certainly he catches a likeness admirably and is clever at all kinds of illustrating. Nappenbach is a conscientious draughtsman, whose best work was done in the Durrant case. The celebration was held at the Maison Riche, and was altogether a jolly affair. Solly Walter presided, and Edgar Peixotto acted as toast-master. Jimmy Swinnerton was present, resplendent in his latest sartorial combination—a frock coat, shepherd's plaid trousers, and a red vest. The effect is strong enough to take photographs with, and proves an advantage in the art room when the electricity gives out. There were speeches, and much laughter, and more compliment. Gordon Ross of the *Bulletin* tried to be serious, and was laughed down. Ernest C. Simpson, city editor of the *Chronicle*, talked some sense at the assemblage, and obtained a hearing. But the fun prevailed and was kept going well into the small hours.

"I'm kissing your hand in gratitude—by proxy."

"Here's to your good resolutions."

SCENES FROM "THE TWO ESCUTCHEONS."

Miss Maxine Elliott and Mr. Frank Worthing.
[Photographs by Thors.]

IN SOCIETY.

HOW THE SMART SET HAS CONTRIVED TO AMUSE ITSELF THIS WEEK.

Oh! but the girls have had a busy week of it

It is a wonder some of them are alive. What with staving off reporters all day, answering the telephone in between times and sitting up all night and wondering how it ever did come about is enough to wreck any constitution.

By Thurs lay evening, 'steen engagements were reported. The air was thick with them; the town was in a ferment. Why there was not a girl or uncaged bachelor left over for next season

Ting-a-ling-ling. It's the electric door—bother. A reporter!

"It is all written up in the office."

"A picture?"

"Yes, we have one down in the office. It is not very good though, and the editor thought perhaps you would rather we published another."

"Ting-a-ling-ling. That is the telephone.

"Hello. Is that you, May? You dear girl. I am delighted. Accept my congratulations."

"What? Oh, come off! I know all about it. Why the Colonel never left your side for even a moment at the theatricals, and when you were posed up on that moon" -and etc., etc., etc.

"Sunset" was kept busy two whole mortal days switching on to San Rafael, for Dame Rumor would unite the dainty maid of honor with the best man, and up in a Washington Street mansion, I am told, they actually peeked through blinds before answering the door bells. And the two sweet sisters, why they just went about with pink cotton—same shade as their tiny ears—stuffed snugly in their ear holes."

But there was one real engagement to discuss—Walter Newhalls and Mrs. Ainsworth of Los Angeles. It made me feel glad and sorry all at once. Walter is such a dear, good fellow. I suppose if in the upper realms we are classed and discussed as things inanimate, he is described as consisting of three parts—good nature, generosity and that fascinating essence which is the soul of what our Parisian brethren term a bon vivant.

Mrs Ainsworth was a Miss Nellie Trowbridge, quite a Los Angeles belle, I hear. She is petite, dainty, with glorious dark eyes and a heart almost as big as her fiancé. All her time is devoted to charity. They are to be married early in the winter and will come up here to reside.

While on the subject of engagements and marriages, is there any pretty little superstition connected with June 2d. I know they (the all wise) say May is unlucky, and there was unlimited rejoicing by the aforesaid parties when 'twas announced that the wedding of Miss Delmas and Mr. Kenny was postponed to June 21st, instead of the same day in May. But as to June 2d, there are to be ever so many weddings that day. Prominent among the many are the nuptials of Miss Jennie Cheesman and Lieutenant Shoemaker, Miss Leah Gerst and Mr. Lowengarter, and Miss Hartley and Livingston Jenks, the young attorney.

The ceremony that will make Miss Cheesman the bride of the gallant officer of the "Philadelphia" is to be extremely quiet, and only relatives and a limited number of intimate friends will attend. It was at first arranged that Miss Gerst's wedding was to be an elaborate affair, but owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Gerst the wedding is to be private. The Jenks-Hartley nuptials, however, will redeem the glory of the day, as it is going to be, so I understand, an elegant affair.

It is sort of a shame that the most elaborate and gorgeous event any season can boast of should come at the very tail end. But I don't suppose that Miss Hobart stopped to consider anything but her love and own sweet will when she decided to be married on the third day of July. Just think of it! Have to get a new gown in July. It has to be a handsome one, and with nary a chance to wear it—unless it be at the McKenna-Martin wedding, which is to take place some time between the first and fifteenth of August—well, until next November. And, then, how will it look? Ah! we all have our crosses to bear.

Apropos, there is not going to be any triple menage at the Hobart mansion. The Lesters are building at Santa Monica, and will make their home down there. The—well, it soon will be—the Baldwins will keep house all by themselves—boarding, you know, is no longer fashionable. And Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart are to reign supreme at the Van Ness Avenue mansion. The home, of course, belongs to all three of them. But Walter has expressed a desire to buy the other heirs out, and they have declared that they are perfectly willing to sell. No such complications as up at the Crocker mansion prevail. There none of the heirs care to invest in the family home, and just jog on peacefully, each one bearing their share of the expense of maintaining it. And, by the way, the Crocker mansion is not to be tenantless this summer. The Geo. Crockers are coming out—that means a good time for everybody.

If we just have a morsel of that gay whirl that Mrs. Crocker has been the all-developing center of in New York we cannot have anything to complain of. No woman ever had a better time in New York than Mrs. Crocker. No Californienne ever got into a better—if she ever got into half so fine—a set. And truly none understood better the art of hospitality. So, en garde for a splendid time.

Oh, before I forget, here are the latest particulars about the Baldwin-Hobart nuptials. They are to be married at noon on Tuesday, July 7th, at the Hobart Villa in San Mateo. A special train will carry the guests to and from town, and later in the day the happy pair will leave for the East and Europe by special car. It is to be a quiet affair and Dr. McKenzie will perform the ceremony.

There are two new babies in the world. Girl babies: One belongs to Sir Bache and Lady Cunard,—Maud Burke that was, you know, and the other, a dear little pink and white baby is out at the Presidio, slumbering in the cutest little cradle, in General Graham's house, and she belongs to Lieutenant and Mrs. Burridge, née Graham. Her papa is an officer on the "Oregon." Say, what luck that luckiest of ships has.

Speaking of the Presidio, things have been rather gay out there recently. There is always something going on at the Darling Cottage, especially since Mrs. Catherwood's return. There has been several Army and Navy teas, small and informal, but thoroughly delightful, and gallant General Graham's. On Friday last, Mrs. Darling's day at home, by special favor of the Commander, the Presidio Band serenaded Miss Jennie. The music was just lovely, and the cottagers crowded their balconies and clapped their approval.

Now, that I come to think of it, if there were not engagements, and rumors of engagements and things like that to talk of, what would we do? Nothing; that is, nothing much is going on. That was an awful pretty luncheon Miss Blair gave in honor of Miss Lucas.

But to get back to last week's doings. There was the Mountford-Wilson luncheon for Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Such a table. Pink and white peonies and glass—all the Wilson famous glass. I have really never seen a prettier sight. Winfield Jones' dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister was a small but pleasant affair, as was also the luncheon given by Mrs. Martin in honor of Miss Jennie Catherwood. It was an early luncheon, and in the afternoon hostess and guests went to see Rehan in "Countess Gucki"

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart entertained the first house party, over Friday till Monday, at the Honeymoon Nest at San Mateo. All the wedding guests went down. It was a sort of au revoir until they all meet for the shoot at Del Monte. There is the Eastern wedding trip yet, you know, and they must hurry back for Miss Ella's wedding.

The Cunningham's have gone—gone for good. They are going to buy a place in the suburbs of New York and establish themselves there permanently. It is too bad to lose them. What a pity to close such a pretty home. That love of a white and gold drawing-room and those brocaded tufted walls. Ah!

If we have lost somebody we have gained somebody. Lieutenant and Mrs. Oyster are back. The Lieutenant has asked to be retired. He is looking around for a place here, and in the meantime, with his wife, he is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs.

It was my purpose last week to tell you about Madame Rosewald's concert in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, but the printers interfered. In the absence of explanation, the publication of Miss Agnes Simpson's picture must have looked *inexplicable*. The fact is, she made the success of the concert, and sang so charmingly that it seemed but appropriate that formal mention should be made of her talent and personality. A very modest young lady, she was doubtless surprised to see her portrait, of the appearance of which she was blissfully unaware. Madame Rosewald has a number of very clever pupils, and I may mention among them Miss Conroy, Misses Dreyfus and Morey, and Miss Giusti, who are all talented and charming. By the way, I wrote last week of an entertainment in honor of ex-President Barrillas. There was a dinner in his honor at the Baldwin on Tuesday night, given by Captain and Mrs. Johnson of the steamship "City of Sydney." The ex-President made a clever little speech, in which he said many nice things of the manner in which he had been entertained in San Francisco.

I have not space left to tell you more than the fact of another engagement—Miss Mary Mercado and Chauncey Boardman. But more anon.

THE GOSSIP

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

OUT OF TOWN TALK.

SOCIAL EVENTS IN OAKLAND, BURLINGAME, AND SAN JOSE.

Society in Oakland has been mildly active this week. Every one has been doing something in general, but no one has done anything in particular. Circulation was achieved with considerable economy and a fair degree of fun. My record very properly commences at the tea which Mrs. J. E. McElrath and Miss McElrath gave last Tuesday at their home in Temescal. They have a beautiful garden and quantities of roses, shade trees, and velvety lawns, and there were dozens of maidens in light gowns and picture hats aiding their hostesses to do the honors. Considering the character of my material perhaps Saturday is a little bit late, for it is necessary I should mention the garden-party which Mrs. L. L. Bromwell gave in honor of Miss Williams on the previous evening. Miss Williams, by the way, is a visitor from the East. Mrs. Shelby Martin assisted her mother to entertain the guests. There were decorations in good taste and quite a crowd of very nice people.

Flowers are numerous in Oakland these latter spring days. They abound in the gardens and glorify the most insignificant socials. In referring to the entertainment which the Guild of St. John's Church gave, as a "social," I am not necessarily reflecting on the importance thereof. The affair is also referred to as a "Rose Fête." The choir boys provided music—a pleasing innovation by the way, and there were roses in profusion, especially at the table of Miss Ethel Whitney. There, too, big fans covered with flowers were on sale. Another table was heaped with home-made candies, which, I am told, tasted exceedingly good, and, considered in the light of a change, are a vast improvement on store sweets. It is an art at which quite a number of Oakland girls have attained skill. If I had time, I would tell you whose chocolate creams are considered the best, and would disclose the identity of the damsel whose toffy is given supremacy in her set; but that is another story and can reasonably be reserved for a future Saturday. The social was decidedly a social success, and the financial returns were excellent. I commented recently on the tendency to endow entertainments with moral and literary motives. The poster party of Mrs. Stratton inaugurated this system which promises to become quite popular. Mrs. W. A. Childs had a similar gathering this week, which was called, "An Afternoon in Foreign Lands." Her guests had all made the grand tour, and each contributed a reminiscence of the experience. Miss Hyde, who is decidedly bright and clever, told of a holiday in Germany; Miss Newlands sang Italian songs; Miss Lawlor contributed German ditties, and Miss Collins played some Swedish folk songs. Mrs. Brush had a tea on Thursday last at her Boulevard Terrace Home—the second of a series. And these are all the events achieved or that fortune permits me to announce. By the way, we are looking forward to the marriage of Miss Bessie Cole and Douglas Tilden, which is set for June 6th. This promises to be a very interesting event, for the bride is a decidedly pretty girl, and the ability of the deaf and dumb sculptor has given him considerable prominence.

To pass from Oakland to San Jose, one necessarily touches at Burlingame—that is, of course, traveling via the broad gauge. The season has opened. On Saturday last, quite a gathering assembled at the Club House, drove the rounds of the San Mateo roadways and watched an exciting polo game. Lawson and Joe Tobin with Perry Eyre and H. Howard engaged the team which had played havoc with the pretensions of Riverside at San Jose. You may remember that Lawson generously gave up his place on the Burlingame team to Hobart, and this was the first good opportunity he has had since to show his own strength. The opposing team consisted of McCreery, Dick Tobin, Baldwin and Hobart, and so brilliantly did Joe Tobin and Lawson play that they defeated their adversaries with many points to spare. By the way, there is a good game promised for Decoration Day, which should certainly attract a crowd—Married *vs.* Single Men. Joe Tobin, Hobart, Perry Eyre, and Harry Howard against Dick Tobin, Lawson, Baldwin, and McCreery.

I think there should be plenty of fun among the villas this season. Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt has leased the Howard cottage, the Tobins and Dimonds have Page Brown's home, Mrs. Richard Tobin and her daughters occupy a third villa, the Ripleys are ensconed in the fourth and the family of Major Hooper in the fifth. Plenty of young people this season, and an abundance of maidens, full of brightness and gaiety, and ready for any fun that may offer—quite a different Burlingame to that of preceding years, when much married matrons presided over the festivities and made everything as serious as a monument. San Mateo, too, begins to evince signs of life. There should be lots of fun there during the summer. I am told that the menu at the hotel is capital, and that the rooms for the most part are engaged.

At the Vendome the past week has been very gay. Any number of entertainments have been given, and the guests have had music, dancing, tennis, together with driving and riding parties, all of which has aided the hours to fly. The moonlight nights tempted the organization of excursions, and many were the vehicles and bicycles headed for Alum Rock and other places in that environment, on the lovely, clear nights of Sunday and Monday. According to all appearances, this should be a very gay season in San Jose, and I am glad, for the success of the well-known hostelry is well deserved. Among late visitors there were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond and Miss Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Dutard were also among those registered. An Oakland party consisting of Mrs. J. C. Tucker, Miss Tucker, C. O. G. and H. E. Miller, and Miss Marian Miller, drove there in a four-in-hand on Sunday, and spent several days at the hostelry. T. I. Bergin, accompanied by Miss Nellie Callahan and Miss Katie McMihan, were visitors. James D. Phelan was down for a few days; so, too, were Van R. Paterson, Wendell Easton, and many others whose names I have not space to detail here.

Apropos of San Jose, you should know of the engagement of Miss Maud Arques and Dr. Irving Frasse, a charming gentleman who came from New York to San Jose with his invalid mother some two years ago, and has been at work since quietly building up a practise. He is young, blonde, and clever, and certainly has a future. Of course you know Miss Arques is one of San Jose's belles a beautiful brunette—and the heiress of a goodly fraction of the great Murphy estate. She is a quiet, refined girl, and Dr. Frasse is to be congratulated.

THE WANDERER.

Baron Hirsch was personally almost an ascetic. He used to say with pride that he could live on two dollars and fifty cents a day. Although "upon the indulgences of the idle rich he was bitterly satirical," he maintained a striking style of hospitality. He was no student, except of men. He never read a book except a French novel. In politics he was a Radical, and in some things an advanced Collectivist. He was never tired of inveighing against the British land system, and often declared that unless a system for the subdivision of property were carried out promptly and successfully we should have revolutionary times over here. Once he accompanied a friend to a big Socialistic gathering in Hyde Park. The orator who addressed the crowd was a well-known Communist and his doctrines were radical in the extreme. Hirsch listened a few moments and then said, "I agree with every word that man has said. I will talk to him." And so he did, and an excellent thing it was to see the Not-Have and the Have colloquing over the wrongs of the people.

"Scotch and Soda" is the fashionable drink in the East at present, and is fast becoming the fad out here. With a good quality of whisky, such as the "White Horse Cellar" Scotch Whisky, it makes one of the most pleasant and cooling drinks we have tried, and is sure to make a hit.

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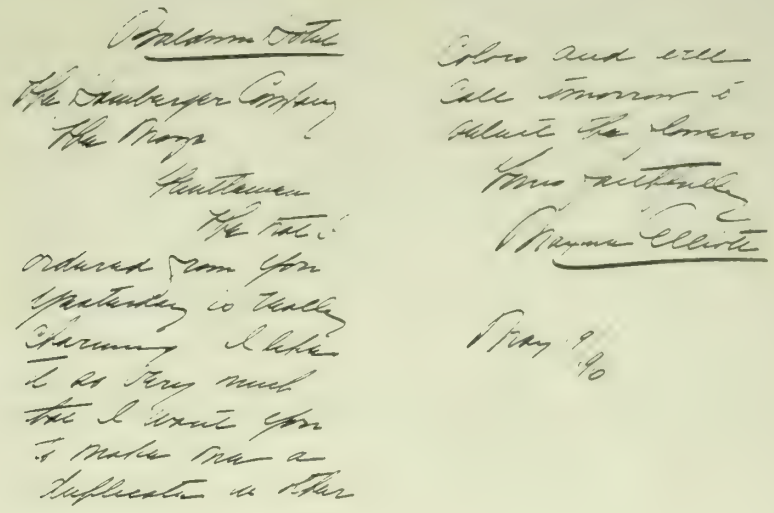

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THE THEATERS.

ADA REHAN AS HELENA IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

The heat, the noise, the glare, and the restless, seething human life which flowed up and down Powell and Market Streets Monday night, threw the cool, green forests, the mistily clothed fairies, and the airy fancifulness of "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" into strong relief. The temperature of the theater was endurable, nothing more, the semi-darkness in which we were enveloped most of the time helping us to imagine we were cool. Still, occasionally in the dim light, which made all faces look strangely white and still, the perspiration could be seen standing amazingly distinct, in tiny glistening globules on some foreheads, and now and then a woman would make gingerly little dabs with her handkerchief at her face in the furtive "I hope-no-one-will-see-me" way, which is peculiar to females and actors, and is born of the use of cosmetics.

On the stage all went well so long as fairies and fancies held the floor, but with the mortals and their loves came ennui and disenchantment. Charles Richman resembled nothing so much as an empty gilt scabbard, and Ada Rehan, as Helena, drowned her talents in a tin cup and gave the laurel to Bottom and—the lion. From the very first moment that she appeared upon the stage (going at full trot) in that eminently unbecoming Greek robe (which refused to have anything to do with her waist, and yet was unduly intimate with her legs), I felt sad, but I hoped—for a change of raiment at least, but no, she went through the whole spaniel-like part in the same independent peplum. She abased herself before Demetrius (with a gasp after every third word); she ran from Hermia—fancy large, able-bodied Miss Rehan running in terror from a fragile, inoffensive shadow—and she went to sleep in it on top of a big rock in full view of everybody without being seen at all. "A braver place in my heart's love" has no actress than yourself, O Ada Rehan; but elves, fairies and fragilities become you not. What you need is a play about real flesh and blood people, with strong human passions and desires; not fairy stories, with a prominent spaniel for your role, or nothings light as air, and little anæmic shadows revolving about one central figure which owes its charm to your attractions rather than to any inherent one of its own. As the Countess Gucki you were charming. As Vera Boraneff fascinating. You reduced me to a pulp of admiration and quite crippled me for criticism—but how about that third act of "The Last Word"? How can you rest easy with such an unreal scene as that in your repertoire and on your conscience? Do you fancy that even you can keep it from being Bathos? Do you think you can make us believe that what you said to that hard Dombey-like father caused him to spring from his seat with a "My God" and a new heart? No. He said "My God" because it was in his lines, and he pretended to have a new heart because the playwright would have had great difficulty in making everybody live happily ever afterwards if he had not. Your long story of a little child's last wish had nothing to do with it, and it's not like you to try to make us think so. Your little wrists, your graceful white gown, your warmth and glow, your bewildering glances and the rest of the things which made up your fascinating whole would doubtless have had a soothing effect upon even the most irate father—but who suggests this as the natural cause of his softening? Neither you nor your playwright, I vow, but the brain of each and every spectator.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

The new bill at the Orpheum for next week includes some of the best-known stars on the vaudeville stage. The Meers Brothers will appear in their difficult feats on the high wire. Bowers Dixon, and Bowers style themselves the "Three Rubes." The great Papinta has danced her way into public favor, and she is now the talk of the city. Lizzie B. Raymond, the popular serio-comic, has new songs which she renders in her own vivacious manner.

Monday evening next the Frawley Company will open its season at the Columbia Theater. In addition to the regular members, the company will include Maxine Elliott, called the handsomest actress on the American stage, Mr. Frank Worthing, and Mr. Tyrone Powers, formerly of Mr. Daly's Company. The play on Monday night is "The Two Escutcheons of Chicago in Berlin," a comedy in four acts adapted from the German by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, and was produced at Daly's Theater in New York with tremendous success. The New York *Sun* claimed that it was the best comedy presented at Daly's Theater in three years. Popular prices will continue at the Columbia Theater, with a special reduction at the matinee performances.

That we are to have a stock company in the real sense of the word, is now an assured fact, as the management of the California Theater announce for appearance an organization composed of America's leading stock company players, headed by Mr. Herbert Kelcey. The opening production will be Arthur Wing Pinero's latest success, "The Home Secretary."

Mr. Augustin Daly has certainly arranged a very strong and enticing repertoire for the third and last week of Miss Rehan's engagement at the Baldwin Theater, commencing next Monday night. The week will open with a grand revival of "The Twelfth Night," in which we will once again see the celebrated actress in her favorite role of Viola. This piece is unusually well adapted to the ability of the company, and a thoroughly fine performance may be expected. It will be repeated on Wednesday night. "The School for Scandal" is the bill announced for Tuesday night and for the special matinee on Wednesday afternoon. "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Honeymoon" will be put on Thursday night. "The Taming of the Shrew" is scheduled for Friday and Saturday nights and for Saturday matinee.

The Daly company closes the month of June in Chicago, and Daly himself goes forthwith to Europe. He is not yet fully decided when he will take his company to London. The new Japanese musical comedy, "The Geisha," which was produced at his theater there, has proved such a success that it may run much longer than was at first anticipated, and in that case Mr. Daly will not take his company over until late in the autumn. It is Daly's intention to keep his company in New York much longer next season than it has been his custom to do in the past, and he expects to produce a number of new plays. He will probably open the season with a new comedy, but the first important production will be that of "Henry IV.," all the preparations for which have been nearly completed.

"Olivette," Audran's charming little opera, will be the attraction at the Tivoli for the week of Monday, June 1st.

Another "Revival" at Morosco's. This time to the merry tune of the war-whoop and the yell that curdles, while old muzzle-loaders crack, and the scalping-knife (the only original scalping-knife, once possessed by Black Hawk, and handed down to Edwin Collier via Edwin Forrest) gleams in the hands of Metamora, the last of Wampanoags.

The "noble red-man" type has long since disappeared from forest and plain and is even fast disappearing from melodrama and penny-dreadful. The play of "Metamore" on the stage of Morosco's is one of his last stamping-grounds. Yet a little while and the most blood-thirsty gallery god will weary of him and he will vanish away altogether and join the ranks of the heroes that were. For this last fleeting moment he holds the Morosco stage and the attention of the Morosco audience and breathes defiance down the barrels of destroying rifles. Of his kind he is perhaps as good as any, but the *kind*, the type is doomed It is as well to see him now that he has reappeared for it is very probably for the last time.

For next week the management announce the "Soudan" with Leslie Morosco in the leading rôle.

THE WAVE of San Francisco has come out as an illustrated paper. The change is a vast improvement and will do much to popularize that excellent journal.—*Stockton Mail*.

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MISS PAPINTA.

THE NEW DANCER TELLS HOW SHE COMMENCED DANCING.

The real true poet sings because he loves to sing and so we must believe that Papinta is the real true dancer because—so she says—she dances because she loves to dance. Personally, even when off the stage, and dressed in a tailor-made skirt and shirt-waist, she suggests the dancer. Even when on the ground the observer can feel that a bird has wings,—so it is with Papinta. Just the way she walks suggests the fact that she can dance. Being interested in dancing, and perhaps, a little in dancers also, I had called to ask Miss Papinta about herself. She is a temporary sojourner at an up-town hotel and I was ushered into a comfortable room fitted with a variety of lounges and wardrobes, and hung with innumerable photographs. She is a slim, brown-faced little woman, with blue eyes, and any color of hair that you like, but very graceful, in a charming stiff, willowy sort of way, like a particularly tall reed is graceful. I sat down opposite her and we talked. Miss Papinta is very pleasant of manner, and quite unaffected. She tells you about herself with great naiveté and interest. "How about the training of a professional dancer, Miss Papinta?" I asked her first of all. "I believe it is the popular idea that it is rather severe."

"*Training*," she exclaimed; "*I* never had any training. I just *danced*. It's the *toe-dancers* that have to undergo training, and I'm no toe-dancer, you know. *They* must have an apprenticeship of ten years sometimes ere they are fit to appear before an audience, and then must wait a long time before they can become a *feature*. Now, I have always been a feature, never appeared where I was not the main attraction."

"Do you remember," I asked, "your first night?"

"Of course," she answered, beginning to laugh. "It was at Chicago during the World's Fair, and at a place called the Trocadero. How did I come to dance? To tell you truly, I haven't the faintest idea. I was taken with the fetching movement of some of the new waltz songs, and did my little steps before the glass—no teacher, mind you—and then went right bang-away on the stage as a 'feature.' Maybe I wasn't nervous. Frightened to death is no name for it."

"But your nervousness, didn't it affect your dancing?"

"Let me tell you something," she replied instantly. "It's when I'm the most nervous that I do my best. My first nights anywhere are the best for that reason, because I'm always nervous. Just fancy, I've been dancing for four years now almost incessantly, and yet I was just as wrought up and excited at my first night at the Orpheum as I was at my very first appearance at the Chicago Trocadero. I felt that I was out of form, that everything was going wrong, and yet when I came off the stage after the last dance, my manager shook hands with me and told me I had seldom done better."

"And how do you like dancing," she was asked. "I suppose now——"

"Like it, of course I like it!" interrupted Papinta. "If I didn't like my dancing I couldn't make other people like it, could I?"

Now here is an idea as old as the days of Aristotle. It is the secret of the highest art, and behold it coming to the surface again in this fin de siècle dancing girl. Pappinta must have the right idea about dancing as an art. Presumably she has not read Aristotle.

"Of course it's fascinating to dance," she continued, "and all that, but you have no idea of the amount of work that is behind it all; real, hard, disagreeable, serious work. Practically, you see, I am my own stage manager. You have to know so much about the work, especially in the *fire dance* of mine. Why just the effects that electric lights will produce on spangles sewn upon a black velvet skirt is a study by itself, and then all the details of stands, and glasses, and lights; I see to every bit of that myself; supervise everything before I go on every night, and all this besides the dance itself."

I asked her how she went about creating a new dance.

"It's very hard to say just *how* I do evolve a new dance," she answered. "I get an air,—a popular, lively air, you know—in my head, and get so I feel the movement and *swing* of it, and then the dance part comes almost instinctively. I place myself before a mirror and hum the air and dance to it—any old way—just so that it's a dance. When I get poses and combinations of steps that suit me, I try and remember them, and do them over and over again till I can do them spontaneously and naturally and as though I weren't trying. It goes of itself when you start right. That's much the best way, I'm sure, though I wouldn't advise an amateur to try it unless she was a born dancer. But if you are a born dancer and do a dance that you have worked out all by yourself, then you've got something new and original, and perhaps it will catch on. That's how I did with my *fire dance*—studied it out piece by piece, one thing suggesting another until I got at something that was entirely new, and my! how it *did* catch on.

"But it's not all fun, you know, that *fire dance*," she continued. "The heat from the lights is something terrific. Sometimes it is just as though I were really dancing in the fire. The big light is ten feet below me in that dance—full strength, right off the main, you know, and far up above it as I am, I can put my hand out over it and feel the heat just as if at the mouth of a furnace, and that isn't counting the other lights either.

"You know it takes six men and six thousand pounds of machinery, glasses, and so forth, besides myself, to furnish that fire dance. Yes, I thought I'd surprise you, six thousand pounds. That's quite true, and I have to have my own light men. The ordinary theater supes wouldn't do at all."

I suggested tentatively that the fire dance must be one of extraordinary difficulty.

"It's more difficult than most dances," she admitted, "because you know I dance on glass, yes on *glass* that's as smooth and slippery as so much ice, and I can use only the ordinary dance slipper with 'Louis' heels. Think of going through that dance on glass. I've never fallen yet, only slipped once. One time though, the glass trap broke under me and I thought that Papinta had danced her last dance."

"But you saved yourself," I interrupted.

"It looks like it," she laughed, glancing over her sturdy complacent figure. "But talking about myself," she continued, "let me tell you one thing, the next time you see me— (I know you've seen me once—but you'll go again, people always do)—the next time, don't sit so far front or too much to the side because the Orpheum stage is just a little too small for my mirrors. They have to be placed at such sharp angles that if you are at the side of the house you *can't see around the corners*. And now," she concluded, as I rose to say farewell, "now I am going out for a bike ride, but *hot*, my goodness, that forty ampere light in the fire dance isn't a circumstance to this weather."

RAYMOND ROTH.

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

Presuming that every one given to perusing serial stories has read *Weir of Hermiston*, which by this time has traveled the United States, appearing here in the *Bulletin*, elsewhere in *Leslie's Weekly*, the conclusion at which Stevenson aimed is certainly of interest. Sidney Colvin, literary executor of the lamented novelist, supplies to *Cosmopolis* a note on the tale, and offers this sketch of its intentions. He admits, of course, the liability of a change of mind or of plot, and affords us certain interesting details of the author's elaborate workmanship. The note is as follows:

Archie persists in his good resolution of avoiding further conduct compromising to young Kirstie's good name. Taking advantage of the situation thus created, and of the girl's unhappiness and wounded vanity, Frank Innes pursues his purpose of seduction; and Kirstie, though still caring for Archie in her heart, allows herself to become Frank's victim. Old Kirstie is the first to perceive something amiss with her, and believing Archie to be the culprit, accuses him, thus making him aware for the first time that mischief has happened. He does not at once deny the charge, but seeks out and questions young Kirstie, who confesses the truth to him; and he, still loving her, promises to protect and defend her in her trouble. He then has an interview with Frank Innes on the moor, which ends in a quarrel, and in Archie killing Frank beside the Weaver's Stone. Meanwhile the Four Black Brothers, having become aware of their sister's betrayal, are bent on vengeance against Archie as her supposed seducer. They are about to close in upon him with this purpose when he is arrested by the officers of the law for the murder of Frank. He is tried before his own father, the Lord Justice-Clerk, found guilty, and condemned to death. Meanwhile the elder Kirstie, having discovered from the girl how matters really stand, informs her nephews of the truth, and they, in a great revulsion of feeling in Archie's favor, determine on an action after the ancient manner of their house. They gather a following, and after a great fight break the prison where Archie lies confined, and rescue him. He and young Kirstie thereafter escape to America. But the ordeal of taking part in the trial of his own son has been too much for the Lord Justice-Clerk, who dies of the shock. "I do not know," adds the amanuensis, "what becomes of old Kirstie, but that character grew and strengthened so in the writing that I am sure he had some dramatic destiny for her."

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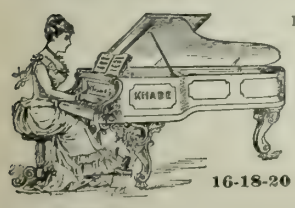

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ALL GROCERS KEEP IT

THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON CURRENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

Another week of the Central Park bicycle racing has passed and still the expected crowds have failed to materialize. Much speculation is indulged in as to the cause of the lack of public support the venture is receiving, but no one seems to be able to hit upon a satisfactory explanation. The racing is the best we have ever had in San Francisco. The track is safe and fast. The management of the grounds is excellent. F. Ed. Spooner, who has seen every bicycle track of any importance in the country, says this is the best managed one he ever saw. Now what is the matter?

If the people want excitement they surely had a thorough sufficiency of it last Saturday. The finishes were close enough to satisfy anybody. The defeat of Wells by J. E. Edwards was thoroughly sensational, and his own downfall in a subsequent heat no less so. The spill in the novice race sent a thrilling shudder through the audience, and when the boys were carried in unconscious and bleeding it was sight enough for the money for people who want new thrills.

And just here a word about novice races on small tracks. It has been pretty conclusively demonstrated that the Central Park track is entirely safe for five more or less experienced riders in a heat. But a novice race on such a track should not be allowed, or at least no contestant who had not competed a number of times with more experienced riders on the track until he had demonstrated his ability to hold the turns, should be allowed to participate.

The referee made one startling mistake last Saturday. He permitted eight men to start in the final of the mile handicap amateur. For the first lap it was all right, but after that the men gradually drew together, and in the last lap or two bunched into a mass that only God's providence and not the referee's judgment saved from being a brutal butchery. Every one breathed a sigh of relief when the race was safely over. It produced a sort of excitement, tense in the extreme, but by no means pleasant.

On Decoration Day a race meet will be held at Central Park under the auspices of the Alpha Cycling Club. This is a unique organization. It is composed entirely of ladies, all of whom belong to the League of American Wheelmen, and is the only ladies' league club in the United States. Their enterprise will receive the cordial support of the wheeling clubs, and it is to be hoped that the general public will not be lacking in appreciation. Several special features are announced for the meet, and it is understood that the winner of each heat will be presented with a trophy by the ladies.

Already preparations are beginning for the League Meet at Petaluma on July 4th. The National holiday falls on a Saturday this year, and that will give opportunity for a two days' outing. The main feature of the celebration at Petaluma will be the meet. The citizens of the town have taken hold of the matter and the prizes, both for the amateur and professional races, will be the limit in value. Many special features will be introduced to promote inter-club rivalry and enthusiasm, and it is to be expected that this will be the meet of the season. On Friday night it is intended to give some sort of an entertainment or gathering, to which all wheelmen will be invited for the purpose of promoting the feeling of fraternalism among them which is one of the main objects of the League to foster. On the Sunday following the meet, the great annual League run will take place, and entertainment for the visiting wheelmen provided. Of these there is sure to be an immense number. The Bay Citys and Olympic Cyclers have made arrangements to charter a steamer to transport them. The Santa Rosa and Healdsburg Wheelmen have signified their intention of coming in a body, and it is confidently expected that Petaluma will see the largest crowd on that day that was ever in the town.

The impetus which the meet will give to the League itself is a matter not to be lost sight of. There will be special rates to League members at the hotels, special means of transportation furnished, and free admission to the meet. These considerations should induce a large increase in the membership, aside from the fine opportunity that will be afforded the League officials to preach League doctrine. Besides all this THE WAVE will issue a special bicycle number devoted to the interests of wheeling and the League, and, taking all things together, it seems safe to say that League enthusiasm on that day will reach a pitch never before attained.

I cannot refrain from entering a gentle protest at the prostitution of a recent number of the *L. A. W. Bulletin* to the airing of a fad of somebody connected with its management. The whole issue was devoted to the subject of the theater hat, and was made up of cheap, refurbished jokes on the subject from every source recognizable and unrecognizable. What relation the theater hat has to cycling or to good roads passes me, and I really feel that such a use of the paper is a fraud upon its fifty thousand paying subscribers.

C. MICHENER.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents 102 Eddy Street.

THE HANDICAPPER'S ART.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, OFFICIAL HANDICAPPER L. A. W.

After fifteen years' experience with sports and pastimes of nearly every class, I feel safe in saying that nowhere has a handicapper to combat so many conditions in the performance of his duty as in cycle racing. A change in a man's mount or in the tires with which it is shod may mean a difference of many seconds. A slight wind, which retards one at the start of a race, means a disadvantage of many yards. Again, two men riding from the same mark and pacing alternately have an advantage of more than fifty yards in a mile over a competitor riding alone. The man away out at the limit is at a decided disadvantage, as all the other riders have in him a mark at which to shoot. This explains the apparently excessive starts which some riders are allotted, and also the fact that they seldom win.

Some riders are only at their best under the most favorable conditions of track and day and surroundings. Others fairly revel

ROBERT A. SMYTH.

in a heavy track and when the wind is blowing a young hurricane. Among the persons serving their novitiate the greatest mistake is made in their preparation. They overtrain, and whereas during their practise they develop a high speed, when the day of the contest arrives they have lost it all, and do not ride up to their training form.

In England the official handicappers do not attempt to allot starts from their personal knowledge of the men, but work entirely from the data on their entry blanks. In this manner a novice is allowed usually half the handicap of the limit man. Should he win he is penalized, while if he loses he is advanced on his next entry. From this it may readily be seen that a man can tell just what mark he will attain by a series of losing races. This is called in track parlance "riding for a mark." When several riders by persistent losing have reached a mark from which they think they are reasonably sure to win, the spectators are invariably treated to a great exhibition of riding.

In this district the handicapper endeavors to work from his personal knowledge of the men and the conditions under which they will ride, changing their marks at each meeting as their performance warrants. Before each large meet he visits the tracks where the men are in training and gleans his information from every available source. The racing men know of his custom in this particular, and on the Saturday preceding the races they are on the lookout for him.

In meets covering two or more days the invariable custom is to change the handicaps after each day's riding, thus equalizing the chances of the contestants. If the races for the entire meet were handicapped in advance, the men with too much start would have an unfair advantage, and it would tend to discourage the other riders.

There is seldom any attempt at concealing the ability of the riders, the majority of the trainers in fact sending their men out with positive instructions to ride their best. They well know that no rider ever suffered because of the handicapper having a thorough knowledge of his ability. He is more likely to be placed on a short mark if an effort be made to conceal his time in practise, as no handicapper desires to have a man score a runaway win.

As to the method employed in the actual work of allotting the starts it is hard to describe. It might be called intuition, or other term fitting it more closely. The riders must have absolute confidence in the honesty of the handicapper, as without that confidence they would question many of his acts.

Handicap races should never exceed one mile in length, and the track should never be overcrowded by allowing too many men in a heat. In half-mile races the latter is a general complaint, as when the field closes in it is difficult for the back-markers to do themselves justice.

In these days, when the so-called "headwork" of riders, from the veriest novice to the highest class crack, takes the form of riding the slowest possible race, the handicap comes in the shape of a grateful relief. In this, at least, there is seldom any aggravated exhibition of loafing, while a true run race, with men at regular intervals, is a delight to the habitués of the path.

There is a growing tendency on the part of the fastest racing men, those who figure on or near the scratch mark, to object to handicap races. The foundation for their grievance lies in the fact that they must exert themselves if they would win a prize. The race-goers have no sympathy with them in their grievance, especially as more than the average number of racers are men from the extreme back marks.

The handicap will always figure on race programs, as it appeals strongly to the new riders, from whose ranks the stars of the path are being continually recruited. To do exact justice to all these is the duty of the handicapper. The difficulties encountered in the discharge of his duties will be better understood when it is stated that in many instances the riders do not know how fast they can ride, and it is left to the discretion of the official allotting the start to place them properly.

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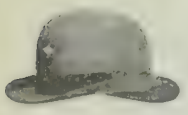

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CEMENT.

This has been called the "Cement Age" and this building has not been behind others in justifying this sobriquet. Over 20 000 barrels of cement were used on the building in the foundations, plaster work, tiling, and for the pavement of the sidewalk. For the last the "Star" brand was used, a French cement which is guaranteed by the extra precaution taken by having the French Government Inspector inspect all the barrels before leaving the works. All the balance of the cement was the "Josson." Both of these brands were supplied by W. R. Grace & Co., and their use in a building of this character indicates that the reputation these cements have had so far, has not diminished but rather increased.

HOLLOW TILE FIRE-PROOFING.

All the first, second, and third floors of this building were constructed of Gladding, McBean & Company's Hollow Terra Cotta Tile Fire-proofing, in fact all the columns and girders and iron work of every description throughout the building were covered with Hollow Terra Cotta Tiles which were made and set in place by this firm.

ELECTROLIERS, ELEVATOR CASING, ETC.

The well-known San Francisco Pattern Works is to be congratulated on the neatness and originality of the electroliers and the elevator enclosures, the patterns of which were made by them. This firm has long been located in the city, and few if any of the large buildings of the city are without traces of their work.

This firm has the largest shop on the coast and its force of men is the most skilled in their line. The factory is under the direct supervision of Mr. O. Brown, who has been in the pattern business for the past twenty-five years, and as such is qualified to do the very best work obtainable. From the number of architects and prominent builders who have looked through the Parrott Building, no one has gone away without some word of praise for the work which was done by the San Francisco Pattern Works.

This not only reflects credit on the works, but also on the architects of the building who knew that there was only one pattern factory in San Francisco where work such as was necessary for the building could be done, and that was the San Francisco Pattern Works.

The factory is located at 110 and 112 Beale Street, and any one who is not familiar with the workings of such a factory should not fail to call on the management and obtain a permit for inspection.

PAINTING AND POLISHING.

In a building such as the Emporium—which is destined to serve the purpose of displaying a great number of fabrics and articles of every conceivable color—the interior finishing becomes a matter of great importance. The problem has been solved by having all the woodwork of the store painted a dead white, giving a cheerful effect to the interior and forming a background to the display of goods which doesn't in any way interfere with their colors. All the woodwork of the upper or office portion of the building is polished, leaving it with a natural finish. The polishing of the telegraph and telephone offices near the main entrance is a fine piece of work. All the painting and polishing was done by the firm of St Denis & Co., 308 Sutter Street, in their usual complete way.

TOO HASTY.

Rogers (to Rasher, whom he has met accompanied by a two-year-old child)—Hello, Rasher! That's your little boy, is it? By Jove! it's the dead image of you.

Rasher—Excuse me, but this happens to be a neighbor's child.

Rogers (not to be thrown down)—Well—er—er—it looks like you, anyway.

TAKEN IN.

Blossom—Did you take in the church fair last evening?

Bloomer—No, it took me in.

The *Daily Report* has achieved great success with its bicycle contests. It offers nineteen wheels and a Rambler tandem of '96 as prizes for most popular riders, and as the time draws near for the contest to close, the various candidates are actively canvassing for *Report* subscribers in order to secure the premium votes. *Report* coupons are voted for candidates, but the heaviest vote is the premium vote which goes with a subscription paid in advance. Those who desire may vote the *Report* coupons, of course; but in order to increase the facilities for voting, the premium votes for subscriptions paid in advance are allowed as follows: One year, 1000 votes; six months, 400 votes; three months, 150 votes.

The *Report* is careful to offer standard wheels as prizes, and in this way wins the confidence of contestants and their friends. There are so many styles of bicycles in the market now, and so many of them are faulty, that people dislike to take their chances on wheels of an obscure make.

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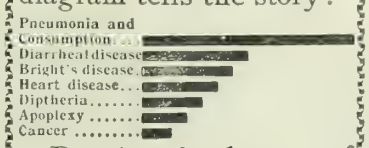

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A. C. FREESE,
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J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 7, 1896.

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TALES OF THE DAY.

Justice Byles, an English jurist of eminence, well known in the profession for his work on "Bills," had a horse. His associates named the quadruped after the book, and when he rode through the town, they were accustomed to say, "There goes Byles on Bills." But the jokers did not know that the Judge and his man-servant had a name for the steed which was sacred to themselves, and, when too curious clients inquired after the Judge's whereabouts, they were told by the servant that the master "Was out on 'Business.'"

The *Youths' Companion* has this capital story on Andrew Carnegie: In the course of one of his winter visits to Florida he attended a service in a negro church at a place where his fame as a millionare and philanthropist was not known by the colored people. When the contribution plate came around Mr. Carnegie dropped a five-dollar bill upon it. After the contents of the plate had been counted, the clergyman arose and announced: "Brethren and sisteren, the collection this evening seems to figure up six dollars and forty-four cents; and if the five-dollar bill contributed by the gentleman from the north is genuine, the repairs on the sanctuary will begin immediately."

Baron Rothschild got into a Paris 'bus and found he had not a cent in his clothes. The driver demanded: "What did you get in for if you had no money?" "I am Baron Rothschild," exclaimed the great capitalist, "and there is my card." The driver scornfully tossed the card away. "Never heard of you before," said he, "and don't want to hear of you again. What I want is your fare."

The banker was in great haste. "Look here. I've an order for a million," he said, "give me the change." And he proffered a coupon for that amount. The driver stared, and the passengers laughed. Fortunately a friend of the Baron entered the omnibus at the moment, and, taking in the situation, immediately paid the fare. The driver, realizing his mistake, and feeling remorseful, said to the Baron, "If you want ten francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account."—*Harper's Young People.*

Simms Reeves, the great English tenor, had an aggravating habit of breaking engagements. On one occasion he was billed to appear in London on a certain Monday night, but telegraphed to Colonel Mapleson that a mistake had been made, and it was impossible for him to sing until the following evening. Mapleson, in a great flurry, rushed to Reeves's house and explained the situation, and Reeves was about to agree to appear when his wife intervened. "It is all nonsense," she exclaimed; "how could you possibly think of singing when the chintz and crumb-cloth of your dressing-room have not been arranged." It seems it was the custom of this faithful lady to arrange her husband's dressing-room with new chintz instead of damask cloth on the floor, and on this particular occasion the sacred hangings had gone to the wash.

Some years ago, William Ewart Gladstone was traveling from London to Edinburgh, and a reporter had been detailed to accompany him. At Preston a stop was made and an address presented, with the intention of eliciting from the great man a speech. The time-table arrangement intervened between the public and his reply, for just as he was on the verge of speaking the train rolled out of the station. Not in the least disconcerted, Gladstone turned to the astonished reporter, thanked him for the address, and proceeded with an eloquent speech, which was duly noted down and appeared next morning, to the bewilderment of the citizens who had heard no speech delivered.

Some young warriors of the Blackfoot tribe sat watching a group of laborers constructing a grade for a branch railroad in Montana. As they conversed, a bicyclist—the first ever seen in that region—rolled along on the way to a fort a little further on. The Indians watched the wheelman without a word. "No good white man," one remarked with great scorn, in answer to another. "Heap lazy white man; sits down to walk."

Mr. Gladstone, in one of his campaigns, was announced to speak at West Calder, in a huge temporary structure not far from the railway station. A special train was to run from Edinburgh to bring back a Central News man and his copy, and the station agent had said to the reporter, "I'll run the enjun richt oop to the hall, and the driver shall whustle and whustle till ye come oot." So said, so done. The result was that Mr. Gladstone was startled and disconcerted in the middle of a fine burst of eloquence by the piercing and sustained shriek of a locomotive, apparently at very close quarters. Loud cries of "Shame!" arose, but the deafening sound did not cease till the reporter finally rushed out triumphantly with the report of the full address in his hand. The funniest part of the whole affair, though, was that next morning the indignant Liberal papers appeared with aggressive headlines, calling the interruption "Scandalous Tory Tactics!"

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[Taber, photographer.]

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JUDGE WALLACE AS A REFORMER.

It is unfortunate that a judge so able as Judge Wallace should appear to allow himself at times to be carried away by motives quite other than those which should be harbored within the judicial breast. The manner in which he has permitted the Siebe trial to be conducted has caused conservative men to ask: "Is Judge Wallace a partner of Clunie in this prosecution?" That opportunities should be given for such remarks concerning those holding judicial position is always to be regretted, as it gives excuse for sneers and insinuations which do much to lower the standing of the Bench in the public mind. "The Wave" is in receipt of several letters from members of the local bar, calling attention to various rulings on points of evidence made by Judge Wallace during this trial, and referring to them as "outrageous," "ridiculous," "unwarranted," "altogether unprecedented," "contrary to decisions of the Supreme Court," "opposed to every rule of evidence," "peculiarly Wallace-esque," "nothing less than revolutionary," etc. Although some of these letters are written by gentlemen of authority in the law almost equal to that of Judge Wallace, we have decided to publish none of them, as their publication could do no good, but might do harm.

Judge Wallace is not only able, but is a man of exceptional courage. Few men placed as he is in this city would dare to take so bold a position as his in this trial. He is a man of great wealth, and, as all such men must be, vulnerable at some points. Without thinking of the consequences, evidently, he has upheld with aggressive frankness the arms of Mr. Siebe's young prosecutor. We have no sympathy whatever with the attacks made upon Judge Wallace on account of the alleged under-valuation of his personal property. If Mr. Siebe has been guilty of under-valuing the railroad's property, it can in no way lessen his guilt to have it discovered that he has also under-assessed Judge Wallace's books and pictures. No doubt one could go through the Assessor's books and find thousands of cases of under-valuation, if he could but have access to the corresponding property and make a proper appraisement thereof. It has come to be not even a venial sin to cheat the tax-gatherer, and if one-quarter of the property in this city is assessed at its true value, we may congratulate ourselves on having a more honest population than any other city of our size in the country. Just what would become of property in this city if it was assessed at its true value, when we are blessed with a 2.25 per cent assessment as we were last year, it is hard to say; the only salvation is, that it is an unwritten law that property shall not be assessed at its full market price.

The most serious obstacle which Judge Wallace meets in his reform movements is the Supreme Court. If it were not for this body the learned Judge might soon be able to conduct the affairs of the entire State from his courtroom. He is a forceful man, one who knows what he is after and can usually get it if let alone. He is a cunning man, and the law takes such shape within his hands that a Grand Inquisitor could ask no greater powers than those he finds the law to give. The Supreme Court meddles with his affairs in a manner that must be exceedingly provoking to the Judge. To have it all nicely planned out how one's pet enemies shall be charged with crime and triced up before the public by an illegal Grand Jury, and then to have the whole game knocked in the head by an unsympathetic and cold matter-of-law Supreme Court must be very aggravating. And equally so must it be when one with grudges and all sorts of things to vent is told by the Supreme Court that, in his hunt for railroad scalps, he got off on the wrong foot.

It is a grave question whether the law as laid down by the Supreme Court should be allowed to trammel so able a man as Judge Wallace. It would certainly be more amusing and exciting if such things as writs of prohibition and rules of evidence were suspended for the summer and Judge Wallace empowered to hunt, hang, or crucify any one who bites his thumb at him. One feels sometimes when reading the life of Napoleon that it was a pity he failed to conquer Russia and subject England that the whole of Europe might have been his on which to carry on his heroic experiments. What would he not have done? So in regarding Judge Wallace's career the temptation arises to wish the Supreme Court in Jericho and all the laws at the bottom of the sea, that he might have full scope for those great talents with which nature has so blessed him.

Judge Wallace is a strong man; he can bend the law as easily as Robin Hood his bow of yew. He is a courageous man, for he never has hesitated in declaring that the Supreme Court was wrong whenever it has decided against him. He is not subject to the influences which control many men. Being rich, he has escaped temptations which have led others to fall. But with all his fortune and his ability, his field of activity has been narrow and his fame circumscribed by the mountains and the sea.

Somehow those very people whose good opinion he seems most to desire have been altogether lacking in gratitude. He has made sacrifices for them which deserved every honor that they could give; but while they cheer him, they vote for others. And he throught out these years of neglect has been giving a perfec illustration of how to shoot snipe with a howitzer. It is no wonder, therefore, if with the spirit of the adventurous Argonauts within him, he at times seeks to hew out a path to "glory and undying fame" along lines not strictly conventional. But the trouble is, that whenever he gets well started, the law, as represented by the Supreme Court, interferes, and down he goes. Only let him get by and he would make a touchdown that would send his name hurtling down the ages.

THE NEW PARTY TEST.

There are probably more men unsettled in their party allegiance at the present time than there have been before in this country for nearly thirty years—since the first Grant campaign. The rock upon which parties appear to be going to pieces is that of finance, a question purely technical, which, as all men who have studied it will agree, should be taken out of party politics and left to the control of experts, as it is in the countries of Europe. But the money question is in American politics, and will be, evidently, until it is settled. For over twenty years the business of the country has been more or less demoralized by agitation of the currency question. If stump speakers have not been talking greenbacks, they have been talking silver purchase, or free silver. Instead of wondering at so little foreign capital being invested in this country, our surprise should be that notwithstanding our constant financial agitation so much of the money of other peoples should have found investment here. It is therefore best that the financial policy of the present administration has made the money question the leading issue in the Democratic party, and probably the leading issue in the campaign. But it will play havoc. It is a line which has heretofore not been drawn within either party. A Republican's loyalty has not hitherto been tested by the question, "Are you in favor of a gold standard or a dual standard?" Neither has a Democrat's. They may very well inquire why party lines should be drawn upon a question which is so foreign to those which have heretofore divided the parties. One does not willingly give up his party, and men will often stand by their old parties even when these have taken to new and unapproved policies. But men who are convinced that without free silver this country is going to the eternal bow-wows will hesitate certainly before they support gold standard candidates. And those men who believe that unless we are firm in the maintenance of a gold standard, our whole currency system will be demoralized and our commerce be destroyed, can hardly be expected out of mere party loyalty to vote a ticket which does not represent their sentiments. What are such men to do?

It is a year of crisis in politics, and it will be a year of surprises. There is no one who can say what the result will be. It is not our belief that McKinley is already president. The issue of protection has not yet been made the dominating issue of the campaign. The people evidently do not believe that our troubles arise from either a low tariff or a high tariff It has evidently become settled in the minds of millions of men that there is something radically wrong with our financial system. On the one side there are those who cry out for free silver, declaring that our only hope lies in an increase in the volume of our currency; on the other hand, there is a solid mass of financial and business men who believe that our greatest need is not more money, but a more stable currency. Both elements mean that this campaign shall determine our national policy for some years to come, and they are not willing that other issues should enter into the campaign to complicate it. It can now be prophesied as safely as anything political can be, that within both great parties there will be serious dissent, perhaps amounting to open partizan revolt. No matter, however, to what extent the discussion may go within the parties, every voter will be called upon to solve for himself these questions: (1) Am I for the independent, unlimited, and free coinage of silver by the United States? and (2) Will my opinion have full expression if I remain with my old party?

AN AMBASSADOR WITHOUT LETTERS.

Although James G. Blaine was recognized as one of America's foremost statesmen for over a quarter of a century, it was not until the very close of his career that he brought forward that policy with which his name has become identified and which will give him greatest renown in the years to come—the policy of reciprocity between the United States and the other countries on the North and South American continents.

Blaine's foreign policy, which was at the time called Jingoism, is now recognized as nothing but true Americanism, the bringing into more close, cordial, and intimate relations of all the governments on this hemisphere. Allied with his extension of the Monroe Doctrine was his Pan-American commercial policy. Had he but lived, Blaine would have so impressed this policy upon the country that it would have come in time to be recognized as an essential principle of our governmental scheme in its relations to foreign countries. As it is, however, we are coming to see more and more that our isolation in this hemisphere is the result of folly; that there is no reason why the sister republics South of us should have more intimate relations with the countries of Europe than they have with us, save that we have been indifferent to them and altogether unwise in our selfishness.

Although we in California stand upon soil which once belonged to Spain, and trace our titles back to Spanish grants, and are in tradition and in sentiment closely allied to our neighbors on the South, we have heretofore shown no such interest in establishing the *entente cordiale* between ourselves and them as we have with our Oriental friends across the water. The truth is, most of our people are in ignorance as to the resources, industries, population, and wealth of the South and Central American republics. The jest, that their chief product is revolution, is taken as cold truth by too many of our fellow citizens. It is, therefore, fortunate that the most distinguished man thus far produced by Guatemala, and one of the wealthiest men of the continent, has come to the United States at this time. As he goes through the country, being entertained, learning of our institutions, coming to know our people, he will be the means of bringing into greater intimacy the people of the United States and Guatemala. By the showing he makes of the culture of his people, the resources of their soil, and the liberality of their institutions, he will enlighten us as to Guatemala, and show us the wisdom of bringing ourselves into a relationship, social, political, and commercial, which will be more advantageous to both than that existing now. For one thing, he has already excited more interest in the coming Guatemalan exposition than has heretofore been taken in any event occurring in Central America. That exposition will be to the Central American countries what the Columbian Exposition was to this country—a revelation of the wealth, industrial development, and intellectual advancement of the people. We will doubtless come to date our awakening as to these countries from this exposition, but it would be more just to say that our interest in our Southern neighbors was first aroused by the extended visit and tour of General Barrillas.

SAN FRANCISCAN ARCHITECTURE.

To one who had returned to San Francisco after an absence of eight or ten years, the most noticeable and striking advance made by the city in that time would probably be in its architecture. There has been an

awakening throughout the country for the last decade in all things artistic. The barbaric taste of other days has given place to one more refined, not only as to buildings, but as to furniture, house decorations of all kinds, and even to the commonest of domestic utensils. The American eye is gaining that sense of color, of form, and of proportion which lie at the base of all artistic development. We did not earlier come to see how horrible were our houses, how graceless our statuary, and how gaudy and offensive our walls, because we had not yet come to that degree of civilization out of which the sense of the beautiful is evolved. The pioneer asks but a roof over his head, a board from which to eat, and a bed on which to throw his tired body. When he has given up the idea of immediately returning to his Eastern home and determines to settle down with his family, the new house that arises is of more pretentious character, and the taste of the wife soon softens the severity and crudity of the old style of living. Still there is little that is beautiful aside from what Nature volunteers. As the camp grows into the town, and time is taken from the fight for wealth to enjoy the society that has arisen, the architect is imported, and soon there follow in his train the decorator and furnisher, the artist and the statuary. So arises the city.

But one would say, from a superficial consideration, that if buildings are ugly and homes a mass of jimcrack decoration, the fault lies with the architect. This is an unjust conclusion. It is the taste of the people, not the taste of the architect, that controls. Your man of wealth may be as lacking in all idea of beauty as the Siwash; he may think that that building is "finest" which is covered with the greatest amount of stucco or of rude carving; or he may insist that form and material and finish shall give way to the production of revenue. That men may prefer to rent store room or offices in a building that commends itself to the eye does not enter into his mind, for he thinks that that which satisfies him must satisfy every one else. To please the growing taste of his wife and make the daughter feel proud of her wealthy father, the old false-front home, that seems to him to suit so perfectly every demand that can be made, is given up and an order sent to the architect for a new residence to cost so much. To lay before this millionaire and his family some classic model would be folly. Architects must live, and if they do not find patrons with ideals such as their own, those ideals must give way. It is experience that teaches the architect how to meet the market. He tries to forget, after a time, that there ever was a Doric pillar, and feels, as he shoots up minarets and turrets, that he is guilty of little less than murder. But it must be done; the people will have the scroll-saw and the lathe —"these ornaments make the house so rich, don't you know." But there comes a time when the younger generation arrives. Then the influence of travel and of study becomes manifest. The new millionaire has seen the new buildings in Eastern cities. His wife has spent some time in England and on the Continent. They have more time to think of beauty than their fathers and mothers. With them life has other interests, though often less virile or developing, than the struggle for fortune. They see that it is not all of architecture to plan a house, nor all of decoration to use a paint brush. Then the architect harks back to the old books and the plans so long covered with dust. And soon a new city arises.

San Francisco has seen this growth and change. It can be proved to the eye of the least observing by a walk through our business and residence streets. Because of our comparative isolation, it was years after the East began to erect handsome business structures that we first discovered that an office building or business block need not look like a jail or a barn. The newer cities on this coast, to the north and south of us, are architecturally much superior to San Francisco, because they are made up of those who brought with them from the East the ideas there prevalent as to the necessity for beauty in building. However, it is a pleasure to see that the dreary monuments of lower Montgomery Street and Nob Hill are now regarded with but historic interest. "The Wave" hopes, by means of its illustrations, to do much more than it has been able to do in the past toward bringing the people of California into sympathy with purer and more perfect forms of architecture.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

By the death of Kate Field, California wines lose their warmest Eastern believer and advocate. From her European experience Miss Field came to the belief that to destroy drunkenness and prohibition—twin evils in her eyes—the United States should become a wine-drinking country, and she preached the gospel of good wine as persistently as Miss Willard preached total abstinence and prohibition. She made Californian wines known to thousands through her lectures and writings, and in several cities moved in the establishing of California wine-rooms. Miss Field was an eminently sane woman. She was neither theatrical nor hysterical. She regarded the world as a not altogether bad place to live in, and had no faith in the notion that the millennium would come with woman suffrage. She was of too rare a type to be spared.

It was "Brick" Pomeroy—who died early in the week—that gave to General Benj. Butler the title of "Beast," by which so many Southerners and Copperheads delighted to call the hero of the spoon story. Were it not for the memory of his aggressive Copperhead fight during the war, Pomeroy would long ago have been forgotten, though at one time he was as prominent a national figure as any American journalist except Greely. The latter years of his life were spent in the idle booming of a visionary scheme for putting a tunnel through the Rockies.

Speaking of the dead reminds us that Pennoyer of Oregon has come to life again, and once more becomes a public figure as Mayor of Portland. Just what this man has done to give him such a hold upon our northern neighbors, no one is able to recount. His fame has come through the vulgar and impudent messages he has addressed to President Cleveland on various occasions, and to his consistent advocacy of free silver. He calls himself a Jeffersonian Democrat, and at one time was a David B. Hill man, though that was when Hill was supposed to be for free silver and was known to be against Cleveland. In 1888 Pennoyer considered himself a candidate for Vice-President, and his bitterness against Cleveland dates from the refusal of Cleveland's managers to consider him seriously. The Republicans have lost two Congressmen in Oregon, and have come dangerously near losing a Senator. The Democrats are still in evidence in the webfoot State—they have one member in each legislative house—two votes in a State that has elected Democrats as Governors and as United States Senators, and was thought entitled to a candidate for Vice-President on a Democratic ticket.

The horrible crimes of the time are the work of men of education. Dunham, Durrant, and Blanther are men of more than average intelligence and schooling. Blanther seems to have been moved by avarice, Durrant by abnormal and perverted passion, but what led Dunham to his sextuple murder the world can only guess at. The theory of religious mania has been abandoned by the daily papers, and now they pretend to have discovered that Dunham's wife intended to get a divorce, and this Dunham was determined to prevent. There has been no satisfactory explanation given and probably will not be until the man is caught, if he ever is, of which there seems little likelihood at present. Man-hunting in the mountains of California is a new sport which might be advertised as a summer attraction.

So the Prince has won. Hurrah for Albert Edmond! Three cheers for Persimmon! For the first time in a century a Prince of Wales has captured the Derby. How happy England was made by the arrival of this piece of good luck to the patient, long-suffering Prince! He led his horse to the weighing stand just as if he were not the heir apparent, say the astonished and awe-stricken papers. Great crowds gathered around the railroad station and on the road to cheer this man-who-would-be-king. Perhaps, now, that other event will soon happen which will make the Prince altogether happy.

Marion Butler, the author of the anti-bond bill which passed the Senate on Tuesday by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-five, is the youngest member of the Upper House and has had a more remarkable political career than any other young man in our politics. When twenty-five years of age he was a school-teacher in a North Carolina country district, known only to the neighborhood. At thirty-two years of age he is a Senator of the United States and the most influential member of his party in that body. From a country school to the Senate is a remarkable trip to make in the short period of seven years. How was it done? He became a member of the Farmers' Alliance, then one of its lecturers and its State President; organized the People's Party and within four years had made an alliance with the Republicans which gave to the Union the control of the State and two United States Senators. A more remarkable piece of political work has not been done by a man so young within the generation. Senator Butler is of a less violent type than Tillman and Allen, though of the same intense prejudices. His mouth is less in evidence. His bill depriving the President of the right to sell bonds when money is needed to restore the treasury balance is the only measure the Populists have been able to force through the Senate. That it will become law no one expects. It would be a calamity of no small size if such power were taken from the President when our finances are in their present demoralized condition. But Butler will not die with his bill. His is a genius for political management resembling that of Senator Hill.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

A REPLY.

Respect, even toleration, for the woman suffragists seems to decrease in exact proportion to the increase of intercourse. After a little parley with them, it is easy to understand why Professor Jordan, believing as he does that voting (i.e., self-government) develops the mind and character, supports their cause. Much contact with them has probably convinced him that their gray matter must be developed at all costs. We are led to the same conclusion by a letter from one of their officers, the chairman of the Press Committee, published in a recent issue of this journal. This letter shows either an inability to understand plain English or else an intentional perversion of remarks made in our editorial of May 16th. We will charitably suppose it to be the first, and proceed to diagram those sentences of ours which were most distorted.

The writer begins mildly by giving a little twist to the paragraph in which we stated (in defense of poor men whose wives demanded red-hot opinions on the subject) that a sensible man did not hold extreme views either for or against woman suffrage, that he neither "rails nor eulogizes," that he "generally" (our very words) regards it either as an "inevitable evil" or an "abated blessing." This our correspondent translates into, "yet you say that when it comes, woman suffrage is to be accepted of men as a necessary evil." It would be just as near the truth to state that we said it is to be accepted by men as an "abated blessing." It does not, however, seem to us that we said either, but that we merely outlined the attitudes of the educated, intelligent men of the present day; the attitudes—as near as we can gather from their addresses before the Woman's Congress—of President Kellogg, Professor Jordan, and Rabbi Voorsanger. Professor Jordan said distinctly, in his first address to the Congress, that, in his eyes, the strongest argument in favor of woman suffrage was that self-government, even if it was bad government, was better than any other kind. He also added, if we remember correctly, that he *hoped* that woman, being purer and more spiritual than man, would help to lift politics up, but that if she did so it would probably be at the loss of some of her own refinement. No attempt is made here to give the Professor's exact words, but merely the idea he conveyed to us, and his attitude: an attitude of mild approval, absolutely without enthusiam and with about one-fifth as much interest as he would show in the discovery of a new fish.

Next the correspondent insists that we said that men who advocated woman suffrage were illiterate or narrow, and she proceeds to enumerate its advocates from Plato to—Mayor Sutro, and with an air of having said a good thing, remarks, "We look in vain for the illiterate; we fail to find the narrow." This does not controvert our statement; in fact, if all these famous men take a stand similar to and as unenthusiastic as that of Professor Jordan, it supports us, for our statement was that moderation on this subject was inevitable with a well-balanced mind; that a man must be either "illiterate or narrow" to have extreme words either for or against woman suffrage; that he neither "rails nor eulogizes; that he neither thinks it is going to ruin nor redeem the world. It is obvious that some sensible men think the advantages to be derived from suffrage, by woman and the race, are greater than the evils; others, equally sensible, think the reverse—it remains to be seen which are right.

A little further the correspondent objects to our assumption that it will be many years, if ever, before the best class of women will enter into politics, showing, in the course of her remarks, that in her vocabulary politics and voting mean the same thing. We hasten to impress upon her that they mean quite different things to us. She states that in Wyoming the results of woman suffrage have been "good to Society, the home, and the woman"—as if it were possible to judge of its ultimate effects until it becomes wider spread and has existed for at least two generations. Then are we favored with a list of countries in which suffrage prevails, but not a word does the lady say of the advantages and superiority of the women of those countries over ours. In what way do they excel our women? In freedom? In intelligence? In charm? In self-respect and purity? What good has this "privilege" done them?

One correspondent proceeds in her argument to state that "the further contact" (with men) "during the act of depositing a ballot need not prove 'coarsening.'" Where, oh gentle suffragist, did you get the idea that it might? Political life was the thing we dubbed "coarsening," not dropping a ballot, but running for office, etc. It is true that "thousands of men are unfitted for office-holding," but they are not the best men, and the women unfit for office-holding are sometimes the best women; they are, as we said, the women who are developed and occupied by the cares of maternity and home-making. No other class of women can [illegible] probably our correspondent is correct in her statement that only eleven per cent of women are mothers of *young* children, but [illegible] they not [illegible] boy or girl grows to manhood and womanhood? She adds that "not only may women vote without running for office, but they may and do hold office without voting." If some already hold office, will not more do so when given suffrage? Is not office-holding one of their goals? In what way does anything this correspondent has said answer the one [illegible] objection to woman suffrage, namely, that if women vote they will become politicians? They will run for office, and office-holding is not and never can be a fit occupation for the best (because most fully developed) class of women, i. e., the happy, cultured mother, and that therefore the business of politics will be left to the undesirable, unhelpful women—the incomplete spinsters, or, worse still, the degraded, the unrefined.

COMMUNICATION.

The development of oil fields in the interior is of such great importance to the community, that we cannot but wonder the daily newspapers have devoted so little space to the discoveries of oil and natural gas in the foothills at the western extremity of Fresno County. A correspondent at Hanford writes us as follows:

I have been over the fields pretty thoroughly in person, and have learned the following details.

There are two companies boring for oil at present. The first was organized by Captain Frank Barrett of Selma, and is capitalized at $5,000,000. The control of this company is in the hands of Eastern parties, who are furnishing the necessary funds to operate with. They have already sunk three wells, and seem well satisfied with the results. They plan to bore steadily until they have sunk a total of about one hundred wells, which, at an average flow of twenty-five barrels each twenty-four hours, would give them a daily output of sufficient magnitude to warrant the erection of a refinery. All of the borings thus far have developed a considerable quantity of natural gas, which is used for lighting and cooking purposes on the grounds.

The second company is composed of Messrs. Chancellor, Canfield, and Connor of Los Angeles. Mr. Canfield was one of the first to develop the resources of the Los Angeles oil fields, and his partners are both experienced oil men. Their field of operation is adjacent to that of the first mentioned company, and they are now at work on their third well. Both companies are already shipping oil from Coalinga, the nearest railroad station, about ten miles southwest from the wells, which are located in the foothills in the western extremity of Fresno County. The quality of the oil obtained thus far is vastly better than that produced in Los Angeles, and has a market value several times in excess of the latter. It is pronounced of superior quality to any other produced west of the Rocky Mountains. A small refinery, with a capacity of ten barrels daily, has been erected on the grounds by Mr. McWhorter of Selma.

The Barrett Company has located over twenty thousand acres of ground and the Los Angeles Company about six thousand. Outside parties have located about all the balance of the land in the neighborhood that shows prospects of covering oil deposits.

O. E. MANHEIM.

Factory on Eighth and Hickroy Streets.

Entrance to Ead's Bridge.

Warehouse, Jefferson and Lasalle Streets.

Union Power-house, Geyer and Jefferson Avenue.

Ruins, Broadway and Sailard Streets.

Taking Out the Dead, Seventh and Rutger Streets.

IN THE PATH OF THE STORM.

Street Scenes in St. Louis the Morning after the Cyclone.

[Taken for THE WAVE the morning after the storm, by Strauss.]

Mt. Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church.

Lutheran Church, Eighth and Lafayette Avenue.

RUINED CHURCHES.

The cyclone spared neither the houses of God nor the homes of men.

A WEEK OF THE DANCE OF DEATH.

From Sunday, May 24th, to Saturday, May 30th, nature, human, and otherwise, has killed, and killed, and killed. On Sunday, the 24th, the march of the cyclones up and down the Mississippi Valley began with the cloud burst of Polaria, Iowa, killing fifty people; it continued throughout Monday and Tuesday with the hurricanes in Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Michigan, taking off over a hundred more, and concluded Wednesday, May 27th, in the dreadful calamities of St. Louis and East St. Louis, where more than five hundred men and women were destroyed, one might almost say in the twinkling of an eye.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the city was humming drowsily under a sultry summer sky; at five a frightful wind was galloping through its streets at eighty miles an hour, and at half-past five the fatal funnel-shaped cloud spun roaring out of the east, and fell upon the city and rioted in it from end to end. It made a mockery of ironwork and of stonework, and smashed the great Eads bridge with a breath, twisting out one of the spans, apparently as enduring as the cliffs themselves, into a heap of broken stone; frame buildings splintered into bundles of jagged lumber before it, the river was blown out of its banks, ships enough to form a navy were sunk on the instant. Just fancy for a moment what it must have been like. The wind roaring like the noise of prolonged thunder, great buildings (10,000 is the number up to date) crashing to their ruin to the right and left, a gray murk in the air in which vague and terrible forms are moving, the street choked with debris, the telegraph poles reeling and falling like drunken men, men and women hurled to and fro with cries and shrieks, live wires sputtering and glaring in the ruins, firing everything about them, the horrid jangling of the steamer's gongs answering fifty-four calls, smoke rolling over the city adding to the darkness, terrified horses galloping through the streets or upon the sidewalks dragging the remnants of wrecked vehicles—a riot of devastation, combining all the terrors of bombardment and volcanic eruption! And, with it all, think of the sense of utter helplessness; there is safety nowhere; in the case of flood, or fire, or pestilence, one may at least enjoy the poor satisfaction of facing the evil and fighting it; but here, in such matter, absolutely nothing can be done, the thing must run its frightful course, must wear itself out, one can but bow to the brunt of it. It is even yet too soon to estimate the loss of life and of property; at least five hundred lives, and well over twenty million dollars, are the figures that have been reached up to now. East St. Louis must practically be rebuilt. In St. Louis itself not a single building in the path of the storm has escaped entire.

The deep streets sunk between the towering office buildings acted as channels confining the wind within the city, guiding it from block to block, from one quarter of the town to another. Out of the mouths of such streets as abutted upon the river came, as from the mouths of cannon, the roaring explosions of the tornado, hurling into the air, shrapnel-like, bricks, flying boards, sections of telegraph poles, gates, fences, clouds of fluttering shingles, and all the whirling debris of a disintegrating city.

The particulars of the storm and its technical causes are not yet altogether determined. It was circular in its nature, and broke about 4:30 o'clock in the midst of a stifling heat; rain fell sparsely, the wind was from the east, the thunder grumbling, and the lightning blinking. The clouds began massing, gradually they assumed the appearance of a vast ring encircling the city, ominous, menacing. The funnel, the characteristic of all cyclones, developed from this blue-black cloud-wreath, dipped earthward, and began to move faster than an express train. It first touched the earth at Clayton, a little town to the east of St. Louis. It passed over the river, ploughing up on its path across the water a hissing, boiling feather, higher than any raised by the swiftest record-breaker ever launched; passed over the city, leaving a trail like that of a Brobdingnag plow; wheeled on its course and returned upon the unhappy city again, ripping up a new path for itself, crossing and recrossing as if guided by some hideous spirit of malignity.

It was bad enough as long as light lasted, but fancy what it was to live through that night. And in the morning, with the hideous enemy vanished as swiftly and mysteriously as he appeared, what strange scenes must have been seen throughout the dazed, benumbed capital, a city's bones picked clean, the ghastly skeletons tottering to their fall, the interiors of thousands and thousands of homes, all the intimate life of an entire people, ripped open and exposed, wrenched from its seclusion, cast into the streets and gutters, all defiled and polluted in the mud and ashes of ruin and devastation.

Tuesday, May 24th, is the birthday of Queen Victoria, and during the three days celebration of the occasion at the city in British Columbia that is named from the Queen another calamity befell. At the end of the day the crowds were returning homewards; the cars were heavily crowded, and No. 61 of the electric line that crosses the Point Ellice Bridge carried more than one hundred souls. As it reached the bridge the conductor on the rear platform of the car that had immediately preceded it, waved a warning hand. It was unheeded; No. 61 entered upon the bridge, trundling heavily over the arch of one of the spans; the bridge began to crack and to sag, then some support snapped and collapsed, that portion of the bridge wavered, leant outward, and fell beneath the car, with the hideous noise of rending beams. About half of the passengers escaped with their lives, but the rest—think of them, think of the struggles in that car that had become a death trap as it sank, fancy them all drowning there like so many rats in a cage. Fifty-five were lost, and yet the week's tale of death was not complete.

There is something terrifying in an immense throng, even when quiescent. There are possibilities lurking in an aggregation of one hundred thousand human souls that must not be aroused.

As in the case of the Victoria disaster, it was to do honor to the sovereign that five hundred thousand peasants assembled on the Khodijnskoje outside of Moscow. Souvenir mugs were to be distributed; that the distribution should take place decently and in order, a small army of police had been told off to keep the vast crowd of Moujiks in hand. But it was yet early in the morning, and the police, fearfully overworked throughout the coronation week, had not yet arrived. Meantime the wagons laden with the souvenirs entered upon the plain, proceeding slowly through the enormous press in the direction of the booths. The crowd swarmed closely about the wagons; they were in great danger of being overturned, and to avert such issue, to draw the crowd away, some one began throwing the mugs and souvenir presents over into the press. There was a scramble for the presents; others in the crowd at some little distance, an outer circle as it were, rushed together, the scramble became a fierce hustle. The circle widened, spreading in that sea of men, like ripples broadening from a central point of disturbance, the hustling grew to a wild, confused rush, the great throng all in a moment grew mad with terror, rending its own body, insane and bellowing. And all for nothing, for absolutely no reason at all, a hundred thousand men, blind, deaf, and senseless with the fear of—what? Trampling out the lives of three thousand of their fellows—they don't know why—what a spectacle!

"Searching for the bodies."

Point Ellice Bridge.

SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT VICTORIA, B. C.

[From photographs taken for THE WAVE the day after the disaster.]

THINGS AND PEOPLE

THE CAMPAIGN having opened, it is not the display of a rare or even a vulgar taste to profess an interest in politics. The problems which offer themselves for popular solution this autumn are extraordinarily interesting. Silver and gold are at issue rather than candidates, and the contest will surely array East and West against each other. The capture of Oregon by the Populists, and the declaration of the Republicans for Woman's Suffrage add to the complication, for the latter plank will surely turn Democratic thousands of votes which the McKinley party would otherwise attract. The chances are that the platform formulated at Sacramento will either be silent about or denunciatory of the proposed feminine amendment, on the ground that the fair sex has no desire to be endowed with civil rights. This attitude will surely win the German vote, besides the support of innumerable men who, while declining controversy on the subject, are yet sternly opposed to extending the franchise. Considering the contingencies I would not be surprised if, in the next Legislature, the Republicans were in the minority, and the control actually vested in a combination of Democrats and Populists. In that contingency it is interesting to speculate what would the fate be of Thomas V. Cator, whose Senatorial aspirations the Populist Convention indorsed. Strange that the turn of events should elevate into a possibility this kaleidoscopic politician. The various contingencies as they develop are interesting enough to put the prophets at a loss.

* * *

Of the County Conventions of the Democratic Party only the organization at Kings County has announced itself for the Suffrage Amendment. It is possible the Tulare Convention, which has yet to meet, may follow suit, but all the others, now adjourned, were silent. The effort of Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw to induce the delegates at Sacramento to indorse their movement is destined to be voted down by a large majority, if, indeed, the ladies obtain even a hearing.

* * *

The latest political ambition developed is that of Charles Lane, one of the owners of the Utica Mine. A Democrat, Mr. Lane desires to represent the Party at the National Convention, preferably as a delegate-at-large, but, failing that distinction, as a district delegate from San Francisco; or, if this is impossible, he is willing to go from Mariposa. With so accommodating a determination, Mr. Lane should win his heart's desire, for he appears before the party as a veritable angel—the first it has had since the demise of Senator George Hearst. Not only is the prospective delegate rich because of his connection with the Utica, in which he possesses a third interest, but he has developed other great properties. The Fortuna mine on the Colorado River, where a twenty-stamp mill yields many thousands a month, belongs to him, and he shares with Hayward and the Hobarts the great Alaska mine, which, indeed, he himself located. There sixty stamps are kept busy day and night, and the owners call this mill a prospecting plant. Mr. Lane devotes himself to superintending the Utica, and resides at Angel's Camp. So, should he prove ever so unyielding in the matter of funds, still may he be called an Angel. However, he is broad and generous of view, and the expected will surely not be disappointed.

MISS ATHELIE CRAIG,
One of Augustin Daly's New Beauties.

* * *

However unfortunate the political conditions which prevail in San Francisco, they are admirable as compared with those that confront the Chicagoan. On the one side, chief of the Democratic machine in Illinois, is Governor Altgeld, the man who pardoned the anarchists; he is for free silver and other extraordinary things, and though discredited in the eyes of the country, his is a name to conjure with among the German Democrats in Chicago. Despite the virulence of his opinions, there is no doubt of the man's ability. He has brains, and is strong and unscrupulous, so may go far. But if the good voter desires to refrain from supporting Altgeld, he is confronted as an alternative with Boss Tanner, who is supreme in the Republican machine, and wishes to be elected Governor. Like his rival, Tanner is a brilliant politician with an immense following. He is absolutely self-made, has conquered against strong odds, against a strong prejudice—for in the early days of his life Tanner killed a laborer employed on a railway line, quarreled with the man who worked next him and killed him with his shovel. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged for the crime. He pleaded self-defense in mitigation, it is true, but the evidence, it seems, failed to support the plea, and the final formalities were complied with by the Judge. Fortunately for the culprit an error in procedure compelled the Supreme Court to order another trial, and then his friends rallied; the next jury was more amenable; he was adjudged not guilty. Since then Tanner's political genius has won him victory after victory in Republican politics. The reputation he bears is bad, though the man's capacity is generally conceded. He is a typical boss, however, derives his strength from "de push," and has no stomach for reform. There, then, for the intelligent voter it is a case of the Devil and the Deep Sea—a choice of evils, with disaster weighing both scales. In comparison we are fortunate.

* * *

The decrease in the population of Stockton since Governor Budd's election, cuts a sensible figure in the food consumption of the capital of San Joaquin County. The exact figures are in the custody of a certain politician whose turn for figures has revealed many curious complications. However, it is a patriotic hand Budd has sent forth from his native heath, and it is bent on returning home with its spoils. In the meantime, it is amusing to note that the water front has been converted into a suburb of Stockton. The other day one of Commissioner Colnon's late appointees on the dredging fleet—a good man from the lower reaches of the San Joaquin River—being thirsty after hard labor, threw out a bucket and raised its rim to his lips. The indignation of his expression was delicious. "It's salt, dang it," was all he said.

MR. TYRON POWERS,
Who made his first appearance with the Frawley Company on Monday night.
[Photo by Thors.]

* * *

George Knight has contrived latterly to enchain the attention both of the journalists and the politicians. He is a man of force and vigor, and the carrying properties of his voice are understood by the rafters of every large hall in the State. Without appeal to any subterranean powers he can produce a small earthquake merely by the exercise of his lungs. Apropos of this power, I cannot refrain from quoting as the best mot of several weeks Colonel Kowalsky's remark on hearing that the cyclone at St. Louis had carried off the roof of the new Convention Hall. "Knight," he said, "will never forgive that cyclone."

* * *

There is a story told by George Knight which involves the personality of another distinguished orator, Samuel M. Shortridge. In manner and person they are the antithesis of one another, the latter fastidiously elegant in the matter of garmenting and most courteous and ingratiating of address, whereas Knight affects a rough brusqueness of speech, an aggressive air, and dresses the role with due appropriateness. Neither great minds nor large voices always run in the same channel, but if there exists any rivalry between the gifted twain, they themselves have denied the imputation as unworthy and impossible. It seems that in the campaign two years ago, Mr. Shortridge, who, when the occasion suggests rhetoric, is never at a disadvantage, entered the office of Mr. Knight, and with an impassioned air, addressed him.

MISS BELLE DARCY,
The second beauty of the Daly Company.
[Photo by Elite.]

"George," he said, "let us, in the cause of the grand old Republican party which we both love and for which we have sacrificed so much, let us combine our oratory, and going out into the country together make the hills and the valleys ring with our united eloquence."

"Impossible, Sam," returned Knight.

"Why so, sir?" interrupted Shortridge.

"The first thing you'd do on arriving at a country hotel, Sam," explained Knight, "would be to demand a clothes brush and a bath. I'd lose caste at once."

* * *

"The best witness I have ever encountered," is the verdict of an eminent lawyer on Miss Lillian Ashley, who is suing Lucky Baldwin for breach of promise. She has been under cross-examination in Judge Slack's Court for three weeks past, bearing with perfect equanimity the inquisition of both Reuben Lloyd and H. E. Highton, whose interrogations are as searching as a chemical analysis. She displays a power of memory that is as remarkable as her resolute self-confidence and unequaled coolness. The inquisitors have searched into every detail of her life's history, and she has answered as frankly and as fluently as though the events referred to were of yesterday. This placidity of demeanor has won her the admiration of her opponents, and is indicative of unusual nerve and force of character. The merit of Miss Ashley's case is, of course, another story.

* * *

Rather a pretty story is told of Mrs. William McKinley, the mother of the man of Republican destiny. She is a very sprightly and handsome old lady in spite of her eighty-six years, and is full of wisdom and wise sayings. She had been to Springfield on an extended visit to her son, who was then Governor, and set out on the return journey to Canton, where her home is, alone. The conductor evinced a great interest in this gay, bright, white-haired passenger, and several times during the journey stopped on his rounds to speak to her. He asked where she was traveling, and she told him; and where she had been—visiting her son at Springfield—and her name? She shook her head mysteriously. "Maybe I know your son," he persisted, with an important air. "Seem's to me there's something familiar about your face; I could easily give a message to him any time," he added, genially; "now, tell me, what is his name?" He continued his queries until, as they approached Canton, the old lady said, "if you really wish to see my boy and will tell him of my arrival, you may find him at the State House in Springfield. His name is William H. McKinley."

"Why, that's the Governor of Ohio," ejaculated the astonished conductor.

"That does not make him any the less my son," returned the old lady, as she proceeded to gather up her traps.

* * *

There is gathered at Morosco's a collection of ancient mahogany and walnut parlor sets which would be a benison

to the eyes of a furniture connoisseur. It is not for ornament by any means, these antique couches and straight-backed chairs are congregated. They figure in innumerable stage-settings, and support the forms of heroes and heroines, not to mention the opportunities they afford the villain to stretch his limbs in moments of wicked reflection. An agent named Krasky represents Mr. Morosco in the making of this collection, and I am told the prices at which he has secured certain fine bits are preposterously low. In the suite of rooms on the second floor, which the younger members of the family occupy, some of the best cabinets and tables are placed, and the assortment promises in the future to be a valuable asset of the house. So, though utility be the immediate object, Mr. Morosco's sense of ultimate value is undoubtedly the guiding principle.

* * *

It was in an evil hour Mr. Norris Davis decided to attend the ball given by the seniors at Stanford University during commencement week. Mr. Davis announced his intention, filled up his dance card, and, hiring a two-seated buggy, drove down to the cardinal college, in company with a friend, with due ceremony and the flourish of trumpets. On arriving, however at the Stanford "gym," where the festivities were held, Mr. Davis was blandly informed by the doorkeeper that admission was five dollars. Great heavens! Mr. Davis had spent his last five dollars in hiring the team. Nothing could be done. Disconsolate and disheartened, Mr. Davis drove around and around the building, peering through the windows and watching other men dancing with the girls he had engaged days before. He was obliged to explain the situation to these girls later on, by proxy, and wound up the evening's enjoyment by driving back to San Francisco, which was reached in the small hours after midnight.

* * *

So the Rothschilds have purchased the Anaconda mine, after acquiring a fourth interest for some eight millions a year ago. The price they paid for the balance was enormous, about thirty-seven millions of dollars, which is on the basis of forty-five millions for the whole, a decided advance on the original transaction. As the Hearst estate owns a quarter interest in the property, this means nine and a quarter millions in cash that are available for the further exploitation of the *Journal* and the *Examiner*. Mrs. Hearst has no aspiration but the desire to further her son's ambitions, and he has no thought but the upbuilding of his newspapers.

* * *

This business of converting the Sunday *Examiner* into a subsidiary and tardy edition of the *Journal* deserves discouragement. It may have the virtue of economy, but economy, like its rival, consistency, is either a jewel or the bane of small minds. The scheme which finds favor is that of expressing here the matrices of the New York supplement, a matrix being the composition impressions from which the leaden stereotype plates for the big presses are made. The conversion of these to the uses of the *Examiner* has drawbacks, for the word *Journal* must be carefully eliminated wherever it appears, that of the *Examiner* substituted, and the reading matter localized to fit our conditions. Two weeks ago the *Journal* devoted half a column, together with

MISS MARGARET CRAVEN,
A popular member of the Frawley Company.
[Photo by Thors.]

a variety of illustrations, to exhibiting the strength of a New York druggist whose hands and wrists were dubbed the ost powerful in Gotham. The feats of weight raising, coin bending, and card tearing that he accomplished were all stated and pictured, and as it stood the story was fairly interesting. Lo! next Sunday's *Examiner* had the same article, word for word as to descriptions and facts, but with the name of Doctor Mizner substituted for that of the druggist. Now, no one doubts the Doctor's muscular power; it is considerable; but he is not in the habit of tearing packs of cards in twain, nor does he especially pride himself on the power of his hands. In fact, the article was an impudent imposture.

* * *

Colonel Kowalsky's latest tale illustrates the curious mythological combination arising in the mind of a Jewish urchin who attended public school on week days, and is dispatched by his parents to Synagogue Friday evenings for instruction in the Mosaic law. The Rabbi asked him who God was. The answer revealed a delightful confusion of Santa Claus and Christ, for the urchin replied, "He is a good man with a long beard who is kind to little children and walks upon the water."

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT,
Whose claims to beauty are handicapped by the prominence of her sister, Miss Maxine.
[Photo by Thors.]

THE SPINNER OF GLASS.

AN ALLEGORICAL SKETCH BY THE LATE H. D. BIGELOW.

Bohemia still mourns the death of Henry Bigelow. His early taking off is the more deplorable considering the brilliancy of his literary talent. Of course he degenerated towards the end of his career. It was not the "Pete" of *Ingleside* days; of the Honolulu expedition, whom we met in those last dark days; it was the wreck of a talent, the ghost of a genius. Discredited, discouraged, disregarded he went his old rounds, but the spirit was weary and the flesh weak. At the pen of a competent biographer, sufficiently cynical to be half truthful, the history of Henry Bigelow might make a fascinating tale. The story of his friendships, the history of his trips to Europe—he had traversed England and France on foot—the narrative of his intrigues, of his adventures, of his hospitalities, would read like a fairy tale. I know several editors who tried hard and often to persuade Bigelow to write stories of the old Bohemian days in San Francisco, tales of the festivals and orgies, incidents of the old life which centered down at the Frenchman's on Merchant Street, and eddied on gala occasions up town round the Riche and Marchands. He might have made a reputation second to that of Murger by transcribing a few of the yarns which he told over the round table, picking the back of a duck, or compounding the garlicky salad for which he had a special recipe. But then he might have done so many things, had some one been able to pin him down to a desk and a room. He was a butterfly—irresponsible, unthinking—the kindest, most generous, and most inconsiderate of men. However, if some one would collect

THE LATE HARRY D. BIGELOW.
[Photo by Thors.]

from the *Examiner* and the weeklies some of "Pete's" fugitive sketches and Christmas stories, the volume would make an interesting addition to Western literature. I remember especially a charming story he contributed to a Christmas WAVE. There was veritable literary value in his Honolulan matter. It was good writing and most entertaining reading. The following is an unpublished MSS. which Bigelow wrote some months before his death, a brief sketch which turned up in the midst of a pile of unassorted papers. It is in a different vein to that which he affected, and is interesting intrinsically, besides figuring as a reminiscence.

I was a spinner of glass and I prayed unto Christ that I should spin a cup such as I had dreamed of in a vision. And as I spun, after I had prayed, the cup came to me; of jasper and of sapphire; of chalcedony and emerald; of sardonyx and sardius; of chrysolyte and beryl; of topaz and chrysoprasus; of jacinth and of amethyst; with the rim and stem of pure gold, like unto clear glass. And when I looked upon it I worshiped, and forgot that it was from the prayer to Christ. And I forgot Christ and was content to worship His gift only.

But I was a spinner of glass, and as I spun I forgot that Christ had given me the wonderful gift which had come to me; so that I was as if on the pinnacle of a temple looking down upon all the earth.

Then I turned, and the Devil was beside me, and he said, "You are a spinner of glass. What you have spun is like the rainbow. It may be broken as the sun destroys a fleecy cloud. It is beautiful but not yet perfect. You wish perfection. Look out into the world beneath! You are but a spinner of glass, yet I will give you a nobler cup."

So I prayed unto the Devil and he gave me the cup. And it was of pure crystal, yet the sun shone through it like yellow amber, and in it was wine, and at the bottom was dropped a white pearl of great size. And as I gazed upon the cup of crystal the sunlight which came through was glorious, and taking it fondly in my hand I drank the wine within, madly.

"I will have no other cup!" I cried, and then I dashed the gift of Christ upon the ground, so that it fell into a thousand pieces.

Again I turned to the Devil's cup; it was full of wine once more. But the pearl had grown less, still I drank to the end, and when the Devil's cup was filled the pearl had vanished.

"Where is the Devil?" I cried, for over his gift there had come a sudden cloud; the crystal was turned black as night. At which with fury I cast the Devil's cup to the ground; but it would not break and lay there.

And looking up I saw Christ again and prayed to Him that I might have back the cup He had given me before. And Christ said gently, "It is before you. When you have gathered together the thousand pieces, I can give you again that which you cast away."

Then said I, "I pray you, O Lord Christ, let me destroy this black cup which the Devil has given me."

And our Lord Christ said, "No; lest it mingle with the other pieces. It cannot be broken. It must live as it ever did."

The Devil turned and lifted up the black cup, and said: "Come away; there is yet drink in the cup I gave you! You will spend a thousand years upon your knees for the broken cup. Fool! black as this cup has grown, yet will it last forever. Drink, for you will forget ten thousand other broken cups."

Then I drank, though the wine in the Devil's cup was like vinegar, and as I departed Christ had turned away.

But His gift lay upon the ground shattered in a thousand pieces.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ZOLA'S ROME.

MODERN PAPACY AS SEEN BY THE MAN OF THE IRON PEN.

M. Zola has just completed and published the second instalment of his great Trilogy, *Les Trois Villes*. The first was *Lourdes*, the one which is now in the hands of the reading public the world over—published simultaneously in four different languages—is *Rome*. *Paris* is the next to follow.

The main plot of *Rome* involves the doings of a French priest who visits the Eternal City and obtains an interview with the Pope in order to defend his book, *New Rome*, a work of radical and socialistic tendencies, which is about to be condemned by the Index. But, overwhelmed by the vast and changeless machinery of the Vatican policy, and disheartened by the blind adherence to dogma he is surprised to find in Leo XIII., he, of himself, repudiates his work, altogether disheartened. He is discouraged and can see no hope for the accomplishment of his purposes, when, on the point of leaving Rome, he picks up by chance a school book manual, a humble little work "containing little beyond the first elements of the sciences; still, all the sciences were represented in it, and it gave a fair summary of the present state of human knowledge." It dawns upon the young priest for the first time that here is the germ of the new power that is to revolutionize the world, and overturn and recreate all the great fabric of a purblind and tottering religion. Upon this slender framework M. Zola has constructed a vast panoramic picture of modern ecclesiastical Rome. While, of necessity, lacking in the magnificent action of some of the Rougon-Macquart series, *Rome* is, nevertheless, crammed with tremendous and terrible *pictures*, hurled off, as it were, upon the canvas, by giant hands wielding enormous brushes. As is the rule with this author's works, *Rome* leaves one with an impression of immensity, of vast, illimitable forces, of a breadth of view and an enormity of imagination almost too great to be realized. You lay the book down, breathless; for the moment all other books, even all other *things*, seem small and trivial.

It is almost impossible to criticize such a literary achievement. A few passages only can give one some idea of its character. Before actually beginning the story Zola poses his scenery, the background against which the drama is to be wrought out.

Rome! Rome! the City of the Cæsars, the city of the Popes, the Eternal City which has twice conquered the world, the predestined city of the glowing dream in which he had indulged for months! At last it was before him, at last his eyes beheld it! During the previous days some rain-storms had abated the intense August heat, and on that lovely September morning the air had freshened under the pale blue of the spotless far-spreading heavens. And the Rome that Pierre beheld was a Rome steeped in mildness, a visionary Rome which seemed to evaporate in the clear sunshine. A fine bluey haze, scarcely perceptible, as delicate as gauze, hovered over the roofs of the low-lying districts; whilst the vast Campagna, the distant hills, died away in a pale pink flush. At first Pierre distinguished nothing, sought no particular edifice or spot, but gave sight and soul alike to the whole of Rome, to the living colossus spread out below him, on a soil compounded of the dust of generations. Each century had renewed the city's glory as with the sap of immortal youth. And that which struck Pierre, that which made his heart leap within him, was that he found Rome such as he had desired to find her, fresh and youthful, with a volatile, almost incorporeal, gayety of aspect, smiling as at the hope of a new life in the pure dawn of a lovely day.

In picturing the complicated machinery of the Vatican administration, the intrigue and red tape necessary to so much as even speak with the Pope, Zola doubtless has his own fruitless endeavors in mind. He observes, that to Pierre

The Vatican appeared like some enchanted castle, guarded by jealous and treacherous dragons—a castle where one must not take a step, pass through a doorway, risk a limb, without having carefully assured oneself that one would not leave one's whole body to be devoured.

And again in the same strain.

In the mournful silence which fell around, Pierre lingered for yet another moment in the deep embrasure of the window. Ah! what anxiety consumed his poor, tender, enthusiastic heart! On leaving Paris things had seemed so simple, so natural to him! He was unjustly accused, and he started off to defend himself, arrived, and flung himself at the feet of the Holy Father, who listened to him indulgently. Did not the Pope personify living religion, intelligence to understand, justice based upon truth? And was he not, before aught else, the Father, the delegate of divine forgiveness and mercy, with arms outstretched toward all the children of the Church, even the guilty ones? Was it not meet then, that he should leave his door wide open so that the humblest of his sons might freely enter to relate their troubles, confess their transgressions, explain their conduct, imbibe comfort from the source of eternal, loving kindness? And yet on the very first day of his, Pierre's arrival, the doors closed upon him with a bang. He felt himself sinking into a hostile sphere, full of traps and pitfalls. One and all cried out to him "Beware!" as if he were incurring the greatest dangers in setting one foot before the other. His desire to see the Pope became an extraordinary pretension, so difficult of achievement that it set the interests, and passions, and influences of the whole Vatican agog.

Strongly materialistic, Zola never wearies of describing the exterior aspects of Rome. The old huge buildings of the classic Rome, as well as the Medieval and Renaissance city. What a splendid picture is this of the Colosseum. How much stronger and truer than Byron's melodramatic hysterics.

But the horizon expanded toward the southeast, and beyond the Arches of Titus and Constantine he perceived the Colosseum. Ah! that colossus, only one-half or so of which has been destroyed by time, as with the stroke of a mighty scythe it rises in its enormity and majesty, like a stone lacework, with hundreds of empty bays agape against the blue of the heaven. There is a world of halls, stairs, landings, and passages; a world where one loses oneself amidst deathlike silence and solitude. The furrowed tiers of seats, eaten into by the atmosphere, are like shapeless steps leading down into some old extinct crater; some natural circus excavated by the force of the elements in indestructible rock. The hot suns of eighteen hundred years have baked and scorched this ruin, which has reverted to a state of nature, bare and golden brown like a mountain-side, since it has been stripped of vegetation, the flora which once made it like a virgin forest. And what an evocation when the mind sets flesh and blood, and life again on all that dead osseous framework, fills the circus with the ninety thousand spectators which it could hold, marshalls the games and combats of the arena, gathers a whole civilization together, from the emperor and the dignitaries to the surging plebian sea, all aglow with the agitation and brilliancy of an impassioned people, assembled under the ruddy reflection of the giant purple *velum*.

Zola sees Rome through the eyes of his character Pierre, and he sees it in its entirety. When the great naturalist has done with a description, one may be sure that the last word has been said. The subjoined description of St. Peter's is absolutely complete. Every intelligent visitor must have been impressed by it precisely as was Pierre.

On entering the basilica, Pierre had fancied that it was quite empty and lifeless. There were, however, some people there, but so few and far between that their presence was not noticed. A few tourists wandered about wearily, guide-book in hand. In the grand nave a painter with his easel was taking a view, as in a public gallery. Then a French seminary went by, conducted by a prelate who named and explained the tombs. But in all that space these fifty or a hundred people looked merely like a few black ants who had lost themselves and were vainly seeking their way. And Pierre pictured himself in some gigantic gala hall or tremendous vestibule in an immeasurable palace of reception. The broad sheets of sunlight streaming through the lofty square windows of plain white glass illumined the church with blending radiance. There was not a single stool or chair; nothing but the superb, bare pavement, such as you might find in a museum, shining mirror-like under the dancing shower of sunrays. Nor was there a single corner for solitary reflection, a nook of gloom of mystery, where one might kneel and pray. In lieu thereof the sumptuous, sovereign dazzlement of broad daylight prevailed upon every side. And, on thus suddenly finding himself in this deserted opera-house, all aglow with flaring gold and purple, Pierre could but remember the quivering gloom of the Gothic cathedrals of France, where dim crowds sob and supplicate amidst a forest of pillars. In presence of all this ceremonial majesty—this huge, empty pomp, which was all Body—he recalled with a pang the emaciate architecture and statuary of the middle ages, which were all Soul. He vainly sought for some poor, kneeling woman, some creature swayed by faith or suffering, yielding in a modest, half-light to thoughts of the unknown, and with closed lips holding communion with the invisible. These he found not; there was but the weary wandering of the tourists, and the bustle of the prelates conducting the young priests to the obligatory stations; while the vesper service continued in the left-hand chapel, naught of it reaching the ears of the visitors save, perhaps, a confused vibration, as of the peal of a bell penetrating from outside through the vaults above.

But *Rome* is not all mere description and ecclesiastical intrigue. A red thread of passion runs through the story. The critics who can see no romance in Naturalism may reflect upon this story of Benedetta and Dario. It involves a thwarted love affair, a stabbing at night in the shadow of a doorway, and culminates in the poisoning of Dario by his rival Prada, and Benedetta's death upon the dead body of her lover, the whole affair taking place in and about an old Italian palace. Certainly all this is romance enough. It is only in the details of some of the scenes and in the manner of their treatment that the naturalism is strong, as, for instance, the scene of the lovers' death. Especially faithful to the Gospel of Naturalism is the sudden return of the hereditary instincts in Benedetta, the fierce passion of the race blazing out at the supreme moment.

"Here I am, my Dario, here I am!" Then came the apogee. Amidst glowing exaltation, buoyed up by a blaze of love, careless of glances, candid like a lily, she divested herself of her garments and stood forth so white, that neither marble statue, nor dove, nor snow itself was ever whiter. "Here I am, my Dario, here I am!"

Recoiling almost to the ground as at sight of an apparition, the glorious flash of a holy vision, Pierre and Victorine gazed at her with dazzled eyes. The servant had not stirred to prevent this extraordinary action, seized as she was with that shrinking, reverential terror which comes upon one in presence of the wild, mad deeds of faith and passion. And the priest, whose limbs were paralyzed, felt that something so sublime was passing, that he could only quiver in distraction. And no thought of impurity came to him on beholding that lily, snowy whiteness. All candor and all nobility as she was, that

POPE LEO XIII.
From His Latest Photograph.

virgin shocked him no more than some sculptured masterpiece of genius.

"Here I am, my Dario, here I am!"

She had lain herself down beside the spouse whom she had chosen; she had clasped the dying man whose arms only had strength left to fold themselves around her. Death was stealing him from her, but she would go with him; and again she murmured "My Dario, here I am."

And at that moment, against the wall at the head of the bed, Pierre perceived the escutcheon of the Boccaneros embroidered in gold and colored silks on a groundwork of violet velvet. There was the winged dragon belching flames, there was the fierce and glowing motto, "*Boccanera Alma rossa*" (black mouth, red soul), the mouth darkened by a roar, the soul flaming like a brazier of faith and love. And, behold! all that old race of passion and violence, with its tragic legends had reappeared, its blood bubbling up afresh to urge that last and adorable daughter of the line to those testifying and prodigious nuptials in death. And to Pierre that escutcheon recalled another memory, that of the portrait of Cassia Boccanera, the amorosa and avengeress, who had flung herself into the Tiber with her brother Ercole, and the corpse of her lover, Flavio. Was there not here, even with Benedetta, the same despairing clasp seeking to vanquish death, the same savagery in hurling oneself into the abyss with the corpse of the one's only love? Benedetta and Cassia were as sisters; Cassia, who lived anew in the old painting in the salon overhead, Benedetta, who was dying of her lover's death, as though she were but the other's spirit. Both had the same delicate childish features, the same mouth of passion, the same large, dreamy eyes, set in the same round, practical, and stubborn head.

"My Dario, here I am!"

For a second, which seemed an eternity, they clasped one another, she neither repelled nor terrified by the disorder which made him so unrecognizable, but displaying a delirious passion, a holy frenzy, as if to pass beyond life, to penetrate with him into the black Unknown. And beneath the shock of the felicity at last offered to him he expired, with his arms yet convulsively wound around her, as though indeed to carry her off. Then, whether from grief or from bliss amidst that embrace of death, there came such a rush of blood to her heart that the organ burst; she dies on her lover's neck, both tightly and forever clasped in one another's arms.

But the crowning effort of *Rome* is the picture of the Pope. It is like a portrait by Velasquez, so well done that one feels assured that it is a good likeness. Faithful, rigidly so, it portrays carefully all the little weakness, the little, trifling defects, as well as the grander, nobler, imperial characteristics. It is human. Again Zola sees with the eyes of Pierre.

Pierre was in His Holiness's bedroom. He had feared one of those overwhelming attacks of emotion which madden or paralyze one. He had been told of women reaching the Pope's presence in a fainting condition, staggering as if intoxicated, while others came with a rush, as though upheld and borne along by invisible pinions. And suddenly the anguish of his own spell of waiting, his intense feverishness, ceased in a sort of astonishment, a reaction which rendered him very calm, and so restored his clearness of vision that he could see everything. As he entered, he distinctly realized the decisive importance of such an audience, he, a mere petty priest, in presence of the Supreme Pontiff, the Head of the Church. All his religious and moral life would depend on it; and possibly it was this sudden thought that thus chilled him on the threshold of the redoubtable sanctuary, which he had approached with such quivering steps, and which he would not have thought to enter otherwise than with distracted heart and loss of senses, unable to do more than stammer the simple prayers of childhood.

Later on, when he sought to classify his recollections, he remembered that his eyes had first lighted on Leo XIII., not, however, to the exclusion of his surroundings, but in conjunction with them, that spacious room hung with yellow damask, whose alcove, adorned with fluted marble columns, was so deep that the bed was quite hidden away in it, as well as other articles of furniture, a couch, a wardrobe, and some trunks, those famous trunks in which the treasure of the Peter's Pence was said to be securely locked. A sort of Louis XIV. writing desk, with ornaments of engraved brass, stood face to face with a large gilded Louis XV. pier table, on which a lamp was burning beside a lofty crucifix. The room was virtually bare, only three arm-chairs and four or five other chairs, upholstered in light silk, being disposed here and there over a well-worn carpet. And on one of the arm-chairs sat Leo XIII., near a small table on which another lamp with a shade had been placed. Three newspapers, moreover, lay there, two of them French and one Italian, and the last was half unfolded, as if the Pope had momentarily turned from it to stir a glass of syrup, standing beside him, with a long silver-gilt spoon.

In the same way as Pierre saw the Pope's room, he saw his costume, his cassock of white cloth and white buttons, his skull-cap, his white cape, and his white sash fringed with gold and broidered at either ends with golden keys. What surprised the young priest, however, was His Holiness's face and figure, which now seemed so sunken that he scarcely recognized them. This was his fourth meeting with the Pope. He had seen him walking in the Vatican gardens, enthroned in the Hall of Beatification, and pontifying at St. Peter's, and now he beheld him on that arm-chair, in privacy, and looking so slight and fragile that he could not restrain a feeling of anxiety. Leo's neck was particularly remarkable, slender beyond belief, suggesting the neck of some little, aged white bird. And his face, of the pallor of alabaster, was characteristically transparent, to such a degree, indeed, that one could see the lamplight through his large, commanding nose, as if the blood had entirely drawn from the organ. A mouth of great length, with white, bloodless lips, streaked the lower part of the papal countenance, and the eyes alone had remained young and handsome. Superb eyes they were, brilliant like black diamonds, endowed with sufficient penetration and strength to lay souls open, and force them to confess the truth aloud. Some scanty white curls emerged from under the white skull-cap, thus whitely crowning the thin, white face, whose ugliness was softened by all this whiteness, this spiritual whiteness in which Leo XIII.'s flesh seemed, as it were, but pure lily-white florescence.

At the first glance, however, Pierre noticed that if Signor Squadra had kept him waiting, it had been in order to compel the Holy Father to don a clean cassock, for the one he was wearing was badly soiled by snuff. A number of brown stains had trickled down the front of the garment beside the buttons, and just like any good bourgeois, His Holiness had a handkerchief on his knees to wipe himself. Apart from all this, he seemed in good health, having recovered from his recent indisposition as easily as he usually recovered from such passive illness, sober prudent old man that he was, quite free from organic disease and simply declining by reason of progressive natural exhaustion.

Immediately on entering, Pierre had felt that the Pope's sparkling eyes—those two black diamonds—were fixed upon him. The silence was profound and the lamps burned with motionless, pallid flames. He had to approach, and after making the three genuflections prescribed by etiquette, he stood over one of the Pope's feet resting on a cushion in order to kiss the red velvet slipper. And on the Pope's side there was not a word, not a gesture, not a movement. When the young man drew himself up again, he found the two black diamonds, those two eyes which were all brightness and intelligence, still riveted on him.

At last, Leo XIII., who had been unwilling to spare the young priest the humble duty of kissing his foot, and who now left him standing, began to speak.

"My son," he said, "you greatly desired to see me, and I afforded you that satisfaction."

He spoke in French, somewhat uncertain French, and so slowly did he articulate each sentence, that one could have written it down like so much dictation. And his voice, as Pierre had previously noted, was strong and nasal—one of those full voices which people are surprised to hear coming from debile and apparently bloodless and breathless frames.

In denouncing Pierre's book, Leo XIII. breaks forth into a royal rage.

And from that puny old man before him with the slender, scraggy neck of an aged bird, Pierre had suddenly seen such a wrathful, formidable master arise that he trembled. How could he have allowed himself to be deceived by appearances on entering? How could he have imagined that he was simply in presence of a poor old man, worn out by age, desirous of peace, and ready for every concession? A blast had swept through that sleepy chamber and all his doubts and his anguish awoke once more. . . . .

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Ah! that Pope! How thoroughly he answered to all the accounts that he (Pierre) had heard, but had refused to believe! so many people had told him in Rome that he would find Leo XIII. a man of intellect rather than of sentiment, a man of the most unbounded pride, who from his very youth had nourished the supreme ambition to such a point, indeed, that he had promised eventual triumph to his relatives in order that they might make the necessary sacrifices for him; while, since he had occupied the Pontifical throne, his one will and determination had been to reign, to reign in spite of all, to be the sole, absolute, and omnipotent master of the world. And now, here was reality arising with irresistible force and confirming everything.

One of the most trusted workers in the cause of Cuban liberty is an American, Laura Alberta, the original Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The reading of a Cuban play last summer brought her in contact with many leaders in this city, and from them she imbibed an intense interest in the cause, which culminated in her offering her services in any capacity. Her parlors were thrown open to the Cuban leaders, where, in quiet and security, they could discuss important moves. Tokay and chocolate were always served. Here was entertained Francisco Gomez, son of the Cuban Commander-in chief, now in the field. Cesar de Salas, one of the original four, who with Gomez and Marti landed a year ago on the Cuban coast, sought the seclusion of her apartments to talk over plans for the now famous winter raid into the "Occident." Lieutenant Alfredo Sanches Agramonte, another staff officer of Gomez's command, who nearly lost his life in bringing from Cuba the credentials which made Tomas Estrada Palma Minister Plenipotentiary of the new Republic, in Miss Alberta's house first heard the glad tidings of the safety of his wife and child, after the wholesale arrests in Puerto Prinoipe.

Since the Roentgen ray was made known to the world, it has been said that in the wildest flights of fiction nothing of its kind had ever been imagined. The *Critic* quotes Marion Crawford in *Sant 'Ilario:*

There are men of all ages, young, middle-aged, and old, who possess many estimable virtues, who show physical courage whenever it is necessary, who are honorable, strong, industrious, and tenacious of purpose, but who undeniably lack something which belongs to the ideal man, and which, for want of a better word, we call the masculine element. When we shall have microscopes so large and powerful that a human being shall be as transparent under the concentrated light of the lenses as the tiniest insect when placed in one of our modern instruments, then perhaps, the scientist of the future may discover the causes of this difference.

Hawthorne approaches the possibility more closely in his tale, "The Birthmark":

He proposed to take her portrait by a scientific process of his own invention. It was to be effected by rays of light striking upon a polished plate of metal. Georgiana assented; but on looking at the result was affrighted to find the features of the portrait blurred and indefinable, while the minute figure of a hand appeared where the cheek should have been.

Representative Cobb of Alabama, who was recently deprived of his seat in the House of Representatives, did nothing during his term there that redounds to the credit of Alabama. However, he is the inventor of a certain famous phrase in connection with which his name may go hurtling down the ages. On a certain occasions leaning heavily on his desk, he inquired of his astonished colleague, "Where am I at?"

HONORING THE NATION'S DEAD.

Grand Army Plot, Odd Fellows' Cemetery.
Waiting for the Procession on the Steps of St. Mary's.

Review of Marines and Militia on Van Ness Avenue.

The "Philadelphia's" Marines.
Ceremonies at the Grand Army Plot.

GENERAL M. L. BARILLAS.

Though the name of Barillas is familiar to most Californians, the personality of the man and the character of his career are known only to the handful of traders and merchants whose interests have acquainted them with the politics of Central America. The associate and colleague of Ruffino Barrios he succeeded that eminent commander as President of Guatemala, and ruled its destinies until the breaking out of the disastrous war with Salvador, in which he sought to avenge the murder of his friend, General Mendez.

The literature of Central America is confined to fugitive narratives of warfare between the various republics, and the story of the overthrow of the clerical party with the history of Barrios's reign is yet to be authoritatively related. The life and success of Barillas fit into the career of his predecessor, and it is impossible to tell of one without telling something of the other. He was born in 1845, in the town of Quezaltenango. His father was a small landholder of Spanish descent, and his mother a Guatemalan. This was in the days of clerical supremacy before Carrera had established himself in power, and the life of the country was similar to that which the old dons and their relatives led at Monterey and Santa Barbara. There were no schools, save in the town of Guatemala, and communication from place to place was difficult and dangerous. The result was, young Barillas grew up a fine rider and a dead shot, but with no more book learning than the slender stock of his father supplied. However, Barillas, senior, was a practical man, and, determined that his boys should know something, apprenticed them to learn various trades. The future President was set to toil at a carpenter's bench, and, I believe, showed considerable skill at mechanics. To this period of his career the many enemies he has made in the course of a checkered and eventful life are maliciously fond of alluding, ascribing to Barillas a very humble origin. That, however, is the basis of the story.

When the revolution broke out in 1867, Barillas, who was then twenty-two, together with his father and brothers, joined the movement which Barrios had instituted to overthrow the regime established by Carrera. Cerna was then President, but the struggle was rather against the clerical regime, and the religious influences which dominated the country. Entering the army as a captain, Barillas soon displayed ability, and with the quality of quiet persistent courage which distinguishes his character, soon rose through the various grades to the office of general, which he held at the close of the war. In 1893, when Barrios had put himself at the head of affairs, he regarded Barillas as among his strongest supporters, and recognized his services by appointing him commander of the Occidental division of the forces, and Governor, with headquarters at Quezaltenango. Prior to this time, soon after he had attained rank in the Revolutionary Army as captain, Barillas had won the heart of the richest heiress in Guatemala, Dona Encarnacion Roblas, whose fortune in lands, flocks, and herds represented some four million dollars. The making of such a marriage conclusively gives the lie to the stories of humble origin, for the Roblas are among the best known people in the Republic, and in Spanish countries marriages are alliances rather than romances. It was after his appointment as Governor that Barillas turned his attention to coffee planting. The edicts of Barrios compelled the natives to work, and placed at the disposal of the great land-holders thousands of acclimatized workmen whose services could be had for a pittance. On the advice of certain Spanish agriculturists Barillas commenced planting coffee, and with so much success that his neighbors were encouraged to follow, the result being the establishment of the great industry which has made the wealth of Guatemala. Barillas, as Governor, had a big advantage over the rest, and in this way the foundation of his great fortune was laid. He ranks to-day as one of the richest men in Central America.

In this position of prominence and authority he remained during the years of Barrios's supremacy. At a subsequent election, however, Barillas was made Second Vice-President of the Republic, with Alexandro Sinibaldi next to the President. On the return of the dictator from the far-famed tour around the world, he inaugurated the great scheme of consolidating the Central American States under one Government, and with a well-organized force of some fifty thousand men set out to enforce his ideas. How far Barrios might have succeeded against the opposition of Salvador is hard to estimate, but at the battle of Chalchuapa the bullet of a sharpshooter found his heart and practically ended the expedition. Though Sinibaldi was the legitimate successor he possessed neither the power nor influence of the late President's Minister of War, General Barrundi. The latter decided that to him belonged the scepter and by announcing his determination so frightened Sinibaldi that he resigned his pretensions and left the field to the Minister of War. Not so, Barillas, however.

Notified by his friends of the political changes which were proceeding, Barillas gathered up an army of some six thousand men, and promptly descended upon Guatemala. Arriving outside the town, he stationed his forces, and, accompanied only by two personal attendants, he rode into the cemetery, reaching the vault as the funeral cortege arrived. It was at the tomb of the dead patriot that Barundi had proposed to announce himself dictator, but Barillas promptly took the initiative, and the intimation to Barundi that he had an army of 15,000 men awaiting to enter the city persuaded the Minister of War against the discretion of interference with the legitimate succession. Thereupon Barillas was proclaimed President of Guatemala, retaining Barundi as his Minister of War.

For seven years Barillas was President of Guatemala, and it is generally admitted that his administration, though not brilliant, was wise thoughtful, and honorable. He maintained friendly relations with foreign nations, and endeavored to carry out the policy of his predecessor, establishing schools throughout the country, encouraging agriculture and industries. Even his enemies, who have but few good words for the man's personality, admit his administration was an honest one. He had not the financial genius which enabled Barrios to feather his nest with millions. A man of extreme generosity, it was easier for Barillas to give than to refuse; and those who, in Barrios's day, paid tithes of their profits to the President, grasped all they could without recompense to their benefactor. He entertained magnificently, thrust his hand into his own pocket for the very expenses of the government, and it is actually a fact that he retired owing over a million and a half dollars—though, of course, his properties represented many times that sum. For a long time the Guatemalans, who are willing that their rulers should enrich themselves, provided the government is stable and proper protection is accorded, refused to believe the embarrassment of their ex-President. They declared him possessed of several millions in English securities; but the fallacy of the accusation was exhibited by the difficulties which involved him on returning, after his resignation, to his estates. He was unable to meet expenses, and then formed a copartnership with Pedro Bruni, manager of a Guatemalan bank, who then undertook the financial end of his affairs, establishing the General on a firmer basis than ever before.

Since resigning office Barillas has lived on his estates, applying himself to the cultivation of the vast plantations which he possesses. His home is La Libertad, near Quezaltenango—an immense mansion surrounded by a beautiful park. There are lawns and gardens resembling, but more extensive than, those of the Flood place at Menlo Park. The house, an immense structure something like eighty yards in breadth, rising in the midst of an ocean of tropical shrubbery, is the largest private residence in the Republic. It contains fifty bedrooms, and is magnificently furnished. Here the General dispenses patriarchal hospitality. He is never without a coterie of friends, and at the celebration of a recent birthday he entertained one hundred guests. However, he manages to combine business with pleasure; for though he is said to lack commercial talent, he is a thorough agriculturalist and the most practical of coffee growers, knowing thoroughly the properties of the soil. The stables at La Libertad are magnificent, and it is said of Barillas that he is the finest horseman in the Republic. Indeed, he spends his days on horseback and never tires.

President Barillas and a party of friends arrived in San Francisco some few weeks ago. Installed at the Palace Hotel, in the handsomest suite in the caravansary, he set about enjoying himself with characteristic energy. It is his first visit to California—indeed, the first time in many years that political and private affairs have permitted him out of the boundaries of the Republic.

He looks like a soldier, this ex-President of Guatemala—or, at least, like a man with a history. It is a grizzled, stern face he shows you, strongly marked by deep lines. There are thick, bold eyebrows, and small, rather fierce eyes, looking out with rapid glance. The figure is rather short, but lithe, compact, erect; the head is strong and shapely, and the aspect suggests determination and perhaps a little fierceness; yet this suggested fierceness is belied by the character of the man, who is really the most hospitable of his race, and the most interesting character, save, perhaps, young Barrios, in the Central American republics.

IN SOCIETY.

HOW THE SMART SET HAS CONTRIVED TO AMUSE ITSELF THIS WEEK.

Such a kindly disposed audience as it was Monday evening at the Columbia. Kindly and enthusiastic for a fashionable assemblage. White gloves and patent-leather pumps, as a rule, echo but so faintly the appreciation of their owners. But the company is so very smart—the men especially—and Maxine Elliott is so brilliantly beautiful. She is regal. The audience was remarkably well dressed, but really, I never imagined there were so many manufactured American beauties. The parquet was a nodding grove of them, and not a woman but had one pertly perched 'mid the lace and feathers of her hat, held one in her hand, or had it pinned to her bodice. I saw Blanche Bates in a stage box. Her recent illness has left no visible effect save a certain girlish angularity of limb. She wore, oh, such a becoming red gown, with a fichu of duchesse yellow with age, and her pretty brown hair was brushed smoothly back from her low, broad forehead.

Although as yet no one has really packed and left, the first of June has come and gone and everybody knows just where he or she is going for the summer. All the fashionable resorts are equally popular this season. At the Del Monte we are to have the Hagers and the Paysons and the Downey Harveys and the Grants all the season, and for the shoot, everybody who is anybody is sure to be there. Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Mrs. H. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, and, of course, the Von Schroeders, are to be at the Rafael. At Santa Monica there will be the Lesters, the Wm. Alvords, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, and later for a short stay only, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart. At Castle Crag, Mrs. Clark Crocker, the Gwins, the Morgans, and a number of prominent Oakland people, among whom are the Kittredges, the Taylors, and the Folgers, will go for the entire season, and at San Mateo the Hoopers and the Mills have secured cottages. There is also to be, I hear, many large house-parties à l'Anglaise.

If it is really true that Hymen honors all unions of hearts and hands by his—invisible—presence, what a tired god he must have been on Wednesday morning. Five weddings on Tuesday! Two morning, two afternoon, and one evening ceremony. Fortunately, each wedding represented a different set, and there was no clashing of arrangements. A noon ceremony united Lieutenant Shoemaker and Miss Jennie Cheesman. Dr. Foute left his pulpit to officiate. There were no bridal attendants, no display of any sort. Just the relatives witnessed the ceremony, and partook of the bridal breakfast. It is probable that but for the limited accommodations of the Cheesman residence, the wedding of the only daughter of the house would have been celebrated with more eclat. But it is such a little box of a place dainty and cunning and altogether doll-like. You can't stand in the corridor with arms akimbo without rubbing your elbows. Ah! but the taste displayed in the furnishing! Dark, rich-looking carpets, with the patterns of long ago. Hangings and furnishings like we read of in old novels, and which modern housekeepers spend fabulous fortunes to secure. The regular upholstered "parlor set," with carved wooden frames, and delicate, slender legs—the set of our grandmothers, and the haute nouveaute of to-day. A long, oblong mirror, too, reaching from floor to ceiling. It is a love of a house, and would have been a picture all decked out in bridal finery. As it was, however, some thirty-five guests sat down to the bridal breakfast, and showered the young couple with rice as they left for a honeymoon at Del Monte.

A church wedding is always a smart function, and the nuptials of Miss Emma Huntsman and W. Grayson Dutton, Tuesday last at noon, at Grace Church, was more than usually brilliant and impressive. The Huntsmans are Trinity people, but twenty-five years ago the parents of the bride pledged their troth at the altar in Grace Church, and what more natural than that this daughter should wish to be married there. Her pastor, the Reverend Doctor Walk, however, came over to officiate at the ceremony. The bridal party were more than attractive in their white mull gowns, and rough straw white hats, made from designs submitted by the bride. And of course the bridal gown was a beauty. Simple and elegant, with just one unpardonable fault—the skirt dipped in the back. But grace and beauty cover even a multitude of dressmakers' sins, and Mrs. Dutton is majestically graceful.

After all, there is nothing like the old school. Mental pictures of Walter Raleigh spreading his coat of purple for the queen to tread upon, were conjured up by the courtly grace with which Raphael Weil led the bride's mother to her carriage. The very crook of his arm was a poem, his solicitude an epic. The late George Huntsman was connected with the firm of J. W. Davidson in the early days, and his widow still retains an interest in the house of which Mr. Weil is now senior member.

It is safe to affirm that sentiment is not dead, neither is it perishing. If any one had seen Mr. Lowengart on the morning of his wedding-day, pacing the floors of the Gerst mansion with pale and anxious countenance and perturbed brow, they would make the same assertion as I do. The hundred invitations issued for his marriage to Miss Leah Gerst had to be recalled, and, a day previous, it was doubtful if the wedding might be celebrated at all. But the little god of love is a kind god. He whispered encouragement in the dainty bride's ear. He caused an invigorating fluid to course through her veins, and at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, pale, weak, but, in spite of it all, beautiful, Miss Gerst gave herself into the keeping of Ignatz Lowengart. The handsome bridal gown was not removed from its tissue paper case, and the bride plighted her troth attired in a fleecy white tea gown adorned with row upon row of costly old lace. Mr. Lowengart has been a most generous lover. He has showered the costliest presents upon his bride. Rings galore has he given her. Not content with one engagement ring, he needs must give her three. A magnificent solitaire, a beautiful sapphire surrounded with diamonds, and an opal rivaling the rainbow in brilliant coloring, extending from knuckle to knuckle and surrounded by diamonds. Another gift from the generous groom was a tiny chatelaine watch; the back a miniature surrounded by diamonds and fastened to a brooch of exquisite design, fashioned like a crown and set with diamonds, pear-shaped pearls and rubies. This splendid ornament was especially manufactured at a cost of $1000. Mrs. Lowengart's physician promises that in the course of a week with perfect rest and quiet the bride will be restored to perfect health. The young couple purpose then to hold a large reception.

Although the ceremony which united Miss May Harley and Livingston Jenks was private, over three hundred friends were bidden to the reception which immediately followed. The Harley residence on Scott Street is one eminently adapted for large entertainments. The drawing-rooms are large and of convenient shape, and the hall of generous proportions, then there is a large supper-room on the ground floor, all of which were amply utilized on the night of the wedding. Doctor Hemphill performed the ceremony. The newly wedded couple will go to Europe on their honeymoon. It has been arranged that Mrs. Harley will meet them on the first of October, and all are to return together.

Really, the most interesting bit of gossip relative to the approaching nuptials of Miss Ella Hobart and Chas. Baldwin is the young fiancée's adoption to the Episcopal Church. So the wedding is to be a high church affair, and Bishop Nichols is to perform the ceremony. I hear that the bride's sister-in-law, Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, did much to

MRS. IGNATZ LOWENGART, *nee* LEAH GERST.
[Photo by Thors.]

bring about this end. Miss Hobart long contemplated forsaking the Presbyterian Church for the Episcopal and the impressive simplicity of the service which united her brother and Miss Williams made her decide at once upon the step. Miss Hobart was formerly a member of Dr. MacKenzie's church.

Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Boardman are both receiving congratulations on the engagement of Miss Mary Mercado and Miss Chauney Boardman. It is an ideal arrangement. The bride elect is a refined and charming young woman of most excellent manners and connections. She is a niece of Mrs. Munroe Salisbury, and is related to the Sanchezs, Van Winkles, Robinsons, and Thorntons. She is related, also, through her father's family with several of the most aristocratic families in Mexico. Mr. Boardman is a quiet and industrious young man with considerable business talent, who is employed as cashier in the firm of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co.

Although the newness of being an engaged man and the delicious sensation of

MISS MARY MERCADO.

being sure of the woman of your choice must have worn somewhat by this time, Charlie Baldwin's heart is still too full for words. To the sincere congratulatory words of his many friends, the stereotyped "I am so glad," he can but reecho the phrase of his well wishers, "I am so glad, too."

His approaching nuptials, though, have left him some little time for his favorite of sports, polo, to which it appears he is more than ever addicted, and is playing twice as good a game as ever before in his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have returned from their Oriental tour. Judging by appearances, the trip has evidently greatly benefited Mr. Spreckels, who before his departure was enjoying anything but good health. Mrs. Spreckels is more attractive than ever.. I saw her the other night chaperoning a party of young folks at the Baldwin, and she looked simply stunning in a black tulle gown over white silk. Black and white is a favorite combination of Mrs. Spreckels's, and one that is particularly becoming to her dark and flashing beauty.

On the same night I saw Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Brandt, formerly Miss Belle Cohen, the first time I have seen her since the marriage. Such a modest, shrinking little bride as she is. Cuddled close against her husband's arm, through half closed lids she watched the peerless "Countess Gucki." During their brief stay in town the Brandts are at the California.

Emile Bruguiere, dearly beloved of the very young set, leaves the latter part of next week for an European tour. The barbaric splendor of the land of the Czar is the lad's ultimate destination, and he expects to pass three months in visiting St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw. Young Bruguiere will not favor this city with his presence for another year, going direct on his return from Europe to Harvard, where he is in his second year. It is a tolerably good sign in a young man when he declares his love and sticks to it. Emile has declared for Music and is faithful to her. He has almost completed the score of his new opera, "Count Fiddlesticks," with libretto by Dan O'Connell, the local poet, The "book" is to pass through the hands of a competent "adapter" before the opera is produced. The young composer is debating between a New York or London premier.

Saturday was a feast day at Burlingame. The habitués all turned out in force, and there were visitors by the dozen. Besides the attractions of the country air and a good luncheon, the crowd was gathered by the announcement of a prospective polo game in which the married men purposed engaging the bachelors. It was a lively set-to, I can tell you, and more exciting than the great game of the previous Saturday. The bachelors made hay of the benedicts, however, and though Tobin and Hobart did their best, the combination of Baldwin, Lawson, Dick Tobin, and McCreery was too much for them. Baldwin played a particularly dashing game and is in better form than he has ever before shown. McCreery had rather a nasty tumble, however, and is going round with a veritable apothecary's shop on his face. By the way, my figures on the Burlingame villas were a bit off last week. The Kruttschnitz have the Carolan cottage and Mrs. Richard Tobin is in the Ripley place. The Hoopers are in the Clark homestead, which is not on the Country Club tract. There are two villas there still to let, but both are unfurnished.

THE GOSSIP.

OUT OF TOWN TALK.

SOCIAL EVENTS IN OAKLAND, BURLINGAME, AND SAN JOSE.

Summer has dawned, schools have closed, and the mind of Oakland is turned to summer resorts. The topic of conversation at dinner and tea tables throughout the environment is of the country, and the merits and values of its various caravansaries. A contingent will, of course head for Castle Crags and Del Monte. Mrs. Chabot and Miss Nellie will, as usual, spend the season at Monterey. The Knowles, Taylors, Folgers, and many more go to Castle Crags. For Summit Soda I hear of a large contingent, headed by Mrs. Glascock and her daughter. The Steeles have gone to their ranch in El Dorado, and the Bendels are ready to set out for their summer home, which adjoins the Steele place. The Dunhams have moved to Los Gatos, and are having house parties. Ernest Peixotto and Miss Mhoon are down there this week. For the Fourth of July, they have invited a crowd of the Deux Temps set. The destination of the Tubbs family is still undecided; they talk of taking a big farm house out near Haywards, and there the Henshaws, Ferriers, and other members of the Tubbs family and its connections will install themselves. Mrs. Greenwood, by the way, is over at Sausalito; the Mark Requas are up at the mine in Placerville; the Goodriches are in Napa; Professor Moses and his wife have gone to Chicago, where the Professor lectures at the University; the Gayleys have gone East; Professor Armes is in Europe; Miss Amy McKee goes to Oregon City to visit her sister, Mrs. Norman Lang; the Pringles have closed their home in Oakland, and have gone to their ranch near Walnut Creek; Miss Jessie Coleman, who is over her recent illness, talks of accompanying Mrs. Glasscock to Summit Soda.

Oakland has been very musical this last week. It has had concert after concert, musicale after musicale, and if it is not surfeited with harmony it is only because concord is its natural condition. To commence with, there was Hugo Talbo's testimonial concert at the Unitarian Church. I am sorry to say that the occasion hardly did justice to Hugo's vocal ability, for he sang his very worst, which is saying a good deal. Harry Melvin rather made up for the deficiency by the manner in which he rendered "The Arab Bride," and Madam de Seminario relieved by her singing of "Elsa's Dream" the misfortunes of Mr. Mollenhauer in his "Spanish Dances." Turning from professional music to amateur harmony, I have to record the final meeting of the Friday Morning Club, the organization to which Mrs. Stratton devotes so much time and attention. The feature of the occasion was the singing of Miss Marian Taylor, who has recently returned from Paris. She gave "The Princess," by Greig, and exhibited the cultivation of her voice very happily. The Ladies' Quartet, which is really very competent, consisting of Mrs. Carleton, Mrs. Harries, Mrs. Allan, and Miss Gaskill, gave "The Lost Chord" very prettily. Then, on Saturday, Mrs. Benjamin had a luncheon

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

for the officers of the Ebell Society, with cornflower decorations and serious conversation. There was music, which displayed the hostess's skill at the piano, and generally a very pleasant entertainment.

On Saturday, too, occurred a very charming entertainment which Miss Knight gave to the Club of Thirteen. This institution, by the way, is an offshoot of the old Deux Temps. Its members went rowing on Lake Merritt, and put in at the beautiful home of Mr. Schilling, whose lawns slope to the water's edge. Here are electric fountains and rocky grottos, and by a turn of the thumb you have an incandescent illumination. The beauties of the place were thoroughly exhibited, and then the party headed for Miss Knight's home, where supper was served.

I had intended ere this to mention the campfire entertainment in the basement of St. Paul's Church. This was quite an innovation in the way of an entertainment, and decidedly successful. The room was trimmed and arranged after the fashion of a camping ground, in the tropics, doubtless, as there were palms and ferns in abundance, tents for refreshments, and a big bonfire in the center, together, of course, with red, white, and blue flags and flowers. Quite a fashionable crowd assembled and sat around comfortably, consuming sausages, coffee, and ginger beer.

Over in Berkeley there has been quite a little gayety in the direction of farewell dinner parties. Mrs. Judge Garber had a dinner Friday night at which she gathered all the professors' wives around her hospitable board. It was quite an assemblage of clever women, though they were by no means permitted to do all the talking, for the Judge always insists on being heard himself. He is a capital conversationalist, especially at his own table.

Another event was the wedding of Miss Mabel Urmy to Fred W. Sears, who is assistant Professor of Astronomy at the University of California. Miss Urmy is the niece of Mrs. John R. Jarboe, and has been a member of Miss Head's staff. She is tall, handsome, and a decidedly clever girl. The union is dubbed an ideal one in Berkeley, where the cleverness and accomplishments of Professor Sears and his bride are well understood. They have bought the lovely little home which Mrs. Sargeant built. It is a box of a place, but most artistically arranged, and lends itself charmingly to decorative effects. The wedding was a very quiet affair. Miss Briggs officiated as maid of honor, and after the ceremony the happy pair coolly boarded an electric car for Oakland, and where they are now no one has any idea.

Perhaps a transition from Oakland to Marin County is unnatural, but we have to make it. The usual set whose summers have been spent there for ten years past are installed in the cottages of Blithedale. Among the latest additions to the roll of residents are Doctor and Mrs. Pischl, who have taken a cottage. The charm of the environment seems to be lasting. It is so near and yet so remote, and I am told the grounds and the canyons look more charming than ever this season. The swimming pond has been enlarged, and arrangements have been made to add to the comfort of all guests.

The season at Santa Cruz will be formally opened to-night with the arrival of the orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Chace have sent out invitations for the opening hop of the season at the Sea Beach. To those with angling inclinations this is the time to visit the city by the sea, for the bay is full of sardines and salmon, and the weather is delightful. J. V. Coleman, D. R. Tarpey, and A. C. Bassett have been busy fishing all the week, and have had the best luck imaginable. To return to San Jose, the weather there is delightful, and at the Vendome every one seems to be having lots of fun. Quite a number of new people arrived this week, and the season is now well under way.

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Miss Luita Booth, one of the most popular girls in Oakland Society, and Mr. Pennoyer Lee Sherman, Professor of Physics in the University of Michigan. Miss Booth is the daughter of L. A. Booth of Piedmont, who was associated many years ago with Huntington and the Crockers in the promotion of the Central Pacific, and is a cousin of the late Governor Newton Booth of Sacramento. She is fair, tall, graceful, and intelligent, and has a decidedly charming manner. Professor Sherman is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and is a man of great ability and promise.

THE WANDERER.

The San Francisco WAVE appears to be a very prosperous periodical. Its latest progressive step consists in adding half-tone illustrations to its other features of excellence, so that it now is more like *Harper's* or *Leslie's* weeklies than is any other paper on this coast. THE WAVE has improved vastly within the last year or two.—*Fresno Republican.*

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

THE THEATERS.

ADA REHAN AS VIOLA, AND THE REOPENING OF THE COLUMBIA.

Ada Rehan gives all her creations a warmth and mellowness which makes them seem to be under the glow of a strong red light. Her Viola, like her Helena, is vibrant with passion, full of color and life. Julia Marlowe's girlish, charming masquerader put on men's clothes for a prank, not for love; she knew nothing about that. We felt all the time that she only pretended to care for Orsino in order to have an excuse for a lark. Rose Coghlan's was so virile and self-reliant that it seemed preposterous for her to show the white feather in the duel scene. One rather expected her to out with her sword and make mince-meat of Sir Andrew and gloat over his remains; but such masculine blood-thirstiness seems impossible in Ada Rehan's Viola. She is essentially loving, lovable, and feminine; you feel sure she would go straight to destruction for Orsino, but just as sure that she would pick up the air where her skirts ought to be and run at the sight of a mouse. Her terror at the idea of hacking at, and being hacked by, Sir Anthony, doesn't surprise you in the least—even though that scene is (as always) burlesqued within an inch of its life—yet neither does her readiness to follow the irate Orsino when he beckons her away with frowns and threats.

Throughout she is captivating and lovable—and to think that I nearly missed it all because I was afraid to see her legs! Time and flesh, you know, do play such havoc. However, she is still just about right, and her page's dress was most becoming. She can even dispense with the little scarf which she wore in the first act, and which most plump women find necessary.

Mr. Daly's innovations in his Shakespearian revivals are often severely criticised by the scholarly, but I believe that if the average man could be induced to speak the truth, he would admit with me that he likes them, even if they do interfere with the movement of the play. For instance, I have seen few prettier, more poetical scenes than that in Olivia's garden as it lay half in shadow, with the light streaming down on Viola in her soft green dress and glistening on the ivy which climbed the balustrade. The mock orange, so suggestive of love and summer-time, Schubert's dreamy serenade, and Olivia's outstretched, yearning arms, all combined to produce that delicate melancholy which we feel sometimes when alone (well, may be not quite alone) in the moonlight, with no sound in our ears but the rustle of leaves or the ripple of water.

The company has never appeared to better advantage than it did Monday night. True, Stevens and Mrs. Gilbert were not in the cast, but then neither was Richman, so the balance was kept. The scene of Sir Toby's midnight revels was done with unusual buoyancy by Lewis, Gresham, Gunson, and Belle Darcy, their catch of "Which is the properest day to drink?" filling the hearts of both the temperate and otherwise with joy.

It was an unlucky day for Maxine Elliott when some of her unwise friends started the rumor that she had left the Daly Company on account of Ada Rehan's professional jealousy. It raised our expectations too high. I went to the Columbia Tuesday night, expecting to see a woman of charm, distinction, and talent, one worthy of the clever, symmetrical Rehan's jealousy. What I saw was a big, handsome, well-dressed creature, who favored the audience with a great many glances, spoke her lines neither well nor ill, though somewhat mincingly, and in the intervals stood about and waited, with a rather conscious, satisfied air, for her turn to come again. Ada Rehan jealous of this actress! Impossible! Of the woman in real life, perhaps; but behind the footlights—Never. There is no doubt, however, that the company has gained something by their recent additions; the two women bring respectively beauty and prettiness; the men, Clarke, Power, and Worthing, considerable talent; so no doubt they will give us some very good performances, though probably nothing better than the original company's production last season of "The Senator."

Gertrude Elliott, while she occupies much less space than her stately sister, is a rather pretty little thing, and—although she was for some time in Marie Wainright's troupe—is quite natural and unaffected. In the "Two Escutcheons" she distributes some pleasing little hugs, and otherwise carries herself quite creditably for one who has been exposed to the Wainright methods. The real life, however, of the production, was in the hands of the Baron (Tyron Power) and the pork-packer (Clarke), for the rest of the characters and all of the incidents are subservient to these persons' red-hot conversations about lineage and sausages. They carried the whole thing on their shoulders, and did it quite cleverly, too, Clarke particularly so; but you see, ancestors and sausages, however good, are not just the best things to build a play on. People are exacting enough to expect something in the nature of incident and surprise. Now, "The Two Escutcheons" is the most transparent of comedies, and very, very little occurs. The young people marry, it is true, but of course they do it off the stage, and we are not even permitted more than a glimpse of the wedding presents. They have a dinner-party too (which the guests apparently desert at various stages, some leaving after the soup, others after the salad), but the audience is not invited, and doesn't see even a cork or a champagne bucket.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

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MUSIC.

THE SATURDAY MORNING ORCHESTRA, AND MR. TOLMIE'S RECITAL.

So perfectly bewitching did the young ladies look upon the evening of their concert, so lovingly did they caress their instruments, that for them to produce other than the most perfect concord would seem impossible. Not so, however; for their musical sins are many. The serenity of countenance they are able to maintain while playing out of tune, out of time, almost out of reason, is something to admire. Yet they are by no means altogether to blame. Indeed, they are most to be blamed in not compelling their director to put them through a comprehensive drill, since he evidently will not do it without being compelled.

Yet the poor fellow may have his troubles, too; as, for instance, in getting uncertain members to practise their parts or regularly attend rehearsals. Still, there is no excuse for his not doing much better work, and for not arranging certain passages in the music, particularly in Rossini's "Semiramide" overture, to meet the shortcomings of the orchestra. The young ladies were best in the overture to "Raymond."

Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen's performance of the middle and last movements of the Seventh concerto (De Beriot) was a distinct improvement upon her efforts of the previous week. For an encore she played Alard's Valse di Concert "L'Aragonesa." This very light composition was rather heavily played, and the second subject was spoiled by a complete alteration of the value of the notes. Technically, Miss Gruenhagen's performance was quite good. Mrs. Oliver Evans sang the Shadow Song from Myerbeer's "Dinorah" very well indeed, to which Miss Ada Weigel played a satisfactory accompaniment. Later, Mrs. Evans sang "Il Pensieroso" (Händel), and Signor Lombardi played the flute obligato with artistic taste and finish.

It is granted that the musician who gives a recital entirely unaided relies upon his musicianship and magnetism to hold the attention of an audience during the entire evening. How a man of Mr. Robert Tolmie's intelligence and refinement can for a moment imagine himself qualified to give a piano recital, is strange, to say the least. If a composition, simple in construction and musical content, as the Schubert-Tausig "Military March," fails to inspire Mr. Tolmie with even a sense of rhythm, then it is not to be expected that works of a poetic or dramatic nature would in his hands be imbued with great warmth or coloring. The A flat Polonaise demands a technic such as Mr. Tolmie does not possess. Why *will* not pianists give that thing a rest? It is by no means one of Chopin's best, and only a Paderewski can make it interesting. Doubtless the best played numbers on the not very well made program were the four little Preludes of Chopin.

P. C. ALLEN.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Frawley company produce next week Miss Martha Morton's new play, "Brother John." Miss Morton, the author, is a California girl, and the work is purely American in both subject and treatment.

It was quite a surprise to the immense audience that attended the opening night of the Frawley Company's performance at the Columbia Theater, when Mr. Frawley announced that Wilton Lackaye had been secured as a member of his company, and would appear during the season in the new play written by Hillary Bell and Ramsey Morris, entitled "The Social Trust."

De Mille and Balasco's best play, "The Charity Ball," will follow "Brother John" at the Columbia Theater by the Frawley Company. The production will be upon an elaborate scale.

The vitascope—Edison's wonder—will be one of the features at the Orpheum next week. Director Walter states that he has the exclusive right to exhibit the vitascope in California, and that it is only at a very heavy expense to him that he has been able to secure so novel an attraction for the Orpheum patrons. The vitascope has been the talk of the East for the past three months, and it is predicted that it will make something of a sensation here. Most persons have become familiar with the kinetoscope, and to these the vitascope can best be described as a kinetoscope on a gigantic scale, with the exception that instead of looking through a little peep-hole to see the "living pictures," the vitascope magnifies them six hundred times, and throws them onto a large screen in full view of the whole audience. Another pleasing feature of the vitascope is that in the pictures shown by it all the natural colors come out very distinctly. It is stated that some very realistic pictures will be exhibited at the Orpheum this week.

The many friends of Miss Margaret Craven have tendered that young lady a testimonial, which will take place on Friday evening next, June twelfth, at the Auditorium, on the corner of Eddy and Jones Streets. For the occasion Miss Craven has selected the "Frou-Frou" in which she will assume the leading character. She will be assisted by a select company of first-class talent, and the stage will be handsomely mounted. The audience will be a large and fashionable one, as the teachers alone have taken nearly six hundred tickets. Miss Craven has decided to donate thirty per cent of the gross receipts to the Teachers' Pension Fund.

Mr. Nat C. Goodwin and his company will introduce at the Baldwin Theater, on Monday night, June 8th, the latest play from the pen of Augustus Thomas, "In Mizzoura." It is decidedly a character study, and Mr. Thomas has gone to Missouri to find the people and environments which his pen has pictured for the stage as only a man can whose art it is to conceal art. Among the members of Mr. Goodwin's company are Blanche Walsh, Estelle Mortimer, Ethel Browning, Dorothy Usner, Fraser Coulter, and Clarence Handysides.

The production of "The Soudan," at Morosco's was a creditable piece of work, the actors acquitting themselves admirably, and the huge sets of scenery being handled and changed with great dexterity. The leading roles were played by Darrell Vinton and Miss Leigh, while the reappearance of Leslie Morosco was the signal for warm applause. Next week Frank Harvey's melodrama of "Brother Against Brother" is to be billed.

Herbert Kelcey, L. R. Stockwell, Effie Shannon, Olive Oliver are a few of the prominent artists who will appear at the California. The company is to open in R. F. Carton's play, "The Home Secretary," said to be one of the brightest and most highly successful works of the day. Mr. Kelcey will appear in his original role The prices to prevail during the season will range from 15 cents to 75 cents.

When Chimmie Fadden comes to the Columbia Theater the cast will include all of the original members that have appeared for some time past in New York City.

Next week at the Tivoli Opera House, Dollinger's romantic comic opera "Lorraine" will be heard for the first time in this city. Miss Marie Millard, the new prima donna of the company, will make her first appearance in the role of Madelaine, and the favorite soubrette, Louise Royce, who has just returned from the East after a successful season, will be heard as the Page.

QUEEN LILY SOAP

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ALFRED MEERS.

THE HIGH WIRE ARTIST TALKS OF HIS PROFESSION.

I saw Alfred Meers at the Orpheum this week, not on the stage at the evening performance, but under one of the galleries in the afternoon, in the midst of some repairs that were going forward.

Really, I was surprised; of course there was no reason to assume that Mr. Meers would not act, talk, and look like a well-bred young gentleman. But I can assure you that Alfred Meers is totally different from the popular conception of a "tight-rope walker"; besides, he is not a "tight-rope walker," he's a "high wire acrobat." He's not even remotely tough; don't even look like an acrobat. He has the face and manners of a fine young fellow, and he dresses in the very best of taste. A trim, compact, jaunty little chap—that would be the verdict of nine observers out of every ten.

I asked him as a starter just how he came to choose the profession.

"Oh, my father was in it," he replied, "and my grandfather; it's a matter of inheritance. I've been at it ever since I was a little chap. I and my brother."

"It all comes natural, then," I suggested.

"Yes—yes, in a way, but for all that I must rehearse every day, and then I'm not always sure of myself. Now, my act where I turn a cart-wheel on the wire, I've been at that now for six years, constantly, and yet I can't say that to-night's performance will be perfect.

"That's one of your best acts," said I, "tell us how you went about it."

"Well, a mere accident first gave me the idea. You see in our business we can't go to work and say, 'I will now make a new act which shall be entirely original and striking. No, I practise, and fool around on the wire with my brother, doing anything that comes into my head, and pretty soon we do something that we never thought of. 'Hello,' I say, 'that's rather good, we'll try it on again, and we do, and it goes, and there you are. That's the way my brother and I got out the act of passing each other on the wire. So it was with the cart-wheel act. I just hit on it one day, and started in to master it. First I got so I could do it on a chalk line on the floor, then on the low wire, then at last in public on the high wire.

"But you practised it on the high wire at first."

"No, indeed, I don't do any of my hard acts on the high wire, except before the audience."

"No? Why not?"

"Because I would risk falling in the harder acts without the audience there. It's curious. my act will be almost a failure at practice and rehearsal; I will even wince; but once let me get before the audience, with the orchestra playing, and the gas blazing, and I feel ready to do anything, got all the pluck in the world then."

"What's the secret of balancing on a wire," I demanded, curiously.

"There's no secret about it," answered Alfred Meers, "nothing but a nack; keep your eyes off your feet, and look steadily at a certain point well in front of you, and all the rest comes by practise. Resin on my feet? Oh, my, no; worst thing in the world to have your wire sticky. I say, a funny thing happened here Monday night. It goes to show the state of a man's nerves on the high wire. I had begun the act and was already out on the wire, when I saw sticking to the wire right in front of me a wad of chewing gum. If I was to put in the rest of the afternoon I couldn't think of a worse thing to put on a high wire. *Chewing gum, ugh!* and just because I knew I must not step on it, just *because* I knew it was so dangerous, I could not keep my feet away from it. I'd think I was going to take a long step over it, but instead I kept getting nearer and nearer to it every time. Everywhere I turned I'd seem to see that wad of chewing gum right under my foot. I got through somehow, but I told my brother, who went on after me, about it. He said he'd be careful, went out on the wire, and at the first rattle out of the box stepped right square on the gum and pulled his slipper off."

"And speaking of slippers, do you always use the soft soles?"

"Oh, yes; we must do that to get the proper grip on the wire. But *my!* don't your feet get sore at first; five minutes at a time is all you can stand for the first few months. Then your soles begin to get callous very fast; get *too* hard, even, and we have to soften the callous, cut it down, you know."

"Is that so?" said I; "what do you use, razor?"

"No."

"What?"

"File." F. R. S.

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RIPPLES.

MAJAH WATAH'S ADVISE TO THOSE CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE.

My advise to dem what contemplates marriage, am don't yo' marry at all; but adwise am a good deal like castor oil: it am much easier to give than it am to take.

Don't marry th' first gal dat yo' think yo' am in love wid'. First love am like de first set of baby teeth: don't amount to much, nohow.

Don't marry unless yo' am earning enough to support a wife in a little better style than what she am used to.

Don't marry a girl who has any married sister. Married sisters am ebery bit as bad as mother-in-laws, and sometimes a great deal worser.

Don't marry a girl who thinks she am better than you. My reason for this, I think, am obvious.

Don't marry a girl that am always before the looking-glass. This kind of a girl thinks more of pleasing some other feller than she does of pleasing her husband.

Don't marry a girl who am envious. This kind of a girl will spend more money in trying to look better than her neighbors than you'll be able to earn.

Don't marry a girl whom am fond of gossip. She will make trouble for you, herself, and everybody else. None but the ignorant gossip.

Don't marry a girl who am fond of admiration. She am the kind that prefers to be wit' some man other than her husband, and am always gadding the streets.

Don't marry a girl who am too high-toned to go to housekeeping, but am willing to board. This kind of a girl am like a mule: born tired.

Don't marry a girl who sees eberybody that passes the house. If you does, she will see more than you do; and will eaze her mind by saying: "What the eyes don't see the heart don't grieve after." The heart grieves more after what the eyes don't see than what they do.

Don't marry a girl who am always complaining that she neber has anything. You might give this kind of a girl the whole earth wit a ten-foot barbed-wire fence around it, and she wouldn't be satisfied.

Don't marry a girl out of pity for the way she tells you she am treated at home. If a girl finds fault with her paternal roof, she will complain worser about the roof placed ober her head by her husband.

Don't marry a girl who expects you to help her wit the house-work. If you do, she will lose what little respect she had for you before marriage.

Don't marry a girl unless you expect to take her miles away from her former home. Should you fail to take this adwise, may the good Lord pity you.

Don't marry a girl who wants you to give up eberything for her sake, and she make no sacrifices. This kind of a girl am a Hog.

Don't marry jus' for the sake of being married. Some young men marry for the same reason that they join a secret society; out of curiosity. Better to join a dozen secret societies than to join one unsecret society. It don't take long to become initiated into a secret society, but it takes a lifetime to get initiated to married life, and you are riding the goat until death relieves you.

HOW IT ORIGINATED.

"Father!"

The editor of the great magazine raised his weary eyes from the mass of MSS. before him, and gazed lovingly into the fresh, open countenance of his son and heir, who had interrupted his readings; then, with the gentleness of a woman, he said:

"What is it, my boy?"

"Father," repeated the youth, "would you be proud were I to write something for the magazine?"

"My dear boy! Proud of you? Indeed I would."

"Father, I have written something."

"What is it, my son?"

"I know, dear father, that you have been struggling along for the past few years in the hope that some day an idea would come to you that would make us all famous."

"Yes, my son."

"Well, father, I have written a story. It is not a great story, and were it submitted to you or any other editor, it would be consigned to the waste-basket."

"Well, well?"

"I know you wish to see me obtain a start in——"

"Yes, my boy; but if your story is uninteresting, no one will read it."

"Yes, they will, father. The story is completed, with the exception of the last chapter, and I'm blessed if I know how to end it. I have pondered over it for months, and I am just as near a solution to-day as I was months ago. I don't know how to end it."

"Well?"

"That's it, father. We will run the story as a serial and offer a prize of one thousand dollars to the person sending us the best final chapter."

"My brave boy, you have saved us!" feelingly answered the father, and he fell on the neck of his son and wept tears of joy.

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LOST FOREVER.

Mrs. Newwed (throwing herself into the arms of her mother)—O mother, mother, mother!

Mother—My goodness! What is the matter?

"O mother, mother, mother!"

"Crying, and only three weeks married?"

"O mother, it is terrible!"

"What is terrible?"

"O mother, what shall I do?"

"For goodness' sake, child, tell me what is the trouble. Is Fred tiring of you already?"

"Worse than that, mother."

"Great heavens, child, he is not staying out late of nights or taken to drink, has he?"

"Worse than that, mother. He is lost forever."

"For heaven's sake, child, tell me the worst."

"O mother, Susan B. Anthony says he is her ideal man. and no woman will ever be good enough for him now."

THE CAUSE.

Customer—What! Forty cents a dozen for eggs? Why, this morning you had a sign out which read two dozen for a quarter.

Grocer—Yes, I know; but since then I have learned that an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe intends playing here to-night.

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CONNOISSEURS IN CALIFORNIA.

The Paris *Figaro* a short time ago complimented Californians on their discrimination of taste and their preference for fine wines, and refers to the large importations of Pommery Sec into California. According to recent importations, Messrs. William Wolff & Co., the agents for Pommery Sec, are again heading the list, as in previous years, by a large majority. This is so much more surprising, as it is an accepted fact that Pommery Sec has its largest custom among the refined and aristocratic classes of Europe, and is by no means shipped in large quantities to the United States regardless of quality. The management of the Pommery establishment never catered to the masses by the adoption of the so frequently applied system of sacrificing quality to price, but by aiming to produce a high grade and pure champagne of unexcelled properties have succeeded in securing that recognition for Pommery Sec, which this brand now receives on part of the real fastidious all over the globe.—*Pacific Wine and Spirit Review.*

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ALL GROCERS KEEP IT

THE WHEEL.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM ON CURRENT EVENTS IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

At this writing it looks as though we had seen the last of cycling racing at the Central Park track for some time to come. For some reason or other the exhibitions there have not caught on with the public, and the support received does not warrant the continuance of the show.

The Decoration Day meet was unqualifiedly a failure from the point of view of the management, though the sport furnished was of the highest quality. Loafing races, which our public is not yet educated to appreciate, were rare, and the finishes were thrilling and earnest. Yet the small audience showed no enthusiasm. An old bicycle race-goer said to me: "This is tame!" What do the people want?

In the present dilemma a temptation has been suggested to the lovers of the sport. It is urged that if betting on the races were allowed, the interest of the general public would be aroused as it is at the Ingleside track. Some gentlemen, of whom I had thought better things, have even gone so far as to suggest and plan out ways and means by which pools might be sold upon the riders. The L. A. W. racing rules for 1896 provide that no open betting shall be permitted at race meets. The reason for the rule, and the wisdom of it, are apparent. What is meant by "open betting" is perhaps not as clear as most of the prohibitions and definitions of this year's rules are made, but I do not think any one will deny that the selling of pools on the riders, no matter in what way it may be carried on, would come within the term.

It is urged, however, that the pool-selling part of the meet might be in charge of some one in no way connected with the meet itself, and in that way the letter of the League rules could be observed. But I would call the attention of those hasty gentlemen to a very salutary city ordinance now in force on this peninsula, whereby the selling of pools on races anywhere except within the enclosure where the race is held, is forbidden. I think the city ordinance, when taken in connection with the League prohibition, will effectually prevent the introduction of pool selling on cycle racing in this city, even though public opinion against the practise should weaken a bit in the midst of the present rather depressing set of circumstances.

Somehow or other, San Francisco does not seem to be a city for cycle racing. Its meets have very rarely been successful from a pecuniary point of view. And the reason for it lies deep down. Every one with a memory will call to mind the fact that horse-racing was never a popular success in this city till in very recent years. The interior towns had given racing seasons for horses that were popular successes years and years before it was possible in the metropolis of the State. But the sport was fostered here—nourished in a way possible with no other kind of amusement—and at last became firmly established in public favor.

It is thought by many that the same course might have the same effect with cycle racing, and to that end it is stated that a meeting will be called in the near future, at which the Associated Clubs, the Cycle Dealers, and the League will evolve some plan for continuing the race meets in this city. I sincerely hope it may be done, but I confess that I see but one remedy. If San Francisco is to have race meets, they must be on Sunday. On that day they will be a success. Of course, I am aware that the racing rules, as they now stand, do not contemplate Sunday sanctions. But now that our New England brethren have at last, with great difficulty and a wealth of biblical quotation, been persuaded that it is not a sin to ride a wheel on the Sabbath day, an amendment to the racing rules in this particular would come within the easy possibilities. That is one thing to be done.

But the real thing is to bring about the same state of interest in cycle racing here in this city that already exists, despite the Sunday prohibition, in the interior towns. San Jose can give a race meet that is a success. San Francisco cannot. In San Jose the wheel is used by a far greater proportion of the inhabitants than in San Francisco. In San Jose one can go to a race meet on a wheel. There the people have ridable streets, and use their machines to such an extent that any demonstration of a development of their use is of interest. Yes, I really think that the same ultimate reason lies behind the success of cycle racing in other cities and its failure here as kept back the development of horse-racing for so long on our hill-girt peninsula. People do not use horses in this city to any extent for pleasure. In the interior towns, built in the midst of flat stretches of the country, where the use of the horse has been universal, the interest in such contests has always been alive.

You see where I am getting to. Give the people of this city streets to ride on; give the people of other cities some means of riding into this city comfortably on a wheel, and then you can give race meets that will be as successful as those at San Jose.

Of Alpha's Day at Central Park there is little to be said. It was, in many respects, the best meet we have had in San Francisco so far, but there was little or no public appreciation of the fact. The Alpha Club—in whose honor the meet was given—occupied boxes at the entrance of the track, and pinned their colors on the winners of the heats, so that the contestants in the finals all rode under the ladies' colors. It was a pretty feature.

But the matter that calls for comment in connection with this last meet, and for serious comment at that, is the Referee. For those of us who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Plummer personally, his unfortunate manner of rendering his decisions upon questions submitted to him is merely a matter of regret, but for those who understand the man less thoroughly, this characteristic is sufficient to taint the day with a tinge of unfairness, to create the feeling on the part of many that a conclusion has been reached by the referee hastily, unjustly, unfairly. Now, all this is extremely unfortunate, no matter from what point of view we consider it. Admitting for a moment that Mr. Plummer's decisions are as near to absolute correctness as is possible to arrive, still if any circumstance in the manner of his arriving at his conclusions or announcing the results of his deliberations is such as to create a feeling of dissatisfaction among any large proportion of the contestants, even though that feeling is entirely without other foundation, then I say for the best interests of the sport we should look for another Referee.

It is unquestioned that the wheeling club of which Mr. Plummer is a member has done more for the sport on this Coast than any other club. But it is also true that that club at almost every race meet has a greater number of entries than any other club. Now, does it seem for the best interest of the sport that the Referee, who, under the new racing rules is made the supreme and final arbiter in almost every case of dispute, should be a member of the club most deeply interested in the outcome of those disputes? For example, at the last meet it became the Referee's duty to decide adversely to the pretensions of one club and in favor of his own three times. Mind now, I am not questioning the justice of his decisions at all, but I want to say that such a set of circumstances must have—in fact, has had—the result of calling forth such emphatic expressions of disapproval on the part of the more unthinking of the members of the club whose riders it was necessary for the Referee to disqualify, that definite injury has resulted to the sport in general. They have determined to take no part in any race meet in which Mr. Plummer acts as Referee. Now, while such a determination as this may be eminently unjust, it is none the less extremely unfortunate.

But beyond all these considerations, at least three definite charges are made against Mr. Plummer in derogation of his efficiency as a referee:

1. It is urged that he has not complied with the racing rules in rendering a report of all protests for foul riding or false entry, and his decisions thereon. The time within which this shall be done is not specified by the rules, but as they provide that an appeal from such decisions must be taken within one week after they are made, it seems that such reports should be made within that time.

2. It is urged that at the Santa Rosa meet he abused his discretion in the matter of time limits.

3. It is urged that he committed a grievous error of judgment in permitting seven amateur riders to start in a single heat on the Central Park track.

Now, the most important meet of the year from many points of view is close upon us. The League Meet at Petaluma is looked upon by many as a decisive incident in cycle racing on this coast. If it is a success, the sport will take on new life from that day; if it is a failure, it will be the last general meet of the season in North California. In view of all these considerations, let me ask those gentlemen whose interest in the welfare of the sport is deeper than a mere club interest, who want to see good feeling promoted between every cycling organization, to the end that all may work together for our common purposes—let me ask those gentlemen if they think it is advisable that Mr. Plummer should officiate at that meet?

Of course, the first thing that suggests itself in this regard is, if not Plummer, then who? Mr. Welch is also a member of the same club as Mr. Plummer, and is subject to that objection. Then, too, he is a member of the National Racing Board, the body which must pass on appeals from his decisions as referee. There remain as official referees for this division Mr. Col and Mr. Smyth, and from these a choice should be made for the League Meet at Petaluma.

C. MICHENER.

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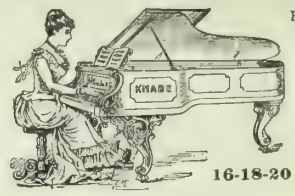

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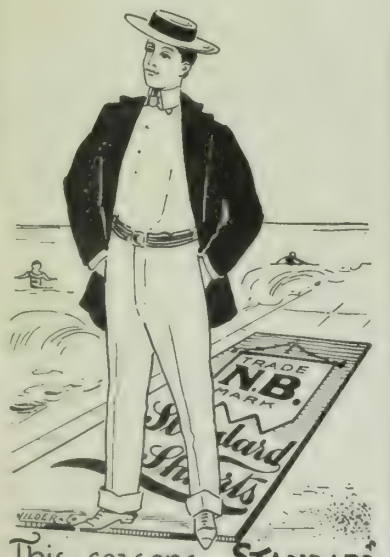

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IN THE CURRENT.

They have had an International Woman's Congress in Paris, but the official title was all that proved international about the gathering. It was strictly Gallic. Indeed, the Woman Question has made great strides in Lutetia these latter years, and, as in America, there are certain women identified with the movement, much as Miss Shaw and Miss Anthony are. Nor are they less bold in their demands than the heroines of the late Congress. The right to vote is demanded: it is asked that woman have the exclusive right to the product of her personal labor, and also that she be eligible to the office of Juge de Commerce, the only judicial office that is elective in France. Madame Poyon, one of the most prominent champions of the new order, ascribes the importance which the movement has recently assumed to the influence of the bicycle. It first secures a measure of physical emancipation tending to make women stronger, less frail, and more decisive. Besides, it affords for husband and wife an exercise in common. Husbands have no longer any reason for taking exercise alone when their wives can accompany them perfectly well. The healthy development of strength, the purity of the open air, help to give joy and health, to create between man and woman that good fellowship of the road that will hold out during the long journey of life.

The attitude of New York Society toward the stage is said to be changing. No longer is the actor ostracized, though but few members of the craft have yet obtained the entrée of its gilded portals. In other days one never met, in exclusive circles, men and women connected with the profession; but, following the customs in vogue in London, they are being invited to suppers and afternoon teas, though, for the most part, such invitations seem restricted to English visitors. The change is dated as concurrent with the visit of Beerbohm Tree, who, with his wife, has long been a personage in London Society. Many well-known New Yorkers, in their visits to the English metropolis, encountered the Trees and were entertained by them, returning the compliment, of course, on returning to America. Thus far the 400 has had but little use for its countrymen, though there is John Drew, of course; as a notable exception, Olga Nethersole has had much attention, though since her success she has developed an undue affectation of manner. Duse went to several swell houses and was especially made much of by the Richard Watson Gilder set; but Ada Rehan, Viola Allen, and Georgie Cayvan go nowhere. Rehan is not visible even to the most persistent interviewers, and spends her summers in England. Maude Adams, to whom Richard Harding Davis is said to be unsuccessfully devoted, has begun to have a vogue, and last winter was taken up by some pleasant people, who also had taken pretty Miss Ethel Barrymore to their hearts. Of course, this maiden has the advantage of her uncle's social prestige to aid her. Apropos of Drew's success, the idea of making a position for himself was born in him in London. When with Augustin Daly's company he went out a great deal, and determined then to know the same class of people in America. He began his campaign at an athletic club, got to know certain smart men as he does in San Francisco. Exchanged introductions in various parts of the country, and is now well inside the gilded portals. Indeed, he alone among American actors enjoys the prestige of being invited to really fashionable houses. His compatriots are more jealous of his social eminence than of the histrionic prominence he has won, though they ascribe it to his English ways and the cleverness of his assault in breaking in through the men. Had he attempted merely to win the women his vogue would have been shortlived.

New York women, good, bad, and indifferent, do not paint and powder their faces as much now as they did five years ago. At least, that's what the men say, and the druggists who deal in the old-fashioned cosmetics, tell a very long story of bad business. Owing to the craze for athletics during the past two years, the tan and ruddy athletic glow has come to be the proper thing for the swell girl. She who spends hours every day playing golf or riding her wheel, or on the tennis court, cares little for rouge and face bleaches. The sunshine and the rain, the cold and the heat, give a coloring and firmness to her cheeks that art could never impart, though it does give such a good imitation of it that one woman who has just had her face "fixed," as it is called, can't decide whether her neighbor in the street car has had hers fixed, too, or whether it is the natural glow of good food and plenty of out-door exercise.

Wine booming, it is said, has lost its old vogue in New York. When the wine agent was a novelty and his methods new, several men in this town whose club and social connections were good made good incomes booming special brands of champagne. They ordered it in their clubs, and they bought it in large quantities at the best bars in town, and for a time his acquaintances wondered how young Brown or Smith or Jones could afford to buy so much champagne, and they marveled at his fierce anger when a waiter dared to serve any but his special brand of champagne. One of these men was unfortunate enough to get hauled up in supplementary proceedings, and, in the course of a stiff cross-examination, he gave away his snap. He bought champagne because he was paid to buy it, and he said that he was heartily sick of it. The wine importers now say that it pays them better to advertise in the newspapers than to hire boomers.

Some revolutionary suggestions in regard to domestic servants are being discussed in Australia. It is proposed to call them "household employees." They will eat in the dining-room, either with the family or by themselves. They will not be at the beck and call of the mistress. There will be two shifts of "employees," one to work from 6 A. M. to 2 P. M., and the other from 2 P. M. to 8 or 9 P. M., so that they may have the afternoons and evenings off every alternate week. It is believed that the expenses of the household would not be increased by adopting this step, as domestic service under this new condition of affairs would be rendered so attractive that servants would be obtainable at half the present wages, and sweating in factories would be largely diminished by reducing the number of applicants.

To those who may desire a Genuine Old Port Wine for medicinal and table use, we can safely recommend the famous Commendator Port Wine, bottled by D. M. Feuerheerd, Jr., Oporto. Its great maturity in wood, rendering it easy of digestion, while retaining great strengthening and recuperative properties, makes it invaluable to the invalid as a restorative.

COQUETTE.

I am never in doubt of her goodness,
I am always afraid of her mood,
I am never quite sure of her temper,
For wilfulness runs in her blood.
She is sweet with the sweetness of springtime—
A tear and a smile in an hour—
Yet I ask not release from her slightest caprice,
My love with the face of a flower.

My love with the grace of the lily
That sways on its slender fair stem,
My love with the bloom of the rosebud,
White pearl in my life's diadem!
You may call her coquette if it please you,
Enchanting, if shy or if bold,
Is my darling, my winsome wee lassie,
Whose birthdays are three, when all told.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

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"The Overland Limited," via Union Pacific, takes only three and a half days to Chicago and only four and a half days to New York.

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The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Isaak Strauss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator, at his office, room 35, Third Floor, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the estate of Isaak Strauss, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 7, 1896.

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FOR 1896

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" "	ILLUS. AMERICAN	5 75

TALES OF THE DAY.

The House of Commons is very critical of its orators. While John Bright was uttering his appeal against the continuance of the Crimean War to a hostile House of Commons, his peroration, in which his oratory took its highest flight, was listened to in a silence which betrayed that the House, though impressed, was yet critical. "The Angel of Death," said the orator, "has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings." "Ah," said one of his opponents, afterwards. "Had you but said 'flopping' we should have laughed at once."

Of a distinguished New York bishop it is told that, being anxious to change the interior arrangements of his palace, he employed the late R. H. Hunt, the well-known architect, to superintend the proposed alterations. In due course Hunt submitted plans, but the estimated cost was beyond the bishop's resources, and he relinquished the idea. "And now," said his lordship, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble." "I thank, your Lordship, one hundred pounds," answered the architect. "One hundred pounds!" exclaimed the bishop. "Why, I have curates in my diocese who do not receive so much as that for a whole year's service." "That may be true, my lord," said the architect; "but I happen to be a bishop in my profession!"

The late Lord Tennyson had little sympathy with autograph-seekers. A certain citizen of Albion, N. Y., wrote the poet a request for "an autograph and sentiment." Receiving no answer, he wrote a second time with similar consequences; the third time, however, there came a sheet on which the great man had written: "A. Tennyson." Sentiment, "Ask me no more."

One of the Meers Brothers now appearing at the Orpheum drew an unlucky number in the Conscription and had to invent some excuse to avoid serving in the army. "I'm the support of my family, sir," he said to the Judge before whom he appeared, "though it is a fact that I have no disease to warrant me demanding exemption." "But your father and mother are circus performers and earn their own living," objected the Judge. "True, but I am a member of the same company and have to carry daddy and mammy on my head; doesn't that show that I support the whole family?"

There are some good stories in Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's book. One is of the Duc de Richelieu. He showed a little concern about the conduct of the ladies to whom he was married, as he expected them to show for his own conduct. Happening on one occasion to find his wife conversing rather familiarly with his equerry, "Fancy, Madame," he calmly said, "how awkward you would have felt had any one else but myself come into the room." When this lady died he wooed the daughter of the Prince de Guise. The engagement was still a secret when the same equerry, believing that Richelieu had time to forgive him, called and begged the Marshal to take him back into his service. "How did you know," asked Richelieu, "that I was going to get married again?"

Baron Rothschild includes in his *Personal Characteristics* the reply of the Marquis de Bievre to Louis XV. "I hear that you make jokes on every subject; well, make one on me." "Your Majesty is not a subject."

Mr. Frankfort Moore, at the annual dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club in London, told of an author who called at a big publishing house with a new novel, the best thing he had ever written. "We'll be delighted to have it," said the publisher, "providing, of course, it's up to date." "I should rather think it was up to date," replied the author. "It contains two problems and a wife who confesses all on the day of her marriage." The publisher's eyes glistened, but as he began turning over the pages of the typoscript his face lengthened. "Great heavens," he said, "it's written in English. I thought you said it was up to date." "What's the matter?" exclaimed the author. The publisher looked at him in an amazed way. "My dear sir," he said, "are you really serious in asking me to publish a novel that's not written in a Scottish dialect? Take it away."

STROZYNSKI'S NEW STORE.

Beyond all doubt, the most thoroughly equipped and furnished hair-dressing store in the West is that of Mr. Strozynski, at 24 Geary Street. Mr. Strozynski is one who thoroughly understands hair-dressing, and his assistants are those who have been with him for years.

Use only Richardson's & Robbins' deviled meats for picnics.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

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Is charmingly situated on the shores of the Bay of Monterey, four miles east of Santa Cruz, on the line of Broad Gauge Railroad.

Thousands visit this resort yearly to enjoy the surf bathing, salmon and trout fishing. The hotel is situated at the very water's edge; surf bathing and hot salt water baths; furnished and partly furnished cottages, and provisions for amusement and recreation, are all befitting a first-class seaside resort. Free camping ground.

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GEO P. SNELL, Manager.

Blithedale

The nearest Summer Resort to San Francisco, and the most charming, is within five minute's drive from Mill Valley Station. Wooded hills shelter it from the wind and fog. Rose paths and beds of fragrant clover surround the houses, and all around are the redwoods—300 acres of woods. The cottages have porcelain bath tubs and electric lights and *perfect sewerage*. The never failing brook runs through the place. Table excellent—cream every day. Terms moderate. For particulars address—MRS. FARRAR, who will be at Blithedale after April 15th.
The place will open on May 1st.

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THE WAVE

VOL. XV. NO. 24. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 13, 1896. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

SIXTEEN TO ONE.

THE MISFORTUNE OF GULLIVER AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS IS PARALLELED BY THE PRESENT PREDICAMENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE WAVE

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A LARGE MAN AND A SMALL CHAIR.

It is to be hoped that Speaker Reed will not allow himself to be stampeded into accepting the nomination for the Vice-Presidency by the Republican National Convention which meets next week. He is too young a man to be retired. He is too able a man to be lost out of our national politics. The nomination for the Vice-Presidency would be to him no honor, and would lead downward, not upward. There is something amusing in the pretentious attempt made by the McKinley managers to force Reed to accept second place on the ticket. The "Czar" is not a man who has been accustomed to play second fiddle. It is years since he has been in an orchestra that he did not lead. He regards Mr. McKinley, no matter whether justly or unjustly, as a discovery or creation of his own, and to play tail to the McKinley kite is a position which he has never thought it possible for his country to ask him to occupy.

There can be no obligation of a patriotic or partisan nature placed upon him which should move Mr. Reed to accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. He can do greater service in the House than as presiding officer of the Senate. There are many weaker and vainer men who will do just as well on the McKinley ticket. Indeed, it might come to prove a source of weakness to the Republican party to have Mr. Reed in second place, as it would excite comparison during the campaign between the second man and the first; and this, many believe, would be to the disadvantage of Mr. McKinley. It is undoubtedly true that Reed has certain brilliant qualities which McKinley has not; but, while it may be allowed that McKinley would make the safer President, it cannot be denied that Reed would make a more enthusiastic and inspiriting campaign. Reed is a quick man, McKinley is slow; Reed is a magnetic man, McKinley is cold; Reed is outspoken, McKinley is reserved; Reed compels, McKinley persuades; Reed has humor, McKinley has none. For all these contrasts, McKinley might make a better President; yet it seems the extreme of audacity to ask Reed to take a place several steps below McKinley. There is but one reason which might move Reed to accept the lower post—Daniel Webster missed the Presidency because he declined the nomination for Vice-President.

It is no longer considered that the Vice-Presidency is in the line of promotion. This was the rule in the early days of the Republic, but it has been abandoned since Van Buren's time. Vice-President Adams succeeded President Washington, Vice-President Jefferson succeeded President Adams, and so on down to John Quincy Adams. Jackson was able to hand over his office to Van Buren, but since that day no Vice-President has been elected to the Presidency; though most of the Vice-Presidents have been at some time candidates before their conventions for Presidential honors. It is now almost taken for granted that when one is given the Vice-Presidency, he will at once, on the expiration of his term, retire into obscurity and give up all effort at achieving further honors.

One holding a Cabinet position or a seat in the Senate is regarded as more in line for the Presidency than a Vice President. And the Speaker of the House, by virtue of his position as leader of his party in the main legislative body, has become a figure of first-rate importance, ranking in the public estimation higher even than a Senator or a member of the Cabinet. It was Blaine's ability shown as a Speaker and in the mastery of his men that gave him so great a following and brought him so near the throne. Speaker Carlisle, by virtue of his eminent judicial quality, came at once into recognition as a national leader, and gained the right to aspire to the highest honors. The real rivals to these Speakers, Senators, and Cabinet officers are the Governors of the leading States, and from this class we have had of late an unusually large number of Presidential candidates. New York, by virtue of her pivotal position, is never without Presidential possibilities, some of whom, such as Governor Morton, have little but their own local following to warrant their candidacy

The Governors are an ambitious lot. Look at them in the present campaign. On the Republican side we have ex Governor McKinley in the lead, Governor Morton, Governor Bradley, Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania, and ex Governor Perkins of California, a large and popular possibility for the Vice-Presidential nomination. On the Democratic side we have one ex-Governor of New York as President, another is now in the Senate and would like to be President, an ex-Governor of Ohio who frankly acknowledges his ambition, a Governor of Indiana with his delegation behind him, an ex-Governor of Iowa, who rests his hopes on free silver, an ex-Governor of Massachusetts, who is uncompromisingly for gold, an ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, who prides himself on his record as an anti-monopolist; and, no doubt, there are others.

The Vice-Presidency gives a man little opportunity to distinguish himself. He has but a controlling vote in case of a tie, and there is no opportunity given him for partisan leadership. His position is much more a judicial one than that of the Speaker of the House. If he has money, he can make himself a prominent social figure, as Morton did; but as he has no political power, and usually but little personal "pull" with the President, he is given no opportunity to do anything more than sit by complacently, and patiently wait for the President to die. No recent Vice-President has been strong enough to overcome all the embarrassments and disadvantages of the Vice-Presidency and emerge as a candidate for the Presidency with any considerable following. Governor Morton found it necessary to become Governor of New York before he made an effort to rise from the Vice-Presidency to the Presidency, and no other Vice-President in fifty years has come even as near to it as Governor Morton.

To ask Thomas B. Reed to accept a position so humble in comparison to that to which he aspires, one more lowly, even, than that which he now holds—to ask him to play the part of a super on the stage where he has so long been a star—is to ask more than we believe any Presidential candidate is warranted in asking, or any party in expecting.

INGRATITUDE TO AN OLD MAN.

The Honorable Adolph Sutro is one of the most picturesque and amusing characters California, the Pacific Coast, or even the country, for that matter, has ever produced. As a poseur, no one can deny that his only rival in the United States is Mr. George Francis Train; indeed, there are many things in these two gentlemen which are alike, though Mr. Train will hardly thank us for drawing attention to the resemblance. The particular notion which Mr. Sutro has revolving within his brain is a standing belief, whenever anything goes wrong with any of his schemes, that "the downfall of the Republic is at hand." It will be remembered, while he was exploiting his street railroad scheme, the Republic was on the verge of a downfall as many times as the Supervisors failed to give him an extension of time; and we have been noticing for the last two weeks that the Republic was again on the verge of a downfall, because there was a possibility of the funding bill being shunted over to the next session of Congress without being killed outright at this session. These are our Mayor's words when some one whispered into his ear that there was talk of fixing a date for the discussion of the bill at the next session:

"For heaven's sake, oppose it with all your might, for if passed it will surely mark the triumph of the corruptionists and the beginning of the downfall of the Republic."

When such small matters so excite a man, it is a wonder that he has ever lived to have as many gray hairs in his head as Mayor Sutro has. But perhaps, after all, he only takes these matters seriously when standing in the presence of the admiring public, and laughs in his sleeve at other times over the gentle humbugging he has been giving the people. The world loves fakes and fakirs, and the world has them. But Mr. Sutro, with all his posing and prancing and shouting, and crying out of "Wolf! Wolf!" must feel as the campaign comes on, that we are a very ungrateful people, or that we have grown in cunning since the last election; for, no matter how many telegrams he may send to Washington, he listens in vain to hear any cry go up from the people for his reelection. This must be discouraging. Ah! how sincerely may our Honorable Mayor soliloquize on the ingratitude and insincerity of the people. The outlook now is that if there is to be a monument erected to His Honor, he will have to put it up himself.

THE ANTHONY-SHAW CAMPAIGN.

What will the Democratic party do concerning woman's suffrage? Will it, like the Republican party, fear to speak its honest sentiments because, perchance suffrage may carry? Or will it be straightforward and frank with Miss Anthony and her cohorts, and tell all these zealous women in unmistakable terms that, while Democrats are as chivalrous as Republicans, they will not stultify themselves by declaring for that which they believe would be of no benefit to the State and of great injury to women? It is certainly not very reassuring to know that there is so much cowardice in politics as to make it possible for a mere handful of sentimentalists to control the action of our great political parties. This would not be so were it not for man's chivalrous sentiment.

Woman, in demanding her "rights," depends upon man's generosity. That very sentiment which these women declare has been insufficient to give them the privileges which they think themselves deserving of, is the one on which they rely when they make the demand. Shrewd though Miss Anthony may be, bright and magnetic Miss Shaw, these women do not rely upon their dexterous management of the campaign or the force of their arguments. Their reliance really is upon man's willingness to give woman anything that she wants if it is within his power. They go to Sacramento, these women suffragists, to make a pretense of arguing a majority of the delegates onto their ground; but what they really do is to appeal to man's chivalry to yield without opposition.

The woman's suffrage question is not at all one of sentiment; it is a question of government, and a very serious one. If but one-half of the men of this country were at present privileged to vote, we certainly would not think of extending the franchise to the other half merely because a few of them petitioned us to do so. We would have to consider a great many problems in connection with such a great enlargement of the voting class. We would want to know whether these non-voters were of sufficient intelligence to understand and grasp the questions of Government on which voters must pass; we would want to know whether they were subject to caprice and foolish prejudices, and greatly influenced by hysterical melodramatic scenes; whether they were fit for all the responsibilities that would fall upon them, such as the bearing of arms and the holding of offices; and lastly, we would want to know whether they would so materially increase the wisdom of the Nation as to warrant their enfranchisement. If this class could not meet this test favorably, it certainly would not seem unreasonable to deny them the privilege asked for. The Government, like the individual, must protect itself; it cannot be expected to give ear to every clamor that arises; it must be selfish to insure its own preservation; and no surer way can be taken to destroy the Nation than to give its Government into weak hands.

The women of California do not demand the right to vote. The petition which has been circulated in favor of granting woman's suffrage contains the names of but a small percentage of the women of this State, and, no doubt, thousands of the names that do appear upon it were placed there for no other reason than to be rid of the canvasser. That there is no demand for suffrage on the part of Californian women is shown by the very insignificant consideration given to the subject, the comparatively small attendance at woman's suffrage meetings, and the few who have come forth as advocates of the cause.

That the daily papers do not oppose the movement is an indication merely of the commercial spirit which dominates these industrial machines. If we had a press with the spirit of that which was known thirty years ago, the fact that the daily papers supported the movement would be of some consequence; but in this day of amusement-hunting millionaires the best that we can hope for from our daily papers is that they will not too frankly express the honest sentiments of their owners. If one of our daily papers follows a policy which adds a hundred subscribers to its list, the others will rush pell-mell into the same pathway. They are cowards, all of them, and are as lost to the old traditions of journalism as the "new woman" is to the old traditions of her sex.

The Democratic party will do something toward es-

tablishing itself in the confidence and respect of men of judgment who take a serious interest in politics, if in its platform it declares that, until women have shown why they should be given the suffrage and until a majority of the sex demands it, it shall be withheld. Miss Shaw is constantly talking of the business women needing the vote. If the shop girls and the dressmakers, the factory girls and the school-teachers, the stenographers and the milliners, the boarding-house keepers and the typesetters, the waitresses and the laundresses, and all the other girls and women who work for hire, were convinced that their wages would be increased, or their occupations made easier, or their persons be more fully protected, by having the vote, we are inclined to believe that the men would waive all other considerations and say, "If these women need this power, let them have it." Therefore, we would suggest to Miss Shaw and Miss Anthony that they call a mass-meeting in the Mechanics' Pavilion of the women of the various classes and various occupations here spoken of, and let them declare of their own free will, without machinery and relieved of the pressure of the woman's suffrage "push," whether they wish the suffrage or not. This is the class Miss Shaw relies upon to pull the chestnuts out of the fire; let her make a test of them. The truth is that most of these women take no interest whatever in this question; they have no anxiety to vote, and do not feel that they are deprived of anything by not being allowed to vote, or that their condition would be in any way improved if they had the ballot. We look to the Democratic Convention, which meets next week, to say the honest word.

A HIGHER FENCE NEEDED.

It is notable that in all the party platforms of the day, no matter whether adopted by Democrats, Republicans, Populists, or Prohibitionists, there is a demand made that foreign immigration cease, or at least be seriously restricted. It is evidently the conviction of our people, without regard to party, that we have hitherto thrown our doors too widely open. We find now that it is only possible for the body politic to take up and assimilate a certain number of those who come to us from foreign and less enlightened countries. It was once our idea that no matter in what numbers foreigners came to us, by some miraculous means they could at once be transformed into perfect American citizens. Henry Ward Beecher illustrated this idea when he declared that he had no fear of foreign immigration because when a lion ate a cow, the cow became lion. But it is becoming manifest that unless we wish the country to be dotted over with separate communities of foreigners who maintain their own language, traditions, schools, and modes of living—in fact, all the peculiar features of their home civilization, we must so curb immigration as to allow time for us to properly Americanize those who come, before we are swamped by others.

Conservative expression of this sentiment is now being manifested in political conventions, and is found in the two immigration bills presented to this Congress known respectively as the Lodge Bill and the McCall Bill, both of which apply to the immigrant the reading and writing test. Senator Lodge's bill, which has been under debate during the week, excludes all persons over fourteen years of age who cannot read and write some language, except they be the parents and grandparents of an admissible immigrant, who may accompany him, or be sent for by him. Representative McCall's bill excludes all between the ages of sixteen and sixty who cannot read and write some language, except the parents of those here or hereafter admitted. During the discussion of these bills, many careful and detailed tables of immigration were presented to both Houses, from which facts are drawn which will show that this agitation for the restriction of immigration came none too soon.

Since 1820—from which date only complete tables of immigration have been kept—17,708,331 persons have come to this country, not including immigrants from British North America and Mexico during the last ten years. Between 1881 and 1890 the total immigration was 5,246,613 persons. This was the high water decade of immigration. The previous ten years show only 2,812,191, and the decade from 1861 to 1870 only 2,314,824. Although the United States is the youngest among the nations, we have already a population more dense than that of Norway and nearly as dense as that of Sweden. Our average population per square mile, excluding Alaska and Indian Territory, is 21 31-100. Some years ago the bulk of our immigration came from Germany and Italy, but the published figures now show that there has lately been a marked decrease in the immigration from these countries, and a considerable increase in that from Ireland and England. It is surprising to learn that we have had a larger immigration from Germany than from Ireland, the former having supplied us with 4,976,036 persons and the latter with 4,035,118. England comes next with 2,370,336, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark following with 1,319,559.

Of the 62,622,250 who formed our population at the census of 1890, it is estimated that 53,372,703 were natives, and 7,249,547 foreign born; but, of the native born, 8,085,019 had both parents foreign, and 3,418,656 had one parent foreign, so that out of a population of 60,000,000, over 20,000,000 were foreign or of foreign parentage on one or both sides. One-third of the whole population was either born in some other country, or was but a step removed. Such figures carry their own argument.

It is not held by any sensible or broad-minded man that every immigrant is altogether undesirable; many certainly are as capable of making as loyal, patriotic, and intelligent citizens as any of those fortunate enough to be born in this country; but, when we find social, economic, and political conditions completely changed by the rapid influx of those out of touch with American ideas, it is certainly the part of political wisdom to stay that flow, and allow it only to such an extent as we know ourselves to be capable of handling it and bringing it subject to our own civilization. If we are to develop a life and society distinctively American—a race that will be dominant and will be recognized as preeminent, and that evolved, compounded and amalgamed from a mixture of races—those elements which have so far led in energy, skill, foresight, and intelligence must be continued in control and mastery.

It is not a little to boast that California was the first State to realize the danger from unlimited and unrestricted immigration. Since the passage of the first Chinese Restriction Act, those Eastern States which then opposed us have come not only to see that we were right but to demand from Congress some relief against the ignorant and vicious class of immigrants. In several of the Populist platforms, a demand is made for the entire shutting off of immigration, at least of laborers and workmen, skilled and unskilled. With this utterly selfish and un-American policy there should be no sympathy. It is a scheme of self-protection advocated by the workingman to make the price of his own labor higher by restricting the competitive supply. We call such a policy un-American because it is unworthy of a government based upon liberal principles. The workingman, if he is intelligent and can give sufficient assurance that he will not become a charge upon the community, is as desirable an immigrant as a merchant or a prince. The test should not be as to wealth, class, religion, nationality, or occupation, but should be as to intelligence and character. In these two, however, the standard should be high.

WOULD MR. CLEVELAND BOLT?

There is such intense rivalry between newspapers of the present day that one can rely on very little that they say, for even the best of them are forced to print matter which comes to them entirely unauthenticated. Nowhere is there so much rivalry for news as in Washington between the correspondents of the great papers. If those who read the Washington dispatches will remember this simple fact, they will be able to understand much of the idle gossip and worse falsehood which our daily papers print concerning the statesmen of the day. Every paper in the country having the slightest pretense to enterprise has its Washington correspondent. He is supposed to be one of the brightest men of the paper's staff. The chief qualification necessary for a Washington correspondent is that of being able to ingratiate himself with the prominent men and get inside news; his ability as a writer is a secondary consideration. Where so many men of this sort are concentrated at one point, all stimulated by a desire to beat their rivals, and all conscious that their employers ask sensation rather than truth, it is not to be wondered at that our papers are constantly filled with news from the National Capital which has its only source in the fertile fancy of the ambitious correspondent. Of this character is the startling announcement that President Cleveland has declared to his Cabinet that if the Democratic party declares for free silver he will vote the Republican ticket. This news came through the New York *Herald*, which was once considered an especially reliable journal in its Washington news, but is such no longer.

Mr. Cleveland is not a fool—the world knows this—and, eager as many are to prove the President capable of injuring his party, we do not believe that even the most foolish Populist thinks that Mr. Cleveland, at such a time as this, would declare himself opposed to a party which has honored him, to a platform which is not yet written, and to a candidate who has not yet been nominated. But Mr. Cleveland after the Chicago Convention will have to submit to that test which, as "The Wave" said last week, all men within the Democratic and Republican parties will have to meet: Can I consistently support a candidate who stands upon a platform which is opposed to my belief on the money question? If, as is now almost assured, the Democratic party declares for free silver, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle will represent millions of men within the party who will be forced to choose between their party and their financial belief. Likewise, if the Republican party fails to declare for free silver, such men as Senators Teller, Carter, Dubois, and Mitchell, with the large followings behind them, will have no alternative but to desert their party and help toward its defeat, if they are to remain true to the cause on which they claim the prosperity of the country vitally depends.

What Mr. Cleveland will do, no one can foretell. The President is not a believer in the idea so strong among politicians, that the man is subordinate to the party. He has never been afraid that the Democratic would suffer from anything except its own failure to do the right thing. The test with him has always been a personal one; it was not a question as to how his party had acted, but as to whether its action commended itself to his intelligence and conscience. He is never coerced by the fear that his party will suffer by his conduct. If the party fails to agree with him, so much the worse for the party, to his mind. Reasoning from this analysis of the man's character, it is no prophecy to aver that if the Democratic party declares for free silver Mr. Cleveland will speak his mind frankly as to such action; but, that he will bolt the party and support a representative of high tariff, and one so weak upon the money question as Mr. McKinley, is a prophecy that cannot be made, and appears to us entirely unwarranted and improbable. With a free-silver Democratic nominee and a Janus faced Republican nominee, the sound-money men of the East may feel themselves deprived altogether of a candidate and call an independent convention, which would still further complicate the situation.

A SENSATION SPOILED.

A young Englishwoman, traveling alone on a tour around the world, came to the Palace Hotel, and there suddenly died. It was thought at first that the cause of her death was heart-failure, but later this theory met with official discouragement. Then the ingenious reporters hinted at murder, on no basis except that there seems to be a panic at the present time over the mysterious murdering of women. The facts that the young woman was alone, and that on the announcement of her death to her people in England, they directed that her body should be buried here rather than sent to them, was conclusive proof to certain of the reporters that there was a deep mystery connected with her death, which could only be solved by the ransacking of the private letters and diary in her trunk. A demand was made for this privilege by our enterprising journals through the inquisitive Coroner, but the management of the Hotel, with a discretion unusual and an obstinacy most commendable, refused the reporters and the Coroner these personal effects.

Death in the most painless guise has its terrors, but it must occur to every stranger visiting us that the ghoulish curiosity of our press attach a cruel penalty to the act of giving up one's soul here. The fact that one is visiting the city seems to give warrant for investigation into all the details of one's private life. Had it not been for the hotel people, we would have been told all the secrets of Miss Worrall's doings during an indefinite number of months past. Those little particulars of her life which could be of moment only to herself or her relatives, would have been presented with insinuation and suggestion to every morbid and unwholesome mind in the community. If she had received letters from friends in England, or from others whom she had met in the different countries through which she had passed, they would all have been spread before the public, some of them no doubt in facsimile. If her relations between her father and herself had not been perfectly pleasant, and there was sufficient in the correspondence to suggest such a thing, we would have been told that the father's ban had broken her heart. If she had died at home, her people would have protected her name by caring for her correspondence and papers; and there is some satisfaction in knowing that one hotel manager will give equal protection, even if by so doing he antagonizes the omnipotent daily press.

M. de Blowitz may be Jew or Gentile, but in or out of his flannels he is a very picturesque individuality and a first-class embassador of the press. According to the well-known story, he is said to have declared, when Prince Bismarck received his congé: "Yesterday there were two men in Europe—Bismarck and myself. To-day there is only one." Malicious rumor announces that even when he takes his bath he wears his rosary and his scapular. M. de Blowitz has noticed with regret the absence of any efficient method of training journalists; he has therefore projected a school for the education of these hierophants of the press, which should rear up men not unworthy to wear his mantle when he has retired to Olympus.

Lady Randolph Churchill is the only woman in the English peerage who can boast of being tattooed. The tattooing was done when she was traveling in India, and was suggested by her noticing the operation as it was being performed on a British sailor. She sent for the artist and asked for some designs. He suggested the symbol of eternity—a snake holding its tail in its mouth. Lady Churchill liked it, and the result is a beautifully executed snake coiled round her arm just above the wrist. As a rule, a broad gold band covers it, but personal friends have seen it, and have heard the story of the tattooing.

WITH THE PEACEMAKERS.

LIVES OF THE GREAT GUNS.

They have been practising these days with the great guns out at the Presidio and at the military stations near by, with the fifteen-inch smooth bores and the twelve-inch breech-loading mortars.

The fifteen-inch smooth bore is the old style of cannon, such as was used in the war, and I was surprised to find that it is not so obsolete after all; that under certain

FIELD PRACTISE.

circumstances and at short range it can hold its own with the more modern weapons, with the twelve-inch rifled cannon, for instance, that has been mounted but not yet tested. You are told that the old smooth bore is sometimes superior as far as casting goes. It is made of cast iron, which is cooled simultaneously from the outside and inside, whereas the rifled cannon is made up in a more complicated fashion of three jackets of steel, and that often there is not the proper homogeneousness throughout the three layers of metal, that sometimes the gun bursts. The more the old-fashioned is used, the sounder does it become, but this is not always the case with the rifled gun.

The twelve-inch breech-loading mortars are the kind that strike the observer with the most admiration. There are 16 of them at the Presidio, and there will soon be 154. They are fixed at an angle of 45° and throw an 800-pound shell from three to five miles. The man-of-war is not yet built that can withstand the shock of such a projectile. In falling it would crash through everything, would perforate the ship from deck to keelson. The aiming of these mortars is a study in itself, involving delicate calculations with transit, azimuth, and base line, observations to determine the vessel's rate of speed, and to predict her location on the chart; for it must be remembered that a whole minute elapses between the firing of the mortar and the striking of the shell—time enough for an eighteen-knot ship to steam far out of harm's way.

The fifteen-inch cannon throws a spherical shell weighing 450 pounds, and at short range may be as effective as the twelve-inch rifled gun with its 1000-pound conical shell and its 450 pounds of powder. The reason for this is that the conical shell is designed for penetrating armor; fired at such tremendous velocity it will make a comparatively small hole right through the ship. The area of destruction is small, and, unless a vital part is touched, the ship is not disabled. On the contrary, the spherical ball of the fifteen-inch cannon while it will not penetrate armor, has nevertheless a tremendous force of impact; its effect is distributed broadly; the area of destruction is large; technically speaking, it will "rack" a ship from end to end, loosening beams and supports, starting bolts, wrenching and jarring everything. In the civil war the rebel ironclad, "Atlanta," was disabled and placed hors de combat after being struck by only three of these shells, none of which penetrated her armor. It would seem that the same prin-

SIEGE-GUNS AT FORT POINT.

ciple applies in the fighting of ships as in the hunting of big game. The foe in either case must be *stopped* before coming to close quarters. The killing of the tiger or the sinking of the battleship is not the first thing to be considered. First of all, they must be "stopped," wounded, disabled. The killing or the sinking comes afterwards at one's leisure.

Such is the theory that obtains among many gunners of experience. One is rather glad of it. It is comforting to think that the old guns, the old iron war-dogs, have not outlived their usefulness after all.

The gunners at the Fort have an admirable expression, they speak of the "Life of a gun." Now this is fine and suggestive. It implies a certain individuality, a certain human or inhuman character to the guns that appeals to one. The "Life of a gun." You can fancy its birth in the forge in the midst of fire and molten ore; then its first shot and the certain grim quiver of joy running through its brazen loins with the recoil, when the savage huge life is unleashed in a roar and a red flame.

I never tire of looking at such a monster. You see it in the bastion, gripped solidly upon the stone work, its chin salient and resting upon the parapet, silent, very watchful; its muzzle is, as it were, its only feature, combining alike the expression of an eye and a mouth. The gun is some enormous animal, sphinx-like, nursing mysterious thoughts, fed with powder, speaking one terrible word.

What is it in metal that endows these guns with a separate individual existence? Two guns cast at the same time, in the same forge, after the same pattern, twin brothers apparently, are as different as possible from each other. One may be docile, obedient, easy to manage, active, resistless, and the other may be perverse, obstinate, restive as a vicious horse, sulky and sluggish. They have their moods, these great soulless iron cyclops of a single feature. Of a time the best gun in the line may tire, refuse to do its allotted task, throwing its shell far short of its possible range, while the other gun, the perverse and sulky brute, may develop a sudden access of splendid fury, spitting its missile far beyond expectation, full of rage and strength.

And their length of life is as uncertain as human existence. The gun may last for years, solid and sound, and meet an honorable and glorious death in the midst of a battle. Or it may, without a moment's warning, develop a hidden and unguessed flaw, an organic weakness, and explode, collapsing all in an instant.

Or else an organic defect becomes suddenly apparent and the great gun is 'condemned." What a degradation! How much better to explode in a red blaze of glory or to be destroyed in honorable war, annihilated on the battlefield. The "condemned" cannon is unlimbered and laid out by others of its "condemned" fellows, leperous with rust in the long grass. Then a dishonorable senile decay begins, the gun rots, and in its dissolution, rust, the gray hair of things metal, grows upon it. It crumbles in the grass, the sport of children that was once the fear of nations; perhaps it is melted up for other cannon and a second "life" begins for it, a sort of transmigration of the life of one gun into another. At least this is better than rusting to red dust. I hope it often happens.

THE "ZARAGOZA."

A WELL-EQUIPPED WAR CRAFT FROM MEXICO.

A chunky, pugnacious bull-dog, or rather, bull-pup, sort of fighting ship is the Mexican gun-boat "Zaragoza." She is short, she is low in the water, and she has the appearance of having been chopped off at either end. The "Zaragoza" is not of the

FIRING THE FIFTEEN-INCH SMOOTH BORE.

cruiser type; she is technically called a gun-boat, is of 1250 tons burden, and carries 140 men and 20 officers. Her engines are of 1200 horse-power. The little ship bristles with cannon. There are six *Carnet* rifled cannon—two astern, two amidships, and two forward. In the waist, on the port side, are two quick-firing Nordenfeldts, while on the starboard quarter are two revolving Hotchkiss cannon—spiteful little fellows, capable of spitting out a swarm of buzzing, humming bullets, nasty for any ship at close quarters.

The crew are wiry, barefooted fellows, look like the popular idea of a pirate crew, dark-skinned, black-haired, and are seemingly possessed of unguessed capabilities of rage and passion and bloodthirsty daring. One can easily imagine such a crew swarming over the rail of a sinking enemy, grimed with blood and sweat and powder, their cutlasses (not knives or daggers, mind you—*cutlasses* is the proper word) in their teeth, appropriate oaths and blasphemies slithering out on either side of the blade, hissing against it if you like—terrible fellows. The officers are quite different, slender, delicately made gentlemen, courteous as to manner, soft as to speech, a nice sort generally. Their quarters and messroom are all astern. The messroom is small, and the table goes inconveniently around a mast, but the rooms are no smaller than those aboard the "Oregon," an infinitely larger ship.

Taking her by and large, it strikes a landsman that the "Zaragoza" is a trim, shipshape little war craft, well built, well planned, admirably equipped, and perfectly capable of giving a good account of herself in a meeting with any ship of her own class.

THE ROCK CRUSHER AT FOLSOM,

Estimated the largest in the United States, formally opened by the State Highway Bureau June 6th.

THE "ZARAGOZA."

CONSUL CONEY'S OFFICIAL INSPECTION OF THE MEXICAN WARSHIP.

FREE ROCK FOR THE ROADS.

THE STATE HIGHWAY BUREAU'S ROCK-CRUSHING PLANT AT FOLSOM.

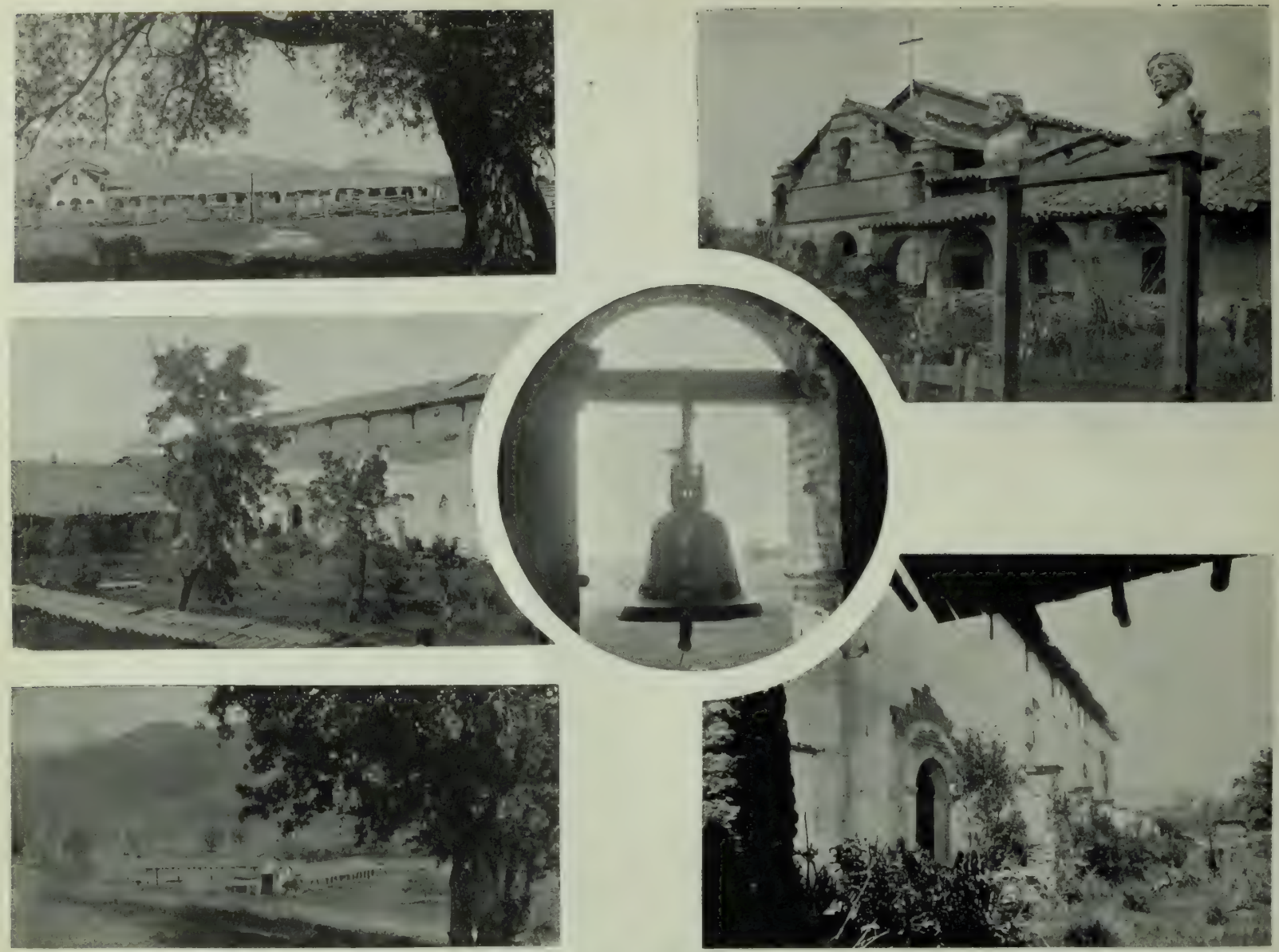
Following close upon the heels of recent events in road improvement agitation, the Good Roads Convention at Santa Cruz, the Supervisors' Convention at San Jose, and the universal stirring up of the question throughout the State, comes the opening of the State Rock-Crushing Plant, at Folsom Penitentiary, on Saturday last (June 6th). The crusher is one-half a mile from the Folsom power-house. The power is conveyed by means of compressed air through a Lafel Turbine Wheel and a six-inch pipe. At the machine the compressed air rushes into a receiver, where it is heated by the injection of a fine jet of steam no larger than a pencil point. This crusher is the largest of its kind in the United States. The foundation is thirty-four feet deep in solid rock, filled up with granite blocks eighteen inches thick. The weight of the rock-bunkers, when full of rock, is nearly five million pounds. The main shaft of the crusher is about as large as the shaft of the line-of-battle ship "Oregon." Its capacity, running at full velocity, is 110 tons an hour, or almost two tons of crushed rock per minute. This great engine is a product of home labor. It was built by the Union Iron Works at a cost of $30,000. The total cost of the plant represents an outlay, if built by ordinary labor, of $100,000, but the use of convict labor represents an important saving to the State. On the State property there is an unlimited supply of the finest kind of trap-rock for road-building purposes, which the Highway Bureau is authorized to use. The crusher is operated by the same agency which oversees also its distribution. For this purpose an elaborate set of blanks has been prepared to insure that all the rock sent out goes to the roads for which it is designated. The contractor must file applications with the Mayor or Board of Supervisors and with the Bureau; he must have all kinds of certificates from the Board of Supervisors that he has been granted the contract, and from the City Engineer that the estimates are correct, before the rock is shipped.

We have much to learn from the Roman people in the matter of road construction. They had the greatest system of highways the world has ever seen. At one time twenty-nine great roads centered in Rome, and there were three hundred and twenty state roads throughout the Empire.

These highways, which extended through what is now Germany, France, Spain, and even into England, and south into Africa, were built to withstand the heaviest of traffic. They were excavated four feet deep, and filled with four solid layers of rock of decreasing size, the bottom layer being of solid blocks, hewn and fitted by hand, with mortar and cement poured into the interstices. Smaller stones were then laid in and the top finished off with something like the macadam of the present day. On these great thoroughfares the Roman prisoners labored, and, in time of peace, road-making was the occupation of the soldiery. Opponents of convict labor usually base their objections on the ground that it throws out of employment a certain amount of free labor by the introduction into the market of goods at low prices which would otherwise have to be made by free labor. However, the fact is that the convicts employed at rock crushing in Folsom do not compete at all, but actually create work for others. The fact is that rock crushed by outside labor is so expensive that it cannot be used by the State or counties for road making at all; whereas, the stone prepared by the convicts is supplied by the State for road building at a nominal charge; i. e , that of the oil and waste used on the machinery, and the cost of transportation to the point where it is to be used.

A KITCHEN CORNER AT MONTMARTRE, BY JULES PAGES.

Awarded the Art Association Prize as the Best Picture in the Spring Exhibition.



MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA, IN JOLON VALLEY, MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

THE LOVE of sensation which characterizes the Governor continues to manifest itself. Some one has suggested that the proper result of his trip to Yosemite would be the removal of the Bridal Veil Falls. Certainly he could thus have won the attention of both the papers and the magazines; but however notable his exalted intentions, they were most effectually diverted by the Santa Clara Democracy. The resolutions of censure reflect the appointment of Henry French as Trustee of the Normal School, and the excision of a special and particular appropriation which the San Jose delegation in the last Legislature had carved out for itself. It was a particular plum, an addition to the natural allowance of the county, and it fell by the wayside. If those two counts were not enough to convert the Stockton man into a monster, there is also his tendency to treat Agnews Asylum as a State institution rather than as a branch of the San Jose City Hall. This is an indubitable ground of objection, for, since time immemorial, whatever California has owned in Santa Clara County has always been regarded as personal property at San Jose.

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Why the Governor should have selected Henry French for Trustee of the State Normal School is a mystery to those who never realized how Mr. Budd played both ends against the middle in the last campaign. That the Stocktonian is an adroit politician is well known, but it does take skill to capture both the liquor and the prohibition vote. On his own recognizances Mr. Budd caught the whisky element, though its managers imagined it safely tied up to Estee. Not for nothing had the candidate gone the rounds and the routes all these years. But the Prohibitionists—that was another question. What imaginable connection was there between the jolly Stockton lawyer and the sober, somber water-bibbers who followed the lead of French? The latter as the party candidate for Governor knew himself impossible of selection, and rather than allow his followers to vote for a viticulturist, as Estee is, he switched them to Budd. In return for this generosity he finds himself Trustee of the Normal School, and a nail in the Governor's coffin.

* * *

Apropos of the Governor's unpopularity, it must be admitted he is showing great Executive capacity in the management of the State institutions. The result of the personal inspections which he has made will afford a fine showing in his message, and besides, have wrought certain surprising improvements which will decrease the expenses of the State government. Indeed, the measures of economy inforced are so sweeping as to ensure a reduction in taxation of hundreds of thousands of dollars. In his appointments, however, Mr. Budd is a sad failure. He selects men who are inadequate and unpopular, and one is led to imagine he desires that they shall offer a contrast to his own ability. Of course I except Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald who makes a competent officer.

* * *

THE CONTEST for the ermine promises to wax ardent this election. If, as has been threatened, the Republicans refrain from renominating Judge Hebbard, it is probable the Democrats will indorse his administration by placing him on their own ticket. That Hebbard has won judicial honor is conceded, but he has also made enemies whose efforts may condemn him to defeat within the ranks of his own party. There are vendettas growing out of the People's Home Savings Bank affair, in which he incurred the dislike of the Shortridges, and Alvinza Hayward attributes to personal bias the decision in the Hale and Norcross case. There is ample precedent for such a move by the Democracy. It is in line with the oft-repeated idea of taking the judiciary out of politics. One finds in certain parts of the State that both conventions select the same Judge. In Shasta County Judge Sweeney has been nominated term after term by Republicans and Democrats, and from Santa Barbara comes the interesting news that no Republican will take the nomination against Judge Cope. In so far as it concerns Hebbard the possibilities are entertaining, as his turning-down cannot be accomplished without a contest.

* * *

A POLITICAL GENIUS from the south has usurped the privilege which Judge Robert McGarvie has enjoyed these many years. From time immemorial he has presided over the Superior Court of Mendocino County. Prior to the passage of the new constitution he officiated there as district judge, and since reorganization he has been returned each term to the bench. A few years ago there arrived in Ukiah a young lawyer named White, in whom the itch for office was strong. Arguing that McGarvie had no monopoly of the role of Judge, he proceeded to lay the wires for his own nomination, and at the last convention, having won at the primaries, he surprised the county by unseating his adversary. Of course, McGarvie is indignant over his reversal and vows White will not win the suffrages of the county, but it must be admitted there are others in Mendocino, probably, who are as tired of the Judge as those who voted for his opponent. It is an honorable record, however, that McGarvie has to show. He has represented his county in the Legislature and has done the State honorable service at Sacramento. He is also the hero of a number of stories which any good Mendocino man can reel off to you.

* * *

One of the best involves a witty Irishman named McElarney who, years ago, was one of the characters of the north country. At that time the neighboring ranchers were always deploring the loss of their sheep, which it was customary, in the absence of evidence, to say that the bears had eaten. It then became customary to drive the flocks into corral every night, which rather minimized the loss. However, though no one ever dared accuse the Irishman of predatory tendencies, it was remarked one could always find mutton in his larder, and that, strange to say, the sheep in question were always minus both head and hoofs. Asked to explain this coincidence, McElarney replied that, being born of poor though honest parents, he had learned that the first and best parts of a sheep to eat were the head and the feet. On one occasion Judge McGarvie was trying a case in the Mendocino Court, and McElarney was a witness on the other side. It was a hot day and the feeling ran high. At the close of the session, when all were assembled outside, McGarvie genially patted McElarney on the shoulder and remarked, "Gentlemen, give me McElarney for a witness and I'll prove anything." McElarney replied, "And it is witnesses like me makes lawyers out of such men as you, Bob McGarvie."

* * *

Though the great engagement in Alameda County is over, it is rather difficult thus early to apportion victory or announce defeat. Though the Foote combine has won some twenty-one delegates in Oakland, Fitzgerald has secured thirteen. He has also seven from Contra Costa County, an equal number from Colusa, and a quartet from Lake; while his opponent has a dozen from Solano, making the two totals—Foote thirty-three, and Fitzgerald thirty-one. But then there are four men from Glen who hold the balance of power, and thus far have declined to declare themselves; so whoever wins Glen wins victory, and that will be decided at the convention next week.

* * *

THE NOTABLE mining event of the week is the sale of the great Fremont Grant. The identity of the purchasers is not revealed, but they are declared to be of great prominence and importance. This area of Mariposa County

"LE PROTOCOL"

A Merciless Code Which Regulates the Manners of French Officialdom.

There is a despotism in France more rigorous than the autocracy of the Russian Czar, more awe-inspiring than the punctilio of the Vatican, more arrogant even than the convention of the imperial court of China. It is *Le Protocol.*

Le Protocol is the social guide of the government, the rule which regulates official procedure under all circumstances and conditions. It is the dictator of etiquette and ceremonial, of costume and manner, and it exists as a power alone, imposing it edicts on the administration. For instance: *Le Protocol* prescribes when the President shall wear a frock coat and when evening dress, when he shall ride and when he shall drive, when he shall wear his Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, and when he shall content himself with the mere rosette. It tells him when to respond to a salute with a handshake, and when to content himself with an inclination of the head, while it regulates the number of kisses he is permitted to impress upon the hands of queens and empresses and upon the cheeks of sovereigns. *Le Protocol*, moreover, is careful to instruct those who are permitted to approach the President as to how they should address him and how to behave, and it surrounds him with a wall of etiquette surpassing in severity even that which prevails at the courts of St. James, Vienna and St. Petersburg. It is *Le Protocol* which, since the visit of President Faure to Russia, has established the rule that no one shall speak to the Chief Magistrate of France without being first of all addressed by the latter—a rule that has caused no little bad blood and ill-will toward M. Faure.

In all capitals there is necessarily developed a form of procedure that regulates questions of official relation. This convention is invariably based on an infinitude of precedents. In Washington, certain rules prescribe the attitude of the world to the administration and define the status and importance of the various grades of officialdom. The convention code of France, however, is virtually the personal creation of one, M. Mollard, who seems to have been the only employé left in the Department of Foreign Affairs after the overthrow of the empire in 1870. When the government was re-constructed, this Mollard became a personage of importance, for he alone of the state employés knew aught of the forms of procedure prescribed by diplomacy or the mode. Like so many other important Frenchman, this social dictator commenced his career in humble circumstances. He was cornetist in a minor theatre when fate set him in office, and it is undeniable that he was self-made. In the Third Republic the changes of ministers have been frequent, and new unknown men have continually had office conferred on them. However clever as politicians, they are generally ignorant of the forms of diplomacy, and at once they became the prey of M. Mollard and his system. As each emergency arose this dictator created conventions to control it. He became a historian, looking up old rules of the French courts, and gradually he was converted into Grand Master of Ceremonial to the Republic. Set a bricklayer to leading cotillions and you will have a conception of the extraordinary jumble of fashions and follies of which *Le Protocol* consists. At first the commonplaces of social etiquette were traversed, as when M. Cazot, a Minister of Justice under President Grevy, astounded officialdom on an occasion by appearing in full evening dress, opera hat and white gloves at the horse races. To the chagrin of the dictator, M. Cazot submitted an ukase from *Le Protocol* prescribing his garb. This same officer, when the ministry to which he belonged had been defeated, left his P. P. C. cards on all the members of the Diplomatic Corps.

Many strange tales are told of the abberations of *Le Protocol* and the extraordinary *faux pas* of which M. Mollard has been guilty. During the regime of Marshal McMahon there was a grand banquet at the Elysée in honor of the old Archduke Albert, the generalissimo of the Austrian army. As the President glanced over the menu, which M. Mollard had drawn up with great care, he saw with horror that the iced entremet figured as "Bombe à la Magenta." It was intended, of course, as a compliment to the Marshal, who had won the victory of Magenta in 1859. But his adversary on that occasion, the Austrian commander whom he had defeated, was none other than Archduke Albert, the guest of honor at the banquet. On another occasion, during the administration of Marshal McMahon, a grand fête was given in the "Salle des Glaces" at Versailles, in honor of a number of foreign royalties who were sojourning in Paris. Inexperienced in the art of party giving, M. Mollard sent out too many invitations, and no appropriate arrangements were instituted for the care of the wraps and hats of the guests. Imagine the inextricable confusion of the scene as, at the close of the festivity, the guests sought in the cloakroom their outer garments. On the following afternoon there still remained at the Palace fifteen hundred overcoats, five hundred opera cloaks, three hundred mens' hats, seventeen chignons, nine wigs and a solitary boot. How Paris laughed over that boot!

Determined to recover himself, M. Mollard devised an elaborate routine for the next function at which he presided. A force of old soldiers of proved honesty and punctuality was recruited and installed at the cloakroom of the Ministry of Finance, which was the scene of the festivity. About this period the crushed opera hat had temporarily given place to the high silk hat for full dress wear, and but few of the guests wore opera hats. A malign fate ordained that the men thus accoutered should be the first to arrive, and the inexperienced attendants, observing them flatten their headgear by violently pressing the brim against their breasts, concluded this was the proper caper. So, when the others appeared in ordinary silk tiles, these were subjected to the same process of foreshortening, with consequences easier realized than described. Imagine the consternation of that congregation of diplomats, dandies and officials streaming out in their immaculate evening garments, each crowned with a crushed and battered silk hat.

The French are a curious people and sticklers for liberty and equality. Though they be, they are prone to accept seriously the despotism of *Le Protocol.* Even the diplomats, who, having lived in foreign courts, are acquainted with intelligent systems of ceremonial, subject themselves to the laws of Mollard as though they had been divinely inspired. President Faure, however, is to blame for recent developments of *Le Protocol*, for there abided in him a serene regard for etiquette, and the rules of procedure could not be made too elaborate or abundant for his taste.

CALIFORNIA OIL VS. COAL

Petroleum Wells Among the Mansions in Los Angeles County.

The crude oil business of California, while yet in its infancy, gives excellent promise of becoming one of the great industries of the State. Although petroleum has been known to exist in Los Angeles County ever since the days of the Franciscan Fathers, no attention was paid to it, or at least no scientific effort was made to develope it, until about five years ago. Since that time, some six or eight hundred wells have been drilled in different parts of the county. These commence in the very heart of the city, where the first discovery was made, and extend out to Whittier, a distance of fifteen miles. Within a strip of Los Angeles itself, less than two miles in length, and a half mile in width, some 350 wells have been drilled. This strip embraces one of the choicest residence sites, and is covered, in many instances, with handsome dwellings. The spectacle of a ponderous derrick, covered with what appears to be a coating of coal tar, standing in the front yard of a house costing from five to ten thousand dollars, is not one calculated to heighten the scenic effect of the property, but it furnishes a conclusive idea of the commercial value of the petroleum which underlies it. The wells in this section range from 900 to 1400 feet, and pump—when they pump at all—from five to one hundred barrels of oil each every twenty-four hours. But the most surprising thing is that they pump at all. So numerous are the wells in this section that four are frequently found within a radius of 100 feet. In this way, the output, which though great in the aggregate, is divided into four insignificant parts. This grows out of the divided ownership of the lots, which are 50 by 100 feet each. Every lot-owner has a well, and in this way the natural oil supply has been overtaxed. This has resulted in the enforced development of other sections, which not only afford as much oil, but also a means of protecting it against injudicious infringement. In the new fields, operators have either become possessed of large tracts, or else guard their interests by providing that not more than one well should be put in on each ten-acre lot. This insures a feature of permanency which the small lot does not afford.

The oil of Los Angeles County, with the exception of that produced in the Puente district, is not generally of an illuminating character, being too heavy for profitable refinement, but it makes an excellent fuel in a country where fuel is high. In this way, it affords a greater profit to the owner than the illuminating product of Pennsylvania, which is sold to a single buyer, and used for a single purpose. The average price of the lowest grade of steam coal in Southern California is about $8 per ton. The lowest average in the State is that enjoyed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which reaches $4.85 per ton, and this, too, with the ownership of both the mines and the means of transportation. This figure, therefore, may be set down as the lowest possible price at which steam coal may be had in this country. Nothing will probably occur to still further reduce this, as the product now enjoys a very low water rate from Puget Sound and British Columbia, where most of the steam coal is obtained. With the use of an improved burner, one pound of California oil will do the work of [illegible] pounds of coal, or say from three to three and a half bar[rels] of oil to one ton of coal. This, upon the surface, would give oil a fuel value upon the lowest system of coal computation of $1.50 a barrel, although the prevailing price has been below one dollar. But oil has other advantages besides its evaporating qualities. Among these may be mentioned the fact that it displaces labor to a very great extent in all cases where more than one fireman is employed. The services of but one man amply suffices to feed fuel in the furnace room.

It also has an advantage over coal for railroad purposes, as it eliminates the danger of igniting grain fields from stray sparks, besides affording the passenger freedom from flying cinders and the suffocating smoke of low-grade coal. Its benefits in this respect have been amply demonstrated upon the Santa Fe system in California. This company now consumes about one thousand barrels of oil per day in the operation of the Southern California and Santa Fe Pacific divisions. In addition to its pleasant features, oil has effected a saving of about 50 per cent over coal at a value of $6 per ton. It has been used on this road for about three years, and has given perfect satisfaction. Trains operated between Los Angeles and San Diego have maintained a schedule of forty miles per hour without loss of time or other inconveniences. The Southern Pacific Railway is also using large quantities, and is preparing to use it entirely on the Southern division of the system.

The output of oil for 1898 was about one and one-half million barrels. The price during the last two years has ranged from 75 cents to $1 per barrel. This, even at the highest figure quoted, would make it available for steam purposes at a coal cost of less than $4 per ton. Its use throughout Southern California, where there is practically neither coal nor timber, is becoming very general, single institutions, such as the Chino Sugar Refinery, using as high as seven hundred barrels per day. In addition to being freely used by local manufacturers, it is shipped in large quantities to San Francisco on the north and Arizona on the south. Its field of usefulness is practically without limit in the State of California.

During the year 1898 one million five hundred thousand tons of coal were consumed in this State, at an average cost of $8 per ton, or a total cost of $12,000,000. Of this amount, less than one hundred thousand tons were the product of the State, the balance being foreign and domestic importations. It will thus be seen that the oil output would have to reach more than five million barrels per annum to meet the present fuel demands of this State alone. This demand will continue to increase instead of diminish. The outlook for oil operators under this condition of affairs is certainly a bright one. There is no other industry in the country which appears to be surrounded with the same degree of certainty. The oil operator is safe both in the matter of obtaining the product and securing its sale at a profitable figure. In all cases where the work has been carried on with ordinary intelligence, its results have been extremely satisfactory. The work of drilling in this territory is simple and inexpensive. The average cost of wells, including the necessary piping and derrick outfit for pumping, will fall below $3,000. It will thus be seen that a well pumping from five to fifty barrels per day affords a handsome return on the investment. Many of the wells have paid for themselves in the first sixty days, while very few have failed to do so in the first year. When San Francisco realizes that the State of which it is the entrepot can furnish a substitute for the imported coal it consumes, and that that substitution means not only a direct saving in the cost of its fuel, but a saving of many millions of dollars each year to the State, the petroleum industry of California will become one of vast importance.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

A curious statement in regard to the intelligence of animals was recently made by Professor Leon, who is well known to vaudeville patrons as a trainer of horses and dogs. They have, he thinks, excellent memories, and can easily be trained to perform certain tricks which appear to be the result of intelligence. Yet none of them have any sense of the results of this performance. A dog will learn to obey signs, signals, and even words, but is without sense as to the meaning of the word. It is merely a signal to him. Among the professor's dogs is a fine St. Bernard, who is noted for his tricks. He had been trained to fetch things out of the water, and one day, passing along the Surrey Canal, a little girl fell in from a bridge just ahead. The dog jumped into the water and caught the girl's clothes in his mouth, then swam back to within a foot of the bank. "He loosened his grip," said the professor, "and stood looking up at me, undoubtedly waiting for me to throw the child back into the water again, as he had seen me throw a stick." On another occasion the professor hooked the end of a walking stick into the rails of an iron fence and told his dog to go back and get it. The canine went back, tugged at the stick without being able to release it, then chewed it in two, but the idea of giving it the simple turn that would have disengaged it was not suggested to his intelligence. However, the professor gives the animals full credit for instinct.

Among the interesting notifications of the year was the announcement that the North German Lloyd Steamship Company had decided to establish a line on the Pacific. The presumption was that the steamers would ply between San Francisco and the ports of China and Japan, but it seems now that Seattle is to be the American terminus. New docks are to be constructed and in many ways the Queen City of the Sound will be benefited by the connection. Throughout the Northwestern territory advancement is being made in every direction—a hundred new enterprises are being organized, and in the search after business there is a splendid zeal being developed. In lamentable contrast are conditions in San Francisco, for never before has the city been so steeped in dullness and idleness as at the moment.

Sarah Bernhardt objects to having her name introduced in music-hall ditties, and, no matter how respectful or even laudatory the allusion may be, she generally finds means to secure its being struck out by the author before the song is sung in public. A well-known song-writer for the Montmartre café-chantants, M. Moudrot, received, for example, a legal injunction from Sarah's lawyer last week, forbidding him to produce in public a very clever song, in which the great actress was "hit off" with the utmost good nature.

THE U. S. TRANSPORT "GRANT" LEAVING NEW YORK FOR MANILA

A Filipino Maid Posing for Her Picture

Lieut.-Col. Wallace, of the First Montana
Wounded February 3d

Reta and Felicia, two Native Beauties

Oregon Headquarters in Manila

A Group of Manila Types

An Antique Mestizo Belle

Philippine School at Dagupan, Luzon

Captain Geary of the California Heavy Artillery

LIFE IN AND AROUND MANILA

Photos by Dr. Law and Fritz Andrae

1. De Lussan. 2. Gadski. 3. Bonnard. 4. Gadski. 5. Bensaude. 6. De Lussan. 7. Olitzka. 8. De Lussan. 9. Melba

STARS OF THE ELLIS OPERA COMPANY, WHICH OPENS IN SAN FRANCISCO ON THE THIRTEENTH OF THIS MONTH

LOLA BETH (Opera)

GUERRERO (Folies Bergere)

YAHNE (Gymnase)

A TRIO OF FRENCH STAGE BEAUTIES

THE GRAND OPERA

Personality and Attainments of the Ellis Company Artists.

It is not to be denied that the success of an artist with the power to please excites an interest in his or her personality, and facts that enlighten as to the career of a singer, or assist toward an estimation of his or her place and value in the perspective, are welcome morsels to the votary of art. It has frequently happened that great artists have come among us absolutely unheralded and have afterward won the acclaim of nations. Gianinni and Albers are cases in point. To the credit of our musical community that the critical approval of the world has often indorsed the judgment of San Francisco, but for all that we are not more independent nor self-sufficient than other people and do not deny that the opinions of others may be more important than our own. In the light of this fact, and in deference to the human instinct of curiosity, there are offered here some notes upon the *personnel* of the Ellis Opera Opera Company, which is shortly to appear at the Grand Opera House. A majority of the artists that comprise this organization are new to us, and it is not improper that the public should know who and what they are.

The art of Melba is a known quantity and her pre-eminence is acknowledged. She is easily first among *coloratura* singers and is unique as an example of vocal preservation, which is the best proof of the perfection of her method. An Australian by birth, her triumphs have been world wide, and judging from her recent success in a new part—that of Mimi in Puccini's "La Boheme"—she is to-day at the very height of her power.

Frau Johanna Gadski, who is probably the most gifted of all German lyric sopranos, is not only possessed of rare vocal ability, but of notable dramatic talent and great personal beauty. Since 1895 she has sung in America with constantly increasing success, not only in the lighter Wagnerian roles, but latterly in such heavy parts as Brunhilda. A *legato* quality, coupled with exquisite tenderness and expression, fits her for such Italian roles as Aida and Santuzza, in which characters she has added new laurels to her crown. She will be heard in both parts during the coming season and perhaps as Valentina in "The Hugenots."

The charm of Zelie de Lussan lies as much n her temperament as in her singing. She is an accomplished actress, and achieved a great European success in "Carmen." It is said of her that she more nearly approaches the spirit of Merimee in her interpretation of his heroine than any other artist, not even excepting Calve. De Lussan was born in New York of French parents, and her success has been continuous, both in America and Europe, whence she has just returned. Her voice, it is said, is larger and finer, and her acting imbued with new authority.

Of the tenors, M. Bonnard promises much. He recently had great success in leading roles at Covent Garden and created a most favorable impression at his American debut in Philadelphia. He is from the Grand Opera at Brussells. and is said to possess the finer qualities of thc French method, while completely free from the faults that are frequently found in the tenors of that school. Bonnard has an unusually fine presence and is a superior actor. Having sung with Melba during a period of several years, he is able to render her admirable support.

Franco Pandolfini, the other tenor assuming leading roles, is a Sicilian by birth, and is accounted one of the best young tenors of Italy, where, since his debut in Milan, he has appeared in almost all the leading opera houses. His voice is of lyric quality, but he is not confined to the lighter roles, such as Rodolpho in "La Boheme," as he fills the requirements of Radames in "Aida," and other parts demanding dramatic power. Pandolfini is spoken of as a model in phrasing.

Maurice Bensaude is the leading interpreter of Italian baritone roles in the Ellis company. He is said to be not only a singer of exceptional qualifications, but an actor whose histrionic equipment attracts an equal attention with his singing. He was first baritone of the Theatre de Marie of Lisbon from 1886 to 1891, and sang for four seasons in the principal theaters of Italy.

The Chevalier Maurice de Vries needs no introduction to San Franciscans. An artist with finer ability would be hard to find or one with a better record of success. His interpretations of the great barytone roles gained for him an enviable reputation abroad, and the many admirers he has here would be gratified to see him again in such a part as Ammonasro, which he imbues with tremendous spirit.

M. Boudouresque, the leading basso, has a reputation in France of the highest order. He has inherited exceptional powers from his father, who was for ten years the leading basso of the Grand Opera in Paris. M. Boudouresque made his debut in Massenet's "Esclarmonde," creating one of the principal parts. Since then he has enjoyed an eminent place among French artists. He is the principle basso of the opera at Marseilles.

Alfonzo Rosa is distinguished as a buffo and is said to have an excellent voice as well as great ability as a comedian. He will be will be afforded frequent opportunities in the repertoire of the Ellis Company, appearing in "The Barber," Carmen," "La Boheme" and other operas.

Leon Rains was heard here a year ago, when he made a distinct impression. His operatic experience has been confined to the Ellis Company, but there is no question of his talent as a singer, and he has a truly magnificent voice.

The director is Signor Armando Seppilli, who comes with the highest credentials. He was a pupil in the Conservatory at Milan under Bazzini and Ponchielli, and his talents were developed under the same conditions as those that surrounded Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini. Signor Seppilli brings knowledge and temperament to his assistance in equal proportions and he is abundantly supplied with both of these qualities. His authority ls unquestioned and he is credited with a deep insight and exquisite taste.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

LONDON

London, February 25th.—The impression of the socially expert, whom I have consulted in regard to the subject, is that the Parliamentary season will add but little to the gaieties of London. The wife of the new leader of the Liberal party, Lady Campbell Bannerman, is exceedingly delicate, and, though the family has wealth galore, their entertaining days are over. Time was when Sir Henry gave the most recherche dinners in London. A recommendation from him used to be considered the most valuable testimonial a *chef* could have. I am told his table was famous for rare dishes, and one seldom had the average *plats* so familiar to those who dine at French restaurants. Though most people like to eat well, a wide difference is to be noted between the few who are informed on the subject of table luxuries and the many who can only appreciate.

Apropos of a taste for refined eating, I met, out at a small dinner recently, Alfred Beit, who ranks as one of the richest men in London. He is said to have one of the best *chefs* in the metropolis, a gentleman to whom an extravagant salary is paid to prepare the dainty *entrees* which his master relishes. A quiet, well-informed person is Mr. Beit—very well groomed, correct in manners, and quite the antithesis of my expectation in appearance. It was rather a musical house we were at, and the talk at table took on the tone of the set—that is, we talked about art and artists and musicians, mainly about the latter, and Mr. Beit gossipped most agreeably. He is a bachelor, not more than forty years old and his rise in life has been phenomenal. He comes of a good Hamburg family, had a first-class German education and spent the proper quota of years at a university. Then his parents apprenticed him to one of the big banking houses of the home city, and there he remained for years. No one who has not passed through the mill can realize what discipline these German financial houses enforce on their clerks, and the immense advantage of the system they inculcate. At the end of his time, young Beit emerged with a well-grounded idea of finance, but no great reputation as a financier, strange to say. He laid the foundation of his fortune at Kimberley in the diamond mines, where he met Cecil Rhodes, and, through his relationships, got in heavily when the mines at Johannesburg were opened up. He seemed to be able to grasp the possibilities of the country quicker than anyone else, and, having a genius for combination, together with the connections essential for great financial enterprise, he got ahead of Barney Barnato and all the other picturesque geniuses of the country. He and Cecil Rhodes have done business together on a large scale, and their relation has been very close. Strange to say, Mr. Beit knows little of the Rand. After his early success he established himself in London and attended to finances, leaving his partners to administer affairs in Africa. He does much business and incidentally amuses himself, has a yacht and decidedly an eye for Louis Seize furniture. His mansion in Park Lane is really in excellent style and not a bit overdone, as one might expect.

Apropos of mansions and millionaires, Lord and Lady Rothschild have just returned to their mansion at 148 Piccadilly, which has been elaborately renovated. It is said the entertainments given there are among the very best in London—I mean in the matter of artistic luxuriousness. At these parties the most charming effects are produced. At a b all some time ago, at which the Prince an Princess of Wales were present, rows of peach trees, their branches bearing ripe fruit, lined the corridors. On the supper table one saw, at regular intervals, gold baskets filled with lovely pink Malmaisons and mauve orchids, alternating with exquisite effect. As a hostess, Lady Rothschild is most agreeable. Though her jewels are as fine as there are in London, she is not fond of displaying them, and at this particular affaire wore only some small diamond sprays and a necklace of pearls. Such pearls, though—this ornament is almost priceless and the gems are perfectly graduated, the center being of the size of a marble.

The Bischoffsheims are quite the reverse of the Rothschilds—at least, Madame is, for the husband is a little man who goes to the city every day from his home at Bute House, South Audley street, in a neat little brougham with a natty little coachman, and is reputed to make millions a year banking and financering. He is one of the lights of the money world, and has executed some great deals, about which he says nothing whatever. But Madame: I was at Monte Carlo watching the play when she entered, gorgeously arrayed, followed by a tall powdered footman in black livery. She sat down, gambled a little, lost, and with a shrug of disgust, arose and joined a group of smart people who had accompanied her. The Bischoffsheims have a superb place on the high road leading to Mentone, and it is regally appointed. Relays of guests, the celebrities of the moment, together with a proper admixture of the aristocracy, come to them during the season, and there is generally something going on for their entertainment, for Madame loves to be sensational. In London she invariably gives a series of entertainments, and as she knows everyone worth knowing, her gatherings are both brilliant and heterogeneous. Last season she engaged a group of *cafe chantant* singers to come over to Bute House, in the grounds of which a temporary theatre, modeled on the Parisian original, was erected for the occasion. The Prince of Wales, with Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Londonderry, occupied a box, and the smartest people in town were present. Alas! it was a deeply disappointed audience, for the show had been carefully Bowdlerized, and the most captivating parts were suppressed. Madame should have known better, it was suggested, than to imagine anyone would have been shocked. You should have seen the hostess that night! She has always been a striking figure, and while it might be injudicious to say she wore all her jewels, she had on ropes of pearls, together with a gorgeous tiara and innumerable ornaments. Otherwise Mrs. Bischoffsheim is noted for her equipages, which are regal in their splendor. Royalty has nothing so gorgeous as her state carriage, which invariably fastens the attention of all the curious as it drives by, and the Madame is happy, for she dearly loves to be a conspicuous figure. Her daughter is the widow of the late Earl of Desart, but the marriage was not a happy one.

KATRIONA.

A Society Leader.

The triumphs that Moet & Chandon champagne has enjoyed in social circles, having been exclusively served at the Vanderbilt, Astor, Bradley-Martin, and Belmont balls, have stamped this brand with the approval of the most discriminating of the fashionable set. Moet & Chandon is now prominently in evidence at every select affair.—*Wine Circular*, New York.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

mineral land has figured long and often in the mining litigation of the State. It is an immensely valuable tract, some five leagues square, and Governor Alvorado possessed it originally on a grant from Mexico. He made over his rights to General Fremont, who found the property overrun with miners who had regarded it as part of the public domain.

MISS OLIVE OLIVER.

After a series of long and bitter contests, the title was finally vested in him, and incidentally certain disputed points of mining law were thoroughly defined. It was over the Fremont Grant that the great case of Biddle Boggs *vs.* Merced Mining Company was fought, in which Judge Field won his spurs. Here his remarkable reasoning power was first shown to advantage, and the important point, which has now become a legal principle in land sales, that the right to minerals passes with the patent unless otherwise reserved, was established beyond cavil. After Fremont had settled with the various litigants his means were exhausted, and he sold his rights for a moderate sum to Hayward, Hobart, John W. Mackay, and Senator Jones. The inability of these gentlemen to agree on a method of working the property has prevented its development all these years. It is suggested, however, that it is Alvinza Hayward himself who is really in control, and that he will be at liberty to work the various claims now according to his own methods. That, however, will soon be revealed by the men who assume charge.

* * *

The resignation of Manager Ellert from the Title Insurance Company was due to a difference of opinion between himself and C. P. Eels. The ex-Mayor proved himself a competent administrator, and extended the business in a variety of ways quadrupling its volume; but in his efforts for improvement, he found himself up against another strong man in the person of C. P. Eels, who represents several of the stockholders and officiates as attorney for the Company. Its legal business is well worth having, but its conduct in the hands of an outside firm developed difficulties which the ex-Mayor considered might be obviated by having a lawyer on the premises, and for that post he had a candidate. However, to this arrangement Mr. Eels objected, and the result was the resignation of Mr. Ellert. It seems now as though he would organize a new company with substantial backing, though as he has made such a name for himself as an administrator, his embarrassment will rather be in selecting than in discovering a vacancy for his talents.

* * *

It was Frank Mayo's ambition, while a young man, to play the legitimate. He had no doubt that if he could get an opportunity he would some day show the world how Shakespeare should be acted—not that he was a vain, but, in his way, a scholarly man. He had made a study of certain of the Bard's characters which warranted him in believing that he could give such a representation of them as would approach very nearly to the true. Fate ruled otherwise. He was unfortunate enough to make such a hit as Davy Crockett that the world never gave him a chance in the field for which he thought himself especially adapted. For twenty-five years there were probably few nights that Mayo did not go to bed cursing his bad luck in having become identified with one play. He did not die until he had proved that he was capable of a much higher grade of work than that done by him in "Davy Crockett"; but his "Pudd'nhead Wilson," humorous, refined character sketch that it was, was far beneath that ideal which Mayo had set for himself, and expected before his death to attain. He was singularly lucky in his professional life. During his career he had aroused but few animosities, and he had made friends of all with whom he had come in contact. He was beloved of the children, and to few men is it given to please these captious little critics. His daughter, Eleanor Mayo, was regarded as the most beautiful woman on the New York stage at her debut, and was the particular chum of this stalwart old actor. She expressed regret, on marrying Mr. Elverson the young newspaper proprietor of Philadelphia, that she was forced to desert her father's profession, which she loved for his sake.

* * *

The Press Club jinks seems to have been the cleverest entertainment the organization has yet given. There were several good things on the bill besides the presiding of Judge Hunt, who has a very dry way of introducing and puts points in every sentence. The entire Superior Bench was there with the exception of Judge Wallace, and perhaps it is well that he remained away, for the hit of the evening was an imitation of that distinguished jurist, by Mr. Myrtle of the *Bulletin*, who dressed the role and acted the part to the manner born. He addressed the jury, snubbed the lawyers, disposed of objections, and growled at the clerk in a manner distinctly Wallaceesque; and I regret to say, the Superior Bench was convulsed with laughter. Another good feature was a series of clever stories by Ed Stevens of the Daily Company. They were admirably told and brought forth rounds of applause. By the way, there is considerable feeling over the intrusion of the *Examiner's* female reporter, who attended the performance in masculine guise. The introduction of the girl was an instance of atrocious taste, and who ever was guilty will undergo

HERBERT KELCEY,
Of the California Theatre.
[Photo by Thors.]

severe reprimand. The publication of the story was equally without excuse, inasmuch as it had no interest but its impertinence.

* * *

Did ever journal try so hard at squeezing out a sensation as the *Examiner* has in the case of the late Miss Mayne Worrall? The story was written to death, and that in a tone of inexcusable familiarity. I am referring especially to the final two columns, that handled the fatality in a manner which must make sad reading for the unfortunate lady's relations in the old country. The pervading tone was one of extraordinarily bad taste, and I am surprised it passed the editorial blue pencil. By the way, it would be interesting to know if Mr. Hermann feels flattered over the indorsement of his goodness of heart which the generous Monarch afforded him.

* * *

Miss Lou Wall is the latest member of the art coterie, in the studio building on Sacramento Street, to indulge in an exhibition. She has hung the walls of her studio with sketches and paintings, and has not only made a capital showing but has disposed of quite a number of canvases. These private exhibitions have quite a vogue these days since Keith has begun painting in his private picture gallery.

* * *

O TEMPORA, O MORES—*Le Petit Journal des Refusées*, mentioned in these columns last month is almost ready for distribution, and the advance copies recently sent out to the press surpass my wildest imaginings. If it is possible to publish a madder magazine than this sixteen-cent quarterly, a more preposterous burlesque on the fad literature of the day, a freak with more insanity to the square inch, no doubt "Les Jeunes" led by the giddy Redacteur-en James Marrion, 2nd, are the ones to do it; but happily the victims of their decadence the century is nearly at its end. "The Naughty Archer" is the gayest piece of irreverence in the *Journal*, and how this verse will affect the public is an interesting problem.

I'd love to hunt for angels
If I could get a boost,
For it is up in Heaven
That all the angels roost.

There is a pathetic little piece of symbolism, entitled "The Blue Moon," "than which," as the author might well say, "or, nevertheless, nothing could be more so." This is Marrion's idea of the New Literature:

There was an astonishing oval blue moon a-bubble among the clouds, striking a sidewise chord of wild, blatant reluctance athwart the bowl of curds with which I stroked her. (Oh, Love! dead, and your adjectives still in you!) A harsh and brittle whisper of a dream, a rough red shadow ghost of awful prominence, welled out and up through all the inharmonious phases of the night. A frog bleated and turned his toe to slumber. The fringe of despair hung roundabout my agony; the stars went out; the moon, that blurred, blue, bleeding moon, the very toadstools on the lawn, the close-clipped crust of foamy starlit hedge, balked choking gray upon the ring of fire-spent turf. O Heaven and happy bard; O freighted moors, conducive to my pall; each unto each was there, and all was vain!

The decorations of this trapezoidal wall-paper Bibelot outfreak the text, which to make confusion worse confounded is printed in types of mixed fonts. The poster, which is by Peixotto, whom *The Lark* has educated to a very pretty sense of humor, is the climax of the enterprise, and riots in green, yellow, and purple. It is appropriately entitled "The Last Straw."

* * *

A mysterious work is proceeding in the café and reading-room of the Bohemian Club. These interesting apartments are undergoing redecoration at the hands of Bruce Porter, but the secret of his designs he preserves locked in his bosom, and says nothing more than to promise a pleasing, surprising, and original effect. The old dado of lincrusta-Walton and the brick-dust tinted wall-paper have gone the way of things terrestrial, but thus far there has been heard not an expression of mourning at the loss. Still, a good deal is expected of Bruce Porter.

* * *

Now that Mr. E. W. Hopkins presides over the destinies of the Pacific-Union, it will be interesting to see if his character undergoes revolution. Through the years of his membership he has built up a peerless reputation as a kicker, and it was out of revenge as much as because of his friendships, that they made him president. The responsibility is now on his own shoulders, the difficulty of the situation he is compelled to grasp, and it will be interesting to see what he does with it. In the meantime, the first dinner of the new régime took place last Wednesday night, and all its supporters gathered to the discussion of an excellent menu.

* * *

Among the interesting weddings of the week was that of Douglas Tilden, the clever sculptor, and Miss Bessie Cole of Oakland. Both are deaf mutes, and both are accomplished. Under the circumstances, the wedding diverged positively from the ceremony we are familiar with, inasmuch as there

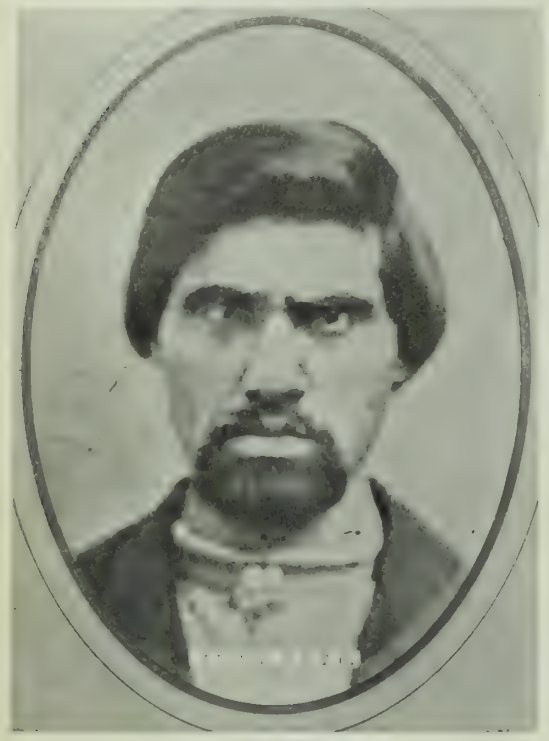
MISS EFFIE SHANNON.
[Photo by Thors.]

were no spoken affirmations, and signs passed for promises. The bride and groom followed the reading of the clergyman by typewritten copies of the marriage service, and at the critical moments nodded consent. The artistic element was well represented at the wedding, Willis Polk officiating as best man and master of ceremonies.

MAN-HUNTING.

THE COAST RANGE AS A REFUGE FOR BANDITS.

There are probably few stretches of country throughout civilized nations the world over where stranger conditions exist than right here on the western slope of the California coast mountains. Think of it! To-day you are here in the midst of a great city, one of the world-cities; civilization is in great evidence, electric cars trundle past your door, and electric lights make a mockery of night. There is the



JUAN SOTO.
From an old photograph in Harry Morse's collection.

drama, the opera, the great daily newspaper, all the outward conventionalities of progress and refinement. Really, for all practical purposes, it might as well be New York or London or Paris. Your dinner is laid for you on the table at home; it is a crime to go armed; you are blasé; you are over-civilized; you are effete even.

But go upon a three hours' journey to the southeast, into San Benito, Merced, or Fresno Counties, and you will find yourself in the heart of a country that has been, and that is even now, a very paradise for outlaws, bandits, and fugitive criminals. The same state of affairs can be found to-day throughout the Coast Range as existed there in the wild days before the fifties, the same romantic, melodramatic, absurd, over-wrought situations that sound so impossible in the dime novel and the penny dreadful.

A murder is committed, a stage robbed, a train held up in or near any of the Coast Range towns, in San Francisco in San Jose, in Visalia, or in Fresno. The murderer, or robber, or bandit "takes to the hills." The countryside is aroused, proclamations are issued, rewards offered, descriptions of the man are distributed, posses are formed, the spirit of the man-hunt flares up, blood-hounds are put on the trail, the fugitive's track is struck, perhaps held; there is an encounter; a man or two is shot, perhaps the criminal is brought in, or perhaps he escapes, and public interest dies down and the affair is forgotten.

The ultimate result of the man-hunt is, however, not nearly so interesting as the curiously picturesque elements in the hunt itself, especially when one remembers how close it takes place to a great center of civilization. Imagine the flight of Dunham or the Evans-Sontag affair taking place in the vicinity of New York; yet who shall say that New York is more civilized than San Francisco?

It is the surrounding, outlying country, the Coast Range itself, that makes the thing possible. Yet the Coast Range is not the country that the majority of people, especially city-bred people, imagine it to be. The range of mountains that runs through the central and southern part of the State of California is not a vast, intricate, inhospitable reach of wilderness, uninhabited, savage, primeval. Speaking very roughly, this is the general lay of the land: there is the river in the midst of the valley, lined with towns and villages; between this and the foothills is a broad and uninhabited strip; then come the foothills themselves covered with ranches, ranges, and farm lands, and dotted over with villages; and after this the rise of the mountains through which the outlaw finds his way.

If he knows the country (and it is not a difficult country to know) traveling is comparatively easy. From the newspaper accounts of the criminal's flight, you imagine him crashing through breast-high chaparral, swimming breast-deep mountain torrents, scrambling over boulders, or wandering in the dizzying mazes of tangled forests. He is spent, he is exhausted, he is without food, without water, without shelter, the rain beats on his devoted head, and his feet are bloody; he sees by night the watch fires gleam, and he hears the distant baying of the blood-hounds—those much maligned, gentle little dogs, more like pointers than like the man-eating beasts of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" drama, which are not blood-hounds at all, but Great Danes.

But if the fugitive—Mr. Dunham—for example, could be found (we must assume that the reader's imagination can stretch even to this extent), he would, in all probability, be seen to be in good physical condition. Through the daytime he has slept in one of the many ranch houses, cabins, or jacals that may be found almost anywhere throughout the mountains; he has refreshed himself at any quantity of springs and creeks in the cañon, he is well fed on the provisions he has found in the jacals, or that have been sold or given to him at the ranch houses. He may even be traveling on horseback, changing his beast whenever it shows signs of fatigue, stealing a fresh mount on any one of the numerous mountain ranges. For weeks he can follow easy, well-defined trails and paths; in certain portions of the mountains he can even keep to good roads perfectly practicable for buggy driving.

The rules of the game are simple. A man whose wits are sharpened by the stimulus of pursuit with intent to kill, easily evolves them of himself. He must travel at night, laying up in the daytime in any one of the admirable hiding-places with which the Coast Range abounds. When he does move he must keep to the ridges; this course has a double advantage: it is easier traveling, while at the same time the elevated situation often commands a view of the entire country for miles around; he must go to the south and east; any other direction will inevitably lead him into the noose; but let him once get into the Kern River country and "The devil himself" (so says Harry Morse, who surely ought to know) "will not get him out." There he can lie perdue for three, five, or ten years, until his affair is forgotten, then gently work down to the coast and ship for Australia or South America.

The Coast Range of California is made to order for outlaws—we again quote Mr. Morse. It would seem that in these mountains, and the country immediately surrounding them, can be found just the conditions necessary for profitable "operations"—precisely the right mean between civilization and barbarism. The fastnesses are finely proximate to the centers of the particular traffic or travel which is to be plundered. The lines of retreat lead directly and easily from the towns and villages which have been the scenes of the murders.

In almost every case the fugitive follows the same trails, heads for the same objective point, and is seen, or reported as seen, at the same places. During the flight of Dunham, readers of the daily newspapers have become familiar with the names of Panoche Cañon, Pacheco Pass, Tres Pinos, and Los Banos Creek. They are old battle grounds—old as the days of such "famous bandits" as Jesus Tejada, Tiburcio Vasquez, Chaves, and Juan Soto.

Tejada and two other Mexicans, in 1869, raided a store on the Mokelumne road, near Stockton, killed the Italian storekeeper, his clerk, two Mexicans, and an Indian. The murderers "took to the hills," where they lay hidden for over a year, until Harry Morse, at that time sheriff, discovered their camp near Los Banos Creek in Merced County. Morse and a deputy, disguised as cattlemen looking for new pastures, started at once upon the hunt. They came upon

Sheriff Ballou of San Luis Obispo and Sheriff Lyndon of Santa Clara Starting After Murderer Dunham with Bloodhounds.
[Photo by A. P. Hill, San Jose.]

the band—by that time a score in number—quite unexpectedly. Tejada was with this band, and though Morse suspected it, his description of the outlaw was so defective that he did not feel sure of his man. The sheriff allowed the gang to ride off, but obtained a closer description of its chief, located his next camp—again near Los Banos—drove one hundred and five miles in twenty-four hours, and made the capture.

If Mr. Dunham, as we have been led to believe, has chosen the Panoche Mountains and the Pacheco Pass as temporary hiding-places, it would go far to prove that his plans were well laid and that he was thoroughly familiar with the country. In such case he would be but following in the trail of Juan Soto—Juan Soto, murderer of Otto Ludovici in Sunol in 1871; Juan Soto whose record of thefts, "hold ups," and highway robberies has never been surpassed in California.

The story of Soto's death at the hands of Harry Morse would be quite impossible in the most guarded and conservative fiction. It is one of those real-life stories that are too romantic, too improbable, to be put into a novel.

Immediately after the murder of Ludovici, Morse and a posse of some five or six took Soto's trail. On the third day out, in the neighborhood of Pacheco Pass, a sheep herder was captured, who conducted the Morse's party to Sausalito Valley, where Soto was in hiding. Looking down into the Valley from the summit of the last ridge the party made out two or three adobe huts, which, it was learned, were only the outposts of the outlaw's camp. Morse sent the larger part of his posse up the cañon to make a descent on Soto's main stronghold, while he himself with Deputy Winchell proposed to secure the sentries of the outposts before they could alarm the chief.

Morse and Winchell rushed to the hut, flung open the door, and found themselves in the presence of Juan Soto himself surrounded by some dozen powerful Mexicans.

Morse did not hesitate, and so was saved. He covered Soto, who was sitting at a table, with his revolver and ordered "hands up," while, at the same time, he drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and passed them to Winchell, telling him to put them on the outlaw. Winchell dropped the handcuffs and fled. A huge Mexican woman caught Morse's pistol arm, one of the desperadoes jumped upon him from behind, and Soto sprang to his feet drawing his weapons. Here was a situation.

Morse managed to break away, and sprang backward into the open ground of the corral about the hut, Soto following. Both were firing continually. In his account of the affair, Sheriff Harris says: "The shots were fired in quick succession, Soto advancing upon Morse, every time he fired, with a leap or bound, with pistol held above his head, and, as he landed erect on his feet, bringing his weapon to a level with Morse's breast and then firing. After firing he never moved until he had recocked his pistol when, tiger-like, he advanced on Morse again."

Finally one of Morse's bullets struck Soto's pistol, jamming the cylinder. Soto rushed back to the hut, forced one of his men to put on his long blue coat as a blind, and secured three more revolvers. Morse meanwhile had ran back to where his horse was picketed and got hold of his Henry rifle. Just as Soto emerged a second time from the hut, making a dash for the hillside, Morse shouted:

"Throw down your pistols, Juan, there's been enough shooting."

Soto ran on without replying, when at a distance of 150 yards Morse shot him through the shoulder. Then, the outlaw badly wounded, giving up all hope of escape, turned back, drawing his revolvers, bent on killing the Sheriff.

One can imagine the looks of the man as he came running down the side of the cañon, a pistol in each hand, his hair in the wind, holding his fire till he should get within such distance that killing would be a certainty. He forgot that the Sheriff could adopt the same tactics. Morse did not fire until Soto was close upon him, then killed him with a single shot through his brain.

Nothing could be more dramatic than such an encounter. The rest of the posse were far distant; Winchell had fled, so Morse was left to face the outlaw and his men absolutely single-handed. That it was a victory for the Sheriff is almost beyond belief. It was a chance in a thousand. Even the author of "Nick Carter," or "Old Sleuth" might shrink from inventing so wonderful a situation.

SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.

To-day is the day of Saint Antonio de Padua, born at Lisbon, in 1195, died at Padua 1231, and canonized a year later. A great preacher was Antonio, and so eloquent that, according to the old historians, even the fishes were affected by his discourses. Over seven hundred years later was founded the mission bearing his name, of which the following account is given by Bancroft:

"The site selected was an oak-studded glen named Cañada de Los Robles, on a fine stream. Here the bells were hung on a tree and loudly tolled, while Fray Junipero shouted like a madman: 'Come, gentiles, come to the holy Church; come and receive the faith of Jesus Christ!' until Father Pieras reminded the enthusiast that there was not a gentile within hearing, and that it would be well to stop the noise and go to work. Then a cross was erected; the President said mass under a shelter of branches, and thus was founded, on July 14, 1771, the Mission of San Antonio de Padua." Hittell says, however, that Junipero Serra kept up the shouting and bell-ringing until he was entirely exhausted, and that the Indians in the vicinity were so badly frightened that it was a long time before they would come in and be converted.

The Mission is situated at the head of the beautiful Jolon Valley in the southern part of Monterey County. This Valley is twenty miles to the westward of Salinas Valley, and

VASQUEZ.
From an old photograph in Harry Morse's collection.

is separated therefrom by a high spur of the Santa Lucia Mountains. It is seldom visited by tourists, as a long, dusty stage ride of nearly five hours, and poor accommodations, deter all but the most venturesome.

With its beautiful situation, surrounded by mountains; its valley dotted with oaks; nut-bearing pine-trees, sycamore, and cottonwood; its pretty little river; its fields of waving grain and rich pasture land, it offers a rich field to the artist and lover of nature, while the old Mission itself, with crumbling walls and deserted gardens, luxuriant in roses, geraniums, honeysuckles, and clinging wisteria, gives a picturesque *ensemble* unsurpassed by any Mission in California.

W. B. TYLER.

HADJIRA.

A STRANGE STORY OF TURKISH LOVE MAKING.

Though the life of the harem has undergone description at a thousand pens, though its conventions have been explained and its etiquette revealed, the world has no more vivid idea of the conditions of that life than it has of the conditions of existence in an ant-hill. The ingredients which compose a perfume are exposed by analysis, but no chemical formula conveys to the brain the odor of attar of roses. Here, however, is a book out of the heart of that strange life, the work of a woman for whom all the modes and manners of the harem are the actuality of daily living. The round of her days, the detail of her surrounding, are typical of the Orient, but they are not specifically stated for the purpose of information or defined for the benefit of outsiders. *Hadjira* (*Edward Arnold*) is a Turkish love story—"the original work," so the publisher's note tells us, "of a young Turkish lady, whose identity it is unfortunately impossible to reveal, as her personal safety would thereby be seriously imperiled. The manuscript was written in English, in her own handwriting," and Mr. Arnold vouches for the truth of the statement. So it is a *bona fide* document, this book. It certainly adds to the interest of perusal the sense of the author's danger. As the narrative proceeds it is easy to imagine the gifted maiden sentenced by an indignant Hanem Effendi to prison or a whipping as the penalty of so outraging the reticence of oriental life. It must be confessed that the strongest impression gained is that the sex is much the same the world over.

Hadjira is a Turkish maiden of inferior birth, the granddaughter of Nasrullah Pasha's nurse. At the death of her parents she is taken into the Pasha's family as a member of the household, and though she assists in the work of the harem, it is as a friend rather than as a slave. The establishment is important and aristocratic; the Pasha is a retired diplomat of wealth and great influence, whose sons are in the army or high in the government service. The daughters are married to officers of rank and as they all live under the parental roof tree, the menage is on a large scale. The harem is virtually the home circle, where the family meets for meals and mutual entertainment. It is not a mysterious resort dedicated to the rites of sensuality, but the common living room where sons and daughters and wives and husbands spend their evenings. Nasrullah Pasha is the supreme in authority. His wife, Hanem Effendi, is a proud and imperious woman—"a Turkish girl by birth—who had known so well how to manage her husband that he had never married another woman; active and clever, the whole menage is governed by her, and she was feared by all, even by her own children, from whom she exacted nearly servile respect.

The complication on which the story turns is the love of Nafiz Bey for Hadjira. He is the youngest son of Nasrullah Pasha, who, having spent some time in Paris, returns with ideas in regard to life and marriage opposed to the accepted rulings of the Koran. There it is forbidden for a man to see the face of his wife prior to marriage, and it is the duty of a sister or a mother to find a bride for brother or son. To this arrangement Nafiz objects, and as he insists on knowing the character of his spouse, Hanem Effendi has purchased for him a Circassian beauty, Boubaver, whom he subsequently declines to wed. Conversing with Hadjira on the subject he says: "When I was younger I did think of doing like my countrymen. I thought that I might get used to looking at my wife as a chattel, and that anything would be better than to marry a girl I had never seen, and didn't know from Eve. But I pondered over it much, and I would now prefer death to marrying a Circassian and breaking at a blow the hopes I might have of a congenial home."

He expresses then the conditions which rule the other alternative: "My mother will go to a house and will see my wife seated with folded arms and downcast eyes What will she know of that girl's character, and how will she be able to disentangle at one visit the difference between real modesty and the false sentiment the bride-elect is obliged to proffer?"

Unfortunately for the excellent intentions of Nafiz, both Nasrullah Pasha and Hanem Effendi oppose his marriage with Hadjira. They declare the girl as a dependent is no fit match for their son, and the most vital chapters of the tale are those devoted to describing the courtship and the indignation the announcement of the young man's desires evoke. Hanem Effendi declares that little Hadjira has bewitched Nafiz and she threatens terrible vengeance. Indeed, but for the interference of her sons, it is probable the tender maiden would have had a cruel fate. "No one," says the authoress, "who has not lived in a harem can understand the power which the mistress of the house can use unrestrained. All the inmates are accustomed from their infancy to fear her and to tremble at her anger, and recognize her as one who has the power of life and death over them."

Between Nafiz and his father there is a strong scene in which the son begs his father's consent and threatens that he will marry Hadjira against all prohibition. He urges that a mésalliance cannot exist in Turkey; that his own sister had married a Circassian Yaver, but admits that Circassians are exempt from the common rule. The degree of his love is expatiated on, but the cool parent tells him that love is not a word used when Turkish marriages are discussed. Nasrullah declares, however, that did Nafiz's happiness hinge on marrying Hadjira, he would not hesitate a moment. "For I can make the world think as I wish," he added. "Money and a good name do wonders in these times, and I would consent to your marrying a Christian without fearing the world's censure. But I don't believe a man's future can depend on a woman."

In the same interview the attitude of son to father and the absolute power over his offspring which a Turkish father possesses is indicated. Nasrullah admits he cannot forbid the bans, but in the event of disobedience he promises to exile Nafiz from Constantinople, and prevent his return.

Apropos of love in Turkey it is amusing to learn that the sentiment for Nafiz which is awakened in the bosom of Hadjira is considered by that maiden a flagrant immodesty. In the harem it is thought that a woman cannot be in love with her own husband without losing her dignity. As for admiring or adoring any other man, it is equivalent to ostracism. We are ready to assume that love comes like a summer dream—that the tender sentiment springs up lawless and without precedent; in Turkey, if a man loveth a maid it is because she has willed it. The proverb says, "Man is a dog; if you do not call him he will not come." Herein lieth the offense of Hadjira in the eyes of her mistress. Still it is quite pretty, the story of this love-making, and one is forced to the conclusion that sentiment finds much the same expression the world over.

However, Hadjira, saved from the vengeance of his mistress, is sent off to the home of Sanie Hanem, wife of Izzet Pacha, Governor of a distant province, and is there secluded from the courtship of Nafiz. He in despair finally marries the sister of Izzet, a young woman selected for him by his sister. An interesting account is given of the wedding and of the bride, who appears before her husband in her bridal gown resplendissante with a majestic beauty which the Turkish bridal dress, apt to crush by its gorgeous splendor, served only to enhance. The long, heavy, gold-embroidered train, the diamonds sprinkled on her arms and neck, the diamond tiara holding the long silver veil, even the two silver braids hanging on either side of her waist, all seemed to become a part of herself and added to the splendor of her rich loveliness. She stood with folded arms, on the steps of the bridal throne, her breast, contrasting strongly with the dark red of her dress, was creamy white, and was rising and falling calmly. Her face was calm as a statue's, and only a slight wave of color on her cheek testified any emotion.

However, the marriage turns out unhappily. The twain are divorced; Hanem Effendi dies, and at the close of the tale Hadjira is married to Nafiz with due ceremonial.

"MAN PROPOSES."—No. 3.

They had been out to the theater together and there was no chaperon. They knew each other well enough for that. On the front steps of her house she gave him her latch-key and he opened the front door for her. "You had better come in," she said, "and we'll find something to eat."

Every Monday evening they went to the theater and afterward had blue ribbon beer and paté sandwiches in the kitchen of her house. It was a time-worn and time-honored custom of three months' standing, like his Thursday even-

ing call and his meeting with her at the eleven o'clock service each Sunday.

She turned on the current in the hall and in the parlor, and went into the latter room and took off her things. He followed her about from place to place, and listened attentively to her chaffing him because he had passed her on the street car the day before and had not seen her. He protested his innocence of any premeditated slight, and they went out into the kitchen both talking at the same time. It was all very gay and they felt that they sufficed to themselves.

The Chinaman had set out the beer and sandwiches on the top of the ice-chest in the laundry. She lit every gas-burner in sight and fetched the tray into the kitchen and got down the plates, while he opened the beer and filled the two glasses.

"There's paté sandwiches," she said, punching each little pile with the tip of her finger as she spoke, "and sardine sandwiches and lettuce-an'-mayonaise sandwiches, and don't say 'and the sand-which-is on the floor,' because you say it every time, and it's become an old joke that was funny once but isn't funny any more at all. Here, don't talk so much, but drink your beer. Here's success to you." They drank to each other, she sitting on the deal table, clicking her heels together; he, with his chair tilted back against the sink, grinning at her over the top of his glass.

"Huh!" he exclaimed all of a sudden, as he sat down his glass and glanced about him, "four burners going full head in the kitchen at this hour. I won't let you do that when we're married, young woman, I can't affo

"When we're——" she shouted, adding furiously "I *do* like *that*."

"Yes, I thought you would," he replied, calmly.

"You thought—you thought," she gasped, getting to her feet and gazing at him wide eyed and breathless, "you were—you are—we are——"

"I am, thou art, he is," he interrupted, beginning to laugh, "which means that 'I am' quite determined to marry you, and 'thou art' to be my wedded wife, and 'he is,' that is to say your father is to give us his consent and his blessing. I've been thinking it all over and I've made up my mind that it will be for next Thursday at twenty minutes after three."

"Oh, you have, have you," she cried, breathing hard through her nose. "You might have asked *me* something about it."

"Oh, I didn't need to ask," he answered; "you see I'm pretty sure already."

"Pretty sure," she retorted. "Oh, this is fine. Oh, *isn't* this splendid! I just hate and loathe and detest and abhor and abominate you."

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered, putting up his hand. "Does Thursday suit?"

"No, it *don't* suit," she flashed back at him. "It will be when I say and choose; I mean—I mean——"

He shouted with laughter and her face blazed.

"I mean it won't *ever* be. Oh, I could—I could *bite* you."

"I think it will be Thursday," he said, reflectively. "I'll call for you here in a carriage at twenty minutes after three, and in the meantime I'll see your father and fix things."

She sank into a chair and let her hands drop into her lap palms upward, and drew a long breath or two, gazing at him helplessly and shaking her head.

"Well, of all the cool——"

"You see that will give us time enough for supper, and then we can take the eight fifty-five——"

"What are you talking about?" she inquired, deliberately. He went on unheeding:

"I got the tickets this afternoon."

"Tickets," she faltered.

"Um-hum," he answered, absently feeling in his inside pocket. "Here they are; see, this is the railroad ticket, and here's the Pullman ticket. Lower 10."

"Lower 10! It will be the *whole section*. I—I mean, of course—I—you. *Oh—h*, how I hate you!"

"That will give us two days in New York. I wired for a stateroom day before yesterday. It's the St. Paul. She sails on the twenty-third. Do you like the boat?"

"Oh, go right on, go right on!" she cried, waving her hands at him. "Don't mind *me*."

"Well, that's as far ahead as I've planned now. I don't think we would want to stay over on the other side more than four months. Then, you know, there's the expense."

She was about to answer, when they both heard the front door close. "That's Dave," she exclaimed. Her brother came out into the kitchen in evening dress.

"Hello, hello," he said. "Beer and skittles, domestic enough; can I belong? Beer's flat, of course, but I'll have a skittle, if you don't mind," and he began to eat a sandwich, telling them the whiles where he had been and what he had been doing.

He and the brother fell a talking. She sat silent, very thoughtful, looking at him from time to time.

"Well," said he, at last, "I must be going," adding, as he turned to her, "I've a deal to do in the next few days." She made a little gasp, and got up and went with him into the front hall, leaving the brother to grumble over the flatness of the beer. She helped him on with his overcoat. There was a silence. He stood with his hand on the knob of the door. "Good night," she said, adding, as she always did, "when am I to see you again?"

"Well," he answered, suddenly grave, very much in earnest, "when *are* you to see me again? It's up to you, little girl; what's your answer? Now, when shall I come?"

She didn't answer at once. In the stillness they heard the humming of the cable in the street outside. Then there was an opening and closing of doors as the brother came out of the kitchen.

"Quick," he said, putting a hand on her shoulder, "he'll be here in a minute; when am I to see you again?"

Then she turned to him:

"Oh, I suppose Thursday, at twenty minutes after three."

FRANK NORRIS.

ILLUSION.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
And "Where are the people, O Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said:
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead—
There was only Myself and you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
"Meeting YOU here this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well;
And is there heaven, and is there hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay! those were but dreams," the great God said;
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear, or sin;
There is no you—you never have been—
There is nothing at all but Me!"

—*The Chap-Book.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY.

HOW THE SMART SET HAS AMUSED ITSELF THIS WEEK.

The old superstition regarding Friday has evidently been entirely done away with. Have you noticed? It has come to be quite the thing to announce one's betrothal on Friday. Miss Belle McKenna started it, then Miss Hobart followed, and Miss Aileen Goad completed the magic three by announcing her engagement to Mr. C. K. McIntosh on Friday last. I can't say that any one was particularly surprised, though all were more or less unprepared. Mr. McIntosh's attentions were most marked and the beauty most gracious. But oh, the pains they went to to deny it were worthy a better cause. However, it is the most interesting affair of the season. In the first place, it is a bona fide love match. Then both are young, bright, and ambitious, and although Miss Goad is the daughter of a capitalist, she has been thoroughly trained to grace the home of a man in middling circumstances. Since the marriage of her sister, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, she has assumed entire charge of her father's home, and is quite an adept housekeeper.

Miss McKenna has chosen her bridesmaids. There are to be eight, and a smarter, prettier, more fetching set of girls never officiated at any wedding. Every one of them is a beauty. Judge for yourself, here are the names—Miss Smedberg, Miss Wallace, Miss Hoffman, Miss Thomas, Miss Mary Belle Gwin, Miss Juliet Williams, and her two sisters, the Misses McKenna. Why one of those girls alone would be enough to grace any function. Miss Daisy Van Ness was also asked to officiate but unfortunately, on account of the serious illness of her aunt, Mrs. McCoppin, who lies paralyzed in her apartments at the Pleasanton, she was obliged to decline. The wedding, which is to take place early in August, will be celebrated, of course, at the McKenna residence on Franklin Street. It is to be a comparatively small affair on account of the limited accommodations of the house. However, Mrs. Donahue and Mrs. Martin have announced that they will give a large reception in honor of the young couple at their Rincon Hill mansion. Never was a young fiancée more generously and cordially welcomed into a family than Miss McKenna is to the Donahue-Martin circle. Both aunt and mother of the groom are prepared to love her as their daughter. The luncheon on Thursday last in her honor was one of the most elaborate affairs that those hospitable hostesses have ever given. The table, the celebrated large round table, the like of which is not to be found in this city, was all trimmed in lavender. Twenty young ladies, including, of course, the bridesmaids and guest of honor, sat down to enjoy the menu. At an adjoining small table were seated Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Donahue. The souvenirs for the occasion were golden spoons, suitably inscribed with date and name. Spoons! How appropriate for engagement luncheons.

The arrangements for the Hobart-Baldwin nuptials are about completed. The wedding is to be celebrated in the church at San Mateo and Bishop Nichols is to officiate. Miss Hobart will have for her attendants Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Florence Mills, who is on her way home for Europe, Miss Jessie Hobart, and Miss Juliette Williams.

Apropos of a recent fashionable little wedding it is told, that in her desire to manage things altogether informally, the hostess completely overlooked courtesy.

MRS. J. SAMMI, *nee* MISS COGSWELL.
[Photo by Imperial Studio.]

One of the lady guests, who certainly deserved some consideration if only for the handsome present she sent—a five-hundred-dollar check concealed in a gorgeous basket of flowers—arrived at the house, found no one to welcome her, and was left all to herself while a clique stood at the opposite end of the room and eyed her suspiciously. There is a limit even to the good nature of a woman who will get up at four o'clock in the morning, to come to town to attend the wedding of a little girl she had befriended. And so it was with the lady of this all too true story. She had ordered her carriage for three o'clock but when she could bear it no longer she rode home on the street car.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

MRS. DOUGLAS TILDEN, *nee* BESSIE COLE.
[Photo by Marceau.]

And not a word from the Festetics. In spite of all rumors to the contrary, neither they nor the "Tolna" have been sighted or heard from. At no port have the sums placed to their account been drawn upon. Their people here are almost frantic with grief and dread the worst. Some, knowing the eccentric characteristics of the Count consider the long silence a mad and merry prank. I am sure I hope so. But if it is—a whole year's silence—ah, it is a sorry joke.

I don't know any one who was particularly startled or astonished upon hearing that the Butler-Lopez engagement was off. Papa Butler never was enthusiastic over the match, but the young people apparently loved one another—and papa's disapproval? Oh! it is quite a different story. If there is a thing in this wide and wicked world that makes the Lieutenant hot and cold by turns, it is the necessity of having to write a letter. And if there is a thing in this wide and wicked world that gives Miss Butler unlimited satisfaction it is the receipt of a letter, especially a love letter. But even Cupid could not dispel the worthy son of Mars distaste for pen, paper and ink. One letter a week would he write—no more. And so they gradually drifted apart,—these "two souls with but"—and the engagement was broken off.

Miss Catherwood has been spending a few days at Burlingame with Mrs. Jimmie Robinson, and has had a delightful time. But then, a girl with such a fresh, piquant face and delicious nose is always sure to have a jolly time wherever she goes. The Hooper girls, Ethel and Bee, have been passing some time at Ross Valley, but are in town now, and are stopping up at Miss Murison's school. Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon have gone, and Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, after a troublesome delay, got off at last. It was expected that Miss Josephine Loughborough, who is to spend a year with her aunt, Mrs. Keyes, in Paris, would accompany them; but at the last moment it was decided otherwise. Miss Loughborough is to make the journey with some one who will take her right through.

Pretty, old-fashioned customs were revived at the ceremony which united charming Miss Helen Nickerson and William John Parker, the superintendent of the Occidental R. R. at Guatemala. After the nuptial service the bride poured from a glass decanter, more than two hundred years old, tiny gobletfulls of sherry in which the assembled company drank to her health. The wedding cake was cut in hearts and crescents and concealed in one piece was a thimble, in another a ring, and in a third a new dime. These respectively signified, thrift, marriage, and wealth to the fortunate finder. There were several prominent Central Americans among the wedding guests and no less a personage than General Barillas was among the many that drank to the bride's health.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

There was something especially pleasant about the wedding of Miss Cogswell and J. H. Sammi, although I can not exactly diagnose in which particular the charm lay. However, Miss Cogswell was the prettiest bride I have seen for a long while. Such a pretty, broad, low brow and nut brown hair. And such a voice—sweet, low, well modulated. Mr. Sammi is a lucky man.

Lieutenant Coffin is to be married to Mrs. Captain Wood. Well I, for one, am not astonished. She is a dainty and charming woman of many fascinations. She sings, she plays, and she rows and swims, and rides and drives—in short, she has all the accomplishments for a soldier's bride. And the Lieutenant—is he not one of the most popular men in the service? He has led the army cotillions, he has led at the Friday nights, and his assistance as best man or usher at fashionable weddings—why, he has served more than fifty times. Lieutenant Coffin has been ordered to Canby for two years, and left for his post yesterday morning. He returns, however, late in July to claim his bride. They will be married at the home of Mrs. Wood's father, the Rev. Mr. Mansfield, at San Jose. **THE GOSSIP.**

"Scotch and Soda" is the fashionable drink in the East at present, and is fast becoming the fad out here. With a good quality of whisky, such as the "White Horse Cellar" Scotch Whisky, it makes one of the most pleasant and cooling drinks we have tried, and is sure to make a hit.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

OUT OF TOWN TALK.

SOCIAL EVENTS IN OAKLAND, BURLINGAME, AND SAN JOSE.

There is little or nothing to say about Oakland this week. The populace begins to depart for the country, and the buzz of preparation is heard in the land. In the meantime, I hear much of the favor of theater parties at the "Oakland." There were several during the week, and on last Saturday night a jolly crowd went there to see Gracie Plaisted. Another party went further afield after its enjoyment, for the maidens who are members of the Thirteen Club were given a theater party by certain of the young men whom they have so generously entertained during the winter. They went over to the Columbia last Friday evening, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Belden and Mrs. Ritter, and after enjoying the performance headed for the Palace Café, where a fine supper was served. The tables were charmingly decorated, and the evening passed off most agreeably. Apropos of the Thirteen Club, I forgot to mention the entertainment which the Misses Selby gave. They chartered a special on the Haywards line and escorted the members out to the clubhouse where an evening was enjoyably spent. A pleasant crowd of young people were there, including some members of the older set who are not numbered in the membership of the Thirteen. It is interesting to note there are signs of a revival of cycling. The pursuit numbers many fair devotees, particularly in East Oakland, among them Miss Sharon and Miss Palmer, who may be seen wheeling these summer evenings. Rumor has it that a club is to be formed in the Lake District, with headquarters at Fruitvale, which those who would cycle will be invited to join. The possibilities of such an organization are excellent, provided its membership is kept exclusive.

At Santa Cruz the forthcoming carnival captures all the attention, though salmon-fishing keeps up in great shape, and has attracted innumerable people to the Sea Beach. From all accounts the celebration will prove a brilliant affair, for the preparations are on a broad scale, and everything promises a big gathering. The electric lighting effects should prove brilliant.

Down at the Vendome they are having gay times. The orchestra gathers the best known people of San Jose in the rotunda of an evening, where they mingle with the habitués of the Hotel, and there is plenty of fun for both the guests and visitors. Quite a number of new people have arrived, among them the Harrubs of Oakland, Mrs. Barroilhet and Miss Thompson, Mrs. George Lent and Miss Hooper, Charles P. Hall and wife, Mrs. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve. General Barillas and party arrived on Tuesday for a brief stay at the caravansary, and were driven around San Jose by Manager Snell. Altogether, the prospects of the season are excellent and every one is happy.

While on the subject of stories let me tell you an uproariously funny one with a well-known 'Blingumite for the central figure. He—the central figure of the story—was educated at Cambridge, but somehow or other his head was soft though his muscles were firm. Recognizing the flabbiness of his cerebrum, while he realized the Sandow-like qualities of his tendons, he decided that at all times muscle outrivaled gray matter, and concluded to exert the minimum of the latter in aid of the perfection of the former. He evolved a plan—desperate and heroic. In the first place he bought an alarm clock and set it at 3:30 A. M. At that unearthly hour daily he arose, and attired in the swellest kind of pajamas sat for two mortal hours squarely on a marble-topped table, sipping frozen orange juice. And that is how it came about, so his intimates say, that his sinews are firm, and his speech so ponderous. He is simply "froze" right through.

Reverend Mr. Mill came over from Sausalito to officiate at the wedding of Miss Alice Bonner and Arthur Pawson, his old and esteemed friend. It was a quiet little wedding, only the relatives being present. Miss Bonner had as her maid of honor, her sister, Miss Stella Locan, and for her bridesmaids Miss Geraldine Bonner and Miss Martha Wagner. For a small wedding it was the

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An engagement of some interest is that of Miss Elsie Cook, a decidedly pretty girl still in her teens, who made her debut at the last New Year Ball at the Concordia, and Mr. Henry Levy. The affair has been celebrated by the usual receptions and congratulations.

In these days of school receptions, it is impossible to keep track of the various entertainments at which groups of graduates celebrate their release from the conventions of school. However, among the most enjoyable affairs of its kind was a reception for the class of '96, at the Ziska Institute on Van Ness Avenue, at which a very interesting evening was had. Madame Ziska is a clever hostess who knows how to give éclat and brilliancy to an entertainment.

TWO PLAYS.

TOGETHER WITH REFLECTIONS ON BEAUTY IN ACTRESSES.

Since Mayo's "Pudd'nhead" we have had nothing (bar the work of Daly's stars) so good as Nat Goodwin's impersonation of Jim Radburn in "Old Mizzoura," but the play is intensely ordinary, and his support—alack, what a support! If it were not for little Ethel Browning he would not have a plank to stand on. She, poor little dear, builds a part out of some dozen lines or so, and manages to invest it with a very distinct personality. I can think of few sweeter or more quaintly pathetic figures than the tiny, delicately rounded, white robed one which stepped hesitatingly over the stile in the last act and stood shyly by her sweetheart with a pale, still little face and a microscopic bouquet held tight to her heart. One felt a thrill of tenderness for her and of sympathy with her happiness; yet, we all laughed—it was funny, too.

Goodwin himself was capital; every word, every intonation, had a wonderfully genuine ring, and his silences were pregnant with meaning. His work throughout was so good that one is loath to cavil; still, I must say that he prolonged the agony a bit too far when he discovers the hiding-place of the stage robber. That's a trifle overdone; it was not natural for him to keep the girl in suspense so long, or to delay so in disclosing his magnanimous intentions. The rest of the company were seen at their worst in this act, too, but it was earlier in the game, when the rattling, clattering, chattering friend arrived with news of the murderer's escape, and they all flew about like fowls when a hawk swoops down in their midst—only not so unconsciously. Joe Vernon resembled then nothing so much as a big black rooster, with very red gills, who has just found a succulent worm and wishes to let all the barn yard know of the dainty, yet keep it for himself. Mrs. Joe acted like a distracted but motherly brown hen, whose children have scattered to the four winds, "cluck, cluck, cluck," she seemed to say, as with ruffled feathers she trotted excitedly about the stage, while throughout the entire performance "Kate" reminded one of an airy, pretty pullet who has perched herself on a tree-top and looks down superciliously on her plebian relations who are content with a mere hen-roost. It is not a very agreeable role, and has some impossible lines; those, for instance, in which she refuses "Jim"—"I like you well enough, but the difference in our education," etc. It is quite impossible, however, to believe that the good-looking Miss Walsh, the "Kate" in question, has ever refused an offer of marriage. If she had, she would have known how to mitigate the brutality of those words by her manner, and would have felt the necessity for doing so. Women who have a spark of kindness in them always "let a man down easy," and it ought to be done even on the stage, and in spite of the playwright.

Why didn't Worthing have a finger in the pie at the Columbia this week? It's true I don't see any role for him in "Brother John," but he should have put in his thumb and pulled out a plum. A horrible thought strikes me! Perhaps they intend to use him always as an anodyne for the "beauty," as a sort of effervescent drink to wash down this beautiful, tasteless peach; perhaps we are never to see him play with the sprightly Bates, the softly cooing Craven, or that dainty piece of dimity, Gertrude Elliot. However, we got along very well without him, for didn't we have Arbuckle, Leslie, and Miss McAllister to make fun for us?—we did and they did. We also had the hoppity, skippity, jumpity little Ross in the freshest and crispest of white gowns and her most irresponsible manner. Blanche Bates was cast for the leading role of Sophie Hacket, and did very well, but I could not help remembering her Cinders, or forbear sending up a prayer that she would soon have some such part again. Margaret Craven was winning and graceful as Hetty Nolan the forewoman; her gentle serenity stood out very distinctly against the less reposeful manners of her colleagues, and gained thereby a value all out of proportion to its real worth. Unless you wish to play right into her hands, oh, fair Frawleyites, and extinguish yourselves, you must moderate your exuberance and add some of her placidity to your charms.

Theatrical managers are constantly prating that women make or mar the success of their ventures; that they give trivial trumpery plays because they must pander to the female taste. If this is true, then Frawley had better stop short in his career of beauty-collector. So far no harm has been done, but his next venture might swamp him. You see, every plain woman and every unattractive one longs to be beautiful and charming just as every mediocre man longs for money and the ability to make a place for himself in the world. Personal charm wins for a woman the same preeminence which ability or gold wins for a man. It makes her sought after; it gives color and variety to her life; it is her coin; but unlike man's coin it is a gift of the gods and not to be won by striving. Now, the vast majority of women are not either charming or seductive; they lead dead, colorless lives, the spiritual ones pinnacled dim in tranquil saintliness (which men so respect and—avoid), the mundane filled with a restless, gnawing hunger for the homage and consideration which most men can give only to the sensuous or the beautiful.

Does any one imagine that this vast horde of women, whose gray lives are brightened mainly by lecture and theater, can look with pleasure on those of their sex who seem to have all of those things for which they themselves long? Does any one imagine that they enjoy having their hearts' desire paraded before them, the unattainable flaunted in their faces? How is it possible? No; a dull pain, a hungry envy hangs heavy over their hearts. They feel much as a hunchback does when he contrasts himself with one who is straight and clean of limb.

In fact, this form of suffering is peculiar to unattractive women and the deformed. A homely man cannot feel it, for beauty cuts a small figure with the male. The things he longs for cannot be put upon the stage. We may be told by the dramatis personæ that A. is clever, wealthy, etc., but we know all the time that he is a poor devil like ourselves, and probably in financial difficulties. As for his ability, why he's only an actor.

What unattractive women really like to see is an actress who overcomes her physical disabililties, and reigns supreme by sheer force of intellect. We can deceive ourselves about our brains—for we don't wear them outside—so each and every poor, neglected creature can put herself in such a mummer's place and hug to her bosom delightful possibilities. Oh, you unfortunate, unhappy, unattractive women! It is really sublime when carried away by a beautiful actress's genius you forget and forgive her fascinations, and tender her hearty praise!

PEG WOFFINGTON.

MISS BLANCHE BATES,
As Sophie Hacket in "Brother John"

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Frawley Company begins its third week with the production of the ever popular "Charity Ball." This play is considered to be the best work of Belasco and De Mille, and next to "The Old Homestead" has the prestige of the longest run of any play in America. The cast will include Maxine Elliott and all the best artists of the Frawley Company. "His Wife's Father" is billed for the twenty-second of this month.

The romantic opera "Lorraine," by Dellinger, has met with a cordial reception at the Tivoli Opera House, and will be continued all next week. The opera is well cast with Marie Millard and Ferris Hartman in the principal roles. On Monday evening, June 22d, "A Trip to the Moon" will be given with brilliant scenery and elaborate accessories. In addition to the company in the cast, a well trained ballet will assist. About the middle of July the short season of grand opera will be given with many new operas of the heavier class.

"A Gilded Fool," which Nat C. Goodwin will present at the Baldwin next Monday night, is said to be the best comedy ever turned out by that clever playwright, Henry Guy Carleton. "A Gilded Fool" is up for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee. "In Mizzoura" will be seen for the last times on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights.

On Monday evening the California Theater will open its doors with a dramatic company comprising Herbert Kelcey, William Beach, J. T. Sullivan, L. R. Stockwell, Miss Effie Shannon, and Miss Winona Shannon, who will produce for the first time in this city "The Home Secretary," "The Squire of Dames," "The Grey Mare," and other New York successes. It is an excellent combination, and cannot but prove attractive at the prices announced—the entire lower floor, all reserved (no higher), 50 and 75 cents; balcony, 50 and 35 cents; gallery (reserved), 35 cents; gallery admission, 15 cents.

There was a big audience at Morosco's Monday night to witness the presentation of "Brother against Brother." Whatever may be said of the play from a literary standpoint, there are so many strong points in the dialogue, and so many strong situations, that it gives one an exciting evening. Darrell Vinton and Miss Lisle Leigh, who play the leading roles, are both deserving of commendation for the capital rendering of their parts.

At the Orpheum the Vitascope, Edison's latest, continues to divide public interest with Papinta, the skirt-dancer. The Vitascope is a larger edition of the Kinetoscope, the pictures being thrown life-sized upon a screen. The effect is realistic in the extreme, though there is room for improvement in some of the scenes chosen. Papinta still kicks as high and as gracefully as ever; one of her new ideas is to have pictures of prominent men thrown upon her swirling draperies.

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RANDOM NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

There is no more inspiring episode in French history than that with which M. Felix Gras deals in his story, *The Reds of the Medi*, that famous Marseilles battalion which marched to Paris, sworn to cast down the "tyrant." M. Gras is particularly happy in the treatment of his subject. Had he told the tale as seen from the standpoint of a grown man, it would have been lacking in that simplicity and directness which it gains when told from the point of view of the peasant boy, Pascalet. The leading motive with M. Gras has been to justify the actions of a certain body of revolutionists history has treated with unfairness. For more than a century the Marseilles battalion has been generally slandered. Subsequently, historians have described the "Reds" of the South as a band of lawless cutthroats, *forcats* from the galleys, and fugitive criminals of every description. In his historical novel, M. Gras shows them to have been altogether different; he regards them much as Carlyle, who, in his time, stood almost alone in doing justice to this band of patriots. In his *Revolution*, Carlyle describes M. Gras' heroes in these words.

"Forcats they were not, neither was there plunder nor danger of it. Men of regular life or the best filled purse, they could hardly be. These Marseillese remain inarticulate, undistinguishable in feature; a black-browed mass, full of grim fire, who went there in the hot sultry weather; very singular to contemplate. They wend, amid the infinitude of doubt and dim peril; they are not doubtful; fate and feudal Europe, having decided, come girdling in from without, they, having also decided, do march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onward; unweariable, not to be turned aside. Such march shall become famous. They must—strike and be struck; and on the whole prosper and know how to die." [New York. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, 1896. For sale by Doxey.]

Mr. Casper Whitney in his newly published *On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds*, tells how he travelled twenty-eight hundred miles, for the most part on snowshoes, after the musk-ox and that rare brute known as the wood-bison. He succeeded in bringing down several of the musk-ox, but the stupidity of his Indian guide, who fired too soon, caused the escape of the only herd of wood-bison sighted on the trip, and this after the hardest possible travel and almost incredible hardships. The book makes intensely interesting reading, as the country described by Mr. Whitney, that is, the heart of the northern portion of the American Continent is as little known as the heart of darkest Africa. He reached a point nearly one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. The illustrations are by Remington and Heming. [Harper & Bros., 1896.]

Cleg Kelly, by S. R. Crockett, is the tale of a street arab of the City of Edinburgh, a sort of composite picture of *Tom Sawyer* and *Chimmie Fadden*. It is hard to believe that the tale of Cleg Kelly was not modelled after *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. Many of the scenes of Mr. Crockett's novel suggest the famous pen-pictures in Mark Twain's story. There is the same Sunday-school scene in the opening chapter, the same "business" of hidden treasure, which is discovered and accrues to Cleg in the last chapter. General Theophilus Ruff, imprisoned in the strong-room behind the "Red Door" is strongly suggestive of Indian Joe dying in the cave. All this, however, does not detract from the charm of the book. *Cleg Kelly* is an admirably told tale of adventure. Mr. Crockett is especially felicitous in the choice of words, and exercises happy ingenuity in the matter of titles, as, for instance, "The Adventure of the Cockroaches," "In the Key of Boy Natural," "The Difficulties of Adonis Betwixt Two Venuses." [For sale by Wm. Doxey. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.]

Out of Town, by an anonymous author, is a series of little sketches that treat in humorous style of the phases of suburban life and manners with which most of us are familiar. *Out of Town* is not a connected tale, but rather a series of *genre* pictures held together by a thread of romance which ends happily in marriage. The illustrations by Rosina Emmett Sherwood are particularly admirable, and though somewhat reminiscent of Du Maurier, will rank with the best magazine illustrations that have appeared for some time.

One of the most striking features of Max Pemberton's *Gentleman's Gentleman* is the binding of the book, which is a hideous combine of black and red horizontal stripes reminding one of an English valet's waistcoat. Mr. Pemberton has drawn in the pen portrait of Sir Nicholas Steele the character of the black sheep of Europe who exploits America, a man without honor, truth, or shame. We have heard from time to time, in the letters and correspondence of the newspapers, of titled and aristocratic adventurers that are found in Europe. It is rarely, however, that they figure in the pages of novels published by American firms. Like *Out of Town*, the story of the "Gentleman" consists of a number of detached scenes through which runs a common thread of interest.

Rudyard Kipling has finished a long American story of some fifty thousand words in length. It is a study of life among the fishermen of the North Atlantic Banks Kipling, it seems, spent several seasons at Gloucester, Mass., and the book is the result of his observations.

Lafcadio Hearn, whose admirable book, *Kokoro*, was recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has become a Japanese of the Japanese. He has a Japanese wife, and is proud of his Japanese son. He lives in a Japanese house at Kobé, and no longer calls himself Lafcadio Hearn, but "Y. Koijumi."

Henry Holt & Co. are shortly to issue a translation of Andre Chevillon's *In India*. The work is written in a poetic, picturesque, Gautier-like vein, and conveys an admirable idea of the far East. The same translator is engaged also in Englishing Pierre Loti's *Jerusalem*.

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MEMORANDA OF A SUICIDE.

I looked in at the Morgue to-day. There were two or three people glancing about in a furtive sort of way, out of curiosity, I suppose, while I was standing there; but there was not one at rest upon the marble biers. How cool and calm they looked, those slabs, cut from the fastnesses of the silent hills. There were blue veins in them like a woman's breast. They were so peaceful, and I am so hot and feverish and restless, and I longed to lie there with the spray glistening on my face, and the roar and tumult of the streets at my feet. My hand closed on It in my pocket. I have had It now three days, and I might have entered into my rest any minute of that time. I might do it now! I could take the tiny capsule, and in five minutes a wreck cast up from the sea of life would be safe at last in the cold harbor of death, and these gaping fools would see something to repay them for their visit. And yet I will not—now. Later I will. Oh, the luxury of clasping in your hand that which will hurl back in the face of your Maker the life he gave that was not wanted. The elation that adds elasticity to your step as you pass along the crowded streets and know that at any instant you can split the shrieking crowd as a rock divides the sea, and you who have done it lie there calm and inscrutable—feared by every one. I remember when I was a boy I used to go to the church on Sundays and hear the Priest recite, "From battle, murder, and sudden death . . . Good Lord, deliver us." That is one of the few parts of the Litany that I still remember. What a fool I was—but I didn't know any better, and what fools were those bowing hundreds who worshipped there! Sudden death! Why, the ability to bring it upon yourself at any time is glorious. It makes a man half of a God. Sometimes I feel as though I would shout out loud with laughter when I feel what a sensation I can create when I want to. I would have done it before, but I could not make up my mind the best place to do it in. I have been to the theater and sat in my seat and said to myself, "Now!"—but I waited. On the street, at the ferry-houses, wherever men gather together, I have been and thought, "Now I will do it!"—but I waited. I am no hole and corner suicide. When I die, I want to die before the world. I have hated it living, and I will hate it dying.

* * * * * * * *

Sometimes I go off quietly by myself and take It out and talk to It. I have told It all my troubles, and It understands them, and will do my bidding when I call upon It. Then I lift It to my lips and touch It and breathe Its fragrance. It has a faint odor of peaches. How sweet is the breath of the destroying angel! "Come to me," It whispers, "and I will give you rest." Rest! How I long for it. The long, sweet, dreamless sleep in the warm earth that wraps its children in its loving arms when the sun has set upon their labor.

* * * * * * * *

I have made up my mind, and I have acted upon it. I have come down to the wharf where I used to walk with Her, and look at the ships, and watch the moonlight breaking over the still waters, and She used to tell me that She felt nearer to God when His silvery light burned on the mystery of the sea. And now She is gone. If there is a God, I hope that She has found Him, and that He has done all for Her that I would do if I were God.

* * * * * * * *

There is a moon to-night, and it is still and warm. Other lovers walk as She and I did in the long ago, and I hear the murmur of soft voices. I stand as we used to stand, only now I am alone. Soon I will be in good company. It is but a moment, and all is over. I hold It in my hand, and again Its subtle fragrance steals to my nostrils.

* * * * * * * *

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BUNNER AND THE COLLEGIANS.

The death of H. C. Bunner recalls the story which the *Bookman* published detailing an episode at Delmonico's, the veracity of which, however, was subsequently impugned by the author of *Short Sixes*, though the other members of the party by their silence gave consent. The poet, who was also a well-known critic, in company with Bunner, Hutton, and Frank Stockton, arrived at Delmonico's late one evening and sought vainly for a table accommodating four. Close at hand was one with the requisite number of places, but it had been appropriated by two college men whose subsequent conversation proclaimed them residents of Harvard enjoying a day and night in New York. There were several unoccupied tables in the room with covers for two, and at the polite request of the poet the men from Cambridge obligingly vacated the larger board.

When the dinner had developed into coffee and cigars the poet was filled with a desire to repay the kindness of the students. He arose from his chair and cordially invited them to join the distinguished coterie at the larger table, resolving to name his colleagues and himself, that the boys might be saved the misfortune of dining unawares with literary angels, and that they might in after years proudly request their posterity to shake the hands that shook the hands of a live poet, a noted literary landmark, a distinguished humorist, and a story-teller who objected on principle to the word "finis."

"It gives me great pleasure to introduce ourselves," exclaimed the poet. "I am Mr. So-and-So, and this is my friend Henry C. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*. This is Laurence Hutton, and this is Frank R. Stockton."

The men from Harvard were manifestly delighted.

"My dear fellow," returned the spokesman, slapping the magnanimous poet familiarly across the shoulders, "my dear fellow, I am so glad to meet you all. The pleasure is mutual, I assure you. I shall be equally delighted to make ourselves known to you. I myself am Kaiser Wilhelm, and this," touching his companion lightly with a cheese stick, "this is my intimate friend Furst Bismarck."

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SAN FRANCISCO MEETS.

SHALL THEY BE MAINTAINED?

In response to an invitation issued by R. M. Welch, member of the National Racing Board of this Coast, the Presidents of the six cycling clubs of this city that are most potent in racing affairs met to discuss the subject of the maintenance of a track on the Peninsula.

The failure of the recent race meets here seems to make it imperative that the management of the Central Park track go into other hands. If we are to have a track at all in San Francisco, we must devise some plan for the maintenance of that one by the trade and the clubs. It is very much to be regretted that the Central Park meets did not receive the support the entertainment merited. Had that venture been a success, it is unquestioned that we would have had a permanent training track at Sixteenth and Folsom and perhaps another at North Beach. With the failure of the Central Park meets, the other projects have lost entirely their definiteness of outline and are rapidly dissolving into thin air. When you come to think about it, the Central Park track is a wonderful thing. Here, right in the heart of a city of three hundred thousand people, right on its principal thoroughfare, is an ample, safe, and speedy outdoor track for cycle racing. There is nothing like it in the world as to situation. Now this track is built there, is in existence, is in perfect repair, and is ready to be ridden on at a moment's notice. The people who have put their money in it see no way of getting it out again through their own efforts, and are consequently willing to rent the whole affair for one hundred dollars a month. It is believed that two hundred dollars more will pay the running expenses for that period of time. To give two race meets in the month, with four races, two amateur and two professional, it would be necessary to offer prizes aggregating in value some six hundred dollars. This would make the total cost of the two meets nine hundred dollars —say a thousand dollars to be safe.

Now is it worth while for the cycle dealers of San Francisco and the clubs to maintain the track here and give race meets at such a monthly outlay? I think it is. In the first place the statement that the meets will cost a thousand dollars a month does not mean, of course, that the actual net cost to the promoters will be any such figure. It is stated that the greatest deficit during the recent series of meets here amounted to three hundred dollars for an afternoon and evening entertainment. Five races were given on those occasions. Four will very completely fill an afternoon. That would reduce the prize expense by from sixty to eighty-five dollars. If it were determined to give but the same number of races as were furnished before, then this reduction would amount to something like one hundred and fifty dollars, which would more than compensate for the rent to be paid. It is pretty safe to calculate, then, that even with as poor audiences as the recent exhibitions attracted, there would not be a greater deficit to be supplied than four hundred dollars a month. There are some eighty members in the Cycle Board of Trade. An assessment that would average five dollars monthly would solve the problem, without any assistance from the clubs.

What would the cycle dealers receive in return for such an outlay? In the first place the best five dollars' worth of advertising they ever bought. The racing in the city causes more talk of wheels and racing men and riding in general, and creates more interest in the sport than any other form of advertising. The impetus given to trade matters here by the Pavilion races is admitted. The benefits of the Central Park meets were just beginning to be felt by the dealers. In the earlier days of cycling everything possible was done by the manufacturers and the trade to foster and popularize the sport. The result of this liberal policy was a very general adoption of the wheel as a means of amusement, and its gradual recognition among the utilities. The growth of its use was rapid in the extreme, so rapid, indeed, that during last season, despite the immense increase in manufacturing establishments, the demand exceeded the supply. Such success has brought about the feeling among some of the conservative dealers that their efforts toward booming the sport may now cease; that their purpose has been accomplished; that the demand will continue without further expenditure of money or ingenuity on their part. Now I think this is true. But it must be borne in mind that even if the demand already created is maintained, it will not be sufficient to render the industry prosperous under the present conditions with the vastly increased output. The demand must continue to increase in the same ratio, and to that end a continuance of the former fostering policy on the part of the trade is needful.

Are there any special advantages in having the management of the track in the hands of the Cycle Board of Trade? I think so, and among the most important are these: Under such a management the cycling public can be made to feel that there is no scheme for direct profit behind the affair. It could be so arranged that if any surplus accrued it could be expended in an increase of prizes and of training facilities, and after these matters were well covered the remainder could be turned into the Treasury of the League Division or of the Associated Clubs, to constitute a fund for the promotion of the sport in general. I am aware that such a proposition involves merely a consideration of sentiment, but I feel that its importance is greater than many are prone to admit at first blush. With the Cycle Board of Trade in charge of the track, the wheelmen of the city would have confidence in the integrity and good purposes of its management and the support received would certainly contain an added factor.

For the same reason, too, the aid which would be extended to the enterprise by the press would be greater. The meets would assume a semi-public character as soon as it was definitely felt that they were not being held for profit, and could command freer discussion and report by the papers than before, and, further, the generous advertising patronage which the members of the Board of Trade accord them would render the dailies and weeklies of the city very willing to do all things possible for the success of a plan whose success means the success of their own patrons.

As to the position the cycling clubs of the city should take in this matter there can be no doubt. It is of the utmost importance to them that some place to train be provided and maintained in this city. It must be remembered that other places, smaller but more progressive in cycling affairs than this metropolis, are maintaining tracks and giving race-meets with great frequency. The members of the San Francisco clubs must take part in these contests, but if they wish to stand a chance to share in the distribution of the prizes, a place to train right here on the peninsula is essential. If we let this track go, there will be absolutely no means left of getting our members in condition, even for the road races.

It has been suggested that the six clubs of the city, which are interested in racing and the maintenance of the sport in every field, shall each contribute some stated sum per month toward defraying the expenses of the meets. It is said that if each of these six clubs would guarantee ten dollars, they would receive in return a guarantee from the Cycle Board of Trade that the two meets would be given, and their members be afforded an opportunity for training. Another suggestion is that each club pay proportionately to the number of its men who will use the track. Either of these suggestions might be carried out, but I should like to submit a further one, which seems equally as practical and more fruitful of advantage.

It will be readily perceived, of course, that the six clubs of the City who may be depended upon to support a proposition of this kind are not equal by any means either in numerical or financial strength. To expect an equal assessment from each would be inequitable. Further, in many of the clubs if the proposition were made to pay so much for each racing man using the track much discomfort would inevitably result both for the men who were training and the other members of the club, and from a desire to limit the number who should train to those who had already demonstrated their ability, the development of new material would be practically cut off.

I would therefore suggest that six blocks of say fifty seats each be selected from various parts of the stand at Central Park, one to be occupied by each of the six City clubs. Of course, each group would not be equal as regards position, and to determine the choice an auction could be held, the club bidding highest taking first choice, the next highest second choice, and so on. It is very possible that with a plan like this the two Oakland clubs and perhaps one from Alameda could also make a similar arrangement, though for a smaller block of seats. These blocks should not be selected so as to be contiguous to each other. Some considerable space should intervene between each to thoroughly differentiate the different club sections by a strip of the general public. The increase of the enthusiasm that would follow the successful carrying out of such a plan can be imagined. The members and adherents of each club would all be together. The section could be decorated with the club colors. The whole contest would be changed from one of individuals to one of clubs. As a result many of the wheelmen of the City would speedily declare their allegiance to some cycling organization, and the direct benefit of increased membership would result to the clubs.

I tell you in contests of this kind the factor of club rivalry and club enthusiasm must not be underestimated. It has its effect even with the rank outsiders. If a race meet is a scene of enthusiasm, every spectator will get a more keen enjoyment out of it, whether he be a member of one of the factions or not. Look at the Intercollegiate football game, for instance. It is attended by thousands and thousands who know absolutely nothing of the game itself, but who go merely from sympathetic affiliation with one college or another. The same state of affairs—though to a lesser degree, of course—could be brought about in cycling by the adoption of the plan here last suggested. C. MICHENER.

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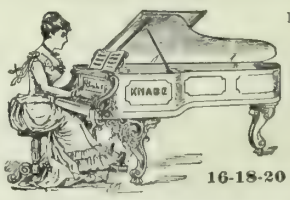

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IN THE CURRENT.

Men are too often carless about social letter-writing, says *Harper's Bazaar*. They seem to think that the manner in which a letter is written or the promptness with which it is despatched makes little difference unless it is upon a business matter. Even men who know "what is what" slight the all-important bread-and-butter letter. Those uninitiated in college vernacular may need to be told that the bread-and-butter letter is the epistle written by a guest to his hostess after his departure from her home, in which he thanks her for the kindness shown him during his visit. Although the note may be as brief as pressure of engagements may demand, or as long as the writer's desire may dictate, it must be written as soon as possible after the traveler reaches his destination, and in spite of business, weariness, or haste, is never to be omitted. That a man neglects the little courtesies of correspondence proves that he is too little of a gentleman to pay attention to good form, or that he is indifferent, which is worse still. Ignorance is sometimes as inexcusable as carelessness, and both cause rudeness.

There are very few women who do not wear stays, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, and indeed there are very few who could leave them off with any degree of comfort or grace. For a while women rushed madly after health waists, but the corset-makers and dealers report that far fewer substitutes for corsets are sold to-day than formerly. A garment like that becomes a fad, but soon goes out of vogue. Women aren't going to stop wearing the corset. They discard stays when exercising in a gymnasium, or when playing in field games, and many of them leave them off when awheel, but as for giving them up when "dressed up," few women are emancipated to that extent. True, the corsets of to-day are not so straight, stiff, or heavy as formerly, and they are not worn so tight, but all the same they are still a very important part of a woman's wardrobe, and there is nothing in a well-constructed, loose, light corset that could possibly make any one faint.

When the "Little Duchess," the Londoners' pet name for Her Grace of Marlborough, appeared at Covent Garden for her first opera night of the season, the audience evidently expected her to be encrusted with precious stones, and to out-glisten the Czar on his coronation day. Instead of this gorgeous apparition they beheld a slight Dianesque young lady, in a pale blue and white gown, with a great spray of white roses at her breast, and for jewels a single row of pearls about her throat, but such pearls as would make even Queen Margherita's mouth water, and a huge diamond crescent fastened in the high knot of her dark hair. Everybody there present, Prince of Wales, Duchess of Fife, a number of Rothschilds, the Marchioness of Londonderry, in short, all the swells, concentrated their double-barreled lorgnettes in the true opera stare, but the neophyte bore the inspection with a sang froid quite admirable to see, and gave proof, if any were needed, that she will play the role of duchess with ease and grace. When, however, the Duchess appeared at Lord Salisbury's reception, where lorgnons took the places of lorgnettes, she went in for jewels to such an extent that she quite outdazzled the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York, who have been conspicuous for jewel-wearing in this most diamondiferous of seasons. The Duchess's belt of diamonds electrified even the stoniest of British matrons, and on her head was a tiara of wondrous beauty and glory, composed of selected gems, which was especially designed and constructed to her father's order at the time of her marriage. By the way, the English world is giving an indubitable sign that it admits the Duchess as a woman of fashion. The modistes and tailors are naming hats and gowns after her. This sign never fails.

A prominent Society woman from New York who was visiting an equally well-known San Franciscan, prevailed on her hostess to permit the decoration of a small apartment off the living room in Oriental style. The effect was so charming and so interesting that the large circle of friends to whom the Egyptian room was shown as a curiosity have all gone and done likewise. Now no swell mansion is complete without an Oriental nook containing divans loaded with cushions, curtains embroidered in Arabian designs, and massive armchairs adorned with Syriac signatures. I know a dozen swell houses on Pacific Avenue in which the Turkish room is a species of cozy corner for the entire mansion, and which the young lady converts into her personal headquarters for the reception of her dearest friends. It is a common assumption, of course, that a Turkish room is an immense luxury and necessarily an expensive one. Nothing could be further from the fact. They have a model Turkish room at Sloane's which could be reproduced for a very few hundred dollars. It is enclosed in a species of Oriental Cairene fretwork, broken into broad panels by antique ivory beadings; a stained glass window with beautifully toned glasses admits the light. The walls are hung in dark blue velours which make an admirable background for the inlaid furniture and other decorative accessories. Hung here and there on the walls are Turkish paintings set off by gracefully carved frames. The divan, canopied with a brilliant drapery, is laden with cushions richly embroidered in gold and silver. The center-table is of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl in familiar Oriental patterns. Covering it is a table-cloth of ooze leather, decorated with burned Arabic designs. There are burned leather screens adorned with Arabesque fretwork, lanterns, and banquet lamps of fine Benares ware; shields and swords done in Damascus brass inlaid with silver; a Koran stand finished in burned leather; tabourettes, and armchairs of the most comfortable character covered with soft rugs. The room is a most luxurious apartment, and it is interesting to know that the furniture, with the exception of certain little bits, is made by the Sloanes at their own manufactory in San Francisco, which undoubtedly accounts for the moderateness of the prices asked. However, even for those who have no determination to purchase and no ambition for Turkish rooms, it is a beautiful corner of a great establishment, and certainly possesses an intrinsic interest.

There is an apartment house in Chicago whose forty flats contain forty bridal couples. This castle of love is at the corner of Francisco and Walnut Streets, fronts upon two sides of a corner, but completes a quadrangle of buildings that hedge in a small, but charming park. Over the door of each upper flat is a little rounded projection making the whole appear from the center of the little green for all the world like a giant dovecote, with these platforms for billing and cooing. In almost every window hangs a canary in a brand-new gilded cage. The flats are very small, consisting of from three to six tiny rooms, just big enough for Augustus and Angelina to play at housekeeping.

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A. C. FREESE, Administrator
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J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
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FOR 1896

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TALES OF THE DAY.

A certain English Baronet who lived near the spot where one of the most celebrated battles of the War of Roses had been fought was presented to George III. at a levee. An ignorant man, he knew little of the history of the country, and was nonplussed when the King remarked, graciously, "You come from the scene of a celebrated battle, I understand, Sir William." "Well, your Majesty," was the answer, "I did have a round or two with the blacksmith, but I'm very much surprised that your Majesty should have heard of it."

A good story is told of Sir Wilfred Lawson, whose temperance tendencies are well known throughout England. At a school in the North of England the master gave the children a long disquisition on the steam engine, and when they felt they had understood him, he asked, "What is it that does the work of forty horses, and drinks nothing but water?" And they all answered, "Sir Wilfred Lawson!"

Doyle and Yelverton, two eminent members of the Irish Bar, quarrelled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man at the fists, knocked down Yelverton twice, vehemently exclaiming, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton rising, replied with equal indignation, "No, sir; never; I defy you. You could not do it!'

It is Alexandre Dumas who is responsible for this story of Barras. The monstrous, debauched, malicious ex-director is dying, and his soul, his "beautiful soul" as he calls it, is straining at the leash. With the object of playing a wretched trick upon the government, which is ready and waiting for his papers, he has deposited them in safety with a friend. Next, he has some thirty or forty solemn-looking green pasteboard portfolios tied up with string and sealed with his seal; these will subsequently be seized and opened at a Cabinet council. "What will they find in them, do you think?" asks the dying Barras. "Why, my laundresses' bills for the past thirty-five years. There will be work and enough for them to decipher them, for I have soiled much linen from the ninth Thermidor to the present day!" "And Barras," adds Alexandre Dumas, "burst into so hearty and joyous a laugh that he fainted, and as he had predicted, was dead the same evening.

A body of New York gentlemen returning from the Atlanta Exposition last summer, were delayed by the collapse of the locomotive, which, on the way north, broke down. Among them was John Jacob Astor, who joined the crowd about the engine, which the engineer was unable to repair. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled under it. He worked there for a few minutes, and then, coming out, ordered the engineer to drive on, as he had repaired the injury. A correspondent of *The Sun* asked the engineer who the man was. "An official of the road, undoubtedly," said the engineer. "No; that is John Jacob Astor," replied the correspondent, "and he told me he knew enough about locomotive engines to build one."

Judge William T. Wallace tells a good story of a Kentucky Judge who, in the olden days, was compelled to sentence to death an unfortunate who had been found guilty of forgery—forgery, in those days, being a capital offense. Prior to passing sentence, the prisoner arose and made a most moving address, in which he described himself as being driven to the offense by many misfortunes and a starving family, and so sad were his words that the assemblage was actually moved to tears. But the Judge wiped away the tears that dimmed his eyes, and gravely put on the black cap. "Prisoner at the bar," he said, "the Court has listened to the plea you have just made, and is moved by your remarks, but the law must take its course. However, in sentencing you to appear before the great Judge of us all, it is my sincere hope that you will there find that mercy which I, as a member of this commercial community, am unable to extend to you."

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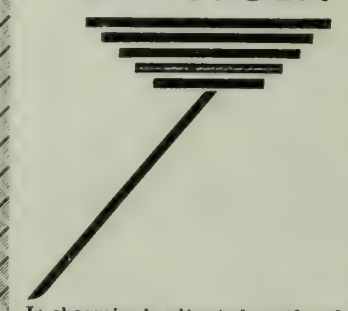

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 20, 1896.

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THE PASSING OF PLATT.

It has been amusing during the week to watch the squirming of Boss Platt as he lay gently frizzling on the red-hot griddle which Mr. Hanna had prepared for him. The occasional word that came from the Platt mouth was plaintive, appealing, pathetic. His feeble bluffs were even more appealing; all that he succeeded in doing was in making more manifest his inability to cope with the man whom he laughed at six months ago as a tyro in politics, an Ohio upstart.

The world has very little sympathy for Mr. Platt. He has been a ruthless, cruel, domineering master of politics in his own State, and nowhere else could his discomfiture have given greater satisfaction. There is nothing in such a fight between bosses to excite the sympathy of the people, for every one knows that either Platt or Quay would have acted as Hanna has under the same circumstances. Politics is not a game for children; it is a battle in which blows are given, the kind of war in which all that may be done is considered fair. If Mr. Platt were a representative of a higher grade of politics, and this were a contest between two distinct schools of politics, there would be room for sympathy, and Mr. Platt in his hopeless battle would have had the moral support of the more dignified and respectable of his fellow citizens; but the truth is, every humiliation that has been placed upon Boss Platt by Boss Hanna has given pleasure to the American people. One of the elements that contributed most to Mr. McKinley's success, was the open antagonism of such national bosses as Platt and Quay. We respect leaders, we need leaders, we are willing to follow them; but sooner or later the day of defeat must come to every man who undertakes to control American citizens by the mere manipulation of a political machine. Since Platt followed Senator Conkling out of the Senate in the hope of appealing to the Legislature of New York for a vindication against the treatment accorded him by President Cleveland under the inspiration of Secretary Blaine, he has had but little satisfaction from politics, although for the greater part of the time he has controlled the Republican Party in the Empire State. In '88, by joining with the traitors to Senator Sherman, he nominated President Harrison, who refused to be controlled by him. In '92, to defeat Harrison, he tried to stampede the convention for McKinley, but was unsuccessful. Revenge came in the election of President Cleveland. The one sweet hour he has enjoyed since he left the Senate was that of Morton's election to the governorship of New York. Then when he saw himself once more a great national leader, and his combination with Quay apparently made certain his ability to name the Republican candidate, a new man, a stranger, a "mere business man," one who had never been more than a country magnate, came upon the field, and with a rush carried everything before him. The world loves a duel, and in that between Platt and Hanna the sympathies have been with the new man.

What sort of man Mr. Hanna may be we do not know. That he could be a worse leader than Platt it would be hard to prove It appears that he had the manhood at one time to defy the labor organizations who had undertaken to dictate to him, and so demonstrated that he is a man of strength, and one not to be controlled against his own judgment. It may be that Mr. Hanna will become Secretary of the Treasury, in which event the people of the United States might be as much surprised at the evolution of Secretary Hanna as they were at that of Secretary Manning under President Cleveland. With one thing all must credit him—that he has taken the Republican dictatorship out of the hands of Thomas C. Platt, for which be glory evermore.

ZOLA'S DEFENSE OF THE JEWS.

In France, as well as in Germany and Russia, there has developed within recent years an anti-Semitic feeling that has become so strong as to be a political issue of some consequence. Papers are being published with but the one manifest purpose of holding up to ridicule and abuse the Jewish element of communities, as some are published in this country which have no excuse for existence except their unthinking and untruthful abuse of Roman Catholics. Candidates for office are making campaigns on the strength of their antagonism to the Hebrews, and the boycott in various forms is being adopted against them. In whatever way that race prejudice can be expressed, this anti-Semitic war in France is being waged. Against this agitation, Emil Zola, the novelist, recently expressed himself in a manner most eloquent and philosophical. In an article written for *La Figaro*, he has analyzed the attitude of the Frenchman toward the Jew, and finds it arises largely from envy:

During the month that I frequented the Stock Exchange in order to get some idea of what it meant, a Catholic banker said to me, speaking of the Jews: "Oh, sir, they are superior to us; they will always beat us." If that were true it would be really humiliating. But why should it be true? Even if the gift does exist, labor and intelligence are capable of everything all the same. I know some Christians who are very distinguished Jews. The field is free, and if they have had centuries in which to love money and to learn to earn it, all we have to do is to follow them into this field, to acquire their qualities, and to defeat them with their own arms. Yes, indeed, to stop insulting them uselessly, and to overcome them by becoming superior to them. Nothing can be more simple; it is the very law of life.

What a proud satisfaction must be theirs at the cry of distress you utter! That a small minority should make needful such a warlike display! Every morning you thunder at them, you sound the alarm of despair, as if the city were in danger of being taken by storm. To listen to you we shall have to reestablish the Ghetto. We should have again the Jew's quarter, and close it at night with chains. This quarantine in our free and open cities would be a delightful thing. I understand why they should not be moved, and should continue to triumph in all our money market, for insult is the legendary arrow that turns around and puts out the eye of the wicked bowman. Keep on persecuting them if you wish them to keep on conquering.

Zola calls to the attention of his countrymen the fact that the Jews, as they are to-day, are the product of eighteen hundred years of imbecile persecution. When it is charged against them that they are a nation within a nation, marrying among themselves, preserving strict family bonds amid the modern laxity, leading the life of a religious caste by themselves, it calls to mind that from the time of Christ until the present century they were inclosed in infamous quarters like lepers and made to feel in every way that they were a conquered people among conquerors. Their stubborn resistance to conquest and their oft expressed intention to become the masters of the civilized world are not matters of astonishment when we recall the injustice and violence which have been dealt them. The field of money, which is so largely theirs to-day, was abandoned to them in the early centuries of the era, and throughout the Middle Ages they were despised and socially boycotted as usurers, the place of preeminence in the community being given to the man of brute force, the Sandow or the Corbett. What wonder is it, then, that a race trained in finance through fifty generations should be, to-day, the masters of capital, ready to rule in this age of money? If the Jew is exclusive to-day, it is the work of the Christian. If he is a money maker, it is the work of the Christian.

In the United States, there is no such feeling against the Jew as is manifest in Continental Europe. The Jew-baiter from Germany finds such a welcome here as speeds his return to his German home. And the reason for this absence of animosity is, we take it, that the Yankee, like the Scotchman, is able to cope with the Jew in making money. Behind all the pretended aversion to the Hebrew as an individual, there is the feeling that he is more successful in the art of money getting than the Christian, and that we have no such feeling in America is due less to our breadth of view, our belief in the fellowship of men, and our freedom from racial prejudice, than to the consciousness that we are equal to the Jew at his own game, notwithstanding his centuries of start and inherited capacity. The great fortunes in the United States are not held by Hebrews. In the lists of multi-millionaires occasionally published in the newspapers, one has to run down over many names before the name of a Jew is reached. The fortunes which have made the word "Californian" synonymous with "millionaire" throughout Europe are not held by Jews, save in a few scattered instances.

Zola closes his appeal on behalf of the universal brotherhood of men with this fine paragraph, which embodies the hope of all men of heart and insight:

If some day the law of labor is formulated, is rearranged in the interests of truth and of happiness, it will redeem all humanity, and it will matter little whether a man is a Jew or a Christian, for the accounts to be given will be the same and so will be likewise the new rights and the new duties. Oh, that human unity, in which we all should try to believe if we wish to have the courage to live and to preserve in the struggle some hope in our heart; that is the still confused cry which little by little is making its way, becoming clear, and rising from all peoples, yearning for truth, justice, and peace. Let us put aside our hatreds, let us love each other in our towns and across our frontiers, let us strive to combine all races into one finally happy family, and granting that it may need thousands of years let us believe all the same in the final realization of love, and beginning at least by loving each other as much as the wretchedness of the present time will permit us, and let us leave madmen and wicked men to go back to the barbarity of the forests, they who believe that justice can be done by the knife. Let Jesus tell his exasperated disciples that he pardoned the Jews, and that they are human beings.

The great Frenchman sees that before the dream of universal brotherhood can be realized there must come a change over the commercial world, which will bring about results more equitable and make possible a civilization more uniform. Like so many other literary men, the fine imagination of Zola suggests that this ideal can only be attained through socialism, and that the natural process of evolution is too slow. No matter how we may differ as to the means by which this end is to be reached, all are agreed that human prejudices are largely the result of material conditions, and that if we could bring men more nearly to a common level there would be less of bitterness and hatred. The war upon the Jew, no matter in what country found, is unholy and hypocritical. It is the expression of material envy hiding under the pretense of religious zeal.

THE POPULISTS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

The Populists purpose making a campaign against the Federal Judiciary. Eugene V. Debs is being indorsed as a Presidential candidate because he was sent to jail by a Federal Judge. Governor Pennoyer has discovered that there is no power vested in the Supreme Court by which it can declare unconstitutional an act of Congress. Thomas V. Cator has written an article for the *Examiner* advocating the attack upon our Federal Judiciary in the Populist platform, in which he upholds the British form of government as superior to ours. Mr. Cator's conclusion is as follows:

Great Britain is a conservative country, and not accused of destroying property right by acts of Parliament. Yet no court in that Kingdom ever had the power to annul an act of Parliament. It is said we must have courts to interpret. Such courts Great Britain has. Its courts may determine the meaning of words or acts of Parliament but can never declare such law void. Under the practise there the Lords cannot twice reject the act of the Commons; thus Parliament reflects popular sentiment. If that nation needs no select tribunal to check Parliament, why do we need it? It has been said by way of reply that we have a Constitution and Great Britain has not. This is not a fact. Magna Charta is the Constitution of Great Britain. Its provisions are accepted as a limit to Parliamentary power. Parliament has ever treated itself as bound by the declarations of that instrument. The only difference between the relation of Parliament to Magna Charta and of Congress to our Constitution is that Parliament has constituted itself the tribunal which shall determine whether its acts are within the limits of the British Constitution, and our Congress has its judgment set aside by five men.

If the American House of Representatives was composed of men as conservative and thoroughly representative of their constituencies as are the members of the British House of Commons, there would be little danger in destroying the Senate and taking from our Federal Court the right to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress. But this question aside, Mr. Cator does not recognize that the theories of the two governments are widely divergent. The English Constitution is not the Magna Charta, as Mr. Cator ignorantly explains. The fundamental law under which the House of Commons acts is the growth of centuries of legislation and of popular sentiment. Gradually, from King John's time to the present, more and more power has been taken by the people, until to-day Great Britain enjoys the most democratic government, theoretically, on the face of the globe, notwithstanding the presence of a monarch on the throne. An act of Parliament is final because it expresses the supreme will of the people. There never has been felt in England the necessity for such a court as our Supreme Court. This judicial body was the creation of our Constitution makers; such an institution had never been known before, but it was manifest to Madison and Hamilton that such an organization was necessary to decide questions between the State and the Federal Government. By this delicate

piece of machinery, the balance between opposing elements was to be maintained.

To destroy the Supreme Court, by taking from it its power to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress, would be to overthrow entirely the scheme of our Federal Government. It is for this that the Populists are working. They wish a government which is without any of the checks and balances established by our Constitution. They would do away with the President, and in his place they would have a Premier elected by Congress to serve at its will and without the power of veto. They would take from the Supreme Court the power to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress, and so, in effect, destroy the Constitution. They would also take from the Courts the power to punish for contempt, and so make them incapable and powerless. Further, the Populists would abolish the Senate altogether, and the members of the Lower House would be subject to recall at any time on the vote of their districts. Laws would be made by popular vote, and unmade in the same way. The representative capacity of the legislator would be done away with, and he would become a mere mouthpiece, a messenger-boy in short, and would be handed over to a mob led by the Cators.

The British Government, while in form so democratic, is in fact extremely conservative. This is the point which is overlooked by the radicals of the Cator sort. There is a sentiment, a prejudice, an instinct, which controls politics in Great Britain, of which we in this country know little. The "Boss" has not yet become a controlling factor in British politics. The best men of England go to the House of Commons. They appreciate the responsibilities of legislating for a great nation, and their conduct is watched by critical people jealous of their privileges and unimpetuous. It would be safe to abolish many of our constitutional provisions if we had behind us a thousand years of growth, a vast inheritance of political education and experiment. Accede to the demands of these crazy Populists to-day, however, and residence in this country will be intolerable for any one with a sense of justice or self-respect.

TWO SAMPLE BOYCOTTS.

It would make one feel much more assured as to the outcome in this country if the working classes showed more selfish enlightenment, if they were less lacking in ordinary common sense, and if they could not be so consistently relied upon to do the fool thing every time they got a chance. Ever since there began to be a struggle of any serious moment between employer and employee in this country the workingman has felt that he could play smash generally by striking whenever he took it into his head. Some strikes have undoubtedly been justified, and nothing can be said against the strike so long as no resort is made to violence as a weapon of defense. The strike, however, has proved useless; it is a weapon of another day, and not equal to the warfare of the present. Following the strike came the discovery of the boycott, which was hailed by many of the working class as their salvation. But the boycott has proved the most dismal and dreary of failures. It is a conspiracy in which a large number of interested parties are united for the purpose of forcing another to come to certain terms by doing all the damage possible to his business. What has this boycott accomplished for the workingman? There are to-day, probably, a thousand boycotts, active, existing boycotts, obtaining in the United States against different manufacturers, but what do they amount to? The workingmen themselves do not respect them; they continue to buy where they can buy cheapest; they refuse to allow their unions to overthrow the simple laws of trade. The workingman in establishing the boycott runs up against the primary law of commerce—that men shall have freedom to buy where they can buy to the best advantage. Two of the most absurd boycotts ever established were enthusiastically indorsed by that distinguished body of statesmen known as the Building Trades Council during the past week. It appears that some gentlemen who are building an athletic track on Sixteenth Street offered work to union men at a rate of wages less than the union standard. For this kind offer to give the men a job, these track-builders are to be boycotted, a process which we hope they do not fear. Another most ridiculous manifestation of the workingman's method of self-defense is his boycott against the Emporium. Now, this great institution, if we understand its purpose aright, was set up expressly to give all classes, but especially the working class, a chance to use its money to the best possible advantage, but as union men were not employed in doing certain parts of the work the Trades Council has decided to fine every union man five dollars who makes a purchase in the store. If a hat which costs four dollars elsewhere can be bought in the Emporium for three dollars, a plumber who wants a hat is to be made to pay the additional dollar so as to get even with the contractor who would not pay union wages. This is the logic of the situation and it is the workingman's logic all the time. In his efforts to injure those whom he thinks injure him he always finds a means by which he may still further injure himself. He sets up rules which he intends to break at the very time he makes them.

If the workingmen were united they could accomplish anything, either through industrial organization or political organization; but they cannot benefit themselves by uniting along lines which are unnatural, contrary to their own interest, and opposed to the principles of American institutions. The boycott is foreign in origin, and, though planted in every State and in every city in the country, though tried under all climates and conditions, can never thrive; and this new boycott, like the thousands that are forgotten, will soon be dead. If the workingman will hit upon some plan by which it will not be necessary for him to oppose the natural laws of commercial life and the sentiment and sense of the intelligent citizen, he may do himself some good; but there is little reason to expect that men who cling so fondly to the useless strike and the ineffectual boycott will ever get any broader conception of their situation—not at any rate within this generation.

THE YOUNGSTERS AND THE WAR-HORSES.

If the Democratic Party is determined upon nominating a man who is a representative of free silver, it will have to go outside the ranks of the more modern elements of the Party, and take up some Western or Southern war-horse. The young men who have been playing so important a part in Democratic politics for the past twelve years have been drawn to the Party because it fought for a reformed tariff. It has had no distinct financial policy, and if the Party declares for free silver it will certainly not have the hearty support of these men who have done so much to bring the Party into power. President Cleveland and ex-Governor Russell are representatives of this class. And so, too, is Senator Hill in these latter days, when he has risen above petty politics and shown himself a statesman of broad ideas and exceptional courage. But with the new issue other men will be brought into prominence, and from another class must come the leaders in the present campaign. When the young man came to the front, the war-horse was sent to the rear, and now it looks as if the war-horses were to have their turn again.

Why there should be such sympathy between the war-horse element in the Democratic Party and free silver it is hard to say. The explanation given by their opponents is that the war-horses are bourbons, far behind the times in finance. As in everything else, the war-horse's reply is that the young college graduates who have been running things in the Democratic Party don't know what Democracy is, and need to take a few lessons from Andrew Jackson. Underlying the contest between the money standards, there is this conflict between the two opposing elements composing the Democratic Party, but as to how far it will extend, or how bitter it will become, it is not safe to prophesy.

With the issue of free silver the South will once again become a controlling factor in Democratic politics. No doubt this will be the campaign cry of the Republicans. The one hope of Democrats who advocate free silver is that by a combination of the South and the West the country may be carried, if a man representing these sections and their faith be nominated. If then we are to have as a Democratic nominee a man who represents the war-horse element of the South and West, the name of Vice-President Stevenson must suggest itself as that of one peculiarly available. He is of Southern blood, though Northern residence; is popular in Illinois, which is destined to be the pivotal State; and is for free silver and rotation in office, as against the President's policy of gold and civil service reform. Stevenson and Crisp, or Stevenson and Bryan, would be a ticket thoroughly honest and representative of the new financial policy of the Party.

BUCKLEY HAS HAD HIS DAY.

On the defeat of Boss Buckley at Sacramento the whole State, regardless of party, is to be congratulated. Had he succeeded in gaining even the slightest recognition from the State Democracy he would have stealthily insinuated himself into the control of the Party machine. There is but one way to deal with Buckleyism, and that is to knock it on the head every time that head appears. A boss of any kind is an evil. A boss of Buckley's kind is a curse.

San Francisco, on its political side, is known to the world as the seat of Kearneyism and Buckleyism. Every effort that has been made to prove to our Eastern and European neighbors that our civilization is of a high order is met with the retort that the era of Kearney was followed by that of Buckley, and no city can claim superiority among its fellows which is controlled within a decade by two such men. Kearney fell into the forgotten, and Buckley banished himself. Both went East; one to return a forceless and uninfluential street-tramp, the other to creep back into the fearful of the sheriff.

After years of retirement Buckley thought the people had forgotten him, but the experience of this week proves otherwise. His chief source of strength for years was his apparent and much-vaunted loyalty to his party; but when in the campaign of 1890 he not only proved a traitor, but published the fact, his influence was gone, and he soon became so powerless as to make it of no danger to hunt him. How low an opinion of this community the man has is proved by his attempt to reestablish himself here. He evidently has no idea that men demand honor even in a political boss, and that there are some sins which even ward-heelers will not forgive.

But the city has been saved from Buckley. And for this the Democratic Party is under obligation in large part to Mr. McNab, who has fought Buckley's control of his party with a zeal and a constancy not only admirable but exceptional. It is very considerable for a young man to hold together the loose ends of a party organization and make successful war against a political manipulator intrepid and intriguing. It is not too much to say that behind Buckley was every criminal and corrupting element in the community, and to cope with such power and overthrow it is a feat of which an older man than Mr. McNab might very well be proud.

We have watched in vain during the week for an editorial in our daily papers in appreciation of Judge Belcher's services in sentencing the murderous lathers who killed Mars to one year in the State penitentiary. If some drunken hoodlum who had waylaid a stranger and robbed him had been sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, the papers would have had appreciative editorials on "the courageous Judge who is determined to rid the city of these thugs"—this because there are very few hoodlums in the community, and the most of these probably do not subscribe for a daily paper. But when a half-dozen hoodlums, calling themselves "representatives of labor," beat to death a poor old man who is trying to make a living, no demand goes up from these justice-loving papers for their punishment, and adjectives of adulation are not showered upon the Judge who withstands the labor pull.

The author of *The Mill of Silence* in which so many have been interested lately, turns out to be Mr. Bernard Edward Joseph Capes of Winchester, England, whose literary pseudonym is Bevis Cane. He is forty two years of age, and was educated at the Jesuit College of Beaumont, near Windsor. First it was his father's intention to put him in the army, but he failed to satisfy his tutors as to his chances of success, and never took the examination. Later, he went into a mercantile establishment in London which gave him three years of very uncongenial experience. By this time he had decided to take up literature as a profession, and after some desultory study began writing for the magazines. Eight years ago his first book, *The Haunted Tower*, was published. He has written several short stories, two curtain-raisers, and a four-act drama, *The Uttermost Farthing*, which at its production recently was criticised very favorably. His success with *The Mill of Silence* has placed him in the front rank of mystery story writers. For such stories there is now a greater demand than can be supplied, and a good story of this class costs as much as a first-rate novel by a recognized author.

The Berlin University has published a set of regulations for the admission of women to its lectures.

The Chinese Government are already sounding the leading financiers of Europe on the subject of yet another loan.

Father Pamphile de Venster, the elder brother of Father Damien, who died a few years ago in ministering to the lepers of Molokai, Hawaii, has taken his brother's place there.

The result of the census of Inner London, taken on the night of Sunday March 29th last, shows that the population at that date was 4,411,271, or some 14,000 less than had been estimated.

Several of the Czar's Cabinet officers are self-made men. The Minister of Finance, for example, started life as a clerk in a railway station at a salary of eighteen dollars a month, and Prince Helkoff, who is Minister of Ways, and has charge of all the imperial railroads, served an apprenticeship in a machine shop. At one time he worked at boiler-making in Philadelphia.

Agricultural depression has so largely reduced the incomes of most of the colleges at Cambridge that the Chancellor of the University (the Duke of Devonshire) has been obliged to give directions for the annual amounts to be contributed by them for general university purposes to be still further cut down. The Duke has taken the step in compliance with the advice of the Financial Board. During the last university year the sum of $364,715 was divided among the heads and fellows of the various colleges, as compared with $555,000 in 1882.

"Surely, never," says a Matabele *Times*, "was an English newspaper produced under more interesting conditions than this. In the composing room as an adornment to the usual furniture are Lee-Metfords standing in convenient corners, with full bandoliers hung where they can be donned in a moment. In the editorial room the revolver in its bucket lies where it can be strapped on should the three-shot signal be heard and the habitual weapon of argument dropped. The circumstances are remarkable, but the morning paper is expected."

THE BEAR-FLAG JUBILEE AT SONOMA.

Mission Sonoma de Solano.
Listening to the Exercises.
The Barbecue.
The Return to the Train.

H. C. Gesford, President of the Day.
A Sonoma Street.
Major E. A. Sherman Addresses the Audience.
Around the Flagpole.

The Ray House.
Raising the Bear Flag.
Arrival of the Native Sons.
Carving the Beef.

JACK HAMMOND IN JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA.

THE AMERICAN LEADER OF THE UITLANDER INSURRECTION.

As far back as last January, the name of John Hays Hammond began to be heard in connection with South African affairs; a few weeks later he was spoken of around the world, and to-day you will see the same familiar name printed in the large type of the news-

Hammond's Residence at New Doornfontein, with Guards Posted.

paper's scare heads. Mr. Hammond has become, as one might say, a maker of history. Occupying the prominent position he did in the Transvaal, it was but natural that the great political movement of the winter of 1895-96 should, little by little, settle about him as one of its centers.

Even in the face of imprisonment and sickness, I doubt if Mr. Hammond regrets the part he took in the Uitlander rising of the first day of the year of 1896. The insurrection has developed into an historical event, like John Brown's raid; the names of the men who were involved in it have become part of the chronicle of the world's doings.

In private life the American mining engineer is as entertaining and approachable as in public affairs he has shown himself to be keen, vigorous, and well able to grasp and to control a vast and complicated situation. It was my very good fortune to meet and to become acquainted with Mr. Hammond in Johannesburg, at what was probably the most exciting and interesting moment of his career. He has his office in Simmonds Street, in what is one of the only brick buildings in the town. It is called the Gold Fields Building, and is a sort of center for the mining interests of the Rand.

The Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa is probably one of the largest *concerns* in existence, aiming as it does to control the output of the whole Witwatersrand. Mr. Hammond's role is that of consulting engineer for this concern, and in return for his counsel and advice the Gold Fields pays him a magnificent salary.

But for all this the American engineer lives quietly enough. That his home is without the town does not imply any undue desire for magnificence or luxuriousness.

Mr. Hammond a Prisoner in His Own House.

No moderately well-to-do man would for a moment think of living in Johannesburg itself. The house is in the suburbs, at New Doornfontein, on the other side of Hospital Hill—the hill from which we were told the Boers were to shell the town. It, and Mr. Tilghman's place, out at the New Primrose Deep, were the only really habitable homes I saw in all the Transvaal. From Johannesburg it is precisely twelve minutes' easy drive.

This was on Christmas Day, and some half dozen of Mr. Hammond's friends were had out to dinner. The house, if I remember, is brick-built, of one story, very broad, low, and surrounded by an immense veranda. It is set in a garden of tropical plants. Taking it altogether, the place is suggestive at once of an American country-house and an Indian bungalow.

I have had occasion, later, to wonder at Mr. Hammond's self-possession during that Christmas dinner. In the Pretoria trials it was brought out that at that very moment our host was in the very thick of the tremendous movement which culminated in the Uitlander rising a few days later. Yet he presided in a delightful manner, talking and chatting with his guests as if the only care upon his mind was that the dinner should be successful and his friends entertained. It must be a man of considerable strength of character who can descend to the light commonplaces of dinner-table talk, and make himself agreeable to his company and at the same time keep his grip upon the vast and complicated forces of a great political uprising that is to disorganize the machinery of an entire empire.

Think of it, while Mr. Hammond sat there at the head of his dining-table chatting easily over his black coffee and cigarettes, Jamison and his six hundred with their Maxims and Lee-Metford were straining at the leash, away up there at P'tsanni on the Bechuanaland border, waiting and listening for the word from him to precipitate an insurrection, a crisis whose shock would be felt around the world.

A week later I saw our host in far different circumstances. War had practically been declared, the insurrection was an avowed and indisputable fact, the streets of the town were packed with excited men and with moving bodies of the irregular Uitlander troops. The American engineer's office was like the headquarters of a general of division. Mounted despatch riders came and went, armed guards were on the stair landings and before the doors, the hall below was filled with cases of ammunition, stacks of rifles, boxes of canned provisions, army blankets and all the impedimenta of a campaign, while, singular as it may appear, the flag of the Transvaal—as can be seen in the illustration—was flying over Mr. Hammond's office.

That Hammond's motives have been misinterpreted by many of his own countrymen is no doubt largely due to the feeling against England that sprang up during the winter. England came off second best in the Transvaal affair, and for that reason Wm. Paul was hailed as the statesman of the hour, the man for the occasion. By implication Wm. Paul's opponents, Rhodes, Jamison, and Hammond, were discountenanced. It became the thing to assert that Hammond would have received only his deserts had he been hanged.

But even admitting that the charges brought against the American were true, one cannot but admire the courage of the man who would confess himself as guilty of a capital crime in order to give his fellow accused the chance to plead guilty to a less serious offense which did not demand the penalty of death. F. N.

A MARINE DRILL.

Last summer the U. S. S. "Philadelphia" visited Puget Sound and was stationed for some time at Victoria. H. M. S. "Pheasant" was in harbor, and her crew was drilled

Mr. Hammond Taking an Outing During His Imprisonment at Pretoria.

several times at the Esquimault Naval Station. It was here that Lieutenant Commander Ingersoll first saw the "physical culture drill," and he has since adopted it as part of the regular drill of the "Philadelphia" men.

The cruiser has attended the Flower Festival at Santa Barbara and the Fiesta at Los Angeles, and at both these places the drills and marches of the "Philadelphia" boys have been among the most noticeable features. On Saturday afternoon last this pretty drill was performed for the benefit of San Francisco. The Marines and Sailors landed at Folsom-street wharf, and were there joined by a company of the Naval Reserve. The Haight-street cars carried the soldiers and sailors to the Park, where Lieutenant Commander Ingersoll took charge of the forces, numbering seven companies and about three hundred and fifty men.

First came the regular battalion drill, then the riot drill and bayonet exercises. After half an hour of this work and a short rest for the men came the principal attraction of the day, the "physical culture drill," as Commander Ingersoll calls it, or the "monkey drill," as the blue jackets have named it. The movements, which are performed without word of command, in harmony with the music of the band, consist of a series of calisthenic exercises, rifles being used instead of dumb-bells. All of the motions are graceful, and call into play each muscle of the body. The men have gained a wonderful proficiency since their first public appearance in April at Santa Barbara. The "Philadelphia" is now at Santa Cruz for the carnival, and will, later on, take part in the jubilee celebration at Monterey. A large crowd witnessed the drill at the Park, and the applause was frequent and enthusiastic.

Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of *The New York World*, has received the compliment of a visit from a delegation headed by Cardinal Vaughan and Sir Lewis Morris, by which he was thanked for his services on behalf of peace between the two countries and his advocacy of the principle of arbitration by the means of a permanent tribunal.

Hammond's Office, December 31, 1895.

THE MONKEY DRILL

SAILORS LANDING AT FOLSOM STREET WHARF.

THE DRILL OF THE "PHILADELPHIA" MARINES.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

IN THE VALLEY RAILWAY CAMP there prevails but little jubilance. The glow and the glory of the undertaking have departed. No longer are the newspapers parading the investing capitalists as heroes, for journalism, with feminine inconstancy, has turned its limelight on later stars, and announces that the enterprise has declined as a news feature. Sad to relate, the Valley is not receiving its deliverers with those open arms which railway benefactors anticipate. Instead, stiff prices are being asked for rights-of-way, and there seems a determination to make the corporation pay well for all it obtains. An additional embarrassment is that the erstwhile monopoly is busy making such liberal contracts with its old-time enemies, that the Valley Railroad will have to compete on a purely business basis. This is the result which those who have had to do with competitive railways in California long foresaw, because the spirit of bucolic communities is that of accepting everything and returning nothing. The consideration, which the projectors anticipated, they will not receive. It is safe to believe they will be making traffic agreements with the deadly rival ere many moons have gone, but in the meantime the capitalistic community is out of conceit with the enterprise. There is no demand for the stock. Some weeks ago an effort was made to dispose of five shares on which $50 each had been paid, and but $10 per certificate was realized, though the par value is $100 per share. The directors refused to invest another cent. It must be admitted the stock can hardly be considered as a business proposition, for the control is absolutely vested in the hands of the trustees, and the shares as sold are certificates and really entitle the holder to none of the rights or privileges of a corporation stock-holder. There is something perilously dangerous in a community which has so little consistency and so little fidelity.

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With due respect to Judge Wallace's legal talent, it cannot be truly said that his latest appearance covers him with honor. After aiding and abetting Mr. Clunie's attack on the Assessor, he now turns around and admits all the contentions which he had previously denied. As excuse it cannot be urged that Judge Wallace was ignorant of what he subsequently allowed in the opinion last rendered, for his knowledge of the law is well known. The position had been clearly stated to him and his error pointed out. He appears before us, therefore, as abetting an aimless prosecution for political purposes, which is a prostitution of his high office and a most condemnable attitude. It is regretable that a man of Judge Wallace's capacity should thus place himself before the community. However, that end of the case being disposed of, there is another question—Does it not now appear to the Judge that some justification is due the District Attorney? For the edification of the *Examiner*, Judge Wallace should explain that the interference of Mr. Barnes in the cause was at his personal desire and merely afforded the opportunity for his latest action. It is certainly unfair that the Judge should permit Mr. Barnes to accept the responsibility when he has so many good reasons to be grateful for the District Attorney's intervention.

* * *

SOME FIVE THOUSAND acres of Mission property, worth, perhaps, seventy-five millions of dollars, are concerned in the Noe suit which is now on trial before Judge Sanderson. The land in question was conveyed by the Mexican Government to Jose Noe, one of the dons of the good old days, who, unfortunately for his descendants, disposed of the property without that regard for his wife's interest which the law, as it now prevails, compels. Acting on the assumption, I suppose, that a man among the Mexicans might not do what he liked to his own, the heirs of Mr. Noe's wife lay claim to her interest, basing their contention on the fact that her name was not signed to the title deeds by which Papa Noe conveyed his possessions to the gringo. If the American law had then prevailed this would prove a fair ground for fight, but unfortunately the theories of property under which we live were not dreamed of in the days when the don got rid of his patrimony. A vigorous effort is being made to prove the contrary, but its result was foreshadowed in Franklin K. Lane's brilliant argument in which the law of Mexican grants was argued, and the conditions of inheritance exhaustively defined. It was really an exceedingly able and comprehensive exposition of this intricate subject, which in the olden days when grants were under fire, was a part of every lawyer's stock in trade. Now, however, it is forgotten lore, and the object of special research. The suit has been agitated many a long year, and has figured among the innumerable blackmail titles with which our records are laden. It is intended to remove this cloud permanently, and to put an end to further contributions. All the big property-owners of this city are concerned in the suit—Crocker Estate, Sutro, Spreckels, McCreery and others—most of whom have entrusted their interests to Mr. Lane.

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AS A TELLER OF TALES, Nat Goodwin has added a local reputation to the national eminence which his yarning capacity has won for him. At innumerable small-and-earlies in San Francisco he has filled the role of raconteur-in-chief, and the choice spirits insist he is the brightest story spinner they have ever listened to. However, in spite of quips and cracks, Goodwin expresses real sorrow over the untimely departure of the steamer which conveys him to Australia. It seems that Corbett had arranged this bout with Sharkey so as to permit the comedian to be a spectator, but the Oceanic Company has interfered and Nat will know nothing of the result until he reaches Auckland. Among the tales which Goodwin told at the club the other night are two which are worth relating. At a professional matinee in New York, Goodwin was down for a series of imitations. In the audience was Frank Mayo, who sat in the front row with a friend. The sight of that broad forehead and strong head determined Goodwin for mischief, and, after he had given the audience Crane and Salvini and Willard, he proceeded with a very clever imitation of Pudd'nhead Wilson. Mayo, quite ignorant that he was the victim, laughed heartily, until his friend turning round said, "That's you, Mayo, to the life." Mayo's face changed. "Do I act like that?" he asked, in a tone of deep disgust. "It's a pretty good imitation," commented the friend. "Then I'll have to change my style at once," said Mayo, sadly, fixing his eyes on the ground. On another occasion, Goodwin attended a music hall performance in London, and sat in a box where the entire audience saw his face. He had become fairly well known in the metropolis, and was generally recognized. Among the performers was a clever mimic, who, when his turn came, proceeded to give imitations of Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, and then offered a funny parody of Goodwin in "The Golden Butterfly." There was a loud burst of applause, and then Goodwin became aware that he was the cynosure of all eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked of a gentleman who sat beside him. "They're all laughing at that imitation of you," was the reply. "An imitation of me!" said Goodwin, pointing to the stage. "If that is me, one of us is drunk."

MISS WANONA SHANNON,
Of the California Theater Stock Company.

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Apropos of Goodwin, he is to be entertained at a breakfast in the Bohemian Club on Sunday—a membership affair, by the way. The attendance list is already long and representative, and the affair should prove interesting and amusing. On Tuesday night Dan T. Frawley gives the comedian a farewell supper, at which there will be gathered a bright crowd of friends and Bohemians. Of course all Goodwin's friends will gather to bid him adieu on Wednesday next, including, of course, Jim Corbett, who on that night has so large a contract on his hands.

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Apropos of Nat Goodwin's sorrowful repinings about the danger of stock companies, one is reminded of Mansfield's sadder reflections on the failure of his San Francisco engagement. However, the latter was seriously at fault, whereas Goodwin deserves the support of the community as he is giving us his latest plays, and has refrained from taking that supercilious attitude which has made Mansfield so many enemies. In fact, he could not if he tried. As for the failure of Mansfield, he had no reason to complain as the loss fell on the local management. At the close of his engagement at the Baldwin, Mansfield received a check for thirty-five hundred dollars, by no means an indifferent return for three weeks of very indifferent business.

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THE THEATRICAL element enjoys at the moment a large share of attention. Such an aggregation of prominent actor-folk as the two stock companies have gathered is unusual here, and recalls the gay days of the old California Theater, though the community is not now given to hero-worshiping as it then was. Society has manifested quite an interest in the personality of its stage favorites lately. Mr. Frawley has become almost as great a social factor as John Drew, though he has not yet attained the consideration of Burlingame. George Leslie comes of a fine Pennsylvania family, and, prior to adopting the stage, was well known as a clubman in Philadelphia. He has several accomplishments, among them an artistic touch on the piano. There is also Maclyn Arbuckle. Not so long ago he presided over a District Court in Texas, and, in addition to the law and the drama, his acquirements include some skill with both the brush and the pen. Frank Worthing left medicine for the stage; he is a graduate of Edinburgh College. Tyrone Power is a son of the great actor. By the way, Frank Owen, who has a suite of bachelor apartments handsomely fitted up in the Clark Building, entertained a party of the Frawleyites, including Miss Bates, Miss Ross, Messrs. Arbuckle, Leslie, and Frawley, Monday night, and had Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, Miss Snell, Henry Crocker, Jim Archibald, and some other people to meet them. This is but one of the several informal supper parties given for them recently.

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Frank Worthing's first appearance was with Mrs. Bandman-Palmer at Brighton, England. She was quite a figure in the professional set in London on the strength both of her talents and the misfortunes of her marriage with that eccentric Bandman. She had arranged to play Juliet, and engaged Worthing to enact Romeo, which, being young and inexperienced, he essayed with no more than the usual qualms. In the audience was Oscar Wilde, then at the zenith of his literary fame, who languidly contemplated the performance through a lorgnon. Afterward, at the Players' Club, where all the actors gather after a performance, Wilde, observing Worthing come in, said to one of the group which surrounded him: "You may present that young man to me." Worthing was lead up to the seat of honor and formally introduced. "Mr. Worthing," said the then great man in his loftiest manner, "there are but two ways of acting." The audience held its breath for the epigram. Oscar con-

tinued: "One is not to act and the other to act with Mrs. Baudman-Palmer." Whereupon every one laughed and Worthing blushed.

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GENERAL BARILLAS is still infatuated with San Francisco and the best efforts of his party are powerless to

DR. JULIEN ROSAL,
Of the Suite of General Barillas.
[Photo by Taber.]

induce his departure. The ex-President is perfectly contented here, however, and being wise in his generation, prefers to experience the joys he knows than fly to others that he wots not of. In the party with Barillas is Dr. Julien Rosal, who has the distinction of being the brightest physician the Guatemalan Colleges have yet turned out. Like the General, he comes from Quezaltenango. He was educated at the College of Letters and Science there, and then adventured to the City of Guatemala where he won honors at the Medical College. On receiving his diploma in 1888, he was made surgeon-general of the hospital at Quezaltenango, but soon after he resigned, went to Europe, and after touring through England, France, and Germany, decided to enter at the famous Ecole Medecine at Paris. Here, he bravely recommenced the study of his profession, and soon attracted attention by manifesting real skill in a series of experimental operations conducted in the laboratory of the institution. He received his second diploma in 1894, and for two years more remained an interne in one of the Paris hospitals, after which he returned to Guatemala and filled a professorial chair at the Medical College. As a native of Quezaltenango, the interest of General Barillas had been excited by the successes of Doctor Rosal, and he invited him to accompany his party in the tour around the world in the capacity of physician. At Guatemala the young doctor has quite a distinguished record, having performed successfully two or three of the most difficult of modern operations.

Emily Soldene has written to Mr. Doxey announcing that she is at work on a novel in which San Francisco is to figure quite prominently. Several of the scenes are laid in this classic burg, and I am told the lady interprets the community in a humorous if original manner. By the way, Mr. Doxey has on the press a collection of stories by Emma Francis Dawson, including that queer tale called "The Itinerant House," which many years ago was published in the *Argonaut*. The author read it recently at a meeting of the Channing Auxiliary, and the weird plot evoked considerable interest.

MEN OF THE WEEK.

Whatever the fate of ex-Mayor Ellert, it is evident the Title Insurance Company at least will be in good hands. The institution has been placed under the joint management of A. G. Carmany and H. D. Lawrie, who are both thoroughly competent and very pleasant gentlemen. For the past five years Mr. Lawrie has been secretary of the Company, and Mr. Carmany has participated with Mr. Ellert in the management.

Governor John H. McGraw of Washington, who has been mentioned during the week for the Vice-Presidential nomination, was the driver of a street car in San Francisco twenty years ago. He came here from Maine which was his native State, and from here went to Seattle where he became a member of the police force, then Chief of Police, then Sheriff, then president of a bank, a boss in State politics, and later Governor of the State, and is now a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Watson C. Squire. The talk of his being nominated for Vice-President was of course part of his senatorial fight. Such bits of gossip, though supported by nothing more than the gossip of one or two men in an eastern hotel corridor, become very important when telegraphed to the farmer constituents in the far West. The delegation to St. Louis is a McGraw delegation in that the contest for its control was between Squire and McGraw, and McGraw came out victorious; his chief lieutenant, Andrew F. Burleigh, receiver of the Northern Pacific Railroad, being elected as delegate and chosen as chairman of the delegation. Burleigh is a young lawyer of brilliant quality whose chief handicap is an unfortunate matrimonial record in Montana. He and Governor McGraw defeated Senator Squire in their home county, but the latter thinks that he can win without this support, an opinion in which those who know the Washington situation do not concur. In the senatorial campaign Senator Squire's weakness is that he is practically a non-resident and is regarded as a wealthy dude in politics. On the other hand, Governor McGraw has to overcome some little incidents of his Maine career which were developed in the gubernatorial fight; but this is not so serious as the long sack Senator Squire has at his command.

William Waldorf Astor is now reported as having entered into negotiations with the Prince of Wales for a British title, the consideration being a large loan by Mr. Astor to the Prince. For this, Mr. Astor has been subjected to the usual sarcastic comment, with which anything concerning him is now treated by the American press; but, frankly, we can see no reason why Mr. Astor should not purchase a title if he thinks a title can be of any use to him, or is a good thing to have about the house. It is surely a far more honorable way of procuring a title than by the sale of one's person, which is the manner now adopted by the American heiress. He left the United States because he was unable to obtain here such honor as he thought himself entitled to, having run for a seat in Congress and being defeated after the expenditure of a large amount of money. His patriotism was not sufficient to keep him in a city which was not the first in the world, and he knew that his wealth was so considerable that he could command position in London as easily as in New York. Having determined to make his home abroad and become a citizen of the British Empire, he is entitled to any rank which he may be able to procure. It is not uncommon in Europe that men born in one country become prominent and powerful in another. Some of the leading French statesmen, generals, and authors have been born in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. We are not inclined to credit the yarn as to the Prince of Wales bargaining off his titles in advance, but if he is in that business we commend Mr. Astor for shrewdness in opening negotiations to get in at ground floor rates.

By the death of Jules Simon, the world is a great loser. For a half century he was one of the foremost men in France, and for a quarter of a century he was one of the world's few. Such a combination of qualities as those possessed by M. Simon is rare, even in France where so many versatile men have been developed during this century. He was a professor of philosophy, an agitator, a party leader, an orator, an author of works on education, the fine arts, philosophy, and political economy, a hero at one time with the Paris mob, and a brilliant administrator. He dared to live his life as his conscience dictated, undeterred by the threats of kings, emperors, or the mob. Republicanism was with him a religion, and no greater eulogium can be given him than he did more than any other man to make the world believe that a republic in France could be established. Where such men as Simon are, there is little that is impossible. How broad his view of politics was is shown by his last utterance to the world, an article on the Egyptian question in the *Contemporary Review* of last month from which we quote this remarkable prophecy, peculiarly French and bold:

> Everything in the East is asleep; nothing is dead. Be on your guard against the awakening. Reflect, above all, that if behind the curtain which to-day hides from us the great movements which are coming if behind this curtain there are savages, there are also two or three civilizations of immense antiquity, ready to reconquer their ancient glories, and all the more formidable that after long resistance have now condescended to use the weapons acquired from us. Japan has only to open her ports to become formidable at a stroke. Beware! The history of Europe is now and must for a long time be the history of Asia and Africa. It is proposed to attack the Dervishes—their convents, their sacred city, their army. Who knows who may take up the challenge? You open a campaign in Erythrea; and men are on the march against you from China to the Transvaal. I do not wish to exaggerate. I do not say that this vast insurrection is certain. I will not go so far as to affirm that it is probable. I only assert that it is possible. Fanaticism would be kindled among these semi-savages; would you find it in your army? Your soldiers are philosophers, civilized men, skeptics. With a Godless army one may conquer Madagascar, but one cannot fight a world. This vision of a grand final war has occurred to some minds. We live in a time when we must expect the impossible. Fear has also been felt, though in another order of ideas, of an agitation caused or prolonged by the English. We are passing from tragedy to comedy; but in the domain of history the two come close together.

MR. DOUGLAS TILDEN,
The Deaf and Dumb Sculptor, Designer of the N. S. G. W. Monument.

THE ASTORIA STRIKE.

The striking fishermen at Astoria, Or., still continue to preserve their attitude of menace, and there is no telling at what moment they may break out into overt acts of violence.

Meanwhile the militia have entered the town, patrols are out upon the river banks and in the streets of the town, and a sort of martial law has been proclaimed, though it is not subject as yet to any severe interpretations. The arrival of the troops took the town by surprise, and hundreds of strikers gathered together in a moment to witness the disembarkation, following along afterward as the soldiers in heavy marching order filed through the town and camped upon the postoffice square. The number of the troops is close upon five hundred. With them are carried two formidable looking Gatling guns and two twelve-pounder field pieces. Upon arrival at the camping-place the guns were at once unlimbered and planted in the street where they could command the situation in either direction. An immense throng soon gathered about the encampment, but though it was largely composed of strikers no violence was offered to the troops.

On the arrival of the militia the strikers at once held a secret session. Nothing can be known of what was decided upon at this meeting further than that since that time nothing in the way of a hostile demonstration has been attempted.

The great fear of the heads of the packing firms seems to be for the safety of their canneries. Without the presence of the militia they declare that their buildings would be blown up or burnt. Meanwhile they have begun to pack fish for the first time this year.

It seems rather odd to consider fishermen as strikers. The term naturally associates itself with laborers and manufacturers, hands and not with the class to which fishermen belong. However, the theory of "union" and "non-union" seems to have spread among them as well, with all its inevitable evils. The men appear nevertheless to have behaved thus far with some good sense, and it is to be hoped that the strike will end in some sort of compromise.

Salmon Wheel Boat on the Columbia River, Oregon.

Warrendale Salmon Fishery on the Columbia River, Oregon.

THE FISHERMEN'S STRIKE ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.
[Photo by Watkins.]

SCENE IN FIRST ACT OF "THE CHARITY BALL," AT THE COLUMBIA THEATER.
[From a flashlight taken for THE WAVE by Thors.]

NAT GOODWIN.

THE ACTOR DISCOURSES ON THE MAKING OF PLAYS AND FIRST APPEARANCES.

It was like a closer view of the first scene of the "Gilded Fool." Even before I reached the door of the room I could smell the odors of toilet waters and perfumes and scented soap, while within the room itself the air was heavy with them. It was the room of a high liver, there could be no two ways about that. Four huge trunks stood open against the wall, filled with every manner of change of clothes. A pile of some dozen waistcoats of gorgeous design was upon the dresser. The man—not the valet, you understand, but the "man," Mr. Goodwin's man—was changing the buttons on a white shirt, and Mr. Goodwin himself was preparing to shave. It was ten o'clock, but the actor had just risen. He wore a long bath-robe of gorgeous pink and white wool, and pale-blue underclothing. It was all very luxurious, Taking the heavy perfumes into consideration it was even decadent.

"Go right ahead," said Mr. Goodwin, as he lathered his chin. "I can talk while I shave."

I expressed curiosity as to Mr. Goodwin's first efforts on the stage.

"I was frightened to death," he answered. "It was in a play called 'The Battle.' I thought I could begin with a rather prominent role; never had been on the stage before, mind you, but sailed into 'The Battle,' nevertheless, in great style. Well, I learned my lines, rehearsed my part, and all that, and at last 'the night' came. So did my cue. I went on in great confidence, stepped out on the boards, and then somehow the glare of the lights, the audience with its hundreds of indistinct faces, and the sense that the crisis was at hand, nailed me to the boards and shut my mouth as if it had been a steel trap. I heard the other actor hissing my lines at me, and the audience tittering, and the stage-manager making remarks from the flies. Well, for a minute I stood there as if knocked on the head, perfectly stunned and bewildered; then I came to, as it were, with a rush. I turned about and made a break for liberty. I ran off the stage, through the wings, and down the passage leading to the stage door; the stage-manager shouted after me, and the callboy yelled, and the star said something under his breath. I never stopped; I broke out into the alley behind the theater, got into a hack, was driven to the station, and went home to Boston on the night train, *in my make-up.*

"For a time that settled it," continued Mr. Goodwin, resuming the razor which he had laid down in the hurry of narrative. "I was determined to give up the stage, but I didn't. My father took me in hand, said if I was going to be an actor I must begin in the right way; he got me a tutor and an elocution teacher, and I made a fresh start. I suppose it was in the blood and bound to come out. My mother was a Reader."

When we had exhausted this subject, I started Mr. Goodwin on the matter of play-making. Here he gave me a real surprise. I always imagined that dramatic authors, even the big men, first wrote the play and then gave it to some particular actor or company or manager for production. Mr Goodwin disabused me of this idea. The initiative comes from the actor, from the star.

"A star gives an author a certain sum of money to write a play for him—that is, in most cases—and tells him what parts he is best suited for, if he don't know already. Then, when the play is written, it generally has to be edited by a competent stage-manager, to make an *acting* play out of it. Very few playwrights know anything about stage management; we hardly expect it of them. Carlton, though, is good at it; his plays need but little retouching. But he's the exception you know. *I* say that acting plays are not written; they are re-written."

"Which of your plays do you like best, Mr. Goodwin?"

Mr. Goodwin hesitated a moment; then:

"I like all my plays; can't say that I have a favorite. It depends largely upon which one I have in hand. When 'In Mizzoura' is on, I think that it is my favorite; and when 'A Gilded Fool' fills the bill, it's the Gilded Fool I like best. No, I like all my plays—wouldn't play 'em, would I, unless I did? I like what we call broken parts, where the humor and the pathos are mixed."

Mr. Goodwin had a good deal to say about the great "Rival" Company. "Never," said he, "will such a company be brought together again. It was an even balancing of the old and the new, all stars, on one side those who were about to set, and on the other those who were just rising or had just risen into prominence. Yes, it was a great and a unique aggregation, and successful! think of it, the four parties chiefly interested had $100,000 to divide."

I spoke of the stock companies, of the Columbia and California. Mr. Goodwin shook his head.

"This cheapening of rates for good productions of stock companies is going to be a bad thing for the public if it is kept up. How? Why it will keep away all the stars from San Francisco. I can't afford to put on "In Mizzoura," or "A Gilded Fool," or "The Nominee" with seventy-five cents as the highest charge—can't be done. Must charge regular rates. Then the public exclaims 'I'm not going to pay a dollar and a half to see Nat Goodwin when I can see Herbert Kelcey and Fred Ward and Effie Shannon for seventy-five cents.' Of course they'll say that and act upon it. As a result San Francisco will become a city of stock theaters. The stars will take good care to stay away. The public will be the loser. But we'll see, we'll see."

THE STAGE AND CALIFORNIA GIRLS.

SOCIETY PLAYS, THEIR ELEMENT.

Probably no State in the Union has furnished a larger number of successful actresses than has California. It is rather curious that this should be so. The circumstance occurs so frequently and with such unvarying regularity that there should not be wanting some good and sufficient reason to account for it. One thing, however, should be noted. Among all the throng of actresses that California has produced there is not one who has attained any noticeable success in tragic roles. Few have even attempted "the legitimate." California seems especially adapted to the growth and development of young girls who are strong in "drawing-room" parts.

It would seem that there are several reasons for this. Mr. Frawley of the Columbia Stock Company, who surely ought to know, does not think that the *desire* for dramatic success is any stronger among the California girls than among the girls of any other part of the country. Generally speaking, all young girls pass through a period of "stage madness," and generally speaking they get over it or make egregious failures before the disease has fully developed.

"There is more ambiton among the girls of our State," Mr. Frawley observed, "more energy, more determination to succeed. Then, for one thing, our girls are usually very pretty, pretty and stylish, they have dash, they have manner—they are in a word 'fetching.' Then, again, the California girl is usually more refined. She comes of good stock; her home surroundings, as a rule, leave nothing to be desired. There, you see, is one reason why she is good in 'drawing-room' plays.

"How about native genius, inborn talent, and that sort of thing," I asked.

"The California girl has not so much genius as she has capability of receiving instruction. She is, perhaps, pliable. It is the different social conditions which obtain with us that are responsible for this 'pliability.' In Eastern communities girls are brought up more conventionally; they grow up along certain hard and fast lines, they are 'set in their ways.'"

Certainly this is not the case with the typical California girl, and I said as much to Mr. Frawley, who concurred, and added:

"Our girls are more romantic as well, and there must be lots of romance in the make-up of a good actress; a certain ideality that raises them above their work. California girls have plenty of this: they are natural, spontaneous, vigorous, pretty women, have more vitality and magnetism than any other class of girls I know of.

Some day, perhaps, we shall see this vigor and beauty and magnetism that Mr. Frawley speaks of devoted to graver, more serious—shall one say?—more intellectual, ends; and then California, and by implication, America, will produce a great tragedienne, a Bernhardt, possibly, or a Rachel, or, better still, a really great comedienne.

"It's the old question of supply and demand, in *my* opinion," observed Mr. Stockwell; "that and the stock companies. The facts of the case prove there is a larger percentage of theater-going people in San Francisco than in any city in the Union. People here go in large numbers, and they go regularly. I'll tell you why. In the East, summer is the dead season with the theaters. The hot weather comes on, and people don't want to be in a close theater in the evening when the thermometer is up in the nineties; they want to be out of doors. But with us in San Francisco the season is practically the whole year round; it is seldom too warm to be in a theater in the evening. People go winter and summer; the idea of dramatic entertainment is continually in their minds. For this reason, probably, our girls get more easily stage-struck than girls of other communities.

"And the psychology of the thing," said I, "should you say that our girls had a finer development of the peculiar temperament that makes good actresses?" Mr. Stockwell thought a moment and shook his head.

"No, I don't think so; I can see no reason why it should be so. I cannot say that the California girl is different from, say, the New Yorker, in that respect—she is prettier, though," Mr. Stockwell added quickly. "Of course, that counts, but it's the demand that creates the supply—that's the secret of it I'm sure. All girls, everywhere, are more or less stage-struck. Our girls have a better chance, that's the difference.

F. N.

THE STANFORD NINE.

No. 1. PRESIDENT JORDAN.

Doctor Jordan, like Lincoln, is a farmer's son, and proud of the fact. He resembles our great American in other ways—in his strong, tender, humorous character and in the simplicity of his mind. No one was more surprised than he at the compliment of his selection as president of the Behring Sea Commission. Yet, the appointment is so fit that it arouses no comment. The place found the man as it did

DAVID STARR JORDAN.
Appointed President of the Behring Sea Commission.
[Taber Photo.]

when Senator Stanford selected David Starr Jordan to preside over the university he had founded in memory of his son.

Probably all college presidents are regarded with a feeling of loyalty by their students, but only such a man as Agassiz gets the love and reverence that Doctor Jordan enjoys. They never think of blaming him because of their grievances. Forbidden to pick the grapes, they curse the gardener; if enjoined not to hold rushes in the Quad, they berate the University architect—any one but the beloved president, whose name is signed to all of these unwelcome decrees. There are as few of these as possible, "For," says President Jordan, "there are no rules here, except that bicycles are to take the right-hand side of University Avenue, and that rule is not obeyed."

The President is the ideal of the young men. A young man himself, his strength of mind and unaffected manners appeal to them. Every year two or three hundred of them take his lectures, and come directly under his influence. His calm acceptance of the laws of life, by which the best are constantly chosen, determines those who listen to him to be among the best. He declares that the cigarette-smoking boys and tight-lacing girls are free to kill themselves in that way, if they wish—the sooner the better for the country. This manner of rebuke is more effective, even with the girls, than the most impassioned appeal.

"It is natural for those who cannot distinguish themselves in any other way, to attempt to do it by wearing a bigger hat, or a taller feather, than any other," I have often heard Doctor Jordan remark. He generally adds, "This method of proving one's superiority has died out largely, among men, because they have larger opportunities of showing their worth by their actions. But women, like savages, still love paint and feathers. They lead restricted lives, and have no other way of showing their importance."

No Stanford student feels ashamed to economize; the President sets the example. He once delivered a lecture in San Jose the same night the Glee Club sang there. Next morning Professor and students met on the street. He asked what they were doing in San Jose.

"Oh, we gave a concert here last night—and you?"

"Oh, I lectured here last night. How did your concert come out?"

"We didn't make expenses."

"Where are you staying?"

"At the Vendome. We get special rates. Where are you?"

"Oh, I'm at the St. James. Regular rates; good enough for me. I made expenses and enough more to help you boys home."

Every one knows that Doctor Jordan is soft-hearted. There is rumor of one poor incapable who was let into the sacred precincts because she cried!

In theory the Doctor believes in the justice of the law that eliminates the unfit, but practically he often helps to preserve the sick chicken. It is a doctrine of his creed that "he who will not work, neither shall he eat," but he confessed that in a practical case he took the tramp in and bought him a good dinner. His students love the man for just such inconsistencies. They show the kindly heart that tempers the severity of justice.

Once the grave President told his class an anecdote which put him in a new light. It was apropos of the woman question. He was expressing the opinion that women must be restored to their full rights and liberties before they would be capable of self-government. Slaves, said he, could only be trusted so long as they were under the eye of the master. That is why there are no rules and regulations at Stanford. Better for the young man or woman to learn self-government, even through bitter experience, than to be kept in the straight and narrow way by a policy of paternalism.

"I was traveling," said Doctor Jordan, "when a young girl entered my car and took a seat beside me. Presently she began to talk, and, of course"—here the President looked bashfully down at his fingers—"I talked back. She told me that she was attending a certain young ladies' academy near there. She asked me if I were not a drummer, and seemed disappointed when I told her that I was only a teacher. Then she asked me to share her lunch, and I"—here the Professor blushed again—"I accepted, of course. When we separated she asked me to call. This was the result of shutting a girl up away from temptation."

Doctor Jordan's lecture course is down on the schedule as "Zoology 8," but there's very little zoology about it. Three-fourths of the time the lecturer, like Milton's fallen angels, discourses on providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate; of happiness and final misery; on evolution and modern philosophy. After listening to his fine lectures for a year, the writer is still ignorant of what evolution is, although tolerably certain what it is not.

The theories advanced on evolution, natural selection, the survival of the fittest, etc., the learned Doctor seems to watch in practical operation in the little University world. The students are absolutely free to select their departments. Those departments that do not attract them are eliminated from the curriculum by the law of natural selection. Having chosen their studies, the students are equally free to select their instructors, and the unpopular professor is forced out by a lack of students. The same relentless law works among the students, so that the incapable and the unfit simply disappear. No effort is made to force any man or girl to work. But if they do not work they cannot keep up with the rest of the class, and are finally dropped from the rolls. The law operates just as relentlessly with those who cannot strive hard enough, as with those who will not. It is a reflex of life itself. Fortunately here, just as in real life, the relentless cruelty of these natural laws of selection, of the survival of the fittest, are tempered by illogical human kindness—but Doctor Jordan would say that that is part of the law.

In his home life Professor Jordan is very happy. He has a wife who barely comes up to his shoulder, a young daughter in the University, a son at Belmont, a little boy, Knight, and the baby, Barbara, to whom he has written a charming poem, which the *Popular Science Monthly* published, and Ambrose Bierce made fun of. He has many stories of the baby. Once he was telling her a fairy tale as they walked in the garden. "But," the practical little maid objected, "there ain't any such thing as a fairy."

"Perhaps, Barbara," said her learned father, mindful of certain philosophers, "perhaps there isn't any such thing as anything!"

"Oh, yes, there is," cried the child. "There is such a thing as a squash!"

F. R. S.

THE BEAR FLAG JUBILEE AT SONOMA.

BY W. B. TYLER.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the raising of the Bear Flag in Sonoma, gathered in the picturesque old town on Saturday last several of the men who had participated in the most romantic episode of old California history. For months past the citizens of this ancient village have been preparing to do honor to the occasion, and the

DON VINCENTE CARYEGO.
The Oldest Native Son, aged 107 years.

entire country-side together with a thousand or more San Franciscans, joined in the ceremonial. It proved a typical country festival, not unlike festivities, perhaps, that occur elsewhere—a great convocation of buggies and surreys, farm wagons, buckboards, and dogcarts, Concord coaches and bicycles—crowds of men in their Sunday rigs, and girls in light prints and muslins. Though in far-off California the scene reminded one of the fine chapter in Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Duchers Cooley*, in which the expedition of Wisconsin farmers to the circus is depicted.

At ten o'clock the procession formed, with a pioneer, Major E. A. Sherman, at its head, marched around the old Plaza, through streets gay with triumphal arches and flags, finally being drawn up at the speakers' stand close to the historic spot where, fifty years ago, the Bear Flag was first raised. Then there was oratory—addresses by the Mayor, extending the freedom of Sonoma to the visitors—no empty compliment—and by H. C. Gesford, Grand President of the

HENRY BEESON AND BENJAMIN F. DEWELL.
Survivors of the Bear Flag Expedition.

Native Sons. After he had recalled the memories of the great event, the Bear Flag was raised by Benjamin F. Dewell and Henry Beeson, two of the survivors, and, amid the firing of anvils and cheers of the multitude, the ropes were manned. Perhaps there would have been less enthusiasm had it been known it was a fac simile and not the original flag which was flaunted before the eyes of the audience. However, the real flag is in existence, though too old, too rotten, and too highly prized by the Pioneers to risk flying it. Of the two survivors, Henry Beeson at sixty-eight is stout and hearty, and good for another quarter of a century. Benjamin F. Dewell is seventy-five years of age, tall and lean, and appears somewhat feeble.

Following the ceremony of the flag-raising, R. A. Thomson of Santa Rosa, editor of the Sonoma *Democrat*, and the recognized historian of the county, read a carefully prepared and interesting historical essay upon the events of the year of 1846. He proceeded to handled H. H. Bancroft without gloves, demonstrating to the apparent satisfaction of his audience the prejudice of the historian, who likened the party of thirty brave men to a band of filibusters.

At the close of the exercises every one was ready for the barbecue. Long tables had been placed under the trees in the Plaza, and the great crowd did ample justice to the barbecued beef, frijoles, and other good things provided. In the afternoon there was an attempt made at dancing, but the weather was too hot. Most of the visitors rested under the shade of the trees.

The ruins of the old Franciscan Mission face the Plaza. This is the last of the missions established under Spanish rule, as well as the most northerly. It never attained the size or importance of the southern missions. Adjoining the old building is the church built by General Vallejo in 1823, and occupied by the Roman Catholics as the parish church of Sonoma until 1883, when a new edifice was erected. A block down the street stands the Old Blue Wing Saloon and "Hurdy-gurdy house." Here, in the days when gold dust was a drug on the market, and fifty-dollar slugs were as plenty as blackberries, thousands of dollars changed hands nightly. On the next block is the Ray House, occupied by the soldiers in 1846 and 1847, and also noted as the first lodgeroom in California of the Masonic Order. More interesting, however, than the old buildings was the presence on the scene of Don Vincente Caryeco, aged 107 years, and a native of Sonoma. The Don is in possession of all his faculties, and sees, hears, talks, and walks about as readily as he did fifty years ago. Still, he says he does not feel real strong, and believes the excessive use of cigarettes and brandy has shortened his days. Indeed, he hardly dares to hope that he will be well enough to attend the centennial anniversary of the flag-raising in 1946.

At four o'clock the procession again formed, the bands played, and, amid great enthusiasm and round after round of cheers, the march to the depot was accomplished, each guest carrying a tin cup, a spoon, or a wooden plate, as a souvenir of the day. The heavy trains at length pulled out, and the sleepy little town of Sonoma regained its wonted atmosphere of quiet and calm.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY.

HOW THE SMART SET HAS AMUSED ITSELF THIS WEEK.

Distressing indeed are the lugubrious reports from the interior resorts. Dull, dull, deadly dull is everything. No one doing anything, or even thinking of doing anything. At the Rafael, so I hear, there is serious danger of dying of ennui. At the Del Monte existence is ever a joy, but just now rather a solitary happiness, even though Mrs. Hager and her family are there for the summer, and a quiet little luncheon now and then ruffles the calm of Burlingame. So it is safe to say the season has not begun.

The popular "Dutch treat" party, so successful during the season just passed, is to be continued during the summer. There are to be "Dutch treat" picnics, excursions, moonlight drives, etc. Everybody favors the Dutch treat. It means a good time at a nominal expense, not a small item in these hard times—for everybody says it is hard times—and then it does away with that all-important social factor—obligation. Mesdames McCutcheon and Collier stood sponsor for the "Dutch treat" last winter, and inaugurated a most successful and thoroughly pleasant series of theater parties. Each lady chose her partner, and each and every one paid their own way. The same arrangements hold good for the summer "treat" affairs.

The tan shoe is becoming an all-interesting subject. It is evident that something will have to be done to govern the appropriateness and unappropriateness of this fashionable summer footwear. At the California on Monday evening I saw full dress and tan shoes. Yes, and I saw young beaux with sweet summer-girl shirts on and patent leather pumps. As for the ladies, wildest riot reigned supreme as far as shoes went. I saw gorgeous brocades and tan Oxfords, and sailor hats and patent. Something must be wrong. Nevertheless, it was an extremely well-dressed house. Oh! but the play was slow. Kelcey and Shannon labored heroically, and saved the opening of what is sure to prove a brilliant season. Is there any one who looks more at ease and at home in a dress suit than Kelcey? And is there any one who looks more out of place in one than Wm. Beach? These two reflections saved more than several thoughtful play-goers from dropping off to sleep during the first two acts. What marvelous gowns Olive Oliver wears. So outre. Such color combinations; and strange, wondrous strange to say, they all tone into one another. Her style is decidedly distinctive.

Rudolph Spreckels is considering the plans for the home he is going to have erected on his $51,000 lot, a recent acquisition, on the corner of Pacific Avenue and Gough. Work is to be immediately begun, and the mansion is to be ready for occupancy within a year. Mr. Spreckels is already ordering and buying, and the home will doubtless be one of the most elegant and artistic in the city. While it is not probable that Mrs. Spreckels will entertain extensively—her better half preferring a quiet and domestic existence—still, there are all her old girl friends who rally round her and to whom she promises a good time. Luncheons and little dinners I hear will be her specialty, not forgetting theater parties, both Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels being extremely fond of the play.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier have sold their lovely home on Broadway to Gilbert Gurvey, the wealthy Mexican mine-owner. Mr. and Mrs. Gurvey, who was formerly Leonie Cook, will not take possession of the house until November. The Bouvier home is an eminently artistic one. There is something individual about the entire house. The reception hall, with its oriental hangings, bearskins, and immense open fireplace is a study and a picture. There is some fine frescoing in Mrs. Bouvier's room, the work of that talented lady herself. The design is dainty and rather novel. From a lattice of gold twine and creep branches heavily burdened with rosebuds. The execution is capital and the effect most artistic.

MRS. WERNER STAUFF, *nee* MISS SIEBE.

Miss Claire Tucker made the prettiest bride imaginable, and Philip Williams has every right to consider himself a very fortunate young man. Owing to recent bereavement in the family the ceremony was performed in private. Yet, had 200 guests instead of twenty assisted at the wedding-feast, the preparations could hardly have been more elaborate. The pretty house was aglow with a variety of exquisite blooms, and the white altar at which the young couple knelt made a charming feature. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left on Tuesday morning for a bridal trip to Honolulu.

Miss Lucas is to return to her home in St. Louis shortly; her father, Mrs. Hager's brother, will come out to bring his daughter home. There will be general regret over this announcement, for Miss Lucas is really popular here and has made many friends.

Miss Jennie Catherwood left on Saturday last for the Yosemite, in General Forsythe's party. They will probably be away a fortnight. General Forsythe left on official business.

Pretty Mrs. Blitz Paxton went East with Colonel Fred. Crocker's party, at the invitation of his cousin, Mrs. Green, and may continue her trip with them till they reach Europe.

Fred. Hotaling, dearly cherished and beloved of the very young set, has returned from his Eastern trip. He has still the glint of gold in his hair, and rosy rose-bud lips, but poor Fred! he is worn to a shadow. He wanted to get thin, and now that he is thin he has taken to worrying for fear he again take on flesh, and to help keep shadowy.

Engagement rumors once again last week disturbed the placid serenity of the social atmosphere. Denials were forthcoming on all sides. But when I think back not so very long ago, I recall betrothals quite as strenuously denied, and after a few weeks it was most complacently announced. My faith in denials is shaken. Maybe it will prove the same in this case in which Dame Gossip links the names of a journalist, prominent in exclusive circles, and also that of a young Islander, recently graduated from Stanford, to two sisters, heiresses, who pass most of their time at their magnificent estate in San Jose. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart chaperoned a party of ten at the California on Monday evening. Since their marriage the happy pair have lived in the utmost seclusion, "the world forgetting," but by no means, "by the world forgot." Mrs. Hobart is looking handsomer than ever. She dresses with an exquisite simplicity, and on Tuesday evening was the cynosure of all eyes. Every one is anxiously looking forward to the Baldwin-Hobart nuptials, at which Mrs. Hobart will preside. This will be her first appearance in the trying role of matron and it is safe to predict, her intimates declare, that she will make a success of it.

MISS AILEEN GOAD,
Whose Engagement to C. K. Mackintosh was Recently Announced.

The Columbia has especially endeared itself to me for one thing—it does not take its cue from the gallery. If you will notice you will find a strange, though vastly agreeable, thing—the applause starts down-stairs. I don't know whether it is that the parquet is more intelligent or less, or that the gallery habitués take orchestra chairs—the greatest compliment you could pay to any company, but the fact remains and it is pleasant. Really, the management surpassed itself in the "Charity Ball." The play is beautifully staged. The pastor's study is about as artistic an interior as it has ever been my lot to see, and the acting matched it.

It must be delightful to stockholders to contemplate that stocks "are going up." But if the "going-up" process spoils a bridal trip, that, I should imagine would be altogether a different story. And that is exactly what happened to Mr. and Mrs. Werner Stauff, née Siebe. They had no bridal trip. Spent their honeymoon in their flat with a ticker in an adjoining room. After the wedding their carriage drove round the block, a detour to throw their friends off the scent, and then headed straight for the flat. The flat, by the way, is stuffed full of the finest curios and works of art. Werner Stauff for many years kept bachelor's hall and indulged to the utmost his passion for the collecting of paintings and bric-a-brac. Richard Sprague, Robert Oxnard, and Rudolph Herold have at times shared his quarters.

Quite a pretty conceit was the Trilby bouquet at the Russ-Habenicht wedding. It is a great mass of long-stemmed roses thrust under the arm and arrayed so as to droop over the dress. I hope the name will not kill this latest kink of the decorative florist.

Save for the weekly polo tournaments, it is very quiet at Burlingame. An announcement is made of another match next Saturday afternoon, in which the married and the single men will contend for victory; though in the absence of Joe Tobin, who is off the team by reason of General Dimond's death, I fear it will go hard with the benedicts. Still, Hobart is playing a good game and may redeem the situation. All the villas but one are now rented. Mrs. Newhall has become a householder there, and George Newhall proposes to make it his summer headquarters. He has already sent down about a dozen horses and seven vehicles, including his coach, so it is evident he intends participating in the gayety of the environment for all he is worth. However, he will not have the region to himself very long, as Joe Grant is expected back next month, and he will commence entertaining as of yore.

Next to its meet at Del Monte, the great event of the Country Club is its annual bullshead breakfast. Under the auspices which rule at Tomales Bay it becomes a festivity decidedly out of the common, an important and interesting entertainment which subserves the double purpose of good cheer and patriotic commemoration—for what is more distinctly Californian than a fine bullshead breakfast with chicken a l'espagnole and frijoles as accompaniments. The members—some ninety in number—started for Point Reyes by special train early Sunday morning accompanied by a first-class band. Arriving at eleven o'clock, they were conveyed to the clubhouse in a varied assortment of busses and buggies, and at 1:30 all assembled in a big marquee pitched on the lawn, and the viands were served with all the circumstance and assistance the delicacy requires. Every one was wildly hungry, for though the sun shone brilliantly, a fine breeze from the ocean abated its warmth. An eminent Mexican had prepared the dainty according to the code. The bullsheads had all been buried in a pit with red-hot stones, and the meat was done to a turn. Claret and beer were the liquid accessories. President Alec Hamilton presided, the band played outside, and every one was happy. Afterward there was pigeon shooting; the energetic ones drove down to the ocean beach, and about five o'clock the return to town was sounded. At Sausalito the tug "Sea King" conveyed the party over the bay, and they all arrived safe and sound—after serenading the various ships in passing—about 7:30. It was a thoroughly enjoyable day, and one of the jolliest outings the club has had.

San Mateo bids fair to become a very lively suburb after a bit. There are any number of householders there for the season, but the atmosphere is quiet for the tendency is strongly towards domesticity. The El Cerrito property has been built on; the Schusslers are established in their new villa; the Bowie cottage awaits the finishing touches of its owner, who has not returned from Japan; the Eaton villa is a charming place; and now Mr. Beylard is talking of erecting a place near the home of his brother-in-law, Willie Howard. Though times are hard, and the depression is felt by the fashionable as well as by those less fortunate, there continues to be talk of building. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan still adhere to their determination to erect a home on the Burlingame tract, and Walter Hobart announces that he will soon consider plans for a comfortable residence on his ranch there.

It is interesting to learn that Miss Virginia Fair has no desire to figure in the British marriage. She is ready to marry an American if the right man presents himself. He need not be rich, but it is necessary that he be very, very swell. It seems that though the Fairs have gone far in New York society, it has been entirely on the prestige and position of Herman Oelrichs. They have personally attained no great popularity, and the inner set has Miss Virginia at its outer entertainments. Though she may accompany Mrs. Oliver Belmont to Marlborough House, that brings her not an inch nearer the outposts of veritable swelldom. To enter there matrimony or fascination are necessary; mere money is not the key. By the way, the Oelrichs recently took the late Mrs. Paran Stevens's house, with a seven years' lease to run, and are now engaged in entirely changing its interior arrangements to such an extent that the old place won't know itself when completed. THE GOSSIP.

MRS. PHILIP WILLIAMS, *nee* MISS CLAIRE TUCKER.

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The most noted connoisseurs of table wines are unanimous in their praises of Mira Valle Vintages. The wines have always stood well and were among those which received favorable mention at the Bordeaux exposition. For sale by P. Klein, 604½ Geary Street.

The National Athletic Association will give an entertainment next Wednesday evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion, the event of the evening being the contest between J. J. Corbett and Thomas Sharkey.

If you wish to look neat have your suits cleaned and pressed for $1.00. Bay City Clothing Renovatory, 22½ Geary, rooms 19, 20, 21. Phone, Main 5859.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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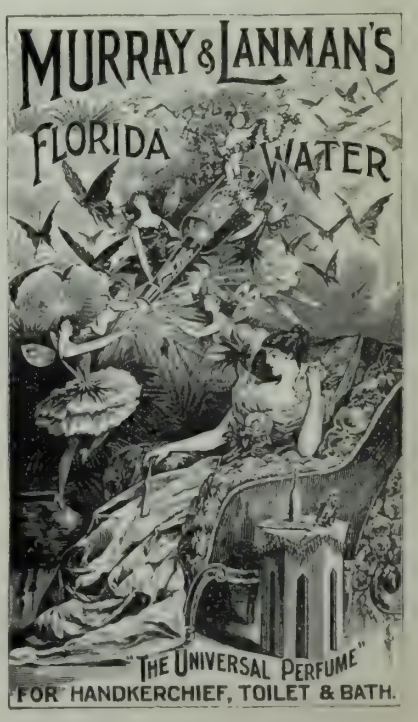

THE THEATERS.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

As the Kelcey was in the beginning he is now and probably ever will be; that is one of his defects. There is no progression. The same hard-worked, stony glare which he used ten years ago to express anger, tenderness, grief, reproach—anything and everything—is still on duty, and unchanged is the irreproachable frockcoat. I don't mean to intimate by this that Mr. Kelcey has not visited his tailor in all these years. Far

MR. WILLIAM BEACH,
Of the California Theater Stock Company.

from it; but simply that his favorite garment has the same "I-am-better-than-thou" expression it had when I first saw him—and learned how little the human countenance can convey. Effie Shannon is a fit "leading lady" for him. They have the same methods of not-acting, the same aversion to disarranging their features, and they are both considered lovely by the same class of people.

The bright particular star of the "Home Secretary" was Olive Oliver, a woman with an interesting, intelligent face and a delightful distinctness of enunciation. Her role (that of Mrs. Thorpe-Didsbury, the dashing, the ruthless), was a limited one—although it had all the witty lines of the play—and left us in some doubt as to her ability, but she promises well. Her costumes, brilliant and full of color, made very effective settings for her expressive, dark eyes, her black hair, and strongly marked face. One of them, a daring combination of green, purple, and purplish red, was particularly becoming.

The peculiarity of this dull little drama is that all the amusing characters are dropped after the second act, and the two remaining scenes are left to a melodramatic anarchist and an uninteresting, conventional couple who (assisted by the anarchist) are engaged in the painful occupation of "growing apart." At least I suppose it is painful, though Kelcey and Effie Shannon seem to manage it very comfortably. Another peculiarity is that three-fourths of the company have to stand about most of the time and engage in noiseless discussions—evidently about nothing at all—while the other one-fourth (Kelcey and somebody else) hugs the footlights and converses long and laboriously. Of course, we have often paid twice as much for no better performance than Stockwell's company gave us Monday night, but that doesn't make it a good one. These reduced rates are not, after all, an unmixed blessing, for, according to some persons, you forfeit your right to criticise if the seat you sit in costs but seventy-five cents, and to criticise is the chief joy of man.

I was unfortunate enough to miss the first two acts of "The Gilded Fool." So far as the story went, it made no difference. The thread was easily picked up, the existing circumstances showing plainly what had gone before, a most unusual and excellent thing in plays and one which led me to believe that "The Gilded Fool" is well constructed. I also concluded that I would like to see Nat Goodwin in anything, in a dramatization of an Old Sleuth yarn, or even in a Lyceum Theater "success." Of course, he is best in the fustian of Jim Radburn, nevertheless, though I don't like to admit it. I enjoyed "The Gilded Fool" infinitely more. I sincerely hope this does not indicate that I have a vulgar preference for stories about the opulent (that would show a hopeless literary taste) but simply that "The Gilded Fool" is a better play than "In Mizzoura." At all events, I know that the latter did not furnish me half so good a thrill as I felt in the third act of the former when Goodwin said to his alleged sweetheart, oh, so gently, pathetically, earnestly:

"You told me I might hope—don't take that away—don't take that!"

Pity knocked at my heart and for a minute the stage was blurred. Yes, it was really quite misty. I said there was a lash in my eye, but it was just about then that I decided to get a picture of Nat Goodwin. He looked at the girl as if there was but one thing in the world he wanted and that thing was slipping, slipping away from him into the house of Never. When the frigid, rigid Walsh had walked calmly away, his despair and misery were painfully well done, even though he did drop "shaking with sobs" on the table, and cover his face—a proceeding which generally fills me with uneasy disapproval and contempt. If all men could assume so well the outward and visible signs of love, and give their protestations of affection the genuine ring which this man does, no male would ever be refused—very few are, anyway.

The scene with the slippery broker who had nearly ruined the "Gilded Fool," the half humorous, half bitter baiting of this frustrated scoundrel was capital, and capital too was the kindly offer to assist his enemy and the remark, "It may be all wrong, but I feel better." Goodwin robbed the act of its ultra magnanimity by his manner of suggesting that, after all, his generosity wasn't entirely disinterested.

Why does Mr. Frawley attempt roles that call for fainting, wasting away, and a "haggard face"? There is nothing this very solid young man does worse, unless it is the villain—I would hate to think anything could be sadder than his stodgy, respectable villains. He has been out of his element lately and has very nearly removed from our minds the favorable impression he made as the Cashier in "Men and Women," and as the young man with the staccato delivery in "The Senator." He should get back to his roast beef and boiled potato parts, and leave the immoral "kickshaws" to—well, say to Worthing. I've an idea Worthing would make a capital villain, quite feathery and elusive, with a suggestion of absinthe and intrigue about him. As the clergyman in "A Charity Ball" he reminded one rather of Bret Harte's "gentlemanly gamblers," with long, white fingers, soft voice, etc., and I feel quite certain there was a revolver in the rear pocket of his trousers—I mean pants. The full strength of the company was shown this week. Clarke was excellent as Judge Knox, Arbuckle condescended to take a small part and fill it well. Leslie, Enos, Worthing—all their best men except Power were in the cast of this amusing little play, and made it a really good performance.

Blanche Bates as the pale-faced, unhappy Phyllis Lee looked much handsomer and more interesting than usual. Rouge is very unbecoming to her; it coarsens and hardens her face—robs it of all delicacy and of much youth. There was a touch more of feeling, a shade more of depth in her voice and face than I have ever seen before, and the difficult scene of Phyllis's unnatural confession was very creditably done by her, although the general effect was spoiled by Maxine Elliot's immobility. Of course, little Mildred as Cain brought down the house. "Cain" always does with his monosyllabic responses of "jail," and there was, as always, a hush when the baby lips and drowsy, flute-like baby voice broke softly in on Ann Cruger's wails with—"You're awfully good to a poor little son-of-a-gun." The childish voice was strangely pathetic and very distinct, too, in spite of the acute angle at which Miss Elliot had propped the little head in her efforts to seem to make the child comfortable.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"The Grey Mare," by Sims and Raleigh, is the bill for the second week at the California Theater. In the hands of the excellent company playing at this theater, the piece should receive adequate and intelligent interpretation. It will be mounted elaborately, and in the leading roles will appear Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Olive Oliver, L. R. Stockwell, and others. Frederick Warde will arrive here in a few days, as will also Rose Coghlan, both to join the Stockwell players at the California.

"His Wife's Father" will be seen here for the first time after "Lord Chumley" at the Columbia Theater, by the Frawley Company.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye left for San Francisco on Wednesday last, and is expected to reach here shortly to join the Frawley Company. He will open in Hillary Bell and Ramsay Morris's new play, "A Social Trust."

A number of changes are announced at the Orpheum for next week, and some strong attractions have been added to the bill. A strong comedy feature has been secured in Billy Van, who was seen here two years ago with Primrose and West. The comely Stewart sisters appear in a sketch, in which they introduce a number of original songs and parodies. Bimbo and Tehi, burlesque magicians, do an amusing act. Lillian Western, who styles herself an instrumentalist, and claims to be an expert performer on twenty or more musical instruments, is another feature. The management has decided to give an extra matinee on Wednesday, and hereafter the regular matinees will be on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. This in consequence of increase of patronage.

The eighth performance of the Columbia School of Dramatic Art takes place on Thursday afternoon, June 25th, at two o'clock. Upon this occasion a new "one-act" drama, written for the school by Mr. Wm. Greer Harrison, will be presented, entitled "Expiation." Another new comedy in one act, written by Miss Ellis Yates Grant, the title of which is "The Three Miss Riddles," and Jerome K. Jerome's curtain-raiser, entitled "Sunset," will be given.

The past week has thus far been the banner one of the present season at the Columbia Theater. "The Charity Ball" has made an emphatic hit. To-night and to-morrow night this will be seen for the last time, and on Monday there will be the first performance of "Lord Chumley"—also from the pen of De Mille and Belasco. The entire Company will again be seen in the cast, and preceding the comedy of "Lord Chumley" there will be a curtain-raiser, entitled "The Silent System," in which Miss Maxine Elliott and Mr. Frawley will play the important parts.

John Drew comes to the Baldwin Theater on Monday, June 22d, and will play an engagement limited to one week. Mr. Drew has a new success to show us this visit in R. C. Carton's "The Squire of Dames." Maud Adams is still with Mr. Drew's company.

Among the younger actresses who claim Californian parentage Miss Craven is quite the most promising. It seems a pity, however, that she selected the Auditorium for the scene of her benefit as it is off the lines of travel, and in consequence the entertainment escaped the attention of many people who would have liked to see Miss Craven as Frou Frou. Though the support was rather indifferent, it was an interesting performance she gave and full of promise for the future. Emotional actresses grow rarer among us, and the development of such

DOROTHY USNER,
Of Nat. Goodwin's Company.

power as Miss Craven showed is certain of managerial encouragement. She has an engagement for the coming season with Frohman.

Offenbach's amusing opera, "A Trip to the Moon," will be presented as a summer spectacular change next week at the Tivoli Opera House. The cast includes all the favorites of the company, together with a well-trained ballet led by Mlle. Adele Vercellesi. After the run of "A Trip to the Moon," the Grand Opera season, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, who brings with him many noted artists and who will present several Grand Opera novelties, heretofore unheard in this city, will commence.

A most entertaining book of travels.—N. Y. Herald.

TO THE

BARREN GROUNDS

BY

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PERSONALITIES.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

In Sir Henry Parkes Australia has lost one who, but for his personal shortcomings, might have been the Washington of the Colonies under the Southern Cross. Undoubtedly a man of considerable talents, he rose to place and power by his gift of vigorous, rugged, and picturesquely ungrammatical oratory. For a time he was so idolized by a section of the Antipodean public that he took himself quite seriously as a heaven-sent statesman. He regarded Australia as a Greater Britain, and himself as the greatest of Australians. A colossal egotist, he believed that what he could not do could be done by no one else in Australia. The fact that Australia has not come nearer to Federation than she is now, is due, in a large measure, to his unbounded jealousy of other men's efforts. His life was very far from being a pattern one. Governors' wives found it impossible to know him or his, socially, and he so hopelessly mismanaged his affairs that bankruptcy stared him perpetually in the face. His inability to pay his debts seems to have convinced his admirers that he was an Australian Pitt.

There is traced a resemblance between the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain and those of Prince Bismarck and Lord Palmerston. As an orator, Mr. Chamberlain is far superior to both. He has a much larger command of words, and his arguments are much more incisive. Neither Prince Bismarck nor Lord Palmerston ever laid claim to being orators. They had somewhat of contempt for oratory as such. But their addresses were always distinguished by the extreme straightforward plainness—not to say bluntness—of their assertions. Nobody could misunderstand their meaning. There was no wrapping up of intentions, as in Mr. Gladstone's speeches; no covert irony, as in those of Lord Salisbury. They said plainly what they meant, and the most uncultivated mind could understand them. Mr. Chamberlain does the same, and his recent "speech" at the Constitutional Club must be intelligible to the dullest Boer.

Sir Frederick Carrington, who sailed the other day for South Africa to take charge of the military operations in Matabeleland, is best known to the English public as the organizer of the famous "Carrington's Horse." He had an unusual way of maintaining discipline. "When an offender was brought before him," says a friend, "he would sit solemnly in court-martial, and the charge was recited. 'Did you do it?' he would say. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. It wasn't much good to say 'no.' 'Oh, you did, did you?' was Carrington's reply. 'Then take that.' Wherewith Carrington would rise in his might and thrash the culprit until he considered him sufficiently punished. Carrington was judge and executioner in one. But then, you see, he was pretty certain of being able to give every single one of his troopers several pounds and a beating."

Senator Hill and Senator Gorman first met at a baseball gathering. They were not in politics then and both of them thought more of discovering new pitchers than they did of national platforms or Presidential candidates. It was in the old Clinton Hall in New York City and Senator Hill represented the Elmira Club. Senator Gorman was the delegate from the Nationals, and the gathering was the session of the National League. Mr. Gorman was elected President, and Senator Hill says that he brought the noisy delegates to order in less time than a man can run from first to second base.

The Lee family of Virginia has had no representative in the Federal Army for more than thirty-four years. The succession in this service is now to be renewed in the person of George Mason Lee, the nineteen-year-old son of General Fitzhugh Lee, the Confederate cavalry commander. This young aspirant for military honors will enter West Point Military Academy in June next. Young Lee has already spent two and a half years at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. For more than one hundred and fifty years the Lees have occupied prominent places in the military history of the colony of Virginia or the United States Government.

James M. Waterbury, whose amateur circus was the event of a season in New York Society, is now a bankrupt. He inherited a great rope manufacturing business and three millions of dollars, but joined the National Cordage Company, and, in the great slump, lost all his money. At the crash, he was rated as worth eight millions, and belonged to more clubs than any other man in New York. His wife, whose fortune is ample, has for many years been one of the foremost and most gracious figures in New York Society. She is tall and conspicuously handsome, and has long been famous for the novelty and sumptuousness of her entertainments.

Mademoiselle Henriette Couedon, the Parisian prophetess, receives her visitors in a tiny drawing-room furnished in white tones. She sits in a rapt attitude, robed in white, her hands clasped over her knees. Her face seems very white in contrast with her dark hair. Her eyes are the most interesting feature of her face. They shine with a magnetic light and are shielded by long, silken lashes. The dilated pupil seems to swim in golden oil, and the cornea is so white that it reflects bluish rays.

TALES OF THE DAY.

An old councilor, M. d'Herbaut, writing to one of his friends of an estate which he had just bought, added: "There is a chapel upon it, in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

A well-known newspaperman was kicking his heels in Dr. Z——'s waiting room, Getting out of patience, he called the servant and said to him: "Look here, just you go and tell your master that if he does not admit me in five minutes—I shall be well again."

Dr. A——, who prides himself on his powers of diagnosis, was called in to see a lady. "I see from what you are ailing," he at once observed, with a knowing smile. "Slight attacks of indigestion and nervous irritability——" "Sir——" "Allow me to finish. Your constitution is out of order ——" "Excuse me," the lady interrupted; "it is not I who am ill; it is my uncle." Whereupon the doctor placidly remarked: "Ha! I suspected as much!"

During a long march in Algeria, under a blistering sun, says *The Youth's Companion*, the Second Zouaves had been following all day a battalion of famous marchers, the Eighth *Chasseurs à pied*, or long-legged "foot cavalry." Both corps were tired, hungry, faint, and inclined to complain. The zouaves averaged much shorter and squatter men than the foot chasseurs. Toward evening the expedition arrived near a town. The commandant of the chasseurs halted them, and made a speech, couched in slangy terms, such as would please the men, asking them if they wished to make an entry into this town worthy of the best marchers in the army. "Yes," the chasseurs answered. So he reformed them in parade order, and with bugles blowing, they marched into the town, though every man was half dead, at a springing quickstep. The zouaves, who were close behind, saw this with indignation. Their colonel halted them, too, and made them a speech in French which would translate into English about as follows: "Look at that, you rascals! Are you going to take the bluff of a set of gawks like those?" "Never!" the zouaves screamed. So their colonel had the roll sounded. These zouaves, like all others, have a sort of "gymnastic drill," in which they do a great deal of running and some very active manipulation of their muskets. The order for this drill was given. So the zouaves, who but a few moments before had been ready to sink, entered the town at a prancing run, swinging their guns about fantastically. And the chasseurs were duly humiliated.

SHEARINGS.

Discordant and emphatic sounds were issuing from the private chamber of Mr. O'Hooligan.

"Phwativer is th' matther wid yez, Pat?" inquired his faithful spouse.

"Matther enough!" quoth Pat. "Shure, whin Oi bought this cursed plasther Oi thought Oi hod a bargain; but now, begorra! Oi know Oi'm shkinned."—*Judge.*

First Westerner—Did you hear that Tornado Pete committed suicide?

Second Westerner—How did he do it?

First Westerner—Stole a horse.—*Puck.*

"I didn't know you were so accomplished a linguist," he remarked, as he glanced at the paper she was reading.

"I don't make any pretensions in that direction," she answered.

"But that is a Russian newspaper you have picked up."

"Why, so it is," she answered in surprise. "I thought it was a dialect story."—*Washington Star.*

Robinson—How about that note I hold of yours, Brown? I've had it so long that whiskers are beginning to grow on it.

Brown—Why don't you get it shaved, then?—*Texas Siftings.*

Governor of North Carolina—This whisky is so good, sah, that it's simply horrible.

Governor of South Carolina—Why horrible?

Governor of North Carolina—Why, sah, it's so good that it makes one's mouth watah.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The San Francisco WAVE has entered on an era of illustrations that will surely prove attractive to its readers. The cuts are finely finished half-tones and the superb presswork brings them out sharp and clear. The WAVE is growing in power and popularity. —*Redland Citrograph.*

The S. F. WAVE is one of the leading periodicals on the Pacific Coast. The journal is beautifully illustrated with half-tone cuts, and its articles are contributed by some of the ablest literary talent on the Coast.—*Republican, Suisun, Cal.*

The *Surf's* contemporary of aqueous appellation, THE WAVE, published in San Francisco, has been making notable improvements in its personal appearance of late, and is illustrating its pages with some of the handsomest half-tones of individuals and up-to-date subjects. Last week the McKinley family, of national eminence at the present time, was presented in its varied personalities to portray the McKinley type. This week the tower of the New City Hall in San Francisco and the lately finished Parrott Building are each given a full page, with several minor subjects. Taken altogether THE WAVE has a marked individuality among the weeklies, and occupies an inviting field in current literature.—*Surf, Santa Cruz, Cal.*

The *News* notices with pleasure that THE WAVE, of San Francisco, has taken another step onward and upward in its determination to henceforth brighten its pages with illustrations—not the cheap, blurred pictures which now disfigure so many of the daily papers, but fine half tones, which are beautiful to look upon and accurate photographs. The issue of May 16th is the first illustrated number. It contains, on the first page, three views of the new battleship "Oregon," which will shortly go into commission, snap shots of a polo tournament and of the recent fiesta at San Jose, besides a number of reproductions of the photographs of persons of prominence in San Francisco and elsewhere. There is no lack of the able, fearless, and wholesome editorials on current topics for which THE WAVE has established a deserved reputation. Its Society and dramatic notes—in fact, everything in THE WAVE—are always readable and interesting.—*Wardner (Idaho) News.*

wear off

The man with the tattoo marks on his skin would be foolish to attempt to wear them off by hard work. The person with a severe cough or cold is about as unwise to attempt to wear that off. This "wear off" idea has cost many a life.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, gives immediate aid by smoothing the cough and supplying tonic remedies to the weakened system. It prevents consumption by promptly curing these colds and supplying the preventive power by which the system can withstand disease.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

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Direct from engagement of seven consecutive months in New York this season.

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An original comedy in three acts, by Geo. R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh.
Note the prices.
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New Departure—Matinee Wednesday. Beginning with next week there will be three matinees each week at the Orpheum, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Matinee prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; Balcony, any seat, 10c.; Children, 10c., any part.

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WHEEL NOTES AND COMMENT.

THE PETALUMA MEET.

The entry blanks are out for the League meet to be held at Petaluma on July 4th, and the list of events offered should produce some interesting racing. The last event, the one-mile scratch tandem race, will probably excite the most enthusiasm, as the entries are limited to one team from each club. This provision will insure club enthusiasm and give to the contest an added zest.

Tandem riding this year has increased to a surprising extent, and almost every club boasts a team of some ability. It takes a rather different kind of a rider and a decidedly different course of training to produce a speedy tandem team, than the good rider on a single wheel, and the introduction of this event may very likely bring to the front a club heretofore not heard of in racing circles. Then, too, a tandem race is a race from start to finish. There is no chance for "head-work," so called, no opportunity for loafing. Another element of interest is the possibility that in this event a world's record may be broken. This would mean a limit prize for the two successful riders in addition to the prize they would secure in the race itself. In the other events, of course, the chance that a world's record will fall is small indeed, but that it will go here I have the courage to hope. So far, I have not been able to find out what the one-mile scratch tandem competition record is, but I do not believe it has descended to an impossibly low mark.

The plan of offering additional prizes for good time and additional prizes for the winners of laps is a good one indeed. In fact everything about the program, so far as we know it, gives one a genuine anticipatory thrill. It will be the best day's sport we have had.

I trust that Mr. Wickersham and Mr. Lippett, and the others of those who have the meet in charge, will perfect some arrangements for a public meeting of the League Board of officers during the stay in Petaluma. That the town will be thronged with wheelmen from every part of the State is now assured, and the opportunity for a League revival meeting should not be allowed to slip.

This Petaluma meet is really the first chance the Transportation Committee of the Division has had to demonstrate its capabilities, and its success in securing reduced rates of railway fare is a matter of congratulation.

THE CENTRAL PARK TRACK.

The presidents of the various City clubs have striven faithfully and earnestly to devise some plan whereby the track now built in this City may be maintained, but to this point their efforts have met with but the slightest encouragement, and the prospect for success is dim indeed.

The plan submitted to the Cycle Board of Trade whereby that body should contribute a stated sum and take charge of the meets has been met with a coldness born of a year of financial depression. Conservative dealers have become more conservative. Those who two years ago were ready to enter heartily into any proposition that would advance the sport have now to be convinced that for each dollar of outlay a dollar of return is in sight. It is really too bad, but from the Cycle Board of Trade, as a body, we can expect nothing toward the maintaining of this track.

However, there are individual members of that organization—ten of them, in all probability—who are willing to stand behind the clubs and become financially responsible, to a certain extent, for their management of these grounds. The riders themselves have universally shown a true sportsmanlike spirit in the matter. They have signified their intention of engaging in track contests under the management and for the benefit of the clubs for prizes of merely nominal value—ribbons or medals. This is as it should be, and this is the only element of encouragement there is in the undertaking so far. The final outcome is impossible of prophecy at this writing.

A PLAN.

For twenty miles out of this City the bay shore road during almost the whole year is in a lamentable condition. It is just not too bad to be ridable, and the temptation to take it in preference to the only slightly better road of the middle of the peninsula is great indeed, on account of the pleasanter stretches through which it passes and the view of the Bay it affords. But for the last week or two it has been so bad that the other road has been used to a great extent.

The attempts that have been made to secure some improvement of this highway are without number. They have all been equally fruitless. I think this is a case where the construction of a bicycle path would be a well-merited reproach to the drivers and teamsters of the two counties. As a rule, I am not in favor of the construction of bicycle paths. I believe that the main thoroughfare should be improved to such a degree that it will be equally useful for all users of vehicles; but in this case that seems to be an impossibility.

How can we get a path for wheels along the Bay Shore Road? Well, the example of the students of the University of California is fresh in the minds of all of us. We can call club runs, and can build it ourselves. The difficulty in obtaining the sanctions of the two Boards of Supervisors would be slight. The whole task would not fall on the wheelmen of this city. Every town along the route from here to San Jose is equally interested with us, and the wheelmen could be looked upon for assistance. Some of the public-spirited property-owners along the road might be counted on for aid, and the numerous wayside inns could be made to feel very definitely the necessity of liberal contributions by the suggestion that the same thing would be possible on the other road. It is true that the affair looks rather gigantic, but the great incentive to the undertaking is that it does not have to be completed before it can be enjoyed. Each mile, as soon as it is finished, means so much of comfort on the trip, and if but a single stretch of a few hundred yards were ever constructed, the labor would not have been wasted. Every mile of such a path might be made a lasting and permanent monument to the public spirit of the club that constructed it. Each club would take an especial pride in its own stretch, and see that the slight repairs needed were attended to. It would be an example, and Mr. Pixley of the San Francisco Road Club, who had planned out the details of the scheme, is sanguine of its success.

C. MICHENER.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents
102 Eddy Street.

THE PLEASANT SIDE OF WHEELING.

BY M. S. HARLOE.

Wheeling is conceded to be one of the most agreeable of sports. There has been no athletic exercise since the beginning of

MARCUS S. HARLOE.
[Photo by Bushnell]

the present generation that has been taken up with so much enthusiasm. All our leading papers have special bicycle editors, and in all the standard monthlies long articles on this subject are frequent.

Wheeling is more than a pastime, for it is a health-giving recreation of the most valuable kind, and is heartily recommended by most of the prominent physicians. Nothing is more pleasant and refreshing, after a long and tedious day in the store or office, than a spin awheel. It drives away all cares and troubles, and gives new life and energy.

Every evening our streets and park are alive with the lovers of the sport. The old and young of both sexes are to be seen in the full enjoyment of this popular pastime. Our Park, with its smooth roads and shady resting-places, has much to do with the popularity of cycling in this city. I have traveled extensively throughout Europe and other foreign countries, but, all things considered, have never seen a park anywhere that surpasses ours. The view of the City and the grand old Pacific from Strawberry Hill is one most rare, unique, and never to be forgotten. It is pleasant, indeed, to ride from the "Panhandle" to the Cliff through pure salt breeze from the ocean. At times the wind is rather strong, but the attractions are worth the extra labor.

Our city is surrounded with beautiful spots, accessible to wheelmen. For instance take the run down by San Mateo, Redwood City, and Palo Alto. The road at the present time is very good for wheeling, between those points, and is being constantly improved. It runs through a country wh[ich] is full of natural beauty, besides containi[ng] numerous fashionable summer resorts. In the warm weather this run is most popular. Stanford University, with its magnificent grounds and buildings, attracts all visiting cyclers. Very nearly every resident in and around Palo Alto has a wheel, and wheeling parties take the place of driving parties.

Another pleasant run is the one to Haywards, by way of Oakland and Fruitvale, along the route taken by the Electric railway, and there are numerous other places where a pleasant day may be spent on the wheel.

One of the pleasantest features of wheeling is the picnic run. These are very popular with many of the clubs of this city. Ladies are invited and a pleasant social time results.

Use only Richardson and Robbins Canned Meats at picnics.

YOUNG MOTHERS
Should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years, and its value is recognized.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, under the joint direction of Miss Sarah D. Hamlin and Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson.
The fall term will open Wednesday, August 5, 1896.
It is intended to bring the College Preparatory Course into the Accredited System of the University of California. The study of Natural Sciences will be a special feature of the school work.

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MME. E. KESSING, Proprietress
Artistic Hair Dressing and Shampooing. A new preventive for the hair falling out. Superfluous hair removed. 1704 Market Street, San Francisco

IN THE CURRENT.

The scene at Epsom when the Prince of Wales's colt won the Derby was a thrilling one, the vast assemblage going fairly wild with enthusiasm. Few sporting writers had the hardihood to tip Persimmon as the winner against a horse which had badly beaten him, and St. Frusquin remained the favorite to the end; but there was a general impression that the Prince's colt would win. This was based less upon judgment than upon hope. The Prince has had a long, but not a lucky career on the turf, and there was a general desire to have him win the great prize. This he did to the great delight of the spectators and the English public. A curious effort has been made by several journals to prove that the monarchy has been strengthened by Persimmon's fast time in covering a mile and a half. The Prince's luck was exhausted at the Derby, for Thaïs was beaten for the Oaks, and the Britannia was outclassed by the Kaiser's new Meteor. The last incident is taken in good part by the English press, which derives consolation from the fact that the Meteor was built in England. *The Times* even has a laborious congratulatory article on the victory of the Emperor's yacht, in which the owner is praised for staying away from Cowes, and a portion of the German press rebuked for its antipathy to England. This cannot be considered a graceful method of complimenting the Queen's grandson on a victory, which, like Persimmon's fine running, may strengthen the cause of monarchy.

A New York physician diagnoses the habit of stooping, which so many young girls have, to the manner in which they sleep. He says: "All animals sleep upon the chest, as nearly as possible, with the backs up, and animals are pretty generally right in such matters. The thick muscles of the back and shoulder blade protect the lungs and abdominal regions from atmospheric changes. Perhaps the most common position assumed by people during sleeping hours is upon the side with the shoulders thrown forward. In addition to this, they curl themselves up. The proper position is on the left side, with the left arm thrown back—back, mind you, not in front of you. This keeps the shoulders back and the chest expanded, and it is easy to train oneself to sleep in this position. After you once get into the habit, it is almost impossible to go to sleep lying any other way. Another thing, sleeping on the left side two or three hours after eating very materially aids digestion. Sleeping on a hard bed is undoubtedly better for the figure, for it hardens the muscles and keeps the body straight. A soft bed is enervating, particularly in warm weather. It embraces the figure and more of the body is heated. Women have another wretched habit. They sleep under too heavy coverings. The heat generated softens the muscles, and the weight and pressure interfere with skin circulation. The body demands a certain amount of air, which is kept away by the use of too thick and too weighty coverings. Warmth can be obtained without weight, and this thing of going to sleep under a load of blankets and quilts is all a matter of custom.

One of the most entertaining books of the season is George Fleming's "For Plain Women Only" (Merriam's) in which the habits and manners of the average Englishwoman are dealt with most uncompromisingly. There is an aunt who holds forth on such subjects as ruffles, tailor-made girls and bonnets. Here she is about waists: "'But that is exactly where the mistake of the whole theory of small waists and waistbands comes in,' my aunt interrupted me briskly. 'The slender, tapering, modern waist, my dear Theodore, is a pure piece of convention; a form to which the eye has grown accustomed, but always and primarily a form of art. Pass a certain dimension—say twenty-eight or twenty-nine inches—and the waist, as we understand it nowadays, ceases altogether to exist. Personally, I should be inclined to fix twenty-eight inches as the limit,' my aunt observed, thoughtfully. 'Twenty-eight inches, Theodore, in a corseted waist, is, so to speak, the vanishing point. Beyond that the struggle with nature should cease entirely. After twenty-eight inches is reached, I would have a woman be at rest. Let her then revise and modify her whole system and theory of dressing. Let her eschew tight-fitting coats, waistbands, closely-fastened bodices—all that confines and cramps, and makes for the awkward and the unnatural. Long lines, loose folds of drapery—there is no other possible form of late feminine salvation. And the plainer the woman, whether young or old, the more I would have her refrain from dressing in many colors. The more unattractive the figure, the more strictly should it be garbed in one tone, one unbroken scheme of coloring. Dress a woman entirely in black from head to foot, or in blue, or pink, or white, or what you will, and at once you isolate her. As the painters say, you make her person tell. You get something of the relief, the distinctness of impression, which is obtained by a more material system of isolation upon the stage. Beauty, of course, is always individual. For her brief day the pretty woman makes a background of the world. But the plain are forever in danger of becoming merely a part of the general undistinguishable crowd, and that is why I would have them avoid patterned stuffs, broken surfaces, violent contrasts of color—whatever tends to disturb that unity of impression which is their chief opportunity of pleasing.'"

REMARKABLE MADAME TULLY.

One can hardly believe that the imprint of time can be removed in two weeks. No matter how incredible it may seem, it is so. It was demonstrated last Monday at the reception held in the private parlors of the Baldwin Hotel by Madame Tully. This wonderful woman then showed to a large crowd of ladies her latest subject, whose pictures are accompanying. This woman was heavily scarred by time, and after some persuasion she underwent Madame Tully's treatment. To-day she looks forty years younger, and her skin is as clear and rosy as a babe's.

Madame Tully also showed many other subjects who were treated very successfully. Some were a great deal younger than the first, and more clearly demonstrated that Madame Tully could remove wrinkles.

Madame Tully will continue to occupy rooms 38 and 40 at the Baldwin Hotel, and those who were not fortunate enough to attend the reception should not fail to visit her.

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Positively relieves Prickley Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples; makes the skin smooth and healthy.

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated . . . . . .

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 POST STREET.

For half-year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3.33⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free from taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1st, 1896.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street, Cor. Webb

For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and thirty two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent on Term Deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st of July, 1896.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment	No 23
Amount per Share	15 cents
Levied	June 2, 1896
Delinquent in Office	July 7, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock	July 28, 1896

OFFICE: A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Pherson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at Room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator
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RIPPLES.

A SEVERE LESSON.

In many of the saloons where nickel-in-the-slot machines are kept, the player, when successful, ofttimes takes, in lieu of a cigar or drink, an aluminum chip about the size of a quarter of a dollar, which is good for either whenever presented.

A young commercial traveler while about the city, a few evenings ago, visited a number of saloons where the nickel-in-the-slot devices are kept, and, after successfully playing several of the machines, wended his way home with his pockets well filled with chips.

The next morning, on arising from his couch, he was somewhat surprised to find that the majority of his chips were missing. He felt positive they could not have been lost, and it never entered his head that his better half might have purloined them. He said nothing, however, went to his place of business, and thought nothing more of the matter. That evening, when he arrived home, he was astonished to be greeted tearfully by his wife with:

"You're a mean, horrid thing!"

"Why, Pet, what's gone wrong?"

"I never thought you would do anything so low and mean."

"My dear child," anxiously replied the husband, who really was devoted to his wife, "what is the trouble?"

"I was never so mortified in all my life; but," drying her eyes, "it has taught me a lesson."

"What has taught you a lesson?"

"Did you not miss something from your pockets this morning?"

"No, I don't think——why, yes, I missed some little chips. Why, you little minx, did you abstract them from my pocket during the night, thinking they were coin, and did you go shopping to-day? Ha, ha, that's a good one."

"Yes, George, I did. I'm not sorry now, though, for it has taught me a lesson I shall never forget."

"And that is, my dear little wife?"

"Never again to go through your pockets for money——"

"My precious little wife!"

"Without a light."

SAD.

"I tell yer," sorrowfully remarked the tramp, "dere ain't no chance for a poor devil like me to get an honest livin'. Dey don't give a feller half a chance in dis town. Why, it was dis way. Jes' as I had my mind made up to go to der *Examiner* office for ten dollars and a suit of clothes for der privilege of riding on der street cars and not allowin' der conductors to throw me off, 'cause I didn't get a transfer from der agents on der corner, dey queered der whole business by doin' away wid der agents. I tell yer, dey don't give a feller half a chance in dis town."

MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

Ikey—Oh, fadder, I've mailed all dose bostal cards to der trade, notifying dem dot Jacobs vould visit 'em in der course of a few days, and Jacobs vas now sick and Levy vill have to go. Vat shall ve do about it?

Einstein—Oh, dot vas all right. Der gountry merchants don't know or care vether Jacobs or Levy visits dem, so long as der drummer vas a Hebrew, ain't it?

ANSWERED.

"Do you think it wise, father, for a girl to marry before she is eighteen?"

"It all depends, my daughter, how much wealth the prospective husband may have to his credit at the time of proposal."

AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

She—And will you promise to be always good and kind to me after we are married?

He—Yes, darling, provided you promise never to hang my vest upside down.

ECONOMY.

Jacobheim (as Ikey hits the horse with the whip)—Stop! Stop! Holy Rachael, Ikey, don't do dot!

Ikey—Vy not? It doesn't hurt the horse.

Jacobheim—It vasn't the horse, Ikey, dot I vas thinking about; it vas dot vhip. You vill vear it out.

WHEN BROKE.

B'ossom—I don't like that fellow Jones.

Bloomer—Why not?

Blossom—The only time he will ever recognize me is when I'm at the races.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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SENATOR TELLER'S OUTING.

The leaders of the silver bolt in the Republican Party appear to expect that the Democrats will indorse Senator Teller. Such an expectation is nothing less than quixotic. It is hardly believable that such men as Senators Dubois, Pettigrew, and Teller have any faith in such a prospect. So long as the Democratic Party lives it will beware of bolting Republicans. Its experience in 1872 was sorrowful enough to teach it to stand alone and avoid alliances. Then there was a strong feeling among Republicans against the Grant reconstruction policy, as there is now against the gold policy of the Party, though that feeling was not so concentrated sectionally as is the present silver enthusiasm. When Carl Shurz, Charles Francis Adams, Horace Greeley, and other pioneers in the Republican ranks, determined to defeat President Grant by the nomination of another Republican, they were as confident of victory as men of such experience can be. The Liberal Republican Convention which met in Cincinnati and nominated Greeley was one of the most representative bodies of men in point of respectability, intelligence, and wealth that has ever met in this country. The Greeley bolt was the most serious that any party has experienced; there was dignity to it, strength and power. When the Democrats made Greeley their candidate, it was felt that no power under heaven could defeat the editor of the Tribune. But Grant carried thirty-one States, and Greeley died heart-broken before the electoral votes of the six States which he had carried were counted. Democrats would not vote for Greeley because he was not a Democrat; Republicans would not vote for him because he was on the Democratic ticket. And so he fell between two stools, carrying but Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, and Texas. When he was nominated, however, the betting was two to one in New York City that he would be elected.

Senator Teller is a strong, honest, conservative man. He has the confidence of his State, and for twenty years has been a national figure. In leading his little band of silverites out of the convention he no doubt acted from conscience as well as from motives of political expediency. But Senator Teller is not a Democrat, He is not representative of a single Democratic principle. He demands protection for silver, and frankly declares that he is a silver man because he is a Protectionist. "As the Pennsylvania manufacturer has loyally fought for his own interest, so must the silver man of the West fight for his"—these are his words. He is not a representative distinctly of free silver. Rather is he a Protectionist who, being logical, applies the Protectionist policy to the industries of the West as well as to those of the East. The course that the silver senators have pursued since they determined to force the fight for free silver shows that their attitude is that of consistent protectionism. They refused to support the Dingley tariff bill, though it was a Republican caucus measure, unless their fellow Protectionists would pass the free coinage bill. There was no indirectness in their statement, and no equivocation. They plainly said to their fellow Republicans, "You cannot carry this measure without our support. It is a purely sectional measure giving protection only to the industries of the Eastern States. If you wish our votes you must give us protection for our weak and demoralized silver industry." The logic of this argument their opponents could not meet. The Dingley bill did not pass because Eastern Republicans were unwilling to give the protection demanded by Western Republicans.

The Democratic Party may indorse the free coinage of silver, but if it does it will be upon a ground that will not be satisfactory to Senator Teller. To be sure, the silver people would be delighted at victory within the Democratic Party, no matter what the reason might be which actuated the Democratic Party to espouse their cause; but during the six months' campaign that is to follow, it must be realized by thinking men that the silver Republicans and the silver Democrats do not stand upon common ground. While the Democrats favor free coinage of silver because it is a rebuff to the "money power," which they now claim dominates the Government and puts it out of touch with the interests of the masses, the bolting Republicans support free silver because this much hated "money power" of the East is antagonistic to the development of the silver mines of the West. The attitudes of the two are opposite. The Populists of California recognize this, and for the sake of consistency declare for free silver and protection. The Democratic Party may, out of the mistaken notion that the workingman wants a cheap dollar, declare in favor of free silver; but it will not indorse Senator Teller. If a thoroughly representative free silver candidate is nominated, such as Stevenson, Boies, Campbell, or Crisp, there will in all probability be a Democratic bolt; not, perhaps, from the convention, but one which will manifest itself later by the holding of an independent convention and a declaration for the present money standard until an international agreement in favor of bimetalism can be reached. And on this platform a representative of the present Administration's policy will stand as the nominee of Eastern Democrats. Whatever may be done, one thing seems evident: that the Democrats will not indorse a Republican.

LIBERAL VICTORY IN CANADA.

To the astonishment of every one, the Liberals have carried Canada, defeated the Tupper ministry, and decided for tariff reform and non-sectarian schools, as against protection and separate schools. There has been no election in Canada for twenty years of equal importance. The campaign was one of the hardest that our Northern neighbor has known, though she has had an international reputation for lively political fights ever since the Dominion was formed. The tariff question was altogether subordinate to the school question, the main issue of the campaign being—Is the compromise offered by Sir Charles Tupper acceptable to the people? This question came to the front as the direct outgrowth of the Manitoba trouble. It will be remembered that Manitoba refused to allow any of her school funds to be used by sectarian schools. She insisted upon having such public schools as we have in the United States, and to have devoted to them, and to none other, the revenue raised for school purposes. To this a considerable Catholic population objected, on the ground that under the laws of the Canadian confederation they were entitled to such a division, and if Manitoba did not wish to abide by that agreement made when she entered the confederation, she should formally withdraw. After months and months of negotiating between the authorities of Ottawa and those of Winnipeg, in which it was found that the Manitoba Premier and his followers were bitter, unyielding, and supported by the people of the Provinces, Sir Charles Tupper, who is in reality, though not in name, the Premier of Canada, offered as a compromise what has come to be known as the Coercion Bill, in which it was provided that two separate funds should be raised, one from those favoring separate schools and the other from the remainder of the people, each to be appropriated to the support of the class of schools for which it was intended. Before this measure could be passed by the Conservative Parliament, the life of the Parliament came to an end, and so this question, which was left hanging in the air, became the one great issue of the campaign.

During the campaign, Sir Charles Tupper was confident that his party would be returned by a large majority. There has been talk in the newspapers for the last few days of influential Catholic prelates ordering their people to vote the Conservative ticket, and of a great Liberal bolt in Quebec and other strong Catholic provinces. The result, however, shows that Laurier, the Liberal leader, himself of French descent and a Catholic, has been able to hold his previous strength and add to it in the very districts where he was supposed to be weakest. When the Tupper Coercion Bill was before the Canadian Parliament, Laurier strongly opposed it, taking the ground that it was within the power of the Provinces to control their own funds, and to say for themselves what character of schools they should have. Up to the time of this speech it had been feared that because of his large Catholic following he would favor some compromise, but he rose to the altitude of a statesman, proved himself a great party leader, and is now to have his reward by being made Premier.

The situation in Canada as to Manitoba's relation to the Dominion Government is misunderstood by many Americans, because of the failure to distinguish between the powers of a Canadian province and an American State. Should we in California decide to tax ourselves for the support of a certain kind of school, the Federal Government could not coerce us into following a different course, because the American States reserve to themselves all authority not expressly given by the Constitution to the Federal Government. In Canada the situation is reversed; there the provinces of which the Dominion is made up are of limited authority, the reserved power being in the National or Dominion Government. Aside altogether from the questions of race and religion involved, the Canadian contest involved a serious constitutional question as to the extent and limitation of the self-government of the provinces. The victory is for Home Rule.

The tariff policy of the Liberal administration is not so settled as is its school policy, the Liberals being composed of those who oppose the Conservative policy, yet who are not united on any particular line of reform, some favoring free trade, others commercial union with the United States, and still others commercial union with England and a tariff against the United States. We may expect, however, that the administration will at once look toward more intimate commercial relations with this country. Negotiations favoring reciprocity will probably be begun at once, unless the party decides on placing all foreign countries on an equality and reducing tariffs much more seriously than we have done in the Wilson Bill. There is something worth remarking in this, that just at the time when the United States has decided against anything looking toward free trade, its northern neighbor, divided from it only by an imaginary line, takes the opposite position by a large parliamentary majority.

A considerable element, no doubt, in the Conservative defeat, was the leadership of Sir Charles Tupper, who was absent in England for many years, as High Commissioner for the Dominion, and never had a large following outside of official circles. He was a Nova Scotian physician, who entered Parliament and became Lieutenant to Sir John Macdonald. His ability and favoritism brought him into considerable prominence before he was sent to England, where, by his diplomatic skill, he did much to keep the mother country and the Dominion in accord. His return to Canada less than two years ago was manifestly to take the place left vacant by Sir John Macdonald, and large influences such as the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the protected manufacturers wished him to assume such control. But the school question unexpectedly arose, and, though but a speck in the sky at first, it soon spread from Winnipeg to Halifax, and has driven from power the party that has dominated Canada for over twenty years.

IS CALIFORNIA A SILVER STATE?

The Republicans sent to St. Louis a delegation pledged for free silver, and the delegation seems very well pleased that free silver was defeated. The Democrats have elected a delegation to Chicago pledged to free silver, and a majority of those delegates are known to be strong gold men. In neither of the conventions was a strong and determined effort made to defeat the free silver movement. The Republicans took their platform very lightly, and were liberal in the support of any proposition that had a considerable following. The Democrats seemed more serious in the work of platform making, but it was taken for granted before the convention met that for local purposes, if for none other, it was necessary to indorse silver. Under all these circumstances we cannot take it as decided that California is a free silver State.

This State last year produced over sixteen million dollars in gold and less than one million in silver—a new sixteen to one ratio, which would indicate that if we are moved to favor any financial policy because of its benefit to our own mining industries, we have a larger interest in the maintenance of a gold standard than in any other. California has never been ranked among the leading silver States, and it is only because of our proximity to Nevada that we have been associated in the Eastern mind with those States which are strenuously trying to maintain the price of silver.

If a vote were taken in the City of San Francisco on the question of money standards, all party lines being forgotten for the time, and no personal ambitions being at stake, it is seriously to be doubted if one-third of the

city vote would be cast for free silver. Not even among the working class is there any decided conviction that free silver is the remedy needed to set all wheels humming and all hands at work. On the contrary, there is one great fact which would give pause to the working man before casting his vote for a measure which might depreciate our present currency, San Francisco contains three of the largest savings banks in the United States, these alone holding little short of one hundred million dollars of deposits. This tremendous sum is divided into very small portions among a great many thousand depositors, and we may be sure that every one of these is opposed to any measure by which he will run the risk of being paid only one-half of what is due him. This class, allied with the merchant class, would have a power sufficient to control the city.

With the farming communities the situation is somewhat different. But our farming class is of a much more intelligent order than is generally found in Western States. We have a peculiar character of farming in California which requires men of more than usual business judgment and executive ability. Most of our orchardists and vineyardists are men who at earlier periods in their lives have been engaged either here or in the East in some other line of business, and the grade of education among California farmers is exceptionally high; so it is by no means certain that even the farming communities of California could be carried on a straight issue of free silver, after an educational campaign of five or six months' duration.

The delegations to both of our State Conventions which have been strongest for free silver were those from Southern California—populated largely by immigration from the middle Western States where loose money ideas have long prevailed. These can be offset by the gold-mining counties, lying on the western slope of the Sierras, and the city vote. So it is to be doubted, notwithstanding the action of both our Conventions, if free silver is really so seriously demanded by our people as would be indicated; and the ease and grace with which the Republican free silver press has fallen into the support of Mr. McKinley on a gold platform is further proof that California Republicans have little sympathy with Senator Teller. The delegation to St. Louis interpreted its platform to mean McKinley first and silver afterward. That such an interpretation met with no protest, either within the delegation or from the State press, speaks for itself as to the depth of feeling within the Republican Party on the silver question. For these reasons it is our belief that the election in California will not be controlled by party platforms, either State or National.

It will be remembered that when Benjamin Harrison was nominated in 1888 it was against the protest of the California delegation on the ground that Harrison could not expect to carry California when he had so boldly opposed the restriction of Chinese immigration. If there is any question upon which California is supposed to be bitter, radical, and of set mind, it is this. Yet California cast its electoral vote for Mr. Harrison.

ZOLA AS A ROMANTIC WRITER.

It is curious to notice how persistently M. Zola is misunderstood. How strangely he is misinterpreted even by those who conscientiously admire the novels of the "man of the iron pen." For most people Naturalism has a vague meaning. It is a sort of inner circle of realism—a kind of diametric opposite of romanticism, a theory of fiction wherein things are represented "as they really are," inexorably, with the truthfulness of a camera. This idea can be shown to be far from right, that Naturalism, as understood by Zola, is but a form of romanticism after all.

Observe the methods employed by the novelists who profess and call themselves "realists"—Mr. Howells, for instance. Howells's characters live across the street from us, they are "on our block." We know all about them, about their affairs, and the story of their lives. One can go even further. We ourselves are Mr. Howells's characters, so long as we are well behaved and ordinary and *bourgeois*, so long as we are not adventurous or not rich or not unconventional. If we are otherwise, if things commence to happen to us, if we kill a man or two, or get mixed up in a tragic affair, or do something on a large scale, such as the amassing of enormous wealth or power or fame, Mr. Howells cuts our acquaintance at once. He will none of us if we are out of the usual.

This is the real Realism. It is the smaller details of every-day life, things that are likely to happen between lunch and supper, small passions, restricted emotions, dramas of the reception-room, tragedies of an afternoon call, crises involving cups of tea. Every one will admit there is no romance here. The novel is interesting—which is after all the main point—but it is the commonplace tale of commonplace people made into a novel of far more than commonplace charm. Mr. Howells is not uninteresting; he is simply not romantic. But that Zola should be quoted as a realist, and as a realist of realists, is a strange perversion.

Reflect a moment upon his choice of subject and character and episode. The *Rougon Macquart* live in a world of their own; they are not of our lives any more than are the Don Juans, the Jean Valjeans, the Ruy Blases, the Marmions, or the Ivanhoes. We, the *bourgeois*, the commonplace, the ordinary, have no part nor lot in the *Rougon-Macquart*, in *Lourdes*, or in *Rome;* it is not our world, not because our social position is different, but because we are *ordinary* To be noted of M. Zola we must leave the rank and the file, either run to the forefront of the marching world, or fall by the roadway; we must separate ourselves; we must become individual, unique. The naturalist takes no note of common people, common in so far as their interests, their lives, and the things that occur in them are common, are ordinary. Terrible things must happen to the characters of the naturalistic tale. They must be twisted from the ordinary, wrenched out from the quiet, uneventful round of every-day life, and flung into the throes of a vast and terrible drama that works itself out in unleashed passions, in blood, and in sudden death. The world of M. Zola is a world of big things; the enormous, the formidable, the terrible, is what counts; no teacup tragedies here. Here Nana holds her monstrous orgies, and dies horribly, her face distorted to a frightful mask; Etienne Lantier, carried away by the strike of coal miners of *Le Voreux*, (the strike that is almost war), is involved in the vast and fearful catastrophe that comes as a climax of the great drama; Claude Lantier, disappointed, disillusioned, acknowledging the futility of his art after a life of effort, hangs himself to his huge easel; Jacques Lantier, haunted by an hereditary insanity, all his natural desires hideously distorted, cuts the throat of the girl he loves, and is ground to pieces under the wheels of his own locomotive; Jean Macquart, soldier and tiller of the fields, is drawn into the war of 1870, passes through the terrible scenes of Sedan and the Siege of Paris only to bayonet to death his truest friend and sworn brother-at-arms in the streets of the burning capital.

Everything is extraordinary, imaginative, grotesque even, with a vague note of terror quivering throughout like the vibration of an ominous and low-pitched diapason. It is all romantic, at times unmistakably so, as in *Le Rêve* or *Rome*, closely resembling the work of the greatest of all modern romanticists, Hugo. We have the same huge dramas, the same enormous scenic effects, the same love of the extraordinary, the vast, the monstrous, and the tragic.

Naturalism is a form of romanticism, not an inner circle of realism. Where is the realism in the *Rougon-Macquart?* Are such things likely to happen between lunch and supper? That Zola's work is not purely romantic as was Hugo's, lies chiefly in the choice of Milieu. These great, terrible dramas no longer happen among the personnel of a feudal and Renaissance nobility, those who are in the fore-front of the marching world, but among the lower—almost the lowest—classes; those who have been thrust or wrenched from the ranks who are falling by the roadway. This is not romanticism—this drama of the people, working itself out in blood and ordure. It is not realism. It is a school by itself, unique, somber, powerful beyond words. It is naturalism.

DELEGATE METZGER.

Mr. Louis Metzger goes to Chicago as a representative of the Democracy of this State. There are few men less representative of anything good in this community than Mr. Metzger, and the Democrats who elected him should hasten to explain how they came to make such a man a fellow in the delegation to Mr. John Joseph Dwyer, who stands for all that Mr. Metzger is opposed to—the law, decent living, and clean politics. We are unable to give a complete biographical sketch of Mr. Metzger, but from what we know of his life, we are confident that, while such a sketch might be interesting, it would not be publishable in such a journal as "The Wave." Suffice it to say that Mr. Metzger has made a fortune by conducting a business which is in express antagonism to the law, and has been able to thrive only by means of corrupting those whose business it is to detect and imprison him. That the Democratic Party has not been bitterly assailed for sending such a representative to its National Convention is easily explained—Mr. Metzger bribes the daily press of San Francisco into silence, both as to his business and himself. One would have thought, however, that in the delegation which unanimously renominated Judge Maguire there must be some man bold enough to express at least his opinion as to the propriety of sending a Metzger to represent the Democracy of this State at the most important convention which the Party has held for a great many years. But we have heard no protesting voice. Surely reformed Democracy is not to be established by such selections. Whoever may be responsible for Mr. Metzger's election should, in the future, be given such a position as would assure his inability to further disgrace the Party.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

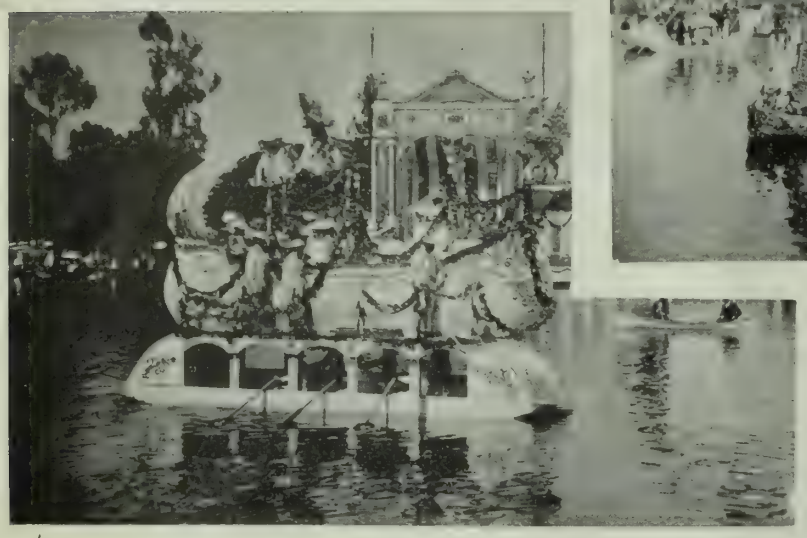
From a distance, it looks as if Mr. N. K. Fairbank, the Chicago millionaire, had been about as justly dealt with by the New York jury as was Mr. Pickwick in that famous case of Bardell vs. Pickwick. Whether or not Mr. Fairbank is as innocent as we know Mr. Pickwick to have been, the testimony seems to show quite conclusively that there was an "understanding" between Belasco and Mrs. Carter to make the Chicago "angel" pay considerably more than he had ever expected to. What led the jury to give Mr. Belasco anything it is difficult to understand from the telegraphic reports of the case, unless, as was suggested by one of our daily papers, Mrs. Carter had hypnotized the jurors. There is another explanation, however—Mr. Fairbank is a Chicago pork packer and was before a New York jury. That Mr. Fairbank, who is a man of family, resisted the demands of Belasco even unto a protracted court trial is evidence that he never made any such agreement as Belasco claimed. It costs nothing for such a pair as Belasco and the Carter woman to make an attack upon the reputation and purse of a man. No matter what the relations between Mrs. Carter and Mr. Fairbank, the latter is to be commended for daring to resist a claim that savored so strongly of blackmail. Sixteen thousand dollars is a large amount of money to pay for the instruction in acting which Mrs. Carter manifests, especially when teacher and pupil, while spending Mr. Fairbank's money, became so notorious as to create a scandal almost of international size.

Governor Altgeld has renominated himself and declared war on President Cleveland. It is his purpose to make Illinois the pivotal State in the coming campaign. If the Democrats declare for free silver at the National Convention, all eyes will be taken from New York State, which will be conceded to the Republicans, and centered upon Illinois and the surrounding Western States. Altgeld is a mob leader, a demagogue of peculiar type. He is a millionaire, having made his money in land speculation in and about Chicago. With his money and patronage he has built up an almost perfect political machine, against which the federal brigade and the Cook County sound money organization could not prevail. Governor Altgeld's first act recommending him to the anarchists was the pardoning of the Haymarket bombthrowers who had been left unhanged. He again became a national figure of great prominence during the Debs riots, when his sympathies were with the lawbreakers. President Cleveland refused from the beginning to allow Governor Altgeld to control any portion of the federal patronage, and for this the Illinois anarchist never forgave him. No man, not even Pennoyer, has said so many abusive and untrue things concerning the President as this anarchist-loving Illinois Governor. By his direction Illinois several months ago declared for free silver and led the crusade which all expect will result in the declaration of the Democratic Party in favor of free coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one. Opposed to Boss Altgeld is Boss Tanner, a man of wealth and personal power but without education and credited with great unscrupulousness. He is said to be so ignorant that he can neither read nor write. If these are the representatives of Illinois statesmanship, it would seem well to go further East or come further West. A pivotal State led by Altgeld and Tanner would be a monumental calamity to the country.

Mrs. Alice Livingstone Fleming has been acquitted of the murder of her mother after a trial lasting six weeks. New York has been more interested in this case than in any other since that of young Harris. The young woman charged with this awful crime came of one of the blue-blood families, as her name indicates, and New York Society may be said to have been divided on the question of her guilt. A remarkable feature of the case was Mrs. Fleming's calmness throughout the entire trial. She was arrested on returning from her mother's funeral, and the only expression of surprise from her was, "This is very annoying." Throughout the trial she chatted with her counsel and witnesses in the gayest fashion, indeed treating the whole affair as if it were something of a nuisance but not so bad an entertainment after all. The defense succeeded by breaking down the expert testimony of the prosecution. Mrs. Fleming contributed much to the acuteness and severity of the cross-examination. She has now announced that she will take a few weeks' of rest at a seaside resort and return to the city with the rest of the swells in the autumn.

The leading candidates at present for the Democratic nomination on the free silver platform are ex-Governor Boies of Iowa and Representative Bland of Missouri. Both men met defeat in their own States when last they ran for office, and both stood on silver platforms. Of the two, Boies is much the stronger and abler, though Bland is more closely identified with the cause of silver. The career of Boies is one of interest. He was born in New York State and there remained until he was more than forty years of age, practising his profession which is that of the law. He then decided to go West, and settled in Iowa where he became perhaps the most personally popular man in the State. His election to the governorship was due to a bolt from the Republican Party because of its attitude on the temperance question. Governor Boies opposed the prohibition laws and made his canvass upon that question. He is a man of excellent mind and good judgment, not radical by nature but a Democrat of the "old school."

It must be with pleasure that the Astors witness the present troubles of the Vanderbilt family. The Drayton scandal which rather dimmed the Astors' social light for a time was soon offset by the Vanderbilt divorce and the Belmont marriage. William Waldorf Astor moved to London, and is now rejoicing in the presence of the Prince at his dinners. The Vanderbilt representative, the Duchess of Marlborough, announces that it is her purpose to buy the Prince's present house when he becomes King, and so restore it to the Marlborough family. So far honors are even. But now it develops that young Vanderbilt wants to marry a Miss Wilson who is several years older than himself. Vanderbilt pere is opposed to the marriage, and Wilson pere is anxious for it. Of course everybody is asking why the boy wants to marry a girl older than himself, and why Mr. Vanderbilt should threaten to disown his son if he makes the match. The marriage day was set, but Vanderbilt pere had such a pull with Providence as to bring on an attack of rheumatism in the boy's legs, which caused a postponement. Now, of course, the Astors would like to know if this postponement is really genuine or fictitious, and if the marriage will ever take place.



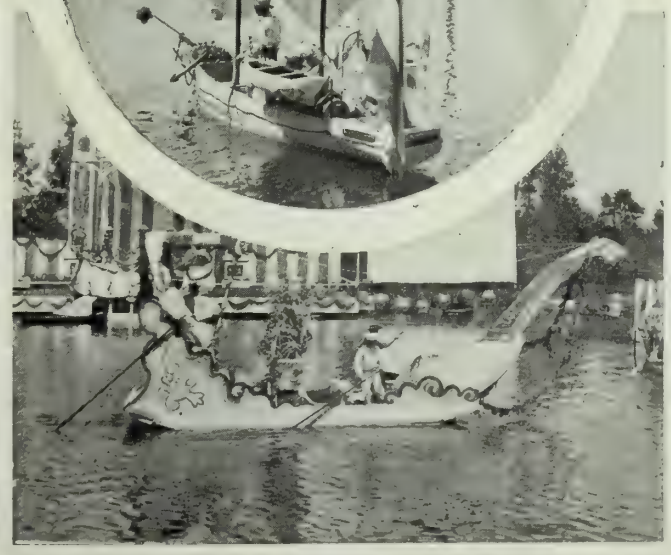
THE SANTA CRUZ VENETIAN WATER CARNIVAL.

On the Beach.
The Queen's Barge.
Men-of-War Boats.
Barges and Tribunes.
Decorated Barges and Boats

The First Prize.

[Photos by W. B Tyler.]

Young Ladies' Santa Cruz Drill Corps.
Street Parade and Floral Procession.
The Bathing Hour.
Laguna de Carnivale.



THE SANTA CRUZ VENETIAN WATER CARNIVAL.

Chinese Barge.
A Blue Barge.
The Social Singing Club Barge.
General View on the Laguna,

The Viking.
The Pride of the Sea.

[Photos by W. B. Tyler.]

The Merchants' Barge.
Barges and Tribunes.
The Procession, Led by Queen's Barge.
"Capitola."

THINGS AND PEOPLE

CONSIDERING opportunities, there are fewer good stories out of the late Democratic Convention than the occasion justified. The gathering was important for the number of contests it settled, for the decency that prevailed, and for the signs of a united front which the party afforded. It was made apparent that the Democracy of California is above

MISS MAUD ADAMS,
Who is to be a star next season.
[Photo by Thors.]

factions and that it has a membership strongly individual but yet united for the common weal of the Party. There were Daggetts, Maguires, Goulds, and Colnons, but the Democracy was above all of them. Whoever reads political news now knows that the two important fights of the Convention—the election of Frank Gould for Chairman, and the recognition of the Junta Democracy—were both successfully accomplished and represented the triumph of decency. Gavin McNab has the credit of these honorable victories, and by the excellence of his demeanor and management has won the esteem and favor of the country delegates. To-day he is the strongest man in the Party—strong in the sense of friendships and recognized ability as a leader. That Frank Gould made an excellent presiding officer is admitted by his enemies. He was uncompromising in his decisions, but fair and grateful. His predecessor, the temporary chairman, J. C. Ruddock of Ukiah, showed mettle of a character that will bring him future prominence. The manner in which he disposed of the warring delegation from San Francisco was a study in political tactics.

* * *

As a political manipulator John Daggett is not clever. However successful he may have been in Siskiyou, the execution of his designs demands space. One man can achieve in a ten-acre lot what is impossible in a crowded convention. In fact, the Daggett hand was apparent whenever it was raised, and this because he chose to bring to Sacramento a host of his own employees whose votes showed at once the purpose and animus of his desires. Determined to defeat Maguire, by the manipulation of his desires he frustrated them, for the Convention, determined not to allow the gratification of private grudges, rallied to the support of his enemy. He hoped to elect Geary, and by the clumsiness of his tactics achieved the undoing of his friend. So he failed all around. Daggett imagined that he could divert votes enough from Maguire to accomplish his design by securing the nomination of James V. Coleman, but, instead, the latter diverted votes from Geary. Besides, the Junta forces concluded to balance Maguire's services to the Democracy against his infidelity to their cause, and he thus gained the support in San Francisco which his opponent imagined would be denied him. Geary has never been forgiven for his defection from the cause of tariff reform, and he did not even have the support of his own delegation. When Mr. Daggett learns to disguise his purposes he will prove formidable in politics. In the meantime he might take lessons in tactics.

* * *

That the best men in the party declined nomination on a silver platform explains partially the character of the delegation-at-large. It is not a representative delegation because the best men in the party are unequivocally for gold. E. B. Pond and Barney Murphy could have had honors, but the platform pledged for silver. The fact is, there was a majority in the Convention for gold and the silver vote was merely a recognition of the fact that the National platform will indorse silver. I anticipated the selection of Charles Lane, but for the same silvery reason he resigned his claims for the benefit of his son, Tom Lane, who goes as a district delegate. Another feature of the Convention was the similarity in the character of the Los Angeles and Santa Clara delegations. Both towns are sadly in need of reformation, and in spite of their population of strong and intelligent citizens, the "push" alone was evident at Sacramento.

* * *

Though Governor Budd is liable to defend his appointments on the ground of excellent intentions, he admits himself disappointed over his code commission. Its failure is indubitable; the sole function its members perform is to draw their salaries. The motives which inspired the Governor in his selections, it is unnecessary to inquire into; doubtless he knew what he wanted, and it is to be hoped the personal results have been more profitable than the public's gain. There is Judge Dailey, for instance—however adroit as a manipulator, certainly he is not great as a lawyer—the very last man to revise the Codes. One can imagine him authoritatively reforming the law pertaining to township justice procedure, and if he were confined to that role his emendations would undoubtedly be valuable. Ryland Wallace has the reputation of possessing much legal lore, but his energy is exhausted by the requirements of his own practise. Nor does he belong to the order of men who labor nights and burn the midnight oil. As for Judge Baldwin, his incapacity is undeniable, and no one knows it better than the Governor, who would give anything to have him resign. However, the Judge knows a good thing when he has it, and only a cataclysm or the end of his term would prevent the regular drawing of his salary.

* * *

THOUGH IT IS popular to represent this season as a poor one in law, certain lawyers have done admirably for themselves as well as achieving victories for their clients. Though the firm, of which Mr. Campbell and Mr. Reddy are prominent factors, has hardly won as much fame as prominence, it has gathered in a good many thousands of dollars. An inquisitive collector of legal statistics computes this combination as being one of the most profitable in town. To its credit is $20,000 out of the Hunter Estate, $15,000 from the Joost Electric Railway, and $12,000 more from the Pratt Estate. Besides, Br'er Campbell has defended at least a score of cases for the railroad for which he has doubtless received due compensation, and Patrick Reddy has a profitable mining clientage. It must be remembered, however, that all this prosperity is contemporaneous with the election of Sheriff Whelan, for prior to that date the members of this firm were bitter in their complaints of neglect.

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I WAS amused at the idea of my paragraph apropos of the Valley Railroad being converted by Mr. Hearst's paper into a covert effort on the part of the Southern Pacific Company to injure the credit of that enterprise. The burden of my complaint was the neglect of the newspapers, which by their cannonades and fusillades had persuaded capitalists into the undertaking, and then failed to supply the daily brass band which is necessary to keep up the enthusiasm of this variable community. The Valley Road, having ceased to be a sensation, is accorded space only at rare intervals and then on a business basis. The directors

GAVIN McNAB,
Who led the forces of "The Junta" to victory at Sacramento.
[Photo by Taber.]

have found that the sentimental atmosphere in which their project was crystallized has evaporated, and that mere commercial conditions rule their progress. They must buy rights of way as their rival does; must contract with customers for business as their rival is doing; must compete not on the basis of favor but of rates. As for the shares my facts are incontestable, as the editor of the *Examiner* can find if he inquires in the Stock and Bond Exchange. There is no sale for the stock, nor will there be until the line is completed and paying dividends, which it ought to in due course if the management is clever.

* * *

THOUGH AGRICULTURE may languish, mining commences to prosper. Quite the most ingenious of the methods of gathering gold that have recently been brought to my notice, is the device of the Deestelhaus brothers who, three years ago, were woodchopping on the banks of the Sacramento. To-day they are wealthy men, with stocks and bonds, and owe their success to their quickness of eye and intelligence of brain. The elder brother was splitting a trunk of sugar-pine on the edge of the river some distance above Redding in that section of smooth water where the stream issues from the cañon. His eye was caught by the shimmer of grains of yellow metal hurried by the current along its sandy bed. He obtained a bucket, dug up some of the sand and began washing it with such results that the twain set about the construction of a rude barge with a makeshift dredge to pump up the sand from the river bed. It was only the surface material they could work on, but on their craft they washed it on a cradle and the refuse went over the side. Though primitive the scheme has proved immensely profitable. The Deestelhaus brothers are to-day very rich men. They own stocks and bonds, and quite recently have gone to work and bought up river claims for miles along the banks of the Sacramento, abandoning the lower sections for the cañon bed which lies beyond navigable waters. Here the stream eddies over primeval rocks, and it is a safe conclusion that however rich the sands below the gorge, the sand above should yield a richer booty. With improved dredgers and other appliances they are ready to begin. In the meantime another company has equipped itself with machinery, and under the management of a young English engineer, Becker by name, is to wash over thoroughly the bed which the Deestelhaus brothers skimmed with their primitive appliances. A local company is behind this scheme which has excellent promise of success. These operations will undoubtedly lead to operations on the bed of every stream in the State, in which there is chance for metallic deposit.

* * *

The sole consolation of the Valley farmers is that prevailing conditions are as bad as possible. Nothing could be worse than the depression which prevails through the San Joaquin. Values could not possibly go lower. The wheat crop is unremunerative; the beet industry in its infancy; raisins are down low through mismanagement and middlemen; and the savings banks have everything to themselves. Improvement alone is possible, though I am inclined to think the future of the country is neither in wheat nor in alfalfa. The depression prevailing is by no means due to bad times alone. The farmers themselves must shoulder a burden of responsibility. They seem to be lacking in that energy which finds wants and supplies them. Instead of producing chickens and turkeys and sending them to San Francisco, our supply of poultry comes mainly from Kansas. It is the same with a hundred other commodities. By the way, this time is the harvest of the land speculator, who is picking up choice pieces wherever he can. The failure of the California Savings Bank has enabled investors to obtain some choice bargains by acquiring titles to certain of the mortgaged lands, and then purchasing claims against the bank at fifty cents on the dollar, and thus relieving the mortgage. By this means, land is acquired at about one-quarter its real value, and the investor is that much the happier.

* * *

Miss Lansing Rowan is sadly perturbed over the yarn which converted her into a prize-fighteress. A graceful, active, and vigorous girl, who has practised bag punching to cultivate round arms and a supple carriage, it is hard her athletic inclinations should be so misconstrued. However strong a woman can make herself, and there is no reason why maidens may not have biceps as firm as their brethren, it is obvious that excellence at boxing is not within the capacities of the sex. However quick and clever a woman may be with her hands, a single body blow must necessarily disable her. Miss Rowan, I am told, is above the vulgar necessities of sensational advertisement. She is the daughter of ex-Mayor Rowan of Los Angeles, and a niece of ex-Senator Farwell of Chicago. She undertook a course of athletics in Denver some years ago, and has kept up club swinging, bag punching, and long walks until she has made herself as strong and agile as an athlete. As for meeting Jim Corbett, Miss Rowan has been weeping and blushing ever since the unfortunate story appeared.

* * *

I understand that the big hotel in Peralta Park is to have a new lease of life. It is to be opened in the fall as the largest preparatory school on the coast by James Blackledge, J. H White, and J. J. Moran, who will make of it a high grade school from which graduate students may enter the University of California without examination. Peralta University Academy, under which name the new school will be known, will have accommodations for nearly one hundred and fifty boys. Enough pupils have already been secured to more than pay running expenses. The announcement of the opening of Peralta Academy has taken away so many pupils from the preparatory schools in Berkeley, that one of them at least has been obliged to close its doors. It looks as though the new academy would soon become an educational feature of the coast with Belmont as its only rival.

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THERE IS a tall, gray-bearded Scotchman at the Occidental Hotel, who is giving Claus Spreckels a run for the name of Sugar King. He is E. L. Campbell, who, not so many years ago, landed in Honolulu possessed of some few dollars of back pay, earned before the mast on a voyage

MISS LANSING ROWAN,
Of the Frawley Company.
[Photo by Thors.]

from Glascow to the Hawaiian Islands. To-day he has immense plantations all over the Islands; he owns half of Honolulu. His income last year was $120,000, and he

expects revenues of $200,000 from the forthcoming crops. The story of his rise is not so very different to that of other men who landed penniless in Hawaii. In those days the adaptability of the soil to sugar culture had just been discovered Spreckels and others were engaged in planting cane, and Campbell, laboring among them, succeeded in setting out a few patches of his own. Much of the soil throughout the Islands, while available for this culture, cannot be irrigated, and as water is an essential factor in the production, thousands of acres were allowed to lie fallow. Campbell, observing and reflecting, concluded it was possible to find water, if not above the ground, below it, and, having gathered by thrift a few thousand dollars, he invested it in these arid lands. Then coming to America, he studied well-making, and returned with the machinery for artesian boring. He pierced the lava crusts and brought up from the depths vast quantities of clear, pure water. Then he set out thousands of acres of sugar-cane, with such results that he is now reputed the richest man in the Islands. Years ago Mr. Campbell married a native wife, and he has a large and thriving family distinguishable for those good looks which seem the portion of mixed races. The old gentleman has a genius for details, and superintends his properties with scrupulous care. All the appliances on his vast properties are of the latest design and thoroughly up to date. Indeed, his plantations are reputed the best managed in the Islands, and are certainly the most profitable.

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Not less engrossing than ever is the mining subject. The return of Prince Poniatowski, accompanied by Edmund Davis and Percy Tarbutt, has been signalized by the papers, and the *Examiner*, with its usual consistency, has made the Prince's return the occasion of an eulogy, which from that source is sure to be appreciated. Messrs. Davis and Tarbutt are well known in London as being connected with Barney Barnato's mining projects in South Africa, and it is understood that they represent immense capital. It is said that John Hays Hammond is to be the engineer of the new project, by which it is proposed to develop the mother lode as the Transvaal mines have been developed. Quite a distinguished visitor is being entertained unawares at the Palace. He is John Farrish, the well-known expert who ranks so high among Colorado mining men. He was sent by the Exploring Company of London, of which Hamilton Smith is President, to examine the Minas Prietas group of claims in Sonora, represented as one of the most important mining deposits in Mexico. He is installed at the Palace writing his report, and Henry Janin is now going over the same ground.

THE FUNERAL OF MAJOR-GENERAL DIMOND.
The procession passing Van Ness Avenue and Post Street.

* * *

HOW ILLIMITABLE must the contempt be of the *Examiner's* editors for their community when they serve it complacently with such stuff and nonsense as last Sunday's supplement. Throughout that vast web of paper and type there was not a line for the serious minded reader, not a thought for the thinker, but a vast array of fluff and flummery—veritably the sawdust and colored glass of journalism. Round pictures indescribably unimportant, matter intrinsically worthless was grouped in such a fashion that even the editorial eye hesitated to decide which proved the motive of the other. In the olden days the cut was a mere attribute of an article—an aid to its comprehension. In the New York *World*, the *Journal*, and the *Examiner* the editorial room is but an adjunct of the art department. Take, for instance, that weird structure presented as representing all the buildings of San Francisco piled on top of one another. The previous week the *Journal* had a similar structure emblematic of the condition in New York. It is preposterous to assume that the statistics necessary to construct such a plan had been gathered—even if their collection were possible. Still more impudent fakery was the article entitled "Statistics of Proposals," with matter explaining the manner in which an average hundred males had "popped the question." It was poor trash, unworthy of publication and unnecessarily idiotic. Of course, this policy may vastly entertain the circulation, but as journalism it is mere cotton and fustian masquerading as wool. In their anxiety to amuse the masses, I wonder the several editors don't remember a community has intelligent classes who are not satisfied with this literary sawdust and verbal shavings. To my mind the *Chronicle's* Sunday section, though ungainly in make-up—the *Chronicle's* worst fault, by the way—is so infinitely superior to the monarch's issue that there is hardly a basis of comparison.

* * *

Some months ago Judge Coffey announced that in law women knew not the meaning of the word "gratitude." Willing to accept the most strenuous services, when it came to payment, he stigmatized the sex as oblivious to the industry and exertion which its cause had induced. This statement of the Probate Judge, founded though it was on the experience of many a hard fought case, evoked considerable dissention and discussion, but now his colleagues are aligning themselves on the same side, making similar deductions from the evidence of their calendars. What better testimony of ingratitude could there be than the suits of T. I. Bergen and other attorneys, whose exertions having won the Blythe millions, are now forced to sue for their fees? Mrs. Hinckley is joyous in the possession of her wealth, but when she fights with the men who served her in the period of her poverty, and who must sue now for what their exertions gained her, she commits a wrong and loses straightway such sympathy as her cause won from the community. Yet it is not surprising. I know a dozen lawyers who swear they will have no feminine clients.

* * *

I cannot believe that a reading of the daily papers gives one a fair impression of the Corbett-Sharkey affair of last Wednesday evening. It seems to me that a reportorial desire for sensation has led to an exaggeration of Mr. Sharkey's fighting abilities. Of course Sharkey showed up better than was expected, but that he "gave the champion a terrific battle," that an "idol was smashed," or that Corbett was even the worse for wear, are statements open to question. After the middle of the second round the contest was little more than a wrestling match, in which no doubt Sharkey had the best of it. Of course Corbett was down twice, but it would seem that this circumstance alone has colored all the reports of the battle printed hitherto. But his falls were not from punches. In the breakaway Sharkey merely threw off the champion in such manner as to bring him to the floor. There is a vast difference, however, between this and a knockout. Let the two men come together in a finish fight, as is now proposed, and then decide who is the best man. It would be next to impossible to pass a judgment upon them now, based upon the contest just decided.

THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STRUCTURE WHICH REPLACES THE OLD CITY HALL.

After many delays and much discussion the Supervisors have accepted the plans of Shea & Shea for the new Criminal Courts Building which is to rise on the site of the Old City Hall. For many years the project of replacing the pioneer structure which fronted the Plaza and constituted a landmark of old San Francisco, has been agitated, but the idea of locating the several departments of the municipal administration in the New City Hall had the favor of the authorities and the experiment was tried. One by one the courts and offices were transferred to the municipal headquarters, but it soon became apparent that the much lauded project was less convenient than it seemed in theory. Undue crowding and innumerable inconveniences became apparent and there were really no compensating advantages. After much talk on the subject, the Board of Supervisors applied to the last Legislature to provide means for the erection of a modern structure on the old site, in which the Police Courts and the four Superior Courts devoted to criminal business, together with quarters for drilling the police force, should be provided. There, too, should be located the Receiving Hospital and the Morgue.

After the usual preliminaries a bill was passed appropriating $300,000 to be raised by a special tax levy; then the Board organized a competition for designs, and invited the participation of the various architects, offering as a special inducement prizes ranging from $1000 to $250. In due course the plans were submitted to the Building Committee of the Board, but its members seemed unable to make up their minds as to the best design, and in consequence several months were consumed in consideration. After much dickering and newspaper talk the issue has been decided, and on Monday night, on the fifteenth ballot, the design of Shea & Shea was formally accepted. This firm was authorized to proceed with the erection of the structure which appears in our illustration.

It is certainly an imposing edifice. The style is Italian Renaissance. The building is to be five stories high, the first two stories in stone, and the others in brick and terra-cotta. The treatment of the exterior is marked by well-proportioned subdivisions; at the corners are characteristic pavilions, crowned by domes; in the center is a dignified tower rising to a height of one hundred and ten feet above the curb, pierced at its base with the large main entrance, elongated windows relieving the outline.

The interior of the building is certainly interesting, inasmuch as a distinct innovation has been made in its arrangement. Instead of occupying the basement, the City Prison is located on the fifth floor far above the street. This is a capital idea and liable to receive commendation among penologists. On the first floor quarters are provided for the drilling and mobilization of the police force; the administration offices of the police are upon the second floor, together with a model City Receiving Hospital; upon the third floor are found the several Police Courts; upon the fourth the respective criminal Superior Courts; the fifth floor is entirely devoted to the purposes of the City Prison. Space for the Morgue has been provided by the erection of a separate structure on the site of the present institution at the rear of the building on Dunbar Alley.

THE SANTA CRUZ VENETIAN CARNIVAL.

THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF FIESTA AND FIREWORKS.

You got off the train feeling vaguely intrusive. The ride from the city had, of course, been long and hot and very dusty. Perhaps you had been asleep for the last third of the way, and had awakened too suddenly to the consciousness of an indefinable sensation of grit and fine cinders, and the suspicion that your collar was limp and dirty. Then, before you were prepared for it, you were hustled from the train and out upon the platform of the station.

There was a glare of sunshine, and the air had a different taste that suggested the sea immediately. The platform was crowded, mostly with people from the hotels, come down to meet the train, girls in cool, white skirts and straw sailors, and young men in ducks and flannels, some of them carrying tennis rackets. It was quite a different world at once, and you felt as if things had been happening in it, and certain phases of life

NIGHT SCENE AROUND THE THRONE OF QUEEN JOSEPHINE.
[Photo by W. B. Tyler.]

lived out, in which you had neither part nor lot. You in your overcoat and gritty business suit and black hat, were out of your element; as yet you were not of that world where so many people knew each other and dressed in white clothes, and you bundled yourself hurriedly into the corner of the hotel 'bus before you should see anybody you knew.

It was a town of white and yellow. You did not need to be told that these were the carnival colors. They were everywhere. Sometimes they were in huge paper festoons along the main street of the town, sometimes in long strips of cambric wound about the wheels of the hacks and express wagons, sometimes in bows of satin ribbon on the whips of the private drags and breaks. The two invariable color notes sounded, as it were, the same pleasing monotone on every hand. It was Thursday, June 18th. By then the carnival was well under way. Already the Queen had been crowned and the four days' and nights' reign of pleasure inaugurated amidst the moving of processions, the clanging of brass bands, and the hissing of rockets. Nothing could have been gayer than the sights and the sounds of the town of Santa Cruz, as that hot afternoon drew toward evening. The main street seen in perspective was as a weaver's loom, the warp white and yellow, the woof all manner of slow moving colors—a web of them, a maze of them, intricate, changeful, very delicate. Overhead, from side to side, from balcony to balcony, and from housetop to housetop, stretched arches and festoons and garlands all of white and of yellow, one behind another, reaching further and further into the vista like the reflections of many mirrors, bewildering, almost dazzling. Below them, up and down through the streets, came and went and came again a vast throng of people weaving their way in two directions, detaching against the background of the carnival colors a dancing, irregular mass of tints and shades. Here and there was the momentary flash of a white skirt, again the lacquered flanks of a smart trap turned gleaming to the sun like a bit of metal, a feather of bright green shrubbery overhanging a gate stirred for a moment in the breeze very brave and gay, or a brilliant red parasol suddenly flashed into view, a violent, emphatic spot of color, disappearing again amidst the crowd like the quick extinguishing of a live coal.

And from this scene, from all this gaiety of shifting colors, rose a confused sound, a vast murmur of innumerable voices blending overhead into a strange hum, that certain unintelligible chord, prolonged, sustained, which is always thrown off from a concourse of people. It is the voice of an entire city speaking as something individual, having a life by itself, vast, vague, and not to be interpreted; while over this mysterious diapason, this bourdon of an unseen organ, played and rippled an infinite multitude of tiny staccato notes, every one joyous, the gay treble of a whole community amusing itself. Now it was a strain of laughter, hushed as soon as heard, or the rattle of stiffly starched skirts, or bits of conversation, an unfinished sentence, a detached word, a shrilly called name, the momentary jangling of a brass band at a street corner, or the rhythmic snarling of snare drums, as a troop of militia or of marines passed down the street with the creaking of leather belts and the cadenced shuffle of many feet.

And then little by little the heat of the afternoon mingled into the cool of the evening, and the blue shadows grew long and the maze of colors in the street was overcast by the red glow of the sunset, harmonizing them all at last, turning white to pink and blue to purple, and making of the predominant carnival colors a lovely intermingling of rose and ruddy gold. Then far down at the end of the street a single electric light flashed whitely out, intense, very piercing; then another and then another. Then as rapidly as the day darkened the little city set its constellation. Whole groups and clusters and fine nebulæ of tiny electric bulbs suddenly bloomed out like the miraculous blossoming of a Lilliputian garden of stars. The city outlined itself, its streets, its squares, its larger buildings in rows, and chains and garlands of electricity, throwing off into the dark blue of the night a fine silver haze. Then all at once from the direction of the lagoon the first rocket hissed and rose, a quickly lengthening stem of gold, suddenly bursting into a many-colored flower. A dozen more followed upon the moment; where one was twenty others followed; a rain of colored flames and sparks streamed down, there was no pause; again and again the rockets hissed and leaped and fell. The lagoon glowed like a brazier; the delicate silver electric mist that hung over the town was in that place rudely rent apart by the red haze of flame that hung there, fan-shaped, blood-red, distinct.

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Later that same evening, about ten o'clock, Queen Josephine made her entry into the huge pavilion and gave the signal for the opening of the ball. The procession moved up the floor of the pavilion toward the throne (which looked less like a throne than like a photographer's settee). It advanced slowly, headed by a very little girl in a red dress, resolutely holding a tiny dummy trumpet of pasteboard to her lips. Then in two files came the ushers, Louis Quatorze style. They were all in white—white lace, white silk, white cotton stockings—and they moved deliberately over the white canvas that covered the floor against the background of white hangings with which the hall was decorated. However, their shoes were black—violently so; and nothing could have been more amusing than these scores of inky black objects moving back and forth amidst all this shimmer of white. The shoes seemed enormous, distorted, grotesque; They attracted and fascinated the eye, and suggested the appearance of a migratory tribe of Brobdingnag black beetles crawling methodically over a wilderness of white sand. Close upon the ushers came the Queen, giving her hand to her prime minister, her long ermine-faced train carried by little pages. Pretty she certainly was. Tall she was not, nor imposing, nor majestic, even with her hair dressed high, but very charming and gracious nevertheless, impressing one with a sense of gaiety and gladness—a Queen *opéra comique*, a Queen suited to the occasion. The Prime Minister handed her down the hall. He wore an incongruous costume, a compound of the dress of various centuries—boots of one period, surcoat of another, a sword of the seventeenth century, and a hat of the early nineteenth; while his very fin de siecle E. & W. white collar showed starched and stiff at the throat of his surcoat. He was a prime minister *a travers les Ages*.

When Her Majesty was at length seated, the dancers formed a march and, led by Lieutenant-Governor Jeter, defiled before the Queen, making their reverences. Directly in front of the throne each couple bowed, some with exaggerated reverence coming to a halt, facing entirely around, the gentleman placing his hand upon his heart, the lady sinking to a deep courtesy, both very grave, and a little embarrassed; others more occupied in getting a near sight of the Queen merely slacked their pace a bit, bending their bodies forward, but awkwardly keeping their heads in the air; others nodded familiarly as if old acquaintances, smiling into Josephine's face as though in acknowledgment of their mutual participation in a huge joke; and still others bowed carelessly, abstractedly, interrupting their conversation an instant and going quickly on, after the fashion of a preoccupied priest passing hurriedly in front of the altar of his church. The music was bad; there were enough square dances to give the ball something of a provincial tone, and the waltz time was too slow; yet the carnival spirit—which is, after all, the main thing—prevailed and brought about a sense of gaiety and unrestraint that made one forget all the little inconsistencies.

Friday afternoon brought out the floral pageant on the river. What with the sunshine and the blue water and bright colors of the floats and what with Roncovieri's band banging out Sousa's marches, it was all very gay, but nevertheless one felt a little disappointed. Something surely was lacking, it was hard to say exactly what. The tinsel on the boats *was* tinsel, defiantly, brutally so, and the cambric refused to parade as silk, and the tall lanterns in the Queen's barge wobbled. The program—that wonderful effort of rhetoric wherein the adjective "grand" occurs twenty-two times in four pages—announced a Battle, a "grand" Battle of Flowers, but no battle was in evidence. True, I saw a little white boy with powdered hair, on the Holy Cross float, gravely throw a handful of withered corn-flowers at an elderly lady in a pink waist, in a rowboat maneuvered by a man in his shirt sleeves, and I saw the elderly lady try to throw them back with her left hand while she held her parasol with her right. The corn-flowers fell short, being too light to throw against the wind; they dropped into the water, and the elderly lady and the little white boy seriously watched them as they floated down stream. Neither of them smiled.

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At about half-past eight Friday evening the rockets began to roar again from the the direction of the lagoon. The evening fête was commencing.

On one side of the river were the Tribunes, two wings of them stretching out, half-moon fashion, from either side of the Governor's pavilion, banked high with row upon row of watching faces. Directly opposite was the Queen's pavilion, an immense canopy-like structure, flimsy enough, but brave and gay with tinsel and paint and bunting. Between the two pavilions was the waterway where the boats maneuvered. The "Bucentaur," the Queen's barge, came up the river slowly, gleaming with lanterns, a multitude of floats and barges and gondolas following. It drew up to the pavilion—the Queen's pavilion—and Josephine disembarked.

It was quite dark by now, and you began to feel the charm of the whole affair. Little by little the numbers of boats increased. Hundreds and hundreds of swinging lanterns wove a slow moving maze of trailing sparks and reflected themselves in the black water in long stilletoes with wavering golden blades; the rockets and roman candles hissed and roared without intermission; the enormous shafts of the searchlights, like sticks of gigantic fans, moved here and there, describing cartwheels of white light; the orchestra was playing again, not too loud. And then at last here under the night the carnival was in its proper element. The incongruities, the little, cheap makeshifts, so bare and bald in an afternoon's sun, disappeared, or took on a new significance; the tinsel was not tinsel any longer; the cambric and paper and paint grew rich and real; the Queen's canopy, the necklaces of electric bulbs, the thousands of heaving lights, the slow-moving Bucentaur all seemed part of a beautiful, illusive picture, impossible, fanciful, very charming, like a painting of Watteau, the *Embarquement Pour Cythère*, seen by night. More lights and lanterns came crowding in, a wheel of red fireworks covered the surface of the water with a myriad of red, writhing snakes. The illusion became perfect, the sense of reality, of solidity, dwindled. The black water, the black land, and the black sky merged into one vast, intangible shadow, hollow, infinitely deep. There was no longer the water there, nor the banks beyond, nor even the reach of sky, but you looked out into an infinite, empty space, sown with thousands of trembling lights, across which moved dim, beautiful shapes, shallops and curved prows and gondolas, and in the midst of which floated a fairy palace, glittering, fragile, airy, a thing of crystal and of gold, created miraculously, like the passing whim of some compelling genie.

While the impression lasted it was not to be resisted; it was charming, seductive—but it did not last. At one o'clock the fête was over, the last rocket fired, the last colored light burnt out in a puff of pungent smoke, the last reveler gone. From the hill above the lagoon on your way home you turned and looked back and down. It was very late. The streets were deserted, the city was asleep. There was nothing left but the immensity of the night, and the low, red moon canted over like a sinking galleon. The shams, the paper lanterns, and the winking tinsel were all gone, and you remembered the stars again.

And then, in that immense silence, when all the shrill, staccato, trivial noises of the day were dumb, you heard again the prolonged low hum that rose from the city, even in its sleep, the voice of something individual, living a huge, strange life apart, raising a virile diapason of protest against shams and tinsels and things transient in that other strange carnival, that revel of masks and painted faces, the huge grim joke that runs its fourscore years and ten. But that was not all.

There was another voice, that of the sea; mysterious, insistent, and there through the night, under the low, red moon, the two voices of the sea and of the city talked to each other in that unknown language of their own; and the two voices mingling together filled all the night with an immense and prolonged wave of sound, the bourdon of an unseen organ—the vast and minor note of Life.

F. N.

COLLAPSED LODGING HOUSE.

At 3.45 p. m. last Monday the Brighton House, a three-story frame building opposite the Mint on Fifth Street, San Francisco, fell without a moment's warning. Thirty persons were buried, three of whom were killed. Cause, carelessness of contractors excavating in the cellar. The above picture was taken within an hour after the disaster.

NO ACTRESS.

It was not a very big tea, perhaps thirty girls and as many men. Yes, fully as many, for the wise hostess always sent out her masculine and feminine invitations in the ratio of four to one. Brewster had found a girl he liked, and a small divan somewhat apart from the rest, and was really enjoying himself.

"That was the jolliest time I ever had," he was saying. "By the way, what became of that picture you took of me?"

"Did I take one of you?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Yes. Don't you remember? I was standing on a rock doing the Flying Mercury act."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I was going to make you a blueprint of it, but the figure wasn't good. It was all out of focus. I was sorry, for it was the best face I've done."

"Have you taken any pictures lately?"

"No; I—I—" she broke off abstractedly, and he looked up in time to see a sudden color rise in her cheeks as she bowed to a young man who had just entered. "Sometimes one gets—rather tired—of some things that—" she went on vaguely, her eyes still fixed on the opposite side of the room.

"Take a minute or two to recover," he suggested, wickedly.

She started and turned toward him, but her puzzled expression was not very well done, and she did not ask, "Recover from what?"

"What a stunning figure Royle has," he went on, with a glance toward the new comer, who was still talking to the hostess.

"Yes, he is well put up," she answered, indifferently.

"He is a splendid fellow, too, the kind you can always depend on. I don't know any man I admire more," he said, feeling that it was very noble of him, for she was one of the nicest girls he knew.

"Yes, I think one could trust him to any extent," she said, half to herself.

Royle was being led off very willingly by a pretty little girl in pink who was receiving, and her eyes followed them. She was not a good actress, evidently. Brewster felt a sudden rush of chivalrous pity for her, and a vindictive dislike for grabby little girls in pink.

"I suppose I ought not to say it, but I can't bear that little Murray girl," he said, confidentially. "She is so sort of—oh, I don't know!"

She looked unmistakably pleased, but did not follow his lead.

"She is really very nice, when you know her well," she said. "All her friends think so much of her. You know they say she and Mr. Royle are the coming engagement."

She met his eyes fairly as she said it. She had plenty of pluck, even if she couldn't act.

"I don't think so," he said, decidedly. "Royle is too good for her. She isn't the right girl at all."

"If they care for each other she is," she persisted. "And if they don't, she isn't, and nothing can make her so."

"What if one cares and the other doesn't?" he asked.

"Then she will have to bear it the best way she can," was the innocent answer.

"But I thought any woman could marry any man," he said, suppressing a smile. Some old lines were running through his head,—

> "She's silent as the grave you say?
> Oh, yes, I do not doubt it.
> But 'tis a grave with tombstone on
> That tells you all about it."

"She might if she weren't in love with him. That is such a handicap," she answered.

"Why, I should think it was her best weapon," he remonstrated.

"It is, only she hesitates to unsheath it," she said. "It is a very clumsy weapon when it's not in use, and apt to trip you up, especially when you're trying to pretend it isn't there."

"When you're a little older you won't hold it so sacred," he said, with a patronizing air. "Familiarity has the same result with love as with other things. But you're too young yet to know much about it."

"I don't think anybody grows up without getting a good working idea of it," she answered, quietly.

"Well, how d'do? said a friendly voice. "How are you, Brewster? Don't you two want tea or something? They are making me useful."

Royle stood holding two cups of tea at reckless angles and beaming down on them. Brewster couldn't help stealing a glance at his companion, though he felt that the highest course would have been eyes off. She was looking straight at Royle with a smile that was half pathetic, and yet even more defiant, for she must have known that she was blushing furiously.

"No, thank you, I don't want anything," she said.

"I've had everything in sight already," added Brewster. "I'm ashamed to look my hostess in the face. I was horribly hungry, for I missed my lunch." He talked on to relieve the strain, though conscious that nobody was listening to him.

"I wish I could get you something," Royle persisted. Her eyes fell and Brewster could have sworn there were—but it was none of his business anyway, he reminded himself.

"Dicky, come here. We are waiting for that tea," called an imperative little pink voice. He gave a mock sigh, and went with a readiness for which Brewster could have knocked him down.

"I'm afraid I'm very dull company this afternoon," she said, after a silence. "I have rather a headache, and I'm going to slip out without saying good-by. No, don't come with me. It is too early to start a general move."

"May I come and see you some time this week?" he asked as they shook hands.

"Yes, indeed; come Thursday," she said with a little good-by smile, and Brewster vowed he'd make that blind idiot fall in love with her if he had to walk off with the little pink charmer himself.

As he left the house half an hour later, Royle joined him.

"Hot in there," he began cheerfully, "I was chasing around all the time with that confounded tea and stuff. You were lucky with the monopoly of a divan and one of the nicest girls there."

"She's one of the nicest girls in the world," said Brewster, resolved to do what he could.

"Indeed she is," agreed the other. "We've always been great friends, though I fancy I'm rather in her bad books just now."

"I don't think you are," said Brewster, significantly.

"H'm?" in a surprised tone.

Brewster had acted on a sudden impulse which he would not have followed with most men.

"When a girl blushes because a man comes into the room, and follows him about with her eyes, and talks abstractedly every time he is in the neighborhood, it doesn't generally mean that he is in her bad books," he said, stopping to light a cigarette.

Roylel ooked at him in silence as though deliberating.

"And it doesn't necessarily mean that she is in love with him," he said, after a pause. "The last time I saw her I found out something. It was just that she dropped her watch so that the back flew open and a little blue print fell out. It was the head of a man I knew and I started to tease her about it."

They walked on in silence for a few moments. "She isn't a very good actress," Royle added.

"N-o," murmured Brewster, studying the end of his cigarette.

"She feels things too much to hide them successfully," Royle went on. "Well, I must leave you here. This is just between us, of course."

"Oh, of course," answered Brewster, walking on as though dazed.

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"MAN PROPOSES."—No. 4.

"Going away!" she echoed, suddenly facing him and looking at him with wide eyes.

"That's right," he admitted.

They were sitting on the green bench, all carved and whittled, that stood at the end of the pier. Behind them, on the shore, the lights of the huge hotel were winking out one by one. It was rather late.

"Yes," he went on, looking vaguely about on the floor of the pier. "The governor wired me two or three days ago, but I didn't want to say anything about it and spoil our fun. You see the governor is starting a branch agency in Liverpool and he wants me to go over there and take charge. I suppose I shall have to—well, have to locate there—live there—permanently. The governor knows a lot of people there. Then there's the business. You see I've been in the firm now for nearly ten years—ever since I graduated—and I know the details pretty well—better than a new man—and the governor's business methods. That new lamp for the submarine torpedo boats is a pet hobby of his. I improved a self-adjuster to regulate the pressure that tickled him almost to death. He thinks I can get the contract for lighting all the new torpedo boats that the——"

"Oh, what do I care about all that?" she burst out, suddenly. "How about *me*?"

"How about you?" he repeated, pretending not to understand. "How—What do you mean about you?"

There was a silence. Then:

"Haven't you got anything more than that to say to me?" she asked, bravely, sitting up very straight and trying to catch his eye.

"Well, what can I say?" he answered, smiling at her. "We've had an awfully good time here, little girl, and I shall never forget you. You don't know how sorry I am to leave you. You must promise to write to me, won't you; just 'care of the office' you know."

"But you—you don't seem to understand," she began.

"Send me a letter on board ship," he went on, quickly. "She sails a week from Saturday, just to wish me *bon voyage*. It's mighty good, you know, to get a letter when you are leaving for a long voyage like that. Oh, I say, little girl, don't do that. Look here; for heaven's sake don't take it to heart like that. Look here, look at me. I didn't know that you—that you really cared."

"Of course you know," she cried, looking at him from over her crumpled handkerchief. "How could you have thought anything else. I *told* you, didn't I? I made it plain enough, and you told me that you cared," she flashed out, "again and again—you know what you made me think—what you gave me to understand, and I—and—oh, what is going to become of me now!"

Suddenly she slid both her arms around his neck and turned her face close to his, as loving, as yielding, and yet as absolutely irresistible as when he had first known her. She was wonderfully pretty. He felt that he was weakening. There was something in him, some sensual second-self, that the girl evoked at moments such as this; something that was of the animal and would not be gainsaid. He saw her in a false light, knowing that it was a false light, yet willing to be deceived, finding a certain abnormal pleasure in the trickery. The odor of the cheap little sachets and toilet water that she used, mingled with the delicate feminine smell of her hair and neck, was delicious to him.

"Well, now, that will be all right, little girl," he said, taking her face in both his hands.

"How do you mean all right?" she demanded. "You *told* me that you loved me."

"Well, I *do* love you."

"As much as ever?"

He hesitated.

"Yes; as much as ever."

"Say it after me, then." She was so pretty and so pitiful as she looked at him through her tears, and he was so sorry for her, so loath to hurt her, that he said, half meaning, the words:

"I love you."

"More than any one else?"

"More than any one else."

"Say it all together," she insisted.

"Well, then, I love you more than any one else."

"And so—" she prompted.

"And so what?" he answered, fencing.

"And so you will—will. Oh, don't make me do it *all*. When two people love each other more than any one else, then what?"

He hesitated again. After all, she was very pretty, and she loved him, and he loved her—that is, he—but he had gone too far now. And, after all, why not?

"Little girl," he said, suddenly, "I think you'll have to marry me."

"Do you mean it—*really?*" she demanded.

He laughed a note, willing even then to draw back.

"Guess I do or I wouldn't say it."

"You wouldn't dare say that to my mother."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't take that dare,"

"Well, then," she said, suddenly, rising to her feet. "I *dare* you to say so right now. We'll go up to the hotel right away."

He was in for it now, and so rose with her, saying:

"Come along, then."

They went up to the hotel and found her mother and father sitting on the porch in front of their rooms.

"Come inside, ma," she said, as they came up; "I want to speak to you."

He followed the girl and her mother into the little parlor of their suite. She turned to him:

"Now," she said, "say it now, just what you said to me." He smiled a bit, embarrassed. The girl stood to one side, glancing from one to the other. Then he spoke:

"This little girl says she loves—me—and I—and, well—we think—we want—we want to be married."

"Well, dear—me—suz," exclaimed her mother, and sat down with a gasp. She got up again immediately, calling: "Popper, for the land's sakes just come in here and listen all to this." Her father entered in his shirt sleeves. "If these two children have'nt gone an' got engaged," continued her mother. "Now, what have you got to say to that?"

"I got no kick comin'," admitted the old man; "guess we know the young fellar well enough."

"Kick! no, of course, we've got no kick," answered his wife.

"But we don't want any five-year-engagement business about it; sooner the better. Guess that'll suit you," she added, turning to him.

"The sooner the better," he admitted, with a smile.

"Well, now, look here," said her mother. "My mouth is just as dry as a pocket; you go down to the bar and have 'em send up a couple of quart bottles of beer, and come up here and we'll talk this thing over."

He went out, and started down the porch in the direction of the bar. On the steps that led down into the garden, he paused and looked at his watch, wondering if the bar-room would be open as late as this.

Inside the case of his watch was pasted the photograph of the head of a girl. It was not the picture of the girl he had just left. Holding the watch in his hand, turned to the moonlight, he looked at it a long time, very thoughtful.

"I wonder—" he muttered to himself at length. Then he shut the watch with a snap: "What kind of a mess have I got into now," he said.

FRANK NORRIS.

Frenchwomen are growing better or else the police closes its eyes to their wrongdoing. Of 4269 persons accused of crime in 1893, 3673 were men and 596 women; women, that is, were accused of 14 per cent of the crimes committed, whereas twenty years before the percentage was 17. The offenses they commit are more against the person than against property. Prosecutions for infanticide have steadily decreased from an average of 207 twenty years ago to 132.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Louisiana law, which requires separate cars for white and colored passengers on the railroads of that State, is not a violation of the Federal Constitution. In a dissenting opinion Justice Harlan took the ground that no power in the land has the right to regulate the enjoyment of civil rights on the basis of race, and that it would be just as reasonable and proper for States to pass laws requiring separate cars for Catholics and Protestants as for white and colored passengers.

The attention of ladies who still hesitate to be married is called to a recent decision of the Appellate Court in New York, sustaining the decision of Judge Gildersleeve in Simon *vs.* Simon. The facts were that the husband discharged a French governess against his wife's wish; the wife left him and went back to her father; husband and wife both applied for a separation and neither got one. Justice Williams of the Appellate Court explained that while the husband was legally the head of the family, practically the wife should have her way at home and be allowed to manage and control the details of housekeeping and servants. "An intelligent woman," says the Court, "should certainly not be subject to humiliation by her husband by the assertion that he is master and she must obey him." We all knew that before, but it makes for the reassurance of the fair, and the encouragement of good manners, to have it definitely stated by two Courts, says *Life*.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY.

HOW THE SMART SET HAS AMUSED ITSELF THIS WEEK.

Cards for the Baldwin-Hobart nuptials have been out since Thursday week—three weeks in advance of the event. This exceeds, by a week, the usual fifteen days' limit. The invitations are issued in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart. No card is necessary for admission to the church. General disappointment is expressed that the wedding is to be celebrated at San Mateo. A trip back and forth to attend a high noon ceremony breaks so into the day, without reference to that necessary inconvenience, the midday repast. Over five hundred cards have been sent out for the ceremony, while but forty invitations to the bridal breakfast are out.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeney, née Delmas, will circle the world on their bridal tour. They are expected here late in the fall.

If lovely trousseaux make happy brides, then Miss Josephine Delmas has excellent reason for rejoicing. Madam Guequen, a notable Parisian modiste, created the twenty-four gowns which compose the wedding outfit of the young Californienne. Eight of these are ball dresses, the rest dinner and outing gowns, and in addition there are some beautiful carriage and opera wraps from Redfern. A correspondent writes me apropos of the trousseaux. She says: "The sleeves are large with all the fulness above the elbow; from there to the wrist they are tight. The materials of which the gowns are composed are of the richest character—moirés in blue, pink, and yellow, and mousseline de soie of the same shade handsomely embroidered with lace. One of the waists was of Dresden silk in pink and white stripes covered with chiffon and with revers of applique chiffon; another of yellow Dresden silk with a stripe of pale blue covered with tiny white love knots, hand-embroidered, was especially charming. A third was adorned with pink rose-buds and trimmed with chiffon. One tea gown was of red silk with a chiffon front embroidered and shot with pink and gray tints, veritably a work of art. The wedding gown was of gray silk, beautifully embroidered, the neck, front, and epaulettes trimmed with white, the effect being most charming. Waists trimmed with white ribbon for the neck and revers for the jackets are exceedingly fashionable now in Paris, and Miss Delmas's gowns exhibit the latest phases of the modes.

There were strong possibilities that a contest would follow the reading of the will of the late Mrs. W. T. Coleman, by which her son, Robert Coleman, got the major portion of the estate and the little son of Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman received but a $50,000 bequest. It was generally understood and expected that the son and grandson would inherit share and share alike the Coleman million, so the fight would have been a fair and square one. But fine sense and affection prevailed, and the mother, who had for so long been separated from her boy, found compensation for dollars in his continual companionship and love. The little fellow, for the first time in many years, will pass his summer vacation with Mrs. Coleman at San Rafael.

Miss Florence Mills returned on Tuesday last from her European visit. Miss Hobart, whose bridesmaid she is to be, went over with a large party of friends to Sixteenth Street, to meet the wanderer and bid her welcome home. On Saturday last Miss Josephine Loughborough left for Paris where she will pass the next year as the guest of Mrs. General Keys. Miss Loughborough left in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Monier who are to make the trip straight through. Miss Loughborough has also accepted an invitation from Mrs. Zimmerman to pass three months with her in Berlin.

It is more than probable that when the Bouviers give up their house in November, they will leave for an extended European tour. Carlsbad will probably be their ultimate destination. Mrs. Bouvier, while not ill, enjoys anything but robust health, and her ever solicitous husband is anxious that she try a season at this famous health resort.

There never was such a stoic as Mrs. Hager. Although the St. Louis cyclone affected her to the tune of $150,000, she tells the story of her losses with that inimitable veracity and drollery that is particularly destinctive of her ever ready wit and good humor. A day before the storm, she was congratulating herself. Forty thousand in bank, representing a profitable year's income from her St. Louis property. And then the wind blew and—minus $150,000 represented her Missouri bank account. One whole block of houses went down before the fury of the storm like a structure of cards. A new warehouse on the river front, just completed and ready for occupancy on the first, representing the value of many thousand dollars, was unroofed. And Mrs. Hager? She just telegraphed "Clean the debris and rebuild at once."

I never knew, never even imagined, the depth and breadth and cheer that may be conveyed in a full throaty brava. I never knew there was such music and applause. In fact, I never knew a lot of things until I attended the professional matinee on Friday last. It was a peculiar audience. Just one or two of the smart set were there. Behind me sat the wife of a prominent banker. She was a New York girl, and knew it is considered in New York jolly good fun and quite the thing to attend a professional matinee. Dick Tobin surveyed the house from the last row in dress circle, and kept darting in and out the doors on the Baldwin Hotel side. In one box was the gorgeous Maxine and her little sister. Have you ever observed how very much better the queenly Elliott looks with her hat on? In the opposite proscenium sat a delegation of the Frawley players, a sort of happy family gathering. T. Daniel himself, Tyrone Powers, Macklyn Arbuckle, Worthing, and Hope Ross—sort of little-mothering the whole party. As I surveyed the actors in that box—it is quite the thing to lorgnette the player audience at a professional matinee—I could not help thinking that if there is any truth in the trite phrase, "a nose for news," what a valuable acquisition to a live newspaper Worthing would be.

In Herbert Kelcey's box were the sisters Shannon and the handsomest, most distinguished old lady it has ever been my lot to see. Patrician? Aristocratic and handsome enough to have been Kelcey's own mother. I have an idea she was Shannon mère, in spite of her dark skin and deep eyes. La Shannon ages too rapidly. The French have always told us: "*Une blonde? Un dejeuner de soleil.*"

And these player folks, how easily they were moved. When, as the "gilded fool," Goodwin recalled his days of poverty and his mother's untimely death, the little Elliott shed quarts of tears, the pearly drops rained down the facetious Hartman's face, and the star himself wept in mere sympathy. Speaking of Hartman recalls the girl he had with him. Oh! what a wonderful hat. It must be the kind fashion writers have in mind when they refer to bonnets as creations.

Thursday, July 30th, is the date set for the McKenna-Martin nuptials. It is to be a cathedral wedding—the first fashionable marriage that we have had at St. Mary's for a long time. That it will be a magnificent affair cela va sans dire. The altar with its innumerable tapers, further embellished by rare floral adornment. A bridal procession of eight white-robed bridesmaids and a corresponding number of ushers, alone will make an imposing spectacle. Everybody will be asked to the ceremony, but the reception which follows at the McKenna residence on Franklin Street will be for the relatives and a limited number of intimate friends. After the honeymoon Mesdames Martin and Donahue will throw open their hospitable doors for a large reception in honor of the young couple

The announcement of Miss Amy Requa's engagement to Captain Long did not surprise me. There have been whisperings about it for some time over the tea-cups out at the Presidio. Miss Requa met the happy man, who, by the way, is a most distinguished officer, in Washington last winter. It was almost a case of love at first sight. After their stay at the National Capital, the Requa's went on to New York, returning but two months ago. It was to be near his charmer that Captain Long asked for a transfer from Washington to the quartermaster's department in this city. No arrangements have as yet been made for the wedding.

If Richard Wallace aimed to surprise his friends he successfully accomplished the purpose on announcing his engagement to Miss Jeanette Harper just twenty-four hours previous to the wedding. That the marriage was not a hurried affair was clearly demonstrated by the elaborate wedding gown of his bride, which must have taken many weeks to plan and to create. Some exquisite point, yellow with age and delicate as the spider's web, was gathered in butterfly effect at the bottom of the jupe, and caught in full jabot at the throat. That the members of the groom's family held no consultation—probably on account of the lack of time—before purchasing wedding presents, was evident. They all sent lamps—elegant, of course, and fortunately of different pattern and design. After all, as things go to-day, one cannot have too many lamps. Miss Romie Wallace, however, broke the monotony and sent a handsome Venetian vase filled with long-stemmed La France roses. The bride—who, by the way, is a handsome brunette—has for many years been one of Mrs. Craven's valuable assistants at the Mission Grammar School, and she is a bright, smart, competent young woman.

Although late in the season, John Drew managed to call together a most fashionable house on Monday night. There were a number of theater parties. The Russell Wilsons had a family party; the Bowens had a party of eight; so did the Downey Harveys. After the play all met at the University Club for supper.

MISS AMY REQUA,
Whose engagement to Captain Long has just been announced.
[Photo by Taber.]

The marriage of Mr. Lucius Solomons and Miss Helen Frank was duly celebrated at the home of the bride, 1107 Octavia Street. Strictly a family affair, the absence of a crowd did not by any means militate against the enjoyment of the participants. It was a happy wedding if ever there was one. Miss Frank in her wedding gown looked handsomer than ever. She is certainly a charming girl, and one of the most popular of the maidens whose debut was accomplished at the Concordia Club. After the ceremony there were the usual congratulations and dinner, and then as the happy pair prepared to leave for the honeymoon, the guests had their fun, pelting them with rice, old shoes, and other articles proper on such occasions. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Solomons will become residents of Sausalito, where they have taken a villa for the Summer months.

I am sorry to say that Mrs. Ryland Wallace's condition is but slightly improved. Her physicians are hopeful, and she bears up with remarkable fortitude. But it is going to be a slow recovery.

Hearts were easier and lighter Thursday morning. Girls who were never known to have seen daylight earlier than nine A. M. eagerly scanned the papers at six o'clock that morning. Brothers and brothers-in-law, and all available male relatives were called into consultation. Did one have to pay bets, when it is a draw? What relief. Enough gloves were saved to have stocked a bargain counter, neckties to establish a haberdasher, and bon-bons—more than enough for a Sunday-school Christmas festival. Yes, it was a great relief—to the beaux as well as the belles.

THE GOSSIP.

OUT OF TOWN TALK.

Oakland is all adrift. The world there has gone to the valleys or the mountains, and those who remain at home are careful not to advertise their presence. A stray marriage or two alone interrupts the monotony, but monotony with a vengeance it is. The Jackson-street set, or what remains of it, is restricted from entertainment by the death of Captain Knowles. The Knowles family has a notable record for hospitality and its mourning is generally shared. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Miss Mattie Knowles, and Harry Knowles are immediately concerned.

In taking to the woods this summer, Society has been solicitous in its search for detached villas. Wherever possible, people have settled themselves in cottages of their own. The Will Henshaws, having abandoned the idea of a country house at Haywards, have set themselves up in a cottage at Santa Cruz, accompanied by Miss Allie Grimes. The Braytons have a cottage at San Rafael. The Dunhams, as I stated some weeks ago, are at Los Gatos, and for next week have invited a number of young people to tide over the National holiday. The old Deux Temps will be well represented. Up at Placerville are Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa with Miss Herrick. The Garbers have selected Alaska for their holiday. The Mastens have taken a place at Redwood City. The McGeis, too, have gone to Alaska. The Pringles, following their annual custom, are off on an elaborate camping trip, and have selected Mendocino County this season as the scene of their outing. Into the house of Edson Adams a child has been born, and in consequence they have not started from home. Apropos of entertainments, I must not forget the party which young Mr. Chickering had for his friends. They had a special electric car on the line out to Leona Heights together with dancing, supper, and other features utilized on such occasions. As for weddings, there is that of Miss Agnes Dorn and Mr. Louis McKissick at Berkeley last Saturday, and also that of Miss Jennie Wheaton and Doctor Childs, about which the dailies have had their say.

Owing to the absence of Mr. Joseph Tobin, the Married *vs.* Single polo match was postponed last Sunday, but the announcement of the game gathered on the grounds a large audience. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart with their coach, and a party on top. George Newhall and his turnout, and a number of people from Menlo, San Mateo, and Red-

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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wood were there to see the game, so the clubhouse was very gay. Indeed, the assemblage was quite the best Burlingame has gathered in several moons. There was quite a spirited game between picked sides. John Drew played No. 4—the first time in twelve years he has participated in a game, but he made an excellent showing, and was applauded by the gathering. The Drew Company was well represented among the spectators.

The news of Malcom Thomas's death evoked many expressions of regret at Burlingame, where he was so well known. His connection with that environment had virtually ceased, for he had moved all his Lares and Penates to Boston, where the Thomas family has resided these many years. At first Mr. Thomas promised to make one of the colony at Burlingame, and went so far as to convey unto himself a lot; but though he invited a design from the late Page Brown, the enterprise went no further. Diphtheria is stated as the cause of his early taking off. Thomas was a good polo player, and though his popularity was restricted to the members of that particular set, those who were his friends were very fond of him, and there will be general sympathy for his charming wife, left a widow for the second time.

My Santa Cruz correspondent writes: "The Carnival is over, but there are still many people here. The 'Philadelphia' and 'Monadnock' will stay in the bay for a month. A hop was given in honor of the officers, and to Santa Cruzans generally, on Monday evening at the Sea Beach Hotel, by Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chace, and a thoroughly jolly evening was spent. The weather continues delightful, and large numbers daily enjoy a dip in the surf. Last night (Friday) a reception and hop were given the citizens of Santa Cruz by the officers and men on board the United States flagship 'Philadelphia.' Adolph Spreckels and party were down on the 'Lurline' last week. They drove to the Spreckels Ranch, near Aptos, to see the stock. On Tuesday a bull's-head dinner was given in honor of Admiral Beardslee, Captain Cotton, and other officers of the 'Philadelphia' and 'Monadnock,' by Bernard Peyton, Superintentendent of the California Powder Works. Miss Davis, Colonel Davis's daughter, fired the big gun." THE WANDERER.

THE THEATERS.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Abstinence is the tranquil, discriminating Drew's strong point; he wins our admiration, not so much by what he does as by refraining from doing. For instance, he abjures the oratorical gesture, the emotional quaver, the melodramatic "My God!" inflections, and he is extremely guarded in expressing sympathy and grief—for which he has my eternal gratitude. In fact he avoids all strong emotions—for this I'm not so grateful—shuns the depths of human nature, and seems to have a weakness for the surface of things. I begin to grow a little tired of his persistent chase of the conventional man, and to wish he did not so dislike the aberrant and turn his back so flatly on the passions. However, we must take him as he is, for I suppose he will never attempt anything else, but continue his

"Short swallow flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away."

As the Squire of Dames he comes closer to tragedy than usual, but the contact is only external, for the tragedy is all

MISS MADGE CARR COOK,
Who joins the Frawley Company next week.

in Mrs. Dennant's heart, not in the Squire's. He merely lays an analytical finger on her grief and plays the guardian angel through a series of French scenes among French people with English names. The play is an adaptation from the French of the younger Dumas, and the fact is kept constantly in one's mind. It is difficult, for instance, to think of anything more un-English than the alacrity with which Sir Douglas accuses the woman he loves of having a laison with another man, who, by the way, is present, unless it is the eagerness with which the Squire of Dames thrusts himself into the affairs of a woman he has just met. I don't know if this is French either, but that it is not English or American I swear. An Englishman of the Squire of Dames class and character would rather pick up red hot coals I fancy than seem to try and force his way into another's affairs—and that other a mere acquaintance. However Drew does it so dexterously, gracefully, charmingly that one loses sight of the bad taste and thinks only of the kindliness of the act.

Maude Adams's Mrs. Dennant is an exquisite piece of work, so fine and delicate, yet so rich in feeling and suggestion. From

MACLYN ARBUCKLE,
Of the Frawley Company.

the first act—when she entered in her hurried and nervous, yet dainty, well-bred fashion, and greeted pretty Ethel Barrymore so unaffectedly and sweetly—to the last there was not a note out, unless—yes, there was something a little wrong with her confusion when she tries to listen to Drew and hears Sir Douglas scratching on the door. There was also an obvious bit of "acting" when, in the third act, after her husband leaves her, she broods over the situation, and ends by snatching up her hat—and Drew's veil—and rushing out to visit the child—her husband's child, but not, alas! her own. In a way it was very well done, but it grated somewhere, I can't quite put my finger on the spot, and compared unfavorably with what had gone before and what followed after in that inimitable scene between Drew and herself when she tells him—the Squire of Dames—all her troubles; tells him how she was married when very young—the old hackneyed stage-story, you see, but oh, so pathetic in her broken, tremulous, poignantly unhappy voice—that marriage was but a word to her then, a word that meant something 'vague and beautiful."

Ah! poor little girl—yes, there is a time in some women's lives when that is what it means to them, something "vague and beautiful," a strange and mystic relation which is possible only to those who love; something to be thought of shyly, reverently, tenderly, and to keep locked in one's heart of hearts.

She tells him how her love and pride were wounded, how she left her husband, how Sir Douglas came when she was alone and unhappy—the condition when women feel they must have love, when they keep or try to keep that which is offered them, no matter how unworthy—and so on through her unhappy, thwarted little life. The Squire of Dames takes her to the precipice she had glanced at, shows her the chasm, and then gently leads her back to hope and sanity. It was capitally done on both sides, but I especially liked the way in which Maud Adams lifted her tiny, blurred face, and said, "I—wore your—veil," with a piteous shadow of a smile gleaming through her tears and half curving her sensitive lips. She is a very charming, clever little woman, and I hope she will continue to make "annual tours," but I expect to hear that she has blown away some day.

As for the rest—the play itself is very diverting and full of humorous touches. Ethel Barrymore, the beautiful daughter of the more beautiful mother, was captivatingly fresh and natural as Zoe Nuggetson; whenever she entered it was as if a blooming bough were laid across the stage. What an inviting mouth she has and what a unique throaty voice. Gladys Wallis made a very pretty but not altogether satisfactory child—I wonder why she thinks a girl still in the schoolroom should wear low necked chiffon gowns. And Harry Harwood as Professor Dowle was excellent. But Mrs. Dowle, alas, spoke with the laborious punctiliousness of one set on high but not to the pedestal born.

At the Columbia this week Worthing has been playing Lord Chumley and doing it very well, though the tubbing scene could easily be improved. It is not a bit convincing. We feel—we are positively sure—that there is no ice in the bath or even a wet toe; there is no suggestion of cleansing or even dampening in the sounds which rise from behind the screen, and Blanche Bates (Meg) makes too much noise to be most effective; she should tone down a little in order to bring this scene up to the level of the rest of her work. Her heart is evidently in the right place. She means to be an actress or die, that's certain. Any girl who can sacrifice her personal appearance to her art to such an extent and with such evident glee, has risen above vanity and is on the right road. Tyrone Power was, as always, very good, Arbuckle and Leslie rather disappointing, and (this deserves a paragraph all to itself) Hope Ross looked very comme il faut in a tailor-made dress. Think of it! The beribboned, beruffled, beflounced Ross in a tailor-made dress.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"A Trip to the Moon" at the Tivoli Opera House is a capital show. It is a burlesque, of course, and presents several novel specialties, together with three beautiful ballets. The cast includes the best members of the company—Ferris Hartman, Miss Louise Royce, W. H. West, and John J. Raffael. The three ballets under the direction of Signor de Fillipi and led by Mlle. Adele Vercelessi, are interesting. "The Trip to the Moon" will run until further notice. A special feature of the performance on Friday evening, July 3d, which is the eighteenth anniversary of the opening of the Tivoli Opera house, will be the distribution of a beautiful souvenir which presents pictures of the artists and a record of all the performances given at this house. The grand opera season under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs and his Eastern company which includes Mme. Louise Natalie, Mlle. Nina Bertini Humphreys, Mlle. Anna Russell, Sig. Fernagdo Michaelena, Sig. Maurice de Vries, Sig. Abramhoff, Sig. Virisarri, Richard Karl; in addition to the company are Mlle. Marie Millard, Mlle. Clare Prince, John J. Raffael, Martin Pache, W. H. Tooker, together with an enlarged orchestra and augmented chorus will open. After the run of "A Trip to the Moon," the first presentation in this city in its entirety of Gounod's tragic opera, "Romeo and Juliet," and a brilliant revival of Verdi's "Rigoletto," to be followed by many favorite works of eminent composers, and several grand operas heretofore unheard in this city will be given.

John Drew gives the final performance of "The Squire of Dames" at the Baldwin Theater to-night. The theater will close for its regular summer vacation, commencing next Monday night, and will reopen on July 27th, with the Empire Theater Company, producing three great metropolitan successes, "Bohemia," "The Benefit of the Doubt," and "The Masqueraders." After the Empire Company we are to have in rapid succession, "The Gay Parisians," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Madame Sans Gene," with Kathryn Kidder and Augustus Cook, Julia Marlowe, Alexander Salvini, "The Brownies," and many others.

"His Wife's Father," William H. Crane's new play, is the next attraction by the Frawley Company at the Columbia. Miss Martha Morton is the author of the play, but it is not wholly American, she acknowledging that she took the main idea of the work from a well-known German comedy. It has been in Mr. Crane's repertoire a little over a year, and during that time it has proved one of the best drawing cards it has ever been his good fortune to secure.

Stockwell's Company of artists at the California Theater are pleasing large audiences with their performances. "The Grey Mare," now being presented, will be given its final performances to-night and Sunday. An interesting bill is announced for next week, when we are to see for the first time here the latest success from the pen of Sydney Grundy, "A Bunch of Violets." In the leading role, that of the schemer, Sir Philip Marchant, Mr. Herbert Kelcey will be seen in a strikingly congenial part.

A good bill, comprising five new acts, is announced at the Orpheum for next week. Chief among the attractions are the Rossow Brothers who were here a short time ago with the Hopkins combination. The Fredericks Troupe, known as the Demon Athletes, are said to be quite unlike any other troupe of athletes now in this country. They come direct from the Empire Theater in London. The Marimba Players from Guatemala have got possession of their instruments by process of law, and appear in their unique entertainment.

There will be a great outpouring of all kinds and classes at the benefit tendered to "Bob" Mitchell at the Native Sons' Hall next Wednesday evening. "Bob" is the most popular amateur who ever blacked his face or donned a Chinese garb, and the Olympic Club, Olympic Cyclers, Bay City Wheelmen, Mission Parlor N. S. G. W., Stanford Parlor N. S. G. W., Young Men's Institute, and the Corinthian Yacht Club have put their shoulders to the wheel. The bill will be vaudeville, and made up of the best amateur and professional talent in the city.

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A piquant description of ENGLISH ELECTIONS

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LITERARY LANDMARKS OF VENICE
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An illustrated paper on the distinctive characteristics of
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By President Charles F. Thwing, of the Western Reserve University.

GOOD STORIES

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The opening chapters of a novelette. Illustrated by Gilbert Gaul.

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A story of English fashionable life.

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IN THE CURRENT.

WOMEN'S FEET GROWING LARGER. WASP WAISTS UNFASHIONABLE.

Now Fashion comes along, and from her recognized seat of authority—Paris—has been issued the edict that she was mistaken when she counseled a wasp's waist for women, and that, in reality, it is a hideous thing, and no longer to be countenanced by women who follow her laws. Hence all the French dressmakers are discountenancing the slender waist. Fragility in that respect is to be rigidly avoided, they say, and the really lovely lines of Fashion's waist are those of the Venus de Milo, and of the Pallas, and of the Diana. The Greek women must now be taken as examples and followed. Those women had waists of perfect beauty, these modern clothiers of women have suddenly discovered, and the cast of the future waist must be upon the Greek model. The beauty and the grace of the lines of the ancient women of Greece are now in the minds of all the Parisian women, and the reform has not started in any lukewarm fashion, but has suddenly become the watchword and the rigid law.

The odd vocations to which Society women in a state of impecuniosity are devoting themselves are interesting to note. Bonnet and dress making are natural businesses for a woman of the world. Being, like Miss Marbury, an agent for foreign players and playwrights is a little further away, but perhaps the oddest of all pursuits for an impoverished gentlewoman is manicuring, with a hair-dressing and shampooing attachment, and yet why should it be odd in these topsy-turvy days? This, however, is the pursuit that Mrs. Grenville, formerly Mrs. Ashmore, also née Ashmore, being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ashmore, has gone into.

After brooding over this problem for some considerable time, an eminent Society personage has found the following answer: If you are calling, as a man of business, to talk over business with a woman, take your overcoat off, for in this case it is probably of a business-like cut and make. Leave it in the hall, but take your hat, stick and gloves into the room where you are to be received. If you call as a friend of the family, take with you your whole outdoor "rigout," or leave it all in the hall. In fact, do as you like. If you pay an unexpected call, take hat, gloves and stick with you. This latter piece of advice sounds as if some sudden danger might lurk in the drawing-room on the man's unexpected visit. The stick seems to point that way.

Though the sound of a baby's crying is never agreeable music even to the most devoted mother, it has been held for centuries that this was an affliction from which there was no escape. It has remained for the very new women who are in charge of a well-known New York nursery to discover that an infant's screams are wholly superfluous in a well-regulated home. This is the method by which discontented babies are persuaded to hold their peace: As soon as a child begins to cry the nurse catches it up, holds it gently and places her hand over its nose and mouth so that it cannot breathe. The crying ceases directly and the child is allowed to breathe freely again. Should it a second time attempt to scream the same simple and effectual method is applied. This is repeated till the baby imagines that the painful stoppage of the breath is caused by its own effort to scream, and so is careful to keep quiet.

An experienced person—experienced both in golf and in matrimony—of my acquaintance gives this piece of advice to bachelors: "Never," he says, "marry a woman until you have played a round of golf with her; or, better still, watched her unobserved during the varying fortunes of a competition. Place yourself inconspicuously by the side of some first-class bunker on the ladies' course, and the disclosures will be invaluable to your future life. A woman will show you a good deal of her character during three minutes in a bad bunker. A round of golf is altogether such an excellent allegory of the game of life that I feel convinced that a woman who can pass creditably through the ordeal of a public golfing competition has certain useful gifts of character and temperament. In the days to come, when feminine conscription becomes the law of the land, I should certainly, if I were commanding officer of the forces, select my generals from among the golfing amazons of the day.

Women's feet are growing larger. They are gradually lengthening and broadening, and if they keep on at the present rate the dainty little No. 1 and No. 2 shoes will probably be unheard of in ten years. They will go the way of the No. 17 and No. 18 corsets. The women deny this, and say that it is their heads that are growing larger, and that they shoe themselves more comfortably and sensibly than they ever did before. There is a great deal in this, too; but still the tendency of women to physical culture and athletics has increased the size of their feet. The college women, who jump hurdles, run races, do pole-vaulting, play basket-ball and tennis, and exercise an hour or two on the field or in the gymnasium one way or another, all wear shoes with no heels or very low ones. Of course their feet spread out and develop, and nothing increases the size of the foot like playing golf.

An eminent shoe-dealer gives to the New York *Sun* these directions for preserving the shapeliness of the foot: "As soon as a child's foot begins to develop into that of a woman, make her discard shoes with no heels. Let her wear a shoe—and this applies to women, too—which fits well up under the arch of the instep, because then the weight of the body is distributed evenly in three parts instead of two. One falls on the heel of the shoe, another on the shank, and the third on the ball. Heels should be not higher than an inch or an inch and a quarter, and as for these exceedingly pointed shoes, why, they would have deformed the foot of Venus herself. Avoid pointed toes, and wear those that are rounded, taking care to give plenty of room to the web of the foot, and favor an extra-broad sole on the outside of the shoe. The woman who wears a shoe that is the least bit too short, does her foot irreparable injury. Short shoes enlarge the joints, and once the ball of the big toe leaves the socket of the foot and becomes hardened there is no getting it back. Chiropodists claim to cure enlarged joints, but they can't do it. How can they? The socket fills up with cartilage, and the ball can't get back. There is no room for it, and so out it sticks, looking uglier than sin, and causing women more physical and mental pain than almost any other ailment.

"The Spanish and Cuban women have exquisite feet, and it is because shoes with no heels are unknown to them. Instead of pulling nature down by wearing spring-heeled shoes, they assist her to build up the arch of the foot by supporting it. Western women are becoming more flat-footed every day. Take the cities of St. Louis, Cleveland, and Cincinnati, and also Boston. The feet of their women should by rights be put in the same class with those of the women of Chicago. It would be a neck and neck race for the blue ribbon for bigness and flatness. The reason for this is plain. The Western woman has naturally a broad, flat foot. She wishes it to look long and narrow, so she encases it in a shoe three or four sizes too long and one or two too narrow. The Southern women have the loveliest feet in the world. That is because they ride so much and walk so little. Naturally this preserves the well-rounded, high-arched insteps which are theirs by inheritance, and then as a rule they have a great aversion to shoes with heels that are too low, and as for these long, very narrow shoes, so popular here nowadays, why, the women of the South hate them. A Southern customer came into a New York shoe store the other day and told the proprietor in great agitation, that she now wore a 3½ B last after being in New York for a year, and that she wouldn't dare tell her brother when she went home on a visit, for fear that he would be tempted to disinherit her"

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The popular manufacturers of bathing suits, bicycle suits, sweaters, and knitted goods are going to remove from their old quarters, where they have been located for the last twenty years, to the more central location at 103 and 105 Post Street, up-stairs, on or about July 6th next. We refer to J. J. Pfister Knitting Co., now at 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

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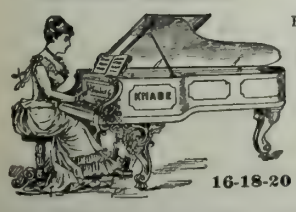

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WHEEL NOTES AND COMMENT.

A TRACK FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

The Central Park Track is a thing of the past. Only a miracle now can perpetuate it. And thus the second great effort of this kind has fallen to the ground. We all regret it thoroughly, but in the end perhaps it is better so. True, in the first moment of defeat, many of the old racing men feel that a death-blow has been dealt to their branch of the sport in this city, and the lack of success in the maintenance of this track has strengthened wonderfully that large and already powerful element which exists even in the most progressive clubs in their opposition to having anything to do with racing matters. There is some excuse for this. As a rule, the racing man is an ungrateful animal. He feels that he has a right to claim everything from his club in return for the mere honor he confers upon it by riding under its colors. His class is necessarily vastly in the minority in all the clubs, and yet he feels that the whole club policy should be shaped to his caprice. On the track he rides to suit himself and not to suit the public who have given him the opportunity, and when he fails to receive their plaudits, and the management their money, he whines at the lack of interest in a sport that he himself is daily deadening. In many cases he is without club spirit entirely. If he gets "a better yob," he shifts from one cycling organization to another with the indifference of a stray cat. He is reducing the sport to a business basis. He is crushing the sentiment out of it with a rapidity that is alarming. When this is finally accomplished, though he does not realize it now, his occupation will be gone.

Of course there are exceptions to the type of racing man the lines above have harshly hinted out—men who race for the love of the sport and the glory of their club; men who work honestly and accept the services of their club mates not as a tribute to their prowess, but with the feeling that the work of each has its importance as a factor in ultimate success. But it is because these exceptions are so few that it has become almost an impossibility to get a united action on the part of the cycling clubs in behalf of the track riders. The importance of fostering the racing element in a club is appreciated by all, but where the thing degenerates into a mere matter of bargain and sale, it becomes difficult to awaken whole-hearted enthusiasm in it. For this reason, among others, I do not believe we shall have a cycle racing track in San Francisco for years to come.

However, in the meantime, the tracks in our immediate vicinity will be improved and will increase in number. Race meets will increase. It is not at all impossible that in the future the annual league meet may mean a struggle for State championship between the various clubs, a great unified whole instead of a mere series of contests between individuals. In that event club fealty, club loyalty, club spirit, club rivalry, would come to have something of the meaning that they have at the annual championship games of the Universities. and then the matter of a track here would be easy indeed.

If you doubt this, just consider the annual Relay Race for a moment. Do you think that the various wheeling organizations of the Bay Counties spend in the aggregate at least a thousand dollars a year in the preparation and consummation of this race merely for the possession of the bauble cup that has already paid its donor in free advertising five times its cost? No one believes it. There is club spirit there. More, there is a contest of cities. The public is atilt with interest in the outcome. Thirty thousand people line the course. Can you still say that we must reduce this most beautiful of sports to a dull, dead business basis?

I like the plan of the San Francisco Road Club boys. And that they will carry it out to fullness I have no doubt. As matters now stand it seems impossible to secure a racing-track here. The climatic conditions are not right, for one thing. Further, it is evident that on a holiday people who use wheels and who are interested in wheeling, want a trip out of the city. It is believed twenty would go to a race-meet at San Jose or Petaluma, where one would go in San Francisco. But we must have a place to train, so Mr. Pixley of the Road Club purposes to secure the permission of the Park Commissioners to build a speed track for wheels at the Park on the same terms as the speed-track for drivers was constructed. Of course it would be impracticable to hold races on it, but it would afford an opportunity for training. The idea is to construct the track by the labor of the wheelmen themselves, much as the University boys built the new roads through the Berkeley grounds. Let the matter be once begun, and there will be no lack of willing hands. Of course the building of such a track implies eventually the construction of a neat stone lodge for training purposes, but that is not of immediate necessity, and can come when resources develop.

The Board of Officers of this Division have petitioned the League Racing Board for Sunday sanctions for North California. This is a matter of the greatest importance to the wheeling interests of the State and merits extensive comment, but Mr. R. M. Welch, member of the National Racing Board for this Division, has promised to discuss the matter in our next issue, and for that reason the consideration of the subject is deferred to that time.

By the way, it may be in place to mention that next week's WAVE will be a cycling number, devoted to the interests of the League of American Wheelmen, and the annual meet to be held at Petaluma on the Fourth of July. Eastern and local authorities in cycling matters will contribute, and touring trips that may be made from Petaluma as a starting-point, through Napa, Sonoma, and Lake Counties will be carefully sketched out and fully illustrated, and it does not seem too much to hope that the issue will merit the attention of every one interested in wheeling. C. MICHENER.

THE ANACONDA MINE.

It is the Hearst estate's share of the Anaconda Mine that the Rothschilds have purchased. The price paid is said to be over eight millions, which affords the journalistic Napoleon the required funds to fulfil his journalistic ambitions in New York. The history of the mine and its managers is most interesting. E. V. Smalley in the Chicago *Times-Herald*, writes thus of the great property:

"Somewhere back in the seventies two miners named Hickey, who came from St. Lawrence County, New York, began to sink a shaft on a hill overlooking the little mining camp of Butte. It was a bleak place, well up on the western slopes of the Main Divide. In a valley hard by ran the Silver Bow Creek, and along its banks the gold-seekers had washed out about all the yellow metal that could be found in the gravel, and had begun to turn their attention to the outcroppings of silver ore on the faces of the hills. A few paying mines had been opened. Edward Hickey remembered a sentence he had read in one of Horace Greeley's editorials, when he and his brother were living on their York State farm—a sentence about McClellan's army closing in around Richmond like a huge anaconda—and he gave the name of the big snake to the new hole in the ground. A fairly promising vein of silver ore was struck, but the Hickeys had no money to go on with the mine, and wanted to sell it. A stalwart young Irish miner named Marcus Daly had been noticed about the camp for some time. He would work in a mine for a week or two and then call for his time, saying that he had the rheumatism and wanted to lay off for a while. Then he would get a job in another mine and again quit after a short spell of work. This young man had been sent out to Butte by J. B. Haggin of California, to pick up some good mining properties, and he bought the Anaconda for his principal for $35,000.

"What Haggin wanted was a silver mine. Nobody, at that time, suspected that there was a vast wealth of copper ore underlying Butte; but as the Anaconda shaft was sunk deeper the silver vein turned into a rich copper vein, carrying, besides its phenomenal wealth of copper, enough silver to pay all expenses of mining and smelting, so that the copper was all clear profit. Daly was superintendent and part owner. He showed himself to be a man of great business capacity and of masterful temper. He developed the mine, bought adjacent mines on the copper vein, and, wanting a place to reduce and smelt his ores where water and wood were plentiful, he founded the town of Anaconda in a valley some twenty-five miles away and there established the greatest copper plant in the world. He was not satisfied with the rates the Montana Union Railroad charged him for transporting his ores, so he built a parallel road from Butte to Anaconda. The Anaconda now produces one-fourth of the entire copper output of the globe. Its annual product exceeds that of all the Lake Superior mines combined. Last year the assets of the Montana company were figured up at $37,087,092, and its net profits were $3,862,000. It has 3,000,000 tons of ore in sight in its mines and no one of its shafts is down further than 1500 feet. How much deeper the vein goes into the bowels of the earth is a matter of conjecture. It will no doubt be worth to the new owners a great deal more than the $45,000,000 they pay for it. All this vast increase in actual wealth from the original $35,000 paid the Hickeys has come out of the ground. Butte, now a city of 45,000 people, has many mines besides the Anaconda, but none that approach it in value.

"Daly is now worth many millions in his own right. His tastes are simple and his only extravagance is his passion for fine horses. At Hamilton, in the Bitter Root Valley, he has fenced in a great tract of pasture land and maintains one of the best breeding farms in America. His races have long been famous on the principal coursse of the East. He is a resolute antagonist in business struggles, and he has more than once broken the combinations of the copper syndicates of Paris. A great fighter in politics as well as business, using his wealth freely to down his opponents, he is at the same time a good friend to those he likes, and they find an open road to his heart and his bank account.

"Marcus Daly lost the greatest fight he ever made, and his defeat rather soured him for a time. Two years ago he set out to remove the capital of Montana from Helena, the railway and business center of the State, to his own copper-smelting town of Anaconda. The proposition appeared preposterous on its face, for Anaconda is near the western border of Montana and has no interests not dependent on the one great corporation which created it, but Daly, with his talents for practical politics, his masterful disposition, and his great wealth, set on foot such a skilful canvass that he came very near winning. He would have succeeded, in all probability, if his chief rival in Butte, the rich banker and mine owner, W. A. Clark, had not thrown his money and his strong personal influence into the scale in behalf of Helena at the critical moment. When the victory was won the people of Helena drew Clark through their streets in a barouche and showered him with flowers. Daly has never set foot in Helena since his defeat."

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WEDDING

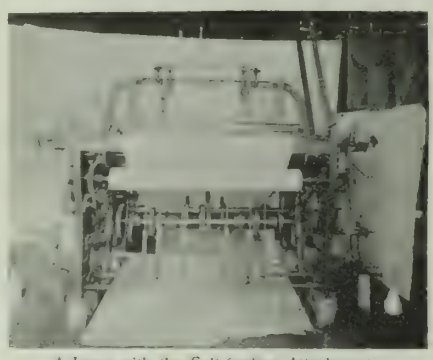
Invitations, Announcements, Cards, etc., Engraved and Printed. Correct style, low rates. 20 samples and directions for correct form, modern weddings, mailed postpaid for 10 cents in stamps. BRUNT, FINE PRINTING, 535 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE LOST ART of beautifying the Face and plumping the Figure, is recovered in the rare "Toilet Article" known as Dr. O. P. Brown's **Tissue Builder**, made from an old Roman Oil formula. It makes neck, arms and bust plump and firm. Druggists, $1.00; by mail, $1.10. **Sample**, by mail, with "Woman's Life" (Illustrated), 10 cents. 47 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

THE HUNT LOOMS.

THE LABOR-SAVING INVENTION OF A SAN FRANCISCAN.

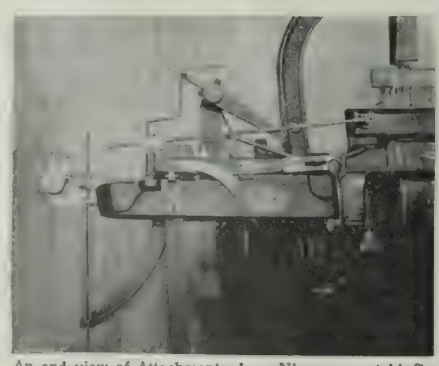
Human ingenuity is continually adding to the sum of human knowledge. Throughout the world inventors are inventing and improving, machines are undergoing alterations which add to their efficiency, labor-saving devices are constantly doubling the capacity of engines and appliances, and in



A Loom with the Self-feeding Attachment.

the general progression most of the implements familiar to our forefathers have been changed and perfected out of all semblance to their originals.

To this rule there is a notable exception. Though the loom, the most useful of all the contrivances of mankind, has been continually in use all these ages its general design has undergone but little alteration. The loom of to-day is not the loom of Herodotus, of course, but in comparison with the changes which all other appliances have undergone, it has improved but little. The most important advance on the old form is the discovery of Jacquard, that great man whose monument now stands in Paris, a lasting memorial to the great invention by means of which figures are woven into cloth. The attempt has often been made to improve the cross shuttle, but never with satisfactory results till recently, and San Francisco has the honor of being the scene of the discovery of an appliance which will materially aid weavers the world over. The invention is due to the long and careful work of Mr. Robert H. H. Hunt of this city. Its real value cannot be appreciated until one calculates the great amount of time and energy that is lost in using the old cross shuttle. In a single day, by the old method, a loom had to be stopped every two minutes and a new shuttle put in. By this method there was a certain amount of thread lost which, at the end of a day, would amount to a great deal. The loss of time cannot be calculated. By the waste of thread it is estimated that millions of dollars are lost each year. The Hunt Loom and Fabric Company have just completed and perfected a self-feeding attachment to a loom, which enables it to run continuously day and night without changing the shuttle, whereby all the time and money heretofore lost is saved. When one considers that all the wool of Europe, Asia, Australia, and America is woven into fabrics, all the cotton of American and other countries woven into goods, and all the silk of Turkey and India into draperies, it can easily be understood to what extent this invention will be used. The attachment is so simple that it can be placed on any old machine without difficulty. It is fixed at either end of the lay of the loom, and a contrivance, called a carrier, takes the place of the old shuttle and passes backward and forward. Any one can see the loom with this attachment in working order by applying at No. 24 Montgomery Street, at the office of the Company. When



An end view of Attachment where Nippers are taking the thread.

one takes into consideration the fifteen million of looms daily at work in Europe and America, and remembers that probably ere long this attachment will be placed on all of them, the great importance of the invention is easily understood. The prospective profits are enormous, and the inventor seems destined soon to become one of the world's millionaires.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

A PLEA.

Oh, give me not the "marble heart,"
Nor yet the "icy mitt,"
Nor treat me to the "frigid fist,"
Nor answer me with "nit."

Don't make me "stand upon my head,"
Nor "t'row me in the air,"
Nor "pass me up," nor "trun me down,"
Nor give the "glassy glare."

But if you must reject my suit,
Why, please to let me know
The sorrow of my lonely fate
By simply saying "No."

—*Detroit News.*

NOTES.

Decidedly the reverse of handsome was the Concord philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Years ago he, together with some others members of the school, camped in the Adirondacks. Instead of enjoying himself hunting and fishing he spent his hours at what the guides called "worthless writin'." One of the guides, an old fellow named Steve, recognized the worth of the great man, and the two had many talks together. Asked afterward what kind of a fellow Emerson was, he answered: "Wal, sir, he was a gentleman every inch—as nice a fellow as you ever see; pleasant and kind, and a scholar, too, allus figgerin', studyin', and writin'; but, sir, he was, I believe, the allfiredest homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."

The bull is not always indigenous to Ireland. Sir Francis Scott, commander of the British forces in the recent Ashantee expedition, reviewed the troops after their return to England. Addressing them, drawn up before him, he said: "You were no doubt disappointed because this campaign gave you no opportunity to fight; but, if there had been any fighting, there would have been many absent faces here to-day."

Professor Lombroso has arrived at the scientific conclusion that Dante Alighieri was insane. He has not reached this conclusion by taking Dore's illustrations to bed with him, but by a severe analysis of the poet's work. His opinion is that such conceptions of heaven and hell as Dante formed could only be the product of a mind made morbid and unreliable by its concentration upon purely subjective horrors.

ROMANOFF.

The Lapp, the Slav, the Tartar,
And the Buddhist came to town,
To see the Little Father there
Put on his little crown;
And every blessed name they bore
Was just a sneeze or cough,
Which made the whole performance seem
Quite a little 'Off.

—*Cleveland Plain Democrat.*

So the Swains have decided to establish a "Table d' hôte" dinner. It is good news for the epicures as well as for the patrons of this excellent establishment. There are many men and women who have their meals the year round at Swains' and cannot be tempted elsewhere by all the wiles of French art. They claim they find there the best eating in San Francisco—the most fanciful as well as the most substantial. For desserts, ice cream, and especially cakes it takes the palm, they declare; no one serves better tea or coffee—not the Grill Room even—and as for steaks and chops—well, the Swains' chef is ready to compete with all his rivals.

The fact is, Swains' is an excellent institution which does not avenge its respectability on the palates of its patrons. It is a family restaurant, and yet the oysters they serve you after the theater are as admirably prepared as though you had them in some sporting grotto noted for its stews and frys. Besides, there is an individuality about Swains'—the joints taste like beef and mutton; they are not unnecessarily disguised with sauces; the entreés have that excellence of flavor which proceeds from good material rather than mere dexterity in hiding poor meats with a strong flavoring. There is where "Swains'" comes in.

Now, as to the table d'hôte dinner—we are promised that it will be the best of its kind this town, so noted for its restaurants, affords. The writer proposes to assist at it on the first opportunity, because from experience he knows what to expect and how good everything will be. The price is one dollar, and the service between the hours of five and eight.

YOUR SUMMER OUTING

Should be over the picturesque route of California, the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway. Reduced rates on the Fourth of July to all points north of San Rafael. Half rates or one fare for the round trip, good to return July 6th. Greatly reduced rates to all summer resorts on this line from July 1st.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk St.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

EEL RIVER CREAMERY

SEE THAT THIS STAMP IS ON EACH END OF SQUARE

A FINE GRAIN DELICIOUS FLAVORED BUTTER

If you appreciate a DELICACY Ask your Dealer for the BRAND

San Francisco & North Pacific Ry.

For the Fourth of July Holidays very low

SPECIAL RATES

To all points on this road, and greatly

Reduced Rates to All Resorts

For particulars, inquire at Ticket Office, 650 MARKET STREET

H. C. WHITING, General Manager R. X. RYAN, General Pass. Agent

CALIFORNIA THEATRE AL. HAYMAN & Co. INCORP'D PROPS

Next Monday, June 29th

Continuing for one week only—Matinee Saturday

The success of New York and London

..A BUNCH OF VIOLETS..

A drama of sterling merit, intense interest and brilliant dialogue, by Sydney Grundy, author of "Sowing the Wind."

A great cast—Beautiful stage mountings—A complete and worthy production

July 6th - - THE IDLER

Columbia Theatre.

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS

Fifth Week of the Great Success of

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY

Commencing Monday, June 29th -A delightful comedy, in four acts, entitled

- HIS WIFE'S FATHER -

The most successful play of the year. A whole year's run in New York. Every member of the superb company—New scenery—New costumes

July 6th—THE WIFE

Orpheum

O'Farrell St., between Stockton and Powell

Week Commencing Monday, June 29th

Note the additions to a strong bill

Carl—THE ROSSOW BROS.—Franz

The most interesting Midgets alive—Comedia and athletes. **The Fredericks Troupe**, the fiv demon-athletes. **The Four Maisonos**, eccentriqu. musicians. **The Marimba Players**, from Guatemala. **Watson & Dupree**, in comedy sketch. **Billy Van, Stewart Sisters, Lillian Western** and others. Reserved seats, 25c., balcony, 10c., opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Crowds at each performance to see

A TRIP TO THE MOON

Great Cast—Grand Ballet—Magnificent Costumes

Monday Evening, July 6th

Opening of the Grand Opera season, under th direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs

Repertoire: Romeo and Juliet—Rigoletto

Entire Eastern Company—Enlarged Orchestra Augmented Chorus

POPULAR PRICES - - 25 and 50 Cents

MACDONOUGH THEATRE, OAKLAND

Three Nights and One Matinee

—Beginning Tuesday, July 7th—

MR. JOHN DREW and his American Company, —presenting—

THE SQUIRE OF DAMES, and CHRISTOPHER, JR

Sale of seats and boxes begins Thursday, July 2d

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1896.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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Renovating, laying and refitting carpets a specialty

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America's Famous Summer and Winter Resort

The Most Elegant Seaside Establishment in the World

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

G. H. ARNOLD,
—MANAGER—

Monterey, Cal.

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Season 1896

Reduced Rates

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Alma, Laurel, Felton
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SHASTA REGION

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For information as to Ticket Rates, Routes of Travel, etc., address or call at any ticket office of Southern Pacific Company, or at—

General Passenger Office
No. 4 MONTGOMERY ST., Second Floor

Or at **City Ticket Office**
613 Market St., (Grand Hotel) **San Francisco**

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A.M., June 3, 13, 18, 28; July 3, 13, 18, 28.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, June 13, 18, 23, 28; July 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S.S. *Pomona*, 2 P.M., June 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles, and way ports, 9 A.M., June 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A.M., June 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata and Guaymas, (Mex.) S.S. *Orizaba*, June 27, and 25th of each month thereafter.
Ticket Office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
General Agents
No. 10 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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(FREMANTLE) AUSTRALIA
First-Class.....$220 Steerage.....$110
Lowest rates to CAPE TOWN
S.S. "Alameda," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, June 25, 1896, at 2 P.M.
S.S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, July 11, 1896, at 10 A.M.
Ticket Office, 114 Montgomery St., Freight Office, 327 Market St.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment ..... No 23
Amount per Share. . .. . 15 cents
Levied .... June 2, 1896
Delinquent in Office ..... July 7, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock..... July 28, 1896
OFFICE: A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in **PAPER**
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
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PACIFIC CARRIAGE CO.

At Baldwin Hotel
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48 Eighth Street, or
St. Nicholas Hotel, Market and Ninth Streets
Steamer and Train Service a specialty 'Phone 1950

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PHŒNIX HORSE SHOES

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Successor to SWAN & STEIN 759 Market Street

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF ANDREW PHERSON, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Pherson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at Room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator
of the Estate of Andrew Pherson, Deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, June 8, 1896.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street, Cor. Webb

For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent on Term Deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st of July, 1896.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 Post Street

For half-year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3.33⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free from taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1st, 1896.
GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

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Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a Specialty.
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery Street, S. F
Telephone 305

CRESTA BLANCA WINES

AWARDED
THREE
HIGHEST AWARDS
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THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

OF SIX MEDALS
AWARDED TO CALIFORNIA

Cresta Blanca Wines

OBTAINED THREE

WETMORE-BOWEN CO.

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Under Occidental Hotel

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DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular)
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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,

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Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

—A—
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No man knows all there is to know about advertising. The subject is too profound, too complex, too perplexing, for any single person, or for any dozen persons, for that matter. The path to success in advertising is full of dangerous places. All business men would do well to engage a safe guide to conduct them past the danger spots—to tell them what to do and what to avoid doing.

PRINTERS' INK

Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

The German Savings and Loan Society

No. 526 California St., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in cash.....$ 1,000,000.00
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895..... ..... 30,727,586.59
Reserve Fund..... 715,000.00
Guaranteed Capital 1 200,000.00

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First Vice-President.....EDWARD KRUSE
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Attorney..... W. S. Goodfellow

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Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits. Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

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OF LONDON

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Capital Paid Up, $3,406,100 Assets, $21,584,413
Surplus to Policy Holders, $3,980,251

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Aachen and Munich Fire Insurance Co.

Of Aix La Chapelle, Germany. Established 1805

Capital, $2,250,000.00

Total Assets, $6,854,653.65

United States Department
204 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
—OF THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK

CORNER BUSH AND SANSOME STREETS

Office Hours, 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

It is almost human

"THE OLD NORTON"

Door Check and Spring

BEST in the WORLD

The only *Air Check* in market. Will close doors without slamming. If you want a GOOD thing, try them. THE WAVE uses them.

FRANK D. MORRELL

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Patentee and Manufacturer of—**Artificial Stone**

Schillinger's Patent In all its branches

SIDE WALK and GARDEN WALK A Specialty

Office, 307 MONTGOMERY ST. Nevada Block, SAN FRANCISCO

TALES OF THE DAY.

The famous cleric Archdeacon Denison was a staunch upholder of the Church of England and down on the dissenters. A perplexed parishioner came to his study one day and blurted out: "Why, I hear, Mr. Archdeacon, as how you refuses to bury dissenters!" "No," replied the Archdeacon—"you have been wrongly informed, my man. I should like to bury them all."

The door-keeper of the lunatic asylum at Dalldorf was roused from his sweet slumbers in the middle of the night by a loud ringing of the bell. He went to the door and there he saw a man standing, to whom he said: "What on earth do you mean?" Said the stranger: "I want you to put me up for the night." "You must be mad!" said the door-keeper. "Be off with you, as quick as you can."

A well-known lady, who enjoyed the privilege of the entrée at a recent Drawing Room, got hopelessly blocked in the string of carriages of the general company going to the Palace. Putting her head out of the window, she called a policeman and remonstrated with him: "Perhaps you don't know who I am? I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister."

"I am very sorry, madam," was the reply of the imperturbable minion of the law, "but I could not let you pass even if you were the wife of a Wesleyan minister!"

Some time ago the Pope gave an audience to an English lady and her little son at the Vatican, and they were expected, according to the custom of the place, to kiss the slipper of the Pontiff. "No, we don't kiss people's feet in England," said the child; "but he's a nice old gentleman, and I'll kiss his hand if he likes." The Pope, who is a very great lover of children, was not in the least offended, but took a great deal of notice of his little visitor, and was very pleased with him.

A pathetic story is told of Paderewski. One of his admirers, who had become an intimate, said to him: "You ought to be very happy to have so much fame and give such great pleasure." The pianist answered: "You, perhaps, are not aware that my wife died some years ago, and that my only child is an incurable cripple. He is all I have in the world, and my wealth and fame can do absolutely nothing for him. My only motive in studying for the career of a public artist was that I should at least be able to obtain the best medical advice possible for my poor boy. Alas! I have found it an idle dream! And when the public, which is always so kind to me, applauds me, I think of the little fellow lying on his couch in the house by the sea which I have taken for him, and I feel how poor and how vain it all is."

During an after-dinner conversation, participated in by the following men of their time, Prof. Wilson ("Christopher North"), James Hogg ("The Ettrick Shepherd"), Sir Walter Scott, his son-in-law Lockhart, and Mr. Dunlop (a gentleman well known for his temperance enthusiasm), the subject of the morality of illicit distillation came up for discussion. All but Mr. Dunlop gave their opinions in such a way that he assumed they amounted to this: That whisky so made, being so good and inspiring, entitled its manufacturer to a certain degree of leniency in public opinion. Rising in an excited manner, Mr. Dunlop loudly exclaimed: "Any one who engages in illicit distillation, or participates in its product, has no conscience!" On which Prof. Wilson rose and replied: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dunlop, your anathema is altogether out of place, because I hold that conscience is the small still voice;" and "Ay, Professor," chimed in Lockhart—"the worm which never dies."

A SAVING OF ONE-HALF.

Baggage transferred to trains or steamers and return. Trunks, 50 cents each for the round trip. Morton Special Delivery, 650 Market Street and 408 Taylor Street.

The most noted connoisseurs of table wines are unanimous in their praises of Mira Valle Vintages. The wines have always stood well and were among those which received favorable mention at the Bordeaux exposition. For sale by P. Kleiu, 604½ Geary Street.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

If you wish to look neat have your suits cleaned and pressed for $1.00. Bay City Clothing Renovatory, 22½ Geary, rooms 19, 20, 21. Phone, Main 5859.

Use only Richardson's & Robbins' deviled meats for picnics.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

Hotel Vendome

SAN JOSE, CAL.

Charming Summer and Winter Resort
Modern, Comfortable and Homelike

This beautiful hotel is situated in the "Garden City" of the Pacific Coast—in the wonderful Santa Clara Valley and only fifty miles from San Francisco, connected by three lines of railroads, with frequent communication. The Vendome is first-class in every respect—elegantly furnished throughout, rooms single or en suite, cheerful dining-room service and appointments complete. Headquarters for all tourists to the great Lick Observatory; from here (Hotel Vendome) stages of the Mt. Hamilton Stage Co. leave daily. Send for illustrated "Souvenir."

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager.

Blithedale

The nearest Summer Resort to San Francisco, and the most charming, is within five minute's drive from Mill Valley Station. Wooded hills shelter it from the wind and fog. Rose paths and beds of fragrant clover surround the houses, and all around are the redwoods—300 acres of woods. The cottages have porcelain bath tubs and electric lights and *perfect sewerage*. The never failing brook runs through the place. Table excellent—cream every day. Terms moderate. For particulars address—MRS FARRAR, who will be at Blithedale after April 15th.

The place will open on May 1st.

CAPITOLA HOTEL

CAPITOLA
BY
THE
SEA

SITUATED ON THE WATERS' EDGE OF MONTEREY BAY Surf Bathing. Hot Salt Water Baths. Table served with every delicacy of land and sea.

FIRST-CLASS
IN
EVERY
RESPECT

Orchestra through the Entire Season

For further particulars, apply to

Hepburn & Terry

CAPITOLA - Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

NO TRADE WINDS AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

The winds are blowing steady and strong in 'Frisco, racking the rheumatic and shutting the invalids indoors. Now is the time to go to Byron. The strong winds become gentle zephyrs bereft of fog when they reach this famous sanitarium. Only 3 hours from S F. $3.00 round trip. Write for particulars.

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BICYCLE EDITION.

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NOW HE WILL CHOOSE FOR HIMSELF.

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CALIFORNIA JUBILEE.

On next Tuesday California will be fifty years of age. To be sure this territory was discovered by white men long before July 7, 1846, but only from the date of the United States conquest has California a history of consequence to the civilized world. A few days ago we celebrated at Sonoma the uprising of American settlers which ended in the conquest of Sonoma and the flying of the Bear Flag. Next week we will celebrate the conquest of California by the United States, which dates from the flying of the Stars and Stripes over the Mexican Custom House at Monterey And we trust that we shall not be charged with boasting when we state that the world has never seen a growth so rapid as that which California has made in these fifty years.

Commodore Sloat had been lying at Mazatlan all spring, his pockets loaded with orders from the Secretary at Washington directing him how to act in the event of war between Mexico and the United States. Alongside lay the British Admiral, Seymour, who was suspected of having orders from the British Government to hasten to California in the event of war, and either take this rich territory in the name of Great Britain or establish a protectorate, which would lead in time to its more formal acquisition. What the British purpose was has never been discovered, but had Commodore Sloat delayed longer or sailed less fast, the United States might have had to whip England to gain California. Sloat arrived at Monterey probably on the second of the month, and immediately had an interview with Thomas O. Larkin, the United States Consul, who had been made aware of the Administration's purpose; this was, in the event of war, to at once possess California, and in case there was no war to start a local rebellion, which would lead to secession from Mexico and the establishment of an independent government to be recognized by the United States, and eventually absorbed. Larkin was for immediate possession, but Sloat was not yet ready. On the third of July, which was Friday, Sloat made a formal call on the Mexican authorities, who had, it appears, no thought at that time that it was the set American purpose to take possession of this territory. On Saturday, the fourth of July, appropriate festivities were held on board the American ships, and on Sunday, the fifth, religious services were performed. The sixth was passed by Sloat and Larkin in preparing proclamations, word having been received from San Francisco which determined Sloat against further inactivity.

When Larkin was received by the Commodore, the first words Sloat said were, "We must take the place. I shall be blamed for doing too little or too much; I prefer the latter." Consul Larkin is also authority for the statement that it is not improbable that the taking possession of the country would have been postponed a few days longer had not Commodore Sloat been apprehensive that Admiral Seymour, on his ship of the line "Collingwood," would soon be in port and might wish to hoist the English flag there. Bancroft inclines to the belief that the reason for Sloat's decision at that time was that he foresaw an opportunity, in case the seizure should prove premature, like that of Jones in 1842, to throw the responsibility upon Fremont. Whatever the decisive reason may have been, the fact is that on the night of July 6th, the Commodore's launch was started for San Francisco with copies of papers to be published the next day and a despatch to Captain Montgomery, in which Sloat said, "I have determined to hoist the flag of the United States at this place tomorrow, as I would prefer being sacrificed for doing too much than too little. If you consider you have sufficient force, and if Fremont will join you, you will hoist the flag at Yerba Buena or at any other appropriate place, and take possession of the fort and that portion of the country."

On the morning of Tuesday, July 7th, a formal demand for the surrender of the post at Monterey was made on the Mexican authorities, to which an evasive reply was received, and at once Sloat issued to the crews of all his ships a general order beginning in these words: "We are about to land on the territory of Mexico with whom the United States are at war. To strike their flag and to hoist our own in the place of it is our duty. It is not only our duty to take California but to preserve it afterwards as a part of the United States at all hazards. To accomplish this it is of first importance to cultivate the good opinion of the inhabitants whom we must reconcile." Two hundred and fifty men were landed under Captain Mervine, who marched directly to the Custom House where Sloat's proclamation was read. The flag of the United States was raised, and three cheers given, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from each of the three men-of-war.

In Commodore Sloat's proclamation addressed "To the inhabitants of California," are words the full significance of which Sloat certainly did not appreciate, or any other man at that time. He said: "I declare to the inhabitants of California that, although I come in arms with a powerful force, I do not come among them as an enemy to California; on the contrary, I come as their best friend, as henceforth California will be a portion of the United States, and its peaceable inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges which they now enjoy. . . . The country will rapidly advance and improve both in agriculture and in commerce, as, of course, the revenue laws will be the same in California as in all other parts of the United States, affording them all manufactures and products of the United States, free of any duty, and all foreign goods at one-quarter the duty they now pay. A great increase in the value of real estate and the products of California may also be anticipated. With the great interest and kindly feeling I know the Government and the people of the United States possess toward the citizens of California, the country cannot but improve more rapidly than any other on the continent of America." It certainly was not to be foreseen that within five years California was to become the greatest gold-producing territory in the world; that within ten years the little hamlet of Yerba Buena would grow into the most important seaport on the Pacific Ocean; that within twenty years California would be bound to the far East by a transcontinental line of railroad; that within fifty years the population would grow from less than one hundred thousand to more than one and one-half million; that her dreary cattle ranges would be transformed into vineyards, her deserts into wheat fields, her empty harbors into great seats of commerce, her poor pueblos into rich cities; that her thriftless people, leading easy, idle lives, and ignorant of all save what a few priests had taught them, would be supplanted by an energetic and intelligent population, manifesting in all regards a civilization not to be excelled in any other part of the land. It certainly is with pride that Californians can look back over the fifty years that have passed since Sloat sent the Stars and Stripes to the mast-head at Monterey.

THE PRESS AND THE JUDICIARY.

The *Examiner's* lawyer, that wonderful individual who overrules the law with such ease, and gives orders to the courts as he would order a steak in a Clay-street restaurant, has discovered that the Southern Pacific Company is guilty of all kinds of crimes because it has cut freight rates in the San Joaquin Valley. Day after day the *Examiner* is filled with appeals, very thinly veiled, to Circuit Judge McKenna for a decision in favor of the Railroad Commission and against the railroad in the case now pending before him. One day there will be an editorial on the grand work performed by the Valley Railroad in forcing a reduction from the Southern Pacific, and at its close Judge McKenna's attention is called to the fact that the Southern Pacific seems able to cut rates without destroying itself. Another day a couple of columns of local space will be given to sarcastic criticism of the Southern Pacific counsel for contending that the Railroad Commission's rates were so low as to make it impossible for the railroad to live under them, citing as proof to the contrary the voluntary reduction, through competition, in the San Joaquin Valley. Of course, the humbuggery of the whole business is apparent to the demagogic *Examiner* and its fake lawyer.

At certain points in the San Joaquin Valley the Southern Pacific has seen fit to reduce rates, possibly because of competition, possibly because the traffic would not bear the present rate. The Company is known to have done the same thing a hundred times before, and probably will again. We do not know, but it may be that the new rate made for these few points is not profitable; but there would be nothing strange in this, for every railroad man knows that on certain articles between certain points on every road the tariff is unprofitable. If the Southern Pacific sees fit to give the San Joaquin farmer the benefit of a rate on which it loses money, it seems to us quite unreasonable for the *Examiner* to complain. We have heard of no complaint from the farmer. To be sure, if there is any loss under these new rates it will have to be made up out of earnings from other parts of the system. But it no more follows that a railroad will be able to stand such a reduction over all its lines, because it made a reduction at two or three points on two or three articles, than it would follow that a dry goods house could sell all goods below cost because it chooses for business reasons to hold a "slaughter sale in prints." The *Examiner's* treatment of this whole matter shows that its purpose in fighting the railroad is not to benefit the farmer so much as to injure the road by attempting to make use of a voluntary reduction on the part of the Company to influence Judge McKenna—a most unbecoming and indecent position for a public journal to take; moreover, a ridiculous one, since it is based upon the idea that Judge McKenna might be influenced by *Examiner* editorials. As the natural attitude of the *Examiner* is unbecoming and indecent, its position on this question is not remarkable.

NEW DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP.

The large men of the Democracy have fallen to the rear, and the leadership, such as it is, has been assumed by such men as Altgeld, Bland, and Morgan. The old leaders are responsible for this condition; they became discouraged after the last congressional election, and, giving up all hope of carrying the country, allowed the party control to fall into the hands of loud-mouthed disreputables. The respectable element has been unhorsed, and the Populist has leaped into the saddle. This would not be if Democratic leaders had not lost their grip and surrendered their control, thinking that at this election there would be nothing worth fighting for. They have found too late that possibly the very life of the party is at stake in this election; that the "Jeffersonian Democracy" of Altgeld and Pennoyer is certain to destroy the organization built with so much labor during the past twelve years, and to decimate if not equally divide the ranks of the party. Democrats of sense, conservatism, and sound money convictions will not follow such men as these new Democratic leaders; they will refuse to accept the guidance of men who believe that it is the duty of the Democratic Party to espouse every cause for which the unthinking mob may howl; they will not defend a Democracy governed by demagogs; they will refuse to be tied abjectly to the wheels of a bourbon chariot. All these things have become evident; and out of the situation there will certainly come a Democratic bolt more serious than that which Teller led from the Republican Convention.

Mr. Cleveland has said that he will not vote for McKinley; he knows that the Democratic Party will declare for free silver, and he certainly will not vote for that which he believes would bring dishonor and disaster to the country. Unless he and the millions of Democrats whom he represents are to be disfranchised at this election, there must be another Democratic ticket. This was the prophesy made two weeks ago in "The Wave," and recent events have but made it more certain that the gold men are determined neither to be driven out of their party by financial heresy nor to quietly submit to the domination of the "crazy South and West." It is evident that Mr. Whitney has given up all hope of effecting a compromise, as the silver men have refused to discuss. The feeling of the silver leaders is so intense that no serious effort will be made to encompass their defeat by parliamentary tactics in the convention. The gold men will plead with the silverites; they will argue, reason, and demonstrate, but to all they say will come the answer: "You have had your day, now we will have ours. New York is to be no longer the Democratic Party; the farmers and miners of the West and South have united against Wall Street. Go your way and we will go ours."

It is a serious matter when the admired leaders of a Party find themselves compelled to refuse its honors. The reason why we hear of such men as Bland and Blackburn as possible Presidential candidates is because the bigger men of the Party are out of sympathy with it, and the Party is forced by circumstances into the hands of minor men. The new National leader, the one who will play the part at this convention that Wil-

liam C. Whitney did at the last, is Governor Altgeld of Illinois. This statement may come as a surprise to some who have not watched with care the developments of the last few months, but it is true that Altgeld is to silver what Hanna was to McKinley. He has made Illinois the Empire State of the West, has brought it into sympathy with the South, has carried on an educational campaign two years long upon the silver question in all the great territory of the country tributary to the Mississippi, and to-day he must be recognized as the great spirit of the Democratic Party in National Convention assembled, the leader who must be consulted before the plan of campaign can be adopted, and whose influence will have greatest weight in directing the nominations to be made. And this leader of a National Party is the creature of the Chicago mob made up of those who gathered at Haymarket Square to defy the law and kill its officers and those who later gave on American soil a modern illustration of French sansculottism. The union and identification of the Democratic Party with the element which Altgeld represents is even a greater misfortune to that Party than its identification with any 'ism of the Populists. If the Democratic Party in subjection follows him, it will lose its respectability, its dignified personnel, the support of that large body of conservative men who have given it character and made it possible for it to win during the past twelve years. It may be that the Democratic Party has gone drunk and felt that it was tired of leading a respectable life with respectable leaders, and is determined now to break away and revel once again in the joys of debauchery and defeat.

TRIAL OF CECIL RHODES.

If present promise is fulfilled, England is to have another great trial of the Warren Hastings order. The South African Chartered Company has dismissed Cecil Rhodes, which is a preliminary step to an investigation of his conduct of its affairs. What will be the exact nature of the tribunal before which Rhodes will be brought is not yet determined; it may only be a parliamentary body made up of members of the two Houses, or, which seems more likely, composed of judges appointed by the ministry and constituting a royal commission, such as that before which Parnell was tried. British public opinion demands Rhodes's trial with a strength that is imperative, otherwise he would be allowed to escape from his present awkward situation with as little muss as possible. But the English people have got it into their heads that Rhodes has been playing the tyrant in South Africa to his own profit, and not to the country's honor. The revelations incident to the Hammond trial, and those produced by the Liberal press, have been of such a nature as to convince all not financially interested in the Chartered Company that a grander steal was never projected than that which originated with Cecil Rhodes and culminated in the consolidation of that great territory known as Rhodesia.

This trial will be an international affair of first importance. Before the unfortunate Jameson raid, there was no man in the British Empire, neither Premier Salisbury nor ex-Premier Roseberry, Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Chamberlain, who was so much admired as this Napoleon of the Cape. He was known as a younger son who had made a great fortune through his skill and temerity, a promoter, financier, and business director of high quality, a politician of great judgment, adroitness, and tact, and a statesman who had outwitted all other nations, and brought under the British Jack three-fourths of the desirable territory in South Africa without costing the mother country a shilling or a soldier.

Attached to Rhodes's great enterprise were some of the noblest names in England. As a promotor he knew the value of titles, and the English papers say that the roll of Rhodes's directors would serve with little addition as the roll-call of the House of Lords. Great newspapers were subject to his control, and it is freely suggested that some of those papers which have been most bitter in their attacks upon him, and persistent in their demands for his trial, have been led to their course solely through the fact that he had contributed to their rival's support but not to theirs. He could be depended on in campaign times for large contributions, and among his personal friends could be counted nearly every great man in British politics, society, and finance. He could have been knighted but he would not accept the honor. He could have been sent to Parliament but he preferred the greater honor of being the uncrowned king of South Africa. His rise was more dramatic, his success more phenomenal, his power in his own land more absolute than that of any man England has produced within the century—and England rejoiced in his greatness. But he thought by treachery and force to add still further to his dominions, and in his effort failed. And now he is brought so low that those whom he has made rich are compelled to accede to the public demand for his arraignment and trial on the charge of mismanaging the great affairs placed in his hands under the charter granted him by Parliament. What revelations this trial may lead to no man can tell. There never has been an investigation as to the conduct of a British statesman that failed to bring forth surprising and unexpected facts. It may be that Rhodes's "pull" will prove so strong that the investigation will become as much of a farce as the trial of Doctor Jameson. Too many have been involved in the fortunes of the South African Company to make it possible for such an investigation to be thorough, without giving food to those who demand the establishment of a British Republic, and this the Conservative Party does not favor.

AN OAKLAND LIBEL SUIT.

Mr. Dingee of Oakland, a real estate agent and speculator, established a water company several years ago in opposition to the old-time Chabot institution, and for several years there has been a competition between the companies which has added much to the interest of Oakland life. Notwithstanding his position as president of an Oakland water company, Mr. Dingee seems to regard himself as a gentleman, and resents being called a thief. This is shown by his recent arrest of Mr. Gavin D. High, proprietor of the Oakland *Times*, who had spoken of Mr. Dingee in quite an irreverent manner. At Mr. High's preliminary hearing it developed that Mr. Dargie, the proprietor of the Oakland *Tribune*, had had a conversation with Mr. High in which the latter had remarked that a subsidy and a typesetting machine would cause him to feel more kindly toward Mr. Dingee and his company. Mr. High's rendering of the conversation was somewhat different, as he says the suggestion concerning the linotype was volunteered by Mr. Dargie. It appears, however, that Mr. Dargie regarded himself as authorized by Mr. High to enter into negotiations with Mr. Dingee regarding the best means of ensuring Mr. High's friendship. It did not occur to Mr. Dargie to knock Mr. High down for having made such a suggestion, nor did it occur to Mr. Dingee to show Mr. Dargie the door for having brought it to him. But the subsidy and the typesetting machine were not forthcoming, and the war against the water company went on, though we have no reason for saying or believing that this war would have ceased had Mr. Dingee been in better financial condition and able to afford subsidies and typesetting machines.

One day it happened that Mr. High found a particularly offensive overcharge made by Mr. Dingee, and, as a true patriot and protector of the public purse, Mr. High called Mr. Dingee all kinds of a financier, and more particularly a thief. The water company man, in a moment of unusual self-respect, thought he had been libeled, and Mr. High's arrest followed. Of course there is nothing to this little affair which should attract unusual attention. Oaklanders are accustomed to immoderate language; the only vice that distinguishes Oakland is that of "langwidge," to which all persons from the Mayor down seem to be addicted. And surely it is a discovery that the manager of an Oakland water company can be libeled.

It looks very much as if a little combination had been formed to drive Mr. High out of the newspaper business in Oakland. Probably those whom he is opposing found that he was not so easily handled as some who had been longer in the newspaper business, and determined upon sending him to jail or driving him out of town, relying upon a combined pull to effect this result. To Mr. W. W. Foote was entrusted one portion of the contract, and he did his work so effectually as to create for Mr. High the very warmest sympathy. That it was not so much Mr. Foote's purpose to see that justice was done as to blacken Mr. High's good name, was evident from the character of his cross-examination, which was unwarranted and unusually brutal even for Mr. Foote.

Governor Morton has appointed the members of the commission to draft a charter for the Greater New York. They are as follows:

Seth Low, President of Columbia University, and ex-Mayor of Brooklyn.
General Benjamin F. Tracy, ex-Judge of the Court of Appeals, and ex-Secretary of the Navy.
John F. Dillon, ex-Judge of the United States Circuit Court.
Ashbel P. Fitch, lawyer, ex-Member of Congress, and now Controller of the City of New York.
General Stewart L. Woodford, lawyer, and ex-Lieutenant-Governor.
Silas B. Dutcher, banker, and ex-Superintendent of Public Works.
William C. Dewitt, lawyer, and formerly Corporation Counsel of Brooklyn.
George M. Pinney, Jr., lawyer, and District-Attorney of Richmond County.
Garret J. Garretson, County Judge of Queens County.

Messrs. Low, Tracy, Dillon, and Fitch represent New York; Messrs. Woodford, Dutcher, and Dewitt stand for Brooklyn, Mr. Pinney for Richmond County, and Judge Garretson for Queens. The Greater New York Act named as the other commissioners the following: Mayor Strong of New York; Andrew H. Green, President of the former Greater New York Commission; Mayor Wurster of Brooklyn; Mayor Gleason of Long Island City; Attorney-General Hancock, and State Engineer Adams. The opponents of consolidation are represented on the commission, Mayors Strong and Wurster having vetoed the Greater New York Bill, and President Low having made a speech against it. The commission will cease to exist March 1, 1897, and must present a complete charter by February 1, 1897. It is expected that the Legislature of 1897 will adopt the charter, and that the first Mayor of the Greater New York will enter office January 1, 1898.

THE EXTENSION OF THE GOOD R[illegible] MOVEMENT.

BY GENERAL ROY STONE.
In charge of the U. S. Office of Road Inquiry at Washington.

I am extremely anxious to aid the movement for better roads in your State, as I have been closely concerned in it myself for the last two years, and have kept in touch with its management. The friends of good roads now have definite assurances that some action will be taken next winter to enlarge the work now being done by the Government in this direction.

The movement in favor of improved highways has become so active and so universal that it is important to give it the wisest possible direction in order to accomplish the greatest good. Heretofore it has been confined mainly to educational work and agitation for better legislation in each State and much is being accomplished in this way. But the example of the Darlington Road League shows that a great deal can be done for practical road improvement under existing laws and with only the ordinary means, and it seems to be easy everywhere to combine with agitation and education this practical work of immediate road improvement.

The annual expenditure for road repairs in money and labor throughout the United States approximates $45,000,000. Twenty million dollars of this sum expended wisely, prudently, and always at the right moment, would keep the roads in better repair and leave $25,000,000 for permanent construction, which amount would cover the average cost of twenty thousand miles of macadam road suited to country districts. This can only be accomplished by local organization and a constant supervision of roads and expenditures.

Looking to the accomplishment of this in part, I have just inaugurated a plan for bringing the aid of public school teachers and pupils into the campaign for road improvement. The great want of the country roads is daily care and such care would be extremely costly under the present methods of road work, but the roads of the country are actually patrolled twice a day by school boys old enough to give the necessary attention to throwing out stones, opening ditches and sluices, draining off storm water, filling ruts and holes, etc., etc., and giving notice to the proper authorities of anything needing prompt attention on their part. If junior road leagues were organized for this purpose in the school districts, and a few light, handy tools kept at the schoolhouse, and perhaps prizes offered in each township for the best service rendered, very great practical benefit to the present roads would result at little or no cost, while a generation of better road-builders for the future would be created. Country teachers would naturally take great interest in this work, and any improvement in the roads would, of course, be a benefit to the schools.

THE WHEELMEN AND THE ROADS.

BY STERLING ELLIOTT.
National President League of American Wheelmen.

We have here in Massachusetts one of the most striking illustrations of what may be done by the concerted efforts of wheelmen. Nine years ago an attempt was made by one of our members to pass in the Legislature a measure looking toward State road improvement. If I remember correctly, the motion was not even seconded. A few years later, however, we were able to obtain the appointment of a commission and an appropriation by the State for the purpose of investigating the subject of State roads, making certain surveys, geological investigations, etc. Later, this same commission was authorized to begin the construction of State roads. An appropriation of $300,000 was made, the members of the commission were salaried, and the work began.

The method of building these State roads is for the State to assume the entire responsibility and expense and afterward to assess twenty-five per cent of the cost upon the towns. In cases where the foundation is a good solid one, the road is made with simply a macadam top dressing of three grades of stone. In sandy places, where the foundation is not so firm, a telford foundation is put in first. Careful attention is given to the subject of drainage, and drain pipes are laid on either side of all roads except those which have a very good natural drainage. This plan of State road building worked so well that in the following year $400,000 was easily appropriated. This year the appropriation is $600,000.

It is an interesting fact that at a hearing given by the Committee on Roads and Bridges, nearly four hundred persons were present, nine-tenths of whom were from the country portions of the State, and were of the very class who in years back had opposed the expenditure of money for roads on the grounds that they were largely for the benefit of bicyclists. The chairman of the committee called for a vote of the people present, asking each to write upon a slip of paper the amount of money which he thought should be appropriated for road improvement purposes by the State this year. I believe that in no instance was the amount so written less than one million dollars, while in some cases it was as high as four or five millions.

This shows the extent to which our people have waked up to the importance of good roads. We have every reason to expect that next year the appropriation will be at least a million dollars, and so long as the plan works as well as at present there will be no question about getting at least a million dollars a year from the State for the purposes of highway improvement.

Cloverdale.

[Photos by Taber.]

Saratoga Springs.

TOURING NORTH OF THE BAY.

BY L. C BYCE,
Of the Petaluma Wheelmen.

Petaluma being the town attracting the most attention among cyclists at the present time, by virtue of being the place where the annual L. A. W. Meet is held this year, it is fitting that some mention be made of the many excellent runs, short and long, and the extended tours that may be made with Petaluma as a starting-point.

With the Petaluma wheelmen, club-rooms are of frequent occurrence. Some of the many attractive places among their objective points are Pacific Ocean, taking in Bear Valley, Olema, Camp Taylor, and several other points of interest—distance twenty-five miles; Dillon's Beach, a favored

Walking a Grade.

resort, passing through the little town of Tomales—distance twenty miles; and Lakeville, taking in the historic old adobe occupied in early days by General Vallejo and troops—distance about ten miles.

But perhaps the most interesting run of all is to Agua Caliente, where a large swimming tank is supplied from the springs, affording a luxury all cyclists appreciate. The hotel accommodations are of the finest, and the Petaluma Wheelmen regard this place as the one of all others for a day's outing. The distance is eighteen miles.

Occasionally a long run is projected, when the route usually selected is from Petaluma through a low gap in the Sonoma Mountains, touching Sonoma and Agua Caliente, traversing the greater portion of the Sonoma Valley, passing the grounds of the Home of the Feeble-Minded, the little town of Glen Ellen, through the Los Guilicos and Rincon

At Agua Caliente.

Valleys to Santa Rosa, and thence homeward, a total distance of some fifty-four miles.

Numerous other short runs may be made out the roads diverging from Petaluma, reaching such localities as Two Rock and Chileno Valleys. A nine-mile ride with a little hill-climbing will take you to a point where a beautiful view in all directions is afforded—the ocean, San Pablo and San Francisco Bays, the valleys of Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Bennett, and Sonoma, Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco and Oakland, and the prominent peaks of Diablo, Tamalpais, and St. Helena; all these go to make up the landscape.

Petaluma is readily reached from San Francisco by steamer or by the S. F. and N. P. Railway, or the cyclist may leave the train at San Rafael and ride to Petaluma, a distance of twenty-three miles.

To begin actual touring in this vicinity, one of the first things to be done is to secure a copy of the Road Book, prepared by Mr. Lippett, the League Consul at Petaluma. This shows all the roads and cross-roads in Marin, Sonoma, and a portion of Napa Counties. All distances are accurately

One of the Blue Lakes.

recorded, and it is to this source that we are principally indebted for the distances mentioned. Other information regarding the roads and their condition is based on actual riding experience.

In Sonoma County there is one main road which extends northerly through the Russian River Valley and terminates at Eureka, Humboldt County. After leaving Petaluma, one can proceed to Santa Rosa—roads good and some portions excellent—visiting the White Sulphur Springs en route, or a more circuitous route may be selected by way of Sonoma,

Lakeport Landing.

sixteen miles, passing through this town, noted in the history of the State as the place where the flag of the California Republic was first raised. Three and a half miles brings us to Agua Caliente, which has been referred to in this article. Four miles more and we reach Glen Ellen. Thence along a beautiful valley road sixteen miles to Santa Rosa. Five miles to the north on the main road brings the rider to a westward turn leading to the great redwood timber belt. The road is sandy for much of the twenty two miles, but the ride repays the labor. Close to Guerneville, in the midst of the loftiest redwoods, is the spot made famous by

Crossing the Creek.

the Bohemian Club of San Francisco in celebrating their annual high-jinks. Returning to the main road, a short ride brings us to its junction with a road leading to Mark West Springs, a delightful place to rest. For riders making this their objective point, the direct road from Santa Rosa is best. This also leads to the world-famed petrified forest, and on into Lake County.

Again returning to the point of divergence from the main road, we soon reach Healdsburg, distance from Petaluma thirty-two miles; the road good, with some short stretches excellent. Three and a half miles will bring us to Lytton Springs, another delightful spot. Cloverdale is reached fifteen miles further on, from which place a side trip can be made to the Geysers, sixteen miles, one of the wonders of the world.

From Cloverdale the principal objective points of interest are the almost innumerable springs and resorts of Lake County. These may be reached by several routes, but the one to be chosen going and coming as the best and easiest road, is over the Pieta grade, which leaves the main road eleven miles north of Cloverdale. This is one of the finest mountain roads in the State, and can be ridden easily by any

Road near Calistoga.

one not aiming to push too high a gear. The ascent from Pieta is almost continuous, but easy, for nine and a half miles, until the summit is reached at the toll-house. A good plan is to aim to reach the hotel at Pieta and stay for the night, riding over the grade in the early morning. The scenery is grand, the travel is not so great as to interfere in any way with the cyclist or to make the roadbed dusty, and there is plenty of water along the road at frequent intervals. From here a rapid descent brings us to Highland Springs. We have found that the management knows how to treat wheelmen, and that a stay at this place lingers in the memory. Those douche baths, the variety of waters, the entertainments, the table, the free-from-restraint feeling that takes possession of one—all contribute to the enjoyment

Perhaps no section of country on the Pacific Coast has so many pleasure resorts, so great a variety of mineral waters, so enjoyable a climate, and so large a number of places of interest within short and easy riding distances. The beautiful little town of Lakeport, situated on Clear Lake, is a good place to spend a day or two. An outing

Entrance to Saratoga Springs.

upon the lake affords much enjoyment. A trip across the lake and up the mountains to Bartlett Springs is not at all impossible. A ride to Soda Bay, Adams, Siegler, Harbin, Anderson, and many other of the noted springs is well worth the effort. For the tourist who has but a limited time at command, a day or two in this vicinity must suffice.

The twelve-mile ride from Lakeport to the Blue Lakes brings us to the most beautiful spot in California. A grander exhibition of the wonderful in nature can scarcely be found in any part of the world The return from this point may be made by the Pieta grade—the better way—or by the stage road to Ukiah, twenty-one miles. Vichy Springs, near Ukiah, is worth a visit. Then the homeward journey begins, and we pass south through Cloverdale, Healdsburg, and Santa Rosa again.

The return from Blue Lakes may be made, passing a number of the springs and resorts already mentioned, by way of

Middletown, Calistoga, and the Napa Valley. A great many tourists have heretofore entered Lake County by way of the Napa Valley, and there is much to be said in favor of

Lakeport.

a trip that way; however, after leaving Calistoga some rough and rugged roads and steep inclines necessitating long and tiresome walks are encountered, and for this reason the route here described has been most frequently used by wheelmen for the past two seasons.

Should it be desired, the tour may be made from Petaluma to Napa, twenty-six miles, thence up through the Napa Valley, passing St. Helena, eighteen miles, and Calistoga, nine miles, and thence into Lake County, making the return trip by way of Ukiah or Pieta.

It may be mentioned that nowhere is the distance from a line of railway very great, and much of the time the roads referred to parallel the railroads. Hotels and stopping-places are good and close together, so that short or long rides may be made at the discretion of the tourist.

A WHEEL TRIP TO THE GEYSERS.

BY J. J. B. ARGENTI,
Chairman of the Touring Board, L. A. W.

To the many wheelmen desiring a short tour awheel, occupying about five days' time, this trip to the Geysers of California is recommended.

The Geysers are situated in the northern and western part of Sonoma County, in a deep, picturesque canyon through which flows Big Sulphur Creek, so well known to the fisher sportsman. Towering 4000 feet above on the north is Cobb Mountain, and on the south is Geyser Peak. A trip to the summit of either is well worth while for the grand view afforded.

The Geysers may be reached by several roads via Calistoga or Cloverdale. To make the entire trip awheel from San Francisco, take the ferry to Oakland, making Broadway the starting point, leaving about one o'clock and connecting with the ferry at Vallejo Junction at five P. M. Out

Geyser Canyon.

Broadway to San Pablo Avenue and thence through West Berkeley, San Pablo, and Rodeo the road is good and nearly level. The distance is twenty-nine and a half miles, and is easily accomplished in three hours. At Vallejo a stop should be made for dinner, and then, by steady riding, the fifteen miles that separate you from Napa may be accomplished before nightfall. An early start the following morning will make the trip to Calistoga, distance twenty-seven miles, an easy matter before lunch, and even though that point is reached before the noon hour, lunch should be eaten there, as there are no accommodations obtainable between it and the Geysers. The roads from Napa to Calistoga are usually good and well cared for.

At Calistoga the harder part of the trip begins. The road to the left, on the west of the town is taken, and thence direct till, near Fossville, the first heavy grade is encountered. It is short, however, and there is then an easy, slightly rolling road to Kellogs. Pass on direct to "Forks." Here take the right side of the road. The wheelway is getting rather bad now, and quite hilly. You reach the creek, ford it, climb up the bank and take the road to the left side. For the next mile there is but little riding. The creek must be crossed and forded twelve times, and the roadbed is very rocky. After the last fording the road is apparently lost. It leads behind an old, deserted house, and is found upon the right side, and immediately starts uphill. Here trouble commences. The grade is steep, and the road-surface at best but fair. This state of things continues for four and a half miles, and walking is preferable to riding for that distance. But the scenery here more than repays the wheelman for the walk.

Water is scarce and not easily obtainable on this road until near Pine Flat, elevation 2342 feet. From here a grand view is had of Mount St. Helena and the Napa Valley. Our road is still upward to the summit, distant two and a quarter miles, elevation 3600 feet.

Along the summit the road is almost level and fair for nearly three-quarters of a mile, and then pitches down to the Geysers, five and three-quarters miles. Wheeling down this grade requires constant watchfulness and care on the part of the wheelmen. The roadbed is not good; the turns are short, sharp, and many of them steep; the outside of the road is steep and precipitous, and an accident may easily occur and the most serious consequences follow.

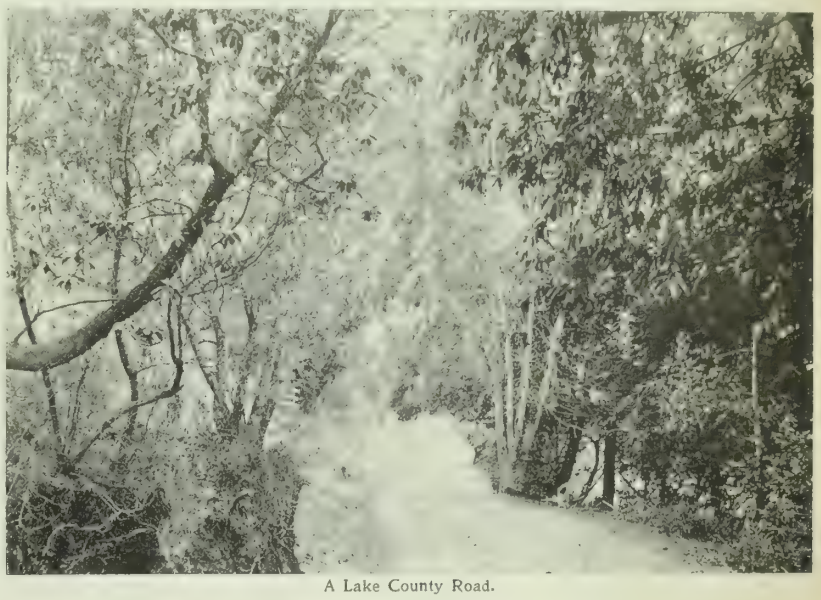
On reaching the Geysers, all trials and tribulations are over. The people in charge extend to wheelmen a most cordial welcome, and if a tourist does not enjoy himself he has none other to blame. The varied baths are at the disposition of guests, and seem to exert a refreshing influence on the body of the bather. The soreness and tired feeling are entirely dissipated, and he is enabled to enter into and enjoy the entertainment usually provided at places of this kind.

To see the Geysers at their best it is necessary to visit them early in the morning, before the sun has so heated the atmosphere as to cause a dissipation of the steam. Five o'clock is the usual time to start from the hotel to Geyser Canyon, distant about half a mile. Under the care of guides—who, by the way, are not needed, and for whom a compulsory charge of fifty cents is exacted, whether employed or not—the party is taken through the wonderful "Gulch." The trails are well marked and open. On entering the canyon we are in the realm of the Prince of Darkness—"The Devil"—and first is seen his "Chair"; next, proceeding upward, "The Kitchen"; then, immediately below us, a great pool of boiling water with several spouting hot springs in it—"The Witches' Cauldron." Near by is the "Devil's Inkstand," a large mud spring that ejects with hot salt water quantities of mud that change the water to a kind of ink. A favorite custom of tourists here is to write their names on a couple of cards, leaving one and retaining the other as a souvenir. His Satanic Majesty does not offer his in return, simply acknowledging the receipt by a further burst of steam or water. Upward and above the Kitchen is the "Teakettle." This is a constant geyser where the steam escapes with a loud hissing noise that can be heard for a considerable distance. On the left is the inevitable "Lover's Leap," with the customary attendant story. At the left side of the canyon is the Great Geyser. This is a gigantic steam spring, the escaping steam literally covering that side of the canyon.

The walls of the canyon are variegated in color, yellow, red, green, brown, black, and every intermediate shade. These colors are mainly deposits of chemicals carried in vapor or mechanically by the vaporized water to the exit, and there deposited. Sulphur, carbonate of lime, iron sulphate, in various stages of transmutation, are plentiful.

Up the canyon many freaks of nature are to be seen. Near the upper end a short, steep trail leads to the "Devil's Pulpit." Here a magnificent view of the Geysers can be had, and if any one of the party is so inclined, a sermon might be preached. Surrounding this spot are a number of dead and dying geysers. The trail leads on under overhanging trees to the picnic grounds, and then up over the hill to the "Steamboat Geyser." You hear the chug-chug-chug of this long before you reach it, the sound resembling closely that produced by the stern-wheel steamers so common on our bays and rivers. A short bit further down the trail and we come to the "Lemonade Spring," the water of which, with the addition of a little sugar, furnishes us with a hot lemonade. Then you are ready to return to the hotel for lunch.

The magnificent scenery through which the wheelman has passed on his way to the Geysers might tempt him to return by the same road; but this is unnecessary. Something of a different character awaits ahead. Early next morning, or when you choose, the road to Cloverdale is taken. For something more than a mile it is an easy grade to the summit, and then down to the creek. The scenery on this road, though not rivaling the grandeur of the Calistoga grade, is peculiar to itself. Imagine riding downward continually on an easy grade, so easy that the constant changes brought into view by the many curves in the road can be appreciated without danger. After crossing the creek the road becomes somewhat rolling and hilly, a series of up and down [illegible]. These soon give way to a continuous down grade, and finally, without losing any of the picturesqueness, you arrive at Russian River. Ford this, and a mile of riding brings you to Cloverdale, distant about eighteen miles from the Geysers. If your start was early in the morning you will have several hours to spare now, and can take a ride down the Sonoma Valley, over good rolling roads, passing through Asti and Geyserville to Forks. Here take the left-hand road to Healdsburg, where lunch may be had, and then on to Santa Rosa, where you arrive in time to take the afternoon train for San Francisco. If time permits, the entire trip may be made awheel, continuing to San Rafael and Sausalito the next day.



A Lake County Road.

THE LEAGUE DIVISION.

The occasion of the League Meet seems fitting for a brief sketch of the work of the League of American Wheelmen, and more especially of this Division, during the past six months.

The amazing growth of the national organization in membership is a matter of common knowledge, and has been remarked upon with surprise by the press of the country. We now number many more than fifty thousand, and are closely united by our common aims and objects. The California Division has had its share in this wonderful growth, and during the past six months has nearly doubled its membership. The practical benefits of the League are rapidly coming to be appreciated by the wheelmen generally, and it is now pretty well understood that the nominal dues required are returned many fold in the course of the year. Probably each League member who attends this meet from the mere fact of his being a League member, will save more than a year's dues on this single occasion.

There is much work to be done by the wheelman during this and the coming year and complete organization is essential to its effective accomplishment. The passage of the Armstrong bill in New York declaring the bicycle to be baggage shows us what we also can accomplish with a little well-directed energy. Further, we must see to it that the various County Boards of Trustees, the Road Officers, and all other State and municipal officers who have anything to do with the determination of the quality and character of the roads in each section, shall be men who have an intimate personal knowlledge of roads and streets, acquired either through the use of a wheel over them, or through frequent driving or teamine. There is much work ahead of the League of American Wheelmen in this State for the coming year in that direction.

The perfection of the system of League hotels and local consuls has taken up much of the time of the officers of the Division during the past half year. The supervision of the many race meets that have been held has kept the Racing Board busy. The Touring Board is engaged on a new and much improved edition of the Road Book, and has now ready for issuance a Handbook of Cycling Tours of the greatest value to the wheelman. The Highway Improvement Committee has carried on an active and aggressive policy for the cause of good roads and good streets throughout the State, and the Committee on Rights and Privileges, with the help of the League attorney, has disentangled many of our members from the meshes of the law.

Devil's Kettle.

If the remaining half of the year is as successful as the six months just past we shall certainly have reason for congratulation.

F. H. KERRIGAN, Chief Consul.

How a Racing Man Cares for Himself.

BY F. E. SCHEFSKI,
Of the Stearns Team.

Training has become a science, and to train successfully for any athletic sport in which the body must be put through a series of daily performances to bring about such a condition as will render possible the performance of some great feat of physical strength, is a matter that requires deep study and scientific consideration of the ends to be accomplished, and the individual peculiarities of the man who is to accomplish them. There are many systems of training. Boxers, sprinters, and bicycle riders each use different methods, and it is only through many years of experience that the best results can be brought about.

In the beginning of a course of training for any athletic event where a great strain, either physical or mental, is required, the greatest care is essential. And just here I

F. E. SCHEFSKI.

might say that the importance of the mental part of it should not be under-estimated. In bicycle riding especially the mind must be trained in such a way as to think quickly, and the nerves to respond instantly to the mental impulse. The reasons for this are obvious. Starting the spurt at the right time means the winning of a race, perhaps. A single opportunity may be offered for securing the best position. An instant's delay and it is gone and the race is lost. Then there is the all-too-probable spill to be looked out for, and the dangers and excitement that crowd every second, from start to finish. Indeed, a man has his thoughts well occupied in a dozen different ways in a hotly contested race.

Of course, to ride a bicycle race a man must be at his best physically. All of his muscles, and those of his legs in particular, must be in such a condition as to best undergo the hard strain they are put to in a fast race. If a man lacks health he will never make a success in any department of athletics, and the attempt under such conditions is dangerous in the extreme, and liable to prove disastrous.

There are many treatises on training, and nearly every bicycle trainer has a form of work he puts his men through to get them in as perfect a condition as possible. It is a popular impression that all the racing men pursue the same course of training. In one sense this is true. They all ride twice a day, but while one trainer makes his men ride hard and long distances, another is more lenient, and does not let his men do so much work; one believes in making his men spurt much, another not so much; different liniments are used as a rub-down, and there are many other variations in handling men employed by the different trainers. The most dangerous thing a man can do is to trust himself to a trainer who does not know his business. The man who is ignorant and has a trainer who is ignorant as regards training, may, in two or three seasons, instead of making a crackajack of himself, fit himself for the grave. It is pretty evident, therefore, that any one who desires to fit himself for racing on the wheel, had best be well acquainted with the details of the preparatory work.

My own personal practise in preparing for a bicycle meet I shall endeavor to outline in this article. Of course, it must be remembered that bicycle racing is my business, and that those who follow the sport merely for the pleasure they get out of it would no doubt have to modify these rules to some extent.

The first and most important thing to get is "heart." By this I mean that feeling that you are as good as any man in the race, and until the very finish of it you still have a chance. This feeling that you are the equal of any of the contestants is half the game in bicycle riding. To become a successful rider a man must start in with a good physique, and be strong and healthy. He must keep good hours. I make a practise of going to bed say about nine o'clock and rising at six in the morning. This is absolutely essential, for without sleep it is impossible to go through the proper work. Always eat regularly, and never ride for at least two hours after eating. The greatest care should be taken in the selection of foods, and in the manner of eating, for when once the digestive organs have been abused and put out of working order, the rider may as well quit riding, for should he not, he will soon be a fit subject for a doctor.

I have found that the following foods are the most useful while training and limit my diet to them: soups, roast beef and mutton, broiled steaks and chops—no pork nor veal—chicken and game of all kinds; vegetables of all kinds, with the exception of cabbage; toast once or twice a day as desired, and corn bread. Puddings, such as rice, sago, tapioca, bread, and custards, if not too sweet, may be eaten. Coffee should not be used, but tea may be. Ice water is very unhealthy, and should not be touched, nor should ice cream.

The winter is a rider's vacation, and he does no active training then, but takes a much-needed rest after his long summer's work. In the spring, just as soon as the weather will permit, he commences training again. A good idea, and one that is sanctioned by the great trainers of our country, is to commence by riding on the road for, say at least three or four weeks. A man should begin by riding from five to ten miles at a very moderate pace—say four minutes to the mile. In this way he will build himself up again, so that he can stand hard work when he gets on the track. In the spring he naturally feels strong, and has a tendency to overwork himself. Of this, he must be careful, for he is not in condition to stand hard work, and must work up to this with great patience. If once his muscles become stale from hard work, he loses his spurt, and has to quit riding for a long while to recuperate them.

After having ridden on the road for some time, increasing his speed after the first week or so, until he can ride at a three-minute clip or less without exerting himself, he is ready for the track. Here he should ride from three to five miles at from 3:00 to 2:40 per mile, if he rides unpaced and alone. Should he have pace-makers all the way, such as a tandem or the like, he can ride his last mile at 2:10, or even less, with the mile previous at about 2:20 to 2:15. He should be very careful in spurting not to overdo himself. This is a common mistake of many riders. One-hundred-yard spurts to start with are all right, and these can be lengthened as the rider gets in better condition and is able to stand harder riding. In this way he will soon be able to spurt a quarter mile.

After riding, do not stand around on the track and cool off, but go immediately to your dressing-room, cover up well with a blanket, and sweat for awhile, lying on your back in an easy position so as to rest your muscles. After sweating, be rubbed with a Turkish towel perfectly dry, and then put on your liniment. This is rubbed all over the body to keep the muscles from stiffening, and to prevent catching cold. All the muscles in the legs should be well kneaded and rolled, but in an easy manner, so as not to make them sore. Dress immediately after getting your rub.

Be careful and do not walk much on hard-paved streets, as this hardens the muscles, and they must be kept soft and pliable. There are a thousand and one minor details of training which might be added, but the length of this article precludes it. After training a while a person becomes familiar with these details, and can pretty well judge for himself what is best for him to do and avoid in order to obtain the desired results.

The *Critic* gives an account of the summer plans of many well-known American authors, from which we extract the following: Mr. John Vance Cheney will give what little time his duties as Librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, allow him, to his old home in Dorset, Vt. One or two volumes of his verses, old and new, may be expected in the autumn. *Thistle-Drift* and *Wood Blooms* by the way are out of print, "Queen Helen" being thus the only volume of his poetry still in the market.—Mr. F. Marion Crawford's schooner yacht "Alda" was launched on May 16th in Brooklyn, where she had been thoroughly over-

FRANK H. KERRIGAN,
Chief Consul, L. A. W.

hauled. Mrs. Crawford will have an opportunity of deciding on her interior fittings when the boat reaches Sorrento, Italy. The yacht sailed for the Mediterranean on May 25th. It is her owner's intention to knock about Italy and Sicily for the summer, and he will probably return to New York with his wife in October or November.—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard will again go to Sag Harbor, L. I., where he has spent the last seven or eight summers. He has no plans of literary work at present.—Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Geo. C. Riggs) sailed for England on May 6th, to remain until the end of June. She then returns to America, and will spend the three following months at Quillcote-on-Saco, her country home in Maine. She expects to finish, while there, a new story—a study of child-life, to be published in the early winter, and also to make ready for the press a volume of her songs.—Miss Mary E. Wilkins, who was in New York this week, expects to spend the greater part of the summer at the Profile House, in the White Mountains, working steadily on her new novel, *Jerome, a Poor Man*.—Mr. Theodore Roosevelt will spend the summer days largely at Police Headquarters, New York, and, whenever possible, his nights at his home at Sagamore Hill, L. I. He hopes to take a three or four weeks' vacation, however, on his Montana ranch, to try the new small caliber Winchester on antelope. He has just brought out the fourth volume of his "Winning of the West," and may collaborate with Captain Mahan on that part of the new British Naval History, now being planned under Mr. W. Laird Clowes, dealing with the American wars of England.

THE PETALUMA TRACK.

This track, of which we are enabled to present a good illustration in this issue, is one of the fastest four laps in the State. The surface is laid with a peculiar cement rock, allowing a smooth finish and giving it great speed qualities. It has been especially prepared for the Division Meet, and is stated to be absolutely safe at any rate of speed. Ten men may be started from scratch. The home-stretch is thirty-five feet, the back-stretch forty feet, and the turns twenty-five to thirty feet.

San Francisco Road Club.

California Cycling Club.

Bay City Road Club.

Imperial Cycling Club.

SOME CYCLING CLUB INTERIORS.
[Photos by W. B. Tyler.]

SUNDAY RACING.

BY R. M. WELCH,
Member of the National Racing Board.

The rule requiring promoters to obtain sanctions for race meetings was adopted by the League of American Wheelmen at the commencement of the season of 1892. The primary object of the rule was the protection of the racing men. The issuing of a sanction was intended to convey the assurance that the promoter was a reputable individual or association, that the rules framed by the League for the government of racing would be observed and administered with fairness and intelligence; that prizes of the value advertised would be duly awarded to the winners, and that in general the racing men would be dealt with fairly and considerately. Men who competed at meetings not thus sanctioned were assumed to be acting in defiance of the League's control of racing, and were punished by exclusion from sanctioned meetings for a period more or less extended as the circumstances of the case might seem to warrant. It did not take the racing men long to grasp the situation, and it soon became so that no man who valued his privileges could be found to compete at a meeting not duly sanctioned.

All affairs relating to racing are administered by the League's Racing Board. This body at present consists of seven members. To it was assigned the duty of granting sanctions. Originally there were no restrictions placed on the issuing of sanctions. It was left entirely optional with the Board to grant or withhold them for any day or occasion it might see fit. It was not until 1895 that the legislative body of the League at its annual session, voted that no sanction should be issued for a meeting to be held on Sunday.

There is no record of any cycle race meeting of pretensions ever having been held in the United States on a Sunday. Certainly there has been none such on that day in California. Yet this restriction created intense feeling in certain localities. Especially was this the case throughout California. The representative of the Racing Board in charge of this State promptly reported men who competed in track races held on Sunday. He was not in sympathy with the law, but he felt obligated to enforce it. In no case were the men of importance. They had competed at obscure little meets of interior country towns, and the action taken against them was merely pro forma. The penalty inflicted was light. Exclusion from the track until the end of 1895 was the limit of severity. The most severe punishment was meted out in the vicinity of St. Louis. There, men were suspended from the track for one and two years, and, in some cases, permanently, until now the member in charge of that district felicitates himself that he has effectually stamped out Sunday racing.

It is necessary to understand that the organization of the League is formed of so-called divisions corresponding in their boundaries with the States and Territories, except in the case of California, which is separated into two divisions, known as North and South California. Each division has its executive officers, certain of whom, with delegates proportioned in number to the membership of the divisions, meet annually as a legislative body. At the last meeting of this body, in February of this year, it was proposed by Northern California that the question of Sunday racing be made optional with each division; that it be left to each division to decide for itself whether Sunday racing should be sanctioned within its borders. The proposition was so reasonable that no apprehension was felt as to the result. It was believed that it would be adopted without question. It came up for consideration after what was considered the most important business of the assembly had been disposed of. The meet for 1896 had been awarded to Louisville, a

R. M. WELCH.

new president elected, and Class B abolished. Many of the delegates had gone home. The Northern California delegates were unavoidably absent. Laughable as it may seem, the Southern Pacific Company became a factor in the controversy. The Chief Consul of Southern California arose in the assembly and opposed the measure. With opposition from the very section which was believed to have proposed it, and represented to be most clamorous for its adoption, there seemed to be nothing to be said in its defense, and the tired delegates promptly rejected it, thus continuing in effect the restrictions against Sunday racing.

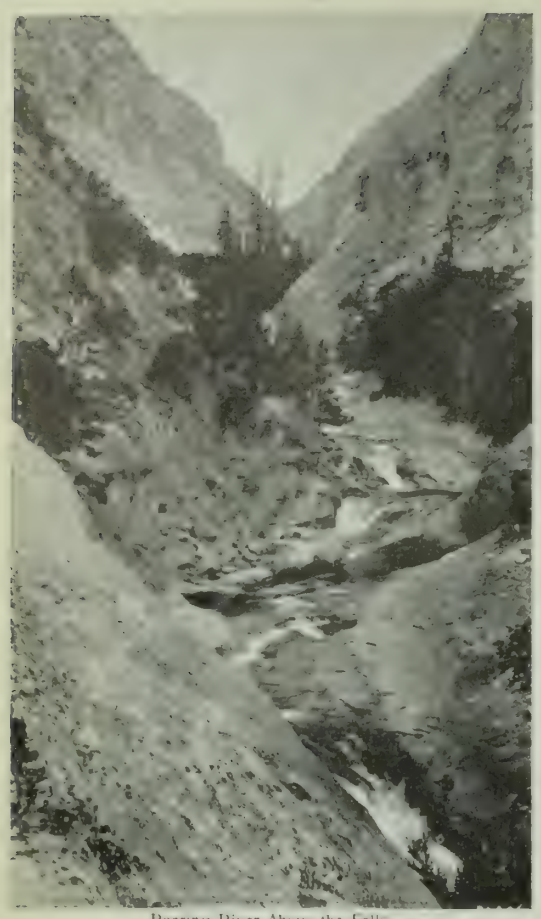
The explanation of the unexpected opposition from Southern California proved to be that the Southern Pacific Company having constructed at Santa Monica a third-of-a-mile track, perfect in all its appointments, would, if Sunday racing were permitted, make use of the track on that day as one of the attractions for the crowds that every pleasant Sunday visit that seaside pleasure ground. The surfeit of racing the public would thus receive, it was believed, would have a demoralizing effect on race meetings that might be projected on other tracks in that section. The Chief Consul evidently realized that his Division would vote for Sunday racing if the question was ever presented to it. That it would have done so there is little doubt.

No further effort to repeal the existing rule against Sunday racing can be made until the next meeting of the League's Assembly early in 1897. The rule, however, is peculiar in its construction and furnishes a loophole of which the North California Division is disposed to take advantage. It forbids the Racing Board to issue sanctions for meetings to be held on Sundays. To this extent it is mandatory. It then empowers the Board to impose penalties on race promoters and racing men who may hold race meetings or engage in racing at the same without official sanction of the Board, but it does not say that it shall impose penalties in every case, nor does it prescribe what such penalties shall be. Here arises the North California Division and claims that in all matters relating to cycling within its borders it is supreme. It expresses its regret that the Racing Board can not issue sanctions for race meetings on Sundays, but it will try to get along without sanctions on that day, and it calls on the Board to desist from imposing penalties on race promoters and racing men who may hold race meetings or engage in racing at the same within the Northern California Division without the official sanction of the Board, on Sundays, not because they are unwilling to get the sanctions, but because the Board cannot grant them.

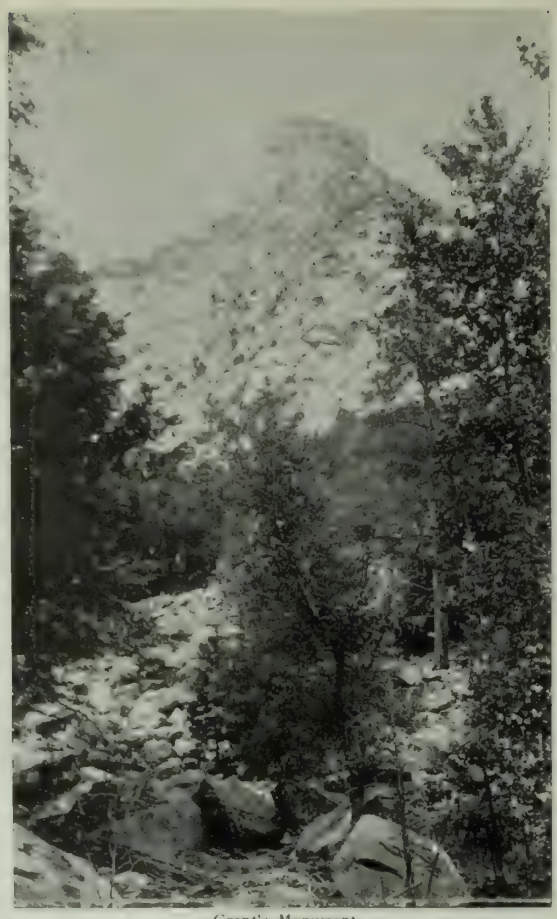
The questions naturally occur, Is Sunday racing generally desired in California? Will it be availed of to any extent? And will it benefit the sport? It has been admitted herein that no meeting of any importance was ever held in California on Sunday during the period when racing on that day was not prohibited. To which it may be replied that during the past two years the sport has made wonderful advances in the number of its followers and in the facilities for its pursuit. It is quite possible that there may be communities, even in California, where this form of the sport will not be acceptable on Sundays. If so, it will simply be frowned out of existence in such communities.

Holidays in California are few, and in many localities not generally observed, and Sunday is preeminently the day most available for recreation. If it were not allowable to play baseball on Sundays, there would be few games and the expensive grounds now devoted to that sport would not have come into existence.

Sundays are now devoted by cyclists to road racing because the League disowns that branch of the sport and places no restrictions on it. If there can be drawn within the inclosures of the track any appreciable number of those riders who use the public highways on Sunday for competitive trials of speed, a very decided service will be rendered such persons as have to use the road on that day for legitimate purposes of travel.



Roaring River Above the Falls.



Grant's Monument.

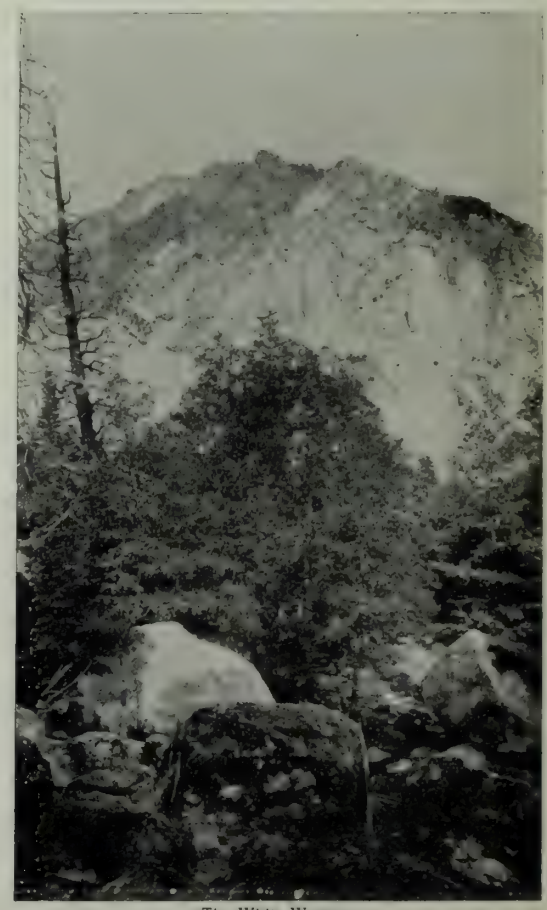
Kings River and Side of the Grand Sentinel.

Looking Up the Valley From One Thousand Feet Elevation.

General View Up the Valley.

East Wall, from Paradise Valley.

Mount Hutchins



The White Woman.

SCENES IN THE KINGS RIVER CANYON.

[Photos by W. B. Tyler.]

SISTER ALEXIS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

"I am of the same opinion," said General Saint Genlis, "as the pretty countess who, when tasting a bit of delicious fruit, exclaimed: 'How much better it would taste, if it were only a sin to eat it!' Every pleasure which savors of forbidden fruit has an added charm. In January, 1871, in one of the last skirmishes which took place on the outskirts of Maus, I was quite badly wounded in the shoulder. I was at once removed to Tours, to the hospital which had been established at the Convent of the Sisters of Hope, which lies in that quaint, picturesque quarter, just back of the cloisters of the old Cathedral. It is an austere looking building, surrounded by court and garden, and separated from the street by a high wall, decked here and there by pretty bits of green which have pushed their way through the blackened stones. It lies just in the shadow of the grand old Cathedral of Saint Gatien, and one can hear the ringing of its bells mingling with the harsh cries of the gray old rooks, which have nested on top of the towers.

"During the first days of my illness, I was in delirium, and consequently unconscious of what was passing around me. Dimly, however, through the shadows of my nightmare, I perceived vague outlines, or I would feel gentle hands upon my forehead, and hear the faint rustling of garments, which seemed to me like the noise of wings. When the fever left me, and I began to look about me, the first thing I remember was a lovely young face, framed in a stiff white coif, bending over me in tender solicitude. It was the face of Sister Alexis, the young nun who had been appointed my nurse. She was about twenty-four years of age and exquisitely pretty. Her face had a delicate pallor, her eyes were of the deepest blue, and her nose was exquisitely cut, while her mouth was sensitive and refined. From under her great, black sleeves her gentle little hands busied themselves with my pillows, and coverings, and her speech was even more soothing than her touch. She would ask me sweet, motherly questions relative to my comfort, while her tender face hung over me, and I, weak and bewildered, would answer with a timidity utterly foreign to my nature. There is always something horribly embarrassing to a man of the world, who is somewhat vain of his strength, to find himself prostrated by all the weakness of human infirmity before a pretty woman. But Sister Alexis acquitted herself so tactfully and so cheerfully of her task, that I soon lost all bashfulness and felt quite at my ease with her.

"As soon as I was able to eat, she prepared all my meals herself. She tempted me with dainty dishes, and, in order to rally my laggard appetite, she invented little delicacies which would have enthused Brillat-Savarin himself I remember in particular certain bowls of hot milk, into which a few fresh violets had been infused, which were delicious, and which savored of early springtime—and seemed to me, in my convalescent dreams, to partake of the atmosphere which surrounded my pretty nurse. I told her this, laughingly, one day, and my remark brought a faint blush to her pale cheek, like the tint of the flowering almond.

"Little by little, as I grew stronger, I was permitted to engage in conversation, and we would chat together in the little, narrow dormitory, of which I was then the sole occupant, and where I spent most of my time watching a lazy little fire burning in the grate, or a stray sunbeam which stole in at the window, gilding the curtains of my bed. Sister Alexis questioned me about my country, the war, the battles in which I had taken part. I, on my side, would ask about her childhood, and why she had shut herself up in a convent at eighteen years of age. Oh, well—she was a native of Tours and had been educated at the Convent of the Dames Blanches; her mother had died when she was young, and her father had remarried, and her stepmother had made it hard for her at home; so, partly in despair, and partly because she fancied the life, she had begun her novitiate with the Sisters of Hope.

"Sometimes, while she gave me these discreet details of her past, mingled with little pious effusions on her part, I thought I sounded a note of vague regret, in her voice and words, for that life in the world which she had left, and of which she knew so little. Sometimes she would cease speaking suddenly, and a softly stifled sigh would stir the folds of her little black bodice. This exchange of thought and mutual confidence led us to talking more freely together of our lives, and brought about a very pleasant and friendly intimacy. I cannot say what passed within her heart and mind, but I know that I was distinctly drawn to this gracious, gentle woman, and took decided pleasure in her presence. Sometimes our eyes would meet and linger in their glances, causing a wild beating of my heart, which must have betrayed itself in my eyes; and once, when we had talked longer than usual upon subjects closer to our hearts, I could not resist the temptation of seizing one of her thin, white hands, as she straightened the folds of my coverlet, and holding it for an instant. Was it the dream of my fevered fancy, or did I really feel a little gentle pressure returned? I cannot say—it lasted but a second, and Sister Alexis moved quickly away, and in the dim light of declining day I could just distinguish the dark outlines of her figure kneeling before a little shrine. She was praying—a few softly murmured Latin words reached my ears: 'Maris stella, foederis Arca, Turris eburuea,' and I fell asleep.

"I think I must have dreamed of the gentle sister, for at one time I seemed to feel a mysterious tender pressure upon my brow, like the touch of soft, moist lips. The next day when I awoke happy at the thought of seeing Sister Alexis again, I saw another, a stranger, at my bedside who in no way resembled my charming nurse. I asked if she were not coming that day, and received for answer a shrug of the shoulder and a nod of the head which seemed to say 'I don't know.' In short I could get nothing from the newcomer but the most insignificant of answers, and I did not again see Sister Alexis during my convalescence. Every evening, however, the Mother Superior, a dear old lady of sixty, came to visit me, and as she had once mingled much in the world we soon became fast friends. Finally, one evening, after a frank talk which had warmed my heart, I ventured to ask if Sister Alexis had left, and why I had been so suddenly deprived of her gentle ministrations. She answered with a wan little smile:

"'You see, sir, the sisters look upon me as their spiritual mother and guide. Sister Alexis opened her heart to me, and for her salvation's sake I deemed it wiser to send her away. She has left Tours. Good-night. Sleep well."

"And fearing lest I should make any further inquiry she left me. A few days later, feeling myself quite recuperated, I decided to join my regiment.

"When I was bidding the Mother Superior good-bye she placed a little silver medal in my hand.

"'Take this,' she said, 'it was blessed at la Salette, promise me to wear it always.'

"I promised, and thanking her, I left. Once outside I examined my keepsake and on one side of it I discovered a faint tracing of letters as if made by some unskilled hand, and finally after further scrutiny, I made out the words, 'Sister Alexis.'

"I have never seen the pretty sister with the lovely dark blue eyes since, but through all these years, infidel though I am, I have always worn her medal." *From the French of A. Theuriet.*

KINGS RIVER CANYON.

Comparatively little is known of the Cañon of the Kings River, partly because of the greater fame of the Yosemite, partly because of the unusual difficulties of its approaches, and partly because of the very meager information that can be gathered of its passes, trails, waterways, and the like. However, several camping parties have already gone through, and by their reports of the magnificence of its scenery and the abundance of its game, the valley is becoming better and better known every year.

The start can be made either from Fresno or from Visalia, the latter preferably, as campers state that traveling from Visalia, the most disagreeable portion of the trip can be shortened by a day. The guide and horses and most of the equipment can be had at either place. There has long existed a discussion as to the possibility of getting horses through the cañon, but parties who have recently made the trip in this fashion have proved the fact that horses are to be preferred to "jacks." Two horses per man, one for riding and one for packing, are sufficient, provided one has

MISS BLANCHE BATES,
Of the Frawley Company, in a New Role.
[Photo by Taber.]

the services of a thoroughly expert guide who understands the science of packing and the art of the "diamond hitch."

From Fresno to the cañon is three days of stiff riding. It is the initial stage of the journey, and the probable inexperience of the riders is to be considered as well as the roughness of the roads and trails. By the second day, however, the foothills are behind and below, and when the Moore & Smith lumber mill, on Mill Creek, is reached at noon of the second day, it can be said that the party is well into the higher Sierras. The evening of the third day out, you may camp at the lower end of the cañon itself. At this end of the Kings is the Grand Lookout, 8300 feet by the aneroid, and affording a view that, if we are to believe reports, is better than the view of Yosemite from Inspiration Point. The geological formation is much the same as the Yosemite only larger, wilder, more imposing, more brilliantly colored. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of the Kings is its resemblance to the Yosemite. Across the cañon is Tehipitee Dome almost a fac simile of South Dome as seen from the trail between Glacier Peak and Snows. On every hand rise some of the highest mountains in California—Kearsarge, Brewer, King, and Williamson. Mt. Whitney, however, the highest peak of the Sierra Nevadas, 14,700 feet above the sea level, cannot be seen from this point. Four thousand feet below the south fork of the Kings River sparkles like a silver thread through the trees, while at the far end of the cañon [illegible] the famous White Woman. One can find the counterpart of almost every well known rock and cliff of the Yosemite here in Kings. There is El Capitan and the Grand Sentinel, Cloud's Rest, the Three Brothers, North Dome, all the salient features of the more northern valley reproduced with bewildering fidelity.

However, the falls are wanting. Muir states that twice as much water flows into the cañon as into the Yosemite, but at the time of year when camping is possible the rivers and cascades are apt to be shrunken and dry.

From the Grand Lookout down into the valley the descent is almost sheer, four thousand feet in four miles. But once in the cañon you feel more than repaid for all the hardships of the four days' trip from Fresno. There is everything that the most exacting hunter, camper, fisherman, or artist could desire. Bear and deer can be shot, and we are told by the fisherman (though, of course, we have our private reservation in all cases involving the killing of big fish) that the trout to be taken average four pounds in weight.

The Cañon of the Kings is about ten miles long and from quarter to half a mile in width. Its floor in acres is, perhaps, half that of the Yosemite, but its fauna are more diversified and beautiful. The glacial formation is the same as that of the Yosemite, and there are some half-dozen terminal moraines. The cañon is well wooded, chiefly with sugar pine, though there are numerous groves of fir, alders, willows, and poplars. In the cañon proper there are no Sequoias or big trees, though the surrounding county, in a radius of thirty miles, is dotted with thousands of them. It is curious to note that they do not grow in clumps, as elsewhere in California, but are scattered indiscriminately here and there over the face of the country. W. B. TYLER.

Lady Jeune writes in the *Saturday Review* of the changes which have come over London society:

"What originally constituted a right to be in good society in England has been discarded. Birth and rank count for nothing, unless they bring with them into the great market of society other claims to success; and the best claim to be a leader of fashionable society in England is to be able to provide the greatest amount of amusement. Every man and woman is expected to contribute a mite to the common fund of amusement, and those who contribute the largest amount are the acknowledged heads of society. It is impossible that it should be otherwise; for agricultural distress—depreciation in the value and rental of land—has broken down the territorial aristocracy of England, and the moneyed aristocracy has taken its place. The growing size of society, the luxury, and the variety of amusements it offers, are some of the indications that it is based upon wealth; for such a society could never have come into existence in a purely aristocratic, and therefore a poorer, community. What was simply an aristocratic caste has been swept away, and the heterogeneous mass which now calls itself good society is, at any rate, clever and sharp enough not to be beguiled by any will-o'-the-wisp, or to receive any one who does not possess some special qualifications to be enrolled in its ranks.

"If London continues to increase in size and wealth, it is difficult to foretell what changes society will undergo. The probability is that it will break up into sets and cliques, each constituting a large society in itself, just as in the days when the two aristocratic factions of Whig and Tory formed the two sole branches of society. The days when all members of a society were related one to another, and when they nearly all addressed each other by their Christian names, are gone, together with the bitter hatred and jealousy felt by the two great parties toward each other. The frequent intermarriage between the upper and middle classes in England has still further broken down social restrictions, but perhaps less than is generally supposed, for the English aristocracy have never objected to marry "money," even from the earliest days, and it is itself largely recruited from the City. If we mourn the decay of what used to be called good society, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the cosmopolitanism of to-day has brought into its ranks men and women who are distinctly acquisitions, and who, but for the very conditions we lament, must have remained outside. The blending of literary, scientific, artistic, and political elements, which is the peculiarity of English society, gives it a distinction which no other society possesses, and the brilliant men and women who adorn it would, fifty years ago, not have found entrance into it."

Nearly every crowned head in Europe has an alias. Some have two or three, which they use according to the amount of style they intend to support while traveling incognito. The Prince of Wales usually travels incog. under the title of the Earl of Chester, but if he intends slipping off very quietly he goes as Mr. Moulton. On one of these occasions the Prince was actually reduced to pawning his watch, as well as that of his equerry, General Teesdale. It was at Sedan, shortly after the war of 1870. The Prince was visiting the battle-fields in the strictest incognito, and was exceedingly anxious that his identity should not become known, fearing that it might give offense to his French friends to know that he was viewing the scene of their disaster. When the time came to leave Sedan, he found that he had not enough money to pay his hotel bill, and that General Teesdale was in an equally penniless condition. Any telegram that he could have sent would have disclosed his rank, and there were similar objections to confiding in the innkeeper. So, after much discussion, he decided to send the General to place both their watches in pawn.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY.

HOW THE SMART SET HAS AMUSED ITSELF THIS WEEK.

J. B. Stetson's indignation might have been measured by his astonishment at the published report of his engagement in an evening paper. His family were equally indignant, and Mrs. Winslow lost no opportunity of pronouncing the report outrageous. Mrs. Clayes, the lady in connection with whom Mr. Stetson's name was matrimonially mentioned, is an old and dear friend of the Stetson family. The late Mrs. Stetson and Mrs. Clayes were for many years most intimate. How that unfortunate report ever originated must remain a mystery.

No better argument to prove that every one is really out of town could be advanced, than a visit to the theaters. Monday night at the California showed a good though peculiar audience. There was a sprinkling of fashionable men—those who go over from Saturday till Monday—and a very few of the élite, who had come over to do some shopping—wedding presents, perhaps. I have advocated laws which will govern the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the tan shoe. Now I strenuously demand stringent regulations for the sailor hat. I am wiliing to sit behind it at the play; I'll admit it when worn with a silk waist, but really I must draw the line when I see it as I did on Monday night—a sailor hat and a corsage cut V shape. Perhaps, though, by some mystic intuition, its owner was aware that Miss Shannon would wear a décolleté gown in the last act—supposed to take place at 10 A. M.

One marked peculiarity of the fashionable hegira is the tendency Society has had to scatter this season. Upon no especial resort has the 400 set its exclusive mark of approval. We find them at Del Monte, the Rafael, at the Crags, Redondo, and even Paso Robles and Bartlett Springs. But from wherever they may be, we hear of their heroic efforts to escape the fatalities of ennui. From San Rafael comes the cheering reports that every one is resting, reading novels, and sleeping. At Castle Crag they fish and sleep, and at Del Monte they wait. For that matter, "Wait and hope" seems to be the motto for all the resorts. Yet, heaven knows that there is enough to do at Monterey if you wish to do it.

To lunch or drive at Fairfax Villa is one of the few dissipations the Rafaelites indulge in. Fairfax Villa, by the way, has a modest little history, not uninteresting. Mine hostess, Madam Pastori, who seems to be everywhere at once, with her ubiquitous twins hanging to her skirts, came to San Francisco with letters of introduction from no less a personage than Madam Scalchi, the renowned contralto. As Adela Purrari she

MRS. HENGSTLER, *nee* HELEN MILTON ANDROS.

studied with the best masters of Europe, and scored a success at the Milan Opera. An affection of the throat sent her to this genial climate, and then she met Pastori. And then——

A pleasant alteration has been made in the arrangements for the Baldwin-Hobart nuptials. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast for 250 will be served at the Hobart villa.

Mrs. Deane returned on Thursday evening, after over a year's absence in Paris, where she has had in charge her grandchildren, the children of Mr. and Mrs. de Young. Her stay here will probably be a short one.

Mrs. Lowengart, née Leah Gerst, is still unfortunately on the sick list. Since the morning that she got up from a sick bed to pledge her troth to Ignatz Lowengart, she has made but little progress on the road to health. At present she is at a sanitarium at Livermore, wooing back health and vigor.

Dr. de Vecchi, in his leisure moments, has been wooing the Muses, and a romance

WALTER COWDEN CLARK

from his pen is soon to be launched from a leading publishing house. The Doctor is as versatile with his pen as he undoubtedly is clever with the scalpel. He has published many scientific articles in the leading medical journals of the world. His style is at once vigorous and delicate. He is a keen observer and has had many opportunities for studying all stratums of Society. The volume is anxiously looked forward to.

The wedding of Miss Gerstle and Mr. Levinson is to be an unique affair. It will be celebrated during August at the Gerstle place in San Rafael, and is to be a lawn wedding. The ceremony will, of course, be performed within doors, but all the festivities, dancing, and the déjeuner, are to be conducted on the grounds. A flor d'artifice at night will be one of the minor features of the elaborate affair.

Science and beauty verily joined hands at the union of Professor Hengstler and Miss Andros. It was a church wedding, and many were lured back to town to participate in the joyful event. A supper at the University Club—by the way, the first bridal supper served at the Club—followed the ceremony. Professor Cory was best man, officiating with that grace and ease acquired by previous practise—he was best man at the Leuschner-Denicke wedding. Professor Hengstler and his bride will make their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Boyd have been entertaining numerous little house-parties at their charming place, Casa Boyd, San Leandro. The orchard that surrounds the place has been a great attraction for their guests, whom they entertain in most hospitable manner.

Mrs. Jos. Grismer, who has been at Fairfax for some few weeks visiting her mother, Mrs. Davies, returned on Saturday last to her field of action in the East. Phœbe Davies has become a metropolitan favorite with the usual result. San Francisco is allowed to enjoy her spiriting acting no more.

There is considerable gossip out at the Presidio about anticipated changes, and the rumor of a medical inquisition into the health of certain officers has aroused some feeling. Another subject of interest is the disposition of the artillery. Rumor has it that the Fifth Regiment is to be scattered north and south, one company, at least, going to Fort Canby. Nothing is known positively, however, and thus far rumor alone is authority. The general impression is that something is about to happen, and that very soon.

From all accounts Tim Frawley's entertainment at the Bohemian Club in honor of Nat Goodwin was a most enjoyable affair. The gathering represented journalism and the stage, and it was really as interesting a crowd as the Club has ever had. Among the guests were Herbert Kelcey, John Drew, and Nat Goodwin. The ladies included members of the Goodwin, Frawley, and California Theater troupes; among them were Maxine Elliot, Blanche Walsh, and Effie Shannon, who have so long figured as stage beauties. The table was admirably decorated, and Mr. Swinnerton's cartoon was voted a great success.

By the way, there is general surprise over the success of Bruce Porter's decorations at the Bohemian Club. The green trees are generally admired. The room was dedicated by certain members of the Lambs a few weeks ago with the usual ceremonies, and thus far there has not been heard a single voice in opposition to the general verdict of pleasure. How different is the fate of this apartment from the denunciations of the café. Donald Graham has the credit of persuading Bruce Porter into service, and it is not improbable he may be asked to present designs for some of the other rooms. By the way, Mr. Porter and Willis Polk talk of going East in the fall. They are collaborating now in decorative work, having undertaken the adornment of the Bourne house, which promises to be the handsomest residence in town.

Another artist who is going to Europe is Miss Lou Wall, she is making arrangements to set out for Germany in the early future.

Several interesting betrothals are whispered, but thus far no definite announcements have been made. Undoubtedly it is a notable year for marrying and giving in marriage, for there have been more engagements announced and more weddings celebrated than during any season of the last decade. No special reason has been given by those most concerned, save the usual one—that these affairs which have so happily culminated have been maturing all these barren years. That might be acceptable if it were not the fact that in most instances it is the unexpected that has happened. Various are the excuses and innumerable the explanations of recent engagements. Just as though excuse and engagement was essential.

Among the notable visitors this week is Charles W. Gould, a brother of Mrs. General Barnes. He is a New York lawyer

MISS ANNIE IRISH.
[Photo by Thors.]

with a large practise, who has made a specialty of acting as receiver for big institutions that have succumbed to financial depression. He it was who wound up the affairs of the Cattle Trust some time ago. He also acted as receiver for the firm of S. V. White & Co., and several other large concerns. It is a special line of practise only possible in New York, of course, and only practisable there through extensive connections and high reputation.

An interesting announcement from New York is that of the marriage of Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins and Mr. Phillip Mighels. Mr. Mighels is a poet, and his volume, *Out of a Silver Flute*, was very favorably received by the critics some months ago. The ceremony took place at a quaint little church near the Atlantic Highlands, to which the wedding guests repaired by steamboat and carriage. It is the same place at which the word was passed that plighted the troth of the happy pair. Mrs. Cummins is a daughter of Dudley Haskell of the Southern Pacific Company. Her first husband, Adley Cummins, was a philologist of great learning, whose library is now in the State University. Her daughter, Miss Viva Cummins, has made quite a reputation as an elocutionist.

OAKLAND.

In Oakland the conditions are somewhat similar to those I defined last week. So little happens that the only events are departures. From all appearances, however, it seems as though Alameda County will be well represented in Europe this coming season. Mr. and Mrs. Pennoyer are there, the latter intending to remain a year or two abroad, superintending the education of her children. She has invited Miss Gregory, whose artistic ambitions are quite pronounced, to be her guest, and I believe this young lady will join her in the early future, spending her days in Paris studying art. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, accompanied by their son, Arthur, go to Paris, where the latter will be entered at the Beaux Arts. His intention is in the direction of architecture. Mrs. Folger, her daughter, Mrs. Lecrand Cannon Tibbits, and Mr. Athearn Folger, leave next month for a short tour abroad. Miss McLean, daughter of Reverend Doctor McLean, the well-known minister, a recent graduate of the Harvard Annex, after a successful career in our own State University, is to go to Europe accompanied by her mother and Miss Bailey of Oakland. Miss Carrie Havens and her mother, Mrs. Charles Havens, are also headed for Paris, where Miss Havens purposes studying singing. Her voice has been commended by the experts, and her friends have great expectations of a bright future. To continue the record of departures, there are others who go less far afield. The Hushes have taken a villa at San Rafael. Mrs. J. B. Dean, Mrs. Taft, and Mrs. James Allen, all prominent members of the Jackson-street set, purpose spending the summer at Los Gatos, and Mr. and Mrs. Judge Yule have gone to the Soda Springs.

Rather an interesting wedding was that of Miss Eliza Blake and Mr. Sherman Thacker. Miss Blake is a graduate of the University, and is a very clever and bright young woman, and Mr. Thacker has charge of a large school at Visalia. The ceremony was performed by President Kellogg who, it seems, possesses the necessary authority to effect matrimonial alliances, inasmuch as, in bygone days, prior to becoming a professor, he officiated as a member of the Presbyterian ministery. I am told he pronounced the formula with much elocutionary effect, and doubtless it will become the proper thing at Berkeley to have the President perform at one's marriage.

A pleasant little festivity was Miss Etta Valentine's tea, at which the East Oakland set was well represented. The Valentines have a beautiful house for entertaining in, and are much given to informal gatherings. By the way, Miss Valentine is a possible debutante of next season.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton gave a dinner on Thursday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Page of Portland, who are here on their wedding tour. Several brides and grooms assisted at the entertainment of the happy pair. Like all of Mrs. Stratton's dinners, it was a decided success.

THE GOSSIP.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market St.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street, stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Dainty and Refreshing
PAR EXCELLENCE
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

THE THEATERS.

UNPREJUDICED COMMENT ON DRAMATIC PERSONALITIES.

Another of Martha Morton's bustling, spluttering, diverting plays at the Columbia this week In it Blanche Bates fainted away with much gusto, and fell to the floor with a wild swirl and a final bang. It was a very good faint—quite unnecessary, you know, but fairly well done, and I would have enjoyed it as much as any body, as much even as she herself, if I had not been disturbed by the idea that it was a first step toward rivaling Selena Fetter Royle and others of that unpleasant flopping kind.

This somewhat old-fashioned episode occurred in the second act of "His Wife's Father," the whole scene being over-done—at the instigation of the playwright, no doubt, but still over-acted, though over-acted with some skill. The whole scene was unnatural, anyway. A son-in-law so deeply indebted to his father-in-law as Frank Hamilton was, would never have been so insulting—and why all that trouble about the coffee? Why the trip to Europe? Why didn't Father Billings chase after his daughter's husband in another cab, if he wanted them to make up so earnestly? Miss Morton seems to have been unable to decide whether to be farcical or melodramatic; at least, that is what Blanche Bates and Clarke lead one to suppose. The former drips with emotion, the latter with absurdity; if they would rub off on one another a little it would be an improvement, though both are good. Once or twice, it is true, Clarke did put on some faint purpose of being pathetic, but it was always as fleeting as the little bubbles which fly up from soapy hands. However, he was very amusing, and, taken as a whole, satisfactory. In fact, the entire cast was good. I looked with sorrow on Leslie's embonpoint; if he doesn't diet or do something disagreeable, he will soon be forced to give up the effervesently juvenile, and we will lose much wholesome fun thereby.

Hope Ross seems to be getting the best of her jerkiness, and cultivates instead the prayerful position; she kneels with an ease that is admirable, but it is an attitude suggestive of church, stage, and possibly man, but certainly not woman. Women don't often kneel (corsets and custom prevent), and when they do it isn't to their own sex—nnless it's in long clothes. Miss McAllister's work as Aunt Eliza was excellent—much the best I've seen her do. She was very natural in her make-up, and costume good. As for Worthing, he is never too exuberant, and never crude. He has quite a light touch, but his intonations are often a bit priggish, and he is full of mannerisms. Why does he give his legs that nervous wriggle and take mincing steps when he wants to be airy and debonair? He seems on such occasions to measure his steps by the width of his trousers, and though the latter are too broad for trousers they are too small for steps, particularly masculine steps. Nevertheless I am always pleased to see his name in the cast, for his work is more finished than any other member of the company. This is not being hard on the company, either.

All the week Effie Shannon has been giving us, in "A Bunch of Violets," her idea of total depravity. It consists mainly of a loose tea gown and languid attitudes on a couch. What would that class of women on the stage do, I wonder, without diaphanous robes and Turkish divans? Strange to say she came nearer being charming than ever before, though the charm like the depravity closely resembled that of a malevolent kitten. Nevertheless I was surprised. In the first place it never had occurred to me that Her Blondeness could lie down. She suggests a dainty Dresden china statuette, and I had always associated her with a gilt cabinet with glass sides, had a vague notion that she went to sleep there with wide-open blue eyes, figure stiffly erect, and her pretty pink hands resting neatly on her solid little hips. My fancies are blown away, alas; I believe now she sleeps on a hair mattress and other comfortable, homely things, and I know that her voice can express two conditions at least—acidulousness, thinly clad in hypocritical sweetness, and rage. There was very little left for her to create in her role. Sidney Grundy took excellent care of Mrs. Murgatroyd and gave her plenty to say and do of a very unequivocal character. Perhaps the most difficult and meager of the parts is that of Lady Marchant, the injured, the tortured. Many of her lines are rather stilted, and altogether it is not a part to be coveted. Olive Oliver played it with considerable reserve and discrimination, but I was sorry to see her kiss her erring husband's hand. That is an act which carries with it respect and deference, neither of which could Lady Marchant have felt for Sir Philip. A woman can embrace or receive an embrace from a man she scorns and pities but it would not occur to her to put her lips on his hand—the salute of a vassal to a king. The best work in the performance was done by Stockwell and Sullivan. The play is interesting and dramatic.

The role of Sir Philip is so full of opportunities for subtle, suggestion, and human touches, even Kelcey can't make it anything but good. They say Herbert has his admirers; it's very likely, though I never met any; if so, he must have acquired them while playing John Maxwell in "The Gray Mare." The part seems made for him. John is just what Mr. Kelcey seems to be to the observer, whose point of view is an orchestra chair. John is staid, respectable, truthful, and—er, well, not brilliant; he suggests "cold mutton and prayers." You can understand his sweetheart, Kate, saying, "What! John ride—the idea." You can't imagine him in anything but a brougham, with a sober, jog-trot animal ahead of it Your sense of propriety revolts at the idea of John on horseback, on a gray mare, or any other kind; you understand he would have an unmistakable prejudice in favor of four wheels. a broad seat, and doors and walls to keep him from falling out. Oh! Mr. Kelcey makes an excellent John; he really does. When asked if he jumped any fences in the course of his wild ride, the perplexed, baffled, despairing air with which he said, "I don't know," was delicious; and when he was told that people don't generally jump fences with their eyes shut, he meekly replied, "Don't they? I thought they did," with a blank air that filled the whole house with delighted laughter. It is really quite a funny little play, and furnishes one some hearty laughs, though the female roles are poor, Winona Shannon getting the best (for her) of them—that of the French maid. It enabled her to disguise her tootsey-wootsey voice in an accent.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Adams's Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Messrs. Friedlander & Gottlob are controlling the entire Coast tour of Georgia Cayvan, who will star the coming season in a number of new plays. Miss Cayvan has just returned to Europe, and has purchased, among other new plays, "Mary Pennington, Spinster," "Mr. Witt's Widow," "Squire Kate," and the play she purchased from Sarah Bernhardt.

Following "London Assurance," at the Columbia Theater, there will be a revival of "The Two Escutcheons," and "The Charity Ball." Three nights will be devoted to each play.

The clever work of the Fredericks Troupe at the Orpheum this week has attracted general attention. Of the new attractions, much is expected of the Jackley-Rostons Troupe. There are three in the troupe, but the great funmaker of the party is Mr. Roston, who claims to be the greatest imitator of monkeys in the world. Collins and Collins are a clever pair of funmakers, and will appear in a comedy sketch. The Rossow Brothers will remain, so will the Four Maisanoes, whose clever musical eccentricities were so well received. They have something new to introduce next week. Lillian Western, the Stewart Sisters, and Billy Van will also be seen.

The Frawley Company proposes to produce next week Boucicault's comedy, "London Assurance." The play will be presented but one week, and the cast includes every member of the company. Miss Maxine Elliot plays Lady Gray Spanker. The comedy was first produced in this country at the Old Park Theater in New York City, on October 11, 1847. An elaborate production is promised.

"Americans Abroad" succeeds "A Bunch of Violets" at the California, with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in the leading roles. This is the last week of the Kelcey combination, and Fred Ward and Rose Coghlan follow in a great revival of "Carmen." Miss Coghlan promises us kisses to discount the best efforts of the far-famed Nethersole—time-defying, trumpeting salutes, to indicate the ardor and fire of the Spanish dancer. It is an interesting prospect for the community. In the meantime the California is having crowded houses.

The season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House, under the direction of Mr. Gustave Heinrichs, will be inaugurated next Monday evening with Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which Mme. Louise Natali will appear, together with Sig. Fernando Michaelena, Sig. Maurice de Vries, Sig. Abramoff, and other artists in the cast. On Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings will be given in a complete manner Gounod's tragic opera, "Romeo and Juliet," in which Richard Karl and Madame Casatte will appear. During the second week there will be given performances of "Rigoletto," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Mask Ball." The popular prices of the theater will prevail. This Friday evening, the eighteenth anniversary of the opening of the Tivoli Opera House will be celebrated, and a souvenir in book form, entitled, *Seventeen Years of Opera*, will be distributed.

Among the attractions already booked for the coming season at the Columbia Theater are: "The Holland Brothers," in two new plays; Lillian Russell, in two new comic operas; Georgie Cayvan; "The Parlor Match," with Mr. Wm. Hoey, and a big Specialty Company; Edward Harrigan and his Company; "The Twentieth Century Girl," with Hallan & Hart, and many other new plays; "The Cotton King;" "Humanity," and "Old Jed Prouty." Palmer's "Trilby" Company will follow the Frawley Company, coming from their Australian tour; so will Messrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew.

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"MAN PROPOSES."—No. 5.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

Immediately after the collision that night the stranger had backed off and by the time that the party on board the yacht had pulled themselves together and had begun to look about them after the first blind rush of terror, her lights had disappeared. It was not possible that the steamer which had run them down had sunk. She was no doubt a tramp cattle-boat, steel built, huge, well able to take care of herself. She had struck Trefethan's little thousand-ton yacht a glancing blow under the bilge, and then sheered off into the night as silently and as mysteriously as she had come up. What made matters worse was that the great hawk-beaked clipper bow of the tramp had smashed in the "Viking's" only seaworthy boat. All this had happened some eighteen hours since. During that time the party aboard the "Viking" had regarded their situation from three distinct and different points of view. First had come the panic, that blind, deaf fear of something terrible and unknown. Then as the day whitened and drew towards noon, and that menacing list to port grew no worse, a feeling of relief and ultimate safety began to spread among them, and Trefethan's skipper, who had been down in the hold with the carpenter all the morning, came on deck at last and smiled at them and shook hands with Trefethan.

And then after luncheon, with the wind shifting and coming in vast puffs out of the west and north, and the sea building up higher and higher over the port rail, the vague trouble and the sense of disaster returned and persisted, and they began to remember the smashed boat. This time, however, there was no panic. But there was something in the air, something in the very look of the yacht, and the feel of the rolling deck, and the queer laboring of the bows as she strained to right herself after each roll to port, that did not seem to need explanation. Then came the slow, cold clutch at the heart that tightened and persisted in spite of all effort at deception, first bewilderment, then an instant's return of the unreasoning terror of the previous night, a moment's hysterical protest against the inevitable, and last of all a certain grim calmness, an abandoning of all hope. The men and women aboard that pleasure yacht sinking in midocean turned about and faced, as best they might, the Death that reached upward toward them from the crest of every on-coming wave. The skipper had told them at last that it was but a matter of hours. If the sea went down with the sun, they might keep up until the next morning.

They two were under the lee of the wheelhouse. Some of the women were below in the cabin where Mrs. Trefethan was trying to read the services. Trefethan himself and the skipper were forward setting out rockets and roman candles against the coming of the night. She held on to the nickel handrail of the house and looked vaguely out across the empty waste of tumbling green water, her hair whipping across her face. He stood close to her, sometimes watching her, and sometimes fixing his eyes upon the distress signal, with its ominous reversed flag that was flying from the peak. For a long time neither had spoken. Then at last:

"I suppose—this is the end," she said.

"I suppose so," he answered.

"What *should* one do," she went on, looking at him. "There is a best way to meet it but I *can't* think. It's all so confused. Death—this kind is—is so huge and so very terrible that *anything*—yes, anything—one poor human being can do or say seems so pitiful, so inadequate. The last thing one does in life should be—at least, one wants it to be—a thing that is good or noble or kind. It may be a false idea, but one has that feeling just the same, and instead of being noble or kind I can only feel bewildered and stunned and confused.

He was looking at her but he was hardly listening.

"It *is* the end of everything," he said. "That is why I want you to try and listen to what I am going to say. I know I could not choose a worse opportunity, but the power of choosing is beyond us now. Please listen. Nothing matters now, but, do I really need to tell you? Haven't you understood? Haven't you seen all the time how it was with me? How much I loved you? Do you know—it seems a poor, cheap thing to say—but if I thought that you cared—that you cared for me—in that way, I wouldn't mind about this business, if we were together and cared. What did I come with Trefethan for? You know it was just to be with you. I love you. Yes, I know it all sounds lame and poor, but I love you, and if things—if this had not happened, I would have asked you to be my wife. Of course, nothing matters now, but when I saw that there was no chance for the yacht I felt that I must let you know. No, not that either, for I am sure you know already, but I felt that I must be sure of you, must know your answer. Tell me. Suppose all had gone well, that we had got in safe, and I had asked you. You can tell me now. What difference does anything make now? What would you have said?"

While he spoke, she had been trying to think rapidly. She knew what he was going to say, had been long expecting it. Even before she had sailed, Jack had joked her about this man, declaring that he was "The Other Fellow." Jack had even wished their engagement should be announced before she had left him for that long summer's cruise. But she had told him—what he knew already—that he was sure of her, that it could be easily put off until she got back. To reassure him, she had even promised that she would marry him within a month of her return. Dear old Jack, he had not been out of her thoughts once during all the dreadful tension of those last eighteen hours.

But now this man, this "Other Fellow," who waited there for her answer upon this doomed wreck. What was she to say to him? She liked him, there was no doubt of that. After Jack there was no one else she cared for more. Two days ago she could have had the heart to tell him the bitter truth, almost as hard for her to utter as for him to hear. She had resolutely made up her mind to tell him that she did not care for him as soon as he should speak. There was a long silence.

"I know," he said, at length, "that I take an unfair advantage of you at such a moment as this. But it is quite impossible for me to tell you how much it would mean for me even in the short time that is left."

Never in all her life had she felt more pity and sorrow than she did for him at this moment. He was so fine and strong and virile, and she liked him so much in every other way. For her it was veritable anguish to hurt him in this the last moment of his life. In any other circumstances it would have been different.

At once an idea occurred to her. In the confused distorted condition of her mind it seemed as if she had arrived at a solution. Why not tell him that which he wanted to hear, even if she did not mean it? What difference would it make if they were all to die there within the next few hours? Would not this be the kind noble deed that she had spoken about? Why not, if it would make him happier? Did anything matter now? There was little time to reflect.

"Tell me," he insisted, "do you care? Would you have been my wife?" She did not answer at once but put out her hand and laid it upon his as it was gripped whitely over the nickel handrail of the house, he caught it up suddenly in both his own.

"And you mean——," he exclaimed.

"If it would make you any happier to know," she answered, "yes, I *do* care."

He put his arm about her neck and she let him kiss her on the cheek, all wet and cold with the flying spray.

Trefethan and the skipper came running down the deck together with one of the sailors.

The sailor swung himself to the shrouds and ran aloft. Then he paused, sweeping the horizon with a telescope.

"What do you make her out?" shouted the skipper.

"She's truck down yet, sir," answered the sailor, "but I think she's a French liner. She's heading towards us by the way the smoke builds."

In his *Confidences* Mr. Frederic Locker, the poet, gives several amusing incidents of his experiences as director of the Sun Fire Insurance Co. One of these is about the oldest member of the board—a fine old fellow, aged about eighty, who climbed upon his dining-room table to investigate an escape of gas. He had the temerity to do so with a lighted candle—remember, he is one of the most experienced members of our Fire Board. You may imagine what followed. There was a terrific explosion; our esteemed director was blown across the chamber, through the doorway, and into the passage, where his head crashed into a glazed case of stuffed birds. This was on a Sunday evening; and yet on the Tuesday morning following our exceeding tough director made his appearance at the board, looking as if nothing particular had occurred. Indeed, the concussion seemed somehow to have vivified our respected colleague's mental constitution. It woke him up. He brought with him a claim for compensation for damages sustained, which, it is needless to say, was cheerfully recognized and promptly settled.

Statistician—And you really think that you will have a larger fruit crop this year than ever before, hey?

Farmer—Yes, sir, that I do.

Statistician—How do you account for it, the early rains?

Farmer—Naw! All the children in the neighborhood are down with the mumps.

There was a soprano whose name was Miss Byrd,
The finest soprano that ever I hyrd,
She sung so divinely that men, 'pon my wyrd,
Would melt into tears, their souls were so styrd.
No critic would venture her voice to maligu,
Her singing it was so remarkably fign,
But alas! she said "Yes" when the bass said "Be migu,"
And straight from the choir Miss Byrd did resigu.

—*The Minstrel.*

Visitor (gruffly)—Are you the editor?

Editor (without looking up from his work)—I am.

Stranger (more gruffly)—Do you hold yourself responsible for everything appearing in the paper?

Editor (raising to his six feet three inches)—I do. What's on your mind?

Visitor (meekly)—Oh, nothing at all, sir, I assure you. I was under the impression that the little man over in the corner took all the responsibility.

She—Why so pensive, are you in love?

He—No, I'm in debt.

We are in receipt of a copy of THE WAVE, published in San Francisco, Cal. The issue is June 6th, and gives a graphic illustrated account of scenes in St. Louis after the cyclone. THE WAVE is a well printed, brightly edited weekly, and one of the popular journals of the Pacific Coast.—*News, Stewartstown, Pa.*

The last issue of THE WAVE in illustrated form came to hand looking as handsome as a Van Ness Avenue bud on collection day. *The Populist* is not in accord with THE WAVE on all questions of the hour, but it is compelled to admit that its north side contemporary is a foeman worthy of the steel of any paper on the Coast.—*The Populist, S. F.*

The most noted connoisseurs of table wines are unanimous in their praises of Mira Valle Vintages. The wines have always stood well and were among those which received honorable mention at the Bordeaux Exposition. For sale by P. Klein, 604½ Geary Street.

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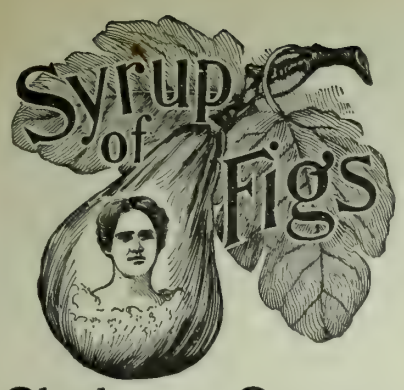

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STEPHEN CRANE'S STORIES OF LIFE IN THE SLUMS.

"MAGGIE" AND "GEORGE'S MOTHER"

In *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, Stephen Crane has written a story something on the plan of the episode of Nana in *L'Assomoir*, the dialect and local color being that of the Bowery. Mr. Crane strikes no new note in his picture of the other half. Most of his characters are old acquaintances in the world of fiction and we know all about—or, at least, certain novelists have pretended to tell us all about the life of the mean streets of a great city. In ordinary hands the tale of "Maggie" would be "twice told." But Mr. Crane is, of course, out of the ordinary. I think that the charm of his style lies chiefly in his habit and aptitude for making phrases—short, terse epigrams struck off in the heat of composition, sparks merely, that cast a momentary gleam of light upon whole phases of life. There are hundreds of them throughout this tale of "Maggie." Indeed, it is the way Mr. Crane tells his story. The picture he makes is not a single carefully composed painting, serious, finished, scrupulously studied, but rather scores and scores of tiny flashlight photographs, instantaneous, caught, as it were, on the run. Of a necessity, then, the movement of his tale must be rapid, brief, very hurried, hardly more than a glimpse.

One of the best of these "flash-lights" is that of the "truck driver." At first one is tempted to believe that it is a "long exposure," but on second thought I conclude that it is merely a great number of snap-shots taken at the same subject. It is as follows:

"Jimmy became a truck driver. There was given to him the charge of a painstaking pair of horses and a large, rattling truck. He invaded the turmoil and tumble of the down-town streets, and learned to breathe maledictory defiance at the police, who occasionally used to climb up, drag him from his perch, and punch him. In the lower part of the city he daily involved himself in hideous tangles. If he and his team chanced to be in the rear he preserved a demeanor of serenity, crossing his legs and bursting forth into yells when foot passengers took dangerous dives beneath the noses of his champing horses. He smoked his pipe calmly, for he knew that his pay was marching on. If his charge was in the front, and if it became the key-truck of chaos, he entered terrifically into the quarrel that was raging to and fro among the drivers on their high seats, and sometimes roared oaths and violently got himself arrested.

"The greatest cases of aggravated idiocy were, to his mind, rampant upon the front platforms of all of the street cars. At first his tongue strove with these beings, but he eventually became superior. In him grew a majestic contempt for those strings of street cars that followed him like intent bugs. He fell into the habit, when starting on a long journey, of fixing his eye on a high and distant object, commanding his horses to start and then going into a trance of observation. Multitudes of drivers might howl in his rear, and passengers might load him with opprobrium, but he would not awaken until some blue policeman turned red and began frenziedly to seize bridles and beat the soft noses of the irresponsible horses."

Good though the story is and told in Mr. Crane's catching style, the impression left with the reader is one of hurry, the downfall of Maggie, the motif of the tale, strikes one as handled in a manner almost too flippant for the seriousness of the subject.

George's Mother seems to me better than *Maggie*. For a short novel it is less pretentious, has fewer characters and more unity, conveying one distinct impression. It is the story of a "little old woman" and her boy George. The boy starts well enough, stays at home in the evening, and even goes—at least on one occasion—to prayer meeting with his mother. But he falls into bad company and becomes perverted. Incidentally the mother dies, of grief and disappointment, so Mr. Crane implies.

There is something about this death of "the little old woman" that rings surprisingly true:

"Through the doorway he saw the oilcloth covering of the table catching a glimmer from the warm afternoon sun. The window disclosed a fair, soft sky. . . . At intervals the woman out by the stove moved restlessly and coughed.

"Over the transom from the hallway came two voices.

"'Johnnie!'

"'Wot!'

"'You come right here t' me! I want yehs t' go t' d' store fer me!'

"'Oh, ma; send Sally!'

"'No, I will not; you come right here!'

"'All right, in a minnet!'

"'Johnnie!'

"'In a minnet, I tell yeh!'

"'Johnnie!'—there was the sound of a heavy tread, and later a boy squealed. Suddenly the clergyman started to his feet. He rushed forward and peered. The little old woman was dead."

It is most remarkable in Crane's novels to observe the truly marvelous fashion in which he feels and seizes the most subtle and hardly expressed moods and emotions. This quality of his was apparent on almost every page of the *Red Badge*. We have it again in *George's Mother*, coming out in such admirable analysis as this where George is beginning to fall in love with Maggie Johnson:

"He laid clever plans by which he encountered her in the halls, at the door, on the street. When he succeeded in meeting her he was always overcome by the thought that the whole thing was obvious to her. He could feel the shame of it burn his face and neck. To prove to her that she was mistaken he would turn away from her with a granite stare."

But though these stories make interesting reading, the reader is apt to feel that the author is writing, as it were, from the outside. There is a certain lack of sympathy apparent. Mr. Crane does not seem to *know* his people. You are tempted to wonder if he has ever studied them as closely as he might have done. He does not seem to me to have gotten down *into* their life and to have written from what he saw around him. His people are types, not characters; his scenes and incidents are not particularized. It is as if Mr. Crane had merely used the "machinery" and "business" of slum life to develop certain traits or to portray certain emotions and passions that might happen anywhere. With him it is the broader, vaguer, *human* interest that is the main thing, not the smaller details of a particular phase of life.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents 102 Eddy Street.

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IN THE CURRENT.

For the benefit of the inexperienced who may be invited to stop at smart houses in Newport, Bar Harbor, and other fashionable watering-places this summer, it may prove useful to state that the accepted fashionable code is that a male guest should invariably pay his own dues at the Casino, Golf, and other clubs. But he is at liberty to accept any invitations, always providing that they do not conflict with any entertainment given by his hostess, and that within the bounds of decorum he may dispose of his own time and keep his own hours. With a girl, of course, these laws are less stringent, but it is considered better form that she also should pay her own way and be more or less independent, while her hostess is also free to make any engagements without including her guest.

The sad experience of a nice young woman who had received an invitation from her mother's old friend, Mrs. W., who lived in great style at the most fashionable watering-place in the summer, is interesting as demonstrating the character of fashionable life at Newport during the season. She returned sadder and wiser.

"Did I enjoy myself?" she exclaimed, in answer to the chorus of inquiries. "Well, I think I may safely say that never in my life did I have such an utterly stupid time. At first I thought Mrs. W. extremely rude, she seemed so neglectful; but I was saved the blunder of betraying my wounded feelings by being told by a kindly little man who was also a visitor at the house that it was the accepted Newport custom to let people look out for themselves. On my arrival I was met at the station by Mrs. W.'s own maid (a most particular and unwonted attention, I found out afterward), who put me in a smart little brougham, gave my check to the footman who was in attendance, and told him to put my boxes on a cab and follow. Whereupon we were whirled off, without waiting, to the W.'s palace, for I can call it no other name. There I was admitted by one liveried servant, passed on by a second, and finally told by a third that Mrs. W. had been obliged to go out, but she had ordered tea in my rooms, and that she would be back before long. I found my apartments (for I had a bedroom and a little sitting-room), I must acknowledge, really charming. It was a foggy, chilly, depressing day, and a bright little fire of cedar-wood filled the air with fragrance, while a soft couch, a table covered with periodicals and the latest novels, and a pretty little tea equipage which the kind maid arranged with hot buttered toast, jam, and a delicious cup of tea, quite consoled me for the absence of my hostess. She did not put in an appearance until very late, when she ran in hastily to welcome me most kindly, said she was so very sorry that she was dining out and vanished again.

"Feeling very lonely and homesick I changed my frock and had the pleasure of dining by myself, served by a pompous old butler and two footmen. It was a dinner of half a dozen courses which I had to sit through despite my longing to get up and run away. The next day several people arrived, and some of my friends looked me up and things looked better; but as for Mrs. W. I hardly saw her. 'I have so enjoyed your visit,' she said to me sweetly, when I was leaving, 'Tell your mother she must lend you to me again soon.' Again the maid took me to the station [illegible] I was shipped home."

The Countess of Castellane, nèe Anna Gould, follows the fancies of fashion, and, consequently, goes to amuse herself where other people go. She is met at all Society ceremonies, invariably dressed in the finest masterpiece of the dressmaker who happens to be most in fashion. In the summer she goes to the Castle of Rochecotte, the family residence which the Marquis has inherited from the Marshal of Castellane. She is always for several weeks one of the girlish figures noticed on the shore at Trouville. Like all strangers, one can say of her that she invariably takes advantage of the latest fad.

She was one of the first to wear white shoes in peau de Suede, just the same as gloves. She will never go out in a carriage which is not made in the newest possible style. Every detail of her toilette has to be stamped with novelty and rareness. She loves celebrities like her compatriots, and among those who do not possess these advantages she only wishes to cultivate the acquaintance of those lucky mortals who possess titles, while the book of French armorial bearings, about which she only possesses hazy ideas, is a current subject of conversation, when she makes new friends. By personal intuition she has initiated herself into the difficult part of receiving, and finally, to terminate this portrait, it is admitted in all circles that this household, about which so many comments have been made, is characterized by complete harmony.

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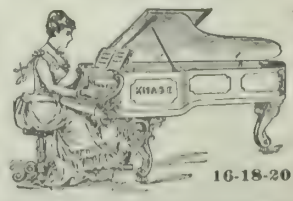

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A-WHEELING.

E. S. C.

Have you never felt the fever of the twirling, whirling wheel,
Of the guiding and resisting of the shining cranks of steel?
Never felt your senses reel
In the glamour and the gladness of the misty morning sky,
As the white road rushes towards you, as the dew-bathed banks slip by,
And the larks are soaring high?

Never known the boundless buoyance of the billowy, breezy hills,
Of the pine scents all around you, and the running, rippling rills,
Chasing memory of Life's ills—
Dashing, flashing through the sunshine, by the windy wold and plain,
The distant blue heights luring, onward, upward, to the strain
Of the whirring wheels' refrain?

Fled from prison, like a prisoner, sped the turning spurning wheel,
Changed the city's stir and struggling, jar and vexing, none can heal,
For the peace the fields reveal,
And with spirit separate, straining above the town's low reach,
Found a tender satisfaction, which the steadfast summits teach?
In their silence—fullest speech.

Never known the wistful, wand'ring back, in pleasurable pain?
Met the kine, from milking sauntering to pastures sweet again,
Straggling up the wide marged lane?
You have never felt the gladness, nor the glory of the dream
That exalts, as tired eyes linger still on sunset, mead, and stream?
Haste, then! Taste that bliss supreme.

—*The Sketch.*

SCORCHERS.

Three scorchers went hustling down the street,
Along the street, as the sun went down;
As if they were trying a record to beat,
And the "coppers" were chasing them out of town;
For fools must scorch, and fools must hump,
And the less of a rider, the more of a chump,
And they leave their victims groaning.

Three corpses lay out on the pavement there,
In the tracks of the wheels that the scorchers rode,
And the ambulance came with a dash and a swear,
And jounced away with its ghastly load;
But the fools still ride, and the fools still hump,
Who ought to be run out of town on the jump,
And the people will cease their groaning.

—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

MY CYCLE.

Dear other self, so silent, swift, and sure,
My dumb companion of delightful days,
Might fairy fingers from thy orbit rays
Of steel strike music, as the gods of yore
From reed or shell; what melodies would pour
On my glad ears; what songs of woodland ways,
Of summer's wealth of corn, or the sweet lays
Of April's budding green; while evermore
We twain, one living thing, flash like the light
Down the long tracks that stretch from sky to sky.
Thou hast thy music, too; what time the noon
Beats sultry on broad roads, when, gathering night,
We drink the keen-edged air; or, darkling, fly
'Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mystic moon.

—*Spectator.*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

JOE LINCOLN.

She passes on her wheel; I stand
And watch her onward gliding.
I note the dainty little hand
Her cycle deftly guiding.

Her rosy cheeks and wavy hair
Beneath her hat-brim shading;
I watch her figure, light as air,
Into the distance fading.

So she rides past me every day,
And each time comes the feeling,
Ah, me! she takes my heart away
Each time she goes a-wheeling.

But I must get me back to toil,
Nor stop, her form to scan.
Her papa's in the Standard Oil,
And I'm his hired man.

And so my heartache I must heal,
And bend to labor's load.
That's why, you see, she rode the wheel,
While I—I wheel the road!

—*Buffalo Courier.*

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LOVE'S TRANSFORMATION.

No more unto the myths of old
Sweet Love delighted clings,
For Love rides on a bicycle,
And Love has lost his wings.

No more the romance of the past
A pleasing thrill imparts,
For Love upon a bicycle
Now chases human hearts!

Alas! the happy, happy days!
But—cool my burning brow;
For Love wheels down the dusty ways,
And Love's a scorcher now!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

GOD'S MIRACLE OF MAY.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

There came a message to the vine,
A whisper to the tree,
The blue-bird saw the secret sign
And merrily sang he!
And like a silver string the brook
Trembled with music sweet—
Enchanting notes in every nook
For echo to repeat.

A magic touch transformed the fields,
Greener each hour they grew,
Until they shone like burnished shields
All jeweled o'er with dew;
Scattered upon the forest floor
A million bits of bloom
Breathed fragrance forth thro' morning's door
Into the day's bright room.

Then bud by bud the vine confessed
The secret it had heard,
And in the leaves the azure-breast
Sang the delightful word;
Glad flowers upsprang amid the grass
And flung their banners gay,
And suddenly it came to pass—
God's miracle of May!

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

BY W. H. M.

Let others seek for wisdom's way
In modern science, modern wit,—
I turn to love, for all that these,
These two can teach, is taught by it.

Yes, all. In that first hour we met,
And smiled and spoke so soft and long, love,
Did wisdom dawn; and I began
To disbelieve in right and wrong, love.

Then as love's gospel clearer grew,
And I each day your doorstep trod, love,
I learned that love was all in all,
And rose to disbelieve in God, love.

Yes, wisdom's book! you taught me this,
And ere I half had read you through, love,
I learned a deeper wisdom yet—
I learned to disbelieve in you, love.

So now, fair teacher, I am wise
And free; 'tis truth that makes us free, love.
But you—you're pale! grow wise as I,
And learn to disbelieve in me, love.

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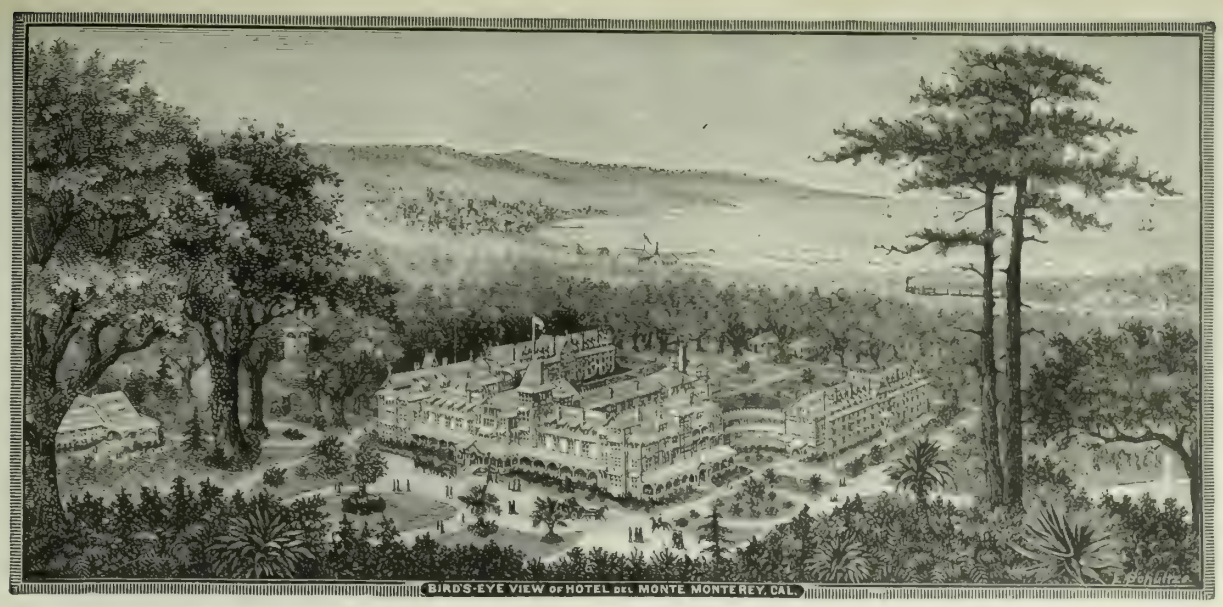

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF ANDREW PHERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Pherson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at Room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator
of the Estate of Andrew Pherson, Deceased

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, June 8, 1896.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment ..... No 23
Amount per Share..... 15 cents
Levied ..... June 2, 1896
Delinquent in Office ..... July 7, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock..... July 28, 1896

OFFICE: A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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526 California Street

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1896.

CYRUS W. CARMANY Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

222 Montgomery Street, Mills Building.

Dividends on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum, and on ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum for the half year ending June 30, 1896, will be payable free of taxes on and after July 1, 1896.

S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Corner Market, McAllister and Jones Sts., S. F.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-quarters (3¾) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1896, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1896.

June 29, 1896. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

A. K. DAGGETT

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22-inch [illegible] Mackinaw, Scotch Ha[illegible]
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Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
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Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
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OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST.

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D MACKINTOSH & CO., Successors to S. S. Ferguson & Co.
Renovating, laying and refitting carpets a specialty
Telephone, South 36 23 and 25 Tenth St., San Francisco

LINCOLN STORIES.

The last instalment of Lincoln's Life in *McClure's Magazine* presents the great American as a practising lawyer. It is full of good stories, some of which are here reproduced:

It would seem that even as early as 1852 Lincoln had acquired a reputation for story-telling. When not busy during the session of the court he was "habitually whispering stories to his neighbors, frequently to the annoyance of Judge Davis, who presided over the Eighth Circuit." If Lincoln persisted too long the Judge would rap on the chair, and exclaim: "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts. I must adjourn mine or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one." As soon as the group had scattered, the Judge would call one of the men to him and ask, "What was that Lincoln was telling?"

In his law practise Lincoln seems to have been singularly conscientious, his first effort being to try to arrange matters so as to avoid litigation. Nor would he assume a case that he felt was not founded upon right and justice.

"We will not take your case," he said to a man who had shown that by a legal technicality he could win property valued at six hundred dollars. "You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We will not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

One of the most interesting anecdotes is the one quoted from Joe Jefferson's autobiography. Jefferson and his father were playing at Springfield during the session of the Legislature, and as there was no theater in the town, had gone to the expense of building one. Hardly had this been done when a religious revival broke out. The church people condemned the theater, and prevailed upon the authorities to impose a license, which was practically prohibition. "In the midst of our trouble," says Jefferson, "a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harrangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart, to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter. His good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off. The young lawyer was Lincoln."

The notes of one of his speeches in a case against a fraudulent pension agent have been preserved. They are amusingly brief, as were all Lincoln's notes:

"No contract—not professional services. Unreasonable charge—money retained by def't not given to pl'ff—Revolutionary war—Soldiers' bleeding feet—Pl'ff's husband—Soldier leaving home for army—Skin def't—Close."

Another one of the anecdotes is related in connection with a case involving a bodily attack. Mr. Lincoln defended, and told the jury that his client was in the fix of a man who, in going along the highway with a pitchfork over his shoulder, was attacked by a fierce dog that ran out at him from a farmer's door-yard. In parrying off the brute with the fork, its prongs stuck into him and killed him.

"What made you kill my dog?" said the farmer.

"What made him bite me?"

"But why did you not go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?"

"Why did he not come at me with *his* other end?" At this Mr. Lincoln whirled about in his long arms an imaginary dog and pushed his tail end toward the jury. This was the defensive plea of "*Son assault demesne*"—loosely, that "The other fellow brought on the fight"—quickly told and in a way the dullest mind would grasp and retain.

Voltaire always had a Bible on his desk, and when a friend asked him why, seeing the opinions he professed, the sacred volume was lying there, he replied: "Because those who are framing an indictment should always have the case of their adversaries at hand." On another occasion, at a party, the antiquity of the world was being discussed, and, being asked his opinion on the subject, he said: "As for me, I believe the world is like an old flirt who dissembles her age."

On the death of Louis XV. custom required that his body should be embalmed; but, as the monarch had died of smallpox, the physicians shrank from their task. "Do your duty," peremptorily ordered the great dignitary of the Court who had to preside at the operation. "Yes, if you do yours," they answered. It was the duty of that official to hold the King's head. But this he could not bring himself to do, so Louis XV. went uncared for to his grave.

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This beautiful hotel is situated in the "Garden City" of the Pacific Coast—in the wonderful Santa Clara Valley and only fifty miles from San Francisco, connected by three lines of railroads, with frequent communication. The Vendome is first-class in every respect—elegantly furnished throughout, rooms single or en suite, cheerful dining-room service and appointments complete. Headquarters for all tourists to the great Lick Observatory; from here (Hotel Vendome) stages of the Mt. Hamilton Stage Co. leave daily. Send for illustrated "Souvenir."
GEO. P. SNELL, Manager.

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The place will open on May 1st.

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FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
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OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
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WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

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—OF THE—
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NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

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THE WAVE

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VOL XV. No. 29 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 18, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOWER SEASON

A FAMILIAR SCENE AT THE CORNER OF MARKET AND KEARNY STS., SAN FRANCISCO

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 18, 1896

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THE DANGER TO OUR REPUBLIC.

Economic writers who have undertaken to analyze our form of government, criticise its characteristics, and from the signs of the times and the natural laws governing the conduct of mankind, to read the future and prophesy the end, have pretty generally agreed that America's deadliest foe would spring up from among those within its borders, rather than from its enemies without. At just what hour this internal mischief breeder would come, was problematical; but among men wise in such matters, the conclusion was unanimous that, with our ancient and misfortunate immigration laws in full swing, its coming was inevitable, and the future dark and foreboding. Ignorance would furnish the power, Poverty the excuse, and Demagogy the weapon of destruction. Fat cattle, full granaries, prosperous times, never yet begot a dissatisfied people; but out of the womb of Poverty would come discontent; and the fruitful wench, recking nothing of the laws of nature, would send forth her evil brood in troops at some most trying hour. We have never yet, in America, felt the pinch of poverty as Europe knows it, else the time toward which we now seem hastening would long ago have been upon us. Among observent men, however, signs have not been lacking to indicate that the Spirit of Discontent was among us, and that the first symptoms of a coming crisis were at hand. It was also evident, to those who gave attention to such matters, that this Spirit of Unrest and Discontent was being sedulously cultivated among the people. That greatest foe to republican institutions, that greedy, noisy, despicable thing, the Demagogue, was busily at work taking advantage of the times, magnifying all the public woes, and advocating tinselled theories of finance and strange forms of government, as panaceas for all the ills of poverty.

The formation of the Populist party marked the first decisive exhibition of this feeling. It was founded upon Discontent. It is the party of Discontent. It represents empty granaries, crop failures, and mortgages. It represents laborers without employment, clerks without hire, and merchants without trade. It is the party that has gathered within its folds the unsuccessful, the disheartened, and the dissatisfied. One may safely say that there is not within the rank and file of the populist movement one successful or contented man. The foundation of the party was a revolution of the things that are, and its success would mean the entire reconstruction of our government. As the thermometer indicates the increase of temperature, so did the growth of that party indicate the increase of poverty and popular discontent. From a handful of followers, the movement grew until it included between two and three million dissatisfied citizens anxious for a change, and willing to risk the "nothing" they had for the chance of a "something" belonging to another which the change might bring within their grasp. The temptation which two million dissatisfied voters offered to a party which seemed to have failure staring it in the face, was too much for the politicians at Chicago.

To the shame of the body of men convened at Chicago in the name of Democracy, be it said that they forsook every leader who stood for decency, for respectability, or for conservatism; and blotting out every principle written down by the party fathers, and at the sacrifice of honor, bid for the endorsement of the Party of Discontent. Perhaps there must be in every country two parties, one conservative, the other radical. Perhaps out of this insane Chicago platform will grow the internal foe, the dangerous and destructive thing that every student of the past has prophesied will come to us to threaten our undoing. The democrat who to-day proclaims his purpose not to vote the ticket or endorse the platform now masquerading in the name of Democracy, is not a bolter! The bolting was done at Chicago! It was the convention that bolted! It flew from every principle that has dominated that party throughout its history, and was as false and treacherous to its trust as though it had in open terms denounced its own administration and endorsed the platform of its republican opponent! It would, indeed, be a sad ending for Democracy to fall into the hands of the misguided rabble, and be dominated by the vicious element of society. There is too much of honor attached to the name of Democracy for its true adherents to idly view its degradation without protest or resentment. Had this convention contented itself with a proclamation for free silver, and then adhered to the traditions of the party, it might be forgiven. But like the mad beast tasting blood, it glutted itself and wallowed in heresies, at war, not only with the principles enunciated by its distinguished founders, but which threaten the very integrity of the nation and the degradation of the highest tribunal of the land.

Bryce, in his American Commonwealth, written in 1889, placed the hour of America's greatest disturbance at thirty years after that time. But ten years have elapsed and the premonitory symptoms of the trouble to come are very much in evidence. He says:

"It will be a time of trial for democratic institutions. The future of the United States during the next half century sometimes presents itself to the mind as a struggle between two forces, the one beneficent, the other malign, the one striving to speed the nation on to a port of safety before this time of trial arrives, the other to retard its progress, so that the tempest may be upon it before the port is reached. And the question to which one reverts in musing on the phenomena of American politics is this: Will the progress now discernible toward a wiser public opinion and a higher standard of public life succeed in bringing the mass of the people up to the level of what are now the best districts in the country before the days of pressure are at hand? Or will existing evils prove so obstinate, and European immigration so continue to depress the average of intelligence and patriotism among the voters, that when the struggle for life grows far harder than it now is, the masses will yield to the temptation to abuse their power and will seek violent, and because violent, probably vain and useless remedies, for the evils which will afflict them?"

In the light of present events, these words seem almost prophetic. Ten years have passed since they were written, and though anticipating by some twenty years the prophesies of the author, they are notwithstanding most forceful. Continuing in the same vein, Mr. Bryce says:

"If the crisis should arrive while a large part of the population still lacks the prudence and self-control which a democracy ought to possess, what result may be looked for? This is a question which no experience in similar crises in the past helps us to answer, for the phenomena will be new in the history of the world. There may be pernicious experiments tried in legislation. There may be occasional outbreaks of violence. There may even be, though nothing at present portends it, a dislocation of the present frame of government."

Mr. Bryce is hopeful, however, that moderation will prevail, and that conservatism will finally conquer unrest and dissatisfaction. He closes his remarks upon this subject with these words, which, while they express a hope, conceal a fear:

"I admit that no one can say how far the United States of fifty years hence will in these respects resemble the United States of to-day. But if we are to base our anticipations on the facts of to-day, we may look forward to the future, not indeed without anxiety, when we mark the clouds that hang on the horizon, yet with a hope that is stronger than anxiety."

One may plead "not guilty" to the charge of being an alarmist, and yet confess to a feeling of anxiety and fear for the future. If the action of the un-democratic convention of Chicago does not presage the consolidation of the discontented, and the foes to law and order into one great party, then thousands of American citizens are most happily mistaken.

It has been an honored custom ever since political parties were created for one side to declare that the life of the government would be imperiled by the success of its opponent. Never before, in years, could this claim be so truthfully made as now. The conservative and respectable wing of the democracy, recognizing the true condition of affairs, is withdrawing its support from the platform now before the people. Democracy once paid dearly for the advocacy of principles which were repellent to the conservative element in America. For twenty-four years as a national party, it was a party of failures. For years its future looked dark, and its very existence was threatened. Out of the rut of defeat it was lifted into national favor by the very men who have now been spurned and derided by it. Their leadership brought victory to the party, and in stepping aside from the well defined path marked by these leaders, the party again forfeits the allegiance of the respectable element that alone has made its success possible. It requires some fortitude and a high sense of honor for a party man to forsake his national ticket and support that of his political opponent. If such men are to be honored for their integrity of principle and love of country, what shall we say of the republican who, caught by the glittering delusion of free silver, would take unto their hearts the dangerous and revolutionary sentiments expressed at Chicago, and hazard all upon this one ill-shapen plank? The republican who can swallow a democratic platform too strong for democrats themselves is indeed a sorry little chap. Better have Crucifixion on the Cross of Gold than die like Desdemona and be smothered in the flag of anarchy, or strangled by the unkempt and greasy whiskers of populism.

THE OUTLOOK FOR SILVER.

The American voter who is a friend to silver and has a genuine desire to see that metal triumph, should pay some heed to the warnings of Dr. Otto Arendt, whom the Review of Reviews designates as "the most distinguished German advocate of bi-metallism." For nineteen years Dr. Arendt has given his time and ability to the cause of silver, and has probably mastered the intricacies of the subject far more than any of its local advocates. In a recent article in the North American Review that gentleman openly charges the postponement of international bi-metallism to the foolish and shortsighted experiments of the American friends of silver, and declares it is his opinion that it is mainly the fault of the United States that bi-metallism has not been brought about. He says:

"The Americans ignored the great fundamental laws of circulation in trying to save silver by the experiments of the Bland and Sherman laws. What silver wanted was not a demand, for that is unlimited. Silver has never yet lacked purchasers. What has been lacking since the abolition of the double standard is the fixed place of exchange between silver and gold, which can only be created by unlimited demand for both precious metals at a fixed ratio of values. Hence, limited coinage or limited purchases, such as were made in the United States from 1878 to 1894, are altogether inadequate. They wrought harm to the bi-metallist cause, because their failure was exploited by the gold party, and because they stimulated the silver production. Had the United States declined every compromise and solely aimed at international bi-metallism, the silver depreciation and the scarcity of gold would have been more severe in Europe, and a transition to bi-metallism would long ago have been found."

These words coming from a man who has been unalterably opposed to the single gold standard, and who has been the consistent friend and advocate of silver for nearly twenty years must be gall and wormwood to the American experimenter, who in point of fact has increased the burdens rather than added relief to the metal he would have served. Proceeding further, Dr. Arendt says:

"If it is now desired to perpetuate the gold standard in Europe, let the government at Washington adopt free coinage of silver at the ratio of 1:16. At present, after the closure of the Indian mints, this step could not possibly have any other result than to make the American standard a silver standard. The price of silver, of course, would rise, but not to 59 pence and not permanently. The United States would have a standard not materially different from that of Mexico. All the disadvantages and all the advantages of a fluctuating and depreciated money standard would follow. Gold monometallism would be replaced by silver monometallism; the double standard would become nominal. No bi-metallist can approve of this."

The prospect of so deranging our currency as to place it on a par with that of Mexico is not pleasing, and these prophetic words, coming from the pen of a man who has given the subject so much thought, and the entire bent of whose inclination and mind is toward silver, should have the effect of causing the American friends of that metal to pause. Continuing, the professor says:

"Free coinage of silver in the United States would result in harm to Europe no doubt, but also in advantage. Perhaps the harm would predominate; but one thing is certain; the absorption of the American gold, the continual supplies coming from the American gold production, would for a long time to come relieve the European powers of all anxiety for their gold standard. The monetary anarchy would thus be perpetuated for a space of time beyond estimation. Only by insisting in all countries in an unequivocal manner on the international solution of the currency question, can international bi-metallism be attained. "No more experiments!" is therefore the only appeal which the European bi-metallists address to those of America; no silver purchases; no silver coinage, otherwise than on the basis of international agreement; and no more abortive attempts to bring them about."

It is the opinion of this able writer that the United States alone could not establish a double standard by adopting free coinage. He declares that they would shift over to a silver standard, and that the world might vainly wait for a stable ratio of values. He says that if the nations in common would create an unlimited demand for

silver at a fixed gold price and in this way create a fixed ratio, then the United States as well as other countries might open their mints to silver.

Dr. Arendt is editor of the "Deutches Wochenblatt," is a member of the Prussian House of Deputies, and was a member of the German silver commission of 1894. His appeal to Americans on behalf of silver is something that should not be overlooked, nor should his prophesies as to the result in the United States of free and unlimited coinage be disregarded.

OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

The "Bulletin" editorials are acknowledged the best among the dailies of the city, but the Bulletin is sometimes in error. The Wave had something to say last week concerning the condition of our local manufacturers, upon whom we strongly urged the necessity of developing foreign trade. We did not, as the "Bulletin" suggests, deprecate the prevailing notion of encouraging home consumption of home products, nor did we suggest the abandonment of a home market in which fifty million dollars of foreign made goods are consumed. But we did urge the advisability—almost necessity—of developing seaward markets for our products, the which might almost be obtained for the mere asking. For years The Wave has strongly urged this policy as being one not limited in its possibilities to the simple living upon one another.

A gentleman from Guatemala recently informed the writer that our trade with his country might be doubled and quadrupled if properly managed, and that, too, along lines of products in which we might compete with the East, and the whole world, for that matter, despite their advantages of cheaper production. Added to this testimony of a sojourner, we have the report of Consul-General Hosmer upon the people and commerce of Guatemala wherein he states that—

"Outside of political reasons, even, the preference for American products and manufactures has pre-eminence. A good article from the United States is sought after and a higher price paid therefor than for its European competitor. This is the rule for many things, but does not always apply, on account of the cheap imitations of certain American goods which command a sale for that reason. Cheap goods will always attract attention, while good judgment does not, in every case, commend their purchase. It is the application of good judgment which gives preference to American manufactures and produce. But our people must cultivate the market by acquaintance with its merits through their own commercial agents. They must extend long credits, must furnish the kinds and qualities of goods called for according to representation, must be careful in packing, etc."

Consular reports from every country bordering upon the Pacific ocean contain the stereotyped notice to the American manufacturer and producer, and to the California producer in particular, that it is within trade possibilities to very largely increase their export business. One of the first steps, if not the first, to be taken in this direction—and the suggestion is embodied in almost every Consular report upon the subject—is the location of a special agent in these countries;—one who may familiarize himself with the people and their customs and keep his principals advised as to what credits to extend, the condition of the markets and to push the sale of the products he represents.

Consul Newell, located at Nicaragua, says:

"The establishment of trade depots or sample houses would be a long stride in the direction of the extension of American trade in this Republic, and in the other Central American Republics. These houses should be under the direct supervision of competent men, capable of appreciating the question of international trade. American merchants must let Central America know that they desire trade by coming here and seeking it, and must be willing to give terms equal to those given here by English and German houses, etc."

Our exports to Nicaragua are greater than the exports of all Europe thereto, and as the State Department suggests, could be materially increased if our exporters would follow Consular advice and press their trade as do their European competitors.

In Salvador, Consul Pollock reports that the United States producers are the chief exporters to that country. Were it not, however, for the one article of wheat flour, which is wholly supplied by the United States and which takes the lead of all exports, England would occupy the first place. In machinery the field also belongs to America, but in hardware we are behind our competitors, chiefly because we do not offer these people the implements they are accustomed to and which are in demand. In wines and liquors we are also behind, while in beer we exceed France, England and Germany combined. We lead in eatables, glassware, drugs, stationery and furniture, and control the market in the matter of kerosene oil; in silk goods we are second, following England, and in woolen goods we are third, only a little ahead of Germany; in cotton goods we export less than one-twelfth of all.

Consul-General McIvor writes from Japan in the same hopeful strain concerning the marketing of California products in that country. From Manilla, in the Philippine Islands, Consul Elliot declares that with proper energy a large trade in canned goods might be built up, "as every person I have spoken to on the subject admitted our California fruits to be the best in the world." Minister and Consul-General Barrett writes from Bangkok, Siam, saying: "There is a great market here for the products of, not only California, Washington and Oregon, but of all the United States, awaiting development in the Orient. Particularizing upon the subject, he says:

"The American food products which, if properly placed on this market, would probably be most in demand, are, in addition to flour and condensed milk, hams and breakfast bacon packed for family use, canned vegetables and fruits of all kinds, evaporated fruits, canned butter put up in cans of one and two pounds, cheese, all kinds of canned meats and fish, oatmeal and cracked wheat."

Summing up the whole matter, Consul Barret says:

"It seems that large quantities of food products are consumed in Siam of kinds which are produced in the United States, but it appears that only a small proportion of American products find their way to the Siamese markets; that those which do come pass through the hands of English exporters; that Americans can sell at prices which make it possible for the United States to do business in Siam; that the reason the United States do not do business directly with Siam is because the American dealers do not know enough about merchants in Siam, their financial standing, etc., to deal with them on the terms that they would offer fellow American dealers."

To quote further from Consular reports would simply mean to repeat the foregoing. The California producer and manufacturer have been served with notice time and again that these markets are open for them; that they are accessible and would prove profitable. If the producer himself has failed to give this matter proper consideration, it is a little astonishing that some of the young men who are now living in enforced idleness, who have been trained for mercantile life, have not taken the initiative and attempted to secure agencies in some of these countries. It would not be an expensive experiment for ten producers whose separate interests would not clash, to employ a representative to live in the most promising of these countries for a year at least. Once given a trial, it is safe to predict that the system would grow in favor, and our commerce expand out of all proportion to the money invested in the undertaking.

STREET DECORATION.

It would not be out of place just now to pause for a moment and reflect upon the decorations of the San Francisco streets, the garlands, and buntings, and medallions, that were displayed in honor of this last Fourth of July. They were melancholy examples of what should not be done; hardly a feature of what could be suggested by the most execrable taste was omitted. What a lamentable spectacle, those thousands and thousands of cheap tiny flags strung across the streets at intervals, those hideous portraits of famous Americans painted by sign painters and framed in tri-colored butcher's tissue-paper, swaying and tossing in the afternoon trades, ba tered and dishevelled with the passing of every high-loaded dray; and above all the melancholy array of broken Japanese lanterns hanging shattered and awry, within an hour's time of their hanging, smashed and stolen by the thousands by the street Arabs during the night. There is but one suitable expression for the whole affair. It was "cheap and nasty."

This thing should act, however, as a wholesome lesson. San Francisco is soon to hold a Fiesta, and again the streets will be decorated and festooned in honor of the occasion. It remains to be seen whether the committee in charge will dress the city in the cheap, inartistic, provincial fashion of an inland county seat, or whether the largest city of the West shall on its gala day present an artistic, well studied metropolitan scheme of decoration. Already, there has been no little talk in artistic circ'es about this very matter, and more than one plan of operation has been suggested. The one that appeals most to good sense and artistic judgment is the appointing of a committee of artists and architects by the proper authority, said committee having full power to devise and adopt such a system of decoration as will be suggested by their judgment. It is not proposed to squander any more money upon festoons of foolish little flags or sham Japanese lanterns. The main thing to be sought is unity and beauty of design. The ornamentation of the streets and facades must be uniform, and conceived with some idea of massing of color and bunting. At the same time it would be proper to erect some one large structure of "staff," which might be the center and keynote of the decorations, something not unlike the Washington arch in New York, to be made permanent and commemorative if the citizens see fit.

Among the best suggestions we have heard is one to construct a double arcade stretching out from either side of the Market street ferry slip, enclosing the present open space by semi-circular rows of pillars and passages, which could easily serve as locations for tradesmen's shops. In the center of the space enclosed there should be erected either a statue or a fountain. If satisfactory, and we do not see any reason why it should not be so, this arcade could be rebuilt in more substantial material, the expense being defrayed by subscriptions.

There is much that is commendable in this idea, and we believe that there are enough thorough-paced artists in the city to give a really beautiful tone to the whole matter. Not the least praiseworthy side of the idea is the fact that barring the rebuilding of the arcade, the whole decoration of the city could be undertaken and carried out with but comparatively little expense. We even believe it could be done cheaper than the wholesale buying and hanging of Japanese lanterns that were not fit to be used within an hour of the time they were put up.

COMMUNICATION.

REALISM AND NATURALISM.

In a recent article in The Wave, on Zola as a romanticist, Mr. Howells is given as the typical realist. There may be a difference as to what one understands as real, but because Mr. Howells has dignified himself by that title is there any reason why we should uphold him on his self-erected pedestal?

When Mr. Howells arose, he said he was a realist, and we thought perhaps he was; perhaps life and love were a joke after all! But another current of criticism set in, and writers began to ask, Is it just to call real what is only superficial? Is there no reality in feeling, sentiment and passion, let alone flesh and blood? Is the outer shell of conventionality the man himself? In saying that Mr. Howells paints life as it is, perhaps your critic has committed himself to paper in that moment when the reception and the tinsel seemed real. But because one does not bring one's hobgoblins to afternoon tea, does that argue that they are not waiting for us outside? If the denizens of the world walked abroad with their attendant spectres, we would flee our fellow man and there would be no afternoon teas. Society and Mr. Howells are those artificialities to which one flees to escape the real.

If society is what one asks, Mr. Howells has his uses, but one puts his book aside with very much the same feeling which arises after the reception. What real sympathy or satisfaction does it hold?

There is a moment when life seems to hold no tragedies, but it is only a moment; then we pierce to the real pain of existence. When Tolstoi enters the arena, Howells sinks to the level of a mere materialist. His work is incidental, biographical, never real, for it is neither typical nor universal. True realism affords us, not a superficial half-hour, but the intimate companionship of a friend who explains us to ourselves.

While secondary in importance to the renting of flats, love comes in for its share of sarcastic attention from Mr. Howells, but this does not prove his non-existence, for, as a recent writer cleverly said, by the very bitterness of the satire heaped upon him, one may judge of the wounds love has inflicted.

But to take from Mr. Howells the name of realist is not to give it to M. Zola. On the near view he appears a gross materialist, and the popular prejudice against him is not without reason. His dissection of the human animal frightens the ordinary mind, which can only grasp what bears immediately upon the present, and is incapable of translating larger humanitarian motives. The movement of Zola is slow, the results of his crimes percolate through so many generations that to grasp his quality of universal romanticism demands a deep artistic perception—a quality in which your critic is not lacking—but to acknowledge Zola as the painter of the morbid, the grotesque, as he does, hardly justifies him in pronouncing him the typical naturalist.

It is true that naturalism is the cult of those denying that the processes of nature move by the guidance of a supernatural will from without, but this does not argue that naturalism is the school of what is contrary to nature. Zola's acknowledged aim is to write the history of crime, not the history of nature, and only to the spirits of Dante's inferno could he be justly supposed to paint naturalism.

In placing Zola and his criminology as an example of naturalism, your critic also assumes that because naturalism takes no account of the supernatural, it has no respect for law, whereas were there nothing stronger than human reason that reason would establish law, for preservation of life.

However, in the recent elevation of nature to a higher stand, misconceptions have arisen, and nature has been placed above law by such writers as Mr. Grant Allen. These forget that obedience to law is the only tie to our brother man, and that if this tie be severed not only does the individual deteriorate, but the very love for which law is sacrificed dies out for lack of cohesion with the world and its purposes. The best illustration of this fact is in "Anne Karennina" by Tolstoi.

With Zola as the huge romanticist, Tolstoi as the realist, and Howells as merely the representative of a passing fad, who is the naturalist, the painter of nature, unaided by the supernatural?

Since the discovery of evolution does the supernatural exist apart from the natural? The old conception of God was that of an unsympathetic personality, who dwelt in a circle outside the world, and doled out justice with a ladle, while all that was natural fought his decrees in the shape of a horned devil.

The evolutionists declare God as permeating every atom of the universe, deifying the flesh and making sacred what is natural. To them there is no war between God and nature, no natural law which is not one of his holy ordinances. The belief in God, in throwing off the idea of the supernatural finds God as the heart of nature itself.

This new type of naturalism greets us in a little book by James Lane Allen called "Summer in Arcady." While Mr. Howells' work is a survival of the puritanism which would put bloomers on the Venus of Milo, while he infers that nature is something for which we must apologize, Mr. James Lane Allen announces that there is nothing in nature which may not be respected, nothing which puritanism is constrained to ignore.

Mr. Allen is eminently an artist, one to whom may be trusted a subject which would be profaned by grosser handling. While he interweaves the divine quality through nature and human nature he illuminates it and shows it for what it really is. In the quality of pure naturalist Mr. Allen says, "This is love," and in the quality of divine interpreter he adds, "This is sacred."

BERTHA MONROE RICKOFF.

PHOTO BY THORS

A NAVAL RESERVE DRILL ON THE CAMANCHE

PHOTOS BY TYLER

A NAVAL RESERVE DRILL

Handling Big Guns on the Camanche.

For five years the Naval Battalion of California has been trying to get from the Government a ship for the purposes of drilling and instruction. The battalion, which was organized in 1891, is composed of twenty-nine commissioned officers and 417 petty officers and seamen, comprising one ship's crew divided into five divisions: The First and Second at San Francisco, the Third at San Diego, the Fourth at Santa Cruz, and the Fifth at Eureka. Finally it has succeeded in getting the old monitor Comanche, for the San Francisco divisions.

The Comanche was sent to California during the rebellion, in sections, on board the ship Aquilla; which ship, while lying off Rincon point, sank, taking the Comanche with her to the bottom of the bay. With some difficulty, the sections were rescued and put together, much to the satisfaction of the community, in which, at the time, a British war scare was proving a disturbing element.

While of an obsolete type, she yet has considerable offensive and defensive power, and materially adds to the force requisite to defend our bay against intruders. With slight alterations she could be made very efficient. Her main battery, two fifteen-inch smooth bores, replaced by two eight or ten-inch modern rifles, would make her a very dangerous opponent for anything other than a first-class battle ship. In her present use as an instrument of instruction for the Naval Battalion, while not all that could be desired, she has many good points; and until the general government can see its way clear to provide a better, will be utilized to the fullest possible extent by the organization. A drawback to cruising about the bay is the large consumption of coal for the Comanche's engines are of an old type and burn a great deal of fuel. However, she is well fitted to teach the routine of ship life.

Her secondary battery, composed of four one-pounder rapid firing Hotchkiss rifles, long pattern, is a very effective one; and fitted as it is with all the conveniences, carriages, limbers, etc., for shore service, it constitutes the only battery at present in the California National Guard. This would be very effective in case of riot, and as the battalion combines all the infantry drills with the artillery, it forms an important adjunct of the militia, and should be well supported by the citizens of a coast liable at any time to need protection.

The policy of the general government evinced toward the naval militia of the different States of the Union is so liberal, and the provision of arms and equipments of the most modern type so generous, that it is to the interest of all seacoast cities to increase the numbers of their naval militia, and thus secure a larger share of the ample yearly appropriation for its arming and equipping. It is desirable that the attention of the employers of this city be called to the importance of this branch of the service, in order that they may allow their employees who are members more liberty to report for duty for daylight drills by boat and ship, which are vastly superior in efficiency to those held at night.

The Navy Department having sent orders to Admiral Beardslee to inspect the Naval militia of California and afford it an opportunity to drill, a board of officers, consisting of Lieuts. Roper, Gleanes and Beecher, was detailed from the flagship Philadelphia, and from the Monadnock, for the purpose, and under its supervision several night drills have been had. On Saturday afternoon last the two divisions of the battalion in San Francisco were ordered to report on board the Comanche for drill, but because of the difficulty of getting away from their various occupations the muster was rather small. The commander of the battalion had hoped that, Saturday afternoon being recognized by many firms as a partial holiday, the attendance would be large, and it is in this connection that he appeals to the employers of the city to allow the members to have their Saturday afternoons as often as possible. Steam was got up in the boilers, the turret revolved and the battalion drilled at the main battery in the turret by Lieutenant Beecher. In the two hours devoted to these evolutions much valuable instruction was received. The evident defects of the monitor were called to the attention of the board, and will probably be incorporated in its report.

The officers and men of the Naval Militia of California desire to earnestly express their high appreciation and gratitude to Admiral Beardsley, commanding the naval forces of the Pacific station, and to the officers of the flagship Philadelphia and of the Monadnock for their many kindnesses and the great cordiality which they have evinced toward this organization. Lieutenant-Commander Ingersoll, executive officer of the Philadelphia, to whom was detailed most of the drill for the battalion, deserves especial thanks for his many kindnesses and attentions in performance of that duty.

CAUSE AND EFFECT
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. R. JACKSON

THE CANDIDATE FROM NEBRASKA

Personal Traits and Characteristics of W. J. Bryan.

His bitterest opponents cannot deny to William J. Bryan two distinctions. He is brilliant and poor. His career has been notably brilliant, and he is to-day sufficiently poor to commend him to the sympathies of the poverty stricken of the country. A native of Illinois, aged 36 years, by profession a lawyer, and by practice a politician, he has attracted attention in the East and through the West by his oratory. Graduating from Illinois College in 1880, after representing his alma mater in the State oratorical contests, he studied law in Chicago, and after being admitted, removed to Lincoln, Neb., and commenced the practice of his profession. He developed, however, a natural turn for politics. His oratory soon won him prominence. Sent to Congress in 1890, after a series of joint debates on the tariff, he was appointed on the Ways and Means Committee, and in March, 1892, he attracted the attention of the nation by a speech on free wool. It was superb oratory, characterized by many fine flights of rhetoric, but it was delivered to empty benches. The newspapers took it up, and Bryan of Nebraska at once became a figure. In this great effort it was assumed the man had reached the summit of his powers, but his speech against the repeal of the Sherman Act was equally memorable, and contains passages the silver orators are still quoting. He refused a renomination, and campaigned for election to the United States Senate on a 16 to 1 platform. Though opposed by the Cleveland administration, he was the nominee of the State Democratic convention, and debated twice with John M. Thurston, the republican candidate. The Legislature was Thurston's, however, and then Bryan turned his attention to journalism, taking the editorial management of the Omaha "World-Herald." He was married at the age of 24 to Miss Mary E. Baird, the daughter of a merchant of Perry, a student in the Annex of Illinois College when Bryan was there. They graduated simultaneously, both being valedictorians of their respective classes. Miss Baird studied law, and was admitted to the bar of Nebraska.

The democratic candidate for president was in San Francisco last fall as a guest of the Bi-Metallic League. The impressions of a keen student of men who saw something of Mr. Bryan during his brief stay in San Francisco are worth narrating. "Bryan," he said, "impressed me as a quick, intelligent, clever man, rather than a statesman or thinker. His is a social type. Individually he is genial, friendly, and very democratic. He is fond of talking, and finds considerable interest in relating his own achievements. In fact, he is somewhat complacent on the score of his abilities, and alluded to his several successes in Congress with much unction—took himself very seriously, indeed. No one can help being attracted by the manliness of the man, and by the easy, simple familiarity of his manner. It is not the manner of a gentleman, in the strict sense, but he seems to meet all men on a common ground. I heard Mr. Bryan at Metropolitan Temple subsequently, where he spoke for an hour and three-quarters. He is a natural orator. His voice is neither as rich as that of Irish nor so sonorous as that of General Barnes, but it is more penetrating than either. There is a certain acute force in its accents that seems to carry his words to the farthest depths of an auditorium, and gives special emphasis to his phrases. He commenced in a conversational tone, and as he proceeded, warming to his theme, his voice grew stronger and fuller, his gestures being happy and very graceful. There was little straining after effect. Such facts as he used were stated with singular lucidity. Comparing him with our own orators further I would pronounce him more natural and simpler than D. M. Delmas, but his diction has less polish and less force. His style is more plausible than that of Irish, but his voice has neither the melody nor the roundness of the Alamedan. But in his tones there breathes the accent of conviction. Indeed, I was reminded rather of Sam Jones by the energy of his style when he rose to the peroration."

The type of William J. Bryan is decidedly Celtic. The style of his oratory is that of the Celt, brilliant, bold and buoyant. He has a retentive memory, but he is more brilliant than logical, and more rhetorical than technically accurate in statement. Certainly he is a man of ideas, is fertile, versatile, somewhat emotional, and egotistical; yet he is very ambitious, punctual, and in spite of his social qualities, evidently possessed of great self-control. He is fairly well read, uses historical illustrations, but keeps his oratory for

WILLIAM J. BRYAN
THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

silver and the tariff. He will not talk on outside subjects. His wife, Mrs. Bryan, is a tall, slender woman, whose face indicates the student. She is able and energetic, devoted to her husband's career, very quick witted, vigorous, and decisive in manner. As I have said, Mr. Bryan is a poor man, and has suffered financially by adhering to politics rather than to his profession of the law. Journalism was to him but a makeshift, although I am told he was successful thereat. Soon after his California trip, during which, by the way, he lectured both at Berkeley and Stanford, the future candidate retired from his editorial role and opened a law office at Lincoln, but he has devoted more time to speech-making in the South and East than to the exposition of Blackstone. If endorsed by the Populists, and with the backing of a capitalist, he may go far, indeed. It is certain, he will make the most of his opportunity,

C.

A PERSONAL VIEW

To become acquainted with William J. Bryan is to become his friend. This is because of certain characteristic traits—courage, frankness, simplicity and kindliness. Of indifference to personal consequences his course in political life furnishes abundant proof. People may weary of hearing this one praised as wise, just and upright, and that one commended, as was the case with Aristides, but the fame for courage of Leonidas, coming down through the centuries, has increased like a mighty river in its course to the ocean.

I met W. J. Bryan at the extra session of Congress of 1893. I presented no letter of introduction, merely a card from a California Congressman. A hand shake and a fashionable smile, supplemented with a few formal words, was about all that I expected. But I found the man so unassuming, so kind and sympathetic in manner and speech that to have retired without a better acquaintance would have been rude and a matter of subsequent regret. His unceremonious, kindly address, and easy, unassuming manner of discussing public questions, caused me to forget for the moment the prominence and position of the man that I was in the presence of. Indeed, I did not fully realize his power until, when a few days later I heard his great speech in opposition to the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing act. This oration appeared to me to possess all the excellencies of all the others that I had ever heard, "in full, heaped and rounded measure." The wonderful effect of his Chicago oration is attributed by many to the presence of several thousand who had never heard him, and among that number, most of the delegates. If he made a great "hit," it was because, given the opportunity, he was able to improve it. Like a full armored, controlled and amply ballasted war ship, he is always ready for the fray, and possesses adequate skill to strike home at each encounter.

My next meeting with Mr. Bryan was on the occasion of his visit to this city last year. With a few others, I had been earnestly advocating the cause of free and unlimited coinage of silver, a movement commonly designated at the time by a majority of democrats and republicans as the "Silver craze" or "16 to 1 heresy." By the efforts of a local democratic organization, and in conjunction with the Bi-Metallic League, Mr. Bryan was induced to visit this coast and this city. As chairman of a committee I met Mr. Bryan at 16th street, Oakland. Had I never met him before, I would have found it difficult to identify him. A stranger applying merely the test of appearances would not have picked him out of that crowd of overland tourists as a leading statesman. He wore a slouch hat, which an honest renovator would have rejected. From many days of travel and much speaking, he was very much fatigued, and Mrs. Bryan, who always accompanied him, looked the more hopeful and energetic of the two. There was one buoyant member of the party—it was William J. Bryan, Jr., a youth of 6 years. The future Presidential candidate greeted me with all the heartiness of a weary wanderer who meets a friend in a strange land, and introduced me to his handsome wife. They were glad to meet me, not because it was myself, but because they were in that condition mentally and spiritually to fittingly appreciate a friendly greeting.

A few hours afterward, with other members of the committee, I met Mr. Bryan at his hotel. Having taken a nap, surrendered himself to the ministrations of a barber and dressed himself fashionably, he had become the same bright, witty and social genius that I had met in Washington two years before. That night he spoke at the Metropolitan Temple on Silver, and I am not alone in considering his address a superb oration and quite the equal of the great speech on the tariff which so won the attention of Congress in the early days of his career.

T. CARL SPELLING.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Democracy has discovered a Chairman for its State Central Committee. He is ex-Assemblyman Alford, a bright and energetic young lawyer of Tulare, who boldly hazards his time and reputation in the cause of Bryan and Sewall. It cannot be said there was much competition for the role. It is a thankless and wearisome task, as ex-Chairman Gould will testify. No salary attaches to it; the duties are onerous; the party is ungrateful and victory is barren, as Max Popper, who led the committee to success four years ago, was made to realize. Besides the mere direction of the campaign, in which great generalship must be used, there devolves on the Chairman the collection of funds. He must furnish the sinews of war, to pay the printing and the advertising bills, to hire halls and finance speakers. How many democrats, I would like to know, intend contributing this summer? Not the wealthy members of the party, who, indeed, are stronger for the single standard, or at least international bi-metallism, than the supporters of McKinley. The army of the discontents which approves the Chicago platform is as poor as its opinions, and cannot afford to yield up a fraction of its earnings. So it is a thankless task to which Mr. Alford has set himself—how melancholy is evinced by the character of the orators at the Bryan ratification meeting the other night. Not even the "Examiner" could make the orators out representative citizens. Certainly they were not eminent, save in their obscurity.

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It is understood that President Barillas is to leave us about two weeks hence. He has certainly enjoyed himself in San Francisco. No more generous stranger ever visited these shores. He has spent an immense amount of money here, which, indeed, he can well afford, inasmuch as I am told he has an income from one plantation alone of half a million a year. Personally, the General is as generous as a Monte Cristo. He lavishes gifts on his friends, and rewards most richly whomsoever does him a favor. Though, during his residence in San Francisco, he has elected to live at the Palace, he might have been a house-holder, as among his possessions is the fine old Atherton mansion on California street, one of the handsomest homes in the city.

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Mr. Fred Webster, of the Country Club, has been making an international reputation for himself, by dividing with Mr. George Work of New York and Mr. G. Anderson of London the first honors of the London Gun Club contest. Seventy men from all corners of the earth competed for the International cup, many of them being famous shots. The birds were bluerocks that had been raised along the coast of England, and were hard, swift drivers, difficult to bring down. The wind was favorable to all alike, but Mr. Anderson probably had a slight advantage in having shot that kind of bird before. The three scores tied at twenty-one, and it was agreed that the two Americans should divide the money—some $2,250—between them, while the Englishman took the cup.

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Great is the jubilation among the bankers over the conviction of Becker and Creegan, the forgery experts whose depredations have cost financial institutions in this country and Europe over a million dollars. Some months ago I described the operations of this gang in connection with the arrest of Dean, but then their apprehension seemed a dim and distant contingency. To-day this twain, through their own selfish stupidity, are in jail awaiting sentence of Judge Wallace, which doubtless will consign them to the penitentiary for the rest of their

MISS JENNIE CATHERWOOD
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO DR. GRINNELL HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED
PHOTO BY MARCEAU

years. The story of their exploits, of their success in escaping detection, reads like a dime novel. Acting in combination their raids were marvelously planned and executed with rare skill and dispatch. But the prosperity of the association depended on the harmony and good-faith of its members. They had subscribed from their booty a certain percentage, which was set apart as a defense fund, in case of discovery. This amounted at the time of Dean's capture, to some $15,000, and naturally the forger imagined his accomplices would aid him out of this accumulation. It was impossible, of course, to telegraph, but when McCloskey, who had been arrested at the same time, was released he went East in Dean's behalf, and communicated with Becker, who evinced so little sympathy with his comrade and made so many objections to advancing the money demanded, that McCloskey telegraphed to his friend: "Save yourself if possible * * *."

Dean at once sent for Captain Lees, and explained to him the treachery of his accomplices. He expected himself to go to jail for four years, and had asked that $4,000 out of the fund, a thousand for his lawyer and $3,000 for the support of Mrs. Dean during his term of incarceration. He then offered to turn State's evidence. The Pinkertons were called into consultation by Lees. They opened communication with the Philadelphia police, and the result was the capture of Becker and Creegan with their bags packed and their passages booked for South America. These distinguished criminals affected to laugh at the charge, and announced their conviction impossible. They even went so far as to enlist political influence in their behalf, but all to no avail. However, they never anticipated that sufficient evidence to convict could possibly be secured, but the predicament has proved their undoing. A few days after their arrival here, Mrs. Becker appeared with $20,000 for the defense, but she was too late. Some technicality may yet be discovered to save the twain, but the chances are the verdict will stand.

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It is interesting news that is bruited around concerning Judge Wallace's intentions. Rumor has it, he proposes to retire from the Bench and embark on a campaign for the senatorship. He desires, it seems, to succeed Senator Perkins, and believes that between his anti-railroad pretensions and the silver issue this latest ambition may be crowned with that popular success which has so often dodged him. It is a laudable desire, that of the eminent jurist, to go to Washington at the latter end of his career, and there is no doubt he would be afforded that opportunity to express the opinion he formed of Cleveland after being refused the Circuit Judgeship to which Ross was appointed. However, I question the anxiety of the community to endorse this ambition, and the fight against his

MR. FRED WEBSTER
WHO SUSTAINED THE HONOR OF THE COUNTRY CLUB AT HURLINGHAM

pretensions might be made more interesting than he would appreciate. Apropos of this ambition, I am told the Judge has called at the Mint and shaken the hand of the exiled Daggett. The resumption of relations between Wallace and the Superintendent is due to the declaration of James H. Barry's Congressional ambition. Much as the Judge hates the editor of the "Star," Daggett detests him more, and this common loathing is the basis of their reconciliation. It seems, Barry was Maguire's candidate for the Mint. He was to have acted as the Congressman's agent in pensioning innumerable Gallaghers. Daggett's success was a painful surprise, and, since, the Superintendent has had no honor in the Star." In the meantime the enmities of the Stockton convention are being carefully buried.

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National politics is the topic of the moment, and the return of Dan Burns is obscured by the deep interest through all parties as to the action of the Populist convention at St. Louis. Will it endorse the candidacy of Bryan? Teller has retired his pretensions in favor of the Nebraskan Lochinvar, and is to be Secretary of the Treasury. However, it is not improbable Mr. Hanna has engaged himself in showing the third Party the merit of a gold standard by personal application—a trick which he is eminently capable of perpetrating.

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Though the architecture of the Spreckels house does not commend itself to my admiration, its magnitude is undeniable. It is rapidly approaching completion, and I am told the interior promises to excel the glories of the palaces of Eastern millionaires. One mantel on which Mr. Hapersburger, the local sculptor, is now engaged will cost forty-five thousand dollars ere it emerges from his chisel, and the other adornments are on a scale equally costly.

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The Typographical Union has interposed the horny hand of toil between the "Journal" and the "Examiner," and has terminated the exchange of matrices by which we had served up in San Francisco a week-old rechauffe of the New York paper. The printers doubtless admired the economy of the arrangement, but failed to realize the co-operative profit, and their objections founded on the rules of the Union put an end to the dodge—for which the Lord be thanked.

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Great are the usages of journalism. Here is Will Hearst, personally opposed to the free coinage of silver, supporting the white metal with both his dailies. The "Journal" is not so rampantly for silver as the "Examiner," but then its community is more conservative; whereas the Monarch is vociferous and hysterical over the white metal. On the other hand, Mr. De Young believes in free silver. Editor J. P. Young has devoted his life to the exposition of bi-metallism, and now the "Chronicle" declares for the gold standard, because the convention at St. Louis prescribed sound money as the party shibboleth. Both the Shortridges advocate the theories of the silver men, and it is not so long ago that the front window of the "Call" on Market street demanded free silver or nothing. Now the Shortridges want McKinley, whereas Bryan really represents their principles.

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Denis Kearney and Alvinza Hayward are out for free silver. Both seem to have good grounds for advocating the white metal, but probably Mr. Hayward can give more substantial reasons than Denis can. Probably the freer silver is, the better it will suit Denis, but to be able to secure a hundred-cent dollar for fifty cents is about as near an approach to "free" as any half-way reasonable man can expect. So Denis will be contented if Bryan wins. Talking to a crowd on Market street the other day, he said:

"I'm against gold, and I'll tell you why. If I should throw a twenty dollar gold piece out in this crowd, only one man could get it. If I should throw twenty silver dollars out among you twenty men, each would get something. So I'm for silver, for it makes more money and benefits the many instead of the few."

Denis might have carried his illustration further, and built up a platform for free copper. He might have thrown two thousand copper cents to the mob, and then a still greater number of his auditors would have "got something." Alvinza Hayward is not only richer in the world's goods than Denis, but is richer also in reasons for advocating free silver. He owns a number of silver mines, besides several excellent gold mines. If Mr. Bryan of Nebraska is successful, he expects to sell the white metal for which he now receives but fifty cents an ounce at a greatly increased price; and as gold will rapidly rise to a premium, he may be able also to dispose of the output of his gold mines at better terms than he is able to obtain at present. Considering that Mr. Hayward stands to win at both ends of the game, it is not extraordinary that personal profit blinds him to prospective anarchy and revolution.

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Not long ago it was a shiboleth in the Press Club that Manager Crothers knew nothing of journalism. Deacon Fitch still holds a low opinion of his ability. Half a dozen excellent reporters prophesied years ago that he would wreck the "Call," and when he took the "Bulletin" they were certain his administration would be fatal to the few thousand people who were still reading Editor Upton's lucubrations. Strange to say, the reverse happened in each instance. Assuming the control of the "Call," he converted its deficit into a surplus, and it was paying handsomely at the time of its sale. He dexterously obtained for it more money by seventy-five thousand than

FRANCESCA C. VALLEJO
GRANDDAUGHTLR OF GENERAL M. G. VALLEJO, WHO TYPIFIED THE TOWN NAMED IN HONOR OF THAT ILLUSTRIOUS OALIFORNIAN AT ONE OF THE RECENT CELEBRATIONS

anyone anticipated, and now the "Bulletin" announces itself possessed of twenty thousand circulation, an achievement never before attained by an evening paper in California. Indeed, there has never been much profit in afternoon journalism, though editors and managers have strained hard for vogue. However, the supremacy of the "Bulletin" in the evening field is is now unquestioned, and Mr. Crothers and Editor Older are to be congratulated on their success.

A VIVESECTION FANTASY

The Strange Story of a Doctor Who Made Men Out of Beasts.

Mr. H. G. Wells has called his book "A Possibility," but one shudders and hopes not. It is a story that one rushes through with a sickening sense of physical pain and horror, yet without strength to skip the terrible details. The idea is a strange and original one, somewhat on the line of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," though with less literary value. Dr. Morean is a vivisectionist whose experiments have been exposed by a sensational reporter. Driven from England he takes refuge on a deserted island off the coast of South America, and there continues the studies which popular clamor had interrupted. Alone with a disgraced medical student, Montgomery by name, who acts as assistant, he devotes himself to the creation of human beings out of animals. The narrator Prendick, survivor of a wrecked passenger steamer, is picked up in midocean by a schooner which Montgomery has chartered to bring to the island fresh material for the Doctor's scalpel. So the horrors of the region are vividly prefaced by the terrible tale of privation and thirst, and then by the life on the schooner whose drunken crew has taken alarm at the puma and the menagerie of smaller animals and the strange, brutal-looking but submissive creature who acts as Montgomery's attendant. Against the will of the Doctor, Prendick is set ashore on the island, and the story proceeds to detail his wierd experiences. The conditions which prevail are at first a mystery to him; the shrieks of the puma on the operating table resound in his ears; but after all the terrors of surmise have been exhausted Morean explains his theories and purposes, defending himself from the charge of inflicting unnecessary pain.

"So long as visible or audible pain turns you sick; so long as your own pains drive you; so long as pain underlies your propositions about sin—so long, I tell you, you are an animal, thinking a little less obscurely what an animal feels..... Pleasure and pain—bah! What is your theologian's ecstasy but Mahomet's houri in the dark? This store which men and women set on pleasure and pain, Prendick, is the mark of the beast upon them. Pain, pain and pleasure, they are for us only so long as we wriggle in the dust."

Dr. Morean's great object is to make a man. He does not go about it like the good old fairy-tale person with sugar, paste and almonds, but chooses some animal, and carves, grafts, transplants and hypnotizes until he has made a caricature of a human being. Not only the outward form is changed, but the physiology, the chemical rhythm, its inmost structure. The explanation of how they are taught human speech is clever, but not very convincing:

"The mental structure is even less determinate than the body. In our growing science of hypnotism we find the promise of a possibility of superseding old inherent instincts by new suggestions, grafted upon or replacing the inherited fixed ideas. Very much, indeed, of what we call moral education," he said, "is such an artificial modification and perversion of instinct; pugnacity is trained into courageous self-sacrifice, and suppressed sexuality into religious emotion. And the great difference between man and monkey is in the larynx," he continued, "in the incapacity to frame delicately different sound-symbols by which thought could be sustained."

One may doubt the Doctor's powers of remodeling the brain of a beast into that of a man, but it is in the soul that he confesses his failure. Animal instincts and desires are always ready to break forth and inundate the whole being of the creature with anger, hate or fear. As soon as his creations are free of his direct influence, the beast begins to assert itself again. His creations, some sixty in number, live in huts about the island, keeping up more or less the semblance of human beings, wearing clothes, marrying, cooking their food and chanting a strange litany:

"Not to go on all-fours; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

"Not to suck up drink; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

"Not to eat Fish or Flesh; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

"Not to claw the Bark of Trees; that is the Law. Are we not Men?"

But all the time they are inevitably creeping back towards their old customs, struggling between law and nature. Prendick continues:

"Poor brutes! I began to see the viler aspect of Morean's cruelty. I had not thought before of the pain and trouble that came to these poor victims after they had passed from Morean's hands. I had shivered only at the days of actual torment in the enclosure. But now that seemed to be the lesser part. Before, they had been beasts, their instincts fitly adapted to their surroundings, and happy as living things may be. Now they stumbled in the shackles of humanity, living in a fear that never died, fretted by a law they could not understand; their mock-human existence, begun in an agony, was one long internal struggle, one long dread of Morean—and for what? It was the wantonness of it that stirred me..... They were wretched in themselves; the old animal hate moved them to trouble one another; the Law held them back from a brief hot struggle and a decisive end to their natural animosities."

It is not till after Dr. Morean is killed that the spell of fear and mesmerism is broken, and the Beast Folk gradually revert to their original states.

The book gives you somewhat the impression of a bad dream. You stumble through thickets with the Leopard-man close behind, and crouch in the shadows while the Swine-folk dance, or run in mad terror through thorns that tear your clothes and flesh, with strange pink creatures leaping out of your way. You hear the shrieks of the tortured puma gradually grow human in sound as the experiment progresses. It does not seem surprising when a boat carrying two dead men drifts up, to make a way of escape for Prendick. Indeed, it appears almost effeminate, an act of super-refinement on his part, to stop and remove the two corpses before setting out. It is terrible to think of the nightmares he has laid up for the rest of his life. In these days of Roentgen rays it may be rash to doubt the possibility of Dr. Morean's experiments, but considered as fiction the book is strong and absorbing, and wierdly unpleasant.

STONE & KIMBALL, PUBLISHERS.

HER POINT OF VIEW

Gloomy prophesies of the social and economic troubles that will result from woman's entering the business world are daily rolling forth from prominent masculine pens. Must feminine cheap labor go? The Marquis di Calboli, who knows a great deal about such things, traces a large part of the misery in England to woman's invasion of man's business territory. There is a general complaint that the competition of women is bringing down wages; but might it not be the cheapening of labor, through other causes, that is forcing women to work? If the father earns less, the daughters must necessarily fall to and help. And why not? There is something a little ridiculous as well as pathetic in the sight of one poor man struggling along under a load of grown-up, fun-demanding, silk-lined daughters. They are a luxury which should be reserved for the truly rich and great. On the girl's side, with her salary comes a blessing that no man can fully appreciate—she need not marry unless she wants to. Do you suppose all this marriage-a-failure talk would ever have arisen if girls had always been free to give a perfectly unbiased Yes or No? The feeling that there is nothing ahead for her unless she marries makes many a girl fall sedately in love with the first man that comes along, and an unhappy fatality seems attached to that first man. He is, perhaps, sent out as an experiment to test her powers of insight and levelness of head, and it is a blessed social revolution that has put her in a position to use those qualities. The foreboding that women, once independent, will consider marriage undesirable, domesticity an exploded theory and children an imposition, seems answered by the universal complaint of manufactures, head artisans, etc., that marriage is the great obstacle in the way of making skilled workwomen. No sooner does one get well trained, they say, but she marries and retires into private life. As to the objection that the work of women is inferior to that of men, that is as yet generally true. It takes more than one generation to make skilled labor, and women are often inefficient, unreliable, slow to business ways. But wait a generation or two and see.

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An interesting parallel might be drawn between Napoleon and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, with the comparison rather to the advantage of Mrs. Belmont. Napoleon never could quite master the aristocracy, and, moreover, he had a fall. There is no Waterloo in store for a woman who can marry two millionaires herself and provide an English Duke for her daughter. Still, this is no light campaign she is undertaking, and her summer at Newport will not be entirely a restful one. The Vanderbilts will gather their forces, and give ironical dinners and disdainful teas in the face of the enemy, but Mrs. Belmont will hurl back a defiant ball, and the mercenaries of the other side will waver. Then the Duchess and the Duke-in-law will make their grand entrance, and every good American who knows a social opportunity when she sees it will rally round the Marble House. And all the time Mr. Willie K. Vanderbilt, who started all the trouble by causing (or permitting) his wife to get a divorce from him, will be the least important person in the struggle. Even if he should go to Newport, he will not set up an establishment. By the way, it is interesting to trace the number of people with whom he is connected by divorce. His divorced wife has married a man whose own divorced wife, originally Miss Sarah Whiting, is now married to Mr. George L. Rivers. One of Mrs. Belmont's sisters married Fernando Yznaga, whom she divorced, marrying again, and Yznaga's second wife, Miss Mabel Wright, divorced him also and married Count Zichy of Hungary.

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Mrs. Belmont's ammunition for the present struggle does not sound imposing when set against the Vanderbilt millions. Her divorce settlement was $300,000 a year, and she owns property to the amount of $3,500,000, while Mr. Belmont's fortune comes to $2,000,000 more. A private citizen could manage very comfortably on that, but for a Napoleon it is modest. And then she has to [illegible] her husband some of it. A man who revels in horses and keeps a private menagerie, including a herd of sacred Hindoo cattle and an interesting collection of monkeys, can't get along on an ordinary bank-clerk salary. Still, the lack of an extra billion cannot daunt Mrs. Belmont, and she has already proved her powers as a general. Last year the majority of Newport society began by sympathizing with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, partly because he was rich, and partly because the former Mrs. Willie has not been the most reasonable and domestic of wives. Nevertheless, by the end of the summer she was the acknowledged leader, and only the Vanderbilts themselves could resist her ducal ball. Since then she has married again, and now, refreshed by a honeymoon abroad, bravely takes up the good fight with her prejudiced but well-to-do relatives.

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The French Government has set July 14th as the day for beginning the four years' labor which is to result in the World's Fair of 1900 and for taking formal possession of the site intended for the Exposition. All architects are free to compete for the plans of the two magnificent buildings that will take the place of the old Palais de l'Industrie, and, unlike the Chicago buildings, will be permanent. A capital of $13,000,000 has been raised by an ingenious issue of bonds. These do not bear interest and are not redeemable, but every bond (valued at 20 francs) gives the right to twenty entrance tickets to the Exposition, and a 25 per cent discount on the entrance fees of side shows and theaters within the grounds. In addition there will be twenty-nine lottery drawings, of which the chief prize will be $100,000. The contributions of the state and city raise the fund to $20,000,000—not a large sum when one considers the immensity of the plans. There has been a good deal of talk about the delay of the United States in signifying its intention to take part in the exhibition. Twenty-eight powers have already done so, including a number of South American republics, and it does not seem quite fitting that we should come in after Bolivia, Chili, Ecuador and such small fry. There is no danger, however, that we will not be there as a nation when the time comes, or that the American flag will be tucked into an unassuming corner; and if the Fair does not compare well with Chicago's effort, no doubt there will be found some bold enough to say so.

RUPERTA RAY.

THE WRECK OF THE COLOMBIA

The Pacific Mail steamship Colombia ran ashore on Pigeon Point on the morning of July 14th. An American built vessel of thirty-six hundred tons burden, until a few months ago she ran on the line from Colon to New York. She was bound from Central American ports to San Francisco, and was nearly a week overdue. On board were thirty-six cabin passengers, twenty-six in the steerage, and a crew of ninety. Captain Clark, the commander, is a mariner of great experience, who has been at sea for twenty-five years, and this is his first accident. Just how the Colombia came to strike on a rock so far out of her course the inquiry will doubtless reveal. There was a dense fog, and the Captain who was on watch, calculated that he had passed Pigeon Point lighthouse. The sound of a whistle, which seemed to come from the west, was interpreted as the signal of a passing steamer. To give ample room he veered from his course, and five minutes later saw dead ahead the breakers on the beach. The Colombia rests as she struck, a big rock in her forward compartment, and seventeen feet of water in her hold. She is within three hundred yards of the shore. An abrupt cliff of dirt and rock rises fifty feet above the sea further inland, and the Pigeon Point lighthouse is but quarter of a mile off. The Pacific Mail's experts, who have visited the wreck, agree that it is impossible to haul the vessel off the rocks, and she is therefore a total loss. The passengers behaved admirably; there was neither panic nor fright, and in due course tugs from the city took them up to San Francisco. Thus far, because of the heavy Pacific swell, it has proved impossible to rescue any of the cargo. The investigation will be held in due course, and Captain Clark will doubtless be called upon to explain why he was running fourteen knots an hour in so dense a fog. This is the fourteenth steamer the Pacific Mail has lost in its Central American and Oriental trade.

THE COLOMBIA ON THE ROCKS AT PIGEON POINT

PHOTO BY TABER

CHILD LIFE IN CHINATOWN

PHOTOS BY TYLER

AMONG THE LIONS

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

"Mr. Dutard, Mrs. Hudson."

The man introduced bowed with an anxious question in his eyes. "Mrs. Hudson, please tell me," he began, "are you a famous artist, musician, actress, novelist, sculptress or poet?"

"None of them," she answered with a laugh.

He dropped down beside her with an air of relief.

"I am nothing but a lawyer, and I couldn't stand another celebrity," he said wearily. "Carroll told me a few friends were coming, informally, just a little studio affair, and here I find myself in a den of lions. Why, judiciously spread out, they would give a halo of greatness to fifteen different functions."

"And Mr. Carroll turns them all in together, with nobody but you and me to be impressed," she said laughing. "But perhaps the lions impress one another?"

"Oh, no. They must be on to each other," he answered. "They can only fool the uninitiated."

"But isn't their greatness genuine?" she asked in a disappointed tone. "I've always believed in them."

"Don't breathe it," he said, lowering his voice, "but most of them are just little boys in fur rugs!"

"No, no," she protested. "Take Mr. Garrison, over there. Isn't his playing genuinely great?"

"Oh, yes, what they do is real enough; the fur isn't imitation," he answered quickly. "All I say is, doing it doesn't ennoble them. They are no greater than the ordinary man and woman. It is their works that ought to be lionized and set up in high places at every party, not their common clay selves."

"But it is as representatives of their works, not as people, that they are run after," she said.

He shook his head.

"No, for they don't represent them," he declared. "Yates may write one of those exquisite, high-souled poems of his in the morning, but he's just as drunk in the afternoon. How can he represent 'The Morning Stars?' He's no relation to it, even if he did write it."

"I don't agree with you," she protested. "He ought to be honored and glorified for what he must have been the hour he wrote it."

"He wasn't. His poems are greater than he, and they take possession of him while he writes them," Dutard said. "Then he comes forth commoner than clay, and tells you he's done a good thing and expects to make a pot of money out of it. And people say, "There goes the great Yates!' "

She laughed a little at his vehement scorn.

"I'll give up Mr. Yates, for everybody admits that he is considerably lower than the angels," she said. "But take Mr. Garrison. It is all I can do not to take off my hat when I am talking to him. Nobody who wasn't great could make such music."

"Just watch him for a minute as he talks to that girl," said Dutard quietly. "See how he tilts his head to one side and hunches his shoulder as if he had his violin there. Watch him absently finger the air. He wouldn't do all that if a girl wasn't humbly adoring him. Is that greatness?"

"You're cruel," she exclaimed.

"No, I'm only proving my point—that his genius is a thing apart and makes him no greater as a man," he said. "Neither he nor the violin is to be worshipped—only the combination. I think the girl he is with must be Adele Caruthers. Carroll said she was here."

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Where have you been?" he said with lifted eyebrows. "Do you mean to say you haven't seen her play 'Withered Leaves?' "

"Oh, I've seen that. Did she write it?" Mrs. Hudson took a prolonged survey of the girl.

"It really is remarkable, for a girl's first work," he said. "The play has some glaringly weak points, and Trevelyan is utterly impossible, but there is some fine work in Isabel. It is a very promising beginning, though of course the play wouldn't have made such a sensation if it hadn't been put on by such a good company."

Mrs. Hudson watched the girl, smiling half absently.

"I wonder if she thinks she's great, just because she wrote it?" she said. "Let's go over and tell her she isn't."

"She mightn't like it," Dutard answered. "They don't, always."

"How spoiled they are, these little tin writers and players," she said with a laugh. "Their feelings get hurt very easily.'"

"I don't know. I've generally found their feelings so wadded in conceit that you couldn't reach them with an ax," he said. "Now, if I went over and said to the fair Adele, 'Don't you think you're great?' she would probably answer, 'Yes, of course. Don't you?' And perhaps she will be, if she isn't spoiled by flattery."

"A lion—great? Oh, impossible," she exclaimed in mock astonishment. "Why, we've just established it that they weren't."

"Not a bit of it," with some indignation. "We've only proved that talent didn't necessarily make them great. Greatness and genius often go together, and often they are separated, that is all. Adele Caruthers may be one of the grandest women that ever lived, but writing plays isn't going to alter it one way or the other. I like that scene in 'Withered Leaves,' where Isabel tells Trevelyan that she loves him."

Her face brightened suddenly.

"I like that, though so many people criticize it," she said.

"To me it is the best thing in the play," he declared. "It redeems the whole second act. Isabel has such—"

"Is he kicking up 'Withered Leaves,' Mrs. Hudson?" asked Carroll, pausing beside them. "I warn you, he's a terrible stone-thrower!"

She gave him a quick glance and a hasty sign, which he did not understand.

"You've monopolized our biggest lion long enough, Dutard," he went on. "Half a dozen people are waiting to meet the great Adele Caruthers. May I bring them up in installments, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Oh, certainly," she said, shaking with laughter, and turned a glance half penitent, half wicked, towards her companion. But the place beside her was vacant, and the door was closing on a vanishing figure. Mr. Dutard had gone home without saying good night.

LADY JANE

By LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE

An ower true tale I fain would tell
  Of Scottish border strife,
And how an English Earl did win
  A Scottish maid for wife.

He was the Lord of Widdington,
  Her kinsmen were his foes,
And she was Fraser's lovely lass,
  A bonny heather rose.

On Cheviot's flank his Lordship's troop
  Had met the Fraser clan,
Were scattered in the headlong charge,
  And routed horse and man.

And lost and lorn, and wounded sore,—
  A hunted stag at bay,
But for a maid who succored him,
  The Earl had died that day.

She hid him in the rustling corn,
  And gave him food and rest,
The while her baffled kinsmen sped
  Upon their bootless quest.

And in the gloaming, o'er the hills
  She led him safe and sound,
Until he reached the border side,
  And trod on English ground.

Long raged the fierce and bloody feud
  Which rent the land in twain,
And many a lady mourned her lord,
  And many a lass her swain.

Until one morn from Teviotdale
  The word came down the glen
That all was lost, and Widdington
  Held Fraser and his men.

Woe fell on matron and on maid,
  But Janet sped away,
High o'er the Scottish hills she hied
  To where the English lay.

She bade them lead her where their Chief
  Stood with his kinsmen near,
And though her heart beat fast the while,
  Her voice was calm and clear.

'I am a Fraser's lass, my Lord,
  Your grace I crave," she said.
Earl Widdington made answer thus,
  And bared his stately head:

"Your Chieftain's life is safe, my lass,
  His fetters I will break,
And let the men of Fraser's clan
  Go hence for your dear sake.

"You proved a steadfast friend to me
  When I was sore beset,
I loved you then with all my heart,
  I love you, lassie, yet.

"And here in presence of my kin,
  That all may understand,
I sue you for your plighted troth,
  I sue you for your hand."

"I crave your parden if," said she,
  "I seem distraught in mind,
The eagles with the eagles mate,
  The thrushes seek their kind;

"You have your hawks, you have your hounds,
  You have your bill and bow,
Such words will work me harm, my Lord,
  I prithee let me go."

His brother Hugh laughed loud and said,
  "Now, by my troth, I swear
My haughty kin would doff the rose,
  And place the thistle there."

And while his kinsmen by his side
  Laughed loud with bitter scorn,
Lord Widdington, with flashing eyes,
  Leaned on his saddle horn.

"I give thee escort, gentle maid,
  And home I go with thee;
For, by Saint Ann, I will not brook
  These gibes and jeers," quoth he.

One blessed morn the wedding bells
  Pealed from the castle fane,
And he was Lord of Widdington,
  And she was Lady Jane.

CHILD LIFE IN CHINATOWN

The Wiles and Ways of the Youthful Celestials.

It sounds very grand to have breakfast at 10 or half-past every day, as the Chinese children do, but when you find out that the dinner at 4 is their only other meal, and that they have to get up just as early as if the bell rang at half-past 7 sharp, it doesn't seem so luxurious. Indeed, there is very little in a Chinese child's life that a "Christian kid" need envy unless it's having a queue to jump rope with. But down in Chinatown they don't jump rope, or Follow My Leader, and King William is utterly unknown. No little Mongolian ever drags a rattling train of cars after him, playing he's the Southern Pacific, or whizzes down hill with his feet on the front axle of a coaster. They don't know a game when they see it. Sometimes you see one boy give another a push, and the other pushes him back, and they both laugh, which is perhaps a rudimentary attempt at tag, but anything really complicated like last tag or squat tag would be utterly beyond them. They're bright enough, and amazingly quick to learn, but it just isn't in them to play. Their athletics consist of toddling or running or jog-trotting, according to age, up and down the street. If you invite them in to a Christmas tree, as good people do, they sit around it in stolid silence, staring at everything, but without uttering a single whoop. They take their toys with respectful fingers, never offering to get down on the floor and try them, and as for the candy, they want to stuff it into their big red handkerchiefs and run home with it before they've touched a piece.

Perhaps the conditions under which they live help to make them unchildlike. The boys can go to the Chinese public school, and are rather encouraged to grow up, but the girls! They are shut up in stuffy rooms, forlorn little women hermits, with bandaged feet, and souls that have even less chance to grow. Or they are sold as slaves, even when mere babies, and nobody cares whether their feet are big or little, so long as they never get too tired to work. The Government tolerates slavery in Chinatown, provided the slaves are not ill-treated—that is, beaten with sticks and burned with irons and forced to work from dawn till it is nearly dawn again. Then it lets the Suppression of Cruelty Society rescue them and take them to the Mission and finish their bringing up on a Christian basis. The Chinese resent these rescues very much, as a slave girl will always bring a good price, and sometimes they fight it out bitterly in court. Once dynamite was found in front of the Mission House, and, on another occasion, the following letter of warning received, written in Chinese:

"Your religion is vain: it costs too much money. By what authority do you rescue girls? If there is any more of this work, there will be a contest and blood may flow, then we will see who is the strongest. We send you this warning. To all Christian teachers."

But the rescue work goes on undaunted, and tactful women work their way into Chinese homes, and give a little teaching to the shut-in women and children, who have no other chance for education.

It is very amusing to see the little China boys in school on the afternoons their native language is taught. They all study at the top of their lungs, and the teacher can tell by the sound if even one stops. Each learns something by heart—a passage out of Confucius, perhaps—then comes up and stands with his back to the teacher while he recites, a very trying position, for mistakes are promptly and forcibly corrected. Children are never spoilt in Chinatown, and their personal dignity gets little consideration. No China boy ever "sassed his pa," and they do what they're told like little automatons. The mothers are often strangely apathetic, and don't know what it is to make a motherly fuss over a baby. Bumped heads get small consideration in Chinatown. When a baby is so ill that it is not expected to recover, it is often taken down to the undertaker's and left there to die as best it can, while the mother goes stolidly back to her household duties. What else can you expect when you know the way she is brought up and the way she is married? If a Chinaman wants a particularly nice wife, he applies at the Mission, and, if his character is found all that could be expected, half a dozen girls are shown to him. He looks them over, and "spots his girl," as they say in Pescadero, who generally accepts him on the spot. Once a girl caught some of the American ideas and refused several suitors, much to their astonishment. After persisting in her spinsterhood until she was 23, which is disgracefully old in Chinatown, she gave in and made a very good match. Nearly all the Mission girls sooner or later go out to little homes of their own, where they love Jesus and have pillow shams, which together constitute the Chinese ideal of all that is high-toned.

The most celebrated woman in Japan to-day is Mme. Oyama, chief lady-in-waiting to the Empress. She instructs the ladies of the court in European etiquette, of which she knows more than many noted Europeans. She is very beautiful, brilliant intellectually and a skilled linguist. She was most carefully educated in this country, and soon after her graduation from college she became engaged to Oyama, the distinguished Japanese Field-Marshal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY

How the Smart Set Has Amused Itself This Week.

All this talk about the merry summer months and the delights of the country is—judging by the present state of things—pure moonshine. The city is dull, the country, impossible as it may appear, infinitely duller. And as if that was not bad enough, those in a position to know predict an unusually stupid winter season. No reason is advanced for this sad and unnatural state of affairs. "Things tend that way," the prophets declare, and their disciples reiterate this statement and accept the fact.

There is nothing definite as yet as to the debutantes of '96, or what is to be done to launch them successfully on the social wave. By winter, all the big weddings will have become things of the past, with the exception of the Catherwood-Grinell nuptials, which will probably be the inaugural event of the season. Mr. Greenway, of course, will resume his cotillions, and to these society looks forward with ease and security—as the salvation of its reputation for social energy.

To Mrs. Hager, Del Monte owes a debt of everlasting gratitude. The Hagers are the life of the place, just as they were the moving spirits in a social way of the recent flag celebration. Mrs. Alice Hager's feats at skittle are always watched by an admiring throng, for this is her favorite game, and she shows great skill at it. While Miss Hager distances all rivals with the nine pins, her cousin, Miss Lucas, is a daring and untiring bicyclist. Her bright, vivacious manner has made her a great favorite and there is not the slightest doubt that the young St. Louis beauty is the season's belle.

Many of the elect who were never known to do such a thing before, went to the Sunday night dance of celebration week at Del Monte, where their condescension, mingled with a proper reserve, baffled more than one merry Jack tar. One handsome sailor laddie, with a fascinatingly unsteady gait—the natural result of a life on the ocean and John Barleycorn—doffed his cap to the czarina of the 400, and tipping the wink to our McAllister, who occupied a seat on her right, begged the honor of a dance. His deference and handsome eyes won him a smiling refusal and in the jolliest manner he explained to the amazed spectators of the little scene, "she's ancient, but them old ones are pretty lively sometimes." Repeated rebuffs from the girl finally succeeded in quenching the sailor's beaming good humor and he reeled from the ball-room exclaiming in thoroughly disgusted tones, "T' h—— with the girls. What do they come for if they don't want to dance? I'm going back to the sh'p!"

Shop keepers will have good reason to remember Mrs. Heart's visit. She is fitting up the new hacienda building near Pleasanton, which is to be the Hearst headquarters in California, and has patronized the various stores extensively. At one establishment where a large bill was charged to her account, the delighted manager thanked her for her patronage. "Don't thank me," answered Mrs. Hearst. "I am only doing my duty. The Hearst millions were made here. Do you think I deserve praises for spending a small portion of them here?"

There is not much to Charley Baldwin's ranch, where he took his petite wife for the honeymoon. That is to say, it is not a home on a very elaborate scale. But there is a Louis XV. pavilion there, that is like an oasis in a desert. It is furnished in a luxurious way, with even more good taste than money. It is the pavilion that lost Baldwin a friend. A young lady, to whom he was descanting upon its beauties, both of architecture and furnishing, interrupted him with the pertinent remark, "A pavilion! Why don't you call it a Pagoda?" And now they scarcely bow. Do you see the point?

Every time I go to the California theater I get a shock. Last time I met a sailor hat and V-shaped corsage traveling together. On Monday night I saw a sealskin with a great, deep collar, turned up to the ears, and a hat all covered with roses and the fluffiest of tulle. But all the incongruities of the summer audience were forgotten and forgiven in the artistic setting of that second act. Soft lights, delicious music and bright colors deftly mingled. There was only one discordant element—Carmen. When will the leading ladies of the stage learn that the saddest thing to a person of taste is a 42 bust and 22 waist? Yes, and there was another sad thing. The adaptors of "Carmen" have stirred up again the threadbare sex against sex question, and have even put it into Carmen's mouth. I rejoice to say it brought no applause. Speaking of matters theatrical, I hear that pretty Ethel Barrymore has captured the heart of a leading light of Burlingame. I hope it is true. If anything came of it, she would be a great ornament to the place.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels talks only architecture these days. All literature dealing with home construction and home furnishings find a ready purchaser in her. And it is all on account of the new house which the Spreckels' are to build on Pacific avenue and Gough street, in the very near future. It is to be quite small, and above all it is to be a home. Mrs. Spreckels is very emphatic on that point. In the meantime she has indulged her taste for furnishing and her ingenuity in housekeeping is transforming completely the little cottage where she and her husband have been passing part of the summer. The muslin curtains were made and hung by her own hands, and there is a most delicious couch to which Mr. Spreckels is very much devoted. Its foundation is a dry goods box, I believe, and Mrs. Spreckels is accountable for the luxury of its "feel" and look.

It is pleasant to be able to say that it is only a matter of a few days before Miss Romie Wallace will have entirely recovered from her recent accident. No bones were broken and the young lady was really more frightened than hurt.

Architect Lyon is greatly to be congratulated on winning Mrs. Martin for his wife. The widow is petite and stylish and has a vivacious manner that is very charming. A business proposition first brought the two together, and it was while discussing the plans for Mrs. Martin's hotel on Van Ness and Geary street that the architect and the builder mingled sentiment and commercial matters. Their wedding on Tuesday was a quiet affair. Only relatives were present. After a Southern wedding trip the newly married couple return to live at the Martin residence, 1105 Franklin street.

A trip to Honolulu makes an enjoyable vacation tour as anyone can desire, and quite a number of people have made the excursion this summer. Among others, Dr. Haynes and his family, who have just returned after an enjoyable visit to the islands.

I regret to hear of the serious illness of Prior Vaughan, a brother of Cardinal Vaughan of Westminster. For his health he has been touring the world with Gerald Petre, of the well-known English family, and has lately been a guest of the Jesuit College at Santa Clara. He is suffering from heart disease and dropsy, and it is unlikely, I fear, that he will sufficiently recover to return to England.

Dr. Farrell rather surprised his friends when he announced his engagement to Miss Edna Garatsinger, the Duluth heiress and belle. The doctor has had an interesting military career, and, if he would, could tell fascinating stories of his Indian campaigns. But, unfortunately, the Doctor's modesty deprives his friends of the pleasure a recital of his varied and stirring experiences would be sure to cause them.

Mrs. Donahue is lying seriously ill at her Rincon Hill residence.

THE GOSSIP.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

For Restoring Lost Vitality, Curing Nervousness, and for Purifying and Enriching the Blood Vintine stands without a peer. Not a patent medicine. Sold by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell st. Order from your druggist

OUT-OF-TOWN TALK

There is much fun at the Rafael this season, and any number of pretty girls and jolly people. Debutantes are there in plenty, innumerable equipages of various degrees, the usual portico gossip, and enough incident to keep alive the interest. The latest sensation is the Baron's stern-wheel steamer which is to convey the Rafael's guests to a certain bathing beach not far around the promontory. Here the water has an agreeable temperature; there is a rocky barrier that protects bathers from the breezes, and the craft will be fitted with dressing rooms. It is quite a scheme this, and bound to be a feature of the hotel life. Bicycling has not the vogue at San Rafael this summer that it enjoyed last July. The fashionables have returned to the horse, and it is proper to have one's cart and team. On Saturday afternoon and Sunday there collect around the porch an interesting convocation of carriages, from the swell turnout of Mrs. Webster Jones to the charming pony phaeton which little Miss Breckenridge tools. This is indeed an ideal little chariot. The tiny ponies are matched to a hair, and they spin along like racers. Among the young people at the hotel are the Misses Kipp, Miss Frances Curry, Miss May Belle Gwynne, the Misses O'Connor, the Loughboroughs and Miss Helen Wagner. At the Thomas cottage, Miss Cora Smedburg is a guest. The other night Miss Curry had a dinner in the private dining room and collected the debutante crowd around the table. Among the young matrons at the hostelry are Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. McCarthy, pretty Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Webster Jones and Mrs. Crookes.

The accident to Miss Wallace is generally deplored, but it is by no means the solitary instance of its kind. Mrs. Jones had a runaway the other day and Miss Gertie Foreman, who was in the trap with her, just escaped a similar fate. However, the horses were steadied up in time.

MR. MOSES LYON

MRS. JULIA LYON
NEE MRS. JULIA MARTIN

Miss Ethel Barrymore is stopping with the Tobins at Burlingame in the absence of her uncle, John Drew, who is off on a hunting trip with Dick Tobin. By the way, Miss Barrymore attended the Hobart-Baldwin wedding, and I am told her toilet was one of the prettiest in the church and rather eclipsed the gowns of certain local beauties who pride themselves on magnificence.

News of Oaklanders rather than of Oakland is alone available this week.

All the sets are afield. One hears of them from Highland Springs, from Santa Cruz, from Summit Soda, and from Monterey, and from everywhere but Alameda county. Mrs. Glascock's party at Summit Soda is having a charming time. Mrs. Tim Hopkins has a cottage there and is entertaining quite generously. A French cook attends to her cuisine. Over the Fourth she had as her guests, Harry Houghton, Mrs. Miller, Miss Peterson and F. Peterson. There is plenty to do at the Springs and there is music, moonlight and lots to eat. What more could mortal desire?

THE WANDERER.

HIBERNIAN FINANCIERS

The Emerald Social Club Discusses the Silver Question.

The Emerald Social Club had just been called to order by the president. The president put in the greater portion of his time calling the club to order, but it was seldom that it got there. McGonigle was sitting at the right of the secretary. The important look upon his face plainly said, "I have something to say, and I want to say it."

"Gintlemen," said the president, "Mr. McGonigle is anxious to address you upon a subject of great importance to the club." (Cries of "Hear! Hear!")

McGonigle, rising from his chair and clearing his throat with much noisy ostentation, said: "Last week, me frinds, I gave voice to some statements regardin' the inward and sacret meaning of 16 to 1. Since that time, I have been discussin' the subject wit' some of me frinds in financial circles, and I learn that while I wuz right in me suspicion I wuz wrong in me conclusion, which fairly speakin' amounts to the same thing except for the difference in result. Me frind Casey, Tim Casey as ye may know, has long been among the banks and bankers. At prisint Casey is furst chief porter in the Furst National Bank, and he has given me some pointers which places the dimocratic party in a better light than I supposed they cud sit in widout exposin' themselves. Casey says, and he is a man of experience, that he has been wid the bank nigh onto fifteen year. He says, and ye may believe he is not prejudiced in favor of the money powers, that he hates his employer, as every true workin' man shud. Says Casey, as for 16 to 1, says he, his employer is agin it, therefore Casey is for it. He says it's for the binifit of the poor man. It means that every workin' man can go to the bank and get sixteen dollars for every dollar he makes. Of coorse the bankers are agin it, becuz they lose fifteen dollars by the operation, and the "workin' man gets richer and they gets poorer."

"Hurroo! Hurroo! Hurroo!" came from the voice of Terrence Dougherty in the back of the room. The tanglefoot had got hold of Terrence's tongue as well as his brain, which accounted for this little interruption.

But here uprose O'Bryan, formerly of Nebraska. O'Bryan knew something of the silver question as he had once lived in the West. He began, "Beggin' the pardon of the speaker, I wud loike to say he is mistaken in his idea of the silver question. The trut' is simply this. The great silver mines of the West are closed down becuz they can only get sixty cents for as much silver as there is in a dollar. The Dimocratic party has pledged the United States guvernment to give them a dollar for every sixty cents, and then we'll have more dollars."

"How is that?" demanded McGonigle.

"They'll take their silver from their mines, turn it into dollars, and guarantee to give them five dollars in gold for every three dollars wort' of silver. It's legislation in favor of the poor man."

"What poor man?" asked McGonigle.

"The man who owns the mines, and all of us," responded O'Bryan. "The silver dollar is the poor man's money."

" An' a damn poor man's money it is," roared McGonigle. "Do they want us to take a sixty cent dollar in place of a hundred cent dollar."

"But the theory is that silver will go up," responded O'Bryan.

"Theory be damned," cried McGonigle. "What the divil is the theory wort' if it don't keep. Where's the other forty cents out o' that dollar comin' from, if the theory don't work?"

"But the money power is for gold."

"Then more power to the money power," cried McGonigle, "for so am I. I want none of your sixty cent dollars in mine."

"Don't you see," said O'Bryan, "that there'll be more money?"

"Yes," said McGonigle, "more pieces of money. I'm dalin' in tinware and have lots of scraps left over from me work. Why not take them and stamp them into dollars? I'll do better nor the guvernment, for I'll divide the profit with it and pay those that advocates the change a dacent commission besides."

The fire bell struck an alarm and the meeting adjourned to attend the fire.

B.

Dainty and Refreshing
PAR EXCELLENCE
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

THE THEATERS

Rose Coghlan's Conception of "Carmen."

Alas, poor Carmen! She has sunk from a wild gypsy with the charm of woods and fields upon her to a scurvy wanton. She has fallen from the hedges to the gutter and lies there bedizened, leering, hideous.

Where is the ragged gypsy of Prosper Merimee's imagining, the begging, thieving wild creature of the forest with her high courage and her distorted sense of honor? Gone. Her spirit glimmers faintly through Bizet's music but is lost in the libretto and has its light utterly stamped out in the "dramatic" versions of which we now hear so much.

Of the very modest kit of virtues with which she started out in the world there is nothing left in the Carmen now at the California save an uncertain and fluctuating courage. In fact it is hardly possible to speak in decorous language of Rose Coghlan's creation. Her Carmen is heartless, salacious, avaricious, the incarnation of everything detestable. There is nothing about her that suggests the open air, she smacks rather of gas-light and close streets. Hers is the bestiality of depraved human nature not of mere animal nature. But it is cleverly done, the picture is a living one, so vitalized that the scene in which Carmen cajoles Jose is enough to make any woman with a particle of loyalty to her sex sick with shame.

Imagination causes visions of similar scenes to float before the mind dim, formless, unreal, but still real enough for the cold hand of fear to press heavy on one's heart for husband, sweetheart—brother. As for Carmen's kisses, they were quite saintly compared to her movements, glances and that horrible smile she throws Jose as she stands with her hands bound behind her. On the whole the moral effect—which I suppose should not be considered here—is good. Vice is not glossed over nor shrouded in cobwebs of romance; it is portrayed vividly and then left bare and abominable.

As Jose, Frederick Warde had an unusually fine lot of assorted crimes to do so he enjoyed himself hugely. He simply wallowed in woe—luxuriated in it to such an extent that he can afford to abstain from melodramatic misery for at least a season—that is, anyone else could. He was once a dishonored officer, once a faithless soldier, once a discarded lover, twice a murderer and finally a suicide. Could mortal man wish for more? I don't know—maybe Warde could. Sullivan was disappointing. He was excellent as the secretary in "A Bunch of Violets," yet as Garcia he rants and shouts his intention to kill Jose as if he wanted the whole town to know it. He would have been taken up had he been anywhere but on a stage. What's struck him? He has been exposed to the Warde bellow—yes, I see it all. Poor fellow! I hope he won't have a bad attack.

Olive Oliver made a satisfactory Zara and the rest of the cast was adequate, but we would have been much better off without the special features, particularly the girls in tight trousers; they seemed to have the effect of straight jackets.

Some photographs of a little woman with huge legs were exhibited last week near the entrance of the Chutes' Casino. They were labeled Aragon. I was looking at them and wondering who and what she was when a foreign voice that uttered its words as one would handle eggs, inquired over my shoulder.

"You like that picture? That is me."

I turned hastily, nearly falling over the owner of the voice and was swallowed by a pair of big black eyes. They took me in for a moment. Then the voice went on.

"You not see me!!!"

I assumed that she referred to some performance of her's in the Casino, as it would have been quite impossible to overlook her solid person at the moment, so I was forced to reply. "No," though I felt somewhat that I would lose caste in her eyes by the admission.

"Ah, too bad," she said, with a commiserating accent and a look of pity. "Too bad, you would like me."

She seemed so certain of this that I hastened to agree with her. She looked on me with more favor after that, but still doubtfully. She evidently considered me behind the times.

"Everybody like me," she continued with great calmness. "I have big success at Los Angeles—and here, too, but they put me on so early, two fifteen, see," and she pointed with one thick but well-kept finger towards the programme hung upon the Casino wall.

"That's my husband," she said, pointing a little lower down to the words "Marlo-Dunham family."

"All of them," I jerked out, a trifle startled.

The little woman paid no attention. She was busy expressing her disapproval of the allegedly feminine portion of the "Marlo-Dunham" outfit.

"My husband is the best one—the one that comes down so," and she revolved her hands rapidly one about the other. "We are only five weeks married." Here she plunged into her reticule and drew out a big gold watch. "My husband's," with an eloquent smile and a gleam of light in the sombre black eyes that were so like deep, dark pools. "This," forcing its pendant locket open and showing the enclosed photograph, "this is me." It was rather a pretty picture, much better than the big ones exhibited. I said so. "You think that?" Anxiety exuded from every pore. "You think so? They—" pointing to the big ones—"cost much money, one hundred dollars. This very small."

What, I wondered as I went away, are her sensations when she sees her husband whirling, swinging, flying through the air like some great bird—does her heart stand still? Mine did, and he was nothing to me but a fellow creature, not the one man in the world. A single false turn and that splendid supple body might lie in the net beneath limp and lifeless with a broken neck or back. I suppose they get used to it; it is the unaccustomed that terrifies. For instance, the Aragon doesn't like the Chutes, they "hurt her back," her's—the trained athlete.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

* * *

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The grand opera season at the Tivoli is thus far a great success. Never before have we had such good music at such low rates. Here for twenty-five and fifty cents we have what has heretofore cost us a dollar and a half, and all this because the Tivoli had at its command a good chorus, a first-class orchestra, and a costume department of its own, together with scenery and other properties. Thus far the experiment, for it was an experiment, has proved successful, and if the patronage continues the Tivoli proposes to make a season of grand opera a permanent summer institution.

It cannot be said that the present company is a great organization, but its members are capable and versatile, and its productions are far ahead of the Tavary performances. The chorus is small but efficient, and the orchestra, which has been judiciously augmented is as good as any of its size in the country. Among the artists, Signors De Vries and Michelena are easily the most prominent. De Vries has been with the Metropolitan Opera House Company, and scored a success in "Carmen" with Madame Calve. As Rigoletto last week he showed real histrionic ability, and certainly sang the role in fine style. Michelena, the tenor, was seen at his best as Romeo in Gounod's beautiful opera. He possesses a pure, flexible voice which he handles with great discretion, and I am glad to say abstains from those artifices which so many tenors try to impose on the public as wonderful feats. Signor Abramhoff, the basso, and Richard Karl, the basso cantante, are both capable men. The register of the former is not so strong in its lower tones, but this deficiency is atoned for by the richness of his upper and middle registers. Mr. Karl has not yet had an opportunity to show his ability, but his capacity is well understood. Among the ladies, Madame Natalie, a pupil of Marchesi, takes the leading roles. Her voice shows excellent schooling, but thus far she has suffered from the vagaries of our glorious climate. She was better as Gilda than as Lucia, and I have no doubt as the season advances she will be seen and heard to better advantage. Miss Nima Bertini Humphreys is a capable and versatile artist. She has an immense repertoire and uses her high soprano voice with much accuracy. Miss Anna Russel, the mezzo-soprano, has had but little chance to show her capacity. For three years past she has been studying and she has not yet recovered her self-possession. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, the conductor, is fully sustaining his reputation by the manner in which he is handling the difficult situations the organization has presented him with. By the way, the management has stopped the smoking on the main floor, which was the great objection many persons had to the Tivoli.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Gustav Hinrichs' career as a conductor will be celebrated at the Tivoli on the evening of Thursday next. A benefit has been tendered him by the management, and for the occasion the orchestra will be greatly increased. An attractive programme consisting of the overtures of the conductor's own opera, "Onti Ora," and selections from Hansel and Gretel, and the entire "I. Pagliacci."

G.

DRAMATIC NOTES

James Hackett will be the leading man of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theater Company next season.

"The Merchant of Venice," produced on an elaborate spectacular scale, will be the closing production of the stock season at the California.

Following the double bill at the Columbia theater, "The Highest Bidder" will be presented by the Frawley Company, with every member of the company in the cast.

Wilton Lackaye, Louise Thorndyke, Alice Pixley and Alice Evans will all be in the cast of "A Gold Mine," when the Frawley Company will produce that play at the Columbia theater next month.

"Bohemia," the first play in which the Empire Stock Company appears at the Baldwin, is said to be full of excellent lines. In going back to Henry Murger's "Vie de Boheme," Mr. Fitch has succeeded in weaving a play success out of material with which Dion Boucicault and others failed.

Owing to the success of Frederick Warde and Rose Coghlan in "Carmen," it has been decided to continue that play a second week with additional dances, music, etc., instead of producing "Madame," as was first intended. Following this there will be a presentation of "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Warde will interpret the role of "Shylock," with Miss Coghlan as Portia.

Monday evening next ushers in a "Farewell" week at the Columbia Theater for Miss Maxine Elliott. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings she will appear with the Frawley Company in "The Two Escutcheons." An additional feature of next week will be the re-appearance of Miss Margaret Craven as Vera in "Moths," in which Miss Craven made quite a hit some months back. "Moths" holds the boards Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee.

The new bill at the Orpheum for next week promises to be one of the most attractive of the season. Biondi, who has been making such a furore in New York by his clever work, will appear in a comedy sketch in which he impersonates no less than seventeen characters and does it with wonderful quickness. Fregoli is a pupil of Biondi's and it is a question as to which is the greater, the master or the pupil. The Vadis Sisters will give a novel performance on a revolving trapeze. Ross Snow, who was such a hit with the "1492" company, will appear in a comedy sketch. Hugh Emmett, the ventriloquist, will appear, and John Mason and Manola Mason and other favorites.

RIPPLES

Not Interested.

The floral exhibit which recently took place in this city under the auspices of the State Floral Society, brings to mind an amusing incident which occurred a few years ago when Mr. Timothy Hopkins, the several-times millionaire, was acting as the Society's President.

One evening, during an exhibit, while Mr. Hopkins was holding an animated conversation with several other exhibitors he was accosted by a flashily dressed individual, with:

"Say, is you der Mr. Hopkins wats runnin' de show?"

"I am responsible for the management of the exhibit," replied Mr. H., believing his interrogator to be an up-country exhibitor.

"Well, then, you'se der feller wat I wants to see. If yer'll shake der gang yer wid, I'll tell yer somet'ing."

Excusing himself to his friends, and walking a short distance with his new acquaintance said:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I've got a proposition to make to you. Your show is pullin' pretty good houses, now, but I can more den double up der door receipts if you'se will come into der scheme."

"What is your proposition?"

"It's jus' this way. You'se are de manager of dis show, and I is der manager of Jo-Jo, the dog-faced man. Now, if me and you double up as partners and exhibit Jo-Jo wid der flowers we'd pack der house so dat——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Hopkins turning on his heel, "I'm only interested in blooming flowers, not in blooming idiots."

Answered.

Tommy—Pa!

Blossom—Without looking up from his paper)—Don't bother me.

Tommy—But, pa——

Blossom—Haven't I told you never to bother me when you see that I am reading?

Tommy— I only wanted to ask you one question.

Blossom—Well, out with it, and don't bother me any more.

Tommy—Well, then, if to-day was yesterday what day would day after to-morrow be?

Blossom (hurriedly reaching for Tommy)—It would be the day (bang) that you (bang) would have (bang) to take (bang) your meals off the mantle-piece (bang, bang).

Oh, Girls! Girls! Girls!

"How do you like the new dressmaker?"

"She is horrid!"

"Why, the dress she made you fits like a glove. Don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes. I like it well enough, but she shall never make me another."

"Why, I intended to have her make up my new skirt."

"If she makes it you will wish she hadn't."

"Didn't she have your dress finished at the time promised?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then why do you object to her?"

"Why, don't you know, the horrid thing never complimented me once on my figure. They say she never complimented any of her patrons."

"She doesn't? Well, if that's the kind of a person she is, she certainly shall not make any skirt for me. The horrid thing must be an amateur!"

From Sun to Sun.

Lawyer (to colored witness)—And you swear that the prisoner's reputation for honesty has always been good?

Witness—Yas, indeed, sah. Why, sah, dat boy am just as honest as de day am long. Yas, sah. But between me and you, sah, if I was er yaller-legged chicken, and I seed him prowling around my coop after dark, I'd roost mighty high, sah. Indeed, I would sah. But he's honest as de day am long, sah. Yas, indeed.

She Read the Papers.

Old Lady—Do they have safety catches on this elevator?

Elevator Boy—Oh, yes, ma'm.

Old Lady—Let me out then; I'll walk up. I've noticed that all the elevators that fall seven or eight stories have safety catches on 'em.

What He Wanted.

First Tramp—Are you in favor of free silver?

Second Tramp—You bet! And free lunch and free beer.

BRUNO.

She Was a Dream.

You have an arch uplifted mouth
Like a curled rose leaf of the South,

With mirth and sweetness in your eyes
Like the clear blue of tropic skies,

And heavenly lustre in your hair
From sunshine half entangled there!

All fairy sorceries take part
In graces of your mind and heart,

Until in very truth you seem
"Midsummer-night's" embodied "Dream"—

Titania of that magic throng
In Shakespeare's Golden Age of Song!
—W. H. Hayne in Harper's Bazaar.

Use only Richardson & Robbins' devilled meats for picnics.

OPORTO PORTUGALO.

Of the numerous vintage ports we have tasted, none were more interesting than the collection shown us at the Douro Lodges and Vineyard of Messrs. D. M. Fuerheerd Jr. & Co. This firm keeps certain of its vintages from particular quintos intact, and here we tasted the "Commendador" of 1870, remarkable for its delicacy and fine flavor: also a sample of 1873 from the Quinta de Roncao, dry and full of flavor. We were also shown some other natural ports without any addition of spirits—vintages of '75, '73, '71, '72. The latter was a well rounded wine of singularly refined flavor.—Vizetelly in "Facts about Port."

It is a dainty beverage. Like smooth wine, it touches the seat of life with a delicacy not to be put into words. Unlike a mere stimulant, it recreates; it contributes something to life, and leaves no hunger or thirst.

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FICTION IN REVIEW

"Chronicles of Martin Hewitt," "His Honour and a Lady," etc.

Three new novels come to hand: "In a Dike Shanty," by Maria Louise Pool (Stone & Kimball), "His Honour and a Lady" (Appleton & Co.), by Sarah Jeanette Duncan, and "Chronicles of Martin Hewitt" (Appleton & Co.), by Arthur Morrison.

Mr. Morrison's collection surprises me. That the man who wrote "Tales of Mean Streets" could descend to such crude, unoriginal, really amateurish compositions as these "Chronicles" is not to be explained. Of course it is just possible that the tales may have been written prior to Mr. Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" stories, and, for Mr. Morrison's sake, I hope they were. However, I am afraid it is quite the other way about. You lay down the "Chronicles" with a feeling of indignation. The idea of the series is palpably, openly cribbed from Doyle. They are detective stories, bad detective stories at that. Martin Hewitt is but a copy of Holmes and Brett a feeble reproduction of his friend who accompanies him on all his adventures and relates them afterward. There is nothing new or original in any of the tales. If you have not read of Sherlock Holmes' adventures you may be interested in Martin Hewitt; but if you are familiar with the doings of that famous amateur you will not find these chronicles worth their ink.

Mrs. Coates' "His Honour and a Lady" is something better. It is a tale of modern city life in India, most of the characters being the officers and employees of the civil service and their wives and daughters. It is a bit dreary, I find, in spite of all its intrigue. Mrs. Coates is too literary in fact. One feels that there has been a polishing and a repolishing of the whole matter, a refining and filing down as it were, to twelve places of decimals until the verve and spontaneity, the life of the king, in a word, has been quite covered up and lost under an exquisite cold veneer. It is impossible not to compare this elaborate study of Indian society with the rapid ebauches of Mr. Kipling flung off at white heat, crammed with living, breathing things, with no execrable "literary finish" to hide the true, honest grain of human life underneath. Mrs. Coates' novel makes fair reading, however, if one can be satisfied with its literature, or can forget it.

"In a Dike Shanty," by Maria Louise Pool, is a novel—no, not a novel, nor yet a tale, nor collection of tales, but rather a picture of life, precisely the reverse of Mrs. Coates' production. "His Honour and a Lady" is essentially a work of the closet. The author sitting apart at her desk watching the world go by through her windows. But it's a hundred dollars to a paper dime that the author of a "Dike Shanty" actually lived the life she writes about. I honestly believe she and Caroline Branson did buy a tract of Dike. I believe in Orlando the terrier, in Mar Baker's "idjit," and in Rodge Peake's wife's niece. I believe in the tract of Dike and the flat grass land and the wind and the shanty and the hayricks. It's fine, and if there is little composition in it, little arrangement, or the pulling of concealed strings, there is at least the breath of real life. "In a Dike Shanty" is just what it pretends to be—a picture of open-air life on the New England coast, or rather a series of pictures, one for each short chapter, loosely held together by the little love affair of Leife and "Miss" Vance.

A romance may, of course, have excitement and brilliancy and any number ofattractive things, but there is one quality it absolutely must have—that which prevents you from putting it down when you have once begun it. In this Elizabeth Knight Tompkins has succeeded very pleasantly in her new novel, "The Broken Ring." (G. P. Putnam's.) The danger is nowhere uncomfortably thrilling, nor the mystery bewilderingly dark, but there is just enough of both to keep one well absorbed until it all comes out right in the last chapter. There are some very pretty love scenes towards the end, notably the one in the park, where the broken ring and what the parrot said figure. The book is essentially a light one, more appropriate to a lazy afternoon than a serious morning, and must be taken as literary lemonade rather than beef tea or absinthe—pleasant and refreshing, with no lasting effects.

F. N.

* * *

In "The Ascent of Women," Miss Devereux gives us real literature on a difficult and shop-worn subject, literature that will interest men as well as women. The modern woman, she tells us, is proficient in nothing save in the art of misrepresenting herself. She has become an intelligence, but she has ceased to be a delight, and the cultivation of her intellect has been accomplished at the expense of every grace of person and charm of manner. "There is nothing essentially antithetical between a dress made by Doucet and a love of literature, or a good complexion and a knowledge of Greek verbs. The secret of their reconciliation in the same person woman has yet to learn. How to pass from ignorance to scholarship without becoming 'diablement change en route' is a problem which the modern Corinne has not yet permitted to ruffle the sublimity of her self-esteem." She is often romantic, though never sentimental. Love is still in her estimation the best thing in life, bearing, nevertheless, about the same relation to it as a fantasia does to an opera. To her it is a luxury, inessential though delightful, bringing with it the keenest of human sensations and the most ephemeral.

In the love of the modern woman, Miss Devereux claims there is not a shred of illusion, though it lacks neither subtlety nor intensity. "As her nature blossoms it hungers for fresh food at every stage of its development—interests with a pulse in them—sensations with a bloom on them. How should the man of her maiden favor fulfill the need of her maturity? To every season its book and its bonnet; why not also its love?"

So at each renaissance of passion her spirit, drifting among the ghosts of disembodied kisses, has a faint foretaste of those yet to come. Nor is this the limit of her consciousness. With that realization of her nature's complexity comes the prescience that no one man will ever learn it thoroughly. Thus she moves among men, taking whatever seems good to her—from this man intellectual sympathy, and practical assistance from that. From one an idea, from another a caress, without, however, being prone to real affection in any sense of the word. This cheapening of love the author ascribes to two things, the decline of religion and the dissemination of democratic ideas. As for marriage, she thinks that divorce should be made much easier. In no other civilized country, she says, are conjugal habits such as they are in England today, not only in the lower and middle classes, but in the upper classes also. However much space may be at their command, husband and wife pass at least half their lives within the same four walls in an intimacy that violates every instinct of refinement in the woman and every feeling of decency in the man. "What element of romance," she asks, "what vestige of the beauty of love, can survive an association so close and so continuous?" The larger and more practical part of the book treats of woman's looks, the progress of fashion, etc. Miss Devereux lays down the law rather emphatically, but she is generally in the right of it. Her defense of corsets is delightfully spirited, and would be convincing if any conviction were needed by the average feminine mind. As for those who scoff at all this literature devoted to dress, we can answer them in Miss Devereux's own words, "Dress only becomes a triviality when we in our ignorance make it so."

Roberts Brothers, publishers.

MAGAZINE NOTES

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has been accused of stealing a certain passage in his "God and the Ant" from Richard Baxter's work, "The Saints' Rest." This is his reply: "Bad as my booklet may be, it is hardly fair to put the blame upon Baxter. 'Alas, poor Baxter!' I cannot add with Hamlet, 'I knew him well, Horatio,' for, to my shame be it said, I have never read "The Saints' Rest." Did you ever know an author who had read the book he was accused of plagiarizing?"

The last McClure's gives a charming account of Kipling's literary life in India and describes the strange chain of associations he riveted around himself there. Not a shade, not a tone in the life around him escaped his keen insight. His mind seemed to photograph every detail that could furnish literary copy. It is interesting to know that his poems were nearly always conceived as tunes, and hummed into life.

A clever novelette by W. D. Howells, called "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," begins in this month's Century. The scene is laid at Saratoga, and involves a pathetically natural situation—the beauty from the country, who knows no one, yet longs to be in it. If the other numbers equal this first one, the story will be as good as any Mr. Howells has done, and that is as high praise as anyone could wish.

The Cosmopolitan runs two historical stories this month, "Uriel Acoste," by Zangwill," and "A Spy of France," by Joseph A. Altsheler, a less well-known name. The scene of the former is laid in Portugal at the time of the Inquisition, and presents the Jewish-Christian problem in its mediaeval aspect. The latter is laid in America in the early colonial days.

The July Harper's contains the first number of a story by Langdon Elevyn Mitchell, "Two Mormons from Muddlety," which shows both power and originality, in spite of being in the same line as Craddock's tales. "The Love Letters of Superfine Gold," by Julian Ralph, is a dear little story of the courtship of a Chinese girl who has been educated at a Mission school.

California is well represented in the Magazines this month. The century has a weird little Chinese story by C. B. Fernald, and a poem by Clarence Urmy, and in Harper's there is a very clever burlesque criticism on Wagner's Bluebeard, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

CENTEMERI KID GLOVES.
Removed to 128 Post street.

Kipling Sent His Regrets.

At the banquet of the Kipling Club of New Haven, Kipling himself was unable to be present, but sent his regrets in the following charming doggerel.

Attend ye lasses at Swate Parnasses,
An' wipe me burnin' tears away,
For I'm declinin' a chanst av dinin'
Wid the bhoys at Yale on the fourteenth of May.

The leadin' fayture will be liter—ature,
(Av a moral nature, as is just an' right),
For their light an' leadin' are engaged in readin'
Me immortial worruks from dawn till night.

They've made a club there an' staked out grub there,
Wid plates an' nopkins in a joyous row,
An' they'd think ut splindid if I attinded,
An' so would I—but I cannot go.

The honest fact is that daily practice,
At rowlin' inkpots, the same as me
Conshumes me hours in the muses' bowers
An' laves me divil a day to spree.

Whin you grow oulder an' skin your shoulder
At the world's great wheel in your chosen line,
Ye'll find your chances as times advances,
For takin' a lark are as slim as mine.

But I'm digressin', accept my blessin',
An' remember what ould King Solomon said,
That youth is ructious an' whiskey's fluxious,
An' there's nothin' certain but the mornin' "head."

A Small Admission.

Blue sky, green fields, June air, a horse provided
That could proceed sans reins when necessary—
Small wonder I found driving pleasant very.
(And Flo enjoyed it quite as much as I did!)
It was a splendid chance—I never miss one—
To say a pretty thing (save your derision!)
And so I asked, "Would life not be elysian
If it were just a long, long day like this one?"
And Bob in ecstacy kicked o'er his traces
When she made answer, thoughtfully, demurely,
Yet with a twinkle in her eye, "Yes, surely
The lines to-day have fallen in pleasant places."

—Edward W. Barnard in Judge.

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If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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THE 20-MILE RACE

The Wheelmens' Parade and Comments Thereon.

The cycling event of the week is without question the twenty-mile road race that occurred over the Triangle last Sunday. It brought the people out in numbers only less than the Annual Relay, and the interest in the event reached a high point. It will go down into the history of Coast cycling as the occasion of the breaking of the twenty-mile Coast record. This was done handily by Krafts, who rode the whole distance at a little better than a 2:40 clip. Considering the condition of the course and its numerous dangerous turns, the crowded condition of the road and the lack of system in the pacing furnished, the performance was creditable indeed.

As everyone expected, the Acme Club won the race, the Bay City boys a close second, and the Reliance third.

The race was well handled except in one particular. The pacing furnished was partisan and unfair in many instances. It was programmed that the tandem pace-makers should pick up the first man in each bunch and furnish pace to him. Some of the tandems carried out this contract in a true sportsmanlike manner, but others let their own club spirit get the best of them and tainted the race with unfairness. I have one particular instance in mind. A Reliance tandem had started to pace a group. Four of the contestants fell. The fifth escaped, rode ahead and caught the tandem. He was not a Reliance man, and the tandem, instead of affording him pace, slackened its speed and finally stopped altogether to wait for its own club member to come up! Besides happenings like this, there was another thing about the pacing that did not seem exactly right. Tandems and single wheels would start up from every point and turn in the road and rush to the assistance of members of their own club, so that during the latter half of the race, if you saw a Bay City tandem you might be sure there was a Bay City rider behind it—and the same was true of all the other clubs. Of course it might be said that this procedure, having been practiced by all the contesting teams, was as fair for one as for another. But that is not so, for two reasons. In the first place, it was not understood by all the clubs that indiscriminate pacing would be countenanced, and then the permitting of it gave a considerable advantage to a club with many tandem teams, or which, previous to the race, might have made a combination with some other club that had not entered a team on this occasion. If it is possible to amend the rules under which the next trial for this cup is to come off, I think there will be no hesitation in making it an unpaced contest.

The cup in controversy on this occasion is the most beautiful that has been presented to the Associated Clubs, and it is intrinsically well worth the $500 that it cost to manufacture.

The fact that but seven of the twenty-five clubs entered teams in this contest called for much comment on the part of the officers of the Associated Clubs, and the action of some of the more prominent wheeling organizations in neglecting to enter was rather severely criticised. But this is a subject that calls for some careful thought. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the race lay between five of the clubs. Any other club that might enter did so from a mere sense of duty to the Associated Clubs and to show their gratitude to the donors of the trophy. There were no prizes of any sort for the individual riders. Their efforts were entirely for their club. Nothing but a first was of any avail. Is it any wonder, under these circumstances, that it was a matter of some difficulty to get even the seven teams together?

In the Annual Ten-Mile and the Twenty-five Mile Race a different condition of things is presented. In these cases there are three chances for points for a club and then the individual riders are rewarded by a long list of prizes. The entries in both these events increase every year and their success is assured. From present indications as much cannot be said, as yet, of the Twenty-Mile contests.

Of course, it is urged that the offering of individual prizes in addition to the Baker & Hamilton trophy would detract from the club rivalry that is now so prominent in this contest, and tend to obscure the fact that it is a race for club honor merely. This is no doubt true, but we must consider the fact that by common consent the Annual Relay Race has been adopted as the test of club supremacy, and the effort of that struggle is about as much as club rivalry can stand. It has become so tense there that the expense gone to by each of the prominent clubs each year and the energy and effort consumed in the preparation for this event really uses up all the club enthusiasm that is on tap. For my part, I believe that the Associated Clubs should refuse to institute any more contests of that sort, and that a good list of individual prizes should be offered in the Twenty-Mile race.

But now, deep below all these things, comes the question: Shall we have road racing at all? We all know the arguments against it. We know that the League of American Wheelmen condemns it as an unlawful practice. And yet— give up the Relay? Never! None of us would be willing to do that. We hold ourselves out as good League members, and yet we look upon the unqualified condemnation of Road Racing by the League with the same feeling as its refusal of Sunday sanctions. The trouble with road racing is that it is getting too popular. The entries increase in number with alarming rapidity. In some of the Middle States a road race with five hundred contestants is no rarity. The coming ten-mile contest of the Associated clubs will have one hundred and fifty entries. The attendant crowd of spectators at the finish increases yearly in almost a geometrical ratio. Both of these things add measurably to the dangers of the sport and strengthen the arguments against it. With a field of a hundred and fifty riders gradually closing in upon each other on a narrow and often-times ill-made highway, it is a wonder that actual slaughter does not result. But it hasn't so far, and till some direful accident happens road-racing will retain its hold upon the public interest.

The last contest of this sort to go in California will be the Relay, without a doubt; for in the case of that race the objections urged against this branch of the sport lose much of their force from the fact that the number of entries never can be great and, owing to the distance to be traversed, it is unusual if more than three or four stay together for any distance.

* * *

An issue of the "Call" recently contained some very depressing remarks in the way of prophecy as to the outcome of the wheelmen's parade planned by the Cycle Board of Trade for the evening of the 25th inst. It was suggested that few wheelmen of this City would be willing to form a part of the parade and the Bay Citys were especially mentioned as looking with disfavor on the project, the reason hinted out being that the Cycle Board of Trade had evinced a lukewarmness in the matter of the support of the Central Park Track.

I honestly do not believe that the Bay City Wheelmen are going to take any such stand as that. It would not be right. It has been conclusively demonstrated that this parade is for the good of each one of us and that it is the duty of every club to assist. The weight of our demands for better streets will be estimated by the public and the politicians by the number of wheelmen in line on the night of the 25th. If any member of the Associated Clubs stays away without a valid excuse he is shirking a duty.

C. MICHENER.

A Wail from the Cradle.

Up from the cradle came a wail,
At first a pensive coo,
Into a wierd, vociferous wail
Of mournfulness it grew.
His sorrow, in a vein prolix,
He struggled to reveal,
"My father's talking politics;
And my mother rides a wheel.
They say I'm cross, I'm simply sad
At being slighted so.
I wish the baby-carriage fad
Could somehow get a show.
How can you blame one in my fix
For setting up a squeal?
My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."
—Washington Star.

One of the best illustrated weeklies we have seen for some time comes to us from San Francisco. It is called The Wave, and is published by "The Wave Publishing Co." of San Francisco. It is a go-ahead periodical, full of original and entertaining matter, and is in every way a credit to its publishers.—Philadelphia Press.

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IN THE CURRENT

A Study of Abnormal Women—The Feminine Walk.

For some years Dr. Arthur MacDonald, of the Bureau of Education, has been making a study of abnormal women in the United States and Europe. The word abnormal in this instance is not given its "popular" meaning, for in this sense abnormality means differing from the ordinary, whether in the sense of talent, genius, or their opposites. After some consideration it occurred to Dr. MacDonald that the most convenient and perhaps the best method of getting the desired study would be through the "personal" column of the newspapers. Accordingly, he inserted advertisements in all of the leading Sunday papers of America and Europe, keeping them in for several months. In all he received about 2,000 replies to the various advertisements. About 5 per cent of the letters received were from persons of questionable character, and these were discarded. In something over 200 cases he was enabled to meet his correspondents, some of whom were fair to look on, but most of whom were not, and he was allowed to make the complete measurements of their nervous systems and their mental conditions by the use of the set of remarkable instruments in his laboratory in Washington. These results have been put in statistical form for publication at some future day by the Government. With the remainder of his correspondents whom he did not meet the correspondence was most interesting. The replies in certain of the cases are worthy of mention for their intelligence of diction and their comprehensive survey of sociologic questions, showing that the women from whose pens they came were what they pretended to be. Many of the correspondents—school girls and the like—acknowledged that they went into it "just for the fun of the thing." Here follow a number of answers to the first advertisement:

"I am college bred, and have written sketches for different papers. Some day I'll write a book. I have material for three books now, but must cut it down. My favorite amusement is the study of mankind. The result of my studies in this direction I shall put in my book, (a novel, of course). You may think me very 'emancipirt,' but perhaps you are funny yourself."

"Dear Mr. A.: Your letter with newspaper cutting really interests me. I wonder whether you know more of 'boarding houses' than I? You certainly cannot abhor them more religiously."

"I suppose you would like some description of me, but I am sure I can't describe myself, though I can give you some cold facts that you might turn into an algebraic equation if you are very, very clever.

"A—Weight, 117 pounds.
"B—Height, 5 feet 5 inches.
"C—Age, 22 years.
"A x B x C—x."

"If you will send me your real name, photo and references, I think I'll write to you, just for a lark. Am tired of the society act, and fancy I'd like just a tiny bit of Bohemianism.

"I know (names city) as well as you, perhaps, so be sure you do not send me a photo of your footman, and refer me to the baker. By the above, I did not mean to suggest I knew you, but (names city)—a difference; all depends on the inflection or 'qualities of tone expression.' (See Delsarte)."

"I am afraid of nothing in the world, nor the universe, either, and I always do exactly as I please. I had a dear friend—a fox terrier—whose advice I used to ask. (I don't ask any one's advice now.) After confiding my difficulties to him and begging him to speak, he would bark a little and look wise. Then I would go away and do just as I intended to all along. He was the best adviser and confidante in the world. Man could do no more, and he had the advantage of never taking offense because I did not follow his advice to the letter."

Many of Dr. MacDonald's correspondents live in abnormal conditions. Many are lowly-bred, romantic, but the majority of abnormal women, he decides, become so by not having enough to do.

* * *

A Parisian Journal has recently been discussing the feminine walk, and, not unnaturally, has decided that it is the French woman, and the French woman alone, who knows how it should be done. The English woman, it states, does not walk; she travels. Her limbs appear to be moved by the engine of a steamer, and her feet have the proportions of an Atlantic liner! Concerning the gait of women of other countries this interesting journal goes on to remark that the German is heavy, one feels the earth tremble beneath her tread; the Spanish woman "prances;" the American resembles the pendulum of a clock; the Italian "skips;" the Russian "skates;" the Dutch woman "rolls," and Belgian tramps about.

Now, although these remarks are ungallant and uncomplimentary to our own nation particularly, we cannot but own that there is a certain amount of truth in them. Numbers of women do not seem to care how they walk so long as they cover the distance they wish to traverse somehow. But if they could only once see themselves as they appear to the casual onlooker, a new style of walk and bearing would be begun that very day. So many pretty faces and figures are spoiled by stooping shoulders, or a wriggling, bustling walk! Corsican women are models of queenly grace, and the reason is plain. They have a curious custom of carrying burdens, waterpots, etc., on their heads. I noticed a Corsican woman going on board a steamer at Marseilles not long ago carrying her baby in her arms and her portmanteau on her head. As nearly all the water in Corsica is carried from wells by women in waterpots, the women acquire from youth the practice of carrying burdens on their heads. An hour's practice of this exercise a day with, for instance, a book or pillow on our head, would do wonders in the way of making us into types of grace and ease, when before we were the exact opposite.

* * *

All Buffalo is in a ferment over the rumor that a prominent society woman has been posing for the Boardman Monument, clad only in a black velvet mask. Buffalo, it seems has few models that will pose for "the altogether," and nothing else would satisfy Mr. Edward Pauch, the Danish sculptor. The models of the art schools were all found lacking, and there was an interval of discouragement. Then all at once a well-appointed brougham began to drive up to the studio door every morning at eleven, and a tall, veiled woman would descend from it and hurry into the building, followed by a maid. An hour later she was whirled away again, as heavily veiled as before. As the statue grew, people began to comment on the extreme beauty of the form, and to ask the sculptor questions about his model. Soon rumors of the mask and the brougham began to fly about, then the hint of a name reached two or three people, causing them to start with amazement. They call it a case of too much Trilby in a mind already aware of the superb beauty of its outward form, and vow eternal secrecy, which means of course, that the name will never creep out. Mr. Pauch will not be interviewed on the subject, though he admits that the statue was modelled from life. Now is a good opportunity to test the traditional silence of the grave.

LIGHT VERSE

After the Convention.

By jolly! we've saved the country—
There isn't a doubt o' that;
But the truth is, Jim,
I'm a-feelin' slim,
For I'm lit'rally busted flat!

'Twas drinks for the boys in the mornin',
An' drinks for the boys at night,
With cigars between,
Till you never seen
The equal o' that there fight.

I fetched out plenty o' money—
The price o' the bay an' the black—
But the dollars burned
Wherever I turned
Till I simply can't git back.

So, Jim, as I was a-sayin',
Till I can git home agen
You could make me feel
Like a-dancin' a reel
By a-lettin' me have a ten.

Ah, thank you, old man, thank you—
The country's saved to a charm,
An' I reckon as how
I'd better go now
An' proceed to save the farm.
Chicago Times-Herald.

Old Pies the Best.

'Way back in the sweet, sweet long ago,
When the world seemed just new made,
And the hours swept in a golden batteau
O'er pleasure a bright cascade,
'Twas then in childhood's realm I met
Dear Maude of the dewy eyes,
And stood entranced as the deft brunette
Did fashion the wee dirt pies.

We're married now, and the self-same hands
That moulded the pies of clay
Have sometimes structured other brands
Of pies in the modern way,
And, having sampled these pastry plants,
My oath I can solemnly take
That between the two I would risk my chance
With the kind that she used to make.
—Boston Courier.

The Record-Breaker.

Size her up tenderly
Right on the spot,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Dusty and hot!
Hump-backed, with purple face,
Twisted neck, too.
Riding a record race,
Bicyclist true!
Ten miles an hour, you say;
Bless me, what fun!
Keep it up for a day,
Century run!
This is the latest way
(Summer girl's pranks),
This wins a husband, eh?
Not for me, thanks!

CENTEMERI KID GLOVES.
Removed to 128 Post street.

We Have Appointed

Coburn, Tevis & Co.

OUR AGENTS FOR

CHOCOLATE MENIER

MENIER & CO.

Use only Richardson & Robbin's Canned Meats at picnics

FINEST ON THE MARKET

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

EEL RIVER CREAMERY

SEE THAT THIS STAMP IS ON END OF SQUARE

A FINE GRAIN DELICIOUS FLAVORED BUTTER

If you appreciate a DELICACY
Ask your Dealer for the BRAND

Columbia Theatre.

BELASCO & MAYER & GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS

Read This Week's Bill!

First of all—Farewell appearance of Miss Maxine Elliott

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
THE TWO ESCUTCHEONS

Next—Re-appearance of Miss Margaret Craven

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Saturday Matinee
Ouida's MOTHS

Both plays presented by the superb
FRAWLEY COMPANY
In their usual masterly style

CALIFORNIA THEATRE AL HAYMAN & Co INCORP'D PROPS

It Had to be Done!

On account of the immense success and the unceasing demand for seats the management announce that the magnificent production of

CARMEN

With Frederick Warde, Rose Coghlan and L. R. Stockwell's Company

Will be continued for ONE WEEK LONGER!

Last time Sunday, July 26th

Without fail Monday, July 27: The Merchant of Venice

Orpheum

O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL

Week commencing Monday, July 20th

Mons. Uego Biond the Comic Eccentrique Transformation Artist
Ross Snow and Burt Clark the Great Comedians
The Vaidis Sisters, Electric Aerialists
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Hugh J. Emmett, Famous Ventriloquist
John Mason and Marion Manola Mason
28 GREAT ARTISTS IN ALL 28

Reserved seats 25c.; balcony 10c.; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING : : Proprietor and Manager

Season of Italian and English Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs
This Saturday Evening, Romeo and Juliet
Tomorrow Evening, Rigoletto
Next Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Sunday Evenings Ambrose Thomas' Romantic Opera, Mignon
Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, Flotow's Favorite Opera, Martha
Thursday Evening, Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs' Directorship. Pagliacci and prelude to Hansel and Gretel and other selections by an enlarged orchestra.

Popular Prices : : : 25 and 50 Cents

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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,

of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

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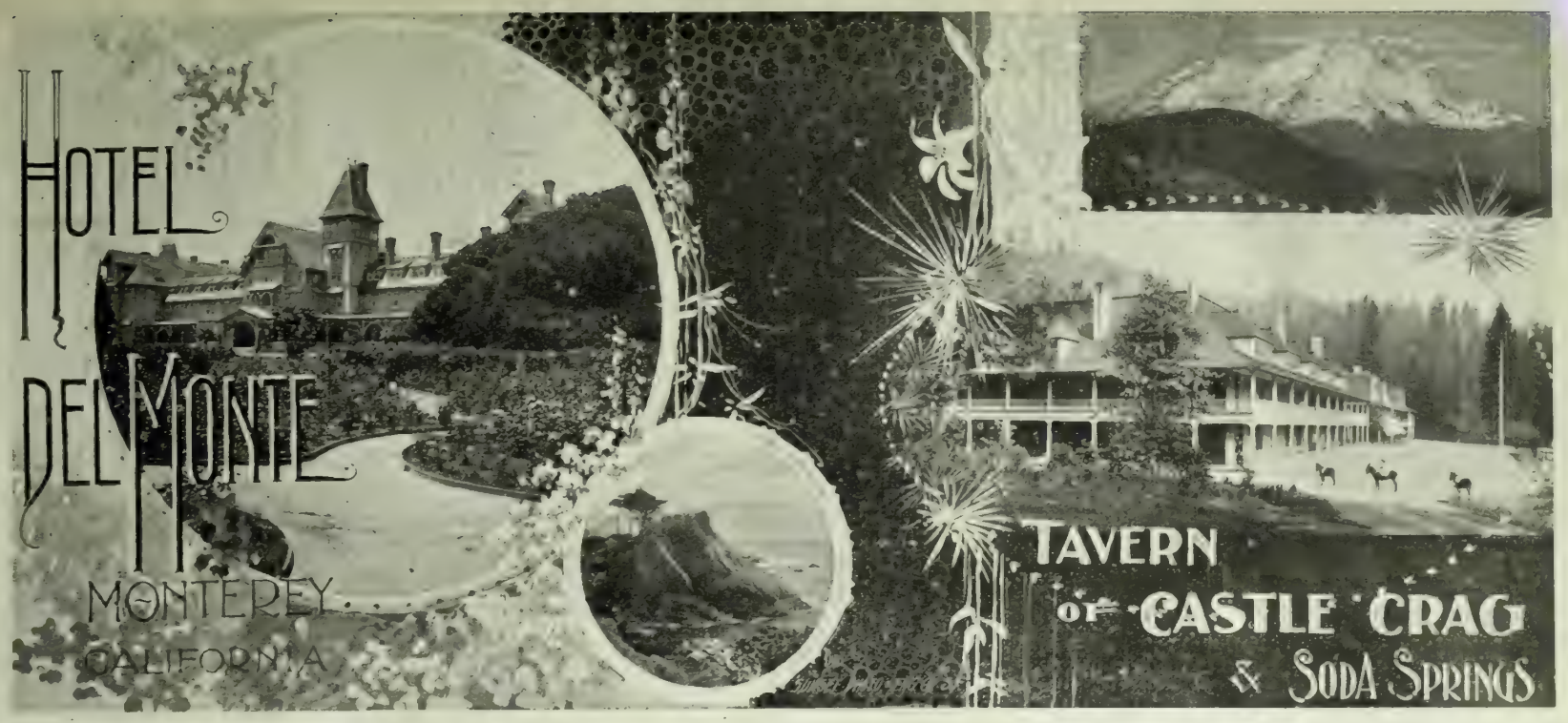

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . .

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

CAMPING

Season 1896

Reduced Rates for Campers' Excursion Tickets

To the following Resorts, situated on the lines of the Southern Pacific Co.

Santa Cruz Mountains

ALMA, LAUREL, FELTON
BEN LOMOND, WRIGHTS, GLENWOOD
BOULDER CREEK

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SWEET BRIAR CAMP
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For information as to Ticket Rates, Routes of Travel, etc., address or call at any Ticket Office of Southern Pacific Company, or at

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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska 9 a.m. July 3, 13, 18, 28, August 2, 12, 27.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S. S. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th of each month thereafter.
Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

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Telephone 305

Coolgardie Gold Fields

FREMANTLE, AUSTRALIA
First Class $220 **Steerage $110**
Lowest Rates to CAPE TOWN
S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only,** Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1896, at 10 a.m.
S. S. "Mariposa," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland,** Thursday, July 23, 1896 at 2 p.m.
Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
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J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1895	30,727,586 59
Reserve Fund	750,000 00
Guaranteed Capital	1,200,000 00

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San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits June 30, 1896	$23,657,219
Paid Up Capital and Surplus	1,594,085

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Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1726
Capital Paid Up, $3,416,100 Assets, $21,584,413
Surplus to Policy Holders, $8,980,251
ROBERT DICKSON, Manager
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Of Aix La Chapelle, Germany. Established 1805
Capital, $2,250,000.00
Total Assets, $6,854,653.65
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204 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

When You Leave Town

place your valuables in the SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
CORNER OF BUSH AND SANSOME STREETS
Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Best and Belcher Mining Co.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia District, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2d day of July, 1896, an assessment (No. 60), of Twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

6TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1896,

Will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Thursday, the 27th day of August, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.

Assessment No. 23
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied June 2, 1896
Delinquent in office, July 7, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock, July 28, 1896

OFFICE A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths 4 26-100--per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five one-hundredths -- 3 55-100 -- per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in **PAPER**
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
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—A— SAFE GUIDE

No man knows all there is to know about advertising. The subject is too complex, too perplexing for any person, or for any dozen persons, to master. The path to success is full of dangerous places. All beginners would do well to engage a competent guide to conduct them past the dangers and teach them what to do and what to avoid doing.

PRINTERS' INK

Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

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"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular)

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323-325 Market St., S. F.

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For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

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Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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Telephone 1780 No. 9 Lick Place, San Francisco
GEO. E. MOORE, Proprietor

PERRIER-JOUET CHAMPAGNE EXTRA DRY "SPECIAL"

Also specially selected stock of Clarets and White Wines on hand.

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent Pacific Coast
123 California Street

THE WAVE CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1896

By special arrangement with the Publishers, THE WAVE is prepared to offer the following list

SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE

THE WAVE and	CENTURY	$6 00
" "	ARENA	5 00
" "	LITTELL'S LIVING AGE	7 75
" "	ART AMATEUR	5 75
" "	LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE	4 50
" "	MUNSEY'S	3 50
" "	ATLANTIC MONTHLY	5 75
" "	YOUTH'S COMPANION	3 75
" "	NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE	5 00
" "	HARPER'S MAGAZINE	5 50
" "	HARPER'S WEEKLY	5 70
" "	HARPER'S BAZAAR	5 70
" "	HARPER'S ROUND TABLE	4 00
" "	SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE	5 00
" "	REVIEW OF REVIEWS	4 50
" "	ST. NICHOLAS	5 00
" "	OVERLAND	4 75
" "	COSMOPOLITAN	3 50
" "	FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE	4 90
" "	PUCK	6 50
" "	JUDGE	6 50
" "	LIFE	7 00
" "	LIFE'S COMEDY	3 50
" "	LESLIE'S WEEKLY	5 70
" "	DEMOREST MAGAZINE	4 00
" "	SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN	5 00
" "	SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN SUPPLEM'T	6 50
" "	N. Y. DAILY SUN	8 00
" "	" SUNDAY "	4 50
" "	CASSELL MAGAZINE	3 75
" "	ARGOSY	3 50
" "	PUBLIC OPINION	4 50
" "	SUNDAY WORLD	4 75
" "	CRITIC	5 50
" "	FORUM	5 00
" "	NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW	6 50
" "	TABLE TALK	3 25
" "	NINETEENTH CENTURY	6 25
" "	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	6 25
" "	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	6 25
" "	BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE	6 25
" "	TRUTH	6 25
" "	DELINEATOR	3 50
" "	VOGUE	5 50
" "	TOWN TOPICS	7 50
" "	DAILY JOURNAL	5 00
" "	SUNDAY JOURNAL	3 75
" "	ILLUS. AMERICAN	5 75

STORIES OF THE DAY

An officer of the Preobrajinski Regiment, which is the crack corps of the Muscovite army, was boycotted by his brother officers, and threatened with being cashiered by the commander of the brigade for having ventured to board a tramway car when arrayed in uniform. It was held that by so doing he had been guilty not only of a gross breach of military etiquette, but that he had also brought the uniform which he wore into disrepute. Emperor Nicholas, on hearing of the matter, summoned his aide-de-camp, and boarded a car on identically the same line and bound to the same destination, returning to the palace by the same means of conveyance. He then addressed, in his own hand, letters to the commander and to the general informing them of what he had done, and desiring to know whether they proposed to boycott and censure him also. The lesson proved effective. Twenty-four hours had not elapsed before the attitude of commanders and messmates toward the young subaltern had undergone a radical change, the Emperor, a few days later, taking advantage of an opportunity to address to him a few kindly and encouraging words, as if to atone for the behavior to which he had been subjected.

* * *

The late Isaac F. Redfield, who was Chief Justice of Vermont, was a tall and dignified man (says the Youth's Companion), whom his juniors, in irreverent fashion, used, "unbeknownst" to call by his first name. One of these young men, William Herrick, was in the judge's office, and another youth, a friend of his, one day told him that he wished to consult a certain book, which proved to be difficult of access. "It's in Isaac's library," said Herrick. "He isn't at home; so you can go in and find it for yourself." The young man found the book, and sat down and began to read it. Presently a tall and serious-looking gentleman opened the door and came in. The reader glanced up from his page and greeted him affably. "Want to see Isaac, sir?" he asked. "Young man," said the stranger, solemnly and portentiously, "I am Isaac!"

* * *

Poultney Bigelow presented the German Emperor with the little cruising canoe which had carried him down the Danube. His majesty was much pleased with the trim little craft, and had Bigelow sail it up and down in the lake at Potsdam. "All my boys," he announced enthusiastically, "shall be canoeists." The Empress spoke to Bigelow shortly afterward on the subject of canoes, and he launched into a narrative of the glories of shooting a foaming rapid. Her majesty frowned. "That is too dangerous," she announced. "I shall never allow my children in a canoe." "But," protested Bigelow, "the Emperor has already given his consent." "Oh, that may be," said she, with the sweetest of smiles in the direction of her husband. "He may be Emperor of Germany, but I am the emperor of the nursery."

* * *

General Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy, is a very able and versatile man. In addition to his capacity as a statesman he is also an enthusiastic farmer, and has earned bucolic celebrity as a breeder of fine cattle and pigs. In Oswego one day he met a lawyer friend, accompanying a farmer to whose place adjoined his own. Both saluted, and the former said to the lawyer. "Why, how do you happen to know him?" "Of course, I know him, he is one of the ablest men at the New York Bar." "Nonsense," returned the agriculturist, "you've got him mixed up with some one else. He's the best man we have. There isn't a man within forty miles but what has heard of Tracy's hogs, and Tracy's prize Yorkshires are out of sight."

* * *

The late King of Hanover was for many years blind. An English lady, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, notably a bright conversationalist, spent much of her time with the invalid monarch, and saved up every interesting story she heard to tell him. One day they were out driving together, and she as usual was telling him a tale. In the midst of the denouement the horses started and the carriage tilted dangerously. "Why do you not go on with your story?" said the King. "Because, sir, the carriage is just going to upset." "That is the coachman's affair," said the King; "do you go on with your story."

* * *

At the St. Louis convention W. E. Stead approached a prominent colored delegate from Mississippi to learn the Presidential preferences of the cotton states. "You colored delegates are all solid for McKinley?" he interrogated. "No, sah," corrected the colored politician, "dat am not de truf." "Why," exclaimed Stead, "I had not heard of a difference of opinion among you. Whom are you for?" "Well, sah," exclaimed the Mississippi man of color, "some of us is fo' McKinley, some of us is fo' Reed, some of us if fo' Allison, an' some of us is fo' sale."

* * *

Senator Palmer was asked what he would do in case the Chicago convention declared for free silver and the republican convention straddled the money question. "Then," replied the Senator, "I'd be like an old farmer down in Illinois whom I asked what he would do with his vote with two such candidates for Governor to choose between as Altgeld and Tanner. 'Well,' answered the farmer, 'I reckon I'd have to winter my vote.'"

* * *

The late George Augustus Sala in his early days was most impecunious. At some festive gathering where Mr. Sala was present, Mr. Attemborough, the famous pawnbroker, was also a guest. They recognized each other, and shook hands. "How do you do, Mr. Attemborough," said the journalist. "We have met often before, but I think this is the first time I have ever seen your legs."

* * *

Congressman Cannon of Utah has had a trying experience in learning to ride a bicycle. When he had been at the work for some time, a friend asked him how he was getting along. "Oh," said Cannon, "I am making progress. I can spit now, and pretty soon I expect to be able to raise my hat."

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(Signed) D. MATHIOT,
Traveling Agent Standard Oil Co.,
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THE TIDAL WAVE IN JAPAN

DRAWN BY BANKO H. KOBAYASHI

SEE PAGE 4

THE WAVE

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THE SILVER QUESTION.

A correspondent writes us quite an amusing letter relating his experiences in endeavoring to master the financial problem that is to be decided by the people next fall. He says:

"What the devil is the silver question, anyhow? I wish you would give your readers the a-b-c of it. I don't understand it, and the further I inquire the more perplexed I grow."

Our correspondent is not alone in his perplexity. A good deal of falsehood has been imported into the discussion, and what is purely theoretical is more than often stated as a fact. Even among men of admitted intelligence there is a world of confessed ignorance upon the subject, and it is common to find among intelligent circles but a hazy and indistinct conception of the real meaning of the battle cry "Free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1." Should you find a silver man able to lucidly explain the meaning of these words, you will be even more perplexed and dumfounded to ascertain how widely he and an equally gifted gold man differ in their views as to what consequences would follow if "free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver" were made a part of governmental policy. The silver man will tell you it means National and Individual Prosperity; and the gold man will tell you it means National and Individual Bankruptcy.

But let us, in response to the request of our reader, attempt to review the question and give the a-b-c of it.

The financial plank of the democratic party is the bone of contention. That plank, it is fair to say, enunciates the doctrines of silver and supports all the demands of its advocates. It is the plank upon which Democracy places all of its political hopes at the coming election, and as it demands for silver all that the friends of silver demand for it, an analysis of that plank would be tantamount to an analysis of the silver question.

For convenience, we have divided the plank into five subdivisions, each of which embodies a separate demand. It reads as follows:

(1) We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver.

(2) At the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

(3) Without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

(4) We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public or private.

(5) And we favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract.

Probably nine-tenths of Mr. Bryan's followers could not, if asked, give the meaning of this plank; yet they will have the effrontery to tell you that "they are for Bryan, because Bryan is for silver."

The first declaration reads:

"We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold." The government already coins gold free, and this declaration means that it shall likewise coin into dollars, free of charge, all of the silver brought to its mints, without respect to its character, its ownership or its place of origin. The silver of Mexico, of Europe, or of China, must be accorded the same treatment as that of America; to-wit, it must be coined into American silver dollars. This is free and unlimited coinage.

The next declaration attempts to fix the ratio between the two metals, in other words, to state what shall constitute a silver dollar and what shall constitute a gold dollar. The platform selects 16 to 1 as the true ratio. In other words, it declares that the silver dollar shall weigh sixteen times as much as the gold dollar. This establishment of a ratio is necessary because of the difference in the value of the two metals. It would be folly for Congress to declare that the ratio should be 1 to 1, or 2 to 1, or 3 to 1, because a gold dollar which contains 23.22 grains of pure gold would purchase nearly 32 times as much silver, or about 743 grains. Therefore some ratio must be selected which will make the silver dollar equal in value to the gold. The democratic party selected as that ratio 16 to 1. The commercial ratio to-day is about 32 to 1. But, as we said, the democratic platform fixes it at 16 to 1, and provides for future coinage on that basis. This means that each silver dollar shall contain 371.25 grains of pure silver and 41.25 grains of copper alloy, and that each gold dollar shall contain 23.22 grains of pure gold and 2.58 grains of copper alloy. The weight of the silver dollar shall be sixteen times as great as that of the gold dollar, and the ratio between them is therefore said to be sixteen to one.

The value of an ounce of silver containing 480 grains is to-day about 69 cents. An American silver dollar contains but a little over three-quarters of an ounce of pure silver, worth about 52 or 53 cents. The actual commercial ratio between the two metals is about 32 to 1, that is, one ounce of gold is worth about thirty-two ounces of silver. But the democratic platform has said that sixteen ounces of silver shall be equal to one ounce of gold, and its declaration for free and unlimited coinage at that ratio means that the United States shall accept and receive all the silver offered at its mints, and issue therefor coin to the amount of one dollar for each 52 cents' worth of silver presented. Manifestly, if it would be folly to say that an ounce of silver should be a dollar and an ounce of gold likewise a dollar, it is just as great a piece of stupidity to say that sixteen ounces of silver shall equal an ounce of gold when it is possible to purchase thirty-two ounces of silver with an ounce of gold. The plan advocated by this platform will give the country two classes of money of unequal value, both stamped by the same government.

The writer has been asked this question: "Why is it that a bank will give five dollars in gold for five dollars in silver, if the silver in the silver dollars is only worth two dollars and sixty-five cents?"

The answer to this is plain. Because the United States government will at any time, upon demand, exchange gold for silver. No banker in the world would give gold dollars for silver dollars unless the government stood behind each dollar in silver issued by it. The same banker who gives you five dollars in gold for five dollars in silver would only give you between two and three dollars in gold for five Mexican dollars, although the coin of Mexico is heavier than our own. The United States government at present only coins silver in limited quantities, and is therefore able to support the weaker metal. It could never attempt to redeem silver with gold with free and unlimited coinage. The most radical silver advocate must admit this without question, for it would be folly for the government to take the silver of other countries worth only 52 cents, coin it into silver dollars, and then exchange gold dollars worth 100 cents for this degraded dollar! There can be but one result if this method of finance be pursued.

The third demand made by the democratic platform is that this free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one, shall take place without awaiting the aid or consent of any other nation.

There are in Germany, in France, and in England, just as strong advocates of bi-metallism as there are in America. Among these is Mr. Otto Arendt, to whom we referred last week, who has for nineteen years given his time and ability to the cause of silver. He says:

"If it is now desired to perpetuate the gold standard in Europe, let the government at Washington adopt free coinage of silver at the ratio of 1:16. At present, after the closure of the Indian mints, this step could not possibly have any other result than to make the American standard a silver standard. The price of silver, of course, would rise, but not to 59 pence and not permanently. The United States would have a standard not materially different from that of Mexico. All the disadvantages and all the advantages of a fluctuating and depreciated money standard would follow. Gold mono-metallism would be replaced by silver mono-metallism; the double standard would become nominal. No bi-metallist can approve of this."

Silver has other friends in Europe, of whom the New York "Mail and Express" says:

"There is not a single public man in any civilized nation of Europe that would dare espouse such an iniquity. France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and even England have hosts of true bi-metallists, who are in favor of the full joint use of both gold and silver. Dr. Arendt in Germany, Tirard in France, Allard in Belgium, Balfour and Courtney, Gibbs and Houldsworth in England, all advocate an international agreement under which a larger use of silver can be safely secured. But if any man among them should urge free coinage of silver by his nation alone he would be regarded as a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum. There is absolutely not a single public man in Europe of any repute who is so bereft of reason, and there is no portion of the people, not even in agricultural Germany with its distress, who are the victims of such a craze."

The fourth demand made in the financial plank of the democratic platform reads:

"We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private."

We have demonstrated that the silver dollar provided for by the democratic party is to-day worth only 52 cents. But this demand of the platform means that the United States government shall not only be compelled to coin the 52 cents' worth of silver into a hundred-cents dollar, but that it must also receive and accept the 52 cents dollar for 100 cents. The platform makes this compulsory with the government. To maintain itself, it would then have but one course; viz., to double its taxes, duties, imports and customs.

Naturally enough, with a 52 cents silver dollar and a 100 cents gold dollar in circulation, a private citizen would seek to make contracts payable in gold; but the friends of silver, having a knowledge of the fact that their silver dollar would not equal the gold dollar in value, propose in their platform to cram the 52 cents dollar down the throat of the citizen whether he wants it or not, and declares in favor of "such legislation as shall prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract."

This means that no citizen may contract that his wages, his earnings, his obligations, or money due him, shall be paid in gold. Under the scheme proposed by the democratic platform, such contracts would be void. But the silver advocate must remember that laws enacted under this provision could not be made retro-active. They could not be made to apply to contracts already made. Then what becomes of the farmer whose property is now mortgaged for a debt payable in gold? What becomes of the householder whose home is mortgaged for a debt payable in gold? And how, under the canopy, is this kind of legislation going to benefit him? It is a law of finance, a law without exception, a law as unbending and as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, that the cheaper money drives the dearer money out of the country. Beyond any question, the free coinage of silver on a basis of 16 to 1 would drive the gold of the United States over to Europe, and leave us on a single silver basis. That this is a law of finance is past argument. Then, let the farmer and the householder having an outstanding obligation payable in gold say where he will obtain the gold to pay the debt. He will not be able to liquidate it with the 52 cents dollar, as some of the repudiators dream; for his contract reads "gold" and gold alone, and the skill of the greatest repudiator in the world cannot devise a law that will relieve him of his obligation. He must purchase the gold in Europe, or where he may, paying a heavy premium therefor, or forfeit the property mortgaged. That is the only alternative.

It is claimed for this movement that it will benefit the laboring man. How? That the Lord alone knows.

It will benefit the rich man who owns silver. If the individual with a silver mine should embark in the manufacturing business, he would be doubly benefited. Let us say that Alvinza Hayward, or Mr. Newlands, both of whom are wealthy owners of silver mines, should venture into the field of manufacture. We will imagine their pay roll amounts to $2,000 per month. Consider the advantage such men would have. When pay day arrives these gentlemen need but to take $1,040 from their mine, present it at the mint, and receive in return 2,000 bright silver dollars to be paid to the men of toil. Does this benefit labor? Is the poor man much richer by this operation? Why, even the miner in the bowels of the earth who drags the fifty-two cents out from the face of Nature, must receive it when coined, as a dollar—as 100 cents.

Will some working man or some farmer tell us how they will be benefited by the "free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1"? We would like to know.

THE LATE W. E. RUSSELL.

If one looking down upon the Democratic National convention had been asked to pick from the mass the one young man destined to play the most important part in our national affairs, the probabilities are that William E. Russell of Massachusetts would have been named. Already he had gained the admiration and confidence of the national leaders of his party. He was as much the "rising hope" of the Democracy as young Gladstone had been that of the "stern and unbending Tories." Achieve-

ment was behind him. He had proved himself fitted to lead men and conduct the affairs of a great State. No other man in our time had come to be forty years of age after so rich an executive experience. His career had been a growth, not a sudden ascension. From the small affairs of a town council he had been raised step by step to the highest office his State could give, and taking his place beside the scarred veterans of his party he found himself at once a national leader. His State had named him as her choice for the chief prize in party honors. Endorsement and approval came from neighboring and far distant States. A Russell boom was imminent. But this wise young man raised his hand to quiet his enthusiastic and impatient friends, and in words of eloquent patriotism told them that this was not a year for selfish fighting, it was a year of party crisis, when all ambition should be subordinated to party good, and he would ask that no delegates be pledged for him, but that all go free to their party convention, ready to turn to any man whom the party's necessities might make most available.

He found at Chicago that his party had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. The delegates had gathered to celebrate the triumph of Populism. From South and West had come a horde of unthinking demagogues and misguided men of honest purpose, who were bent upon tearing down the starred standard of Democracy and planting in its stead the red flag of Anarchy. His party had run amuck. Embittered by long brooding on its misfortunes, the party had swallowed the draught of Populism and gone crazy. Russell saw that this was no body to argue with. The lash of party leadership could not whip it sober. There was but one thing to do—plead the cause of those on whom the party was setting the seal of its condemnation, the scourged and banished democrats of the East. In Russell's fine appeal to the convention there was no word of bitterness, not a syllable impeaching the good faith of his opponents, not a tone that made for animosity. He spoke in protest against the conduct of his fellows, and men felt as he spoke that he had a right to cry out against a platform that meant the destruction of the Pilgrim army he had three times led to victory. He said:

"I speak, and I have a right to speak, for the Democracy of my commonwealth. I have seen it for a generation in darkness and defeat, following steadfastly the old principles of an abiding faith. We knew its principles would triumph, and we lived to see the day when we planted the banner of Democracy for three successive years victorious in that stronghold of Republicanism and protection. We did not think that we should live to see the time when these great democratic principles which have triumphed over Republicanism should be forgotten in a convention and when we should be invited under new and radical leadership to a new and a radical policy; that we should be asked to give up vital principles for which we have labored and suffered—repudiate democratic platforms and administration, and at the demand of a section, urging expediency, be asked to adopt a policy which many of us believe invites peril to our country and disaster to our party. Oh, that from this great majority with power there might come the one word of concession and conciliation. Oh, that from you there might be held out the olive branch of peace, under which all Democrats united could rally to a great victory."

He left that convention an unhappy and a sick man. It may be too much to say that the course his party had pursued led to his death, but the testimony of his friends is that after the convention he had for the first time that trouble with his heart which a few days later ended his life. He felt that his party had proved unworthy of itself, unpatriotic. That party was precious to him. He was not a democrat because his father had been one, for his father was a republican. He had come to the party out of love for its principles, believing that it was the party that meant best for the country, that had most sympathy with the people, that clung closest to the ideals of our early days. It was to him the Ark of the Covenant, a sacred thing. And that this part of his boyhood's dreams and young manhood's confidence should so far lose its conscience and its sense as to declare for a financial policy which struck at the very integrity of all commerce and imperilled the good name of the nation, was a blow that must have fallen with exceptional power on one so high-minded and patriotic. Who shall say what thoughts went through his mind that night before his death, as he lay upon his cot in the pine woods of the North? Was he to forsake his party in its wrong or follow it to its humiliation? What was he to say to those who had followed him in the confidence that his party was one of conscience? These were questions yet unanswered when death found him.

To appreciate the character of the man's love for his party, the strength of his love of country and faith in our form of Government, one has but to read the leading article in this month's "Forum," written by Mr. Russell on "Jefferson and His Party To-day." In a style worthy of those who wrote the "Federalist," and with a breadth of view significant of the statesman, Russell presents in this essay his reasons for his faith in the party of Jefferson—a faith which must have been rudely shaken by his experiences at Chicago.

"We remember that the party he founded has had an unbroken life of a hundred years; that it has controlled the national government for more than one-half of its duration; that it has victoriously led the people in all our foreign wars; that under its sway our national domain was extended along the Gulf and Mississippi and clear to the Pacific Slope; that it fathered the settlement of the great Northwest and the upbuilding of mighty States; that it established our flag and commerce on the sea; asserted everywhere the rights of American citizenship; and created the foreign policy which from Monroe to Cleveland has been deemed essential to our safety. It has resisted always the control of government by monopoly and organized wealth; it has given power to the people, trusted them, made their welfare its mission and their will law. It has stood for individual freedom, defending the sailor against foreign impressment, the Catholic against the proscription of bigotry, and every citizen against unnecessary burdens, restrictions or taxation. It has preached and practiced economy, exposed and denounced corruption, extravagance and the abuse of power for selfish ends. It has met, defeated and outlived all its opponents, and is still in power and in the full strength of vigorous youth. It lives and rules because it has a living gospel, just and enduring principles, and ever work for them to do."

William Eustis Russell was a partisan of whom all parties may be proud, a patriot of whom any country might well boast, a man worthy to stand beside the greatest sons of Massachusetts in point of character and high purpose. His death has emphasized the lesson taught many times before, but never more forcibly—that success is not withheld, even in politics, from young men of strong character and high ideals.

AN UNREASONABLE JOURNAL.

The "Examiner" is displeased because, to use its own words, the head of the Southern Pacific Law Department "has not been seen about the Board of Supervisors, or hob-nobbing publicly with members of the State Board of Equalization, or making himself unduly conspicuous in any way." Perhaps disappointment makes it angry. The "Examiner" would have abused the head of the Law Department if he had been found doing any of these things, and it now abuses him for not doing them. How may one satisfy such a Jezbel? Failing to discover some excuse for attacking the man for appearing before these public bodies, it falls to abusing him for not appearing.

Anger will often justify an overt act, or excuse a hasty and ill-considered retort; but neither anger, nor hatred will justify the "Examiner's" assaults upon the personal ability of employes of the railway, simply because it has a grievance against the railway itself. Such warfare is contemptible. It smacks strongly of the abusive fishwife. No victory is gained for the people, no injury is done the railway, by belittling the ability of its employes; but innocent wives and children at home are no doubt deeply wounded. Wounded because they do not understand the prompting animus, the wicked ingenuity and devilish depravity of the sensational press. Such a warfare is levelled against women and children. It is not legitimate, it is despicable, unwarranted and excusable by no rule of decency.

One of the arguments against woman suffrage is based upon the inability of the gentler sex to bear arms. The foundation of all government being force, it would be folly to permit those not capable of military duty to participate in the shaping of governmental policies that they could not by force maintain.

The "Woman's Journal" of Boston meets this argument with one of those pleasing nothings so common to the other side, and says:

"But there is an argument also against the voting of men, which, it seems to me, is equally, if not more, conclusive. Let us put the two arguments one against each other, and see how they appear, thus:

"Women cannot bear arms; therefore, they should not vote.

"Men cannot bear children; therefore, they should not vote."

COMMUNICATION.

Editor of the Wave.

One often wonders whether the woman with the big hat ever reads the papers. After all that has been said; after the columns that have been written, and the pages of illustrations that have been published to point out to women the injustice of wearing a large hat at the theatre, it would seem as though the abuse ought no longer to exist. I sat behind a chip hat trimmed with red poppies the other night at the California Theatre. An enormous bow of white chiffon and a number of ostrich plumes simply ruined my enjoyment of the performance of "Carmen." I knew that Warde was hidden behind a white feather on the right hand side, and that Rose Coghlan was behind the chiffon bow, but I could not see them. When the chiffon bow asked the ostrich feather if it loved her, the ostrich feather would respond by nodding vigorously. When, in the last act, Jose (the ostrich feather) killed Carmen (the chiffon bow) I did hope that the ostrich feather would in fact rise up and crush that chiffon bow, so that the next theatre-goer before whom its wearer sat would at least be able to see one side of the play.

The only charitable view to take of the woman with the large hat is that the large hat is the only one she has, and that she must wear it or stay athome.

A THEATRE-GOER.

HER POINT OF VIEW

That spice of the devil is still supposed to hold its traditional charm for womanhood. You still hear it said that girls like a man all the better for being just a little bit—you know. And when you deny this, they show you a dozen examples, whose popularity, they say, is a direct proof of what girls like. This was once more or less true. When Byron was the fashion, the cloven hoof suggested poetic fire and dark, clustering curls, and the girl of the period thrilled at dark-ringed eyes that told of the sparkle of wine and moonlit love-scenes; but now, vice has grown vulgar, and cocktails and avoirdupois have no romantic power to charm. That the tradition still lives, fiction is partly to blame. Novels hand down from generation to generation ideas that have ceased to have any foundation in life, simply because the second-rate authors can not learn to see for themselves the world around them, but must take it ready-made from their predecessors. Do you notice how they still make their society girls blush or flush up or color as they smile? That, too, was once the fashion. The real hero of to-day is the athlete, the tall, deep-chested puller of oars and master of horses, who revels in his daily tub, and can go clean shaven without betraying himself. It is true that men who are dissipated are often very popular, but to say it is the spice of the devil that does it is a strange mixing of cause and effect. If a man is given personal charm, that most intangible and irresistible of qualities, it is certain to bring him popularity, and temptations unlimited as well. An unattractive man deserves far less credit for being virtuous—which brings us straight back to the story of our Prodigal and his brother. The charm that has made the world do its best to spoil a man is still charm when the world has succeeded, and men and women will respond to it as long as it lasts, in spite of what "everybody knows about him." But when the world doesn't succeed he has a power that the devil himself cannot match. Of course, society admits any number of men who have little personal attraction and great moral defects, but what can you do? Men are scarce, and one must dance. If the proportion of men to girls were suddenly reversed there would be some sadder and wiser men in the community. Of course, nobody wants a prig, and a man who "talks good" is just as objectionable as the one who wants to be thought bold and bad; but, other things being equal, the modern girl would choose the man who lacked that delusive spice, every time.

One hears of wedding trips taken on horseback and on bicycles and even occasionally in balloons, but the box of an omnibus is something new. A London paper tells about a young man, the son of wealthy people, and a graduate of Oxford, who went the pace to such an extent that his family cut him off. Nothing better could have happened to him, for he got a position as driver of an omnibus, and worked hard and faithfully. His disgrace had nearly broken the heart of the girl he was engaged to, and she now utterly refused to give him up. Her relatives said they would have nothing more to do with her if she married him, and he himself told her frankly what she would have to expect in the way of poverty and hardships, but marry him she would, and did. The day after the wedding she climbed bravely up beside him, and so every day for a week, and none of the passengers suspected that there was a honeymoon going on on the box. That is all very romantic and pretty, of course, but she was human, and, according to the papers, had moved in the upper circles. Could it have been all bliss, with the broughams of her friends flashing by the omnibus? And with—but, no fair! Even if there isn't much romance in every-day life, there is no use in explaining it out of every story one comes across. Another bride, who came down in the world for her husband's sake, was the woman who married a miner, and spent the first happy week in the pit, watching him work. Not so dignified as driving a bus, perhaps, but one has more faith in this couple's ultimate happiness.

In many papers and magazines a large part is devoted to helping people kill time in each other's society. Guests are invited to cook and trim hats and write poems and jump rope, being bribed by the chance of a prize to stay through the evening. Sofa cushion teas are described, and accounts of Beardsley evenings are handed down to posterity. What a dull set they will think us, these clever men and women of the twentieth century, when they jump to the conclusion that we did not know the pleasure of simple, undisguised human intercourse. We really do, as individuals, but we haven't yet asserted it as a race. Nine adults out of ten prefer talking or dancing to the most elaborate game ever invented, yet not one of them will dare give an informal little small and early without at least lugging in cards. "Things are so apt to be a little stiff at first, if you don't have cards or something to get people started," it is pleaded. But surely that argues a very primitive schoolroomish order of society, and, if a fact, might better be shoved into the background until it is outgrown and forgotten. Of course, if you have collected dull specimens, who can neither give nor take interest, tiddledewinks and slapjack may be necessary. Perhaps the papers intend their advice for such occasions, but are too polite to say so. But, given intelligent men and women, the only real requisites are pleasant surroundings—and possibly a little something to eat and drink.

RUPERTA RAY.

THE PAPER CHASE AT SAN RAFAEL

THE PAPER CHASE

San Rafael has grown languid about tennis tourna ments, but a paper chase is something new in California, and everybody turned out enthusiastically last Saturday to ride or follow at a safe distance. The course chosen started from the Hotel Rafael and led over Green Brae Hill, past Green Brae Station, along the new convict road, through Tamalpais and San Anselmo, and around by the Coleman tract to the hotel again, a distance of twelve

THE HARES

or thirteen miles. At half-past 2 the hares started off, strewing paper all the way to the top of Green Brae Hill, which they reached in fifteen minutes. Here they rested, and watched the hounds, who had started fifteen minutes later, toil up after them, then they leaped the fence and doubled on their trail, outwitting a large number of their pursuers. Of the twenty-five that took part, only five ran the whole course. The hares, who were represented by Miss Mary Belle Gwin and Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, had numerous adventures, and three times were delayed by having to stop at farm houses and borrow more paper to tear up. The last two and a half miles were a hot race between them and the foremost hounds. Miss Frances Currey and Mr. Gerald Buckley, who came within three lengths of running them to earth.

A number of traps and carriages followed along the roads, picking up those who had mislaid their horses, opening gates that had been designedly wired shut, and otherwise giving their encouragement to true sport. The five that ran the whole course were Miss Frances Currey, Miss Juliette Williams on Cold Asparagus, a thoroughbred of Walter Hobarts; Mr. Gerald Buckley, on Albatross; Lieut. Fechtler, U. S. N., on Beauty, and Mr. F. A. Greenwood, on Trilby. Miss Mamie Thomas, on Cricket, would undoubtedly have been in at the finish if her saddle had not turned. Baron von Schroeder and Jimmy Swinnerton were lost early in the game, but on the 25th the Baron will have his revenge, for he and Miss Currey are to take the lead. A hunter is to be sent up from the Baron's ranch at San Luis Obispo on purpose for the occasion. Four silver prizes will be offered, two for the winners of the chase, and two for the winners of the course. It looks as though the cross country steeplechase were going to become a permanent institution.

THE TIDAL WAVE IN JAPAN

Since the great Tokyo earthquake in 1857, Japan has never known such a frightful disaster as the tidal, or seismic wave that devastated the coast of the northeast provinces Monday evning, June 15th, 1896, at a little after 8 o'clock. The "Japan Herald's" expedition to the scene of the disaster collected the particulars of the casualty, and estimates the loss of life at thirty thousand. The great wave has utterly desolated the Aomori, Iwate and Miyagi prefectures, sweeping along a coast line of two hundred and fifty miles. Some claim there were three distinct waves, others two, but the terror and confusion were so great that no testimony can be very exact. The average height of the wave must have been about fourteen feet, though in entering narrow chasms it rose as high as twenty. The speed and force were something inconceivable. People who were within fifty yards of safety had no time to reach it before "all the world was in the sea." The frail huts of the inhabitants were crushed into splinters, terribly mangling the people within, and boats and wreckage were left perched in the branches of the trees. In Kamaishi, a prosperous mining and fishing town of six thousand people, four-fifths of the houses were destroyed, and over four thousand of the inhabitants. Family after family was wiped out, and many of those left have gone insane with horror. One of these is a young man, who was seated at his wedding breakfast when the deluge came, killing the bride and all the wedding guests. The Japan Red Cross Society erected hospitals and did everything possible for the five hundred wounded, and thousands of dollars were contributed for the sufferers, but pestilence and famine made the work almost hopeless. The damage is estimated at about twelve million dollars.

SOME OF THE HOUNDS

There is a great deal of debate over the cause of the tidal wave. The day had been warm and cloudy, and a number of slight earthquakes were felt. About 8 o'clock sound like the bombardment of heavy cannon was heard, and ten minutes later the great wave rushed up the coast. In less than an hour it had receded again, and the work of rescue had begun. Fishing boats out at sea knew nothing of the wave, though it was felt two and a half miles from shore, and five hundred vessels were swept away or damaged. Some think it may have been due to the bursting of a gigantic waterspout, but the more probable theory traces it to some submarine upheaval or explosion. It is strange that, of all the dead, only one alien is known of, Pere Rispal, a French missionary priest, who had arrived at Kamaishi not half an hour before it was inundated.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

HOW THE WRECKED BLAIRMORE LOOKED AFTER THREE MONTHS' IMMERSION IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY

EARLY OAKLAND DAYS

Bull-Fighting, Duels and Grizzly Bears in the Early Fifties.

When East Oakland was still called San Antonio, and formed part of the great Peralta ranch, it claimed an attraction irresistible to the masculine part of the community—a bull ring. This was on the corner of Twelfth street and Seventeenth avenue, diagonally across from Father Ackerley's church, and on Sundays the cries of Bravo! and El toro! kept up a lively competition with the Te Deums on the opposite corner. It would seem as though the former were more effective, for after service the boys of the choir used to sneak over, one by one, to see the fight finished. Twenty-six saloons completed the setting of these early pink teas. The bulls, who ranged wild over the country in those days, were caught early Saturday morning, and kept without food until Sunday afternoon, to sharpen their tempers. At 2 o'clock a motley crowd poured into the eight tiers of wooden seats around the arena. There were greasers, Mexicans, Indians, Chilians, Peruvians, white settlers, foreign aristocrats and native ragamuffins, sitting side by side, or going out in friendly equality to visit the twenty-six saloons. After a bull or two had been killed (or the matador had scrambled for his life out of the arena), there would often be exhibition riding or snake charming, and always an impromptu fight of some kind. One of these led to a formal duel, which took place on the Thorn road, leading to Redwood canyon, and in which a man named Woodliff was instantly killed. Duels being then considered a sport only second to bull fighting, a crowd of people attended, and afterwards helped to get Kewen, the one who did the killing, out of the country. A few days after this a man known as Pete, part owner of a slaughter house, was convicted, without the formality of a trial, of cattle stealing, and was promptly hanged from an oak that stood on what is now the corner of Fourteenth street and Fifteenth avenue. One of his partners was soon after caught and reprimanded in the same way, and the other barely escaped with his life.

On the corner of Seventeenth avenue and Twelfth street there used to be a fandango house, where all the Mexicans who were anything socially used to gather. One night, at a dance there, a drunken greaser became troublesome, and, when they tried to arrest him, shot Deputy Sheriff Carter in the leg. The greaser escaped but the Vigilance Committee ran him to earth in a culvert near Fourteenth avenue and Twenty-fifth street. He managed to seriously injure one of the party before the constable, Charlie Evans, shot him dead. He was buried next to Pete near the historic oak tree. Perhaps nothing could give a clearer idea of the state of society here in those days than a matter-of-fact paragraph in the Alameda County Herald for July 25th, 1860, describing the appearance of a grizzly bear and two cubs in Oakland the day before.

No name in our early history is more interesting or

FRONT VIEW OF OLD PERALTA RESIDENCE, NOW STANDING

important than that of Peralta. In 1820 the Spanish Government gave Luis Maria Peralta, in gratitude for his services, a grant of land extending from the "deep creek of San Leandro" to the northwestern extremity of Alameda county, a distance of nearly five leagues. Peralta had ten children, and for years they and their children and servants were the only white people on all that immense grant. The family mansion was an old adobe in the foothills, near San Leandro. In 1842, Peralta divided the land among his sons. What is now Berkeley went to Domingo; Vincente received Oakland; Alameda and Brooklyn were given to Antonio, and the present Elmhurst and Fitchburg to Ygnacio. Old Don Luis himself went to live at San Jose, probably well satisfied in the belief that the cattle of his descendants would always graze undisturbed between the foothills and the bay. He died at a very advanced age, leaving a just and extremely quaint will, from which the following is an extract:

"In the name of the most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, three distinct persons and one only true God, and in the presence of the most Holy Virgin Mary, my Lady; of the glorious archangel St. Michael, St. Gabriel and St. Raphael, my guardian and my protecting angel, and of my devotion, I, Luis Peralta, being in the entire use of my faculties, although of an advanced age, and bearing in mind the uncertainty of this mortal life, I do hereby make this my will in the best form, and declare it to be my last will and testament, and it is as follows:

"In the first place, I command my sons to have my body buried in the neighboring Mission of Santa Clara, carrying it to the church, placing it upon the same hearse that is used for my fellow-men, the Indians. * * *

"As regards the cattle belonging to me, that is to say, horned cattle, I declare that on the marriage of my children, Maria Teodora, Ygnacio, Domingo and Trinidad, to each one were given two cows and calves by reason of

REAR VIEW OF OLD PERALTA ADOBE HOUSE AS IT IS TO-DAY

having just commenced the rearing of my cattle, but afterwards they received in gift more cattle, as they themselves can say, as they know how to speak the truth. * * *

"I declare that I owe no man, and that Nazared Berryeza owes me fifteen dollars. * * *

"Finally, I command all my children that they remain in peace, succoring each other in your necessities, eschewing all avaricious ambition, without entering into foolish difficulties for one or two calves, for the cows bring them forth every year; and inasmuch as the land is narrow, it is indispensable that the cattle should become mixed up, for which reason I command my sons to be friendly and united. * * *

[Seal] LUIS MARIA PERALTA.

JAMES ALEX. FORBES
PADRE JUAN NOBILE } Witnesses.
DEMO DAMCO

Clifton R. Breckinridge, the American Ambassador at the court of the Czar, and participating in the great state fetes in Moscow, is of low stature and wears glasses. He suggests the college professor both in his appearance and in the deliberation of his manner. With a good deal of dignity he carries a pretty high spirit at times. In a democratic caucus in the hall of the House several years ago the discussion became excited, and the members were treated to a fist fight between Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Blount of Georgia.

THE WRECKED BLAIRMORE

One of the most disastrous events in the history of the bay was the capsizing of the ship Blairmore while at anchor near the Potrero on April 10th of this year. She was a full-rigged ship, registering 1767 tons and valued at $250,000, and had arrived here with coal from Newcastle on the 2nd of February. Men on ships that were anchored near her claimed that she was not properly ballasted, and had careened dangerously at her moorings several times before, but this Captain John Caw of the Blairmore vigorously denied. On the morning of April 10th a strong tide was running up the bay, when a sudden squall came rushing down from the southeast. At the first gust, the ship lurched violently, but righted herself again, and nobody was specially alarmed. Five minutes later came another blast, and almost without warning the Blairmore capsized, leaving only a line of keel above the water. It was at about quarter of 7 that the squall struck, and all of the fifteen men on board were below except the Captain, cook, carpenter and watchman. Some managed to escape and cling to the hull until rescued, and the Captain's dog helped save his master's life, but six seamen were imprisoned in the overturned ship. Desperate efforts were made to rescue these, and a hole was finally cut through the bottom, near where the men were supposed to be, but as the air rushed out, water poured in, and the vessel sank almost immediately. It is believed by some that the men were already killed by the shifting cargo before the rescue was attempted.

In the same manner and almost in the same place, the British ship Earl of Dalhousie capsized on May 12th, 1895. She had no ballast, and the tug Relief was about to tow her to Oakland, when she keeled over to starboard and went down. In the early sixties the American bark Julia Castner met the same fate, and finally drifted ashore near the Cliff House.

The recovery of the Blairmore proved a very difficult task, and three months passed before the ship was finally raised and beached on the Mission flats. Captains Burns and Whitelaw, with the help of the wrecker Whitelaw, undertook the business. Chains were passed around the hull and fastened to a heavy staging erected at one side. Then the surrounding mud was cleared away by means of force-pumps, and the vessel was completely sealed up. When the hull was air-tight, the water was pumped out and air forced in—a long and tedious process, as the wreckage inside clogged up the pumps, and the angle of the ship made working difficult. After at least a dozen attempts the ship was raised by means of air and windlasses, and dragged into shallow water. The cost of the work was about forty-five thousand dollars, and repairs will come to fifteen thousand more, all of which will probably be paid by the underwriters, who will prefer restoring the ship in good condition to handing over eighty thousand dollars in insurance. The photographs which appear in this issue were taken shortly after the vessel was beached on the flats, and show the consequences of immersion.

SITE OF BULL-RING TO-DAY

WM. J. BRYAN

MRS. BRYAN

ARTHUR F. SEWALL

THE DEMOCRATIC TRIO

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN THE DAY AFTER CONVENTION, BY BRISBOIS, CHICAGO

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Of the vaudeville performers now traveling about the country, it is surprising how many have comfortable little fortunes of their own. At the Orpheum it is not unusual to find a performer whose bank account is considerably bigger than that of anyone in the audience, but the capitalist calls for his salary Monday morning just as promptly as the humblest super—and perhaps a little more so. Lilian Weston, a musical artist, who has just been here on a farewell trip, has laid aside a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in her twenty-five years of stage life. The two Vadis sisters have been performing on the trapeze for eighteen years, at large salaries. Their husbands put up nets, lower bars, etc., and their sons are on hand to catch them if they fall—but they never do. The Four Maisanos take in two hundred and fifty dollars a week, presumably to be divided among its four members, a German, a Frenchman, an Italian and a Spaniard, each of whom represents some kind of a musical instrument. As a matter of fact, one of these pockets the two hundred and fifty and pays small and patronizing salaries to the other three, who are merely his hired assistants. It is said that Aman, the mimic, who had the irreverence to take off even Mayor Sutro, owns a castle in Germany and a half million in his own right, not to mention a salary of two hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. Mme. Aragon has transferred her high wire from the Chutes to the Orpheum, but wherever she goes, two hundred a week goes with her, which is not a bad return for the invested danger. By the way, Aragon is distinguished among feminine athletes as possessing both beauty and muscle. The majority of women acrobats are developed into utter shapelessness. Strong they undoubtedly are, but their limbs are knobby with muscle.

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The event of the Bohemian Club is the Midsummer Jinks, and this summer, preparations are beginning early. Al Gerberding is to act as Sire, and his brain is busy conceiving new ideas for the Cremation of Care ceremony, which, of course, is the event of the entertainment. Proper secrecy is being preserved as to the programme, but in due course the club will learn what it has to expect. In the meantime, there is a general desire to assist at the entertainment in the Redwoods, and it looks as though the advance camp would be even a greater feature than last year. Tents in abundance are being requisitioned, comrades are pairing off, the "Moulin Rouge" will be in its old locale, General Barnes, Greer Harrison, and others of illuminati, have signified their intention of assisting, and altogether the prospect is brilliant. However the older men may rail at the degeneracy of existing things, it must be admitted that the jinks do not deteriorate. Each year they are entered into with the same loyal enthusiasm, and though it is notoriously hard to get amateurs who both can and will act, yet each jinks ranks higher than its predecessor, and there is an inherent something that keeps up the interest.

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There is something very tragic in the disappearance of Mr. Charles Harker, of Berkeley. He had been married only a few months, when his wife was suddenly obliged to go East on business. He was very melancholy after her departure, but his family did not suspect melancholia until he disappeared, leaving word that he would never see any of them again. He is under the delucion that he has made away with all the family property, and suffers terribly from remorse, though there is not a vestige of basis for the hallucination. The news of his disappearance reached his sister, Mrs. Chester Bailey Fernald, on her wedding trip, and she has hurried home to help in the search. Mr. Karker has always been a cheerful, resolute man, and has never before shown the slightest trace of mental derangement. It is believed that he is somewhere in San Francisco.

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Fate has again advanced the fortunes of Colonel Forsyth. The fickle dame has ever been true to his interest, and finds him a new Golconda at each turn of his career. It is not so many years since Forsyth presided over the hotel at The Geysers. Good luck at cards dowered him with money enough to buy a property at Fresno. He knew less about raisins than he did about algebra, which did not prevent him from setting forth his broad acres in vines and in due course giving to the world a brand of dried grapes which he himself said "rivalled in plump virtue the sunny clusters of Iberian vineyards." But in these latter summers raisins have been a drug on the market. As is often the fact in California, the prosperity of one man persuaded half the community into the same pursuit, and the result was a surplus of grapes which has loaded up the warehouses with crops and loaded down the ranches with mortgages. Together with his competitors the income of the Colonel dwindled and he was compelled to seek another livelihood. So he went up into the Sierras and sought out a mine. Other men had dug and found gold! Why should he not succeed! Indeed, blind luck having ever had the leading role in the dispensation of mining fortunes, his chance was better than that of others. So he started a shaft beside the San Andreas wagon road, and at a depth of one hundred feet from the surface struck a six-foot vein yielding twelve dollar rock. It may, of course, be a fugitive development. The lead may pinch within a yard or two; but it has all the signs of a permanent ore body, and now the mining men have concluded to call it an extension of the Ford prospect. If the property turns out half as well as it appears, the Colonel need have no fear of the future. In the meantime, it is curious to remember that along this wagon road to San Andreas mining experts have passed a thousand times, and no one among them suspected the existence of this rich property a few feet below the surface.

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The Ford mine is the property which the Ford brothers of San Andreas located and which promises great things. They incorporated with a capital of a quarter of a million, of which they kept about two-thirds for themselves, selling to outside parties about seventy-five thousand dollars worth of stock, with which to commence working. So strong was the confidence of San Andreas people in the judgment of the Fords that in the little town sixty-five thousand dollars of the sum required was at once subscribed—quite a distinction when you consider what that means.

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There is a mountain of quartz in Tuolomne county on which some ten individual mining corporations are battening. It is rich ore they find; and though none have a Utica, all declare dividends. Ballard and Martin, with Captain Neville, have one claim and a twenty-stamp mill. An English syndicate, a Boston syndicate, Jordan of the Sierra Buttes, and the rest of the ten are located on other sections of the deposit. Not only are all taking out gold, but the prospects point to a perennial return, as it is an immense ore body they are tapping. Apropos of gold mining, I am told that Jasper McDonald, who alone of that family is not richly endowed with this world's goods, has a fine mine, the Plymouth, in Eldorado county. He is not announcing to the world the extent of its revenue, but it is said to be considerable.

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The situation in journalism presents an ironical commentary on newspaper principles. For years the "Chronicle" has educated its public to the belief of its editor in free silver. It has argued and expounded the theories of the white metalists until it came to be regarded as the standard bearer of the silver party. The "Call's" creed had silver its main article and seldom a day passed without its endorsement of the doctrines of bimetallism. If a journalistic propaganda counts for anything the clients of both papers were surely passionate believers in silver. They must have considered that the fate of the State and the prosperity of the Nation hinged and hung on the free coinage of the white metal. Convictions mean more to an individual than for a newspaper, and it is a blow to a man who finds his favorite journal untrue to its own faith. The impression is much what a worshipping Catholic would have were he to hear the priest on the altar denying Christ's divinity. The announcement of both papers that they are out for sound money—a treason necessitated by the dictates of the National Platform, has been a great aid to the "Examiner." The Monarch has never espoused silver with half the ardour of its contempararies. Its owner is a gold man and its editors believe in the single standard. However, it follows its constituency and when the party demands silver the "Examiner" wants it vociferously and the result is it is gaining. I am told that one of the campaign documents the Democracy propose to use is a reprint of John P. Young's magnum opus on the silver question. I am inclined to imagine, however, that the editor of the "Chronicle" was careful to copyright the work and reproduction without authorization is illegal. However, the experts consider the book as lucid an exposition of the subject as has been made by any writer and for the cause, it might prove an advantageous move.

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The selection of W. H. Alford of Visalia to lead the Democratic hosts this campaign is an experiment. He is decidedly a young man, is Mr. Alford, and his public services were performed as a member of the last Assembly. There he exhibited some dignity of manner and proved honest. Showing in addition considerable ability the leaders marked him as one who would again be heard of. It is a great opportunity he is afforded. Let him but show executive capacity and he will go far in the party. It is, of course, a terrible task set him. He will have but little money because the money is all on the other side. Property owners are all for the single standard, and silver miners alone have an interest in aiding and abetting the Bryan cause. So this means an economic campaign. Such moneys as may be gathered will be used for the hire of halls and speakers. But there will be no funds available for broad advertising, nor for bill boards. No torch-light procession for the Democracy save at the expense of the individual candidates. However the experienced predict that California, in spite of the poverty of Bryan and his Democrats, will be found in the "silver wing." Three State conventions have declared for the white metal and all the farmers with mortgages want it. So if former conviction counts for anything surely it points to the Nebraskan as the choice. On the other side there is campaign oratory, of course, to be considered and with Reed and Foraker thundering against silver heresies the fallacies of that cause may be exposed. But a worse bugaboo to be fought is the assumption that this is the fight of rich against poor. Once establish that issue and the Democrats carry everything.

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The happiness of John Daggett is a joy to contemplate. By the nomination of Joseph Kelly two favorite enemies have suffered defeat and he aided in their undoing. Though Tom Clunie and the Superintendent buried a hatchet some weeks ago, it was not the only and original weapon which the latter has wielded since the Stockton convention but a toy axe indicative of the resumption of social intercourse. Revenge was by means forgotten and in the nomination fight at Redwood City the Mint flags and banners glittered bravely amid the Kelly forces. Of course the destruction of Editor Barry was a secondary consideration; his defeat filled the cup of Daggett's joy to overflowing for while it could not be claimed as a calculated revenge the condition was much that of a

1. GRIEF 2. PERPLEXITY 3. ANGER 4. CONSTERNATION 5. A GOOD CONTRACT

POSES BY BIONDI

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE WAVE BY TYLER

man throwing a stone at one dog who succeeds also in hitting another.

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The illness of Stephen J. Field has evoked the usual speculation as to the identity of his successor should he die or resign. In the ordinary course of events, it is presumed Senator White would have the ear of the appointive power, but the strained relations between Cleveland and the Chairman of the National Convention preclude that possibility, and with White out of the way, the interests of his friend, Judge Ross, would undoubtedly suffer. According to precedent it is proper for the President to appoint a Western man if such a vacancy presented itself, and in that instance it would be a question between several prominent lawyers, the chances possibly favoring Judge Garber. However, Cleveland, at the end of his term, might decide to reward with a seat in the highest tribunal the services of Carlisle, seeing it would be his last opportunity to provide permanently for so ardent a supporter. However, surmise is highly unprofitable, inasmuch as Field declares while he has life he will stay in office, and the bent of his temper and ailment are such that no one may hope to change his decision.

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The French celebration at the Chutes was a great entertainment and did not give over until dawn. The electric cars conveyed passengers there and back through the wee sma' hours. At 2 A. M. a delegation of newspaper artists, headed by the inimitable Swinnerton, invaded the enclosure blowing paper trumpets with brilliant effect. The band was routed out to give place for this weird music and its strains resounded amid the clangour of the celebration. Financial results left nothing to complain of, but added some $2,500 to the funds of the French hospital.

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The prominence of Young Lochinvar Bryan is taken sadly to heart by the Governor. As an advertising possibility the Boy Orator of the Platte has eclipsed the boldest efforts of the Stockton Wonder, and he finds himself a secondary consideration of merely local reputation. It is evident that some effort must be made to rescue his prominence, and I am told he designs a raid on the Napa Asylum. A diseased brick will doubtless furnish an occasion and a photograph for the "Examiner." Here, by the way, is an admirable cartoon for Swinnerton—Governor Jim—by limelight—a crowbar in one hand, a snapshot camera in the other, gazing earnestly at a disheartened brick, the Democracy in the background. However, the Governor is really a good administrator, though he does love calcium effects.

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Various are the ways of winning a livelihood nowadays. But among diverse methods of gathering bread, that of managing an orang-outang is not to be sneezed at. The manager of Mr. Joe Storms, who is to be exhibited at the Chutes shortly, demands for the services of his pet the sum of six hundred dollars a week—much more than California gives a good lawyer for being a Supreme Judge. The basis of this extraordinary remuneration, I understand, is the fact of there being but one Joe Storms in the United States and that Joe resembles the male of our species more closely than certain of Davenport's portraits of Populists which are described as excellent likenesses. Joe clothes himself, smokes and drinks in a manner that parodies deliciously the ordinary male manner, and has other unobjectionable characteristics that add to his interest.

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The important resignation to which I alluded last week still hangs in the air. Thus far the jurist gives no sign but pauses for that popular demonstration which he feels the announcement of his desires should evoke. So important a resignation ought not to be made without accompaniment of red fire and applause. These are the appropriate exhibitions of that approval for which the Judge longs and which his soul translates as the certain augury of success. Thus far, however, the clamor has not made itself heard and I fear the jurist is destined to strain his ears a long time ere its notes penetrate to his court room. If it be possible for the Democracy to elect a Senator then let us send to Washington a young and active man whose loyalty to principle and party will be indisputable. This State has too often conferred its laurel on the individual who vociferated loudest rather than on him whose capacity augurs the best service. It is time the day of the young man dawned in California and that self-seekers retire from the ring.

AN ITALIAN MIMIC

The woods are full of vaudeville performers—not all of them successful, perhaps, but each spurred to individual excellence by the ever growing demand for new specialties in that line of work, and although we are supposed to be living on the "ragged edge" of things out here, it quite often happens that a good thing of the sort falls to our lot. On Monday night last, a young Italian, Biondi by name, and a transformation artist by profession, using the comedietta as a vehicle for the display of his talent, opened at the Orpheum in this city. There are only two of his kind before the public, himself and Fregoli, also an Italian, vying for honors in the same work. It has been said of Biondi that he is a pupil of Fregoli, but this is a mistake. They are merely friends, Biondi, whose family is wealthy, having helped the older artist to make a start.

Ugo Biondi is a Florentine by birth, and received his education and passed the first nineteen years of his life amid the quaint and artistic surroundings of that delightful old city by the Arno, in which the immortal Dante first saw the light of day, and which gave birth to many of Italy's greatest celebrities. He has the black hair and eyes of his countrymen, and has the facial pallor, habitual to those bred in the cities of Italy, being very far removed from the swarthy type roaming her hills and highways, or bronzed by the salt breezes of her shores. He has fine eyes, and well kept hands, which he uses freely when conversing, and an intensely vitalized, magnetic

W. H. ALFORD
PHOTO BY MARCEAU

face—in short, he is good-looking and well groomed, very attractive and very Italian.

"Oh, no, not at all, I do not come of theatrical stock," he hastened to explain, when someone asked him if his parents were artists. "Au contraire, my father was for many years the cashier of the Custom House at Florence, and my mother the very quietest of home bodies. I was educated for the law, and until I was nineteen years of age the possibility of any other career never entered my mind. I visited occasionally at Milan, where my mother's brother, Boucarde, was the first tenor at the Grand Opera, and his wife, the celebrated Albertini, was the leading soprano. You have heard of Albertini, have you not?"

"Oh, yes," I assented, and he continued: "Perhaps it was my association with them that fostered some latent talent in me, but what really inclined me first to the stage was this: I belonged to an association that gave amateur performances occasionally, in which I played comedy parts. I became fired with the idea of becoming a genuine actor, and appealed to my father, who was obdurate. No, he did not think I was fitted to be an artist, and he did not wish me to be an actor unless I could be a great one, so I went back to my law books, and plodded on a while longer."

But, while Biondi was in Milan on a visit, he decided to go to work for himself. The restraint of home was wearisome, I fancy—he entered the municipal treasury department, passed his days bent over ledgers and account books, and his evenings at the Cafe Chantant.

"Well," the young artist paused a moment, looking at the toe of his boot; when he raised his eyes, his face was slightly flushed. "I fell desperately in love with a pretty girl at one of those cafes, and the upshot of it all was, I ran away with her."

He spoke of the matter with all the unabashed frankness with which those of the Latin race treat such situations. I waited for him to go on. He continued:

"I had laid by quite a sum of money—it was soon dissipated, and when it was gone"—up went his shoulders with a suggestive little shrug—

"The girl went, too," I said, to help him out.

"Yes, the girl went, too," Biondi repeated. "This was the turning point of my life—the awakening. I began to look about to see what I could do to earn my living. I felt unhappy, disgraced. I could not go home, and I was too proud to ask assistance of my father. Finally, I went to Ancona, and entered a dramatic school. I soon obtained a position, but it was dreadful, the routine, you know—I did not like it. I wanted to do something different from anyone else, and get ahead—to prove to my parents that I was not a failure, and finally I conceived the idea of doing the comedietta, assuming all the parts myself, singing all the songs, making all the speeches."

"Had you ever seen anything like it—or was the idea original with you?" I ventured to ask.

"Not exactly like my work," he replied. "There is only one other who does anything like my work, and that is Fregoli, but there is quite a difference in our methods."

"But how is it possible to make all the changes so rapidly, Monsieur Biondi?" I asked; "are you fitted with costumes which you shed, as a snake does his skin, or are you provided with numberless pockets, filled with make-up?"

"Oh, no," he answered, laughing. "I am dressed just so," and he arose, shaking out his coat with both hands. "No costumes, no pockets. I have two assistants, who are at hand, with all I need the moment I step off the scene; all I do is to make the change and reappear."

"But how can you do it so quickly," I persisted.

"Well, of course," he went on, "I have practiced these changes many times, over and over, trying to shorten the time with every attempt. Then, I go by counting, so"—he took a step forward—"one, I am off the scene—two, I change my dress—three, I put on my wig—four, five, I step back to the door, and with six or seven I am on again. I never look in a glass, or waste a moment during the performance. I learn to adjust everything when I am rehearsing."

"Tell me," I said, sounding him, "what do you think of Fregoli?"

"Ah, Fregoli," he replied, with a little shrug and a slight lifting of his brow—an indulgent air—"he is good, very good—we are friends, you know," he added, as if that precluded further comment.

"Of course you have seen Chevalier?"

His face lighted in an instant, and a broad smile crept over it, a bit of mischief leaped into his eyes.

"Oh, Chevalier—he is charming—a good fellow—he is my good friend. We were together at Koster and Bial's. He would go on and say:

Here Biondi jumped up and made a curt little bow a la Chevalier.

" 'Ladies and gentlemen, I will give you an imitation of Biondi.' After, I would not say anything. I cannot speak English, but I would go forward and just say, 'Chevalier, so, with a wink. I would pull down my coat, and rub my chin, so."

With a rapid trick or two of his hands the little Italian pulled his hair over his forehead, and seemed to change the very lines of his face. Then he dropped nearly a foot down to the low, slouching gait of the costermonger—and there stood Chevalier, true to the life, almost.

This marvelous little man has traveled everywhere. He has been feted in Russia and decorated in Chili, and has contracts signed for four years to come. I asked him where he would go from here.

"To New York to be married," he answered. He is marrying an American girl—then off on his travels again.

It was time to go. He took my hand in his, in his effusive Italian way, and hoped he should see me again. I said the same to him, and I meant it, for he is too good-looking and entertaining to miss.

E. D. H.

ON THE ROAD TO PARNASSUS

By H. W. NEVISON

It was a Saturday night in summer, and Wenley had laid itself out for the weekly delirium of enjoyment. From the level ground at the foot of the long hill, the roar of a steam merry-go-round could be heard far away by less fortunate villages, as solemn couples went whirling round upon its wooden horses to the tune of an obsolete song, tortured into a waltz. A cheap-jack rattled plates together, uttering shrill warnings of lost opportunity to the heedless. Women hastened up and down with gossips and protestations, maintaining the standard of each other's duty. Public houses glowed with lights, and sounded with emphatic voices. After the grinding toil of the week, the moment of compensation had come. All were possessed by the frenzy for pleasure, and across the paradise of the blessed Sabbath the dreariness of Monday morning looked almost as remote as death.

A boy and a girl came out of one of the inns at the bottom of the village, and began slowly to climb the upward road, with its deep covering of black dust. They seemed little more than children, but in her arms she hugged their skinny child along.

"Weren't it warm in there!" he said, taking off his cap and wiping his forehead with it. His hair hung over his pale and regular face in dark-reddish locks.

"You're right," she answered. "It's a sweet mercy I sold my petticoat, or I dunno whatever I'd do for heat."

"Well, and 'ow do yer think my song went?" he asked after a pause.

"It was an 'eavenly success, dear, and no mistake," she said. "I seed a pitman laughin'."

"What did us make?" he asked again.

"Sixpence by the petticoat," she answered.

"And what by the singin'?"

"Well," she said, "I got seven 'alfpence."

"It ain't much," he said with a sigh.

"No," she answered, "it ain't to be called very much, but it all mounts up. And ninepence 'alfpenny's a pretty fair start for the week."

"Sixpence of it was for yer petticoat," he objected.

"And who said it weren't?" she replied. "And besides, I've got my boots to sell, and I'd deal sooner be without 'em in this doost."

"But yer've got nothink worth the sellin' after that," he said.

"Money ain't the only thing," she retorted.

"Why, what else is there?" he asked.

"Yer've often told me, there's the glory."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "there's the glory."

"To be sure," she went on, "us could do with a bit of some-ut beside, just to buy the baby a new belly-band, seein' he'is fair bustin' the tapes off his'n with swellin' so fat."

"Mary," he said, stopping in the middle of the road and turning on her, "yer know very well it ain't swellin' fat no more nor us. It ain't no good makin' believe."

"You don't know nothin' about him," she said. "He's all right, and as fat as it's good for 'im to be. But oh! I do sometimes wish I'd 'ad a lot of babies before, so as to be quite sure what's right for this here one."

She drew aside the shawl which covered her own head and the baby too, and looked down at its pinched little face.

"I tell yer what it is," said David, walking on in front, "if us don't take a deal more at the next public, I'll do some'ut as 'll rid yer of me for ever, and a good job, too."

"Now don't get talkin' that way," she said, rubbing her eyes. "I ask it of yer, dont! I can't abear it when you're took like that. You keep on smilin', and I'll cadge the money right enough."

They said no more, but tramped on till they came where the Bull's Head flared across the road and cast a dubious light on the gray church opposite. Pushing the swing-door open, they stood side by side in the midst of the public taproom.

The place was full of noise and smoke and the smell of beer. The benches round the walls and the two wooden tables were crowded with customers—quarrymen brown from the earth, pitmen still unwashed, chainmakers with hands scarred by the forge. Women were there, too—some with their husbands, taking one turn in three at the men's quarts; some drinking in their own right as wage-earning nailers. The chubby landlord, bustling about, was pleased at the arrival of the singers, for the argumentative stage among his patrons was verging toward the quarrelsome. A few were sleepily gazing in front of them, abandoning themselves to a stupefied luxury of rest, like oxen loosed from the plow. A few were still grumbling over unjust hardships of their own. But most, inspired by that strange passion for nobler things, were striving to penetrate into regions where the torpid intellect might for a brief space find exercise. An Irishman was tracing the distress of his land to the introduction of flax, which had exhausted a soil once so rich in saints and heroes, and he was offering to settle the question forever by fighting a "creeping Saxon" who doggedly maintained that cabbage would have been worse even than flax. The Wenley Radical was drawing a parallel between Beaconsfield and Napoleon, because both were "Crossican Jews" from Poland, in league against the workingman. Old Issachar was maintaining the advantages of education; thanks to which his grand-daughter Alice would always be able to read the murders and wife-beatings and divorces in the paper of a Sunday for herself, instead of being dependent on grand-children for the news, as he was. "And how's I to know her don't skip the best o' the penn'orth?" he was asking appealingly; but perceiving the new arrivals in the middle of the floor, he glared at them in silence like the rest.

Clutching his cap in both hands, David at once began to sing, his eyes fixed on vacancy. Mary glanced timidly round the audience, as though to estimate the chances of favor; and then arranging the shawl so that the women might just see the baby's little white head peeping above it, she turned to David, and waited for his signal to join in the chorus. She stood under the gas-light, a pretty and girlish figure. Her wild brown hair escaped under the edge of the shawl. Her thin and shrunken skirt hung close to her limbs, and showed the bare ankles and bulging boots below.

The first song was the usual popular ballad, such as filters through the country from music-halls and suburban drawing-rooms. It bewailed the inconsistency of mortal affections contrasted with the diamonds which still flashed from false Love's finger. Without any feeling of incongruity, the audience, led by Mary's high treble, growled out the familiar words of the chorus:

"The Duke's high window's ablaze with light,
There's a whisper of feet on the floor;
She is dancing, is dancing, my love to-night,
My love who is mine no more."

With eyes bent on the ground, each taking care not to look at his neighbor for fear of being put to open shame for committing such an act as singing, the villagers sang it steadily through to the very last verse. Then, with a sense of duty performed at all costs, they lifted their toil stained faces, and with heavy feet stamped their satisfaction on the bricks and sawdust.

In answer to the applause, Mary smiled round the circle to keep them in good humor. She was very anxious for the success of the next song. It was of David's own making, and she knew that on its reception his happiness and temper depended till the next time he sang it again. He began at once:

"As I went up and down the world,
I made a little song,
And sang it to the fields and woods,
Whilst wandering along.
Upon the breezes it was borne,
And carried by the birds;
The men all loved the tune of it,
The women loved the words."

With kindling eyes Mary led the chorus, her whole body swaying to mark the time and emphasis:

"Singing, 'No road need I to travel by,
No compass and no chart;
And the only star in all the sky
For me's my true love's heart.'"

No one joined in the words, for they were new; but the more polite grunted to keep her company. Then David went on:

"The queen she sang it on the throne,
Wearing her golden crown;
The sailors sang it out at sea,
The gentlefolk in town;
The soldiers on the battlefield,
The shepherds by their sheep;
And mothers put their little ones
At night with it to sleep.

"Singing, 'No road need I to travel by,' etc.

"The baker he was singing it
From whom I stole the bread;
The p'liceman when he collared me
Had my song in his head;
The judge he sang it on the bench,
The witness in the box,
And now I hear my jailer's voice
As he turns the prison locks.

"Singing, 'No road need I to travel by,'" etc.

Mary sang "For me's my true love's heart," twice over to show that was the end. Then Shadow, the "'oss-fettler," from an unobserved corner suddenly cried, "Brayvo, moother!" There was a roar of laughter; and whisking off one of her baby's socks, Mary held it out to him for alms with an open-hearted smile. Making a stiff military bow, Shadow dropped a halfpenny into it, and other coppers followed as she passed round the tables with the simple appeal. The women clucked like hens to please the baby. The men said "moother," and every time they said it the whole room laughed again.

Then she turned as usual into the bar parlor, where the plutocracy of labor sit beside their nectar, and listen to the sounds of savage mirth from the taproom, pleasantly subdued by distance. As she hurried across the short dark passage, she ran against the landlord, who was waiting there.

"Look 'ere," he whispered, holding her by the arm, "I've took a fancy to you. Whose child's that you've got?"

"Thank yer kindly," she said, shaking him off, "and whose should it be?"

"Now," he went on, "'ere's two shillin' for yer, and all you've got to do is to say that child ain't your'n, if the question's put to yer."

"And what's the good of talkin' like that?" she asked.

"Take the two shillin', and don't ask stoopid questions," he said. "Now mind, you've only got to say you hired it out for the look of the thing."

He forced the money into her hand. "Well," she said spitting on it for luck, "if it's only for a say-so, there ain't no harm done."

She crept past him, hastily lifted the latch of the parlor door, and entered. "Spare a trifle for a poor little baby, mum," she said, holding out the little sock to a stout woman on the "screen." It was a doggie's wife.

"No tramps nor hussies for me, thank yer," she answered, swelling and ruffling like an indignant turkey. "Why can't people do work same as the rest of we has to, instead of goin' round singin' and doin'? It's against nature. And a baby, too!"

"Please, mum, he ain't against nature," said Mary, and stopped short.

"Now, my girl," broke in Mr. Johnson, the engineer, speaking as much as possible like the chairman of a vestry, "some of we has been takin' a look at yer through the taproom hinges, and the landlord has laid an even five shillin' against the doggie has that child ain't yer own. Now, tell the truth, yes or no. And remember, five shillin' depends on yer answer."

Mary held the two shillings tight in her left hand, and glanced anxiously round the room. She pressed the baby so close to her that it began to wake and stir against her side. "Whose else should 'e be?" she whispered looking down.

"Never you mind for whose else, so long as it ain't your'n," put in the landlord quickly.

She made no answer.

"You see," said the landlord, looking round in triumph, "her can't say it. Now, don't be frightened, my dear. You hired it, didn't yer?"

"What should I want hirin' of 'im for, when I got 'im for nothin'?" she said.

"Oh, it was give yer!" said the landlord. "Anyways, the thing ain't yer own child."

"Who dares to say he ain't my own child?" she cried, turning savagely on the man. "I s'pose I'd ought to know best."

The room shouted applause. "Quite right," laughed the doggie's wife, rubbing her knees. "A course her'd ought to know best. I've moothered eight, thank God! and if I do get a bit mixed up over them last five or six, I don't forget the first—no, nor shan't, not to my dyin' day. There, my dear, there's a nice penny for the baby, and I don't begrudge it, seein' he's won a fair five shillin' for my 'oosband and me. But you tell that young man it ain't right to take a girl like you slotherin' over the country at night and doin' no work."

"Please, mum, we's got our singin' to do," said Mary, with a courtesy of thanks for the penny.

"Singin'! call that work?" cried the woman, and the whole room joined in her scornful laugh as Mary went out, the landlord following close behind her.

He shut the door, and seizing her round the neck, dragged the shawl from her head, and turned her face up to his. "You vixen!" he said.

"All right," she answered, beginning to cry. "Here's yer money."

"Kiss me quiet, and yer may stick to it," he whispered.

"Let me go! What do yer take me for?" she cried. But at that moment she heard David's voice beginning their last song. She thought of his threat and of the few, the very few, halfpence she had collected. The silver seemed to glow in her hand. With a quick movement she drew the shawl right over the baby's head so that he could not see, and shut her eyes, holding her pale little face rigid. The moment the man's lips touched her she tore herself away, and sprang into the pitiless gas-light of the taproom, where every eye turned curiously upon her. She was just in time to join David in the chorus:

"Hi! hi! clear the way
For the rowdy-dowdy boys!"

and as she sang, she tried with her right hand to twist up her knot of brown hair, which had somehow fallen loose.

"Oh, David!" she said, as they passed from the glaring room into the blue air of the summer night, "ain't there a 'orse-trough nowheres hereabout?"

"Do yer want to bath the baby?" said David.

"Baby, indeed! at this time of night!" she answered.

"Well," says David, "if yer want a drink, that seems a pretty big pond there."

"I only wish it was the sea," she said, and handing him the child, she knelt by the edge of the duck-pond, and plunged her face into the water. Then she rubbed her cheeks and mouth with her hands, and dried herself carefully with the bottom of her skirt.

"Well?" he said at last, in the voice of one who hardly ventures to know the worst.

"Oh, grand!" she laughed. "Guess 'ow much!"

"I counted over fivepence," he said.

"Fivepence!" she cried in scorn. "Why, three shillin' won't buy we now. What do you say to two and sevenpence halfpenny at one go?"

"It can't be true!" he said.

"What's that, then, dear?" she asked, jingling the money in her pocket as she ran along the edge of the pond, and threw her arms round his neck. "Kiss me!"

"If us could keep that up, it 'ud be a pound a week, not countin' Sundays," he said.

"Why, it's a deal better than doin' work," she answered, kissing his neck as she softly took the baby back. "Thee's great at singin', David, I always knowed it."

"Ain't it glorious!" he said. "But let's get along to Doodley, and have a nice clean bed. We might run to a sixpenny to-night, mightn't us, dear?"

And as they trudged along the upland road, with its wide views over the flaring and smoking land, all silvered by the moon, he kept repeating softly to himself the two lines of the hymn:

"Those amaranthine bowers
Unalienably ours."

He had no idea what the words meant, but their length and strangeness pleased his poetic sense.

"I'm thinkin'," said Mary at last, "unless your dear 'eart's set on gettin' into a bed to-night, I'd as leave sleep out, and spend the sixpence on baby's underclothin'."

They turned aside to a deserted pit, standing lonely in the middle of its old refuse-heaps. David shook the engine-house door, but it was tightly fastened. Then they found the shaft. The mouth had been boarded over some feet below the surface, and old planks and railings had fallen across the top, making a kind of roof. David cautiously lowered himself on to the platform, and struck a match.

"That's first-rate," said Mary, "so long as them boards don't drop us down the shaft into the water! The p'lice won't never think of lookin' for we here."

So there they made their home for the night, and had supper on the bread and sweets they had hidden in their pockets. Then she fed the baby, and spreading out the shawl over all three, she pretended to go to sleep.

"What are yer ditherin' for? Can't yer 'old still?" said David, after a while.

"I ain't ditherin', dear," she answered; "but I'm sorry I sold that petticoat now."

"What are yer cryin' for, Mary?" he asked again.

"I ain't cryin', dear," she said; "but I'd ought to 'ave knowed you'd make the money all right."

"Ain't it grand!" he said. "And there's the glory as well."

"Yes, there's the glory, a course," she answered; and he fell asleep, warm and happy, against her side.

(H. Holt & Co., publishers.)

A SUMMER IN ARCADY

Startling enough surely is James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady." It is quite a new note in American fiction. In the portrayal of the loves of Hilary and Daphne Mr. Allen is vitally, one may say, relentlessly true, he is loath to interpose any screen between the reader and the very essence of that bit of human life he is studying. He gets down very close at times, as for instance, in the scene where Hilary and Daphne are together in the meadow and Daphne hides in the grass at the approach of her father.

"He turned softly toward her. She was lying on her side, with her burning cheek in one hand. The other hand rested high on the curve of her hip. Her braids had fallen forward, and lay in a heavy loop about her lovely shoulders. Her eyes were closed, her scarlet lips parted in a smile. The edges of her snow-white petticoats showed beneath her blue dress, and beyond these one of her feet and ankles. Nothing more fragrant with innocence ever lay on the grass.

"'Is it time to get up now?'

"'Not yet,' and he sat bending over her.

"'Now?'

"'Not yet,' he repeated more softly.

"'Now, then?'

"'Not for a long time.'

"His voice thrilled her, and she glanced up at him. His laughing eyes were glowing down upon her under his heavy mat of hair. She sat up and looked toward the wagon crawling away in the distance: her father was no longer in sight."

There is but little story to the book. No attempt at "plot," that miserable bugbear of authors which has been the ruin of uncounted numbers of good novels. "Arcady" is not a story, it is a picture, a picture of two young people, a whole definite piece cut from the canvas and set down in print. Daphne and Hilary meet, fall in love with each other, go through a short courtship and are finally married clandestinely. This is absolutely all, but the manner of treatment, the naturalistic point of view assumed by Mr. Allen makes the book one of the kind that will last. It is intensely original, as can be seen from a few extracts.

"The young trust themselves alone with Nature, who cares only for life and nothing for the higher things that make life worth the living. To them who understand her deadly approaches she can come least near with the power to harm. When her low storm threatens, they can rise to higher strongholds, perhaps to the great calm crags of spiritual retreat, and look down with pity upon her havoc in the plain. But the young, who have not learned and do not suspect, these from the creation of the world she has been engulfing as those who once walked between the walls of water.

* * * * * * *

"In a moment he was on his knees before her and had imprisoned her hand with the book in it. With the other he drew the book out and put it in his pocket. Then all at once the same unforseen desire that had thrilled him that day in the meadow—the same unforseen desire that had come over him as he braided the ring on her hand the day before—now rose in him with overmastering strength, and he held her hand.

THE COIFFING
BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY
From "The Savoy"

"'Don't, Hilary!' she said sweetly, with a little wince of pain. 'Let me go. You hurt me!'

"He caught her other hand.

"'Hilary!' she cried again, with a deeper rebuke in her voice, falling backward against the tree and struggling to release her hands.

"He tried to draw her to him with a low caressing laugh.

"'Hilary! Hilary!' she cried, resisting him with a sudden terror of his advances, his rough tenderness, the torrent of his feelings. Then with one awful thought, and the strength it gave her, she struggled out of his arms to her feet, and stood supporting herself with one hand against the tree. He rose, and they confronted each other. The great solemn voices were sounding now; the divine bell was tolling now. Her face seemed cut from marble, and her eyes were full of fright and distress.

"He looked at her, pale, without a word."

In this as in many other of the passages Mr. Allen strikes the keynote of the book, Daphne and Hilary are little better than natural, wholesome human brutes, drawn to each other by the force of Nature—Mr. Allen spells it with a big N—irresistible, blindly, moved only by an unreasoned animal instinct. In less skillful hands the thing might become revolting, with Mr. Allen it is little short of a charming idyll. The passage that follows is admirably handled. We have next a strange, intense love scene ending in an impulsive half-terrified elopement. The two are married by a county squire, the landlord of a county hotel acting as one of the witnesses. After the ceremony they return to the hotel. It is long since I have come across a stronger, truer, more pitiful picture than this, the closing scene of the book. It is late at night. Turning to the newly married pair the landlord says:

"'You'll find your room at the head of the stairs, when you get ready to go up,' he said. 'Take this lamp with you. Good-night.'

"He went out, but came back and thrust in his head.

"'You can lock the front door,' he said to Hilary, significantly.

* * * * * *

It was all over now—the life of peril and unrest from which they had barely escaped—with its tossing nights, its wistful, heartsore days, its ungovernable yearnings. An awkward, embarrassed silence fell upon them the moment they were left alone. Daphne turned to a picture of the squire, that hung over the mantelpiece. From that she passed to a window, opening upon the rear of the yard, and stood for a little while, looking out tremblingly at the grass and the trees, silvered with moonlight. Then she sank upon a small, stiff chair, and dropping her eyes on her lap, began passing her fingers slowly, mechanically, around her handkerchief, going from corner to corner, corner to corner. Across the room Hilary had sat down by the table. His hand was shaking, his face was flushed and his tongue was palsied. The hour had come to him when, of all that can ever come to man, he feels that he must begin a new life and when he would like to begin it as one newly born; when his old past rises against him; when, if there is anything decent and manly surviving in him still, he is overwhelmed with some sense of the awful gift that love has brought into his unworthy life—a pure woman.

"The great heights were never to be for Hilary. His ancestors, his companions, Nature, his own temperament and limitations, had appointed him his poor rough place far lower down; but if there ever descended upon him any rays of that divine light of the spirit which also rests upon such a union; if there ever reached him any fresh vision of the real manliness of what is right; these intimations from the wisdom of everlasting law, from the perpetuity of the species, and from the growing, triumphing movement of the world, conquered him and crushed him now.

* * * * * * *

"The album slipped from his hands to the table. He started, and stole a look at her.

"The moonlight, streaming through the window, rested upon her bare, lovely head, and upon one side of her face. He could see how white it was, how frightened, how appealing in its loneliness; a child—his wife—awaiting his will—submissive.

"A new feeling of protective tenderness rose in him for her; and with a quick, deep breath he started up and went over, and took her hands softly in his and stood before her, looking reverently down at her.

"'Will you go up now, Daphne?' he said, in a low tone. 'It is so late, and you must sleep.'

"Her head dropped forward a little lower.

"'Go, dearest,' and his hands gathered themselves about hers with the strong, true pressure of a promise.

"She lifted her face to him.

"'You go with me,' she whispered. 'I'm afraid.'

"He turned to the lamp solemnly, and led the way. When he reached the door, he glanced back. She sat still in the chair.

"'Come on,' he said, with something in his voice that drew her irresistibly to him.

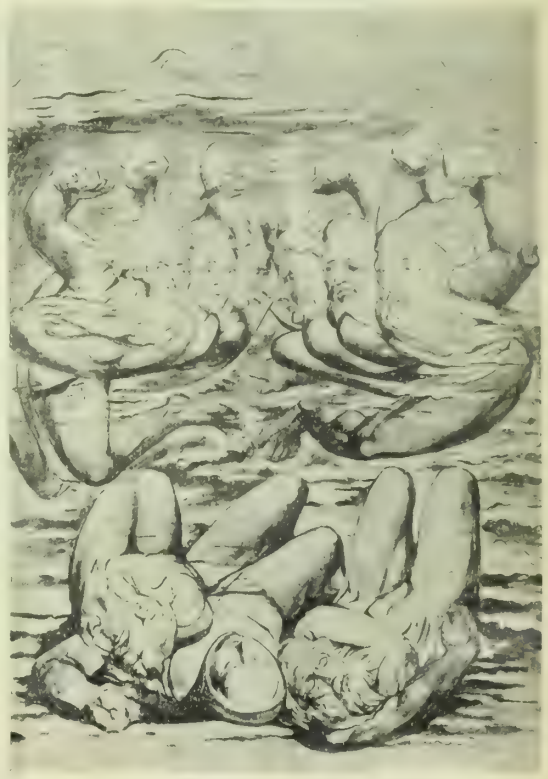
"She rose and began to follow. But when she reached the foot of the stair, she stopped, faint and trembling, and watched him as he went slowly up. How heavy his tread was, how large his limbs were, how broad his back looked with the lamplight close in front of it! There was a pitiful fear of him in her eyes, and her bosom rose and fell with her quivering breath.

"But at last she was happy and at peace: he was hers. The old, troublesome, uncertain life with him in the meadows, now so far away, at the picnic, in the pasture was at an end. Girlhood, too, was at an end now; and with a certain new pity of herself she recalled the day when, careless and free, she had walked home across the fields in the warmth of early June, and had paused to hear him singing in the corn.

"He reached the top of the stairs and, turning, raised the lamp above his head. But when he looked down and saw her at the bottom, he came down the stairs and put his arm closely around her, and they went up together."

THE ART OF THE DECADENCE

The magazines of the Symboliste movement in art and literature have had less to say about William Blake than their Philistine contemporaries. In the 'Yellow Book" his pictures and sketches have furnished no essay nor appreciation by eminent modern pens. Neither La Gallienne nor Max Beerbohm have had a word for him. The "Savoy," however, proposes to mitigate this deficiency, and offers in its latest issue (it is now a monthly) a competent essay on the first great symboliste of modern times. It is apropos of Blake's unfinished illustrations to the "Divine Comedy" that W. B. Yeats writes, rehearsing first the characteristics of his subject's genius. Blake, Yeats says, represented the shapes of beauty haunting our moments of inspiration; shapes held by most for the frailest of ephemera, but by him for a people older than the world, citizens of eternity appearing and reappearing



ANGRY SPIRITS FIGHTING IN HADES
BY WILLIAM BLAKE
From "The Savoy"

in the minds of artists and of poets, creating all we touch and see by casting distorted images of themselves upon the "vegetable glass of nature," and because beings, none the less symbols; blossoms, as it were, growing from invisible roots.

Blake undertook to illustrate elaborately Dante's epic at the latter end of his career, and finished but few of the sketches. From the several curious plates which "The Savoy" offers I reproduce the sketch of the angry spirits fighting in the waters of the Styx above the sluggish bodies of the melancholy, which is pronounced by Yeats the best of the series, presenting in a full degree the intentions of the artist.

Besides the Blake pictures this number contains a strong story by Hubert Crackanthorpe, and both a drawing and a poem by Aubrey Beardsley, "The Ballad of a Barber."

At last the much-heralded Petit Journal des Refusees is out, a mad little ebullition of gilded wall-paper and distorted human limbs and Gelett Burgess. Is its purpose to show what these faddy, degenerate publications are coming to, if they keep on? Or is it just to prove that a thing can be done without any purpose at all? James Marion 2nd himself says it is merely an act of kindness to the women whose productions "nave been ruthlessly rejected by less large-hearted and appreciative editors" than himself, and that is a spirit every woman in the country should encourage by buying a copy. To a practical mind, it is a pity that so much imagination and wit should be allowed to run wild, when it might be harnessed to some neat, modern, and not too flashy vehicle, which would be watched with interest and respect, and might run for a great many years. People will undoubtedly stare at you if you yell out loud in church, and that is about the kind of a sensation the P. J. R. will make.

There is some very clever work in it, and "What Smith Tried to Believe" is delicious, but its eccentricity is self-conscious and its originality labelled. Still, it will make people talk and, better yet, make them laugh, and, as Smith says, "Rats, what's the difference!"

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IN SOCIETY

How the Smart Set Has Amused Itself This Week.

The most elaborate entertainment underlined for the near future is the wedding of Miss Gerstle and Mr. Levinson, to be celebrated at noon, on the 29th of July, at the Gerstle residence in San Rafael. It is to be a lawn wedding. No detail that may be employed to lend a touch of the picturesque is being neglected, and the arrangements read like a chapter from a novel by the Duchess. There is to be a summery effect to the whole affair that is charming to contemplate. The ceremony is to be celebrated in the summer house. That is to say, the picturesque green shed, with its thousands of clustering roses, is to serve as a canopy under which the young couple is to stand while repeating the marriage vows. Dr. Voorsanger, of course, will officiate. The six bridesmaids are Miss Alice Greenwald, Miss Alice Greenebaum, Miss Alma Levinson, Miss Helen Schweitzer, Miss Clara Joseph and Miss Sadie Hecht, while Miss Belle Gerstle, the bride's sister, is to be maid of honor. They will be dressed alike, in white organdie over a foundation of green silk, and will wear white picture hats trimmed with American beauty roses. The invited guests, two hundred in number will take the 10:15 narrow gauge boat. Carriages will meet the train at the station and the guests will be taken to the Sloss residence which adjoins the Gerstle place. After the ceremony, there is to be a bridal breakfast served on the lawn.

Never was there such a season for marrying and giving in marriage. Each week's news budget is deemed incomplete unless some prominent engagement is announced. The very latest one out is that of Miss Alice Younger, youngest daughter of Dr. William J. Younger, and First Lieutenant Baron Laral Nugent of the Eighty-first regiment of the line, Imperial Royal Austrian army. Like her sister, Miss Younger is musically inclined and it was while studying music in Vienna that she met her fate. No arrangements will be made for the wedding until Dr. Younger has a chance to run over and see the young couple. The Doctor has not yet met his distinguished future son-in-law, and when he last kissed Miss Alice good-bye, some twelve months ago, the young lady was wearing short dresses and had her golden hair hanging down her back. It was at first expected that Miss Younger would come home to be married, but such a course will be impossible. A leave of absence, now, for the young officer would mean the losing of his chance of promotion, so the wedding will be solemnized either in Paris or Vienna.

Miss Isabella McKenna and Peter Martin have indefinitely postponed their wedding owing to the extremely precarious condition of Mrs. Donahue. The date of the wedding will depend entirely upon Mrs. Donahue's recovery.

The Rudolph Spreckels' have not closed negotiations for the Pacific avenue and Gough street lot. Some flaw, the technicalities of which are only comprehensible to the knowing business mind, called the purchase off. It is a pity, for that is one of the most desirable residence lots in town. However, they have not given up their intention of building, and have secured the refusal of several fine locations.

When Manager Frawley imported the beautiful Maxine Elliott, he counted on the countless admirers who were to have made the path of the leading lady one continuous path of costly roses. On the contrary, I am told, he was anything but favorably impressed with his leading man. But the keen managerial man was in error. The beautiful actress was lauded by the papers, admired by the few, but there were no posies, not to speak of pathways of roses. And the shrunken sleeve leading man? There is not a mature girl in town who has not begged his autograph. His pictures adorn boudoirs that are all hung in blue and white, and his name goes back and forth across the tea tables. One peculiarity about the Worthing fever is that only the very young take it. Between 15 and 18 the suffering is most acute, but I am told that at 22 the disease is perfectly harmless.

At the Orpheum the other night I watched a touching scene. Previous to their act, the sisters who do the turn on the suspended revolving trapeze met in the wings and tenderly embraced one another. There was a suspicious moistening of their eyes and a nervous little twitch of their chins as they kissed one another. Was it superstition or preparing for what they feel is their inevitable fate? Anyway, those who watched the scene breathed a sigh of contentment and relief when their act was safely over.

However, the Summer wanes now, and it will not be long before Society is back in its old pastures. Among others who are again in town is Miss Jennie McFarland, who has returned from a month's visit to Portland, Oregon.

Society and army circles were rather disappointed that the favorites Lieutenant Coffin and Mrs. Wood elected to be married so quietly. Only an extremely limited number of guests attended their wedding on Tuesday. Lieutenant and Mrs. Coffin are most fortunately mated. Their tastes are very congenial, for both are fond of out-door sports and society. It is most unfortunate that they go to Canby for as host and hostess they would have been delightful.

THE GOSSIP.

MISS ALICE YOUNGER
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO BARON LARAL NUGENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED

OUT-OF-TOWN TALK

The tranquility which has been the social characteristic of Oakland these recent moons continues unrelieved. This is not a condition of affairs that makes for incident or amusement, but the end of vacation time is near at hand, and entertainment will then, I presume, again set in.

Over in Alameda there is some gossip about the marriage of Miss Ruth Benson and Holbrook Blinn, who, I am told, are soon to be joined in holy wedlock. Miss Benson went to Alaska as a member of the far-famed Auzerais troupe and met her fate en route. She is much given to amateur dramatics, was a member of the Alameda Theatrical Club, took part in innumerable farces and comedies, and reaches the summit of her desires in adopting the profession. With Mr. Blinn she is a member of the Effie Elisler troupe, which is playing somewhere in the East.

East Oakland has a lawn party to report. Mrs. J. B. Storch, who has one of the charming homes that line Fruitvale avenue, gave an entertainment in honor of Miss Rawlins, and the Fruitvale set, which is much given to garden parties, was duly in attendance.

The Oakland Fair, which has become an institution of some social moment, opens the 3rd of August, and there is some anticipation as to its pretensions. An art gallery is to be an adjunct this summer, but only the work of Alameda County artists is eligible. On this basis Keith is admissible inasmuch as he resides in Berkeley, but the canvasses of all the others who are unfortunate enough to reside on the far side of the bay are denied hanging room. There is nothing like protecting home industry. By the way the Suffragists are to exhibit their business ability by running a tea booth under the management of Mrs. Archie Boreland. Besides harmless decoctions of the fragrant leaf there will be dispensed pies, cakes, and other material comforts, together with the literature of the feminine vote. No opportunity, of course, should be lost of making converts, but this does seem like a glaring effort in the good cause.

The sad ending of Miss Lizzie Van Wyck has excited general sympathy. She was an interesting young woman whose personality possessed much fascination. To the charms of beauty and coloring she added a brightness of manner which made a sad contrast to the melancholy of her death. The Van Wycks have enjoyed in Oakland society a unique position. Their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Van Wyck, were originally from Baltimore and come of excellent family. The Doctor's practice was among the Southern set and his character and connections obtained him prominence, social as well as professional. His death following soon after that of his wife, left the family but ill provided for, but their little fortune, well invested, has sufficed for a livelihood. The eldest daughter, Miss Helen Van Wyck, a notably bright and charming woman, has been in loco parentis to her brother and her two sisters. Her wit, intelligence and undoubted conversational powers made her the center of an admiring circle. Miss Lizzie, the youngest of the sisters, had gone to the cotillions, where her blonde beauty made her conspicuous. The origin of the melancholy which settled upon her recently no one seems to know. Several times she had threatened to kill herself, and but a few hours before the fatal deed, had promised her sisters she would not attempt to take her life. The shock has been a terrible one, but sympathetic friends have done all in their power to alleviate the effect of the sad fatality.

The polo field at Burlingame is deserted and the sport is suffering a temporary lull. It is not that the game is any less fashionable, but that its most ardent votaries have left for unexplored fields and pastures new. Richard Tobin, one of the very best players, is off for a hunting expedition in Canada. Walter Hobart is wandering in the mountains, and Charley Baldwin just at present has no thought of polo, or any other sport, for that matter. The youngsters have taken possession of the field, and are truly developing some excellent polo players.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker have a large house party up at the cottage at the Crags. Miss Jennie Catherwood is the especial guest of Miss Rutherford. Allen Bowie and Edward Sheldon were to have joined the party the latter part of the week but the stress of business has made it impossible for them to go.

There is a superabundance of life and fun at the Hotel Vendome, and more guests are arriving every day. Numbers of riding and driving parties have stopped at the hotel for luncheon, and every week bicyclists from Oakland and San Francisco come down on their wheels. Among those who registered during the last week were Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Bigelow of San Francisco, Mrs. W. H. Keith and her daughter Miss Eliza D. Keith (Di Vernon), Mrs. H. F. Fortmann and Miss Fortmann, Professor Edward T. Holden, A. N. Drown and wife, Charles A. Belden and family, Mrs. M. V. Baldwin, and many others.

THE WANDERER.

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A PROFESSIONAL MATINEE

The Amateur Actor Recites Impressions on Critics and Others

The amateur actor strolled into the editor's sanctum. Strolled in with the easy familiarity of a cherished contributor, and settled himself comfortably on the edge of a desk littered with proofs and manuscript, at which the editor sat.

"I've just come in from the Professional Matinee," he commenced, adjusting his buttonniere—composed of tiny roses—and smoothing out the lines of the frock coat which he had modeled after the garment that John Drew wears in "The Squire of Dames."

The editor laid down a worn blue pencil and threw himself back in his chair. The Amateur Actor drew out a silver cigarette case and passed it over.

"I know," wearily interrupted the editor, who was once himself a dramatic critic. "Unnatural hair and smooth-shaven masculine mouths—mouths the exposure of which nothing but the exigencies of the profession could justify."

"You should have gone," continued the Amateur Actor. "The celebrities were out in force—and their best clothes—Maxine and John Drew, and dear Ethel Barrymore, and——"

"Worthing—and Nat Goodwin and—Tom Sharkey and Jim Corbett?" the editor interrupted. "Of course they all appeared in boxes and front row seats. It has happened before, you know."

"It's my first matinee," apologized the Amateur Actor, "and rather an event for me, you know. But my dear fellow, how these great professionals do hate one another.

"You forget the critics," the editor suggested.

"Of course they are ready to tar and feather the critics," the Amateur Actor went on, cheerfully, looking at the editor as if he was computing the quantity of feathers required. "Though, come to think of it, I never read anything in print much worse than what I heard them say this blessed afternoon."

The editor settled himself back in his chair.

"Thought I'd make the rounds, you know," said the Amateur, adjusting himself amid the manuscripts. "So, after the first act I dropped in on Miss Shannon. She was in the right-hand box and was rather glad, I thought, to see me."

"Kelcey must have been there,' 'interrupted the editor.

"Looking stunning in a new frock," enthusiastically agreed the Amateur. "And you should have heard them slate the critics. Gave them Cain! I thought of you, old man,"—this affectionately—"and put an oar in. At least I improved on that thing in "The Spinster's Script" —Said that critics, like wives, 'are a provoking class of society, for though they be never right, they be never more than half wrong.' Of course it was'nt a very valiant defense but it might as well have been, for Kelcey blinked his eyes very fast, as he did in "A Bunch of Violets" when the secretary got the best of him, and said with icicles on every accent: 'I would be sorry, Mister Amateur, to think my critics were even half right.' 'Criticisms,' lisped Miss Shannon, 'are like husbands; its dreadful to get a disagreeable one, but its worse to get none at all. You know that, don't you, Winona dear?' she said turning to her sister.

"A bit hard on you," commented the editor.

"I'm not sensitive," answered the Amateur, "but I wasn't sorry when I caught the eye of Miss Elliot—Maxine, you know—so I picked up my hat and remarked that I'd promised to give Miss Elliot some pointers about the preparation of new roles."

"'I know what her method is at present,' said Kelcey. 'She tries to remember how Ada Rehan or somebody else did it and'——

"'Buys new corsets,' interjected Miss Shannon.

"That's spry," said the editor.

"After that," pursued the Amateur, "I toddled around to the fair Maxine. 'You are a very nice young man,' I heard her saying to some one as I neared the box, 'but I don't like husbands. I will never have another—unless he owns a theater.'"

"After she had listened to my praises of her Lady Gay Spanker (pray for my soul) she asked what 'that little doll you've just left' was saying about her.

"She did, eh?" interrupted the editor, growing interested.

"Nothing, I assured her—nothing whatever. We were talking about critics."

"'Critics," said Miss Elliot, 'are people who allow you nothing you want and everything you don't. Now I hate obesity and adore talent, so they tell me I'm a fat beauty and a poor actress.'

"'Women,' said (sotto voce) a queer looking duck in a dark corner. 'Women are never so ridiculous from what they haven't as from what they pretend to have.'

"'They let Drew off easy,' went on Maxine, 'very easy considering he always acts as if he were paying the most conventional of calls.'

"Perhaps,' Worthing observed, 'perhaps it's because he doesn't care what they say about him—critics aren't In Society, you know.'

"'What else did you and Miss Insipidity talk about?' asked the Elliot.

"Carmen," I told her—at least we ought to have been talking about her if we didn't, as we were looking at her," continued the Amateur, helping the editor to another cigarette. "Miss Shannon thinks she would like the role.

Miss Elliot unfurled her eyes to the ceiling.

"'Heaven protect us when she tries; it will be like dining off cold boiled, unsalted, unseasoned maccaroni. I intend to give Carmen myself—I hope it will be before I am as old as Miss Coghlan, though.'

"'You had better hurry up,' said "little sister."

"Alas!" said the queer duck in the dark corner.

Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose;
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close
Come fill the cup and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of Repentence fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing.

"'She's cayenne pepper," said Worthing as the curtain went down on Carmen.

MME. NINA BERTINI HUMPHREYS
OF THE TIVOLI GRAND OPERA CO.

"'She's indecent,' said Maxine.

"'She's laced,' said "Little Sister."

"'That doesn't matter in the least,' returned Maxine. In fact it's the one thing she does well.'

"'You are undoubtedly an authority on that point,' said "Little Sister.

"'Miss Coghlan,' remarked Worthing, after a painful pause, 'certainly uses a meat axe when she should take a rapier, and is inclined to drive tacks with a sledge-hammer, but she is an infinitely better actor than Warde. She uses her brains—he his body——"

"'There's dear Mr. Goodwin!' and Maxine rose with her sweetest smile.

"'She had better remain seated,' said 'Little Sister' to me," continued the Amateur. "'Then he could talk to her without yearning for a step-ladder. Won't they look funny on the stage together. Mr. Goodwin will always have to wear a silk hat and an overcoat when she's around. Just look at him trying to help Maxine put her jacket on.'"

"Good story," commented the editor. "But it must be hard living with a beauty."

"It really was grotesque, though," the the Amateur went on—funny enough to be a picture in 'The Lark.' When I left, the little beggar was standing on tip-toe making futile dabs at the Maximus' sleeves (which towered high above his head) and perspiring freely the while.

"Yes, they do hate one another, these professionals," concluded the editor, resuming his stub of blue pencil. "But I'm taking your time up, my boy."

"Well, I did promise to bring 'Little Sister' some roses," murmured the Amateur Actor, adjusting his cane and frock coat—and, old man, be kind to her, won't you?"

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The performance of "Mignon" at the Tivoli Monday night afforded an opportunity to Miss Bertini Humphreys. Her rendering of the title role was excellent and many degrees better than the anticipation of her most ardent supporters. Her acting was most creditable. Though Mme. Natali has not yet regained control of her voice her work as Felina was capital and the role was rendered with expression. Miss Anna Russell loooked charming as the page, but her nervousness has yet to be dealth with. It interferes with her vocal production materially.

The men were excellent. Michelena and Abramhoff were generously applauded and bore off the laurels. The orchestra was in good form, especially on Thursday evening when I. Pagliacci was rendered for Mr. Hinrichs' benefit.

"Carmen" will be played at the Tivoli next week on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, with Mme. Natali as the Gypsy and Sig. De Vries as the Toreador. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings Gounod's "Faust" will be presented. For the fifth of August and the weeks following, "The Hugenots" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," together with "Pagliacci," "Aida" and "The Mask Ball," are being rehearsed.

G.

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Gay Parisians" follows the Empire Theater Company at the Baldwin Theater.

Joseph and E. M. Holland are at Buzzard's Bay with Joseph Jefferson. Their tour to the Coast begins in September.

Steve Brodie's new play will be ready for production during his coming engagement at the California Theater. He opens in "On The Bowery," the play in which he first made a success.

Next Monday evening the Frawley Company will present another of the New York Lyceum Theater's successes, "The Highest Bidder," a comedy by John Madison Morton. This will be followed by a "A Social Trust," a new play which is to make its debut at the Columbia Theater.

The Baldwin Theater reopens for the season next Monday night with Charles Frohman's Empire Theater Company in "Bohemia," a comedy by Clyde Fitch. It is a play of the Latin Quartier in Paris, and has been running over a hundred nights in New York. The company includes Viola Allen, William Faversham, and many other favorites, and will follow up "Bohemia" with "The Benefit of the Doubt" and "The Masqueraders."

A new novelty at the Orpheum for next week in the shape of a troupe of trained cats which jump through hops of fire, walk tight wires, act the clown and many other amusing and interesting things. They were pronounced the greatest animal show on the stage by the New York World. Lydia Yeamans Titus, assisted by Fred J. Titus, appear in new songs. Biondi has a new comic sketch to introduce in which he is said to do even more clever work than he has yet been seen in.

The farewell week of the stock season at the California Theater commences next Monday night when Frederick Warde and Rose Coghlan will appear in "The Merchant of Venice," supported by L. R. Stockwell's company. On Monday night, the third of August, the California's regular season will be opened by Chauncey Olcott in "Mavourneen," an Irish musical drama. Mr. Olcott will also play "The Irish Artist" and "The Minstrel of Clare" during his three [illegible] engagement.

Professor Dohrmann has been rehearsing Balfe's opera "Satanella," with the view of establishing a permanent operatic organization in Oakland. Arrangements have just been concluded for four performances, beginning next Thursday evening, in the Macdonough Theater. There will be fifty in the chorus, twelve principals and an orchestra of twenty picked musicians. Prominent among those who will assist in the roles are: Misses Kate Krieg, Lulu Ward, Anita Peters, Carrie Von Sieberlich, Arthur Mesmer, Frank Vallega, A. S. Rhorer, J. Witt, C. A. Dean and A. Leach. Popular prices of 25, 50 and 75 cents will prevail for reserved seats.

Night in the City.

Here in the city it is never dark,
Men call it night to mark the weeks away—
It is a dull reflection of the day,
For the white lights are flashing to and fro,
The gaslights gleam and shine far down the street,
The stores are filled with flaring lights that beat
Back from the pavement in long lines of light,
The wide, still square is quivering and white
And crossed with pale, thin shapes. From windows, too,
Through the closed curtains doth the lamplight shine
From all the houses. In this room of mine
The street lights flash and tremble, while the moon
Floods all the world with her majestic light—
It slants across my bed; the roors are white,
The window panes are shining like pale fires,
The moonlight flasheth back from countless wires—
The moonlight shineth in across my bed,
Or, if I close the blinds, when I half wake,
Through the closed shutters shall the light creep in,
Until I turn and sleep, and, dreaming, pass
To where, at last, the darkness doth begin.
—Eleanor Corquille Adams, in Chicago Times-Herald.

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FICTION IN REVIEW

"False Coin or True?" "The Under Side of Things," and Others.

It is a new departure for an author to tell you frankly that a certain man is a villain, and then persist in showing you the good side of him. In "False Coin or True?" (D. Appleton & Co.) F. F. Montresor admits that M. Morozo is anything but respectable, and all the other characters hint or loudly proclaim his depravity, yet at a pinch he generally does the high-minded and unselfish thing. Not that he really belies his own character; he is simply a human man, with his qualities put up assorted, instead of the typical stage blackguard. If there was vastly more bad than good in him, Linda saw only the latter, and it was the very innocence of her devotion that made him play the part of a respectful guardian to the little workhouse waif whom fate had thrown in his way. "Monsieur, it was well known was a man to whom no respectable father would trust his daughter for an hour; yet this fatherless waif had never heard a hurtful word from his lips." It was simply that M. Morize, with all his highly-colored experiences, had as yet left one kind of love unexplored, and of this Linda had brought the first knowledge to his astonished French nature. It was not to be compared with John's love which "should keep all evil from her, as the circle of fire that travelers light in a desert keeps wild beasts away;" it could not have cured him of his small selfishnesses, or suggested any reason why she should not go on with her career as a medium; but it made him great enough to give her up when she would have stayed with him, and that was a big step up for M. Morize. One gets to have a decided affection for the humorous, cynical little Frenchman, and does not feel quite as glad as one undoubtedly should when the big, virtuous, clumsy Scotchman carries off the humble little bone of contention. As for Linda, poor, plucky little coward, in her, too, we find contradictions more usual in a living being than in a heroine of fiction. She will let anybody decide everything for her, and suddenly, at some important point, make up her own mind with a quiet stubbornness that nothing can move. She trembles at every shadow till all at once, at a crisis, she plunges forward and takes a step that the bravest might well shrink from. Her domineering Scotchman will rule her all the year round, but about once every twenty-ninth of February she will quietly assert herself, and there will be no gainsaying her. Taken as a whole, it is a dear story, beautifully told, and full of wholesome little ideas like this:

"The small services for kinsfolk and neighbors that tax a woman's powers pretty constantly, perhaps comfort, as well as weary her, at times more than she knows. She grows sick over the puzzles of heart and brain that she must either shirk, or find a clue to; but these insistent clamorous claims of love, of other people's minor needs, pull the balance straight. Perhaps, after all, the world is the same, because dinners must be cooked and clothes stitched."

Lilian Bell was born to write charming light essays and love affairs of old maids and intimate little sketches of more detail than plot. When she embarks on a genuine novel, one is conscious of a slight disappointment. "The Under Side of Things," (Harper & Brothers) is full of clever touches, but the plot is weak and trivial and the construction undeniably amateurish. Mrs. Copeland and the narrow, provincial atmosphere of Stockbridge, Pennsylvania, are well characterized, but the prominent society belle of New York's four hundred, when there is a man around, is disappointingly suggestive of a village coquette. Most authors, young ones especially, are always in a hurry to assure you that their pet heroines move in the very highest circles, but it takes a very clever writer to really convince you of it. It is a sentimental story, in a gentle, spinsterly way, but is saved by a most delicious sense of humor. Speaking of Mrs. Copeland's rectitude, the author says:

"There is a virtue so blatant that it becomes a vice. Hers was of that order. You felt that you ought to adopt it and that she thought so too, and that if you were in her family she would make you."

If Miss Vandervoort was really as popular as she is pictured, it is difficult to see why she took such an interest in the colorless little heroine. Nothing could have been better for Alice, however, than the older girl's downright speeches. She is especially vehement against the Philistinism Alice has grown up in.

"I really think there is an element of viciousness in the virtue of a small town which is worse than loose-slippered liberality. I think narrowness, whenever and wherever you meet it, is the most irritating of all the vices. Of course, I am a woman, and I can only talk and rage about these things in a perfectly ladylike and refined way; but they make me desperate.'

"'Do I make you feel like that?' asked Alice.

"'Oh, no, not quite yet—but I am afraid of what you are going to be. You have set your feet on the slippery downward path of Perfection, and I only wish you could see how stupidly conceited you appear to a pagan outsider, because you believe so absolutely that you are right and I am wrong. Now, I don't agree with you. I am wrong enough, Heaven knows, only you are more wrong than I.'"

There is a great deal of keen good sense in the book, and it is full of little things that you want to read aloud, as that about Alice's music, which brought tears to your eyes—"or, if it did not go that far, perhaps it just made the bridge of your nose ache." In fact, it is a very poor story, charmingly written.

One can forgive a good deal of nastiness in a book if it is only interesting enough, but a story like "Those Good Mormons," (Rand, McNally & Co.) that is both dull and nasty, is unpardonable. It is perfectly legitimate to treat only one phase of life, so long as it is assuredly a phase, and stands in its proper relations to the whole; but when one particular phase—and a very displeasing one—is treated as being the whole of life, and all the world is represented as belonging to it, the picture is as distressingly out of focus as an amateur snapshot. That lack of proportion is what M. Le Gallienne defines as decadence. De Maupassant might have written a far worse book that would have offended far less, for his wit and charm cover a multitude of sins, but in Gyp's hands the story is drearily, realistically unpleasant. Perhaps it is not quite fair to judge by a translation even a well done one, it is an acknowledged fact that few French novels can stand the broad, cold light of the English language. Still, it is hard to see how, even in its native land, the book could have had a raison d'etre.

Gertrude Warden has given her book rather a deceptive title in "The Sentimental Sex," (D. Appleton & Co.) One expects something in the line of "The Ascent of Woman," a treatise on feminine problems, a disquisition on the marriage laws. Instead, one gets nothing but the trashiest kind of a trashy novel in a London setting. There is a literary atmosphere flimsily decadent, a heroine with a complicated past, and an honest, pig-headed Bushranger, who is left on the last page with a pistol pointed at his heart. The title is purely ironical, for the women had had all the sentimentality knocked out of them long before the story began.

In "Sir Mark," (D. Appleton & Co.) Anna Robson Brown has given us stirring tales of adventure in a historical setting. The hero, who has been brought up at the Pretender's court, goes back to England to recover some family jewels, and, after great difficulties and dangers, escapes with them to Holland. On the money they bring he goes to America, where he falls in with a set of desperate characters, whose idea is to use him all they can and then quietly dispose of him. He is saved, however, marries an American girl, and becomes a loyal servant of Washington's government.

Ada Cambridge's last novel, "A Humble Enterprise," (D. Appleton & Co.) is a story of a plucky Australian girl who, on her father's death, supports her family by running a tea room. There is a wealthy young man, love at first sight, a little family opposition, and then all comes right.

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HER FIRST INTERVIEW

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

"He's the Republican candidate, you know," the editor had said. "Make it about eight hundred words."

She was not shy, but for all that her heart beat uncomfortably fast as the great man came into the hotel parlor. He, on his part, looked a little surprised. Her better days were recent and their atmosphere still hung around her.

"The Daily Electrifier wants eight hun—a short account of your life, if you don't mind," she began. "I hope you'll tell me all you can, for I never interviewed anyone before, and I don't quite know how to do it."

The candidate smiled encouragingly.

"I'll do my best," he said.

"It feels very impertinent," she went on, relaxing into dimples. "I want to know just where you were born, and when, and why."

"Well, I was born in Washington," he began, staring reminiscently at the ceiling. She glanced up demurely from her note-book.

"Washington, B. C.?" she asked.

"No, nor D. C., either," he answered, coming back to the present with a laugh.

"Then it's Washington Territory," she said, scribbling triumphantly.

"Only it happens to be a State now," he remonstrated.

"Is it? What a pity," she answered. "Territory is so much more interesting and romantic. It sounds like Indians and bears and prairies."

The great man looked slightly astonished.

"They ought to have thought of that," he murmured, after a pause.

"A woman would have," she said. "That's just why I want woman's suffrage. Men never consider the poetical side of things, or beauty, or anything like that. If we helped run the government, it would be a great deal more picturesque."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said the great man, in a dazed tone.

"Is woman's suffrage on your platform?" she asked, evidently proud of the technical term.

"Good G——, well, ah—no, I hardly think it is," he answered.

"You must take it up," she said easily. "It's the only sensible thing. But I ought to be asking you questions. Why are you a Democrat?"

"Perhaps because I'm a Republican," said the candidate, growing rather red.

"I meant Republican," the new reporter said tranquilly. "Do tell me what's the difference. It used to be something about free trade, but you don't hear much about that now, and I can't tell which party is which."

"Well, the whole country is having a little difficulty on that very subject," he began.

"Oh, I'm glad of that," she interrupted. "I thought it was just my stupidity. If everybody's puzzled, I shan't need to bother about it. I know there is some trouble about silver or gold. It's like London bridge."

"London Bridge!" said the Republican candidate, pressing his hand to his head. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't you ever play that when you were little?" she asked. "It's 'London Bridge is falling down,' you know. When you choose sides for the tug-of-war, they ask you whether you'd rather have a gold coach or a silver castle, and whichever you choose, you take that side and pull."

"I think you have a very fair understanding of the national attitude," said the great man.

"I ought to know something about your childhood," she went on, frowning at the point of her pencil to make it write. "Haven't you some pictures of yourself as a little boy? It would be dear to print them with 'The Republican Candidate' written beneath."

"I'm afraid I haven't any with me," he answered glancing at his watch.

"That's too bad. We have some fascinating ones of us when we were small. Both of the boys wore plaid stockings and a billow curl, and my sash was tied within three inches of the bottom of my skirt," she said, with a laugh that nobody could have helped joining.

"They are great fun," he said, rising. "Now, I'm afraid——"

"Is my half hour up?" she said regretfully. "I've enjoyed meeting you more than I can say. It was ever so good of you to tell me so much. Good-bye." She shook hands and left him with a little friendly smile. Her skirts still rustled as she went. The Republican candidate stood watching her go, though he knew three men were waiting for him.

"To-morrow's paper ought to be interesting," he said, shaking his head. "I only hope the editor—" But he went away leaving the sentence unfinished.

As Usual.

Little Freddy—I think mamma must be getting well, now, 'cause she's awfully cross.

Father (sotto voce)—Yes, and she's making everybody else sick.

Humidity.

He lived on an isle in the far southern seas,
Where the air was so moist fishes swam in the trees—
Where birds did betake them to water to fly,
And the clothes were hung out in the rivers to dry!

—Chicago Record.

Enlightened.

Jones (observing neighbor digging in vegetable garden)—Putting in time?

Neighbor—No; potatoes.

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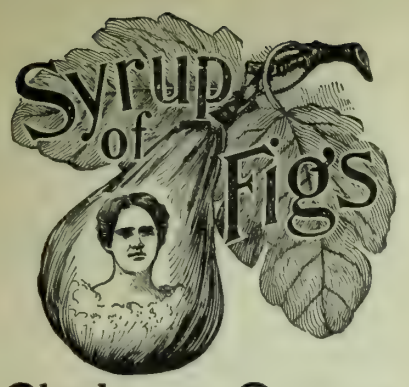

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THE LANTERN PARADE

The Wheelmen's Demonstration in Favor of Good Roads.

On the evening of July 25th—the date of this issue—the wheelmen of San Francisco will assemble at the end of the Folsom Street Boulevard and ride with lantern-decked wheels along that thoroughfare, cross to Market street, dismount and walk along the City's main street, up and down till the people have seen them thoroughly, and then go out to Van Ness Avenue and listen to five minute talks for a while from men who have something to say about one of the most important elements of a modern municipality—its streets.

A parade like this is called a demonstration. It is a lawful method to be pursued by any organized body for the purpose of calling public attention to itself, its magnitude, its needs, its deserts. The parade of Saturday night will mean that every wheelman who takes part in it is a man willing to undergo no inconsiderable amount of personal discomfort for the purpose of accomplishing the ends he is seeking. That the number of wheelmen who are in line on that occasion should be multiplied by five when it is desired to determine the number of nonpartisan votes that the wheelmen of this city will cast at the coming municipal election for any officer having to do with care of the streets, is evident enough when you consider the trouble and danger involved in participating in a demonstration of this character at night over unsafe streets. Where you will find one wheelman whose enthusiasm for good streets will lead him to the length of taking part in a lantern parade, you will easily find five who appreciate the importance of the principles sought to be accentuated to the extent of cutting loose from party affiliations and voting for such Supervisors, such a Superintendent of Streets, such a Mayor, as have pledged themselves to a wise and economical expenditure of liberal appropriations for street improvements. So one thing to be remembered in viewing the procession, is, therefore, to multiply its apparent strength by five at least if you wish to arrive at the voting strength of the wheelmen of this City.

Again, there is another important feature in this parade. The mounted aids are delegates from the various improvement clubs of the City. These clubs, in the aggregate, represent a block of voters, independent of party affiliation on these issues, only second in numerical strength to the wheelmen themselves. The lantern parade of July 25th is a declaration to the people and the politicians of the City that these two great bodies of thinking voters are working together.

Another thing that the parade will serve to bring forcefully before the people. The wheelmen of this City have such a system of organization that the results of the work of a committee appointed to test the tendencies of nominees for municipal offices having relations with the care and improvement of the streets can be quickly and surely communicated to every user of the wheel within its limits. The League of American Wheelmen for this division has been busily engaged for months in securing lists of the wheelmen of every locality of the State, attached and unattached; the California Associated Cycling Club numbers within its ranks more than fifteen per cent of the cyclists of California; the Cycle Board of Trade makes it easily possible to determine the name and address of every person who has purchased a wheel in the State. By this means it becomes possible to place in the hands of practically every wheelman of San Francisco definite data as to the opinions, promises and tendencies of any candidate. And this will be done. Is there any room for doubt as to the outcome?

It needs but a word to show the importance of street making and repair in this City, and that the matter is of sufficient magnitude to constitute a legitimate political issue. Up to 1892 thirty-one millions of dollars were expended in San Francisco in the construction and maintenance of streets and sewers, mostly cheap and comparatively wasteful. Since then the annual expenditure has averaged about two million dollars and much good work has been done with it. So when we select our candidates for Supervisors, Mayor and Superintendent of Streets, we are called upon to choose men who will have the spending of four millions of our money during their term of office. If this money is spent wisely the wheelmen will be first to feel the benefit and they are consequently the legitimate body to stand for the issue, though of course every citizen interested in the city's welfare can be counted in its favor. The wheelmen are a unit on street and highway improvement. There is no dissenting voice in their ranks on that subject, and they can be relied upon to stand together, politically and otherwise, on this issue.

C. MICHENER.

BICYCLE GAMES IN ENGLAND

Simple wheeling is no longer enough, and England is setting the fashion of bicycle games. One of the first to be adopted by cyclists was polo. The game had for years been played on horseback, and in the winter time on skates, but it is now played on bicycles. Naturally the unexpected and ludicrous tumbles taken by the players furnish no end of amusement to the spectators. The game as played on wheels does not differ materially from the original game as played on horseback, but it is much more interesting when played on a smooth rink surface.

Another unique idea is that of a bicycle obstacle race, which is more like a hurdle race than anything else. The riders are started off as in ordinary races. Placed across the track are hurdles, and as the riders come to a hurdle they dismount and, lifting the machines over, remount and ride to the finish line.

In another race the competitors ride to a certain point, where sacks of corn are placed. The idea is that each of the riders shall take a sack of corn and carry it on his bicycle to the finishing point. As the sack of corn weighs some seventy-five pounds, this race requires strength as well as skill. Then there are numerous more or less absurd contests, in which the rider has to carry an egg in a spoon, or pick up potatoes, or drop balls in buckets. Perhaps the most difficult of all is the umbrella race. In this each rider has an umbrella which he is obliged by the rules to open at the start and keep open to the finish. An umbrella is not the easiest article in the world for a pedestrian to successfully manipulate, and the difficulty is much greater when one is a-wheel and there happens to be a breeze blowing across the track.

Another race is called the "dressing race," and is subject to the following rules: "Bicycles are brought to the starting point and the coat and vest of the latter are laid on the ground. After the starting signal is given, each competitor, without any assistance, is obliged to put on his vest and coat, mount his wheel and make the best of his way to the winning post, where he is to arrive with his vest and coat entirely buttoned. The vest must have at least five buttons and the coat at least three buttons." It was even tried to have a thread and needle race, in which the contestant should thread a needle as he went, but as most of the riders found this nearly impossible standing on firm ground, it was given up, or reserved for feminine sprinters. All of these races are known in England as "gymkhana" on wheels, and there is no doubt that they will be introduced in this country by the wheelmen of society. They will certainly be an attractive and novel innovation. There is apparently no reason why tent-pegging, so popular on points in India, should not be introduced in connection with the bicycle. Cutting an apple with a sword has also been successfully tried as a test of skill.

LIGHT VERSE

Don't Wobble.

The man who gets on a bicycle
Would better first count the cost;
He must make up his mind to ride straight and true—
For if he wobbles he's lost!

The girl who would capture the rich young man
She has set her heart upon
Must never relax her tender smile,
For if she wobbles she's gone!

The fellow who's bet on the Board of Trade
That wheat will jump sky high
Must be careful to see that it climbs and climbs,
For if it wobbles—goodby!

The man in the mask who holds a gun
Till you quit, of your cash bereft,
Must point her straight as a shaft of fate,
For if she wobbles he's left.

You mustn't get tight on wobbly drinks,
You mustn't wear wobbly clothes,
You mustn't come home with a wobbly jag,
When the keyhole wobbly goes.

Now the moral of this little chanson is
As you wander the wide world through,
If you want to achieve anything, keep straight,
For a wobbling gait won't do.

—Chicago Dispatch.

Blows.

The giant powder in the blast
Is blowing up the boulders;
The maiden with pneumatic sleeves
Is blowing up her shoulders.

The baker to the kitchen maid
Is blowing up his crumpets;
The milkman in the lower hall
Is blowing up the trumpets.

The gentle zephyr from the South
Is blowing the narcissus;
The cook who thinks she knows it all
Is blowing up the "missus."

The father down upon his knees,
Is blowing up the fires;
The daughter in her bloomer suit,
Is blowing up her tires.

—Yonkers Statesman.

Mary's Hat.

Dear Mary had a great big hat—
She was a dressy creature—
And men who sat behind in church
Could never see the preacher.

And when she wore it to the play
It quite obscured the stage;
So all the men who couldn't see
Were thrown into a rage.

Now, from the men who sat in church
There came no ill-report,
While those who could not see the stage
Dragged Mary into court.

—Chicago Record.

A Crossroads Song.

Happiest times in Georgia lan',
With a honey to kiss an' hug;
Boy with bait in a oyster can,
Follerin' man with a jug.

An' it's so long, honey, an' wait fer me
Tell the stars peep outen the sky;
I'm gwine now whar the fish bites free,
An' I'll fish tell the jug runs dry!

—Atlanta Constitution.

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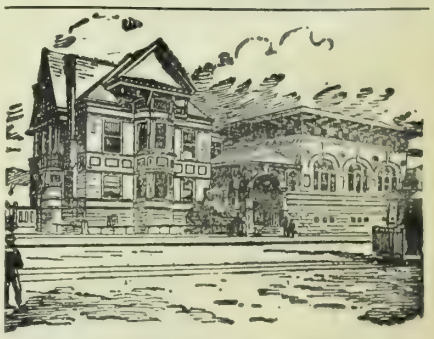

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IN THE CURRENT

Women as Drummers — The Emancipated Woman in Iceland.

A dozen years ago there was scarcely a woman drummer to be found in the country, but now they are found in every conceivable line of business, and, according to the New York Sun, are proving remarkably successful. It is hard to say who among the women has been the longest on the road. There are many veterans whose territories extend from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Two lay claim to the honor of being the first in the field. One is Mrs. Kate M. Green, who lightens the burden of womankind by selling washboards for an Evansville, Ind., house; the other is Miss Zindel. The latter has met with great pecuniary success in selling shell goods. Those who are uninitiated so far as women drummers go, must not think for an instant that they handle a line of goods suitable only for women. They carry everything from chewing gum up to machinery. Miss Zindel has been on the road for a decade, traveling all over the United States. As an example of her success, it is said that in 1894 she sold $300,000 worth of goods, and that wasn't a good business year, either. This gives an idea of woman's capacity for doing such work.

Undoubtedly the youngest woman on the road is a mere slip of a girl living in Florence, S. C. She is nothing more than a child, and yet she has covered thousands of miles and made enough money to support an almost helpless family since she was 13 years of age, three years ago. Her name is Ellen Caddelle—J. Ellen Caddelle she has signed herself since she has assumed the dignity of a "lady drummer," as she calls herself. She began by canvassing for a paper, and gradually rose through indelible slates for marking linen, baking powder, soap and sigars, to perfection tins and photographs of her 16-year-old self. Between times she is writing a book on her experiences. A woman drummer has unlimited chances for getting copy. One tells of spending a night in a North Carolina farm-house, where she had a most delicious supper and the cleanest of quarters.

"'What's my bill?' I asked, 'and that of the driver.'

"'W-a-l, I scarcely know,' answered the old man. 'You had two meals o' cooked victuals, a bed, an' keep fur the colts. Hit soun's like a heap o' money, I know, stranger, but call hit 15 cents.'

"'Mek hit 10, ole man,' put in the old woman.

"Really, tears sprang to my eyes, I had been unusually successful that year, so I slipped a $5 bill into the old woman's hand and told her to buy herself and Sal a new dress. They actually didn't know what it was, and when I explained I left both women crying and the old man coughing and blowing his nose. To my mind that is one of the most interesting of my experiences."

It is a strange fact that as drummers of millinery women are not at all successful. Groceries seem to be more in their line. Dozens of women are making money for their employers and themselves selling flour, soda, cocoa, baking powder, buckwheat, and other things. The woman drummer has this advantage over the man in handling things. She stops in a small town a few days, sets up an impromptu kitchen in a grocery store, and invites all the women in the town to call in and see a demonstration of the merits of her goods.

"She shows them what delicious biscuits can be made from her flour or with her baking powder, she lets them taste cocoa more delicious than they ever dreamed of, and her batter cakes made of the buckwheat flour that she carries are so light and spongy that even the men are tempted to go in to try them. What man drummer can do this? It is perhaps as collectors of money that women have accomplished the most. A man who had no intention of settling a claim will often be forced into it by pride if a woman comes collecting. He doesn't like the idea of being found out by the other sex. Women don't always look at those things in the right light.

* * *

How does it happen that the woman of Iceland has quietly possessed herself of emancipation long before the women of Europe and America dreamed of clamoring for it? From the earliest period the Icelandic woman has enjoyed distinct individuality. The wife has always held the place of an equal with her husband in matters pertaining to the home. In the old days she wore a bracelet, from which hung the insignia of office—her keys and purse. Now that she has laid aside the gold wristband, these significant household accoutrements are carreid in the dress pocket; but they are hers, nevertheless. In all matters of church and parish she has her vote and, as the church and state are combined, this is in reality a civic privilege. She also has full municipal suffrage, but as yet cannot vote upon matters pertaining to commerce nor for members of parliament, though there is a strong sentiment abroad in favor of giving her these additional advantages. Women take part in many political meetings, and talk upon all political subjects. During the althing sessions great numbers of the most intelligent women of the capital city are in constant attendance. For some years there has existed a political society of women, and when momentous questions affecting their interests are before the legislative body large meetings are called and addressed by women, setting forth their claims.

* * *

The fashionable watch of the day is open faced. The sale of open-faced watches is increasing, especially in fine watches, but it is increasing also in watches of other grades. Of fine gold watches sold in the city probably two-thirds are now made open faced. Of all the watches sold in the United States, gold and silver, probably from a quarter to a third are now made open-faced. The modern watch has for one of its characteristics thinness. A man's watch, which is now made more especially to wear with evening dress and is all the time growing in favor, is a plain, thin open-faced gold watch which takes up but little room in the pocket. Perfect in its simplicity, this watch is at the same time of fine workmanship and great beauty. It sells at $190. A gold watch not so thin nor so finely finished, but a very handsome modern watch and an excellent timekeeper, by the same makers and bearing their name, can be bought in open face, the case of 18-carat gold, for $65; in double case for $70.

But gold watches and good watches, too, can be bought for very much less than these prices; in fact there never was a time when watches generally were made in such tasteful shapes, or when they were so good for the money, or so cheap as now.

An Important Amalgamation.

Over the door of a well-known business house in the wholesale district of this city has gone a new sign, "Jesse Moore Hunt Company." This means the consolidation of two reliable concerns—the Jesse Moore & Co. of Louisville, Ky., founded in 1853, and the house of Moore Hunt & Co. of this city, established in 1875; hence the new style of the firm, "Jesse Moore Hunt Company."

Under this new banner will be continued the manufacture of the celebrated Jesse Moore whiskey, the excellence and uniform quality of which has gained for the house a world-wide reputation. The change has much significance for the trade, as it will bring them in more immediate touch with the manufacturers, while at the same time insuring them of the absolute purity and superiority of the Jesse Moore brand over all others. In all the years that this famous brand has been on the market it has never once faltered in its increasing popularity.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

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"The Overland Limited," via Union Pacific, takes only three and a half days to Chicago, and only four and a half days to New York.

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Upholstered Pullman tourist sleepers San Francisco to Chicago daily without change. Personally conducted tourist excursions to St. Paul and Chicago every Friday.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at general office, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Reservations secured in advance by all Trans-Atlantic steamship lines. Tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, San Francisco.

If you wish to look neat have your suits cleaned and pressed for $1.00. Bay City Clothing Renovatory, 221½ Geary, rooms 19, 20, 21. 'Phone Main 5859.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. and G. Gump, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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Removed to 128 Post street.

Use only Richardson & Robbin's Canned Meats at picnics

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

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SEE THAT THIS STAMP IS ON END OF SQUARE

A FINE GRAIN DELICIOUS FLAVORED BUTTER

If you appreciate a DELICACY Ask your Dealer for the BRAND

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From the Empire Theatre, New York, presenting the principal New York Successes

First Week Only, Clyde Fitch's Comedy

BOHEMIA

As Presented for Over 100 Nights at the Empire Theatre

Monday, Aug. 3: The Benefit of the Doubt

Monday, Aug. 10: The Masqueraders

CALIFORNIA THEATRE Al Hayman & Co. Incorp'd Props

FAREWELL WEEK! Monday, July 27th

The Favorites: L. R. Stockwell's Players

FRED'K WARDE ROSE COGHLAN

The Grandest Shakespearean Revival in Years

An Elaborate Scenic Production of

The Merchant of Venice!

Frederick Warde as Shylock. First time here

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NOTHING LIKE A DECADE!!

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Nothing But Succeses!

MONDAY, JULY 27TH

Another Great New York Lyceum Theatre Comedy by the

FRAWLEY COMPANY

John Madison Morton's Delightful Play

THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

August 3d: A Social Trust

First presentation upon any stage, and First Appearance with the Frawley Company of

Wilton Lackaye, Louise Thorndyke-Boucicault, Alice Pixley

Orpheum

O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL

Week commencing Monday, July 27th

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Refreshing Songs and Refined Comedy

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And a Great Vaudeville Company

Reserved seats 25c.; balcony 10c.; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

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Season of Italian and English Grand Opera under the Direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs

This Saturday Evening, Martha

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Repertoire beginning Monday, July 27th

Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday Evgs., Carmen

Natali, Bertini Humphreys, Schnabel, Mulle, Loomis, Michalena, DeVries, Pache, Karl, Tooker, Perron, Royce, etc., in the cast

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The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

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To the following Resorts, situated on the lines of the Southern Pacific Co.

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For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo -- Los Angeles -- and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th of each month thereafter.

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526 California St., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in cash - -	$1,000,000 00
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Guaranteed Capital - - - - -	1,200,000 00

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532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits June 30, 1896 - $23,657,219
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DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths 4 26-100--per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five one-hundredths -- 3 55-100 -- per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Best and Belcher Mining Co.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia District, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2d day of July, 1896, an assessment (No. 60), of Twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

6TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1896,

Will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Thursday, the 27th day of August, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Is a weekly journal for advertisers, published at 10 Spruce St., New York. It is a magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of advice. Advertisers the world over read it and write for it. It is the advertising authority of America—probably of the globe. Business men will find it a safe guide. To secure its services as guide costs $2 a year. A sample copy costs nothing.

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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,

of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

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For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

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Also specially selected stock of Clarets and White Wines on hand.

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FOR 1896

By special arrangement with the Publishers, THE WAVE is prepared to offer the following list

SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE

THE WAVE and CENTURY	$6 00
" " ARENA	5 00
" " LITTELL'S LIVING AGE	7 75
" " ART AMATEUR	5 75
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" " REVIEW OF REVIEWS	4 50
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" " JUDGE	6 50
" " LIFE	7 00
" " LIFE'S COMEDY	3 50
" " LESLIE'S WEEKLY	5 70
" " DEMOREST MAGAZINE	4 00
" " SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN	5 00
" " SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN SUPPLEM'T	6 50
" " N. Y. DAILY SUN	8 00
" " " SUNDAY "	4 50
" " CASSELL MAGAZINE	3 75
" " ARGOSY	3 50
" " PUBLIC OPINION	4 50
" " SUNDAY WORLD	4 75
" " CRITIC	5 50
" " FORUM	5 00
" " NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW	6 50
" " TABLE TALK	3 25
" " NINETEENTH CENTURY	6 25
" " CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	6 25
" " FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	6 25
" " BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE	6 25
" " TRUTH	6 25
" " DELINEATOR	3 50
" " VOGUE	5 50
" " TOWN TOPICS	7 50
" " DAILY JOURNAL	5 00
" " SUNDAY JOURNAL	3 75
" " ILLUS. AMERICAN	5 75

STORIES OF THE DAY

A little Scotch boy, to whom railways were unknown, was taken to a village near which a branch line passed. The next morning, while out in the garden, he saw a train go by. For a moment he stared in dumb astonishment, then, running into the house, he shouted, "Fayther, fayther, come oot: There's a smiddy ran off wi' a row of houses, and it's aw a' dron by the back o' the town."

* * *

If the following joke really did come from the Christian Guardian, to which it is credited, that paper deserves a large and sudden boom in its circulation. The story is about an Irishman and a Frenchman, who were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven would you call them biscuits?"

* * *

When President Lincoln first met Governor Tod of Ohio he expressed some curiosity about the Governor's name. "I never could understand how you came to spell your name with only one d," he began. "Now, I married a Todd, and she spells her name with two d's, and I believe she knows how to spell. What is your authority for using only one?" "Well," drawled Governor Tod, "my authority for it is in part the fact that God spells His name with only one d, and it seems I should be satisfied if He is."

* * *

We have great cause to be thankful for the efficiency of the police. The following incident well illustrates their invariable presence of mind. A small boy happened to be crossing a bridge just as another small boy fell into the water. A policeman asked the boy on the bridge whether he could swim. The boy said he could, and with great presence of mind the officer thereupon dropped him over the balustrade into the river. After a hard struggle the boy who was dropped in succeeded in rescuing the one who fell in. The policeman has not yet been promoted for his bravery.

* * *

One of the most famous breaks on record was that of the late Earl of Portarlington, who never could remember people's names. One day at a Marlborough house garden-party, on receiving a gracious nod from an elderly lady, accompanied by a few words of kindly inquiry after his health, he replied: "You are very kind, madam; your face seems strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me I can not remember your name." After an agonized pause, a shaking bystander managed to convey to him that the name he was struggling for was that of her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria.

* * *

Another story of the late Eugene Field's irrepressible love of joking comes from the Youth's Companion. He and his wife had entered a street car, to find all the seats taken save one at each end of the car, and they seated themselves accordingly. When the conductor collected the fares Mr. Field [illegible] as he gave him a dime, at the same time pointing to the far end of the car: "This is to pay the fare of the lady over there—the one wearing the new, beautiful brown silk dress." All eyes were turned to her, and her pretty face took a most becoming rose color, but back of the reproving glances she threw him was one of mingled indulgence, appreciation and mirth at the unexpected and apparently truthful announcement.

* * *

Senator Blackburn is a rattling stump speaker, and is noted as being only happy when he has all of a convention to himself. He hates interruption, and is never so happy as when talking. At a big silver meeting in Lexington, called in his honor he made a great talk on silver, and wound up by pledging himself anew to the white metal. "If ever I desert the cause of silver," he announced, "may my right hand forget its cunnning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Instead of applause this heroic sentiment created a titter. The audience smiled. Blackburn sat down, and the chairman, an old friend, bent over towards him, "Joe," he whispered, "that talk about your tongue cleaving to the roof of your mouth is too strong for your own people. They believe you are sincere about silver, but they know that nothing you could do short of suicide would ever stop you from talking."

* * *

It was the tact and genuine kindliness of Dolly Madison that made her one of the most prominent of American women. Several episodes mentioned in Mrs. Goodwin's "Life of Dolly Madison" are significant of this. At one of her levees, her attention was drawn to a rustic visitor, a youth who was evidently suffering all the torments of embarrassment. He had at last ventured to help himself to a cup of coffee, when Mrs. Madison walked up and addressed him. In the surprise of the moment, the lad dropped the saucer, and strove to crowd the cup into his pocket. His tactful hostess took no notice of the accident, except to observe that in such a crowd no one could avoid being jostled, and straightway turned the conversation to the boy's family, and ended by sending her regards to his excellent mother, and bidding the servant bring another cup of coffee. On another occasion two old ladies from the country arrived at the White House while the family were still at breakfast. To the surprise of the rural visitors, the woman they had come to see appeared in a stuff dress of dark gray, protected by a large housewifely white apron, and with a linen kerchief pinned about her neck. Her simplicity of manner and attire completely swept away their awe, and before departing one of them found courage to ask: "Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I kissed you—just to tell the folks about!"

A SAVING OF ONE-HALF

Baggage transferred to trains or steamers and return. Trunks, 50c each for the round trip. Morton Special Delivery, 650 Market street and 408 Taylor street.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 1, 1896

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THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

It is to be regretted that the newspapers engaged in procuring ballots for and against silver do not at the same time invite the voters to briefly set forth the reasons for such convictions as they may have one way or the other. Such a proceeding would doubtless uncover a world of misinformation. The wide variety of contradictory reasons for espousing free coinage which exists among the advocates of silver is one of the most inexplicable things in the campaign. Where under the heavens some of the notions came from will never be explained. The writer discovered a man last week—a man of some intelligence—who favored free coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one because he believed that "16 to 1" meant that sixteen silver dollars would be coined for every gold dollar issued by the United States. For this reason he strongly favored Bryan and free silver. Think of that! Nor would he budge from this conviction. With the calm self-satisfaction that goes with stubborn ignorance he refused to listen to any other explanation. He was full of prophecy of the good times that were to follow in the train of his 16 to 1, and could not be disturbed in the belief that he had an intelligent grasp of the financial problem. This man no doubt represents a type. Every individual does. But pause for a moment and think of the misconceived and mis-shapen notions that will have full play next November. Contemplate if you will the unnumbered thousands of misinformed men who will solemnly record their judgment on the most important question that has been presented to the American people in a generation. The present campaign must be one of education. The time is all too short to make it thorough, though not so brief, perhaps, but that much misinformation may be corrected. The willful ignorance now prevailing is not only astounding, but it is downright shameful as well.

There are two sides to this question. No man of common sense denies that honest men may differ in their views upon it. But we may anathemize the absolute, deliberate and willful ignorance that will have a hand in shaping a governmental policy which by the testimony of its enemies and friends will either kill us or cure us. There are radicals upon both sides. There are gold cranks as well as silver cranks. But the great mass of the American people, while they may be misled at first, will refuse to take sides with either radical wing when education is complete.

Last week we analyzed the financial plank of the democratic party, demonstrated its weakness and exposed its inconsistencies—not all of them, however, for one article would hardly be sufficient for that purpose. A gentleman, who is a friend of silver, pronounced our argument "all right," but declared with some boastfulness that we lost sight of the fact that silver would increase in value when democratic free coinage principles should prevail in the United States. That no such thing as a 52 cent dollar would then exist. It is the theory of the silver men that when silver is placed upon an equality with gold in our mints it will at once begin to approach a similar equality in the markets of the world, and that the ratio of 16 to 1 which once existed will be restored. This is a matter of firm belief with the silver men, and it is upon this belief and upon this theory alone that they base all their pleasant predictions of future prosperity. Understand, then, every hope, every prophecy, every assurance of good times which are "sure" to follow free coinage, is based upon the single trust that the value of silver will be doubled and the white metal restored immediately it is rehabilitated; or, to speak in the language of the silver man, "Gold will come down and silver go up until gold is worth sixteen times as much as silver."

The commercial ratio of gold and silver to-day is about 32 to 1; that is, an ounce of gold will buy about 32 ounces of silver. To realize the dreams of the silver advocate the ratio must be changed to 16 to 1. If the writer could share in this belief he would lean strongly toward the silver side of the issue. If he could find a single, potent historical fact to justify such a belief or fortify the theory, then might the views here expressed take on another coloring. No such thing exists. It is a creature of hope, an intangible thing that lives in dreams alone. We hope it is clear in the mind of the reader that every promise of prosperity made by the silver man falls to the ground if this theory fails, and that immeasurable misery will follow that failure. Then let us examine this question together, and try to discover for ourselves if this theory is really justified upon any reasonable hypothesis. We have access to the same facts and to the same historical knowledge that is possessed by any of the friends of gold or silver, and ought to be able to reason it out ourselves. To make this theory hold together and to render it plausible to reasonable men, one must have some example, some fact, to justify the belief and illustrate its application. Let us see what the facts are.

Mr. Harvey, the acknowledged champion of silver, in his little work entitled "Coin's Financial School," attributes the downfall of silver very largely to what he calls "The crime of 1873." He declares, and so does every other advocate of free coinage, that legislation alone is responsible for the shrinkage of silver value. (We will not go into the matter of overproduction, or of supply and demand, but will consider the matter from the purely silver standpoint; i. e., legislation.) Of course Mr. Harvey does not tell us that the legislative action of the United States alone produced this unfortunate result, for we would not believe him. No one would. He doesn't intend to convey that meaning. The legislation to which he refers was that of all the great nations of the world—the United States, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland and Greece. If any legislation was responsible for the downfall of silver, it was that of these countries combined, and not that of the United States alone. History demonstrates, and Mr. Harvey admits, that the demonetization of silver by any one of these countries could not have affected the value of the white metal. Then would not the reverse of this be true, and may we not ask, "How could the remonetization by any of them materially increase its value?" England demonetized silver away back in 1816. Harvey says in his little book: "From that period (1816) to 1873 the parity of the two metals was not affected." The demonetization of silver by England did not affect its value! If the demonetization of silver by England, the richest nation of the earth, did not depreciate its value a fraction of a cent, when all the great nations of the world stood out against that policy, how is it reasonable to presume that its remonetization by the United States will increase the value of that metal while all the great nations of the world are standing out against its policy? We must reason from some sort of a basis. It is absurd to say that this theory of the silver man is a good theory because it sounds pleasant upon our ears. We must have some tangible thing to fortify us in our hope and prove that we are not mere dreamers. Silver did not depreciate in value when demonetized in England in 1816 because there was an unlimited demand for the metal in America, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland and Greece. To restore the conditions existing in 1873, bi-metallism must be adopted in all these countries, as well as in the United States. Then may the friends of silver hope, nay in view of the past they may almost declare with certainty that, despite the increasing production of that metal, it will bound up to its old place among the precious metals of the earth. It is to accomplish this most happy end that the republican platform pledges its party. There are facts and reasons and arguments to justify the theory of the republican platform, but there is not the thinnest shred of a fact or the suspicion of a reason to lend justification to the democratic experiment.

This is not the only argument, however, against the theory that solitary action on our part can achieve this wonderful appreciation of silver. One of the strongest arguments against the theory that the United States alone can affect favorably the value of silver is to be found in the experiments that have already been tried in that direction. The Bland-Allison bill of 1878 authorized the purchase of between two and four million ounces of silver per month to be coined and made full legal tender. The Sherman bill of 1890 authorized the purchase of four million ounces per month. Yet between 1878 and 1894, when these two laws respectively were in full operation, silver fell from 89 cents to 60 cents per ounce. This does not argue in favor of the silver theory. It flatly contradicts it. In meeting this condition the silver man hides behind the statement that these laws were trifling and inadequate, and did not create an "unlimited demand." He will tell you that when an "unlimited demand" is created his theory will commence to operate, and not till then. He will not tell you, however, that the amounts authorized to be purchased by these acts exceeded, mark you, exceeded the total output of all the mines in the United States. The mere fact that the United States alone remonetizes silver would not create an 'unlimited demand," any more than did the Sherman law or the Bland-Allison bill. Neither would it begin to restore the conditions existing in 1873. Nothing will ever restore the conditions then existing except international bi-metallism, and this the republican party is pledged to. By international bi-metallism we do not necessarily mean that England should be included, for the parity was once maintained without her assistance. But the silver man antagonizes the conservative plan of securing international agreement, and tells you that America can "force" the European countries to a bi-metallic standard. This statement is the mere bluster of a swaggering bully. It is not the commonest kind of common sense.

Dr. Otto Arendt, the greatest friend of silver in Germany, answers this claim of our silver men very completely. He says that the free coinage of silver in America at the ratio of 16 to 1 will drive all the American gold to Europe, and will absolutely postpone the possibility of the European nations coming to a bi-metallic standard for generations to come. Dr. Arendt is a bi-metallist where there is no profit in being a bi-metallist. Out of all the leading bi-metallists in America there are scarcely a dozen who do not own or have an interest in silver mines. They are prompted by no such unselfish spirit as prompts the European bi-metallist, but are influenced largely if not wholly by the profit which they hope will come to them individually at the cost of their country and its people.

Our "fear" of the disaster to follow free coinage is entitled to as much consideration as is the "hope" of prosperity entertained by the other side. Our unpromising predictions are more strongly fortified by reason and by facts than are their rosy prophesies. To support their theory they offer hope alone. The pleasing prospect presented by their prophets lures on the man surrounded by misfortune. It is a phantom, an unreal and intangible thing. Like the treacherous mirage that quickens the hope of the weary and thirsty traveler on the desert and beckens him from the true and beaten path to certain death, so does the rosy promise of prosperity held up by the advocates of silver deceive and lure the desperate and despondent man to his own and to his neighbors' certain ruin. When the traveler dying with thirst realizes the fearful and cruel deception that nature has practiced upon his weak and shattered frame, despair takes possession of his soul. Unless he be strong, indeed, he sinks to earth a helpless, hopeless thing, and moans out the remnant of his poor life beside the very spot where he had hoped to slake his all-consuming thirst. If this nation experiments with this financial question, if we are to be beckoned away from the beaten and plain path by the mirage of free coinage, who shall answer for the despair that will follow in the train of this most cruel deception, and who shall say where all the consequences of the ensuing wretchedness may end?

THE POPULIST CONVENTION.

The Populist convention was evidently drunker than the Democratic—that was its chief distinguishing characteristic. The Democratic mob was awed into something of decency by the presence of respectable galleries, and was kept under a certain control by its leaders. But the populists were without leadership and without shame. Otherwise the conventions were similar—they stood for the same financial and economic fallacies and nominated the same candidate for the presidency.

When the McMaster or the Bancroft of the future writes of the populist convention he will be forced to tell a story of national disgrace. His verdict must be that not since the mob governed Paris a century ago has the world witnessed such a scene of disorder, violence and passion in a representative national body. For four days fourteen hundred delegates in a national convention stood upon chairs and tables shouting at each other, only varying the monotony by singing songs, without sense or tune, and engaging in free fights upon the floor. It is subject for farce, if it were not so significant of worse times to come. Coxey was there, and Coxeyism was the spirit of the convention. To march upon Washington and "stand up" the government was the one idea of the delegates. There was not a man in the body, evidently, who did not believe that he was pre-eminently fitted to manage the affairs of this nation—yes, there was one—a preacher, be it said to the credit of the cloth, who asked the delegates how they could expect the country to confide the conduct of its business to men who did not have sense

enough to hold a convention. The chairman was Senator Allen of Nebraska, who showed himself to be easily the largest man in his party, and a political manager of much adroitness, but he had little control over the hysterical and drunken crowd. He found it necessary to post deputy chairmen in a line from his platform to the remotest end of the hall, through whom his rulings could be carried to the howling neighborhood, and to supplement each of these deputies was a squad of police to keep the delegates from killing each other. There never was such a convention before, but our fear is that there may be again, for the animal has tasted blood.

WATSON'S NOMINATION.

By nominating "Tom" Watson of Georgia as their candidate for the vice-presidency the populists have made it much less likely that Bryan will be elected. This independent nomination was brought about by the middle-of-the-road men, who are the office-seeking element in the party. Without such a nomination they saw that the populists would be but as bunches of paper on the tail of the democratic kite. But with it they saw that they had a weapon with which to "kill"—as the boys say—the democratic kite if they failed to receive sufficient recognition in the way of offices. Watson's nomination was made, in short, to compel the democratic party to give a "square deal on the plums." No offices, no Bryan—that is the patriotic position of the people's party. Already in Kansas the populists have made a proposition to the democrats that they will sell out Watson for the State ticket, they will endorse the democratic electors if the democrats will endorse the populist State ticket.

Mr. Bryan may find before the campaign is over that it had been better for him had he manfully stuck to Sewall and let the populists flock by themselves. From now until November the country will be scandalized by bargaining between democrats and populists. The latter are in a position to blackmail, and they will avail themselves of their opportunities. It is not at all unlikely that a serious breach will come between these two friendly enemies before election. Senator Marion Butler, who has been elected chairman of the national convention, is a middle-of-the-roadster; he prefers a republican to a democratic alliance, as he showed in his own State by combining with the republicans and electing a republican as his associate in the Senate; the democrats are the ones he fears. Senator Jones of Arkansas is an old-school Southerner, no match for the clever up-to-date youngster from North Carolina, but an honest, strong man, of deep party loyalty. Between these two there is no natural tie; they represent opposing influences and classes in the South, and if Senator Jones gains Senator Butler's support we may be certain the price will be large.

FUSION IN CALIFORNIA

Should a bargain be reached between democrats and populists, as to fusion, there will be much difficulty in carrying it out. Fusion is hard to effect at any time, most of all under Australian ballot laws, such as the States now have. In California fusion can be effected in only one way that we can see — the way suggested by Mr, Franklin K. Lane, — unless either the populists or democrats entirely sell out to the other side. The State committees of the two parties could agree upon an electoral ticket composed, let us say, of six democrats and three populists, that being the proportion of their votes in the last election. This composite ticket would be placed on the ballot with the understanding that whichever party showed the greatest strength in the vote for Lieutenant Governor should have the entire electoral vote. In this way the vote of the State, in case this ticket defeated the republican electoral ticket, and the populists polled more votes for Lieutenant Governor than the democrats, would be cast for Bryan and Watson. If the democrats had more votes than the populists the three populist electors would vote for Bryan and Sewall. In no other manner that we can see can the votes of both populists and democrats be cast for Bryan. For if two electoral tickets were on the ballot the Bryan votes would be divided, and so might have a majority and yet be defeated.

As there are more democrats than populists in this State, such a fusion scheme would be practically the withdrawal of Watson by the populists in California. To this the populists would have serious objection naturally, but if they do not make such a surrender they have but one option, if they wish to vote for Bryan, and that is to force the democrats to surrender to them their entire electoral ticket.

The Kansas method of selling out Watson for State offices of some sort is, of course, practical, but the populists would not endorse such a corrupt bargain.

To "fuse" we see, therefore, will be a matter requiring the most delicate management. It is by no means certain that Bryan will get the populist vote throughout the country, especially in Southern States where feeling between the parties runs highest. In every State there will have to be a compromise made, and this means a struggle for advantage and the arousing of bitter feeling. Watson will not withdraw, and so end the trouble. Senator Butler thinks that Sewall should. But Bryan says Sewall should not. It is altogether such a mess as might be expected from two such mobs as those that met at Chicago and St. Louis—the chaotic outcome of chaos.

THE FRIEND OF THE MOB.

That the criminal element of San Francisco has at least one journalistic friend and sponsor must be apparent to every lawless scoundrel in the community. There was to have been a parade last Saturday night in behalf of good roads. The wheelmen of San Francisco, numbering several thousand, had determined to make a demonstration in favor of repaving Market street and the maintenance of decent highways. For a short distance the ladies and gentlemen participating in the demonstration were allowed to parade unmolested. At Eighth and Market the procession was met by a jeering, hooting crowd of ruffians, who crowded in upon the participants, and obstructed the passage of the bicycles by pushing sticks between the spokes of the wheels. They upset the riders, deliberately tore the lanterns and ornaments from the passing vehicles, knocked several of the riders down, beat one indignant participant almost to death, and hurled insulting epithets at the ladies in the parade. Finally the vicious mob managed to compel the procession to abandon the greater portion of its proposed line of march, and turn up Market street. Thousands of people were waiting for its passing on Kearny street, not knowing of the disgraceful performance going on elsewhere. Having accomplished this much, the mob set about to derail the street cars, break windows and terrorize peaceable on-lookers.

Every morning paper in the city had some account of this outrage except the Examiner. It was silent as the grave, and pictured the procession as a march of triumph brilliant with lanterns and as peaceful as a Sabbath day. Let the burglars and the highwaymen form a protective union of sufficient numbers and threaten to boycott the paper daring to publish accounts of their crimes, and it is safe to say that the high-minded journal will not dare offend them.

The Examiner understands thoroughly the position it occupies. It knows that a truthful account of this mob's proceedings would irritate a good many of its readers who participated therein, and it was prudent perhaps that it refrained from all mention of it.

THE IRRECONCILABLE UNEMPLOYED.

The unemployed made an exhibition of themselves last week at Metropolitan Hall. They always do, whenever they are offered work. Nothing is so enraging to the professional unemployed as an offer of labor by means of which they may honestly earn food and shelter and raiment. The code of honor in vogue among them reads, "Beg rather than work for a bare livelihood." With them it is no dishonor to demand alms and food and raiment, no degradation to receive something for which they have done nothing. If there was a place where the hungry man might earn his meals, there would be no excuse for the lusty beggar who hails you on the street. Such chaps could not then pretend that lack of work had driven them to begging. Therefore they hate the man who suggests a means by which they may honestly earn the necessities of life. They are quick to denounce such a philanthropist as a "tool of the money power," who is bent on "crushing American Labor." The mere contemplation of such wretches sickens the heart, and curdles the milk of human kindness in the breast of charity.

Last week the Salvation Army with the most charitable and kindly intentions held a meeting at Metropolitan Hall for the purpose of discussing and devising the best methods of helping the unemployed. Hugh Craig was chairman of the meeting, and among the list of vice-presidents were some of the best known names in town. Commander Booth-Tucker, brimming over with enthusiasm and good will, declared that he looked to San Francisco to solve the important question of providing for the hundreds who are out of work. He said he believed that what San Francisco did would be the foundation stone of a great reformation that would extend and grow until it covered the whole United States. The plan that he proposed had worked successfully in England, and he advocated the purchase within easy reach of San Francisco of about a thousand acres of farming land, where the unemployed could be given work, and all necessity for begging removed. He prophesied that such a farm would be self-supporting, and that there would be besides a surplus that could be used in the interest of the laboring classes. The plan met with hearty approval, and doubtless considerable money could have been raised on the spot for its consummation. Fortunately, or unfortunately perhaps, a large number of the unemployed had gathered at the meeting, and strange to say received the proposition with very marked disapproval. They hissed the speakers, gave voice to groans and shouts of derision, and succeeded at last in breaking up the meeting in disorder and confusion. Then these honorable unemployed gentlemen held a meeting of their own, where they denounced the Salvation Army and talked loudly of their own cause. One of the speakers declared that under existing conditions nothing could be done for the unemployed and that as time rolls on their numbers must increase. He was in favor of staying in the street and parading before these men, and so force them to recognize their existence. He did not consider that giving them an opportunity of earning an honest living was a sufficient recognition, but continuing, said: "If a man is a criminal, they give him food and shelter; if a man is honest, they say to him 'Lie down and starve.'" According to this very honorable gentleman's theory, he prefers to be treated as a criminal, and given food and shelter, not to be invited to work for it. "The unemployed," he said, "should be united in their purpose, knowing that these men will do nothing and will not get off your backs until you throw them off." He did not explain how "these men" were on their backs, or what they were doing there, or what they would accomplish by throwing them off; but he did say he would parade before them. "I would go to the restaurants and eat," he continued. "Allow the police to arrest you if they want to. Suppose a hundred and fifty thousand men should go into the stores in Chicago, eat what they want and say, 'We cannot pay. Arrest us.' What would be done? Fear is the only thing that will bring the capitalist pirate to terms."

This declaration sounds so much like an Examiner editorial that we are a little afraid the speaker has filched it from its columns without giving that journal proper credit.

Then another gentleman announced that he had made the discovery that in time of famine and pestilence the Governor has the power to suspend the law enforcing the collection of debt. The gentleman announced this discovery as being one of great portent, but refused to divulge just what use he proposed to make of it. Perhaps he proposed to have himself and the shiftless beggars about him declared a pestilence, and upon the strength of that most appropriate declaration suspend the operation of the laws.

The Japanese government, if the daily press is to be believed, has concluded that in the construction of its new navy the bulk of its work shall go to England. The daily press is endeavoring to create the impression that this movement on the part of Japan is dictated by diplomacy, and that the Japanese court, with an eye to the future, is attempting to engage the friendship of Great Britain; so that in the contests to come, it may have a powerful ally on the sea.

The truth is that the daily press of this city has created the impression in Japan that American vessels are loaded down to the Plimsoll line with defects apparent and concealed. All the lying statements of the San Francisco press concerning the war vessels turned out on this coast are on file in the Japanese Marine Bureau, and that they have been used to our disadvantage is manifest from the results. This is another victory for our public spirited press.

At last Balzac has got—not a statue, but an allegorical effigy; and the allegory comes from the banks of the Nile, too. M. Marquet de Vosselot, the sculptor, has put the master's head upon a Sphinx. M. de Vosselot maintains that this is an appropriate and artistic arrangement. Appropriate, because Balzac was a Sphinx who asked society more questions than he answered; artistic, because Balzac had unstatuesque legs and abnormal adiposity. Victor Hugo used to say that Balzac, like all great men, had supplied his own pedestal. The author of the "Comedie Humaine,"it seems, would have done well to supply his own statue also.

Few men have ever been tempted as was the late Benjamin H. Bristow. When a member of President Grant's cabinet he discovered the existence of the great whisky ring, and determined upon its destruction. Within it were some of the most influential politicians of both parties in the country, but with a courage equal to that of Samuel J. Tilden when he declared against the Erie canal ring, Bristow brought every resource within his power to bear for its destruction, notwithstanding the offer from the ringsters that if he would give up the pursuit, they would make him the next Republican nominee for the persidency. The bribe failing they at once started a back fire, and raked up every incident of his life that could possibly be construed against him, besides charging him with many acts of which he had never been guilty. But President Grant, with that loyalty which was so large a part of his nature, stood behind Bristow and saw him through the fight; and when nominating day next came round, Bristow received a most complimentary vote. It has often been said he would have been nominated in 1876 but for Blaine's great strength. He was never a blind partisan, and had even unto his death a respectable following of conservatives, more patriotic than partisan.

KNICKERBOCKER ··S HOUSE
FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

A GROUP OF THE OLD BOYS

ST. FRANCIS' HOOK AND LADDER HOUSE
FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

THE EXEMPT FIREMEN

Did you ever visit the Exempt Firemen up at Old Monumental Six's? Have you ever heard the grizzly old boys up there recount the exciting tales of San Francisco's early fires, when houses were built of the lightest and most inflammable material and millions of dollars were consumed in a few hours? If you have not, then you have missed a something. The men who sit about up there in chairs, and dream away the summer afternoon once ran the old machine. Their hair is white, their faces show the marks of time, and their limbs have lost the suppleness of youth; but their eyes are as bright, and their hearts as brave, now, in the evening of life, as they were long ago, when the sun was just rising on ambitious manhood. Up on Brenham Place, just off Clay street and facing the historic Portsmouth Square, is all that remains of that gallant band of Volunteer Firemen. The old machine, "Big Six," is still there, and a remnant, only a remnant, of the brave and willing lads who once sprang to the ropes with eager hands, sturdy limbs, and strong hearts, and went forth to do battle with the flames. The surroundings were once all that one might wish, but now you must pick your way through troops of noisy Chinese children at their play, and the air is none too savory, nor the neighborhood over respectable. The environment is not so inviting as of old.

Once there, however, the place is full of interest. Should you undertake to recount the happenings within gunshot of this spot, you would recite the early history of San Francisco. The first Custom House of the port, a low adobe structure, once stood here. The first public school was built upon this Square, away back in 1847. It was here, too, that the gallant and eloquent Baker delivered his masterly funeral oration over the body of the murdered Broderick. Just opposite was the Union Hotel, where Broderick's body lay in state. The old Bella Union, the Olympic, and the Jenny Lind theaters were grouped about the Square; and on the corner below stood the old El Dorado gambling house, where tens of thousands of dollars changed hands nightly. From the lips of the kindly old boys who lounge about the engine house you may hear many a tale of early days that bristles all over with human interest.

One may not, in an article as brief as this, narrate the history of the great fires that swept San Francisco when it was young. There were great fires, and a narrative of them would make a volume rich with stirring incidents, crowded with tales of valor, and of action, and of self-sacrifice, that went to the yielding up of even life itself. They were a noble band! And as the early historian Frank Soule says in his "Annals of San Francisco," published in 1854, "Their hard fought battles, their many victories, and the able defense exercised over their precious charge, have gained them, better than laurel or gold, the sincerest thanks and warmest attachment of their fellow citizens. * * * Honor to whom honor is due! Give it freely to the Fire Department! And when o it, to the whole body of enlightened and public-spirited and prominent citizens! They have poured out their means with no stinting hand in the formation of the department!"

These are brave and pretty words. But how, in the light of subsequent events, have these "sincerest thanks and warm attachment of their fellow citizens" benefited these men in their old age? How have these priceless "thanks" and this "warmest attachment" which are "better than laurels and gold" served the gallant and generous men who "poured out their means with no unstinting hand" to protect this growing city against fire? Go up to Brenham Place among the old men there, and ask. They do not whine. They take on no contemptible, mean spirit of complaint. But they do speak with some sadness, and with some feeling, when they think of all that they have done, and set it beside what has been done for them. The comparison tells strongly against this great municipality, and speaks loudly of the ingratitude of the masses.

There are only a hundred of these old Exempts left. Some are rich and prosperous. Claus Spreckels was one of them. Ex-Mayor Alvord of the California Bank another. They do not all need help, but there are those among them who do, and badly. In the paid Fire Department, there are but seven members of the old Volunteers. Others might be cared for, not in active service, perhaps, but in some places where vigilance and fidelity to duty alone were needed. For while they may have lost in youth and vigor, they have not lost in honor or fidelity. It is not much for them to ask. They feel it is not much, and I feel, too, as though it should be granted them for the mere asking.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, who has some political control, might give the future of these old boys his personal attention. He would not only be performing a commendable act of justice, which would earn their everlasting gratitude and the appreciation of all who understand how neglected they have been, but he would be serving those who worked side by side with his father in youth and who remember him with exceeding kindness.

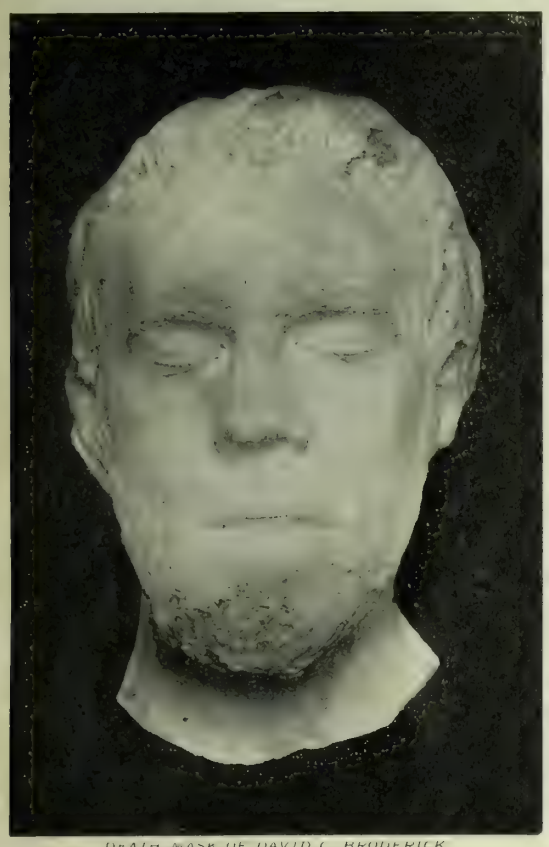
The old house is to some extent a museum, a harboring place for every memento of the early San Francisco Fire Department. About the walls are portraits of the old boys taken long, long ago; daguerreotypes, later artotypes, and the still later and more modern photograph. There, too, is the fox-tail for which the rival companies once competed. Horses did not pull the machines to the fire in those days. The boys did that work themselves, and there was great rivalry among them as to which should arrive first upon the scene. It may be said in passing, the fireman's life of to-day is "play" beside the work performed by these men. The ancient leather helmets, which made the old fire laddies so picturesque, are there in abundance. Scraps of paper, pieces of hose, speaking trumpets, and all manner of relics most dear and sacred to them, are kept securely locked in glass cases. The old machine, old "Big Six," is there, all bright and polished. It is to them something of a Deity—something very sacred.

Away back in 1863, when the first steam-engine came to the coast, and thoughts of the old machine had not

VIEW OF MONUMENTAL 6'S HOUSE AND SURROUNDINGS TAKEN IN THE FIFTIES

THE VOLUNTEERS' PLOT IN LAUREL HILL CEMETERY

been hallowed by time, they sold it to Virginia City. Afterwards, it was sold to Corvallis, Ore. The old boys up in Brenham Place began to regret having parted with it, and they yearned to have the old machine with them once again. After an absence of twenty-four years it was rebought, and re-established in its home at Brenham Place, and now they would not part with it at any price. One of the machines stored in the old house appeared in the Admission Day parade in 1850, and there are now living but two of the boys who marched in this brave com



DEATH MASK OF DAVID C. BRODERICK
TAKEN ONE HOUR AFTER DEATH

pany to celebrate that day—John L. Durkee and Henry D. Hudson.

They have letters among their mementoes as well, letters from the sweet voiced Catherine Hayes (Kate Hayes, the boys all call her), a letter from Mme. La Countess Marie de Landsfeldt Heald, she who was Lola Montez, and another from Elisa Biscaccianti (who died but a day or two ago in Paris), tendering them benefits and concerts at the American theater. The benefit of Lola Montez netted them thirty-six hundred dollars. They prize these things, prize them above gold, and love to dwell upon the beauty and talents of these old singers, who were once the idols of the hour.

The fire-bell rang while we sat there. Every grizzly head was alert. Conversation was hushed, and one veteran, older than the rest, counted the tolling of the bell. Another reached for the signal card. "One, three, two," announced the first veteran, "Pine and Mason," said the one with the card. And I believe there was imaged upon the mind of each a picture of the scene about Pine and Mason, with its approaches, its surroundings, and every detail of the neighborhood.

They have not long to live, these old men. There are but a hundred of them left—a mere handful—and those who stand in need of aid are ready and willing to render as vigilant and faithful service as they did to the municipality in days gone by. They stand in want, some of them, and it is a shame that one may say so.

In looking over the relics one wonders what will become of them when the last of this little band is gone. They should be preserved, and preserved in some place more inviting to the public. The memory of the service rendered by these brave men should not be blotted out. It would not cost much to duplicate in Golden Gate Park the old Monumental Six House, and after the last one had been gathered to his fathers, to move all these trinkets and relics, which are so precious to them, out there among the trees and flowers as a monument to their heroism, their bravery and self-sacrifice.

A list of the surviving volunteers is appended. It shows that many of those who once ran with the machine are to-day presidents of banks, great capitalists, wholesale merchants and politicians:

Jno. L. Durkee, Wm. Alvord, Martin Bulger, Samuel Newman, Claus Spreckels, Christian Kobicke, Jno. Stratman, A. P. Hotaling, Jno. J. Guilfoyle, Chas. Kimball, R. T. Brown, Wm. G. Badger, Geo. H. Hobe, Geo. B. Hess, J. M. Praire, S. M. Locke, Geo. T. Bohen, John McCarthy, I. W. Lees, J. H. McMenomy, Jos. S. Marshall, Jas. Smith, Henry Sutliff, Charles M. Plum, John Mengel, George W. Kennard, Charles Schultz, Samuel Stryker, John S. Eels, A. Browning, B. P. Wilkins, Wm. L. Ryckman, John M. Gardner, C. Vorrath, Pincus Harris, Henry D. Hudson, Jno. T. Mahoney, John Brougham, Chas. W. Saunders, W. Irving, P. B. Quinlan, J. B. F. Louis, Chas. Reed, A. J. Jessup, Henry A. Chase, R. Caverly, S. S. Cohn, John Dryer, Jas. Madden, Jas. S. Kohn, Mark Harris, C. Turner, Jr., J. W. Kemp, G. W. Osborn, Henry Wheeler, John Grief, Godfrey Fisher, N. R. Lowell, I. Harrington, M. J. Dolan, Jas. O'Donnell, P. H. Flemming, Edw. Commins, E. Valencia, Jos. Figel, Jas. Grady, Adam Smith, T. R. Harders, J. J. Mundwyler, J. J. Crowley, Jacob Freeman, Herman Bendit, Michael Ryan, C. Murr, D. A. Finn, John Cook, B. H. Schunhoff, R. D. Blauvelt, Jr., T. B. Robinson, M. Farrell, H. Peyser, Jas. Riley, Andrew Bahrs, Thos. Neary, E. T. Anthony, Chas. R. Nolte, Henry Hock, Wm. Larkins, Henry Voorman, Leon Aradou, Ed. Staffleback, John G. Heim, Simon Fitzpatrick, Washington Irving, Wm. McDermott, Thos. Fox, Jas. W. Kentzel, Chas. B. McFarland, B. P. Wilkins, Louis Bente, Francis Richards.

BORDERLAND

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

"You know I'm your sweetheart, Ham," Judy still says when we get confidential. The remark has become historical with her, like Veni, vidi, vici, or Carthago delenda est; though when I mention this, she says: "Don't be silly!" In disposing of things she doesn't understand, Judy is beyond her years. I never let her lose sight of the fact that I have a grown-up sweetheart, too, whom, in fact, I married a few years ago, but she comforts herself with the reflection that men of my advanced age always are married, anyway, and on the whole treats my wife very kindly. Judy and I have known each other for twelve years, or going on thirteen, as she prefers to have it called, though it will have to go on for eleven months and fourteen days before she reaches the dear, lovable, maddening, storm-and-stress teens. Ethel does not find children very interesting, but she knows what it is to me not to have any little Judys of our own, and for my sake is nice to our small neighbor; so I get along very comfortably with my two sweethearts.

I don't know how I should ever have succeeded with my stories if it hadn't been for Judy. It isn't only the copy I get out of her—though I have used her bodily for six entirely different girls and one boy, besides putting little pieces of her in every one of my creations—but it's her intense, absorbing interest in every line, that spurs me on and often makes me do better than I know how. When I've done a story, I type it myself and take it up to Ethel, who reads it when she has finished her practicing or whatever she is doing.

"It's very good of its class, dear," she generally says. "A story of that kind isn't supposed to have much to it, of course. As long as they pay you so well, I suppose you ought to keep on with them, though in theory I hate to have you do pot-boilers. Oh Hamilton, I am so anxious for the time when you will do something really good, something deep and truly worthy of you. Still I think you are right not to begin your great work till you are more mature."

"I'd rather wait a few years," I agree.

"You made a mistake on the second page; I put a V on the margin. you say, 'reading a copy of Punk,' where you mean Puck, of course. If I were you, I would leave this out, 'Straws tell which way the drink goes.' It is a little ordinary, don't you think so? You ought to keep the type cleaner. The a's are all blurred."

Ethel is the dearest woman in the world, but she lives among the immortals. I go away a little subdued, and carry the story to Judy, who giggles over every line and laughs till she cries at the jokes, and invariably thinks it the best thing I ever did.

"Oh Ham, it's perfectly sweet," she says at the end. "Where are you going to send it? Don't you wish it was coming out right off to-day? I simply can't wait. Now read it to me all over again." And we work ourselves up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that I go home with a new idea sizzling in my brain and inspiration so strong upon me that I must sit right down and try it out, though, as Ethel says, I've done enough for one day already, and ought to be taking some exercise.

I'll never forget the first night of my little play, "Out of the Frying-Pan." Judy was in the audience with my wife, but I huddled down in corners behind the scenes, tripped over by actors and sworn at by managers (who apologized when they recognized me), mechanically repeating over to myself the different scenes and wondering how I ever saw anything funny in them. Well, it was a hit, as perhaps you remember, and the house laughed enough to satisfy even Judy. When it was over, half the people I knew and a great many I didn't know came up and shook hands with me, and a lot of them went home with us and there was a very joyous excitement. Ethel wished it had been a really great play, such as I had it in me to do, and thought it was dear of me to be so cordial to all those tiresome people who wouldn't allow us to get away; and I let her see how all the fuss and congratulations bored me and belittled my actual abilities. Then Judy and I got in a corner and had a good hug, and said any number of vain, conceited, exulting things, though I'm afraid they were all about me. In my heart I knew Ethel was right, and that it was a very trivial sort of a thing, but I couldn't help being glad that Judy didn't find it out.

One day I had just finished a story which seemed to me the best I had done for months. I was feeling keyed-up and excited, as I always do after writing hard and fast, and, my wife being out, I took the story over to read to Judy. I found her in the garden with a lanky, delicate-looking boy of about 14, whom she introduced as Roy Martin, a sort of a cousin, who, with his mother, was going to stay a week or so with them. He looked rather heavy company for my bright little girl, and I felt sorry for her with a whole week of him before her.

"I wanted to read you something," I said significantly. She looked dubiously at her guest, then drew me a little aside.

"I can't leave him now, when he's just come," she whispered, "but I'll run over after tea. I'm crazy to hear it."

I walked back again oppressed by a sudden feeling of flatness, which always follows the happy stage when you have been writing. I was blue and bored that afternoon and irritable at dinner, and Ethel said that if I would drink so much strong coffee I couldn't expect not to be nervous. She even put hot water in my second cup, which is the most irritating thing I know. Judy came over after her tea, but the reading was not a success. She missed some of the best points, and several times seemed absent-minded. Her praises were manifold, but general instead of particular, and she skurried away without even talking it over—instead of staying on till I had to make remarks about people's bed-time.

The next day was Sunday, and I went over as usual to get Judy. Every week we took a certain electric car that whizzed us out into the country before we knew it, and there we would run races, sit on fences (and didn't that top rail grow sharp after a while!), and climb up a fascinating little creek of more stones than water, singing everything we knew. She had a dear little voice, and was the one person in the world who admired mine, so we enjoyed our concerts tremendously. Judy met me at the gate this particular Sunday, and said that Roy was coming, too, so off we started in the best of spirits. But someway, the day was a failure. Roy could'nt sing, and looked bored when we did, so the concert was given up. When we sat down by the brook and I started to tell Judy about a new plot I had thought out, Roy broke in with an account of a fishing trip he had once taken, a stupid tale, in which his polite little hostess appeared deeply interested. We weren't any of us quite at our ease, and the simple, happy, good-timey feeling was all gone. Once or twice I saw Judy talking to Roy in a new way, with a great deal of lifting and dropping of eyes and elbowing of silly little puffed sleeves. She stopped, looking somewhat ashamed, when she saw me watching her, and we all went home rather silent.

For the next few days I saw almost nothing of my small neighbor. She ran in every day as usual, but fidgeted around the room instead of settling in the big leather chair, and stayed only a few minutes. I missed her absurdly. The inspiration seemed gone out of my work, and everything I wrote ended in the waste-basket—my own, not the editorial one. On Thursday I saw Roy go off with another boy, and wondered if I should not have a caller. Sure enough, Judy appeared not ten minutes later, and curled up in the big chair with a long sigh.

"Well, little girl?" I said by way of encouragement, for I saw there was something on her mind.

"Ham, dear, I don't know what to make of it," she said slowly. "I guess I'd better tell you right out." I lit my pipe and settled myself for confidences. "I've thought a lot about it," she went on, "and it's so queer. Now Roy is a boy." I nodded assent. "He isn't half so nice as you are. He never says funny things that make me laugh, and he doesn't laugh when I say something funny, the way you do."

"Is he stupid?" I asked, to help her on.

"Yes, I guess he is, a little. He just talks about himself and what he did on that fishing trip and how he broke his arm, and he wasn't a bit interested in my measles. He isn't very polite, either. But the funny part is—" She paused doubtfully.

"The funny part—?" I said.

"Please don't be hurt, Ham, for I really do love you best, yet someway I always want to be with Roy. If he goes out, I have fits till he comes back, and if I go out and he doesn't want to come with me, I'm just as mad! Why, Hamlet," here she came and sat on the arm of my chair, and I politely aimed my pipe the other way, "I don't even want to stay with you when I know Roy is around, yet you are more fun than anybody, and he isn't any fun at all. Isn't it queer?" It was very queer. I never had heard of such a case, and couldn't explain it to her at all, though we talked it over for an hour. Then she went back and hung around the gate till Roy came in sight, when she suddenly became very much absorbed in peeling bark off the birch tree.

The next few days I did not see my little sweetheart at all. Roy and his mother went away Saturday, and all that evening I hoped for a visit, but she did not come. Sunday she was waiting for me at the gate as usual, and we took the car, both rather silent. When we were established on our favorite stones by the brook, I ventured to break the ice.

"Well, Judy," I began, "so your visitors have gone."

"Yes, they've gone," she said. There was a short silence, then she made one of those strange remarks that children startle us with, perhaps, without themselves understanding all that they imply: "Ham, dear, something's begun, and something's ended, and I don't know what it is!" Poor little Eve! The first taste of the apple is not always sweet. "You know I'm your sweetheart still," she added wistfully. We had a long talk, and Judy was growing quite bright and like herself, when suddenly her face clouded over again.

"There's something else," she said. "I wasn't going to tell you yet, for I knew how you'd feel about it, but I guess I'll have to. The doctor wants mother to go down South before the cold weather comes and stay there six months, so that she won't have the grip again, and she's going to take me with her. Isn't it horrid?"

"Six months," I exclaimed. "How am I going to get along without you, I'd like to know? How can I write without talking the stories over with you first? Why, Judy, I can't spare you."

"I know," she said, "but you've got your other sweetheart. I shan't have anybody at all."

Some two months later, I called to say good-by to Judy's mother, who was to start for Florida the next day.

"You are taking away my little inspiration," I told her. "I shall be utterly lost without her."

"She has been quite forlorn at the idea of leaving you," her mother said. "I have just this minute had a letter from Mrs. Martin, saying that she and Roy will join us down there for the winter, and I hope that will console Judy a little. Roy isn't strong, and they want to keep him out of school for a year."

As I left the house I met Judy, who took my hand and escorted me back to my study.

"To-morrow's good-by, Ham," she said dismally. "I'll be almost in my teens when I come back, and I'm afraid we'll never have such good times again." Two little tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Oh, yes, we will," I said cheerfully. "And think of the fun you are going to have with Roy."

"Roy?"

"Yes; your mother just told me that Roy is going to be with you all winter, so you see—"

"Oh, goody, goody," she shouted, jumping around the room. Then suddenly she looked at me. I smiled, but she was not to be fooled.

"We're sweethearts just the same," she said, with a hug. "I'll always love you best. But something's ended, Hamlet, and something's begun."

A German chemist has hit upon a new method of making delicious champagne of apples. It so closely resembles the genuine article that only expert judges can distinguish it.

VIOLA ALLEN AND ROBERT EDESON

MRS. THOS. WHIFFEN AND J. E. DODSON

WM. FAVERSHAM AND VIOLA ALLEN

SCENES FROM "THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT" AT THE BALDWIN THEATRE

ELITE, PHOTOGRAPHER

THINGS AND PEOPLE

All native born Americans being entitled to the privilege of voting, why not Wong Fook, Leong Geet, See To Ju and Su Lock, who were born within the 24th and 32d districts of the city and county of San Francisco. Strange names for Americans these, curious additions to the heterogeneous medley of nationalities which make our population. Did the makers of the Constitution ever anticipate Ng. Gun or Lee Hoy among those who would claim for themselves its protection? Yet these citizens are on the great register—the former entered as a capitalist, the other as an artist, and they will aid in determining whether McKinley or Bryan is to be president of the United States. Considering the magnitude of California's population of Celestials it is not extraordinary there is now an up-cropping of native born men among them. There are children at every door step in Chinatown, gaily bedizened, shy little urchins, who play gleefully on the sidewalks and escape by the miracle of their childhood death through the thousand trap doors and cellar entrances in which the district abounds. They all learn English, these youngsters, being taught it at the Mission school, and in due course they join—at least the young fellows do—the Parlor of Native Sons which Wong Fook, the interpreter, has organized. This is a species of political club, to membership in which only bona fide Californians are eligible. The official title is United Parlor of Native Sons of the Golden State, and there are some 2,000 names on its register. A condition of membership is a knowledge of English, though in the conduct of the Parlor's proceedings the Celestial tongue is not discriminated against.

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The soul of Wong Fook longs for political recognition. He it is who has banded these natives together, the purpose of organization being to secure to native-born Chinese the rights of citizenship. The soul of the interpreter revolts against the injustice of taxation without representation, and he purposes his California brethren shall vote just as often as their Caucasian compatriots. The by laws of the United Parlor are curious in their regulations. They forbid profanity save in cases of great provocation. The speakers have the floor until their say is ended. Article V. reads: "Members are not allowed to smoke opium in the parlor; to bring in any part of opium outfit; to gamble in any form whatever; to carry arms or weapons of any kind; or to bring in immoral females of any sort. Members are fined $50 for each offense." Smoking, sleeping in the lodge rooms, rough playing and expectoration are prohibited. However, they are bright young men, these two thousand Native Sons, and they have their orators, who grow patriotic at intervals. I wonder, indeed, what the future of such an organization may be. Mayhap, a Chinese contingent will form an important section of future political parades. Imagine the Dragon in a McKinley procession, and some Poon Gay or Lee Kin officiating as vice president of a ratification meeting. Up to date eighteen Chinamen have registered at the City Hall, though I am told several hundred more propose to claim citizenship ere the time is up. Those who have faced the ordeal thus far, awaited a turn with their American brethren and imperturbably swore to the fact of their birth in this free realm. The officers of registration at once questioned their right, but the record was unimpeachable. One Chinaman, rather less intelligent-looking than the others, was asked to read the Constitution, and did so with that facile monotony of tone which is characteristic of Celestial elocution. However little he understood the document, there remained no question of his ability to read and write, and he, too, was passed with the rest.

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One may be forgiven for suggesting to Mr. Hearst the desirability of publishing Ambrose Bierce's mutter simultaneously in his two newspapers. The present arrangement makes the Examiner a week late with Prattle that New York has had the previous Sunday. The Sabath journals arrive in a bunch Friday morning, and there is nothing to prevent the Bulletin or the Chronicle copying the matter which the Examiner publishes with the pretense of originality a week later. The same criticism applies with greater force to the other features of the Sunday paper. No great trouble is involved in preparing the features a week in advance and dispatching the proof to San Francisco, since the Typographical Union forbids the use of matrixes. This would be a more dignified arrangement, and we unfortunates would not feel how unimportant we really are beside New York.

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National Committeeman Dwyer, who has just returned from Chicago, gives an interesting impression of the demeanor of Possibility Bryan presenting himself to the convention. As he faced the audience his face wore an expression of triumph, as if he realized his opportunity and knew that the honor would be awarded him could he but obtain a chance to speak. The chance came, and the nomination, too, which, indeed, could only have gone to a man who had spoken better. It is the intention of the National Committee, I am told, to use Bryan in the doubtful States, and it is proposed that he address meetings in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Nebraska, which States he is depended on to convert by his eloquence to the silver wing.

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Maurice Barrymore was at the Lambs' Club in New York one night when the two Drew brothers were under discussion. Someone was commenting on the fact that John had met with unlimited success, while Sidney was invariably a failure.

"Yes, it couldn't be helped," said Barrymore thoughtfully. "It's just that John Drew and Sidney didn't!"

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French restaurant keeping is in nowise as profitable an occupation as in by-gone days. No longer is Julius or Achille or Louis a capitalist under his obsequiousness. No longer has he a ranch in the country to which he proposes retiring in the course of events. No longer does he disdain 10 cent tips, he who in happier days regarded a quarter as the smallest token in the repertory of gratuities. That the old traffic is not dead is evinced by the fact that the restauranteurs continue in business at their old places. However, the gay set has lost its vim and its digestion. Champagne no longer flows like water at the provocation of a successful mining deal. Hard times enforce economies in Burgundies, and there is a suspicion that the Chateaus which are served as high-priced clarets have little but their labels for their pretensions. Besides all this the taste for the "wine" has steadily decreased in the last half decade. The men who drink champagne for the flavor are club men and their enjoyment is had within club walls. Apropos of restaurants, these institutions are credited with being responsible for the growth of the absinthe habit here. It cannot truly be said this liquor has a great vogue in San Francisco. In certain sections of town it has votaries who, true to tradition, consume nothing else. Though certain young men out of bravado, and certain hardened drinkers for a new sensation, order absinthe, it cannot be urged that the vice is peculiarly a San Francisco failing. That is clearly proved in a recent issue of the Chronicle, in which testimony on the point was presented.

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Though the salary which is accorded judges amounts merely to the receipts of a third-class practice, the duties of the role do not bear heavily upon the incumbent. There is occasionally the necessity of preparing an important decision, which takes time and thought, but for the most part a judge is free at 4 o'clock, with few cares before 10 next morning. To those members of the profession who have been compelled by the exigencies of practice to work hard, the leisure of the bench is a temptation, to which, sooner or later, they succumb. There are a good many candidates for the several vacancies at the forthcoming election, and among others, I am told that Carrol Cook is considering with some favor the idea of accepting a nomination to succeed Judge Murphy. In that department, Cook, with his unrivaled knowledge of criminals and their affairs, would be an ideal judge, and there is little doubt of his success, should he decide to run. Another lawyer of ability, who has come out into the open as a candidate for ermine, is Rhodes Borden, who now officiates as chief of staff in the City and County attorney's office.

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Not content with aiding the republicans of Santa Clara to express his wishes in convention, the versatile Jim Rea enforces his will by means of the Democracy. This gallant gentleman nominates his republican friends to office, and cleverly opposes to them a set of democratic dummies, whom the community perforce rejects. So craftily does this chameleon boss manage the two parties that his favorites are perennially in power and his own supremacy is as unquestioned and as unjustifiable as the rule of the autocrat of China. Why the good citizens of San Jose, especially the democrats, permit the rule of Rea, is as explicable as the long endured sovereignty of Buckley in San Francisco. No one dares dispute the path with the bold, shrewd and jovial Jim, and he rules by force and terror of a dozen victories. Besides, he is personally a pleasant, generous fellow, who has that fidelity to friendships which is so potent a principle in the power of a political leader.

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There is current among the leaders, however, an impression that the time for reform is at hand. An attempt to wrest the Democracy from Rea's strong clutch would find sympathy and support in the State Committee. To what bad circumstances he has brought the party was exhibited by the character of the delegation which represented the county at the Sacramento convention recently. Its participation there subserved the private purposes of its real leader rather than the welfare of its constituency. At the head of it was Sam Rucker, a trusty friend of Rea. Apropos of certain other affiliations of a social character which Mr. Rucker possesses, an amusing tale is told. It betrays the curious conditions which sometimes make political influence. Rucker had a falling-out with W. W. Foote, who desired to go to Chicago, and announced he would cast the delegation's vote against his aspiration. A friend of the latter telegraphed at once to the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, Major McLaughlin: "Rucker is going to cast Santa Clara against Bill Foote. See that he votes them for him." Soon afterwards the wire conveyed the following message from the republican leader to the restive democrat: "Sam Rucker, you will not strengthen yourself with me by voting delegation against "Ole Bill." This mandate carried weight, for Santa Clara's twenty-three were for Foote to a man. In justice to Mr. Rucker it should be explained that he regards the Major in the light of a prospective father-in-law.

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Trouble brews in the Olympic Club, I fear. Conditions are not financially favorable; there has been a serious decline in membership, and the prize fighting plan of procedure, though it promises sound money returns, does not commend itself to the conservative element. Another abuse that needs rectifying pertains to the character of men recently posted for membership under the rule of the directorate, which offered remission of dues and life memberships to those who brought in the most men. Under this incentive a number of persons ineligible from various causes have had their names put up, and in certain instances have run the gauntlet of the general vote. Latterly, however, there has been a quickening of conscience, and the objectionable names were taken down. It also appears that certain of the directors have allowed themselves to enter this membership competition, violating the precedent which prescribes that the board shall take no action in this direction. This is the usual time for Olympic squabbles, however, and possibly the conditions are but little worse than usual.

The project of Baron Von Schroder, who proposes establishing a bath house, club house and other facilities for luxury and comfort at Point San Pedro, should attract general attention. Here is the only beach on the bay shore off which bathing is enjoyable. The warm currents from the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers curve into this crescent, and the water is always of an agreeable temperature, and the sandy beach makes a comfortable footing. Point San Pedro is the old camping ground of the Roseleafs, who repaired there on their Sabbath excursions in the Frolic and picnicked comfortably on the sand. The plan which the Baron has outlined includes the purchase of a hind paddlewheel steamer to convey passengers from San Rafael to the beach, and also a steamer service from the city. Willis Polk is preparing plans for the club and bath houses, and the promise is of a very swell resort.

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My announcement that the Stevenson fountain had advanced to the stage of foundation, was premature. The model is still under the hands of Douglas Tilden, who is experimenting with various effects. The sculptor oscillates between that task and the Native Son monument, which is to be unveiled Admission Day, '97. However, he expects to have the fountain ready before Christmas, and the contractor agrees that little time will be lost in setting it up. Would it not be an appropriate idea to commemorate the anniversary of the great novelist's death with the unveiling of this his memorial? No more fitting date could be decided on.

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That dread avenger, the moral law, how it does punish defaults, how it avenges neglect of its salutary rulings! This man or the other may disregard its codes and principles with impunity, but time finds him out, and the world knows at what price his pleasure has been enjoyed. How the derelictions we all know sooner or later become notorious. As long as Soandso's little affairs are out of the newspaper who cares? Society winks, but all of a sudden something happens, and it's all over town, and the matrons elevate their eyebrows and Soandso betakes himself into retreat and damns someone's awkwardness. Wonders, I suppose, why society does not continue blind to what it so long blinked at; laments its inconsistency and rails at conditions which have suddenly submerged him. Still it's only for a time. Nothing is fatal but marriage and cheating at cards, and from both you may recover, via divorce, inheritance, or discovering a gold mine. However, one is brought face to face again with the old saw which makes virtue its own reward, which, indeed, is much the same as declaring that if you don't get into debt you have no bills to pay. All of which, however cynical it sounds, is unfortunately true. There are women (Heaven bless them) and men, too, whose observance of the moral law is founded on firmer ground than etiquette; whose right-doing is dictated by principle instead of by convention, but they are not generous entertainers and their names are seldom in the papers. So their good opinion has no market value, unless you wish to marry their daughters or run for office. Even then, the rest of the world will declare a man's private affairs have nothing to do with his ambitions, and you have the old problem over again—material for immemorial moralizing.

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Auditor Broderick need feel no shame for speaking the truth of Mayor Sutro. Those who have watched dispassionately the official career of this blusterer whose pretentions are as insincere as they are vociferous, have long held the opinion which he expressed. The sole fault with the Auditor's epithets was that they lacked vigor. Mayor Sutro is much more than he announced. He is a subversive hypocrite loyal only to the interests of his vanity and his pocketbook. He has the viciousness of a demagogue, the greed of a monopolist and the swaggering presumption of a bully.

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From Mr. Fredericks, who manages the specialty called "Fredericks' Troupe of Demon Athletes," I have the following epistle, in which is given the performers' side of the large salary proposition. My information was derived from a member of the Orpheum staff, and was as authoritative as comment about the financial circumstances of any individual can be. As for the contention about railway fares—it is well known these are footed by the management. Of course a company traveling on its own resources has to meet fares and freights, but the high-priced attractions such as Biondi, the Black Patti and others, are furnished with tickets back and forth, and beyond the cost of living, have but few expenses. However, here is the communication:

Los Angeles, July 29, 1896.

Editor of The Wave: I see you mention in your paper about performers' pay and all the money taken away by them. Now, you state that Miss Western has banked $150,000. I am sorry to inform you that if she had that amount of money she would not be in the business. You also speak of the Maisanos. Mr. Maisano gets $250 per week, but he don t get a chance to pocket much of it. A man that has a troupe has all the responsibility and must pay his people, keep up all wardrobe, pay hotel accounts, agent, railroad fares, etc., and when he settles all bills he just makes a living. You will not find one performer in a hundred that has $500 to his name. I have a troupe of five people, and with my expenses just manage to make a living. Railroads, hotels and agents get most of my hard earned money, and every one looks to performers for tips. Now, I wish you would mention this in your paper, and not let the public run away with the idea that performers take all the money with them when we work for hotels and railroads. I have given over $100 a year for tips to stage hands. I came from New York to California. Two weeks are lost in traveling. I work six weeks and then I jump to New York with seven people. From there I go to London; that takes $1,000 of my money. What have I left of the six weeks' hard work? Not a good living. I would sooner have $20 a week steady for myself than $300 a week and have a troupe to look after.

CONN. FREDERICKS.

In a recent number of "The Outlook" there is a brief account of a wise woman's devices for getting a restless small boy through a tiresome railway trip. They were very simple, but so attractive that the candy-man passed unnoticed, and even running up and down the aisle lost its charm. If the Pullman Company would tack up copies of that article in every sec tor, they would double the pleasures of traveling. No matter how much you love children, it is annoying to have them eternally bumping their heads in your aisle and turning uninvited somersaults over the back of your seat. Once, when I had some important writing to do en route, a little girl hung persistently over my shoulder, her feet presumably in the next section, and glued her eyes on my paper. Hints and glances were unheeded, and her parents were evidently so thankful to have her kept quiet for a while that I hadn't the heart to rouse them from their novels, and so she stayed on. I don't know whether she could read or not, but she spoiled my article. Then she stood in front of my section and recited all the spelling lessons she had had in the last three months—an implied criticism that I resented. Perhaps it was all very dear and "cunning," but—well, writing makes one somewhat nervous and irritable, I suppose. It isn't the children's fault, and to make friends with the dear, jolly, natural ones adds a great deal to the pleasure of travelling. But the parents who spoil children until they are hopelessly embarked on the silly age, and then turn them loose on an inoffending car-load of people—there should be separate trains for such. And there is a great deal to be said on the children's side. They are tired and restless, and can't go out doors, and as the grown-up people feel very much the same way after several days of sand, sage and alkali, they often get scant sympathy. I once befriended a forlorn little daughter of the Slapping Motherhood on such a trip, telling her stories, and getting a great deal of amusement out of her quaint remarks. When we separated, she gave me a tremendous hug. "Ah," she said, "I do love you, you're so polite to me!" Poor little soul! Politeness was not in the maternal category of My Duty to My Children. One often wonders how much the train life of families reflects their home life. If one has crossed the continent often, one shudders and hopes—not at all.

The Queen of Sweden, who is one of the richest women in the world, owes her great wealth to the gambling tables at Weisbaden, which were owned by her brothers, from whom she inherited her vast fortune. Her Majesty, who is a bit eccentric, always dresses in the costume of the Salvation Army, to which organization she belongs.

A feature of the Paris exposition of 1900 will be a section devoted to the history of Christianity from the beginning to the present day, with representations of the Temple of Jerusalem, the scenes of the life of Christ, Pagan and Christian Rome, Constantinople and the lives of the saints.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER

Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army led services among the Chinese recently, dressed as a Chinaman. This militant minister believes that like elements work best on each other, and in addressing different audiences he assumes the garb with which they are most familiar. In the portraits the first represents the Commander in full regimentals, the center one as a Chinese merchant, and in the third he is a tramp--his garb for the slums.

A CHAT WITH VIOLA ALLEN

Miss Allen took me to her dressing room, where she let in the fresh air, dismissed her maid, and settled herself to be interviewed with a pleasant cordiality that tempted one to forget business and simply make friends. I was anxious to know if her dramatic talent was inherited.

"My father was the first one of his family to go on the stage," she told me. Her voice, by the way, is one of her greatest charms, being low and unusually sweet, without any stage affectation. "His career grew out of a Shakspere club to which he belonged. I myself didn't show a bit of dramatic talent when I was small. I never recited pieces or sang "I Love Little Pussy," or performed in any way, for I was shy. When I went on the stage I was very young—I know they always say that, but really and truly

VIOLA ALLEN
PHOTO BY THE ELITE

I was—and I don't believe I had ever been in a theater more than a dozen times in my life."

"How did you come to do it?" I asked.

"It was a mere chance. My father wanted someone to play the part of a very young, innocent girl, who knew nothing whatever of the world, and that was just what I was, you see. So I left school and began rehearsing, with my gowns still at the tops of my boots."

"Weren't you terribly frightened?"

"Well, really, I didn't know enough to be," said Miss Allen, with a laugh. "I didn't take myself very seriously in those days, and it was all great fun. I played the part of my father's daughter, so I could always whisper to him, 'Now tell me when,' and he always did."

"I don't suppose you ever feel a bit nervous now," I ventured.

"Indeed I do, on first nights," she answered decidedly. "Starting a new play is always rather dreadful, and you can't help feeling unpleasantly anxious about it. We begin one next Monday, and I wish it were well over." She shook her head apprehensively, with a little widening of her eyes, which are large and dark and very expressive.

"When you have an entirely new part, how do you get your conception of it?" I asked. "Creating a character must be partly a matter of inspiration, isn't it?"

"It is largely a matter of study," Miss Allen answered "I always begin by reading the whole play over a number of times, to see in just what relation my character stands to the others, and what their point of view is. The others represent public opinion—what the world around this girl thought of her—and that can generally be relied on to a certain extent. If all agree in their attitude towards her, I know she must have the qualities that command that attitude, whatever it may be. Then, of course, a certain amount of my own self goes in, just as an author makes copy out of her own personal emotions for her characters. That is why acting is so very exhausting. To a certain extent, you are the person you represent."

"And she is always a person who goes through an abnormal amount of experience," I added. "Do you like you sad or your jolly parts best?"

"It all depends on one's mood. If I'm feeling stimulated I enjoy every minute of a gay part, and it's easy to laugh and be high spirited. But when you're tired or depressed, it is very hard to carry on just the same, and then it comes easier to do a sad part. And of course the audience makes a difference. Why, if there is one person in the house who looks bored or inattentive, or is restless, you can't have a moment's peace till you have conquered that one, too. Your whole audience must be with you."

"But when you can always carry them with you, it must be fascinating," I said, rising.

"Still, there is a good deal of truth in what Jefferson said—don't you remember? An actor is a thing of the moment, and when his few best years are over, there is nothing else. An author or an artist has a lasting medium for his achievements."

"But he must always reach the people through his medium, while you have direct contact with your audience," I remonstrated. "Your success is right on the spot, while he generally has to wait till he's dead for his. Besides, dusty books on a high shelf don't mean much."

"But dusty programs don't mean anything at all," she answered.

THE FISHERMAN'S WHARF

A Bit of Italy Dropped Into San Francisco Bay.

Follow the water northward from the ferries towards Telegraph Hill and about midway between the two you will find the fisherman's wharf, a little bit of Italy dropped down there where the land curves westerly and the houses seem to be crawling up the steep cliffs to the old tower.

On radiant sunshiny days when the sky and water are blue the wharf makes a warm and living picture; the russet sails turn almost to gold in the sunshine, the little dirty white boats seem to have just washed their faces and put on new blue and green neckties, the fish gleam like the "shining soul of a jest," and the fishermen's dark, foreign faces brighten and soften under the genial influence of warmth and light.

Their always voluble tongues become more so—l'allegro is the time—they hitch up their belts (worn low about the loins so the shirt bags in front like a Fedora vest), and give their caps a jauntier tip. They swagger a bit, gesticulate with more abandon, chatter with more vivacity, become more southern, Italian, expansive and picturesque. On foggy days the picture is changed; it becomes a study in brown and gray: the sails, the nets spread out on the pier to dry, even the men themselves—as much as can be seen of them—are tan colored or brown, that beautiful brown which is born of tan-bark, Italy, sun and salt-water.

The water that ripples past the piles is leaden like the sky above it; the pier itself is an indeterminate brownish gray. "The smell of ships, that earnest of romance," is in the air, the schooners on the bay look mysterious and phantom-like. One can fancy pallid, gray-clad, ghostly figures are stealing about their decks, and one's mind goes back to the dreams of long ago, the fancies, the imaginings of childhood, when to be a wild-eyed pirate of superlative courage and accomplishments—who routed men-of-war single-handed, conquered everybody, graciously spared the brave, protected the weak and then sailed away, away, away, over the sea in search of gold and adventure—seemed the most aristocratic and delightful of occupations.

But fog or sunshine, the nets must be mended and the lines disentangled, so almost every day in the year the piers are dotted with stooping, laboring figures, and two broken rows of lateen sail boats line the wharf, rising and falling in the water with a sickening little roll as the waves strike them broadside. Sometimes, when one of the fishermen die, they fly gay red, white and green flags, but mostly bob quietly up and down entirely unadorned save by their swarthy owners, who, even when they have homes, generally breakfast, lunch and dine on board. At first glance it seems a strange custom, but when one remembers how irregular their lives are, how dependent their comings and goings upon wind and tide, it is easily understood. Even the most careful of housewives would find it hard to have meals "on time," where time is kept by vagrant breezes and man's (often drunken man's) caprice.

The fishermen's wives, however, are not idle; they cook for a family of youngsters; they bear children, which is something—though their husbands don't think so—and in addition to this they make the interminable and necessary nets, some of which, the drag-nets, for instance, only last three or four months, and are about forty feet long. But occupation, always a blessing, must be a double one to these women. To sit at home with folded hands and wait for the husband or lover who may never return; to listen to the fog horn or rising wind and know that your man or your boy is far out near the Farallones in his cockle-shell, or perhaps off Hunter's point with the tide running out—swift, relentless—and the boat bottom up; to picture to yourself the shivering bodies and the stiffening fingers which cling to that bottom—there are few things worse. Can you realize it, my lady, you who have but to stretch out your hand to touch your dearest or bring him to you. Believe me, life is not all beer and skittles to those who "go down to the sea in ships" or to their womankind.

These fishermen spend their lives, excepting an occasional spree, on these twenty-five foot boats. They are out sometimes for five days or a week, sometimes but one day, sometimes two, and they live when out on sour red wine, hard-tack, spaghetti, onions, garlic and hope, though in dock they are great fellows for stew.

I've seen them breakfasting off red wine, watermelon and stew, always with onions and bait (small fish) gleaming through the gaping hatches and smelling aloud to heaven. They sit about on the little decks generally in groups of three or four, dressed in garments which salt water has turned to one indefinite hue—with now and then the flare of a red handkerchief or a new cap—and eat voraciously, gesticulate wildly and talk vehemently.

Again you may see one, serene, smelly and sensuous, dropping leisurely down a ladder to his boat, humming as he goes. On his head he wears a straw (or something that looks like straw) tam o' shanter, a red cap or an English felt hat, if the latter you are struck by the intrinsic ugliness of our men's headgear and breathe a prayer. Speak to him and he will probably reply with a few words of mongrel English "talka," on a dark lagoon of Italian, and he may inquire affectionately if you "wanta the sardina."

Sometimes they speak very good English. "I never yet," said one of them with Italy in his eyes and America on his tongue, "I never yet have seen a good day on the bay, but if you will come down on a Thursday afternoon, when most of the boats are in, you will see some very pretty scenery." In spite of his quaint use of scenery he told me many things I wanted to know, and told me where the different fish were found—the turbot on the Alameda flats, the striped bass in Sonoma creek, flounders near Mare Island, pompano and smelt in deep water that anchovies are caught in shore nets and rock cod with hook and line off the Cordell banks; that the boats went further south for mackerel and barracuta; that mullet, tom cod and dead men were sometimes hauled up in the same net, and that of the lot the corpse was the most profitable for he brought an unfailing ten dollars from the Coroner.

He told me, too, that his mother considered the perils of the sea less than those of the city, and that she sends a little brother (about eight years) out in the boats with his father "to keep him out of the streets during school vacations."

PEG WOFFINGTON.

AS THE TIDES TURN

THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT THE WHARF

ET CETRA

I know a sweet young lady who emphasizes her feeling in her face; I know a disagreeable one, who makes an exclamation point of her nose.

I fight shy of Strephon, because he belittles his friend.

The man who forgets a wrong is invincible; the man who forgives one is divine.

If you find a man who is just, honest and discreet, crown him king at once.

An ass clothed in a lion's skin lives an uncomfortable life, and dies an ass.

When thwarted ambition and envy can find no other way to vent its spite, it becomes a reformer.

Applause is a wonderful stimulant to self-sacrifice.

The fear of God and the love of lucre have kept the world in turmoil.

If the Ten Commandments were in full force, business and pleasure would cease.

The truth may be a vice when it does harm.

The Anarchists would found a society for the relief of the rich.

Men are divided into two classes, those who wear saddles and those who wear spurs.

Conscience is the name which the orthodox give to their prejudices.

Lies are the only weapons with which virtue can be assailed.

Scandal is the offspring of spite, and gossip the recreation of vice and vulgarity.

PHUT.

MENDING THE NETS

WESTERN PALACES

No. I. THE RESIDENCE OF MR. ISIDOR SCHWARTZ

A MILLIONAIRE'S MANSION

The Home of a Guatemalan Capitalist.

On the corner of Buchanan and Clay streets stands one of the handsomest houses in San Francisco, a combination of stone and brick, for which Mr. W. J. Mathews of Oakland is architecturally responsible. It was built by Mrs. Moses Hopkins half a dozen years ago, but has since passed into the hands of Mr. Isidor Schwartz. One does not enter too easily, after ringing the door-bell. There are as many different stages as there are degrees of friendship, after one has passed through the double swing doors at the top of the marble steps. These swinging doors were about the first of their kind in San Francisco, though in New York they have been used for a long time, the system being known as the New York Vestibule Entrance.

From the octagonal vestibule, marble floored and wainscoted with mahogany, one passes through a single door of hospitable width to the entrance hall, leading into the reception room. This was one of the first of the white and gold rooms that swept over the town, and perhaps one of the most elaborate. The walls are hung with silk, and the woodwork, Renaissance in style, is decorated in colors, with beautifully designed cornices. Leaving this room, you at last reach the main hall, with its polished floor and broad oak staircase, and are fairly within the house. On the left is the dining room, wainscoted in antique oak. Heavy rafters cross the ceiling, sarcastically suggesting primitive simplicity and strings of onions, an idea that the array on the great sideboard hardly carries out. Perhaps the most attractive feature of the dining room is the bay window behind the heavy oak arch. There comfortably secluded breakfasts may be served, or tete-a-tete luncheons, or even cosy little dinners, when there is almost nobody at home. It would be an ideal corner for the "children's table," which is spread at big Thanksgiving dinners and other occasions when relatives are inevitable and children a matter of course. Two doors, separated by a fireplace, connect the dining room with the main hall, on another side of which wide doors lead to the living room. This room, Moorish in design, is divided into two parts by heavy columns and wainscoted in mahogany, and its furniture, like that of the other apartments, is Renaissance in character. Next comes the billiard room, octagonal in shape by reason of its cut-off corners, but covered with a square dome, in which a stained glass skylight is set. Mahogany wainscoting reaches within two feet of the ceiling, and in a recess some fourteen feet wide is a great open fireplace, with seats built into the wall on either side. One of the cut-off corners forms a side of the little octagon room known as the den, a place specially designed to encourage the use of tobacco. Everything about it, even the decorations of the walls, suggests smoke, and every known comfort a smoker can enjoy is there.

Upstairs the bedrooms are chiefly furnished in birdseye maple, and there is a fascinating boudoir done in white and gold. On the floor above are a couple of extra guest chambers and the servants' rooms, while the basement floor contains the kitchen and all the unattractive machinery of a large house.

It is to be regretted that bicyclists are often seen riding with open mouth. With some, this pernicious habit was fixed in childhood. But when it is observed only after exercise, such as bicycling, it indicates that the heart and lungs have been subjected to undue strain, which should not be repeated. Medical experience affirms that so long as the cyclist can breathe freely with the mouth closed he is safe, at least so far as heart strain is concerned.

Mr. John Hays Hammond, the American mining engineer who has been recently brought into such prominence in South Africa, declares, according to a cablegram from London, that he will not return to Johannesburg. Mr. Hammond states it to be his intention to try to divert English capital to the United States for the development of gold mines. The Pacific Coast stands very much in need of some developing agency such as Mr. Hammond will probably control, and the benefit which would result to the mining regions of the West through such exploration and development is incalculable.

WEARY

Not as a means of grace,
And hope of glory, No.
But could I see thy face,
And hear the blessing flow,
As when thy living lips the promise poured,
Then would I kneel and wait for mercy, Lord.

"Ye weary, come to me
And I will give you rest,"
Have I not bent the knee,
And all my soul confessed?
Art Thou a myth, Oh God! or am I blind,
Groping in gloom for peace, I cannot find?

Oh! shed one beam of light,
And when my flesh is wrung
Through agony's long night,
When all my life is hung
On retrospection's cross, and when the spear
Of conscience strikes my soul, then be Thou near.

Whisper one word of hope,
That my faint heart may know
How with these fears to cope,
And respite gain from woe;
Bind up my wounds, and breathe the healing balm
Of one kind word, to comfort and to calm.

Not for a heaven unearned
Nor to escape a hell,
My lips have often burned
To drink of Mercy's well;
Yearning, in that sweet flood, themselves to steep,
And drift away from life in dreamless sleep.

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY

How the Smart Set Has Amused Itself This Week.

The paper chase supplies to San Rafael an absorbing topic of conversation. The institution is given up to equestrian exploits, and the prowess of this maid and that man recur with poignant frequency. Episodes of the chase are the current circulating medium of conversation, and anticipation is concentrated on the forthcoming expedition, for there is to be another today. On Saturday last, Baron Von Schroeder and Miss Currey officiated as hares, and the Baron saw to it that the chase was not an easy one. A course of infinite difficulties he led, up hill and down dale, across the side of the high hill behind the Lichtenberg place, and around Inspiration Point. Indeed, it took good riding to be in at the death. Mr. Archibald caught the Baron, and Miss Tiny O'Connor captured Miss Currey. Perhaps it would have been more appropriate had the first honors gone to Miss Tompkins, whose riding was particularly clever and daring, but she suffered the disadvantage of a tumble en route, turning a sharp curve. She speedily recovered, however, and was awarded second honors. Mr. Archibald also experienced a shock, and still carries around with him a lame arm as the result of a carriage which inconveniently intruded itself in his path.

Otherwise, life at the Hotel Rafael is sufficiently gay for the young people, and by no means tiresome for the matrons. They have a new belle over there in the person of Miss Sussman, an exceedingly pretty girl, tall and dark, whose poses are of the Gibson order. She has become a great favorite, and will, I believe, go to the cotillions next season under proper auspices. Saturday night last, the Baron gave a hunt dinner, at which the participants of the chase appeared en grande tenue. Among the guests were the Misses O'Connor, Miss Emma Spreckels, Miss Tompkins, Miss Gwynne and Miss Currey, together with Mr. and Mrs. Crooks, Count Du Parc, Vladmir Artsimovitch, Mr. Archibald, Mr. Greenway and others. There was a choice menu, some of the Baron's best claret to drink, and any amount of fun recounting the incidents of the day's adventures. Another entertainment was the dinner which Mr. and Mrs. Crooks gave at Fairfax Villa, their guests being Mrs. Folger, Miss Gwynne, Miss Thomas, Miss Tompkins and Miss Currey, together with Mr. Greenway, Mr. Pardie, Mr. Archibald and Mr. Greenwood. They were driven there in a four-in-hand by the host, and enjoyed an Italian meal cooked by Pastori himself, in which macaroni, polenta and other delicacies figured in appropriate array.

Though the crowd at the hotel is much given to riding and driving, bicycling has its own vogue. Mrs. Crooks, Mrs. Nutall, Mrs. Tay and the O'Connors, all ride. The Gerstles and the Hechts are great wheelwomen, and on their silent steeds gather at the hotel every afternoon. On Sunday last, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Miss Genevieve Goad and Mr. Wilsee rode up from Sausalito on their wheels, had lunch at the hotel and returned in the evening. Quite a party of visitors were over on Sunday. Miss Williams had Mr. Heath and Gerald Rathbone as her guests. Miss Thomas entertained Miss Laura Adams and Frank Van Ness. Tim Frawley was Mr. Archibald's guest for the chase and remained over the best of Sunday. Mrs. Webster Jones still has Miss Gertie Foreman with her. Altogether, there is lots going on, and everyone is having a good time. Among the most attractive of the younger girls are Miss Susie Blanding and Miss Breckenridge, who bid fair to be belles in the days to come. They are bright, gay, smart, young ladies, whose fascinations are already in evidence.

On Mr. Walter Hobart's return, polo has again become living issue at Burlingame. The young millionaire is back, with his bride, his coach and his horses, and seems as happy and as full of vitality as ever. There is quite an assemblage of distinguished rigs now at San Mateo. George Newhall has a fine array of vehicles. Henry Crocker, who has the Harry Howard mansion for the summer, drives the coach which he purchased recently from Talbot Clifton. He has a strong hand for the ribbons and tools the big vehicle through the devious avenues which lead to his front door in brilliant style. Then there is the Burlingame coach which Mrs. Tobin drives so cleverly, equipages enough for a veritable coaching parade should the occasion present itself. By the way, Mr. Crocker had a party out for a moonlight drive last week in the new coach. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Al. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams and some others.

At Burlingame the topic is the pony and steeplechase racing at Del Monte. The Association has announced its programme—five races for Wednesday the 26th of August, and six races for Saturday the 29th. The prizes aggregate $1500, together with the Del Norte cup—a mile handicap. In most of the events the rules prescribe gentlemen riders, but there are several events in which there will be jockeys up. The degree of Walter Hobart's participation will decide the success of the races. If the young millionaire proposes capturing all the prizes, as no one doubts his ability to do, the interest will be slight. His stable is beyond competition. However, if he contents himself with the cup then there will be fun in plenty, as the entries will be general. It is a pity the comic element, which Talbot Clifton generally provided, will be absent this time, though there is no predicting new developments of clowns. Another interesting question applies to the participation of the Country Club. Enthusiasm is not being manifested among its members as the Burlingamites carried off all the credit last August, and but a corporal's guard watched the pigeon shoot. The institution objects to being relegated to a secondary position and its determination will hardly add to the success of the celebration.

Del Monte has been enjoying an influx of Eastern belles and heiresses. Several Kentucky beauties shared the hospitality of this charming resort during the past week, and with all due respect to the loveliness of the Blue Grass State, I may assert that the California girls had no reason to dread the comparison. The visitors had excellent chances of experiencing what California hospitality really is. Judging by their remarks a friendly bond is rapidly being formed between California and Kentucky.

Contrary to general report, the advent of the big waist has not struck terror to the heart of fashion's devotees. Waists have been growing larger and still larger, until now they are the distinguishing mark between the cultured belle and the shop girl. Mrs. Osgood Hooker was among the first to frown down the eighteen and twenty-inch waist measurement. Her followers are legion. If twenty-seven inches is the fashionable measure, many of our belles have out-fashioned fashion and have her models of beauty and ultra-style many months back.

The most pleasant reports come from the invalids. Miss Romie Wallace is once again able to be up and out. Mrs. Alexander McBean has sent out word that she will be able to see her friends next week, and Mrs. Osgood Hooker is able to be about without cane or crutch, and will be ready shortly to mount her wheel once again.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels are at San Rafael and I am told are seriously contemplating the leasing of the Mayo Newhall residence. Miss Joliffe is their guest.

Although the names of some of the debutantes for the coming season have been announced, he will indeed be a prophet who may predict the outcome of the season. Popularity and belleship are all very well, but the girls who won the matrimonial prizes last season were the dear little girls, the sweet, demure ones. Will this mean a change of tactics? Time alone can tell.

The details of the Gerstle-Levison marriage were admirably managed. An out-of-doors wedding in midsummer. How pretty and appropriate. The decorations were delightfully artistic. Indeed, it seems a sacrilege to call that artistic arrangement of fragrant and beauteous blossoms decorations. The bride looked charming. Her gown was the perfection of the conturiere's art, and it was not made in Paris, either. The finest of white crepe lisse over shining ivory satin. The effect was exquisite. The bridesmaids looked so dainty and summery, in their pretty gowns, white over green. The maid of honor's gown was an inimitable creation. Truly, I have never seen such an assemblage of smartly-gowned women. Those who came from San Rafael and the environing towns wore, for the most part, lawns and organdies, smothered in lace of course. The hats were dreams. Big leghorns for the most part with nodding plumes.

To my mind the prettiest girl at the gathering was Miss Sadie Hecht, one of the bridesmaids. And the most stunning matron without the vestige of a doubt was Mrs. Marcus Gerstle. Her gown was of dainty figured organdie over white silk, and she wore a large white picture hat with numberless white flowers. One of the most striking gowns was that worn by Miss Florence Greenbaum. It was of white organdie over blue silk and fitted to perfection her tall, supple figure. Long, black gloves reached to the puffed elbow sleeves, and a large black picture hat with black plumes completed the stunning costume. Among other pretty gowns I noticed was one worn by Mrs. Dr. Arnold. A white organdie over yellow silk, and a white picture hat. Miss Grace Hecht looked extremely pretty in a pale blue silk with white lace insertions. Miss Olga Triest wore white and black silk with large white fichu, and was much admired, as was also Mrs. Hilda Castles' gown of white organdie trimmed with butter lace, and large white hat with black plumes.

As might have been expected the presents were gorgeous. Such silver I have never seen. An enormous box came from the groom's family and another from the Fireman's Fund, as did also a handsome grandfather's clock.

Louis Sloss' present to his neice was a baby grand piano. From her father the bride received a check in several ciphers.

An interesting engagement to be noted is that of Miss Beatrice Bachman and Sam L. Dinkelspeil. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Dinkelspeil, and the prospective bride, who is a great favorite in the younger set, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Bachman. The engagement is the first of importance in Jewish circles this summer.

Oakland is again asserting its right to make music, and it looks as though some good concerts would be the result. A new choral society is being formed under the direction of Mr. Ben Clark, the leader of the choir at the First Presbyterian church. Mrs. F. S. Stratton, the musical sponsor of the Friday Morning Club, has taken a great interest in this new organization, and the first program is to have several Handel numbers as well as others less ambitious. Choral clubs have been started several times before this in Oakland, but have never progressed farther than a first concert. Perhaps a poor programme has had as much to do with these failures as anything, for there never was any lack of people ready and willing to go. That musical organizations across the bay can succeed is shown by the Friday Morning Club, and also by the Orpheus, a choral club of male voices that has made itself well known and liked.

One of the prettiest of the recent entertainments was given in the beautiful old Merritt place, on Jackson street, where Snell's Seminary has taken up its quarters. The party was given by Miss Mariedna Snell, a niece of the principal's, in honor of Miss Plummer of Portland. The evening was devoted to music, dancing, and—thanks to the moonlight—strolling about the gardens. Among the guests were Miss Hush, Miss Selby, Miss Joliffe, Miss Moffett, Mr. Ralston, Mr. Sessions, Henry Inman, Will English and many others.

On Tuesday evening a whist party was given by Dr. and Mrs. John A. D. Hutton of Berkeley, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

A number of people are away for their yearly outing. Miss Sophia Newlands is spending the summer at Riverton, Lake Tahoe. Mrs. F. S. Stratton is at Blithdale, Mrs. J. C. Tucker at Castle Crags and Mr. Brayton at Napa Soda.

During the past week a dinner party was given at the Vendome, by Mrs. W. T. Adel, in honor of her daughter's birthday. There was also a very pretty wedding at the hotel, that of Miss Kitty A. Utschig of San Francisco to Mr. Gustave Hueter. Miss Lizzie Utschig acted as bridesmaid, and after an elaborate breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Hueter left for Santa Cruz and Monterey. Among those who have registered at the Vendome during the past week are R. R. Grayson of San Francisco, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Mrs. C. E. Hayes of Oakland and M. Tranchant of Paris; R. Duirola and party, Mrs. Victor Mathen and party, Dr. Louis Lazeo and party and A. Davis of Guatemala; Mrs. C. T. Mills of Mills College, accompanied by Miss Nutting, Mrs. M. D. Taaffe, Master Randall Taaffe and Miss Stinson, Governor Budd, Mrs. J. T. Love and Miss Mabel Love.

STARTING AFTER THE HARES AT SAN RAFAEL

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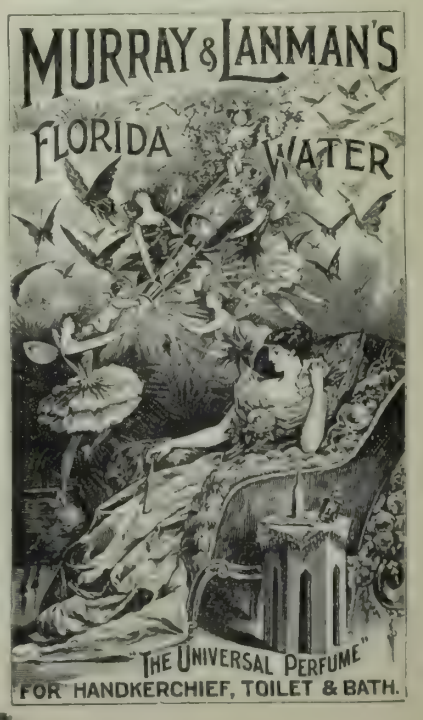

THE THEATERS

Viola Allen in "Bohemia" — The Frawleys in New Plays.

This Paris! Tut, tut, my dear compatriot, we Americans know our own country when we see it; this "Bohemia" of yours is in Petaluma, Milpitas or Hoboken. You put your hand to the plough and then turn back. That's what the matter, Mr. Fitch. The native hue of resolution was sicklied in with the pale cast of thought. I've no doubt, not the slightest, that you started out intending to be very bold, bad and "Frenchy." There are signs of that a-plenty. So you selected Murger's "Vie de Boheme" for your text,—you shut your eyes, plunged in boldly, and then—you faltered, you considered the situation (too late, alas, too late) and evidently ended by rewriting your play in a Y. M. C. A. building, in order to get an atmosphere which would palliate your original sins.

The result is an incongruous jumble, a salad of rose-leaves and onions—which nevertheless is very palatable—a play which is undoubtedly amusing, and is full of bright dialogue, but lacks body.

It reminds one of a charmingly chiffoned, ruffled and jeweled ball dress with no one to show it off. This effect is perhaps largely due to the players, who, with one or two exceptions are not fitted for their roles. Viola Allen, a good but not magnetic actress, who is capable of portraying the gentlewoman or the society girl, is totally at sea in "Bohemia." She gives you no idea of Mimi's status, circumstances or occupation. One is quite surprised to see her unchaperoned and making flowers. Mimi, as she presents her, has no individuality. She is a flavorless, colorless, unidentified bag of something, with no stamp on it, except—in big letters—"Probably Pure." Yet at times her work had its good points. I doubt if Miss Allen could act any part without giving it a certain sincerity and womanliness. She is never offensive; her faults are negative; she seldom overacts, and somehow or other she wins your respect.

Ida Conquest, the slim, the coquettish, looked like a "Musette" (an American Musette), but she acted like a spoiled, frivolous, heartless society person. Perhaps there is not so much difference between a grissette and a girl of that description as I think, but I feel, in spite of this reflection, that Fitch has not done his duty to Murger's "Musette," and that Ida Conquest has simply carried the neglect a little further. However, she was quite charming in an irresponsible, pouting fashion, and she looked very fetching in her gay gown, and she climbed the stone wall daintily, airily, captivatingly. Annie Irish was, as usual, hard and mechanical; her voice artificial and stagey, her methods obvious. For an instance, her exaggerated panting as she sat by Rudolph in the third act and listened to his praises of Mimi; such violent commotions do not begin and end so suddenly in the human, or even in a volcano. How much more acutely he could have been made to feel the pang she felt had it been shown by the tense stillness of repressed feeling instead of this wild upheaving of her beautiful bosom and her gorgeous gown.

The best work done was undoubtedly that of May Robson and J. E. Dodson, who were both capital. I have seldom seen a more horrible old woman on or off the stage than May Robson's Mme. Benoit, and it was all done so quietly. She took too long, however, to make out her receipt, and Ida Conquest too long to put on her frills.

What a dreary play "Moths" would be without Lady Dolly, and what a flight of imagination to give her such a daughter as Vera—about as natural as to hatch a dove from a vulture's egg. But from Ouida one expects neither sanity nor probability, only wit.

With the single exception of Miss McAllister I cannot see that the Frawleys have added in any way to their reputation by their production of "Moths," while George Leslie has obliterated the memory of every laugh he ever gave in his "Duke of Mull." One gets desperately tired of saying the same thing over and over again, but I must once more express my regret at Blanche Bates' jerkiness. She would have made a really charming Fuschia Leach if she had only overcome her intolerably spasmodic manner of speaking and her nervous motions. She sang her little song very pleasantly, with a good deal of discrimination and tact, and she looked very delightful as she sat elbows on table and eyes on her Duke's, but the next moment she was off again, twisting, fidgeting, setting one's nerves on edge. Repose should be her motto. She should think of it, dream of it, strive for it.

Margaret Craven was tolerable as Vera, though not so winning as I have seen her. She made several crass errors similar to the one in the first act, when she said, "This is the world," accenting the "is"—instead of this—as if someone had contradicted her. Power had a better opportunity than usual and availed himself of it. Worthing made the most of Correze. Lansing Rowan as Jeanne displayed a long shapely throat and a remarkably well-poised figure, but she is still far from at ease on the boards, and rather conscious.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

MRS. THORNDYKE-BOUCICAULT

We find ourselves in strange company at the Columbia this week. In "The Highest Bidder" we are introduced to a double-barreled widow, who has sued two men for breach of promise and yearns for another to pluck; we see men kicking one another without serious results and "Cheviot" says something in the auction scene which sounds like "I can't do no more." I don't remember any other Cheviot using two negatives, and perhaps Clarke's doesn't, but it sounds that way. Of course Worthing will be accused of imitating Southern in this play, but, after all, does he? It seems to me he only imitates himself—I don't believe he thinks enough of anyone else to pay them the compliment—and succeeds in being very amusing.

The love-making between Blanche Bates and him is rather clumsy—they should work harder during rehearsals, and labor less in public.

It was amusing and interesting to watch Charles Wingate's efforts to lift his little role from obscurity. He acted vigorously, insistently and all the time. Never before have I seen such enthusiasm. He kissed the little Ross eagerly, he hopped upon his stool joyously, he frowned prodigally and smiled lavishly. In fact, he played with all the stops out and the hard pedal down, looked rosy, happy, young, and if nobody else liked it I—and he—did.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

DRAMATIC NOTES

Denman Thompson is to appear for a limited number of times in "The Old Homestead" during the coming season.

The last two performances of "The Merchant of Venice" will be given at the California Theatre tonight and Sunday.

Della Fox is securing the services of some very clever people for her next season in "The Little Trooper" and "Fleur de Lis."

Henry Arthur Jones, who is the author of "The Masqueraders," also wrote "Saints and Sinners," "Judah," "The Dancing Girl," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and others of equal success.

Among the three graduates of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art, Miss Edna Elsemere goes out next season with Pete Daily; Lilian Dane with Koster & Bial, and Georgia Stewart with Corinne.

Among the stars who are coming to the Baldwin during the coming season and who will be seen here in that capacity for the first time are Kathryn Kidder, Della Fox, Otis Skinner, Robert Hilliard, Beerbohm Tree, John Hare, etc.

Next week at the Baldwin, "Bohemia" will give place to Pinero's "Benefit of the Doubt," a play of a more serious character, treating of social decadence and fin de siecle follies. The week following, Henry Arthur Jones' drama, "The Masqueraders" will be given.

Chauncey Olcott will open his season of Irish drama at the California Theatre next Monday night, August 3rd, with the play "Mavourneen." It is some years since Mr. Olcott has appeared before an audience in this city, and this is his first appearance here as a star. "The Irish Artist" will follow "Mavourneen."

At the Orpheum next week, the Nelson sisters, who are described as among the most competent female athletes, will do a variety of new and difficult acrobatic feats. Among the musical attractions are Drummond Sthaley and Belle Birbeck, the Black Patti, and Biondi. Lydia Yeaman's Titus has been a great success this week, even against the competition of the eminent cat-trainer and the clever Italian mimic.

Monday evening next, the Columbia Theatre inaugurates a new season. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, the well-known character actor, makes his first appearance as Silas K. Woolcott in "A Gold Mine," made famous by Nat Goodwin. Miss Louis Thorndyke Boucicault, the handsome and accomplished comedienne, has the role of the Honorable Mrs. Meredith. She has a delightful voice and laugh, a fine stage presence. "A Gold Mine" has an excellent plot, and its least virtue is by no means the national character of its incidents.

Next Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings we are to have at the Tivoli Opera House renditions of Leoncavallo's tragic opera, "Pagliacci." The cast will include Miss Nina Bertini Humphreys, Sig. Michelena, Sig. Maurice De Vries, John J. Raffael and Martin Pache. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings Gounod's "Faust" will be rendered, with Mme. Natali as Marguerite, and the new contralto, Miss Bernice Holmes, as Seibel. The sixth week will be devoted to four performances of Meyerbeer's "Hugenots," alternated with Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."

Jinks—"To-day I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal looked like her."
Winks—"Get out!"
Jinks—"The red-faced, snub-nosed mortal was her first baby."
—Tit-Bits.

First Boy—"Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots!"
Second Boy—"He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth!"

"Scotch and Soda" is the fashionable drink in the east at present, and is fast becoming the fad out here. With a good quality of whisky, such as the "White Horse Cellar" Scotch Whisky, it makes one of the most pleasant and cooling drinks we have tried, and is sure to make a hit.

"Thank you, but I cannot dine with you; I must go home to my queen."

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FICTION IN REVIEW

"Love Is a Spirit," "Checkers," "Yekl, a Tale of the New York Ghetto.

In "Love Is a Spirit" (Harper's), Julian Hawthorne is more mystical and mesmeric and spooky than ever. It is a rhapsody of love, love that can live and soar free from the human body, and yet revels in its earthly gratification, love that will go on forever after death if it is not defiled in life, love that can bring the dead back to earth and the living up to heaven. It is a tropical, heavily-scented story, told with deep, quick breaths and half closed eyelids.

" 'Will you have some tea?' 'No, thanks. Our talk shan't be strangled with beverages.'

Their talk! What had they been saying to each other? Words are wheels, on which you roll along and dream other things. But that deep voice of his vibrated in her ears, and reached a secret place low in her bosom, whence she took her breath. It said things interior to words, which she loved to hear.

'Shall we walk in the rose-garden, then? And you can smoke a cigar.'

'By Jove, yes!—the rose-garden. I never yet had roses enough.'

'Come with me, and you shall have them.' "

She is an innocent young girl, living in dreams, he a world-worn man with a wife in the background. They fall in love, and he goes through bitter struggles with his conscience.

Conscience is victorious, and he is about to go back to his wife, when the news comes of her death. Then he starts to go to the girl and confess all, but she meets him on the way, knowing and forgiving everything and promising that they shall enjoy eternity together. They spend a weird afternoon riding side by side, before he discovers that she is only the spirit of his beloved, the real Yolande having been drowned the day before. We leave him kneeling beside her dead body. Her last words to him before she disappears dwell on that spirituality of love that is the theme of the book:

"Love is stronger than earth—he is a spirit! Tell me, beloved, is it not me and not my body that you love? Yes, I know it, for have you not loved me to-day? And if you saw me not through that veil, but as I am, and heard me say I love you, and saw me alive in a world more beautiful than that valley where first we met, and knew I was waiting for you in this glorious world in a house built for us by our love, and yet that I should be always near you, both when the eyes of your own spirit were open and when they were closed, nearer than on earth I could ever have come, and safe from all perils of my own ignorance or your noble misgivings, so that our union, even while you stayed here, would grow each hour more entire, and at last, when time had dissolved the final barrier, perfect, like the marriage of fire with light—if God granted to us to know all this as of our own knowledge, would you not be content? * * * Beloved, would you grieve to lose a shadow, gaining this reality? * * * Be happy, as I am, that I am no longer in the distance somewhere outside you, far or near, but in your heart of hearts—in the heaven that our two immortal hearts have made!"

"Checkers" (H. S. Stone & Co.) is nominally a character study of a sporty, vagabondish, engaging young "tout" of the race tracks. In reality it is a compendium of a certain class of slang, with this Chicago Chimmie Fadden as a background. Checkers is an inveterate gambler and player of the races, though during his short married life he settles down into the most staid and domestic of farmers. Then his wife dies and his money is lost, and things go very badly with him. At last his farm is restored to him, and he is helped to his feet again, though whether he stays there or not is a matter of doubt. Mr. Henry M. Blossom, Jr., himself was evidently sceptical, for he ended the book and came away just then. Here is a specimen of Checkers' style of conversation, apropos of girls:

"I never had much time for them myself, but my friend 'Push' Miller had them coming his way in carriages. * * * He used to play a system on them. I think he caled it the Fabian system, after some old joker in the war, who used to win his battles by running away. You see, the other guys would come chasing after this joker, and when he got them where he wanted, he'd go out and nail them—easy thing.

"Well, this Fabian system was a dead sure winner for Push, and if I were you I'd try it. The next time you get together, 'jolly up' Sadie. Don't push it too strong; but just enough as that Pert will notice it—she'll get jealous. 'Jolly' Sadie harder, but be polite to Pert, and pretty soon you'll have her guessing. The chances are that before long she'll make a play at you—give her the frozen face."

The dialect is often bright and original, but is marred by an irritating use of quotation marks. They give the expressions they surround an apologetic look, which does not at all suit Checkers' nonchalant manner of saying what he pleases. His character and mode of life are in themselves explanations of his phrases, which are in no more need of special enclosures than Dr. Johnson's Latinisms or Mr. Meredith's verbal skyrockets.

This same annoying trick of labeling the dialect is prominent in "Yekl, a Tale of the New York Ghetto," by A. Cahan (D. Appleton & Co.). Here all the English words and expressions that have crept into the Yiddish of the New York Jews are italicized, giving the conversation an air of strained and unnatural emphasis. The study of such expressions would be interesting by itself, but in a novel it is as tiresome as a multitude of foot-notes. This may seem a small detail, but so are boots and gloves and hats in comparison to the magnitude of a personality, and yet even these count in a first impression. The book as a whole is an interesting, if not very forceful, picture of a low class of Jews whom New York has robbed of their simplicity and primitive reverence, leaving them with a cheap smartness, an absence of all high motive, and vulgarity unlimited. Yekl himself is well drawn, but no book of that class could rouse a very loud echo while Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" is still ringing in our ears.

Sir Walter Besant's new novel, "The Master Craftsman (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), deals with one of the author's favorite situations—the voluntary return of a young aristocrat to the people. Sir George Burnikel loses his money, and, instead of accepting a well-paid sinecure, goes back to the trade of his ancestors and becomes a boat-builder. When wealth comes to him again he hands it over to his cousin, who, at the other end of the social see-saw, has risen from a craftsman to a powerful M. P. Not content with exchanging positions, the two men exchange fiancees as well, each settling down with the one nature had intended for him all along.

In "The Finding of Lot's Wife" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), Alfred Clark has put enough material for a dozen ordinary novels, but style and construction are unfortunately deficient. The scene is laid in the mountains south-east of the Dead Sea, and we have battle, murder and sudden death in quick succession, to say nothing of insanity and miracles. No conceivable horrors, however, can redeem puppet-like characters and pages of lifeless platitude. J. W. T.

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POETIC RYTHMS IN PROSE

In the August Atlantic Monthly there is an article by Edward E. Hale, Jr., on "Poetic Rhythms in Prose," in which, after feeling his way for some time, the author finally decides that the introduction of metrical passages into prose is apt to be annoying. "So much for metrical snatches in prose; where they are only dimly apprehended they may not trouble, but as soon as we appreciate them they offend. They do not make good prose rhythm; they are, as has always been said, faults, blemishes in good prose." Mr. Hale cites a number of passages of which this is undoubtedly true, as they are not poetical in substance, and the fact that they are metrical in form seems more or less an accident; but one cannot help wishing that he had made a study of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" before he finally gave his decision.

Passage after passage of that exquisite story is written in blank verse, solemn, spirited, or musical, as the sense requires, and introduced with such art that it seems utterly unconscious and unpremeditated. We glide out of it as easily as we were led into it, without break or jar or straining to keep the rhythm, so easily, indeed, that one may read some distance without discovering that one's sense of pleasure is due to anything more than beautiful words and spirited style.

"But when I came unto the spot
Where the Doones had killed my father,"—

What a strange little thrill of awe those ominous spondees give to half a dozen simple words. A bell seems to toll through them. Contrast that with the galloping dactyls of John's first ride on the famous mare. I have put the passage into verse form, but not a word is changed:

But there came a shrill whistle from up the
home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us;
And the mare stopped as if with a bullet;
Then set off for home with the speed of a
swallow, and going as smoothly and
silently.
I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent and graceful and ambient,
Soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers,
but swift as the summer lightning.
I sat up again, but my strength was all
spent, and no time left to recover it;
And at last, as she rose at our gate like a
bird, I tumbled off into the mixen.

The author is wise enough to keep to prose in trivial passages or conversations, using metre chiefly when there is an emotion to be expressed. For that reason there is much less rhythm in the latter half of the book, which deals more with people and events than sentiment. When the author's great love of nature and trees and water gets into words, they inevitably shape themselves into poems.

And if one stood beneath an elm, with any
heart to look at it,
Lo! all the ground was strewn with flakes
(too small to know their meaning),
And all the sprays above were rasped and
trembling with a redness.
And so I stopped beneath the tree and
carved "L. D." upon it,
And wondered at the buds of thought that
seemed to swell inside me.

Perhaps Mr. Hale is right in his general principle that definite rhythm is out of place in prose, for not everyone can succeed as the author of "Lorna Doone" has, and a poor attempt is more displeasing than the boldest prose ever written. Still, such a famous exception as Blackmore's must undermine a general rule, and though we may admit "it is better not," we still say "it can be done." Let me add just one more example, as restful and drowsy as a cradle song:

But all the middle of this valley was a place
to rest in.
To sit and think that troubles were not, if
we would not make them.
To know the sea outside the hills, but never
to behold it;
Only by the sound of waves to pity sailors
laboring.

LITERARY COMMENT

The feature of the August Lark is a two-page cartoon by Porter Garnett, illustrating in an amusingly literal manner, Touchstone's verbal "school of fence" as described in the third act of "As You Like It." Mr. Garnett has done some very ingenious bits of versification for the Lark, and among his tours de force is a Glose in praise of Omar Khayyam, an old Provencal form, seldom attempted in English. Mr. Garnett is also an ultra purist and has contributed several clever skits to the Lark, one in the last number containing 96 grammatical and rhetorical blunders, skillfully concealed from the uninitiated.

Newton Tharp is the latest addition to the ranks of "Les Jeunes" (who seem to inhabit an Eveless Eden); and the very decadent parody called "The Garden of Forgetfulness" could only have been done by Bruce Porter. The subtlety of this satire finds a foil in the slang paraphrase of "Hamlet," a page as nearly vulgar as the Lark has ever dared to insert, barely saved, as always, by eccentric typography.

The only poem in No. 16, is a little lyric, cast in an Elizabethan mould, bearing the quaint Herrick-like caption, "On Helen's Foolishness Not to be Cast Down by Misfortune." The gay Vivette is evidently away on a vacation, and the usual chapter from her biography is taken by the Fable of Dream-Butter. The effects of a new beverage is depicted by Gelett Burgess, in an illustration to the lines:

Many People seem to Think
Plaster o' Paris good to Drink;
Though conducive unto Quiet,
I prefer another Diet.

* * *

The August St. Nicholas publishes some poems written by Margaret Frances Mauro, a child not yet 14, which show remarkable promise. Though childish in conception, they have a rhythm and swing that many mature poems lack, and show vivid imagination and keen love of beauty. She has humor, too, as the last few lines of "Bonnie Lassie" show:

"I'm dreamin' o' my Jamie,
Who said he would be true,
He lo'ed me vera dearly
Before he met wi' you."

Perhaps "The Monster 'Practising' " would be a better example, however, for this may have been written in all seriousness. A little girl of 13 may be too young to know how tragically true to life, and therefore how amusing, it is. "The Lily" and "The Shadow Song" are perhaps the most original. It would be interesting to watch the development of Margaret Mauro's career, and also to notice what effect this early publication has upon her. Heaven grant her the strength to work, and keep her little head unswelled!

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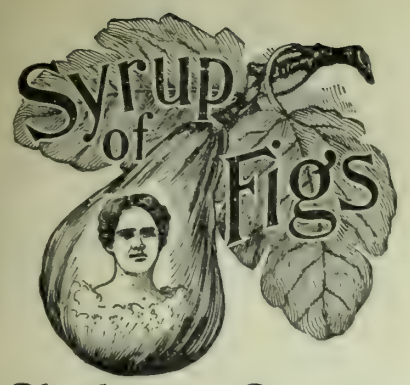

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THE BICYCLE PARADE

Notes and Comments on the Sacramento Tournament.

"The lantern parade was a failure!" That is the verdict of all the people who saw it after it left Twelfth and Folsom streets. "It is the grandest thing we ever saw," said the people who saw it when it first started.

The daily papers have gone into the description of the affair quite fully, and at this time it only remains to add some definiteness to their reports of it. As to the number of wheelmen in line, I made a careful count of the division made up of the California Cycling Club and their friends after it had formed and some ten minutes before the procession started, and found there were about one hundred and forty members of the club and about eight hundred unattached friends. A careful estimate made by multiplying this number by a figure obtained by dividing the space in Shotwell street occupied by the whole body by the space occupied by this division, gave as a result at least six thousand wheels ten minutes before the parade moved. This number was increased considerably afterward. Shotwell street, from 26th to 18th was jammed with wheels and riders, and furnished the prettiest sight of the evening just before the body started.

For a time all went well and it was easy to ride along, but gradually the people crowded in till the lane that was left open hardly permitted a single rider to pass at a time. By the time we reached Fourteenth street, I think at least half the riders had quit in disgust. Here a running fight with the toughs commenced, and those of us who had thoughtfully provided ourselves with wrenches and hardwood clubs found good use for them.

At Eighth and Folsom the whole affair developed into a regular riot and the police were utterly powerless. This was practically the last of the procession and the thousands and thousands of people who went down town that night to see a spectacle which should have been well worth the trouble found merely a scattering wheelman here and there in the mob.

It was really too bad, for a great deal of pains had been taken to make this demonstration a success, and much money and effort had been expended. However, although the general public went away with the idea that the force of the wheelmen in San Francisco amounts to little, those who were managing the parade were well satisfied. It showed that six thousand wheelmen will respond to a call that involves a mighty disagreeable job. It showed the participants in the parade—the wheelmen themselves—the necessity of exerting their strength to the end that the police department may be in fuller sympathy with them; that their requests to the street transportation companies may have greater weight; in short, as a man prominent in bicycle affairs said late that night, "We must capture the works next election."

The recent tournament of cycle racing in Sacramento was a success financially and otherwise. The interest taken in the sport there seems greater than in San Francisco, and on one occasion an audience of some two thousand people was present to witness some mere preparatory training. The track is stated by the riders to be faster than the San Francisco Pavilion track, but it is so similar to it that it is difficult to see where the difference comes in.

It is to be noted that Mr. Oscar Olsen here took occasion to add to his present unsavory reputation for careless riding. You will remember that after his shameful performance at the San Jose meet, I made the suggestion to the Racing Board that in justice to the riders who were forced to compete with him, Mr. Olsen should be given an opportunity to practice riding the bicycle some other where than in track races. I sincerely trust that his conduct at Sacramento has convinced the Board of the necessity of this.

Mr. Allan Jones, who caused one of the worst spills of the meet, has given good cause for careful watching. Nothing very definite need yet be said, perhaps, but if he continues to be unfortunate in this way, he will surely be placed by the cycling public in the same catagory with Olsen and Campbell.

The various clubs are already making their plans for amusement during the coming winter. The season for club runs will be over in another month or so, and then for some three or four months outdoor cycling becomes a matter of individual risk. Some substitute must be found to keep club life alive during that period, for otherwise club members will find themselves comparative strangers to each other when they meet again for the first run of the spring.

Whist annexes and chess annexes seem to be most popular means to be adopted for promoting intra and inter-club relationships during the winter season, and many of the cycling organizations of the city will give card parties in the future which will serve to bring about inter-club contests that will keep the friendly rivalry so necessary to healthy club feeling. By this means many acquaintanceships ripen into real friendships, and the usefulness of the organizations is enhanced. C. MICHENER.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

RIPPLES

He Never Erred.

"Excuse me," remarked the little man to the paying teller at the bank, "but I believe you remember me?"

"Yes," replied the teller, "I remember you. Your name is Smith—John Smith. I cashed a twenty-five hundred dollar check for you this morning."

"Yes, sir, that's right; and I'm glad to see that you remember me, as you made a slight error this morning, and—"

"We never make errors in this bank, sir."

"But, sir; it isn't right."

"I can't help whether it's right or wrong. You should have counted your money before you left the desk."

"I did count it, sir, and it seemed all right; but after I reached my hotel I counted it again, and found that you had made a mistake."

"I have told you, sir, that we never make mistakes here."

"But, sir—"

"Don't but me; I know my business. The money was all right when you counted it here, and you have either lost some of it or else had your pocket picked. You will have to stand to one side, as there are others who must be attended to."

"I would like to convince you that—"

"You can't convince me of anything, and you will oblige me by leaving the premises."

"Had I not better leave my card so you may send for me in case you find that you have made a mistake?"

"No, sir; I don't want your card."

"Very well," replied the little man, meekly, and he slowly took his departure.

The next morning, however, and for a week following the following advertisement appeared in all the principal daily papers of the city:

If Mr. John Smith, who cashed a check for twenty-five hundred dollars at the first National Sandbank on the morning of the 6th inst., will call at the bank as early as convenient he will greatly oblige the paying teller.

The paying teller had inadvertently over-paid Mr. Smith the sum of two-hundred and fifty dollars.

How He Knew.

Bloomer—Good morning, Mr. Blossom.

Blossom (handing him a twenty)—Here you are.

Bloomer (surprised)—Why, how did you know I was going to ask for a twenty?

Blossom—By the way you addressed me.

Bloomer—Well, I'll fool you the next time.

Bloomer (the next time)—Hello, Blossom!

Blossom (handing him a twenty)—Take it.

Bloomer (greatly surprised)—You certainly must be a mind reader!

Blossom—No; I don't claim to be.

Bloomer—Well, then, how did you know I was going to ask for a twenty?

Blossom—By the way you addressed me.

Bloomer—That's what you said the last time, and I addressed you entirely different.

Blossom—That may be; but I've noticed you address me only when you want a twenty.

No Wonder.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Blossom to a sympathetic neighbor, "poor Joe has had a bad attack of nervous prostration."

"Why, I hardly understand how he could be affected that way merely from a sprained ankle."

"Well, you see, when they picked him up on the street, some bright person sent for the ambulance, and after they got poor Joe into it and started for home, the continual clanging of the gong on the ambulance completely upset him. I'm afraid it will be many months before poor Joe will be able to be out again."

Too Much of a Task.

"I hear your barber dropped dead while shaving you this morning."

"Yes; I bet him twenty dollars that he couldn't shave me without talking, and he gave up the ghost before he had my face lathered."

Probably Deserved It.

"I see that young Jones made his debut as an actor the other evening. Did you attend the performance?"

"No, but I attended his funeral yesterday."

Meant Well.

Bloomer (as he drains his whisky glass)—By Jove, I believe there was a fly in that whisky!

Barkeeper—I'm very sorry, sir, but let me give you another.

Correct.

Teacher (to new scholar)—What is your name?

New Scholar—Brown.

Teacher—Do you spell it with an "e?"

New Scholar—No, mam; with a "b."

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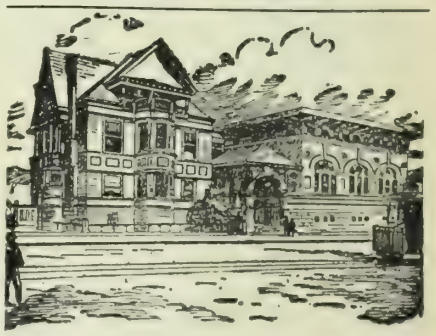

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IN THE CURRENT

Princess Maud and the Street Arab—Funeral of the Duc de Nemours.

The Princess Maud once went shopping all by herself, strictly incog. As she was walking along the street she was accosted by a little street Arab, who was busily engaged in the absorbing task of earning his living by retailing "fresh spring flowers, penny and tuppence a bunch." The princess stopped by him and while choosing some flowers she was a little startled by the lad saying in an excited and familiar whisper: "It's all right, miss; I knows yer, but I'll keep it dark and won't spilt on yer." The princess smilingly shook her head in denial. "Yes, I do knows yer," (more emphatically); "yes, Princess Mawd; I twigged yer directly." It was this same Princess who when but a little girl gratified her early democratic ambitions by lagging behind her nurse in Hyde park to buy an orange, and sit down upon the grass to suck it 'like other little girls.'"

* * *

The recent funeral of the Duc de Nemours reminded the world that there is still a royal family in France. Their lot is a tragic one, living as exiles in their own country; going here and there unnoticed by their own people, treated as simple citizens, and, as occurred recently at Versailles, seeing the very title "Royal Highness" erased from the burial certificate of one of their number by a subordinate employed in the Mayor's office. Only when some member of their house is carried to the tomb do they, by a strange irony of fate, appear for a moment reinvested with some of their former state. A public demonstration in honor of the dead Duc de Nemours was of course impossible, but there was a general rallying of the Legitimist forces, and everything was done to lend to the event a solemn and even royal character. At least 2000 people gathered to accompany the body to Dreux, the burial place of the house of Orleans, and the state funeral carriages and the royal hearse destined to carry the Kings of France to their last resting place were in readiness at the end of the journey. The princesses, with their ladies in waiting, were placed in the former, the coffin was carried to the latter by the body servants of the Duke, and the long procession began its march. First the carriages, then the hearse drawn by six horses, caparisoned in black, with the arms of France in relief, and led by grooms in mourning livery; behind, three Sisters of Charity and a priest; next the Duke's valet de chambre, followed by some 30 servants of the household. Here a break in the line, marked by a master of ceremonies in special uniform, leading the male members of the royal family, at the head the Duc de Chartres, as proxy for the exiled Duc d'Orleans (the King), and the two sons, the Compe de Eu and the Duc d'Alencon; behind, the sons, grandsons, nephews, grandnephews and cousins, all, of course, in full evening dress, as were likewise the guests of honor, who came next in order. At the end followed a confused mass of men and women of more or less distinction, all looking upon the arduous climb to the royal domain behind Dreux as a triumphant declaration of their political creed. Without, the entire space under the small dome was occupied by the high catafalque, encircled by scores of candles and surmounted by the crown of France veiled in crepe. To those who looked on, it was as though the world had rolled back several centuries, and France had never known a Revolution.

* * *

Women do not take half enough care of their shoes, and the consequence is that they not only look badly, but wear out quickly. The constant friction going on between a woman's skirts and her boots is exceedingly hard on the latter, and it makes no difference whether a dress skirt is bound with coarse mohair braid of the finest silk velvet, the result is the same sooner or later. In order to offset this wear and tear she should have her boots dressed every day, or at least every other day. It makes them wear twice as long. All shoes, slippers or boots should be cleaned on the foot, unless a person has a pair of trees.

Use only Richardson & Robbin's Canned Meats at picnics

When tan shoes get dusty or muddy and become water-stained, the best thing to do, if they are very dirty, is to take a soft rag, some water and soap and wash them thoroughly. Don't let the water soak in. Wring the rag out until it is rather dry, rub on a little soap and wipe the shoes thoroughly. Take another cloth and wipe them as dry as possible and then apply some russet shoe polish lightly and evenly with a sponge. As soon as this dries shine the shoes by quickly drawing a dry cloth over them. Every woman who affects tan footwear should provide herself with a supply of russet shoe polish, though a lemon can be used to take off stains. As for patent leather, it is made by a peculiar process. To begin with, every particle of oil is eliminated from the skin, it is scraped, and a coating of varnish applied. It is scraped again and the same process repeated three or four times. Finally the enamel is applied, just as it is to any other substance, the leather having been subjected to great heat. It is impossible to tell whether the temperature has been exactly right or not, and for that reason no man will guarantee the leather. It should always be warmed before being worn in cold weather. There is a mistaken idea prevalent that water hurts patent leather. This is not true to any greater extent than it is of any other kind. Dust, however, is harder on it than on any other varieties of leather. If it is inclined to break, the dust gets in and plays havoc with the most expensive of shoes. Dust should be removed by wiping the shoes with a wet sponge while they are still on the feet, and then they should be briskly rubbed with a dry cloth. There are many different ways of polishing patent leathers, but nothing is any better than a few drops of kerosene on a clean, soft cloth.

On Helen's Foolishness, Not to Be Cast Down by Misfortune:

Helen says, "O, let's be gay,
Spite of threatened sorrow!"
Helen makes a smile today,
Slay a tear tomorrow.
Helen says, "a laugh is best!"
Sips the foam, and spills the rest.

Helen is a foolish maid,—
Though her road is hilly,
Helen never is dismayed;
Foolish,—yes, and silly.
Spite of all that I can do—
Helen, makes me foolish, too!
—Gelett Burgess in the Lark.

A Lamentation.

She is engaged. Ah, woe is me!
Her love-touched heart no more is free;
Her soul is wooed, her beauty won,
This charming maid of twenty-one.
Ye gods! What mortal agony
As ails my breast and makes me flee
From sight of man! What lunacy!
Alas! I am indeed undone.
She is engaged.

No longer can her graces be
A heaven on earth, an ecstacy;
No longer, when the shining sun
Each day his fiery course hath run,
Can I be glad, for it's to me
She is engaged.
—The Lotus.

A—"Dr. Jarley is simply absorbed in his profession."

B.—"I should say he was. Why, they do say that when he proposed to Madge Ginx, he never squeezed her hand once, but kept his finger on her pulse all the time."
—Tit-Bits.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

"The Overland Limited," via Union Pacific, takes only three and a half days to Chicago, and only four and a half days to New York.

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For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

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If you wish to look neat have your suits cleaned and pressed for $1.00. Bay City Clothing Renovatory, 221½ Geary, rooms 19, 20, 21. 'Phone Main 5859.

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Commencing Monday, August 3d

The Singing Irish Comedian

The Beautiful Irish Idyl: CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

MAVOURNEEN

By Horace W. Townsend and Geo. H. Jessop

During the performance Mr. Olcott will sing the following songs, written and composed by W. J. Scanlan for this play: Molly O, The Ould Countrie, Ring the Bells, and Mavourneen; also, She And I Together, and The Snowy Breasted Pearl.

Monday, August 10th: The Irish Artist

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

6TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1896,

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STORIES OF THE DAY

Wherever Wilton Lackaye goes, he takes a bag-full of good stories, and flings them around with reckless generosity. One of his newest is about a clergyman, who, on visiting a school, held up a bright, new dollar, and promised it to the child who should give him the best answer to two questions. "Now, my child, whom do you love best?" he began, turning to the nearest youngster. "My papa," was the prompt answer. "Very good, indeed. And why do you love him best?" "Because he gives me nickels." His reverence smiled approval and turned to the next, who loved his mamma best. "And why, my dear?" "Because she taught me to pray." The clergyman beamed with delight. "Excellent, excellent! And whom do you love best?" turning to a bright-looking boy, who sat next. "Jesus Christ, because he died to save me," was the fervent answer. "The best of all," exclaimed the clergyman, springing up. "The dollar is yours. And now, my little man, what is your name?" The urchin took the dollar, then looked demurely away. "Ikey Goldstein," was his answer.

* * *

Matt Sneider always had a rooted objection to learning any more of his part than he could help, and never dreamed of committing anything like a letter, which could be read off. In Richelieu, a great deal of the plot hinges on a communication from the King, which Mauprat gives Baradas, saying, "Read, read." Once, for pure wickedness, Will Thorne, who was playing Mauprat, handed Baradas a blank sheet, knowing perfectly well that Sneider could not say a word of it. "Read, read," he commanded. Baradas looked at it gravely, then handed it back saying, "You read it!" Thorne, of course, had never learned it, so he exclaimed, "Nay, you!" forcing the letter back upon the unhappy Sneider, who took it, and said sorrowfully, "Mauprat, would you know the truth? I can't read!" "Then," said Thorne, "we will withdraw and discuss this at some length," which they did, leaving the audience somewhat bewildered.

* * *

Charles Richman began his theatrical career under adverse circumstances which his quick wits turned into favorable ones. He was acting with a certain star, who, according to his own story, discharged him eleven times for incompetence. Still, he stayed on, and finally she proposed marriage to him. Richman told her she shouldn't joke that way with him, whereupon she discharged him in good earnest. Richman went to another prominent actress, looking for a place. "But why did you leave ——?" she asked in surprise. "Discharged for incompetence," was the laconic answer. The actress laughed and decided that he was original enough to be worth trying, and from that moment his success began.

* * *

Charles Salisbury played for three seasons with a stock company in Buffalo, where he was most cordially disliked. He was away just before the fourth season began, but telegraphed, "When do we open?" "Wouldn't have you at any price," came the cutting answer. With cheerful promptness, Salisbury wired back, "Terms accepted. What do we open in?"

* * *

Beerbohm Tree is rather fond of expounding his theories and describing his experiences, and is generally surrounded by a crowd of eager sycophants, who ask nothing better than to listen and admire. Once at the Green Room Club in London, Henry Hamilton sat patiently among the listeners for a long time, then suddenly started up. "Just wait a minute," he exclaimed. The actor paused and everyone looked around. "Now, let's talk about me," he continued affably.

* * *

Desdemona lay dead, and James, as the swarthy Moor, pressed his agitated hand to his forehead. In the midst of his anguish, he noticed that a large layer of his complexion had come off on his hand, and acting on a wicked impulse, he gently stroked the face of his murdered wife until it wore a dusky moustache and imperial. Soon Amelia burst into the room and rushed to the bedside, but instead of a cry of despair, a hysterical whoop broke from her. One by one the others followed, each in turn choking explosively, until the great Warde himself, alias Iago, was seen heaving with laughter over the victim of his treachery. After the play he called James aside. "That was very funny, my boy," he said kindly, "and it will cost you just fifty dollars." And Desdemona was glad of it.

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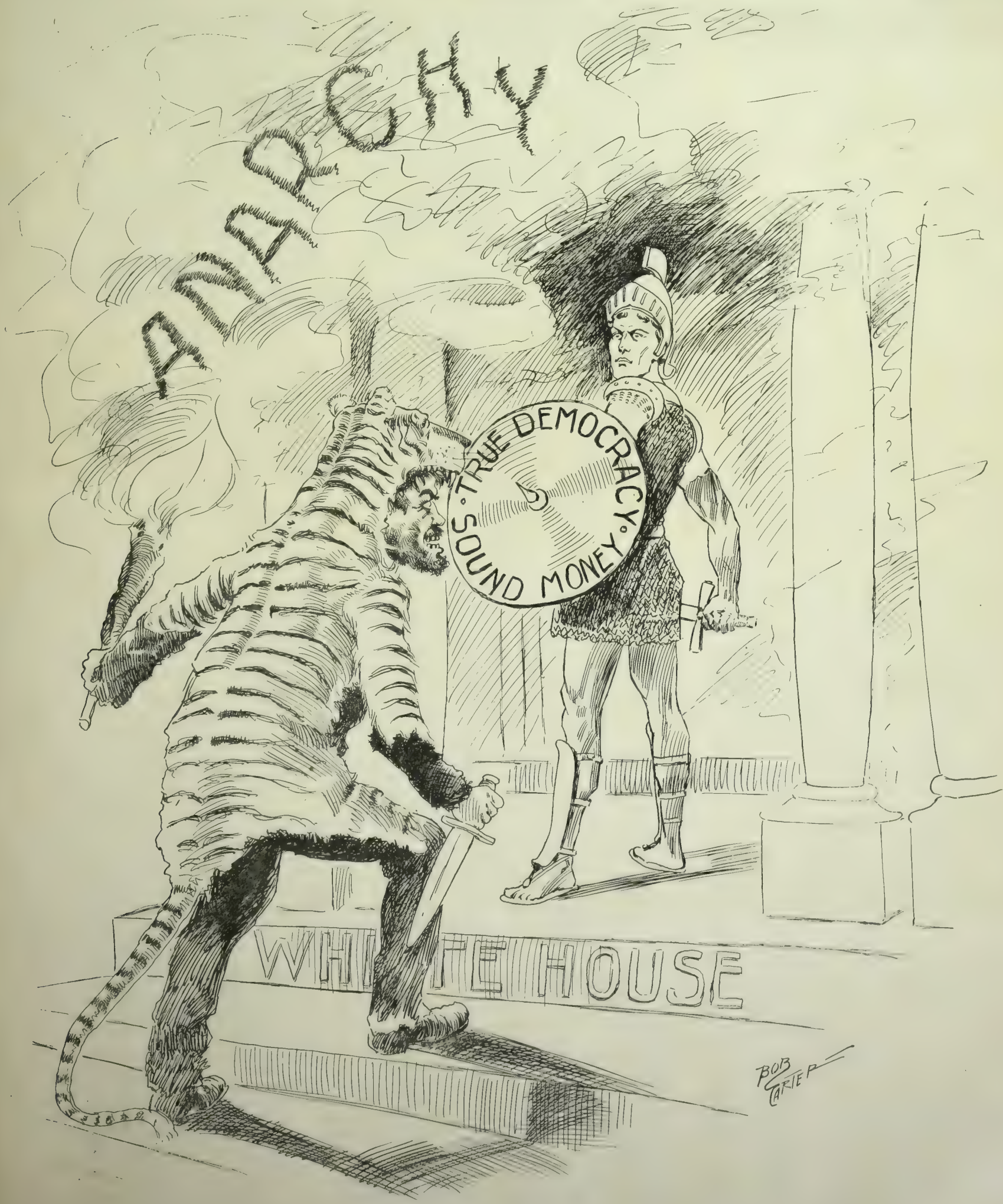
THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 32 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.



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THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1896

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SILVER REPUBLICANS.

When did it become the fashion among Republicans to accept as gospel the distorted construction placed by a Democratic press upon their party platform? The issues invented by the Democratic press are totally dissimilar to those joined by the platforms of the parties. It is not true that the Republican party is pledged for gold. This is not a war of gold against silver, not a campaign of the rich against the poor. The capitalistic clutch of Wall and Lombard streets nowhere appear in the Republican platform; and the Republican who declares it does, draws his inspiration, not from the utterances of his party leaders, but picks it from off the lying tongues of his party's ancient adversaries. The Republican who would support silver in a rational manner, and at once preserve the finances and integrity of the nation, free from dangerous and unnecessary disturbance, can give more good, sound, substantial reasons for approving the financial plank of his own party than can he for deserting it and flying to the radical and ill-digested declarations of its opponents.

The Republican platform pledges that party to promote international bi-metallism, and even the most rampant and irreconcilable friend of silver must admit that international bi-metallism is the only, mark you, the only, plan upon which may be based the slightest semblance of a reasonable hope of restoring silver to its old ratio. The Republican platform declares that it is not proper to debase our currency, and take the desperate chance of "forcing" European countries to an international agreement. That platform is pronounced in favor of maintaining our money, coin and paper, at their present value, and at the same time gives a solemn pledge to exercise its kindly and powerful offices in behalf of international bi-metallism. Is there anything treasonable in such utterances? Is there anything of animosity towards silver in this language? Do the silver Republicans who threaten to forsake their party believe that the test of patriotism, and the pledge of true fealty to silver, may only be evidenced by a total disregard for every other consideration? Must the Republican party to indicate its friendliness to the white metal abandon every idea of conservatism, forsake every rule of sound governmental policy, and fling to the breeze its party banner polluted by the wretched device of "Silver at any cost?" Are frenzy and madness the only means of demonstrating our friendliness to silver? The Democratic platform bristles with them, and there lies the danger. It does not express any tender solicitude for the maintenance of the present standard of values. Reckless of every consequence that may follow, it takes up a doubtful, untried and most unpromising theory, and with the bit between its teeth, declares flat-footed for free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. Declares that one dollar's worth of silver bullion shall be equal to two dollars in gold. The leaders of that misguided party tell us that this is the only plan which promises to accomplish international bi-metallism, and they tell us that its adoption by these United States will "force" the European nations to their knees. On the slim chance that these tactics will prevail, they ask the American people to put at stake, not only the Nation's honor and financial credit, but the prosperity and well-being of its citizens as well.

The truth of this matter is, both parties are aiming to secure international bi-metalllism. The only question at issue is the question of methods. One is radical and of doubtful efficacy, and the other is conservative and at least safe. In one lurks the danger that always goes with radicalism, in the other the safety that goes with conservatism. If Mr. McKinley is elected and fails to secure international agreement, we will at least have no great financial disturbance; the country will move along, as it has for twenty-three years, with its finance undisturbed, and the question open for calm deliberation four years hence without any new and harassing complications or shrinkage in values. Should Bryanism come out victorious in America, and his bulldozing plan of "forcing" prove a failure, no such peaceful conditions will exist, and calm and dispassionate judgment could not be brought to bear upon the subject; the country would be thrown into financial disorder, and distrust would stalk over the land. While Mr. Bryan would be fixing his tinseled theories upon the statutes of the land and engrafting his weird fancies upon our laws and public policy, what would become of the farmer, the house-holder, who has a mortgage payable in gold? While these gentlemen, who are desperately attempting to "force" the European countries into an international agreement, were filling our country with a debased and depreciating money, who would take care of the pensioned soldiers, the widows and orphans dependent on stated incomes, investors, building and loan associations, and the like? While Mr. Bryan is experimenting, all would be financial chaos; while Mr. McKinley is experimenting, there would at least be no disturbing influences to work upon our commerce and our trade or crowd our trembling merchants into the courts of bankruptcy. It is a most desperate gamble. None but the desperate would hazard so much upon such a doubtful experiment. Both parties aim to achieve the same result. They are like two physicians summoned to save the life of the same patient. The quack prescribes a nostrum, the ingredients of which, if administered, might end the very life it is intended to prolong. Could you truthfully say the conservative physician was an enemy of the patient because he interposed a firm and resolute objection to administering such a dose and taking such desperate chances? Heroic treatment is not justified when there remains untried a safe and conservative method of treatment. The cases are parallel. The Democratic party is the quack with the nostrum. It is the young physician, full of enthusiasm, perhaps, but it is full, too, of extreme danger to the patient.

Apologizing for his advocacy of Bryanism and silver, the Republican will tell you the Nation has tried for twenty years to obtain international bi-metallism by mutual agreement, and has met with failure. He will tell you it is now time to try "forcing" at whatever cost; that things cannot grow much worse than they are now. This is mere talk. "Things" can grow infinitely worse. The sentiment in favor of bi-metallism has grown in Europe since the last monetary conference, and we have profited, beside, in our experiences of the past.

It is being claimed by Democrats and by the friends of silver that James G. Blaine during his lifetime was an ardent advocate of the sort of bi-metallism which was endorsed by the Chicago platform. They will quote to you his opening statement on the subject, made in the great debate of 1878, and point to it as a reason why Republicans should desert their party for that of Bryanism. The claim made is a base slander of the dead. Mr. Blaine's attitude on the subject is identical with the present Republican platform, and his arguments are the same that are advanced by the advocates of McKinley against the pretensions of Bryanism. Republicans should closely read what he then had to say:

"I believe then, if Germany were to remonetize silver and the kingdoms and states of the Latin union were to re-open their mints, silver would at once resume its former relation with gold. The European countries, when driven to full remonetization, as I believe they will be in the end, must of necessity adopt their old ratio of 15½ of silver to 1 of gold, and we shall be compelled to adopt the same instead of our former ratio of 16 to 1. If we fail to do this we shall, as before, lose our silver, which, like all things else, seeks the highest market; and if 15½ pounds of silver will buy as much gold in Europe as 16 pounds will buy in America, the silver, of course, will go to Europe. But our line of policy in a joint movement with other nations to remonetize is simple and direct. The difficult problem is what we shall do when we aim to re-establish silver without the co-operation of European powers, and really an advance movement to coerce these powers into the same policy. Evidently the first dictate of prudence is to coin such a dollar as will not only do justice among our citizens at home, but will prove a protection—an almost barricade against the gold monometallists of Europe, who, whenever the opportunity offers, will quickly draw from us the $160,000,000 of gold coin we now hold. If we coin a silver dollar of full legal tender, obviously below the current value of the gold dollar, we are simply opening our doors and inviting Europe to take our gold. With our gold flowing out from us we shall be forced to the single silver standard, and our relations with the leading commercial countries of the world will not only be embarrassed, but crippled."

This truly great man's argument is as good to-day as it was then. Mark well what he prophesies the consequences would be, and apply them to the Bryan platform.

He was unalterably opposed to a silver dollar that did not contain enough metal to make it as valuable as a gold dollar. He then predicted, as we now predict, the fearful consequences that would follow the triumph of Bryanism. If Mr. Blaine in 1878 was vigorously opposed to the adoption by this Government of a policy that would commit it to stamping 100 cents upon silver which was in point of fact worth only 92 cents, what would be his indignation to-day at the proposal to adopt the fifty-three cent dollar? There was a disparity of only eight cents in 1878, yet he objected strenuously to the proposed experiment, with all that great ability that marked him as a statesman. Here is what he had to say upon free coinage:

"The question before Congress, then—sharply defined in the impending House bill—is, whether it is now safe and expedient to offer free coinage to the silver dollar of 412½ grains, with the mints of the Latin union closed and Germany not permitting silver to be coined as money. At current rates of silver the free coinage of a dollar containing 412½ grains, worth in gold about 92 cents, gives an illegitimate profit to the owner of the bullion, enabling him to take 92 cents worth of it to the mint and get it stamped as coin and force his neighbor to take it for a full dollar. This is an unfair advantage, which the Government has no right to give to the owner of silver bullion, and which defrauds the man who is forced to take the dollar. It surely follows that if we give free coinage to this dollar of inferior value and put it in circulation we do so at the expense of our better coinage in gold; and, unless we expect the invariable experience of other nations to be in some mysterious way suspended for our peculiar benefit, we inevitably lose our gold coin. It will flow out from us with the certainty and force of the tides. Gold has indeed remained with us in considerable amount during the circulation of the inferior currency of the legal tender, but that is because there were two great uses reserved for gold—the collection of customs and the payment of interest on the public debt. But if the inferior silver coin is also to be used for these two reserved purposes, then gold has no tie to bind it to us. What gain, therefore, should we make for the circulating medium, if, on opening the gate for silver to flow in we open a still wider gate for gold to flow out? If I were to venture upon a dictum on the silver question I should declare that, until Europe remonetizes silver, we cannot afford to coin a dollar as low as 412½ grains. After Europe remonetizes on the old standard we can afford to coin a dollar above 400 grains. If we coin too low a dollar before general remonetization, our gold will leave us. If we coin too high a dollar after general remonetization our silver will leave us. It is only an adequate value before and after general remonetization that will preserve both gold and silver to us.

Consider further what injustice would be done to every holder of a legal tender or national bank note. That large volume of paper money—in excess of $700,000,000—is now worth between 98 and 99 cents on the dollar in gold coin. The holders of it, who are, indeed, our entire population, from the poorest to the richest, have been promised from the hour of its issue that their paper money would one day be as good as gold. To pay silver for the greenback is a full compliance with this promise and this obligation, provided the silver is made as it always has been hitherto, as good as gold. To make our silver coin even 3 per cent less valuable than gold inflicts at once a loss of more than $20,000,000 on the holders of our paper money. To make a silver dollar worth but 92 cents precipitates on the same class a loss of nearly $60,000,000. For whatever the value of the silver dollar is, the whole paper issue of the country will sink to its standard when its coinage is authorized and its circulation becomes general in the channels of trade. * * * Were Congress to pass a law to-day declaring that every legal tender note and every national bank note shall hereafter pass for 95 or 97 cents on the dollar, there is not a constituency in the United States that would re-elect a man who supported it, and in many districts the representative would be lucky if he escaped merely with a defeat at the polls.

Yet it is almost mathematically demonstrable that the same effect will follow from the coinage of an inferior silver dollar. Assurances from empirics and scientists in finance that remonetization of the former dollar will at once and permanently advance its value to par with gold, are worth little in the face of opposing and controlling facts. The first effect of issuing any silver dollar that will pay customs dues and interest on the public debt, will undoubtedly be to raise it to a practical equality with gold, but that condition will only last until the amount needful for customs shall fill the channels of its use and the overflow going into general circulation will rapidly settle to its normal and actual value, and then the discount will come on the volume of the paper currency, which will sink, pari passau, with the silver dollar in which it is made redeemable. That remonetization will have a considerable effect in advancing the value of the silver dollar is very probable, but not enough to overcome the difference now existing—a difference resulting from causes independent of our control in the United States."

In 1878 the United States was coining the trade dollar for use in the China trade. The bullion value of that dollar exceeded that of the standard dollar of America. It contained 420 grains, 378 of which were pure silver; our present silver dollar contains only 371.25 grains of pure silver. Speaking upon this subject, Mr. Blaine referred sarcastically to the debased silver dollar, which coinage at sixteen to one would then have forced upon the country. He said:

"Ever since we demonetized the old dollar we have been running our mints at full speed, coining a new silver dollar for the use of the Chinese coolie and the Indian pariah—a dollar containing 420 grains of standard silver,

with its superiority over our ancient dollar ostentatiously engraved on its reverse side. To these outside barbarians we send this superior dollar, bearing all our national emblems, our patriotic devices, our pious inscriptions, our goddess of liberty, our defiant eagle, our federal unity, our trust in God. This dollar contains seven and one-half grains more silver than the famous dollar of our fathers, proposed to be re-coined by the pending bill, and more than four times as many of these new dollars have already been coined as ever were coined of all other silver dollars in the United States. In the exceptional and abnormal condition of the silver market now existing throughout the world, we have felt compelled to increase the dollar with which we carry on trade with the heathen nations of Asia. Shall we do less for the American laborer at home? Nay, shall we not do a little better and a little more for those of our blood and our own fireside? If you remonetize the dollar of the fathers your mint will at once be put to work on two different dollars —different in weight, different in value, different in prestige, different in their reputation and currency throughout the commercial world. It will read strangely in history that the weightier and more valuable of these dollars is made for an ignorant class of heathen laborers in China and India, and that the lighter and less valuable is made for the intelligent and educated laboring man, who is a citizen of the United States. Charity, the adage says, begins at home. Charity, the independent American laborer scorns to ask, but he has the right to demand that justice should begin at home. In his name and in the name of common sense and common honesty, I ask that the American Congress will not force upon the American laborer an inferior dollar, which the naked and famishing laborers of India and China refuse to accept."

We have quoted Mr. Blaine at this great length so that when the silver man, the Democrat, or the deserting Republican, tells you that he is following in the footsteps of James G. Blaine in his advocacy of free coinage of silver, you may tell him flatly and openly that he states that which is not true. You may tell him that Mr. Blaine was opposed in 1878 to a silver dollar which contained only 92 cents worth of silver, and that were he alive today he would raise his voice in earnest and impassioned protest against the threatened freak of finance which now proposes a silver dollar worth only 53 cents.

WATSON'S OPINION OF BRYAN.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, the nominee for Vice-president on the Populist ticket, conducts a newspaper down in Georgia. The files of that hitherto obscure journal have, now, therefore, become an important factor in ascertaining what Tom's views are upon given subjects. His neighbors in Atlanta know him as "Tom Watson," editor of the People's Party paper. Had he not been a journalist, the world would never have known just what he thought of Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for President. Between the time of Bryan's nomination and the Populist convention, Mr. Watson was noisily abusive of the Democratic nominee, and in the light of subsequent events his views then expressed have become doubly interesting. His first criticism was directed against the meaningless rhetoric of Orator Bryan, which sent a chill of suspicion down his back. Tom does not like figures of speech, and he did not hesitate to say so. Quoting one of the Boy Orator's ringing flights of rhetoric, he sarcastically says: "What meaning does such a statement convey to the average mind? What does Mr. Bryan really mean to say? We doubt if Mr. Bryan himself really knew."

This criticism is, of course, unkind; but Mr. Watson was not only displeased with the Boy Orator from the River of Platitudes, but he even suspected his integrity. Being the local spokesman for the party of suspicion and discontent, he must question Bryan's sincerity and his honor, which he does in the following purely Populistic terms:

"Do you suppose that the rank and file can see the way in which the Bryan managers are now dickering with Tammany Hall, David B. Hill and the Wall street influences?

What is being offered those goldbugs of New York?

What price do they ask? At what figure are they to sell and you to buy?

Upon what terms are these colossal goldbug influences going to throw their support to a free silver candidate?

Mr. Crisp knows. He knows how he made the deal with them for the speakership, and he can arrange accordingly for the Presidency. He knows how in 1892 there was an open pledge to the people and a secret pledge to Wall street, and he knows who got the goods.

And the Populist rank and file know it, too.

The rank and file in the People's party are its bosses, and they mean to remain so.

They can see that instead of free silver being stronger in the Democratic party than before, it is weaker. They can see that the goldbug Democrats are on the constant increase.

Therefore the Populist rank and file intend to do all in their power to foil and repudiate those leaders who have listened to the tempter. The rank and file will take the bit in their own teeth and travel right straight along in the middle of the road."

It is pleasant to reflect that Tom may be Vice-president some day, and Speaker of the House, then we may grow accustomed to his style, and his good, plain, homespun English may not jar upon us as it does to-day. If Watson was suspicious he was also convinced that it would be useless to elect Bryan; he points with a prophetic and truthful finger to the utter folly of voting for him; declares Bryan to be a weak man, who will not be strong enough to stand up to his declarations, and says:

"Bryan will find his hands tied if elected, and can no more secure the passage of the free coinage law than Cleveland secured tariff reform."

These are pretty good reasons for supporting McKinley, who may at least accomplish something toward international bi-metallism, which is the only true way of befriending silver. Editor Watson, however, does not stop at this point, but in a most unkindly vein refers to the Boy Orator as a wind-mill. He is not satisfied with declaring his speeches unintelligible; not content with suspecting him of trafficking with Wall street, not satisfied with declaring him a weak man, who would prove a disappointment if elected; but he must characterize him as a "wind-mill." This is what he says:

"The Democratic plan of campaign seems to be that Bryan is to run the wind-mill while Sewall runs the pay-train. If Sewall rattles out his cash as fast as Bryan rattles out his speeches, times are going to become lively."

These are the views entertained by the vice-presidential nominee on the Populist ticket, with respect to the man nominated as the head of his ticket. They were given to the world at a time when Mr. Watson had nothing to conceal, and was only bound to speak what he truthfully believed. The reader will admit they show the wholesome touch of sincerity. But Brother Watson was not satisfied with his own opinion; he fortified his judgment with an article written by Editor Rosewater of the Omaha Bee, who says that Bryan is regarded in Omaha by the best business men regardless of party, as " a man of immature judgment, who would constitute an extra-hazard ous risk as head of the national Government," a view which Editor Watson heartily endorsed.

If the Democratic candidate is not good enough for the respectable wing of the Democracy, and is even, in moments of frankness, considered as an extra-hazardous risk as head of the national Government by the Populist leaders, what shall we say of the Republican who is willing to adopt the child of chance and forsake every tradition of his party at such an hour and for such a man?

THE ABDICATION OF THE QUEEN.

If Queen Victoria read the American newspapers she would learn that it was the desire of her "kin across the sea" that she should abdicate before the Prince of Wales passes into the period of second childhood. The rumor cabled to this country last week that the Queen had visited London for the last time, and was about to remove the crown from her head and retire altogether from the world, met with an expression from the American press which may be epitomized so: "It is almost time that the Prince had his turn." The American idea of rotation in office is perhaps responsible for much of this feeling. A good thing should go round—is the rough statement of a well-settled notion in the American head It is not that our people have the slightest dislike for the Queen of Great Britain; on the contrary, she is held here in higher esteem than any other monarch. Her reign has been the most liberal in English history, and her people have enjoyed a prosperity which has made them the richest in the world. Queen Victoria has been the most successful woman ruler who ever sat upon a throne, not excepting Elizabeth or Isabella. A man or woman of less sense would have made the last fifty years bloody and sad for the English people. But this little woman submitted to see her power taken from her gradually and notoriously, without moving a finger to stay the hand of the British Democracy. She knew that such a move meant a war between the spirit of the old and of the new, a real and awful war, in which the new must win. She saw that it could not be long, no matter how strong the opposition, before the rising flood of democratic government would sweep away the throne, and that the wisest policy was to delay the day by gradual concessions. In this period of transition she has been neither weak nor obstinate, impetuous nor afraid. She has had the sense rare among women with power in their hands, to lean on the advice and judgment of strong men, whom often she personally did not like. Her court has been the most exemplary that history tells of; no other woman ever headed a court in which there were so few scandals and so little intrigue. It is no matter of wonder, then, taking what we in America would call her "splendid official record" into consideration, that England should be loth to lose so wise a governor, even though the popular Prince sits by in patience, growing old and realizing that he may yet die a prince.

But sovereigns seldom abdicate or commit suicide—never, we believe, except under pressure or because of mental trouble. Men with power cling to it as long as they can. Poets and philosophers may speak in derision of power as a satisfaction, but the proof that it is such lies in the little fact that those who have power fight against, death, disease and disaster to hold it, and never yield until it is torn from them. In Europe, however, at this time, there is much talk of other abdications than that of Queen Victoria. As a London correspondent some time since expressed it, abdication seems to be in the air.

At no time since the eventful years of 1848-49, when the whole of Europe may be said to have been in open insurrection against the mediaevally autocratic tendencies of its rulers, have there been so many reigning sovereigns who are declared to be on the point of abandoning their thrones. In 1848 the monarchs were mostly Princes born in the previous century, and reared within the influence of its traditions, utterly incapable, therefore, of comprehending such new fangled notions as popular government and national institutions. Sooner than lend their names to any such subversive ideas, which they regarded as synonymous with sanguinary revolution of the character that brought Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to the scaffold, they preferred to abdicate; and it was during those two eventful years that the thrones of Austria, Sardinia, Bavaria, France and Holland, were vacated by their occupants. If to-day, half a century later, their successors desire in their turn to abdicate, it is that they, too, have become firmly convinced that popular legislation is incompatable with good government—that is, as viewed from the throne—and that it is impossible to reconcile any longer two such diametrically opposed institutions as Crown and Parliament. In this, perhaps, they are not far wrong; for there is no doubt that the development of popular government in the direction of democracy must naturally tend to diminish the power and the prestige of the throne.

Every new prerogative and right secured by the people or by their constitutional representatives is so much taken away from the monarch; and as time goes by it is becoming more and more apparent that, from a popular point of view, kings and emperors are superfluous, an anachronism, mere costly figureheads, whose weakness and lack of power render them an object of ridicule rather than of reverence, and that they constitute no serious obstacles to political, commercial or even intellectual development. Indeed, there seems to be no place left for them in the coming century, unless it be that of mere social arbiters, whose power is restricted to the decreeing of the laws of fashion and of conventionality, and whose authority is exercised not by virtue of any written law, but merely by means of tact. In a word, the Prince of Wales, as he is now, the ruler of English society, is the only man who answers to the idea of a twentieth-century sovereign.

LIGHT-WEIGHT SUBSIDIARY COIN.

It is not generally known that the weight of two half dollars will not equal the weight of a standard dollar, although their purchasing power is equal. If the Democratic platform be embodied in our laws every dollar of subsidiary silver money in circulation will be light weight and fail to fill the demand for a sixteen to one ratio. They no doubt, would be called in and re-coined.

The condition that brought about this disparity in the two classes of coins is not without some historical interest. In the early fifties America was reduced to the necessity of using "shin-plasters" and postage stamps for small change. Europe had drained the United States of all its silver, and great inconvenience in small transactions was the result. There was profit in shipping American silver to Europe then, just as there will be a profit in shipping gold if Bryanism prevails. Congress determined to put an end to this depletion, and ordered the quantity of silver in the subsidiary coin reduced to an amount that would make it unprofitable as a speculation. The Act of 1837 declared that the American dollar should contain 412.50 grains of pure silver, the half dollar 206.25 grains, the quarter of a dollar just half that much, and so on. The act of 1853 reduced the quantity of silver in the half dollar to 192 grains, and the quarter, the dime and half dime respectively, one-half, one-fifth and one-tenth of that weight. The declaration of the Democratic platform in favor of the coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one applies equally to the subsidiary coin, and therefore every half dollar will, should 16 to 1 prevail, be 14.25 grains light weight. There is a great deal over sixty million dollars of this light weight money in circulation. To re-coin it would probably tax the utmost capacity of all our mints for nearly a whole year. In passing, attention might be directed to the fact that the Democratic platform only demands that the standard silver dollar shall be a legal tender. It has nothing to say of the subsidiary coins.

If any one ever asks you what the crime of 1873 was tell him that in 1873 the silver in a silver dollar was worth about a dollar and four cents in gold. That the silver miner could make more profit in selling his silver in Europe as bullion than he could by taking it to the American mint. That no one was fool enough to take a dollar and four cents worth of bullion to the mints and exchange it for a dollar in coin, so the Government simply stopped coining silver dollars.

John Russell Young of the New York "Herald," famous in both diplomacy and journalism, is now engaged on a biography of General Grant. He was at Canton when McKinley was nominated, and was the first man to press the Republican candidate's hand after the vote was recorded at St. Louis.

THE CLEARING HOUSE

How the Daily Balances are Made Up at this Institution.

A half hour in the Clearing House can spoil more illusions than anything I know. It is like going reverently into the temple of an idol, to find Mary Jane shining up the sacred features with brass polish and an old rag. Gold, the mysterious, the toiled-for, is brought in with careless nonchalence, swung over indifferent shoulders in coarse bags, which are dumped down as disrespectfully as though they contained cobble stones. Twenties are tossed about like jackstones, and tens utterly ignored. It does not seem possible that these foolish little counters, some dull and some bright, control the going round of the world, ruling it with a command far more merciless and despotic than that which any human ruler has ever assumed. Did you know that twenty thousand dollars was a miserable little heap, hardly as big as Webster's Unabridged? Yet a man may give twenty years to earning it, and think he has done well. If you have lurking in you a touch of miserliness, go to the Clearing House, and see your god shorn of his wonder and his glory, with neither glint nor glitter left to charm you in his yellow eyes. A single bright twenty suggests golden possibilities, undreamed treasures of possession and adventure and romance; but scores of them mean mere practical certainties, business dealings and prosaic investments, which, however useful and advantageous, lack the charm of suggestiveness. To have everything before you and nothing left to imagine—what an inestimable loss that would mean in the matter of illusions and day-dreams!

At a few minutes before 2 in the afternoon the Clearing House is as quiet and empty as a school room at big recess. A curving row of desks, like demure little box stalls, runs half around the room, at one end of which the manager's desk rises, so like a judge's box that one is constantly looking for announcements from it. Every desk has its number, which corresponds to that of some bank, and at 2 o'clock the settling clerks take posession. It is their business to find the balance due to or from the Clearing House, from data furnished by the messengers. These latter line up in front of the desk at a tap of the bell, holding in their hands large sealed envelopes, carefully labeled and containing checks against the banks signified. At a second bell they start briskly forward, delivering these envelopes, and for a few minutes it all looks like an animated game of "Going to Jerusalem."

Then the messengers depart; the clerks prepare their statements and follow, and there is a few minutes' quiet, while the manager adds, subtracts and compares, before

MANAGER SLEEPER AT HIS DESK

a crash on the counter announces the arrival of the first bag of gold. If it is a sealed bag it is weighed and set aside, an accurate enough method, since it is to be counted by the bank that receives it before 3 the next afternoon. If unsealed, it is counted and piled in little wooden trays. If the sum brought is a large one, say forty or fifty thousand, an expressman chaperones its way through the streets, but little trifles of five thousand or so come unattended. The messengers are of all sorts, old and young, jolly and anxious, but one feels that they must be immensely superior morally, to be sent around in charge of those comfortable little fortunes. The Clearing House handles some two millions in checks every day, using about three hundred thousand dollars in gold. By 3 o'clock the money that is due to the Clearing House has all been deposited, and being identically the same amount

THE SAN FRANCISCO CLEARING HOUSE
211 SANSOME STREET

as that it owes, is paid across the counter and carried off as nonchalently as it was brought in. Here in San Francisco the same performance is gone through every morning also, though in many places it is only done once a day. One might add that Clearing House customs have changed materially within the past five years—much for the better, indeed, for though the precautions taken are very much greater, the system has been simplified.

R. R.

The oratory unloosened at the Populist convention was rich and rare. Ignatius Donnelly, who made Bacon of Shakespeare, remarked: "The Populists are willing to swallow the bolus of Democracy when gilded by the genius of Bryan." Cyclone Davis of Texas delivered himself of this scriptural sentiment: "Men from the South must not be required to take this young Samson, the People's party, and lay it on the altar of Democracy, but they would accept the Joshua of Nebraska if they could be assured of a candidate for the vice-presidency." A Missouri delegate eloquently announced when his State was called: "We have nothing to say save that we are forninst the man from Maine," while a Texan remarked in language not to be exceeded in strength and directness that "Watson would remain on the ticket until hell freezes over."

In Australia horses and cattle are now being branded by electricity from storage batteries. The temperature is uniform and the brand safe and artistic.

WAITING FOR THE BALANCE

POLITICS MADE EASY

BY JOHN HENRY PATRICK

At last I had decided to be rid of all my doubts. For weeks my days and nights had been full of torture. I was growing nervous, almost hysterical, and my wife was adding to my torment every night and morning by begging me to tell her what great trouble was driving me insane. Poor Mary! what faith she did show in me. Any other woman in the world would have gone home to her mother confident in the belief that I had lost all love for her and was badly mixed up in some affair which must end in frightful scandal. But her good heart never harbored suspicion. She could believe that other men were wanderers, but not "her Jack;" no, no, he was the one lone man for whom the primrose path of dalliance was less attractive than the thorny one of duty.

But now the glad hour of relief was at hand, the mysteries were to be revealed, the crooked made straight. It might not be the most manly thing to do, but it was the quickest and the safest. I could stand the strain no longer. Either my mind had to give way or this one thing had to be done. So I rang Professor J. Dryden Black's bell, and was shown in to his waiting room.

I looked about at my companions, and recognized some of them at once as among the most prominent politicians of the city, democrats and republicans, but all worried, anxious, unhappy. It was a rare gathering of rare men. But what brought them to such a place, I wondered. Could it be that this strange professor held some secret for them, too?

At last my time came, and I stepped into the Professor's room, full of curiosity. He was a tall, wiry man—the Professor—with a strong aquiline nose and a pair of sharp eyes.

"Professor Black," I began, "I'm afraid I'm losing my head. You see it's this way, professor. I—"

"Democrat or republican?" inquired the professor, interrupting me and speaking in a sharp, jerky, counting-house way.

"Democrat," I answered.

"Right this way, sir. No time to lose to-day. Working from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Step right in here, sir." And so speaking the professor opened one of the doors at the other end of his office.

"But, professor," I said, holding out my hand by way of protest. "I must explain, you see—"

"No need of explanation, sir. Thousands of similar cases. Just had a United States senator and a great editor. They've all got to come here. Sit right down there."

I sat down at a small table on which was a little machine that looked like a small windmill or an electric fan.

"Look straight at that," he said authoritatively, and he touched a button.

I looked, and saw revolving before me in brilliant silvery figures those haunting characters that had almost driven me crazy—"16 to 1." The loathsome things enchanted me now. I looked and looked and looked. At last I fell asleep. I know I did. For when I awoke—what a change!

"You're all right, now," said the professor. "The democratic platform won't trouble you again. I've got the only way you brainy men can find to bring you into line. What do you think of free coinage now?"

I stood up, drew back from the table a step, and raising my right hand toward the ceiling, shouted, "Why, gentlemen, it's the only salvation for the country. Shall we govern ourselves, or shall we remain forever the tools, the suppliant tools, of the money kings of Wall street and the bond-holding tyrants of Europe. Give me free silver and—"

And so I suppose I would have continued for hours—I, who had been so strong a gold man, a Clevelandite—if the professor had not reminded me that his time was precious.

I was a convert to free silver. My mind was clear. I saw it perfectly. The democrats and populists were right. All my trouble was gone. The scales had fallen from my eyes. No more need I worry myself crazy over "Coin" and Laughlin and Horace White and Senator Jones; no more headaches nor sleepless nights.

I paid the hypnotist his twenty-dollar fee gladly. If he had said fifty, it would have been the same. Now I could support my ticket in good conscience, and if I was wanted in Congress—well, I could stand on the platform now. Oh, it was good to be a democrat once again!

As I turned to go out of the office and told the professor of my gratitude, it occurred to me to ask what he did for free silver republicans who needed relief. He stepped to the other door at the end of the room, and showed me an apparatus just like the one that had charmed me into the democratic faith, and as he touched the button I saw that it gave forth in darts of golden light the word "Protection."

Dear Mary! how glad she was that evening as I came bounding up the steps! Poor girl, she cried as she saw my happy face. Like a woman, wasn't it?—not a tear when I was gradually going insane, but when I was saved she had to cry.

The luggage carried by Li Hung Chang filled up the greater part of one side of the court-yard of the Grand Hotel, Paris. It struck the ordinary spectator as decidedly shabby, consisting mostly of wooden boxes. There were two leather valises among it, and a case of champagne. One of the suite carried a cage containing two live fowls.

Some of Great Britain's latest guns will be employed for the first time during the autumn campaign in the Soudan. They carry a highly explosive shell ten miles, and each shell is capable of disabling two hundred of the enemy. These guns have such a rapid-fire capacity that before the first shell bursts three others are on the way in the same direction.

Miss Florence Lauterbach, daughter of Edward Lauterbach, president of the New York Republican County Committee, has begun the study of law as a student in the office of her father.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

BY ELIZABETH KNIGHT TOMPKINS

The sound of this name alone awakens expectations which only genius could fulfill. Richard is solid, substantial good sense, to be depended on in literary emergencies, well-balanced, clear, logical—English: Le Gallienne is lightness and grace, with that peculiarly happy turn for expression which associates itself with tongues that are French. Of course the sound is deceptive, we say to ourselves. No man could unite these qualities in himself—at least he could perfectly well, but he almost never does, outside the world of fiction, wherein a man can look and be and feel and think and do all in the same little 6x2 exterior, and nobody seems especially surprised at it, which is stranger yet. That is what we say when our ears have caught only the music of his name, which has been in the air for the past two or three years, and the music of his phrases has not yet reached us. When we once begin to read, we struggle a while with incredulity, saying: "The man is writing better than he knows how; he can't keep it up," and then he does keep it up, and we struggle a while longer and finally give in and exclaim: "A new prophet has arisen out of Israel." And henceforth Richard Le Gallienne is a word with which to exorcise the evil demons of literary pessimism. We hear with sorrowful forebodings that his health is poor, that his nights are mostly nuits blanches, spent propped up on pillows, wrestling with the foul fiend asthma; and we wonder with a keen personal regret if he is destined before long to join Thrysis and Adonais, Lycidas and the rest of that glorious company whom the gods love. The man has an unusual faculty for awakening a personal interest in his readers; he does not have to force his preferences on indifferent or inattentive ears; we are eager to know even the details of his last sleepless night, although that is what he never tells us. It grieves us to remember that we count for nothing in his life; it really seems as if such a strong sense of sympathy must be mutual. We are interested in him not only as a thinker and an artist in words, but as a lover, and the tragedy of his life, which pervades everything he writes, is as constantly in our minds as in his. We feel about his "White-Soul" and her death as he does in regard to two other lovers: "Surely, I felt, God owed more than He could ever repay to these two lovers, whom it had been so easy to leave to their simple joys."

One of the most encouraging thoughts about Le Gallienne is that his later books are a distinct advance on his earlier ones; the artisan is becoming more and more merged in the artist. The "Religion of a Literary Man" is full of thought, but it is thought conceived under the influence of others. It is a perfectly legitimate influence; nothing is stolen or borrowed, but the book belongs to the school of Matthew Arnold rather than to the individual Le Gallienne. He stops just where his master does in his conclusions, on a side-hill, and, like him, chooses to call it the bottom. Still I suppose it is difficult for an un-English mind to make sufficient allowance for English prejudice and reverence for things and ideas that have been, and to forgive the extent to which even the greatest English minds are unduly influenced by the past. In the same way, the first series of "Prose Fancies," for all the beauty of such sketches as "White-Soul," suggests Lamb and several others. The machinery of its construction, too, can still be heard rumbling away in the background.

The "Book-Bills of Narcissus," on the other hand, is distinctively original. It is a delicious idyl, overflowing with humor and pathos, like everything else of Le Gallienne's, and taking our breath away with its quaintness and unexpectedness of expression, marred only by a superfluity of inverted commas. It seems ungrateful to make small criticisms on a book that charms away our senses as this one does; but in the principle that underlies it this is more than a small criticism. We keep asking ourselves why an author who has in so unusual a degree the courage of his opinions should apologize in this way for the turn of his phrases. It is a comfort to see that this tendency is less noticeable in his later works.

"Retrospective Reviews, a Literary Log," is both discouraging and encouraging to the modest reviewer, discouraging because it makes him feel the perfunctory commonplace, the uninspired mediocrity of his own attempts, and encouraging because it proves conclusively that book reviews can be literature, and spurs him on to another encounter with the troops of ready-made phrases and job-lot criticisms that flock into his head at the sight of a book and a pen in combination.

The second series of "Prose Fancies" (Herbert Stone & Co., Chicago) is a distinct improvement on the first series in more ways than one, but in none so much as that the author now monopolizes our attention. He suggests no one but himself to our minds. Then, it is more even; almost none of the Fancies remind us that our author earns his living by the creations of his brain, or that they were written for any other reason than the pure love of putting beautiful thoughts in a less perishable form. Perhaps the

GERTRUDE ATHERTON
THE CALIFORNIAN NOVELIST WHO IS NOW WRITING BOOK CRITIQUES FOR LONDON "VANITY FAIR"

exquisiteness of the style and the exuberance of the fancy are the two qualities which impress us the most in this little book—after a certain indescribable something which we will call deliciousness, a felicitous something which makes us laugh with a sudden sense of gratification, even when there is no apparent humor.

If we want fine, idiomatic, rhythmical English, worthy of adorning a Rhetoric under the head Style, and not for the student to correct, either, we have only to open the book at random. Take the very first page and read the description of the locality in which is laid the scene of "A Seventh Story Heaven," an idyllic little sketch that raises longings to go and do likewise, to leave stupid conventionalities for stupid people who know and can know no better things. Here it is:

"It lies aside from the great exchange which looks like a scene from 'Romeo and Juliet,' in the moonlight, from the town hall from whose clocked and gilded cupola ring sweet chimes at midnight, and whence, thronged above the city, a golden Britannia, in the sight of all men, is seen visibly ruling the waves—while in the square below the death of Nelson is played all day in stone, with a frieze of his noble words about the pedestal. England expects! What an influence that stirring challenge has yet upon the hearts of men may be seen by any one who will study the faces of the busy imaginative cotton brokers, who, in the thronged and humming mornings, sell what they have never seen to a customer they will never see."

"About the Securities" is a pathetic little Fancy that suggests autobiography, and so does "Death and Two Friends," although the author expressly tells us that it was written "before an event in the writer's life to which, erroneously, some have supposed it to refer." At all events, it was a premonition.

It is hard to be perfectly unbiased in judging Le Gallienne with the musical combinations of sound and sense that he gives us still in our ears, and the tears and the smiles that he invokes simultaneously still in our eyes, and on our lips; it is hard to forget his interesting personality, and think calmly and dispassionately; how will it be five, ten years from now? Is that which charms us so greatly literature, or is its influence due to a certain facility of expression backed by a wonderfully accurate pulse for the spirit of the times? Are we carried away by him because he is of the stuff of which great writers are made, or because his thoughts and the clothes he puts on them are of the same fashion as our own? Time only will tell. This is one of Le Gallienne's greatest charms, this wonderful modernness of his. He is so completely in the current that we resign ourselves to his guidance in absolute security that he will not run us up against old-fashioned prejudices and antiquated superstitions.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH CONVENTION

While the Christian Church convention was in session at Santa Cruz, every morning found hundreds of members assembled on a great rock by the ocean for the sunrise prayer meeting. It must have brought back to the sun strange memories of his ancient worshipers, of Memnon's sonorous greeting, of dawn hymns sung on the roofs by muffled figures turned toward the East. Poor dethroned king, he is now merely a combination alarm clock and hot air furnace, and his absence would have been nothing more than a trifling inconvenience to the worshipers on Prayer rock. Perhaps he realized that if one can't be a divinity, one can at least be a good janitor, for he did his best, without envy or malice. After this service, the members of the convention separated for fishing, driving and swimming, being wise enough to consider the bodily well-being as well as the spiritual, and human enough to take keen delight in the fresh salt air that floods the Santa Cruz beaches.

The convention held its first meeting on the afternoon of July 27th, at the Garfield Park tabernacle. Thirty-six societies were present, represented by one hundred and twenty-three delegates, and the time was devoted to reviewing the work accomplished by the various Christian churches, reading papers and considering suggestions.

The next evening everybody went to the tabernacle to hear Susan B. Anthony's address on Woman's Suffrage, resolutions in favor of which were afterards adopted. The same day articles of incorporation of the Christian Church of California were filed in the County Clerk's office. Its object is to proclaim the gospel of Christ and to convert the world to Christianity. It will not exercise ecclesiastical control or interfere with the discipline of the local churches, and there is no capital stock.

The remaining days of the convention were taken up largely with religious meetings and business reports. The latter were very favorable, showing that the church is rapidly increasing in membership and that, in spite of hard times, the collections have been very good. Before the next meeting, Garfield Park will be much improved. It has already been planted with trees and palms, but wild grasses and tar weed have vanquished the intended lawns and disfigured the circle around the Tabernacle. The land owned by the church is known as Christian Park, and extensive improvements for this are planned. Next season the members will be able to erect their tents and buildings on their own property instead of renting land outside for those purposes.

THE MORNING PRAYER

During the Christian Church Convention at Garfield Park, Santa Cruz, the morning service was conducted on Prayer Rock, a picturesque promontory which juts some distance into the bay

MAJOR-GENERAL N. T. JAMES
A PROMINENT UNDERWRITER, APPOINTED BY GOVERNOR BUDD TO SUCCEED THE LATE GENERAL DIMOND
Photo by Imperial Studio

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Though the bicycle habit has not the social vogue it originally enjoyed, that is not the basis for assuming that wheeling is among the lost arts of women. At first, cycling ranked as a fad, a novel diversion, but its pleasures soon wore on its devotees among the smart set, whose bikes became bores, or merely the excuse for fugitive outings. But the others, the girls and matrons who, having learned to ride for fun, kept on for the exhiliration of the rapid motion—for the health and vigor this open air exercise conferred—they are more enthusiastic than ever. You see them out in the Park early in the morning—often alone—more frequently with husbands, brothers, lovers, perhaps, flitting rapidly over the smooth road to the Cliff. There is an assumption, I know, that better class females do not go awheeling on the Sabbath, but with this verdict I cannot agree. Though the successful guidance of a bike lends rather more punctuation to conversation than is agreeable, feminine companionship is as much a joy in cycling as it is grateful in other pursuits. Time was when one saw but few tandems in the Park, and then only with men astride. I counted twelve couples—in two instances, girls alone—in the rest, males and maidens sliding along swift as light and with evident enjoyment. The restrictions of business leave few hours to an industrious man, which he may devote to the wheel—it is not extraordinary then that the leisure of Sunday is made use of. It is a strong feeling for the convenances which would prevent a woman making use of the same opportunity with its certainty of companionship. On the road last Sunday between the Panhandle and the porch of the Cliff House abomination I counted sixty-four feminine wheelists, of whom only a dozen wore skirts. The others rode diamond frames, in bloomers—despite the fashionable edict which condemns pantaloons. It cannot truly be said, however, that time or practice add to the charms of the lady cyclist, though it may be assumed a woman of graceful figure will look as well on a wheel as in street dress. This last leaves me regretfully to conclude that the women I watched would have lacked physical charm under any circumstances. Among the exceptions I noted a young matron well known in society, a tall, slim blonde, who looked exceedingly smart in a light check skirt, a blue shirt waist and a chip straw hat. The effect was excellent and a relief. The variations on bloomer effects observable are amusing. One pretty and well set up girl, in severe black, wore golf stockings of the latest coloring, which she filled to advantage. Every man she passed gazed admiringly at her limbs, and it is safe to believe there will be a score of similarly clothed calves in view next Sunday.

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The Republican split in Oakland with Hilborn and Judge Frick on opposite sides of the bloody chasm has infused hope into the hearts of the Democracy. Prior to this development of hostilities within the ranks of the dominant party there were no candidates for the role of Congressman from the Third. Now, the woods are so full of them that the committee hesitates to call the district convention together for fear of a blockade. Remembering it is the home of statesmen of which we speak, this condition is only natural. The "Ole Bill" contingent has a candidate in the person of Warren English; the Fitzgerald wing of the party thinks Matt Tarpey who was not acceptable to them for National Committeeman, would make an admirable Congressman. The intermediate faction is impressed by the capabilities of Alec Baum, a bright young lawyer of the environment. Seth Mann, who is associated in business with Congressman Maguire, aspires also, and is understood as having the moral support of that distinguished politician. There being neither Gallaghers nor Tracys in Oakland, this support cannot be regarded as a factor—it is merely a "Bless you, my boy, go in and win." There are also attorneys from Willows, and, as one might expect, Henry McPike, whose persistency deserves better reward than the continual disappointment which besets his efforts. Truly a proud crowd of aspirants, who will all be generously envious of the man who carries off the palm.

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The anticipation of winning California has bred in the Democracy a congregation of Senatorial candidates. The Legislative Committee of the State Central organization is composed, with certain exceptions, of men who wish to wear Senator Perkin's toga. There is W. W. Foote, for instance—hailing from the native land of statesmen, Alameda county—his pretensions are natural. Steve White wishes to supervise the selection of men who may vote for him two years hence. James G. Maguire throbs with Senatorial ambitions—feels he would adorn the upper halls of Congress—an impression he shares with certain Gallaghers and Tracys of his political family. Governor Budd's aspirations are so general that it would require a code commission to classify them, but in the list is a desire to go to Washington. He also proposes attending the meetings of this committee to assist in assorting Senators and Assemblymen. The chairman, Frank Gould, expects to succeed Governor Budd next election, and is there for prominence, while Gavin McNab and Congressman Caminetti are negative quantities, and being without aspiration are there for the good of the cause best presented. It is possible the proceedings of this body will furnish food for piquant comment through the campaign, as it is rare so many men wanting the same prize are pitted against each other's pretensions so early in the political game.

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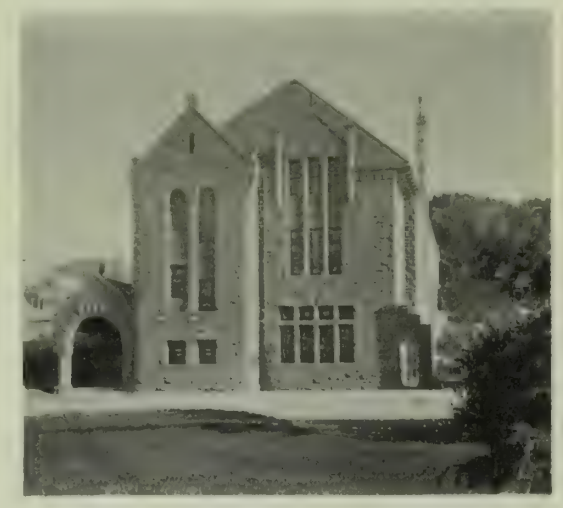
Among the guests at the Occidental Hotel is a stout, vigorous, bespectacled, square jawed gentleman, whose identity is revealed to an unsuspecting community by his watch chain. This is a ponderous arrangement of letters and chains in solid gold, which spells from vest pocket to pocket the name of E. F. Kellner. That chain, together with certain diamond accompaniments, cost its wearer the Governorship of Arizona. It is an interesting story of a single vanity indulged to the fullest extent, and the terrible consequences. Kellner is the wealthiest man in that territory, engaged at Phoenix in a business which yields him $25,000 per annum and also at Globe, where his store makes a profit of $50,000 every year. He has mines and properties yielding large returns, and possesses the means of gratifying this single weakness, for in all other respects he is a most sensible man. This weakness is an inordinate desire for jewelry. He has superb diamond shirt studs, ponderous lockets, an emerald in his collar button, and cuff links studded with gems. He has precious stones and gold for all articles of apparel, and would be a prize of the first magnitude to the bunco-steerer smart enough to guide him to his lair. The story goes that when Cleveland was elected President his fellow citizens determined that E. F. Kellner, a respected and solid merchant, a man who had grown up with the territory and capable of aiding its further development, was of all others the individual for Governor of Arizona. He was generously and authoritatively recommended in such positive terms that his appointment seemed certain. In an unlucky moment he decided to go East to press his own suit. Kellner went to Washington, and after the usual formalities, was admitted to the presence of the President. Invited by the great man to seat himself, the Arizonan threw open his vest, displaying the full wealth and glory of his precious adornments. No duchess need have blushed above the diamonds that adorned the facade of his shirt; the historic chain spread its links and letters across his stomach. Cleveland blinked at the magnificent spectacle. The conversation which had begun cordially subsided into a chilly silence. The luster of the gold failed to thaw the temperature. Kellner retired, and a few days afterwards the successful merchant and able administrator was "turned-down" for an insignificant person named Franklin, who had neither recommendations nor jewelry. It seems the glory of Kellner had been too much for the President.



NEW EDIFICE OF HOWARD PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY

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It is neither an impressive nor a beautiful building in which the Howard Presbyterian Society is now housed. It is a stone structure located at the entrance to the Park, and has more the appearance of a hall than of a chapel. It is massive rather than graceful, and there is neither meaning nor suggestion of ecclesiastical condition in the stone facade, which salutes the bicyclist as he enters the Panhandle. The institution was dedicated last Sunday. It is virtually free from debt, and so the congregation was relieved of the painful necessity of listening to a depressing appeal for financial aid. The main auditorium is on the second floor, with room for some four hundred people. The dedication services under the direction of Dr. Fountain R. Farrand, were properly elaborate. The Howard Presbyterian Society is one of the oldest organizations in the State. It was organized in May, 1850, in a carpenter shop on Natoma street. Later

QUEEN VICTORIA
WHOM THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS INSIST IS ABOUT TO ABDICATE THE THRONE OF GREAT BRITAIN
THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF HER MAJESTY

W. D. M. Howard, from whom the street and church are named, endowed the society with a lot upon which was built the first hard-finished structure in San Francisco, the lumber for which was brought all the way from Maine.

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The romantic period of California's history is recalled by the death of an old miner named Reagan, who expired last week in St. Mary's hospital. A survivor of the early and interesting days, when Eagle Bar was a popular region, the days which still live in the pages of Bret Harte, he departed alone, forgotten by comrades. The story of this man's life brings one back to the conditions of early-day mining. When Leland Stanford was elected a justice of the peace at Eagle Bar in 1856, he appointed Reagan constable, and there was established between them a friendship which furnished the basis of an inestimable service some years later. From El Dorado, Stanford went to Sacramento, established himself in business, and in due course was elected Governor. Reagan continued mining on the Bar in partnership with a heavy-set pugilistic Englishman, with whom he had established friendly relations. At the time of the great Heenan-Sayers mill Reagan and his chum speculated much over the result, and on mail day both took a holiday, and set out for Placerville to obtain the earliest news. On the way to town they discussed the contest with growing warmth, the Englishman advocating Sayers and Reagan insisting on the staying qualities of his adversary. Whiskey added to the feeling, and that night, tramping home without obtaining news of the decision, they set to fighting on their own account. The Englishmen knocked Reagan down and sat upon him, whereupon the latter, drawing a clasp knife, buried it several times in the conqueror's neck. There was little sympathy for the murdered man, who was a quarrelsome fellow, but Reagan was captured, convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to San Quentin for life.

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In the meantime Stanford, elected Governor of the State, was on his way to Sacramento for inauguration. The plight of his old associate moved him to sympathy, but of his intentions he said not a word. Reagan, in charge of the sheriff, reached the capital on the day of the ceremony, which his escort waited over to witness. Returning to jail, the sheriff found an official envelope notifying him that the Governor had been pleased to grant his prisoner a full pardon. It was Stanford's first official act. History does not record aught of this subsequent meeting, but Reagan, broken by his troubles—his hair had turned white—retired to a rocky canyon on the American River, and there passed the remainder of his days, washing barely enough gold to keep him in food and clothing. He never stirred out save for provisions, and lived sad and lonely for thirty-six long years. A few months ago certain half-forgotten relatives in San Francisco learned that the old man's wits were failing him at last, and one of them traveled to the rough little cabin off the river. He returned with Reagan, whom he found a hopeless invalid, and his final days were passed comfortably enough in the hospital.

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Eagle Bar is by no means abandoned in these fin de siecle days. Though the age of its glory, when it had three thousand natives and as many aliens, has long gone by, gold is still found there. Twelve months ago George Whittell and J. M. Cunningham of the Luning estate bought the right to mine at Eagle Bar, persuaded thereto by a certain engineer, who promised rich results on the investment. Unfortunately this functionary was not equal to his undertaking. He put in coin building a road, and sunk in the hillside a shaft, instead of tunneling, as the expert had prescribed. The result was a considerable loss, which a new management is endeavoring to repair. It is credible that there should be much gold in the sands over Eagle Bar, as it was only the surface the pioneer miners worked, and the layer of debris is deep above the bed-rock. Besides, in these days of improved methods and chemical decompositions the infinitesimal grain is obtainable at an expenditure per ton which makes its extraction a profitable operation.

The inevitable question, Lackey, or Lac-Kay, was being discussed in all its moods and tenses at rehearsal on the Columbia stage the other morning. Frawley took part, so also did Worthing and Harry Corson Clarke. Finally the subject, Wilton Lackaye, was applied to for final determination.

"Don't ask me," he replied. "Worcester says Lac-Kay and Webster Lac-Key, and who am I, to decide when lexicographers differ?"

Lackaye is authority for this story about Barrymore. It seems Barry, as they call him in the profession, had been supporting Mrs. Bernard Beere, who was playing a New York engagement at the big house then known as Hamerstein's and now familiar as "Koster & Bial's." It was a highly-spiced society drama, full of exotic situations and equivocal dialogue, but in spite of stars and play, the business was light. Meeting the leading man, Lackaye remarked: "What's this I hear, Barry—they say that play's obscene."

"That wouldn't make any difference, old fellow," was the reply. "The place is so big you cannot hear a word."

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Another tale illustrating the quickness of retort which characterizes Maurice Barrymore. Accompanying Manager J. M. Hill home from a rehearsal of "Money Mad," the twain passed a blind beggar rattling piteously at a zither. Hill, who was a pompous person, stopped, and with a grand air, drew some copper change from his pocket and dropped it into the mendicant's hat.

"It is a rule of mine never to pass a beggar without almsgiving," he commented in philanthropic tones. "But, Barry, those fellows have no gratitude."

"Bless you," replied Barry, with an encouraging pat, "the fellow is blind, and will never know those were pennies you gave him."

INDIAN EDUCATION

A Gathering of Teachers Entrusted With the Cultivation of the Red Man.

On Monday evening the convention of Indian teachers had its first session at the Girls' High School. These gatherings were inaugurated three years ago, with the purpose of bringing the educators of the Indians together to exchange views and become acquainted with each other. The United States Government is making great efforts to save the remnant of the aboriginal population of this continent by education and training. Of all the countless red men who called this their country when Columbus stepped ashore, not more than about a quarter of a million are left, and these are dwindling away rapidly under the influence of a superior civilization. About a quarter of a century ago the first attempts at rescuing them from annihilation were made, and these attempts have at length grown into an extensive educational system. Upwards of forty thousand Indian children are at present being trained and taken care of in the Indian schools, and twenty thousand more are gradually being brought under the same influence. At first these institutions were run in a way similar to the common schools of the country, but at present the chief object is to make the Indian self-supporting by teaching him a trade. Agriculture, or farming, is the main thing that the Indians are taught, that being the only line in which they could compete with white men, and for this reason Indian schools and agencies have farms of their own, which are worked by white farmers with the assistance of the Indian pupils.

A number of the California Indians are found in Lake County, north of the Bay of San Francisco, and in single settlements and bands as far as Klamath River, on the banks of which there are several thousand. A great many are located in the Pitt River valley and its tributaries, and between here and Southern California, where there are a dozen small settlements.

There are now twenty day schools and three boarding schools for the Indians of this State, the most successful being the ones in Hoopa Valley, near the Klamath River, and in Perris, near Riverside.

A great deal of attention is paid to the education of the girls. They do the domestic work of the schools, and are taught housework, cooking and washing, sewing and dress-making. Their decorative instincts are also encouraged, for when it dawns on the Indian mind that a room is a thing to be beautiful, a first step has been made towards realizing what the word home means. Social life is made as prominent as possible, and every opportunity is given for social intercourse, for one of the hardest things to contend with is the Indian's utter lack of sympathy with the advancement of women. Treat a squaw like a human being! The idea is utterly incomprehensible to him. He has always looked upon the woman as his slave, created merely for his pleasure and comfort, and standing in constant need of correction with a club. The school is trying to root out this idea, and to accustom the Indian youth to look upon his sister as an equal and a creature of understanding, but he does not take kindly to the notion, and the task is discouragingly difficult.

One of the greatest drawbacks in the effort to civilize the Indian is found in the unreasoning prejudice of the white population against him. They still cling to the old idea that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Nevertheless, he has his lawful place in the scale of humanity, and there is no denying that he has been persecuted and robbed without mercy. Instead of ostracising him from white society, it is our business to try to make amends for the way we have treated him; having helped him down to the depths of degradation, it is only fair that we should try to help him up again.

The Indian race is well gifted, chiefly with artistic taste, and the power to execute artistic work. Not only drawing and music, but every kind of handiwork is easy to them. They learn rapidly, and if we can teach them how to translate power into accomplishment they will soon become very useful members of our communities. They are not thieves and robbers, as many people consider them. Their honesty as a whole stands upon a considerably higher level than that of their white neighbors. When they go cattle stealing, they do so because they are hungry, and they are hungry because the white men have taken their land and killed their game, without teaching them how to make a living or how to provide for themselves in any other way. It is for the purpose of righting these wrongs inflicted by past generations that the United States Government has taken upon itself the task of educating the Indians, of teaching them some of the arts for which their natural talents prepare them, and of turning them into good citizens.

At the convention papers were read on the different systems of educating the Indians, a great deal of stress being laid on the importance of manual training. Miss M. Burgess urged the necessity for removing the children from the reservations. To carry the Indian to civilization, she said, cost much less than to carry civilization to the Indian, and was much more effective. The picture shows four of the Indian school girls, Misses Prudie and Edna Eaglefeather of Osage, Oklahoma; Miss Pierr of Silets, Oregon, and Miss Kruger of Chimawa—the latter twain being duly accredited teachers, and present as delegates to the convention. The Eaglefeathers, as members of the Oklahoma tribe, the richest Indians in the States, are well-to-do, and have been educated to be self-supporting. The elder has taken a course at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and is a competent typewriter and stenographer. Her sister is learning millinery, and shows taste and aptitude. They are traveling with Miss Burgess, who shows these young women as the proofs of her educational theories. Dr. Hailman, Superintendent of the Indian schools, presides over the convention, assisted by Dr. A. H. Heineman and Professor Rakestraw, who are supervisors of Indian schools.

EDUCATED INDIAN MAIDENS ATTENDING THE CONVENTION OF TEACHERS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Photo by Marceau

The rumor that Henry Irving is thinking of playing Robespierre in a drama by Sardou recalls the fact that the hero of the French Revolution has already been a figure in the English drama. Something more than twenty-five years ago Edmund Falconer, then celebrated as a dramatist and actor, attempted the character in a play of his own making, but with such a rich Irish brogue that it became much more of a comedy than a tragedy.

AN INDIAN FAMILY ON GENRAL BIDWELL'S RANCH AT CHICO

FEMININE ATHLETES

The feminine question in athletics is vigorously asserted at the Orpheum this week by the Nelson Sisters. Their act consists of tumbling and balancing, and ranks with the best acrobatic performances we have ever had here. They are wonderfully dextrous, extraordinarily swift of movement, and though muscled like Japanese wrestlers and built like battle ships, these young women are as supple as indiarubber. What discount for sex?—you wonder, after watching these deep-chested maidens

THE NELSON SISTERS
Photo by Fearnaught, Louisville

hurl each other around as one might a handball—such shoulders and arms and thighs and legs. They might be football players, and yet with those limbs built to sustain great weights they could only be acrobats.

Four young women in pink tights, flitting over the Orpheum stage lightly as cats, the cynosure of a thousand eyes, performing impossible feats with easy grace, leave an impression on the retina which the same maidens seen in conventional garb do not suggest. One of them, Lily, is taller, more shapely than her sisters, but the shortest and strongest of the four is the eldest, Anita—she who balances her sister at impossible angles on a ladder. They have dark eyes—at least, Lily has; large, Spanish orbs—and strong rather than handsome faces. But their great strength has been gained at the expense of all delicacy of outline—their powerful limbs, like round towers, are so muscled that the soft curves of the calf, of the thigh, the long graceful lines of the Diana, of the Venus de Medici, are broken by protuberant sinews, hard as steel.

Miss Anita, who alone of the sisters has much English, though they were born of English parentage, but in Buenos Ayres, talks intelligently of their life and acrobatic achievements.

"To be an acrobat, you must inherit first, and then begin tumbling while yet a baby. My father," she continued, "is George Nelson, who for eighteen years piloted a circus through the Southern Americas. He commenced giving me lessons on my third birthday. He himself is an acrobat, and a very strong man. English? Yes. My mother, too—but we were born where the language was Spanish and never talked any other tongue. It is so long ago that I cannot remember when I commenced, nor can I think of a time when I could not do somersaults and handsprings, you know. But tumbling is only a part of what our father taught us. We can all ride—circus way—particularly my youngest sister here, who can do any trick on horseback. Dance, too—Spanish dances, of course, sing and perform on trapeeze and bars. That's easy. You can just say we can tumble because we were caught young and besides our father and mother and their fathers and mothers were acrobats. It comes to us naturally. Yes, there is a great deal of the knack inherited. I know that."

I have often been told that children in a circus are ill-used. So I asked Miss Nelson.

"Well, we get whipped some, not much. The whip helps, you see. One of my sisters could do nothing without a cut or two—just a reminder—quickened her muscles. Now father is older and much more patient, and he's teaching my little sisters. He never touches them, and they do splendidly. It's best not to whip if you can help it."

"Tell me by what particular exercise you made so much muscle," I asked Miss Nelson.

"Constant exercise," she answered. "I'll take any girl of strong constitution and engage to teach her enough tumbling to transform her figure. You see it increases the size of the thighs and strengthens the muscles of the back. She may not make an artist in our way, but still grow powerful. Now, the bars, and particularly the trapeze are best to strengthen the arms and shoulders."

"Is there any comparison to be made between the strength of men and of women?" I asked.

"A man who is strong is generally stronger than a woman, no matter if she be an acrobat," she answered. "There are female Sampsons, but such great strength is an accident, I think. My brother had a training less severe than my father gave me, yet he is much stronger and bigger."

Miss Nelson told me she thought her profession a fairly good one; it paid well and was not more dangerous than any other. The girls are not restricted to any diet—eat all they want, amuse themselves in a normal way, and the younger sisters are carefully guarded from temptation by the elder, who is a stern chaperone, and never lets them out of her sight. No late suppers for these muscular young ladies, nor oysters, nor roast beef sandwiches with pickles at midnight

A LANE IN THE LATIN QUARTER

FURRY SOUBRETTES

Herr Techow's Wonderful Cats at the Orpheum.

Watching Herr Techow's trained cats trip about on the stage of the Orpheum, one would never dream of the months and years of patient labor that have been spent on those yellow-eyed soubrettes. It all seems as easy and natural as if, in a moment of inspiration, he had said to a number of feline friends: "Let's go and play games," and they had said, "Let's," and forthwith gone on the stage. Trained dogs often have a harassed air, and seem pitifully nervous about results, but cats have a natural brassiness that carries them through without a qualm, and a personal dignity which forbids the very mention of a stick. One realizes that under no circumstances were Herr Techow's performers ever ill-treated, and that they reserve the right to throw up their job the moment th y please. Their master takes them very seriously, as one must who has spent twelve months teaching a four-footed beast to walk on its two front legs, but he is kindness and patience personified.

"I worked at my cats three years before I took them on the stage," he said, speaking with a strong German accent. "I take a cat when it is about a year old—a kitten is too fly-away, and hasn't enough intelligence—and begin by simply getting acquain ed with it. I feel it, s av with it, call it by name on every occasion, until it gets really attached to me, and knows me from everybody else. We spend weeks just in ge ting intimate."

"And then what is the first step?" I asked.

"I take a piece of meat, and hold it out so," answered Herr Techow, getting up to illustrate his words, with me as the cat. "Then I walk away, and the cat follows, until she gets the meat. Gradually in that way she learns to follow my motions. From there I go on. Take the cat of mine who walks on its fore legs, balancing its body in the air. There is a trick which took me a year to get into pussie's head. I used to lift up her hind legs, and make her walk so every day, until her muscles were strengthened, and she would do it of her own accord.'

"Do you ever beat them?"

"Oh, never. You have to beat a dog occasionally, and

PROFESSOR TECHOW'S FELINE SOUBRETTES

when you do, it always makes you better friends, but a cat would never forgive you. You could not do a thing with her after that. No, I never use anything more than a word, or a light tap with my stick, just to show what I mean."

I wanted to know what trick was the most difficult.

"Perhaps the one in which the cat goes in and out between my feet, and then jumps over a stick. It took a long time to teach that. Oh, I could train a dozen dogs in the time it takes me to teach one cat. They are far less clever."

"Is there a difference in cats?"

"Oh, yes. I can tell by the look of the eyes whether one will be worth training or not. I have every kind, of course—French, German, Persian, Angora, everything. In New York I keep twenty in reserve, training them whenever I have time, in case one of these should die. Of course, I choose a cat partly for its looks—mine must all be prettily marked—but the expression of the face has a great deal to do with my choice. Perhaps the cleverest member of my family at present is the one who jumps through a hoop of fire. They make good tight rope walkers, because their tails are such fine balancing poles. Oh, it all takes time, time and patience," Herr Techow added solemnly, "but I keep on, and at last it steals over them what I want. Then we are all right."

THE DAGO AT HOME

A Glimpse of the Latin Quarter of San Francisco.

When the theaters announce that the scene of a new play is laid in the Latin Quarter of Paris, the inhabitants come down from the hills to see it; but a trip through the real Latin Quarter of San Francisco would never occur to them. Italian operas, Greek dramas, Dago burlesques, run day and night in its quaint streets, and nobody knows or cares except the art students, who revel in its kerchiefed women and swarthy babies. They, on their part, however, do not always appreciate the picturesque qualities of the artist, and curse him roundly in many varieties of Dago if he stays too long in their crowded alleys. However, such objurgation but adds to the local color of the environment. The Quarter is full of individuality, of color, of tumble-down tenements and clothes lines glowing with red and blue garments. Grouped round the corners you see women with kerchiefs or shawls twisted about their heads in a way that reminds you of Florentine byways. No ward of the region is more foreign than Pollack Place, a cul de sac on the slopes of Telegraph Hill. Here the bootblacks and lime peddlers live, and the traveling musicians never find any lack of girls to dance to their playing. Above them towers the old "castle," full of picturesque suggestion, even if it is only a beer hall, owned by one Adolph Sutro. In the days of its prosperity as a dance hall and saloon, a cable used to connect it with the dancing world that lived in the lower altitudes, its patrons not belonging to that class known as carriage company.

In this, the oldest part of the city, one occasionally comes across a shabby, ramshackle tenement that keeps a few forlorn traces of its better days, for in early times this was the truly aristocratic quarter. Fashion left it and drifted down across Market street and out to Rincon Hill, then back to Van Ness avenue, and now is steadily climbing the Pacific Heights and out along Broadway, though no man can tell which way she will jump next. Only one thing is sure, and that is she will never go back to any spot she has once left. The few dismal relics that the excavations of the hill have left will never be cheered in their old age by younger generations of their own rank in life. They are hopelessly left behind.

The shanties that cling to the east slope of Telegraph Hill belong to the fishermen, who crowd the wharves below, and flock to Lucchetti's for their dinners, savory with garlic and onion, and set off by a bottle of raw claret when he can afford it. The Mexicans of lower Broadway patronize Luna's, near the church of St. Francis, while Italians, students and Bohemians gather at Martinelli's and the Bon Gusto. To be quite correct, you must first get an appetizer in the shape of an Amer-Picon, then give yourself over to ravislio and spaghetti and liberal quantities of Dago "footjuice." If that does not prove you a genuine disciple of the Latin Quarter, nothing will.

It is a grand occasion in our little Italy when the military companies turn out. Antonio climbs down from his garbage cart and Lorenzo deserts his fruit wagon, and soon, with cocks' feathers on their heads, music playing and flags flying, they are marching proudly through the narrow streets, past the admiring women on the doorsteps and the staring babies in their arms. The members of these companies are largely recruited from the scavangers, and if one of these dies, the funeral is the occasion of a grand display. In all pomp and glory they descend into the town, playing the Dead March, and traverse as many prominent streets as possible on their way to the graveyard. They are a picturesque sight, as intensely in earnest as children playing funeral, and not a little amusing to the undramatic American mind.

A glance at the geography of San Francisco will show at once why the foreign colony has settled in this corner of the city. Close by lie the fish market and the wharves, while the fruit business is centered between Clay and Sansome streets and the waterfront. Most of the foreigners make their living in gathering and selling fruit and fish, so it is not strange that they should settle on the hills close above. Besides, the skies up there are truly blue, not gray, as they look from below, and that alone would be reason enough to an Italian.

In these days of the new womanhood the eternal feminine is being exaggerated to an alarming extent by the persistent application to her of such terms as authoress, lecturess, reformeress, doctoress, lawyeress, and whatnot. The canons of English usage do not require feminine terminations except in cases where it is absolutely necessary for the sake of clearness, and as an antidote to ambiguity. To say that Mrs. Smith is an authoress is as redundant as to say that she is a female woman or a widow lady. As a matter of fact, the feminine word actress is the only noun of its kind which has become naturalized and that might be readily dispensed with without offering either insult or injury to the English language.

Marriages by proxy are contracted to this day in Holland, and are mostly practiced by Dutchmen who, having gone abroad, prefer to marry the girls they left behind them in this convenient manner than to go to the expense and probable inconvenience of returning to Holland for the purpose of the ordinary marriage solemnization.

POLITICAL PERSONAGES

Senator Call of Florida is an adroit campaigner. In election time he travels among the common people, stopping over night at the cabins of the natives. His garb includes a pair of old trousers, in which there is a large rent. Invited to stop at a cabin over night, where he has been arguing questions with the farmer, he always accepts, and as he is about to retire says to his host: "I have a bad rip in this pair of pants. Will your good wife put a few stitches in them for me?" Of course the good wife is only too glad to have a chance to mend the trousers of a United States Senator. She stays up an hour darning the hole in her best style. Next morning the Senator is profuse in his thanks, but once he is well on his way a ready knife puts the trousers in the same condition, and they are ready for another experience.

Ex-Attorney-General Garland has given up his Washington residence, and elects to spend the remainder of his days at Hominy Hill, his Arkansas home. Garland was always a shy man, but after the Pan-Electric Telephone episode he became shyer than ever, and rarely visited even the Senate chamber, where he had before been so popular. Garland figured as one of the eccentric politicians at the Capitol, a softened edition of Davy Crockett and Sam Houston. His habitual garb was a loose-fitting suit of black, crowned with a light slouch hat, and he never could be persuaded to wear a dress suit. His life has been a sorrowful one, and he felt particularly the death of his daughter, an attractive young girl, who had become deeply religious, and in a fit of depression committed suicide.

Silas Bryan, the father of the Democratic candidate, was a politician, but a great man at prayer. He served in the Illinois legislature, and invariably before addressing the Chair dropped to his knees and offered a silent prayer. It was his custom, during the proceedings, when in doubt, to go down on his knees and ask guidance of the Almighty. Subsequently he was made a Circuit Judge, and it was his habit in the courtroom, while the attorneys were making arguments, to slide down behind the Bench and seek spiritual refreshment. Candidate Bryan is said to be as religious as his father, but is less demonstrative. His law partner, who is also his friend, announces that he never heard Bryan utter a word of profanity, and it is said, he never used tobacco or intoxicants in any form.

Ex-President Harrison is a candidate for the United State Senate from Indiana. He is to take the stump for McKinley and advocate sound money as against free silver, but refuses, it is said, to mention the candidate in his speeches. During the presidential campaign of 1888 Harrison made an average of five orations a day through Indiana, every one of which was recorded by Democratic stenographers. Yet so able is the man that though each speech was carefully scanned, they never yielded an opportunity for an accusation of inconsistency. Harrison, it is said, prefers the United States Senate to the White House, and, besides, Mrs. Harrison wishes to have a taste of public life at Washington.

Secretary Carlyle's glory as a politician has departed forever. He left the Senate, where he had a place for life, to enter the Cabinet, where he had a hard task-master and political striplings for associates. Throughout his life he had been a free silver man, and his success in Kentucky was due to his espousal of that cause. On becoming Secretary of the Treasury, however, his horizon broadened, and he announced that no greater evil could befall the country than the inauguration of the free coinage policy. Unfortunately, he lacked the moral courage to admit that his views had changed, and the attempt to appear consistent and square his record deprived his conversion and personality of either influence or value. He will return to law practice.

Thomas E. Watson, the nominee of the Populists for Vice-president, is nearly forty years old. He left the University at Macon in his sophomore year for lack of money, and in 1892 was elected a member of Congress. He is the man who leveled a general charge of drunkennes against Congressmen, and being taken to task in the House demanded the charge be formally investigated. The committee's verdict pronounced the charges false and libelous. Subsequently, in 1894, Watson was beaten for Congress by Black, after a terrific fight, and since then he has devoted himself to running a Populist newspaper in Atlanta.

The story that Arthur Sewall, the Democratic nominee for the vice-presidency, is worth six million is laughed at in Maine. His intimate friends estimate his wealth at but half a million dollars. The ship-yard, which the papers represent as the biggest in New England, is a small affair, consisting of but two buildings, a machine shop and a blacksmith and bending shop; and owing to the dullness of the industry, it has been closed down for the past three years. He owns shares in some twenty vessels, and his bank stock is worth sixty thousand dollars.

Governor Bradley of Kentucky attributes his election to an ancient overcoat which he wore stumping the State. The ingenuous mountaineers saw in the greasy garment proof positive that the candidate was of the people,, and so he triumphed—the first Republican Governor ever elected in Kentucky. It is not this overcoat, however, that Bradley wears at his duties in the executive mansion. The fateful garment reposes in a convenient cubboard, ready for emergencies.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY

How the Smart Set Has Amused Itself This Week.

Society has had a quiet dull summer season, but I suppose that minor events episodes worth in ordinary times a line have a column given them. The annual outing at Del Monte, however, promises a relief to this inactivity. This season it is not the "outing" of the Country Club, but rather the annual meet of the Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association. This organization is composed of members of the Burlingame and other clubs and comprises the contingent given to polo and amateur racing. It was formed soon after the first race meet at Del Monte and now it has the entire celebration to itself—the shootists having retired in its favor. It is not extraordinary that pigeon-killing has given way finally to more exciting and humane sports. Since the annual shoot furnished an "Examiner" sensation there has been little interest in it. Though Society has not held absolutely aloof, it has offered no encouragement, and since the first season the Reds and Blues have boasted no feminine audiences for their achievements. Last August the Country Club was thrown so completely in the shade by the superior attractions of polo and racing that the members determined to relinquish the field to the horses. They promise to assist with their wives and daughters, but as spectators, and not actors.

Between polo, the paper chase, the colts parade, and the egg and spear race, together with the racing and steeplechasing of the Pony Association, the programme of entertainment is most attractive. Already the news of it going the rounds has proved a social incentive, and I am told of applications for rooms at Del Monte flowing in at a brisk rate. The manager suggests that those who would be comfortably housed apply for quarters at the earliest moment. It is not surprising that there should be a rush, inasmuch as many people have been saving themselves up for this outing. In the same connection, by the way, there is talk of having the tennis doubles at Del Monte at the same time. Over the races considerable interest prevails in regard to the degree of Walter Hobart's participation. Thus far he displays a tendency to be retiring. It is not probable he will show up with the array of horses and carriages that were so great a feature of last year's outing. He will probably participate, of course, but with his polo string rather than with his race horses. This gives a fairer field for the others and will really add to the interest and excitement of the meet.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin have chosen the meet as the occasion of returning to the world. Since their marriage they have lived secluded at the Baldwin ranch, neither seen nor heard by the society in which they are so prominent. It is a veritable old time honeymoon they are having—an ordeal from which most brides and grooms shrink nowadays. I presume Mr. Baldwin will participate in the polo games at Del Monte. At Burlingame they are practicing for the contests, and there are prospects of close finishes. Besides the accident to Walter Newhall's coach there is one more interesting topic in San Mateo—the ball which the Will Crockers are to give. It will be a species of house-warming for society in general has seen nothing of the interior of this new home, the mural decorations of which Bruce Porter had the responsibility. The occasion of the entertainment is the presence of certain prominent mining people who have become interested in Prince Poniatowski's Calaveras mining enterprises.

Mrs. J. A. Folger gave a charming luncheon under the trees at San Rafael last Thursday. Mrs. W. S. Woods, Mrs. W. Gwin, Mrs. Webster Jones and several others were present.

A dinner of twelve was given at Mrs. Judge Garber's last Sunday in honor of General Forsythe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have been spending a few days at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels are still at the Hotel Rafael, where Miss Marguerite Jolliffe is visiting them.

Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher will soon leave for New York.

Miss Amy Requa gave an engagement dinner last Friday, four engaged couples being present. These were Miss Claire Ralston and Dr. Bullitt, Miss Myra Prather and Harry Miller, Miss Luite Booth and Dr. Sherman, Miss Amy Requa and Captain Long. The decorations were in red, white and blue, in honor of Captain Long's profession.

The upsetting of Mr. George Newhall's coach last Sundty proved a serious affair. He, with his mother, Mrs. Jimmy Robinson and Gilbert Palache, undertook to drive from Burlingame to Spanish Town on his big black and red tally-ho, drawn by four spirited horses. West of the Crystal Springs Dam, and about three miles from San Mateo, the road becomes very narrow, passing between a bank and a ravine, and it was here that the horses took fright at a flock of turkeys. They soon became unmanageable, and Mr. Newhall, fearing the ravine, turned them up the bank. The coach was upset, pinning Mrs. Newhall, Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Palache to the ground, while Mr. Newhall was thrown among the struggling horses, who were soon quieted by the footman. Drs. Brown and Ward were summoned from San Mateo, and it was discovered that Mrs. Newhall had a badly fractured collar-bone. She is quite advanced in years, and a good deal of anxiety is felt about her. Mrs. Robinson had three ribs fractured, and Mr. Palache's nose was broken. Bruises and scratches were distributed around impartially. Certain worthy people might lay the blame of this catastrophe to coaching on Sunday, but if every man who aimed to drive a spirited four-in-hand were required to show a certificate of horsemanship, Sabbath-breaking would not be such a serious matter. Abroad, driving is made an earnest study under competent masters, for they recognize there that it takes more than muscle to manage four lively horses. Surely, enough bones have been sacrificed already at Burlingame to amateur experiments.

Miss Eloise Davis, youngest daughter of Dr. Henry C. Davis, was seriously injured while on a pleasure trip to Fort Bragg. With a party of six she was returning on a hand-car from a dinner party, when, through some accident, the handle of the car struck her at the base of the skull, paralyzing her from the waist downward. She was somewhat better by last reports, but is still in a serious condition. Dr. Davis went at once to Redwood Lodge, and as soon as possible they will return to their home in town.

Oh, for the "melancholy days" and their music, their bright lights, their magnificent, but, oh, so drear, chit chat, their dances, their everything. If it were not for the hope of the good things that are to come, the dull, stale, flat, unprofitable monotony of these midsummer days, might almost tempt one to try for the undiscovered country.

There is not even a bit of harmless gossip to read over and discuss—that is to say in town. At Del Monte they are speculating on the season to come and discussing what will undoubtedly be the next important engagement announcement—that of the young millionaire just returned from a successful South African trip and the charming young woman who so pleasantly performed the duties of chaperone to last season's beauty and belle. If the lady makes as successful a wife as she was a perfect chaperone—her charge married the catch of the season—the South African gentleman is thrice to be congratulated.

Besides gossiping at Del Monte, they are wearing velvet ribbon belts. The narrow velvet ribbon belt is the last freak of fashion, and will probably be carried into the coming season in town, though it is not likely to become common. It is both too expensive and too perishable. Miss Alice Hagar has a bewildering variety of belts and quite as many bands and buckles, though her favorite seems to be white velvet ribbon, fastened by a cameo buckle of exquisite design and most delicate workmanship.

Saturday is the "day off" at San Rafael, Sausalito and all the country places within reach of the city, for then their inhabitants come to town to shop and lunch and attend the matinee. At the afternoon performance of "Bohemia" on Saturday last, I saw ever so many San Rafaelites. All the Sloss family, the sisters, the cousins and the aunts, were there. Miss Goad, attended by her brother, came over from Sausalito. I sat directly opposite her, and I missed more than half the play admiring her, gazing upon her hair and eyelashes. Miss Goad is an ideal tailor-made girl, expressly designed by nature for a boiled shirt and starched collar.

The wedding of Miss Claire Ralston and Dr. Bullitt is set for Wednesday, the 19th, at St. Paul's, Oakland. It is to be an elaborate and charming affair, though the details are as yet a secret. All that has been revealed is that there are to be bridesmaids and a corresponding number of ushers. "I don't want all the details of my wedding published and republished months in advance," Miss Ralston insists. "People get so tired of it." All we know is that her wedding to the young and aristocratic Louisville physician is to be an elaborate affair. It would be hard to resist a large wedding in a house so ideally adapted for one. The rooms are large, opening conveniently one into each other, and are furnished in exquisite taste. There are any number of pieces of valuable mahogany and in the library there is a beautiful collection of tea cups, Miss Ralston's only fad. Many of the cups are engagement cups, taken from friends both East and West.

Mrs. Ames and the Misses Alice and Bessie Ames are expected back late in the fall. During their stay in Berlin the young ladies have been devoting all their time to the study of music, Miss Alice to the violin, of which she is already a master, and Miss Bessie to the violincello. Socially the Ames have been having a most delightful stay in the German capital. Miss Ames's married sister has been making her home there for a number of years past, and is the center of a charming circle, both of German and American social and artistic lights.

Mrs. Ames and the Misses Ames will probably return with Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon and Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell.

For entertainment this coming season the world of society looks largely towards the young matrons, and a great deal is naturally expected of Mrs. Walter Hobart. As she is to have the added responsibility of a young girl under her charge—she is to chaperone her sister, Miss Williams—there will undoubtedly be much entertaining at the Hobart house.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin are also expected to entertain largely, and Miss Jessie Hobart, a debutante, is to be Mrs. Baldwin's especial charge.

Among the other young matrons of whom society confidently expects so much are Mrs. Osgood Hooker and Mrs. Schmiedell, who will be settled comfortably by that time. The recent death of General Dimond removes a charming entertainer from the field, Mrs. Joseph Tobin. The Dimond residence has been put upon the market, so it is probable that Mrs. Jarboe and Mrs. Tobin will have individual homes.

Mrs. Dean has returned to Paris, where she is to chaperone her grandchildren, the children of Mr. and Mrs. De Young. Mr. and Mrs. De Young are expected home in September. Last year Mrs. De Young contemplated an out-of-door entertainment ,after the English fashion, at her country place in San Rafael, but the lateness of the season prevented her carrying out her plans. Her early return this year may permit, it is hoped, the fulfillment of those intentions.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Boyd have returned from a most delightful Northern trip. At Victoria they were feted and dined and were the especial guests of many of the warships stationed in the harbor. On their return home they visited all the Sound cities and Northern points of interest.

Why is it, I wonder, that actresses who know so well the shams of the stage, weep so copiously at the play. Tuesday night, at the Baldwin, Blanche Bates, watched "The Benefit of the Doubt" from a stage box, and shed quarts of tears over the misfortunes of the heroine, charmingly impersonated in this instance by Miss Allen. They were not stage tears, but genuine ones that left their traces behind them. Speaking about the stage, I wonder if mothers who have disorderly season as society actors to cure them of boys have ever thought of giving them a this miserable fault. Mothers want to watch our leading gentlemen of the stage to fall in with my remedy. The society actor never fails to pull the portiers together after he enters a door. And as for chairs, when he has finished his little speech that he delivers seated, he rises and carries his chair back to the corner from which he originally hauled it. What orderly men all parlor actors must be!

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, have gone to Tahoe for a short trip.

THE GOSSIP.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

For Restoring Lost Vitality, Curing Nervousness, and for Purifying and Enriching the Blood Vintine stands without a peer. Not a patent medicine. Sold by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell st. Order from your druggist

Undoubtedly.

"Senator Joe Blackburn, in accordance with his time-honored custom," says the Chicago Times-Herald, "has gone into his bourbon fast. At every National Convention he swears off on the beverage endeared to the heart of the Kentuckian. This abstinence lasts until the day of his departure for home. They tell a good story on the man from the blue grass region. He had an exciting argument in a Senatorial cloakroom at Washington several years ago as to the relative value of brandy and whisky as man's greatest boon. In the midst of the argument the stoical, prohibition Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, entered the room. Forgetting the well-known total abstinence tendencies of the New Englander, Senator Blackburn appealed to him to settle the dispute. "I do not know the difference between whisky and brandy," replied Senator Blair with a face as passive as a Japanese doll. After Blair had departed Blackburn's eyes actually moistened with sympathy as he shook his head sadly and said: "Poor old man! His stomach must be in awful shape."

Stablekeeper (referring to robe)—By the way, shall I put in a buffalo? The ride over the mountains will be a little stiff.

English Blood—Couldn't you let me 'ave a 'orse, you know? I'd rather not drive a buffalo the first time, you know. —Washington Evening Times.

A Note of Interest.

The block on Sutter street between Kearny and Montgomery is fast becoming the center of the leading tailors of San Francisco. The latest removal to that location is that of Mr. Sam N. Levy, who for several years past has been located at 209 Sutter street. The store to which he has lately moved at 113 Sutter street has been renovated and restocked in a manner becoming to so fashionable a tailor.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Mr. Hirshman, who for many years had a jewelry store at 113 Sutter street, has removed to 10 Post street, under the Masonic Temple.

Use only Richardson & Robbins' deviled meats for picnics.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

Dainty and Refreshing

PAR EXCELLENCE

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.

Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

THE THEATERS

"The Benefit of the Doubt" at the Baldwin.

One of the most encouraging facts about human beings is that the majority of us search, in a dull, fumbling, abstracted fashion, it is true—but still search, for something to love and trust or admire.

We want someone to "believe in"; we are always looking, in our poor, short-sighted way, for integrity, loyalty, magnanimity; we snatch at their very shadows and continually clothe some frail fellow-man with garments which bag disheartenningly, yet still satisfy somewhat our craving for the beautiful, and feeds the flame in us which burns ever upward.

It might be said that we look for these noble traits simply because they make the most comfortable companions, if it were not for the fact that we desire to find them in books and plays quite as ardently as in life. The work of art—be it in marble, or on canvas, or printed on paper—which expresses only the dark side of life and men will never awake any real interest in the average man's heart.

He wishes to read of or look at something human and lovable. He wants a heroine with whom he could fall in love, a hero who is a "fine fellow," and a villain with whom he can sympathize—but he doesn't get them. That is the reason this admirably constructed, technically perfect play of Pinero's, "The Benefit of the Doubt," has been given to half empty houses this week. That, and the fact that one could go around the corner and see a "jolly good fellow," and several other amiable persons, for fifty cents.

In the "Benefit of the Doubt," there is not a single person one would care to have around, except a middle-aged auntie, and we all know that middle-aged aunties are not the most interesting things in the world, even when played by Mrs. Whiffen.

The other dramatis personae are, first, a jealous wife (Olive Allingham), who is so vacillating that she seeks one day a divorce, and the next, like a whipped cur, begs her husband for a reconciliation. Finally she makes herself detestable by eavesdropping. Then we have the husband (Jack Allingham), who assists at the eavesdropping. This describes him accurately and sufficiently. Next comes Mrs. Frazer, who has been "great chums" with Mr. Allingham. She has dined and passed the evening with him at hotels, etc., evenings which he says he will "always remember." He has kissed her and she has petted him, but it was all Platonic. We are evidently expected to believe this and to think that the Judge was a brute for allowing Mrs. Fraser nothing more than "the benefit of the doubt." We are also expected to believe that Mrs. Allingham had no grounds for jealousy, as if (granting that her husband's feeling for Mrs. F. was Platonic), every woman with a soul in her body is not, and rightfully, alarmed when her husband gives his friendship to another woman; for friendship is the best part of love, and, if felt for an ordinarily attractive member of the opposite sex, propinquity will do the rest. But to return to Mrs. Fraser—after being dragged through the mud in the case of "Allingham versus Allingham, Fraser intervening," she decides (her husband's stock of belief having given out) to run away.

Now, to run away comfortably, one needs money—even foolish Mrs. Fraser knew this—so what does she do—does she sell her jewels? Or try nursing, or

LYDIA YEAMANS-TITUS
WHO IS PLAYING HER FOURTH ENGAGEMENT AT THE ORPHEUM
Photo by Sarony, New York

any of the things a woman might be supposed to do under the circumstances? No, she trots off to Jack Allingham, goes to his country place and borrows money from him. Borrows money from the man of all men one would think she would avoid—unless she was in love with him, which we are assured she wasn't.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

MISS IDA CONQUEST
OF THE EMPIRE THEATRE COMPANY
Elite, photographer

While in his parlor (with Madame Allingham glued to a curtain) Mr. Allingham offers her unlimited champagne cup, though she has just told him she has eaten nothing for hours.

The result is, the preposterious little woman becomes intoxicated; she reels about and smokes a cigarette, which of course is very naughty, but somehow it is positively pleasant and proper compared to the little business arrangement. Altogether, it is quite as impossible to sympathize with Mrs. Fraser as with Mr. and Mrs. Allingham, so there is nothing left for us but to center our affections on the aforesaid middle-aged auntie.

Throughout this intricate jumble Pinero handles his scenes as dexterously and brings his puppets on and off the stage as smoothly as an old poker player handles his cards. There is no clumsiness, no wasted material. Everything is managed deftly and effectively, but there is a paucity of flesh and blood.

Why Mrs. Frazer and Mr. Allingham were not in love, since they enjoyed one another's society to such an extent, and believed and trusted and admired so fully and affectionately; why Mrs. F. took the little trip to Allingham's place unless she had a very, very tender feeling for him these things will always remain a mystery to me.

Mrs. Allingham would have been an unloving idiot if she had not been jealous and suspicious, yet throughout she is treated and treats herself as an altogether unreasonable being. If she had not laid the trap for Mrs. Frazer and degraded herself by listening behind the curtain, and if the role had been played by any other than Annie Irish, faith I think we would all have been on her side.

The cast for the female parts seemed to me injudicious in most instances. It is quite impossible to associate such an inconsistent, flighty character as Mrs. Allingham's with Viola Allen's face and personality. I have the temerity to assert that Ida Conquest would have filled the role better. If I were dictator she would certainly have a try at it and Viola Allen should do Olive Allingham, and Annie Irish—what would I do with the Irish? Um, that would require consideration. At any rate, she shouldn't have anything to say. I'd not give her a chance to uplift that voice or air her stilted accents.

Ida Conquest showed a strong tendency to break into Musette's "ha ha, ha ha," but I can forgive her for she is a fascinating little body, and on the whole did rather well, though her English girl, who had been "dreadfully brought up and talked slang," was decidedly tougher than her "Musette"—wherefore, Ida, wherefore?

Among the men Gottschalk and Dodson distinguished themselves. The former had a small part which he made very amusing and almost prominent (in spite of his twenty lines), yet without obtruding himself in the least. He has reduced the art of effacing himself, when the exigencies of the occasion demand it, to a fine art. If he were a woman he would know, I think, how to grow old, and do lots of other disagreeable and inevitable things gracefully.

It has often been intimated to me that aunts are an entirely superfluous, interfering and unimportant class (these intimations are doubly painful, as I was made an aunt without being consulted), yet both in "The Benefit of the Doubt" and in "The Gold Mine" aunts play very important and useful parts. In fact, the plays simply couldn't exist without them, so I begin to think better of the despised relative.

In "The Gold Mine" the aunt, in the person of Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault, is a very gay, very, very golden-haired and generous individual, who tries to throw away ten thousand pounds on a scapegrace nephew, but is forestalled by a glittering California hero—impersonated by Wilton Lackaye. Mrs. Boucicault is tall, thin and graceful, with a rather sweet voice and an obviously studied, but nevertheless pleasing, way of speaking, walking and sitting. There is a little suggestion, a faint, far-away one, of Bernhardt about her. It is impossible to judge accurately of her ability from her handling of so slight a part as that of Mrs. Meredith, but she seems to have rather a light and finished style. But, oh, that hair, and those turkey-red ears! The hare's foot had been busy there, alas, too busy, yet her face was pale—such partiality is distressing.

Lackaye has a smug, well-fed face and a big, well-fed body. He made an excellent western American, and if he will abjure the wild-eyed glare he favored us with once or twice he will do very well.

Arbuckle was a villain again; it seemed to depress him a little, but this only added to his charms.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The San Franciscan who has not paid a dollar and a half for a reversed seat at Koster and Bial's, in New York, can have no idea how vastly superior the bill presented at the Orpheum is to that of the Gotham vaudeville house. I was there last June and make bold to say that the Orpheum, where the best seats are but fifty cents, presents a programme beside which the New York show will not bear comparison for a moment. There were but two real features at Koster and Bial's. They were Biondi, who is now at the Orpheum, and Chevalier, the coster singer. True, the New York show is housed in a more elaborate building; the appointments are better, there is more of velvet and gilt, but appointments do not compensate one for a meager entertainment at dollar and a half rates.

The programme presented at the Orpheum this week is one of wide variety and much excellence. Ross Snow, the tramp who was so excrutiatingly funny in "1492," is just as mirth-provoking as a speciality artist. Biondi, even though he speaks solely in Italian, never allows interest to flag. His rapid changes of character suggest that he has all the talents necessary to a politician. Lydia Yeamans-Titus' performance has lost none of its freshness. Indeed, to her inimitable presentation of the little girl who sings "Mother Told Me So" she has added new business that gives the performance an additional flavor of interest. The audience does not seem to be willing to let her off the stage. This, I believe, is her fourth engagement at the Orpheum, yet her work possesses that admirable and infrequent quality which seems never to tire.

Staley and Belle Birbeck were clever. The latter is a remarkable high kicker. The remainder of the programme is up to the Orpheum standard, which I consider a high standard, as the opening lines will indicate.

The special attraction at the Orpheum next week will be the mesmeric performances of Professor Kennedy, who will select subjects from the audience to testify to his power as a hypnotist. Herr Techow's cats promise a number of new tricks.

"The Huguenots" is put down for Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of next week at the Tivoli. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday "The Bohemian Girl" will be given. During the weeks following Verdi's "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be produced, and the grand opera season will close with Humperdink's fairy spectacle, "Hansel and Gretel."

At the California next week Chauncey Olcott's new play, "The Irish Artist." He is a popular fellow, is Chauncey, and a great wheelman. He makes a run with the Olympic wheelmen to the Cliff House on Sunday morning, and is their guest at breakfast there. His singing will be a feature of the League of the Holy Cross meeting at the Pavilion in the afternoon.

Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Masqueraders," will be played at the Baldwin during the third and last week of the Empire Theater Company's engagement, beginning next Monday night. "The Gay Parisians" will follow the week after.

It is said that originally Ramsay Morris and Hillary Bell's new play, "The Social Trust," was called "The Final Judgment." Morris was asked one day if that meant the New York judgment. He became frightened at the thought that the least apprehension might become general and so changed the title.

"The Great Unknown," one of Daly's farce comedies, will be brought out at the Columbia next Monday night. The cast will include Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault, Mr. Wilton Lackaye, Frank Worthing and many others.

Real tea is different from what you know unless you have drunk tea in Ceylon, or China, or Japan. It has a delicacy and charm and inspiringness of flavor that not one American in ten thousand has any idea of.

Schilling's Best — roasted in San Francisco — fresh, with the full tea-flavor in, as the tea nations drink it.

QUEEN LILY SOAP

BEST ON EARTH
FOR LAUNDRY USE

Patronize Home Industry

FICTION IN REVIEW

"The Feasts of Autolycus" and Other Current Literature.

The strange thing about "The Feasts of Autolycus" (The Merriam Co.) is that it is written by a woman. That Elizabeth Robins Pennell wrote it is not so strange, for she is given to odd flights. Generally speaking, one would expect a gastronomic rhapsody to spring from the masculine pen, and "The Virtue of Gluttony" is a surprising chapter to come from a feminine boudoir. The author herself acknowledges this, and laments woman's lack of this "cardinal virtue."

"Today women, as a rule, think all too little of the joys of eating. * * * Is it not true that the woman who would economize, first draws her purse strings tight in the market and at the restaurant! With her milliner's bill she may find no fault, but in the butcher's book, or grocer's, every half penny is to be disputed. * * * First, then, let her know that the love of good eating gives her an object to life. She need not stray after false gods; she will not burden herself with silly fads, once she realizes that upon food she may concentrate thought and energy, and her higher nature—which to her means so much—be developed thereby."

And so on, in the same half-ironical, true-word-in-jest strain. It may be true that good eating improves one's looks, and "gluttony is the best cosmetic," though the memory of triple-chinned dowagers, pasty or crimson, bearing down on the terrapin and pate, raises private doubts; but when the author claims that woman is "bewitchingly lovely in the very act of eating," one must protest. Eating is necessary, and pleasant, and to be heartily indulged in, but becoming—no! No earthly glamour could make it that. Women have put away the absurd folly of being ashamed to eat, and young ladies named Maud have no place in this generation, but surely it is not necessary to go to the other extreme and deify mastication. It is an ugly process of laboring jaws and unavoidable little crunches and swallowings, be the table manners ever so perfect. And when an end of macaroni wiggles off the fork, or a piece of lettuce unexpectedly unfolds at the very entrance—let us turn away. It is the only thing to do under the circumstances. After a pean to eating in general, Mrs. Pennell goes on to describe ravishing breakfasts, delerious luncheons and omnipotent dinners, lingering over them with a love that is more than maternal. She revels in such words as "dainty," "choice," "juicy," while "tender morsels" punctuate every meal. She is almost equal to "relishing her victuals." It would not be strange if she did, for she certainly knows what is good to eat, and how to cook and serve it.

"It matters not how many courses between oysters and coffee Fashion may decree, if, turning your back on her and her silly pretensions, you devise a few that it will be a privilege for your guests to eat, a joy for them to remember. Bear in mind the master's model luncheon and its success. No menu could have been simpler—none more delicious. The table was laid for three, a goodly number, for all the slurs cast upon it. At each plate were two dozen oysters with a bright golden lemon: at each end of the table stood a bottle of Sauterne, carefully wiped all except the cork, which showed unmistakably that it was long since the wine had been bottled. After the oysters roasted kidneys were served; next, truffled foie-gras; then the famous fondue, the beautiful arrangement of eggs beaten up with cheese, prepared over a chafing-dish at table, stimulating appetite by all the delights of anticipation. Fruit followed, and coffee; and last, two liqueurs, 'one a spirit to clear, and the other an oil, to soothe.' Be not content to read, but go and do likewise!"

The ecstacy of baked sole is as passionate as Swinburne, as love-laden as the songs of Solomon.

"Take your sole,—from the waters of Dieppe would you have the best—and place it, with endearing, lover-like caress, in a pretty earthenware dish, with butter for only companion. At the same time, in sympathetic saucepan, lay mussels to the number of two dozen, opened and well cleaned, as a matter of course; and let each rejoice in the society of a stimulating mushroom; when almost done, but not quite, make of them a garland round the expectant sole; cover their too-seductive beauty with a rich white sauce; rekindle their passion in the oven for a few minutes, and serve immediately and hot. Joy is the result—pure, uncontaiminated joy. If this be too simple for your taste, then court elaboration and more complex sensation after this fashion: From the first unite the sole to two of its most devoted admirers, the oyster and the mussel—twelve, say, of each—and let thyme and fragrant herbs and onion and white wine and truffles be close witnesses of their union. Seize the sole when it is yet but half cooked; stretch it out gently in another dish, to which oysters and mussels must follow in hot, precipitate flight. And now the veiling sauce, again white, must have calf's kidney and salt pork for foundation, and the first gravy of the fish for fragrance and seasoning. Mushrooms and lemon in slices may be added to the garniture. And if at the first mouthful you do not thrill with rapture, the Thames will prove scarce deep and muddy enough to hide your shame."

* * *

When Mr. Maeterlinck's characters lean towards each other and begin, "How dark it is!" "Yes, isn't it dark!" "Dark as pitch," we feel a sympathetic awe of the dark, and little chills creeping along our vertebræ testify to the power behind the commonplace phrases. But it is not safe for anyone else to try the same effects, for, without Maeterlinck, the power is gone, and the form becomes a mere trick. Mr. Henry B. Fuller should have thought of this before he wrote "The Puppet Booth" (The Century Co.), a collection of spasmodic plays done in the manner of the great Belgian. The beginning of "The Cure of Souls" gives a good example of this:

"A pool in the heart of the primeval forest; close beside it a human habitation—half lodge, half chapel. The pool is fed by a small stream, which, rising high above, forms a waterfall over a ledge of rock, and is emptied by means of a larger stream lying many feet below. Close to the edge of the pool a flock of lambs are grazing, and two or three swans."

Swans, of course. A tale of this decadent type is as incomplete without swans as Lohengrin himself. Parenthesis are fully as numerous, and even more trying. Here is an example:

"(Pas de Deux. — Through the floor rise Ruination and Damnation (a man among women) decked in desperate convolutions of red, black and yellow, and swirl and swing and swoon before a shifting array of imps and devils. A fierce light beats upon their gyrations, but the throne behind them still remains in shadow.)"

What does it all mean? What is it for? Does Mr. Fuller himself really know?

A number of books containing short stories have come out lately, none of them better than "In Homespun," by Edith Nesbit (Roberts Bros). This is a collection of quiet little stories about English country people, slight and unimportant of plot, but so full of human nature, so alive with rustic personality, as to leave the impression of an actual experience. Sometimes they are frankly and deliciously unprincipled, these heroines of the Sussex downs; often noble and high-souled, but always as real and vivid as though they had just passed through the room. They tell their own stories in the first person with naive garrulity, innocently betraying the the author's keen sense of humor as they gossip on. Their talk is the language of a locality, but, thank Heaven, it is not a dialect as we generally understand the word. As the author says, the book "is of no value to a middle English scholar, and needs no glossary."

Seven "Tales of Fancy and Fact" (Harper's) have come to us from Brander Matthews, in a dull rose binding, worthy of special mention. They are picturesque and imaginative, and beautifully worded, though from the nature of them there is a certain lack of human interest. For those who love fairy tales and fantastic dreams, they are charming. "A Primer of Imaginary Geography" is a skimming review of all the famous traditions of land and sea, Bohemia and the Happy Valley, the upas tree and the winged Pegasus, in company with the Flying Dutchman. "The Kinetoscope of Time" shows in a dream the women who have won their way by dancing, from the daughter of Herodias to little black Topsy, and re-enacts memorable combats. "The Rival Ghosts" is nonsensical but amusing, and "The Twinkling of An Eye" introduces a novel idea in detective work.

In "From Whose Bourne" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) Robert Barr has used the after life as the machinery for an ingenious detective story. A man dies and hovers around the earth as a spirit, invisible, of course, and unable to communicate with the living except in a very slight degree by hypnotism. His wife is accused of having poisoned him, and he and several spirit friends try to help the earthly detectives to find out the real criminal. It eventually proves a case of mixed prescriptions, the hero having received arsenic instead of quinine, and so unintentionally brought about his own death. At the end he has the pleasure of seeing his wife become engaged to another man, upon which he leaves the world for good, to seek his proper place in the world of departed spirits.

Robert Buchanan's new book, "A Marriage by Capture" (Lippincott Co.) is called a romance of today, but it might better have been dated a century or two ago. A woman inherits an Irish estate, and in consequence has several attempts made on her life by her cousin, the next heir. Then a bold lover picks her up bodily and carries her away to a lonely castle, a way of wooing that proves effective, for after she is freed, she comes back in disguise to nurse him through an illness, and at last consents to live happily ever after. (For sale by Joseph A. Hofman, 120 Sutter street.)

In "A Woman With a Future" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), Mrs. Andrew Dean has given us very much the usual thing. There is the grave, virtuous Englishman, the silly, empty-headed wife, and the other man. A decadent author or two and a couple of contrasting mothers make up the setting, and the story winds up in an elopement. The people neither talk nor act like living beings, but they live in London, and that is enough for most publishers. Is it because they know the public? (For sale at the "Emporium".)

Under the name of "Where the Atlantic Meets the Land" (Roberts Brothers) Caldwell Lipsett has published a number of more or less painful stories of the Irish peasantry. He shows them for the most part inconceivably brutish and superstitious, capable of deeds more suitable to the Middle Ages than this civilized Nineteenth Century. One would like to think that stories like "More Cruel Than the Grave" could have no foundation in fact, but Irish history shows them to be only too possible.

If you want to get a story accepted by one of the magazines, there is only one thing you have to do,—buy a bucket of local color. Smear this carefully over every inch of the most rickety plot, and your contribution will stick firmly wherever it is aimed. If you want to write a love story, go down to San Lorenzo and catch a couple of Portuguese—Portegee, I mean, study their rounded, musical syllables, notice the lively pantomime of their gestures, catch the glinting light of their soulful, unspeculative, brown eyes, and you have a sure winner. The love and the story will make no difference whatever. So, if San Lorenzo is impracticable, take Chinatown, the Battery, the Darky Quarter, any place where English is mutilated and complexion a matter for description. The subtlest character study posssible will not help you unless your subject is a local character. Locality is what you want, and it is within everyone's reach. Burn your old manuscripts and go forth into the fields and slums. Then will your mail increase in value as it decreases in bulk, and the syndicates cry for your work.

Apropos merely of local color, Chester Bailey Fernald has a fascinating little Chinese story, "The Cruel Thousand Years," in the August Century, and Kate Chapin closes the number with one of her Creole sketches, "Ozeme's Holiday."

J. W. T.

MAGAZINE NOTES

The August "Atlantic" has an interesting and convincing article by Paul Shorey on "The Present Condition of Literary Productions." He claims that the present field has been exhausted, and has produced all the masterpieces it is capable of, and that literature will be more critical than creative until some great change opens to us a new arena, as the French Revolution did to our grandfathers. Mr. Shorey complains that the realism of today has become too photographic to have any lasting value, and laments our dread of anything really serious. The increase of graduate work done at the colleges ought to largely overcome this latter tendency, for with deeper and wider cultivation, the writer of the future will be able to offer the dry bones of knowledge and thought so delicately grilled as to tempt even the most frivolous.

"Wanted — A Critic," in the Editor's Drawer of the August "Harpers," bears on this same subject of literary production. Mr. Warner suggests that a little discouragement would not be bad for American literature, which stands sorely in need of cool, discriminating, relentless criticism. To praise an author for doing well as an American is like praising a poem as being really creditable for a woman. Our judgment must be cosmopolitan, based upon a comparative study of literatures. Mr. Warner claims that the lack of recognized standards is as bad for the young writers as it is for literature, and that honest, intelligent criticism is a higher duty than the consideration of any man's feelings.

The new "Ladies' Home Journal" is a fiction number, and contains stories by Bret Harte, Lilian Bell, and several others, as well as the usual miscellaneous information. Special directions are given for those who wish to remove grease spots, become social successes, or announce the arrival of a new baby.

The Oldest Shipping House

At Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well-known one of Duff Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff Gordon Sherries. Duff Gordon & Co.'s bodegas are reached through a charming garden court, bordered with handsome flowering shrubs, and with clusters of fine old trees towering in the center. Geraniums in all their splendor, with ivy and other climbing plants, are trained up the walls, hiding all but the entrances to the cellars. Of these, the spacious shipping bodega, remarkable for its wide passages between the several rows of casks—all in perfectly straight lines, and level one with another—contains 3000 butts (400,000 gallons) of various kinds of Sherries. Four other bodegas are devoted to Soleras, comprising some singularly delicate finas ten years old, with amantillades of decided yet refined flavors, and olotosos of subdued pungent taste and rich aroma. For one of these last named wines £400 per but had been offered and refused, it being considered much too valuable for blending purposes to be parted with even at this price. On the doors of the Duff Gordon sample-room projects the stuffed head of a wild-looking short-horn bull which at some corrida de toios at the Puerto had killed its eleven horses and remained master of the ring. — From Facts about Sherry by Vizettel.

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Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists

Fall Style Neckwear and Hosiery at J. W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street.

MARK TWAIN'S
NEW STORY
TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE
A startlingly dramatic story of the Middle West in the last generation, with drawings by A. B. Frost, begins in the
AUGUST NUMBER
OF
Harper's Magazine

From "Tom Sawyer, Detective."

The White Mr. Longfellow, by William Dean Howells. Illustrated. **Peeps into Barbary**, by J. E. Budgett Meakin, formerly editor of the *Times* of Morocco. Illustrated by F. de Myrbach. **The Strange Days that Came to Jimmy Friday**, by Frederic Remington. Illustrated by the author. **Doorstep Neighbors**, by William Hamilton Gibson. **The Silent Voice**, a fine dramatic poem, by Laurence Alma-Tameda. Illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey. Etc., Etc.

5 SHORT STORIES

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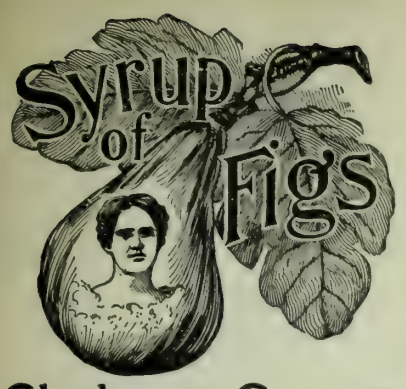

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NEW YORK TOPICS

No crown could cause such uneasiness as the Duke of York's head ought to be suffering from, for the straw Alpine is coming, and it's all his fault. He has worn it through the streets, he has lifted it to favored friends, he has hung it on the royal hat-rack, and so stamped it with his approval that no right-feeling man can withstand it, however much it goes against the grain. A straw Alpine on a girl is a very different matter, relieved by its two quills up the side. But on a man it is an abomination, for trimming is denied it—who ever heard of a man that would wear a quill any higher than the top of his right ear?—and the straw dome rises unbroken in all its hideousness. Town Topics has expressed the general sentiment in a reproachful little poem:

"The Duke of York has set the style
In Alpine hats of straw.
His taste is bad—the shape is vile,
But when his Grace has set the style,
What can we do but calmly smile,
And yield to fashion's law?
Oh, cruel Duke, to bring in style
Those Alpine crimes of straw."

Still there is no crime, of straw or any other material, that Newport wouldn't forgive just now if a man came with it. Here in town Newport is looked upon as a gay whirl, a mad round, but in actual fact nothing could be quieter and more sedate. From the 1st of August to the 10th of September there is a faint semblance of gaiety for an hour or so a day, when the carriages are out on Bellevue Avenue. One hears distant rumors of dinners, and occasional balls, but these make no brilliant showing, and "gay Newport" is largely a fiction of the Sunday papers. Bar Harbor and Narragansett Pier have twice the life and vivacity, though the list of visitors may be less imposing. As for men, there are a few old standbys, like James Otis, Gould Redmond, Roland King, etc., and a dozen or so of married men like Herman Oelrichs and Theodore Havemeyer, but of jolly young bachelors from whom fun is to be expected, only three are prominent, Perry Belmont, Thomas McCaleb and Lispenard Stewart. And all the while, down here in New York, there are dozens of charming men, who have not yet discovered that Newport would be not only within their means, but a positive economy. A nice man will be lunched and dined and driven and entertained as much as he will let himself be, his presence being return enough for the hospitalities of the residents. Surely he could manage lodgings and breakfasts.

When you see what abominable marriages the sons of millionaires can make, you wonder that Cornelius Vanderbilt is not more than satisfied with his son's choice. Miss Wilson may be a few years older than Cornelius Jr., but surely that is no sign that she is marrying him for anything but himself. She has money on her side, and family, and any number of attractive qualities, but the old plutocrat is just as bitterly opposed to the match as if she were a third-rate soubrette with half a dozen pasts. Young Vanderbilt has held pluckily (or obstinately, according to the point of view) to his choice, but a new and original difficulty prevented the marriage from coming off a week ago, according to the first plan. It was to be the quietest kind of a little ceremony, without caterers or invitations or any kind of pomp, but they did count on having a clergyman, and not one could be found! Some were ill——any number, in fact—some had gone post haste to the Adirondacks, some were called out of town, some were up to their eyes with funerals and christenings; in short, nobody seemed ready to file the bonds of holy matrimony. If Cornelius Sr. had given his sanction, do you suppose the clerical elite would have shown the same hesitation? Might not the scrambling have been in the other direction?

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural!" said the old soldier looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

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NEW VERSE

A Strange Elopement.

I saw them meet on Sutter street—
She didn't want to go,
But he was plainly stuck on her
Because he loved her so.
His arm was linked around her neck,
Her head was on his breast,
But yet she struggled to be free;
She didn't see the jest.
The jeering passers followed them
As closely as they could,
But still he firmly led her on
To where his carriage stood.
He opened wide the gaping door,
And flung her in amain;
She vanished from the sight of men,
She'll ne'er be seen again.
Three dollars will he coldly claim,
Ere he will give her up,
Naught else can loose the bonds that bind
The Poundman to the Pup.

The Man From Nebraska.

Oh, have you heard of the famous Boy
From the far Nebraska lea,
Whose tongue is poised on a silver point
And wags right merrily.
When he mounts his long-eared hobby horse,
Free coinage, and all that,
Great Scott! but oh, how the numbers flow,
While he whoops it through his hat—
This Orator of the Platte.

From the stricken land of "waving corn"
The Boy and his boomlet comes,
To the City of Wind where Altgeld reigns,
And the streets are paved with bombs.
One magic swoop of his silvery voice
Lays Bland and Unc' Hod flat;
Alas! what show has a hayseed now
With a Boy that talks through his hat—
This Orator of the Platte.

He gives them the silver-cure all straight,
And his voice takes a mournful tone,
While he pictures the new Helena's isle
And the "little Na-pol-e-on."
The audience howl till their throttles crack
At comparisons so pat,
And the Dedham "pop" makes a wonderful flop,
While the Boy talks through his hat—
This Orator of the Platte.

They hail him a sunflower from the plains
By the cyclone of fortune blown,
But the "goldbugs" will teach him a trick or two
Ere his panties are outgrown.
November days will prove long and drear
To many a Democrat,
But especially so to this crude Cicero
Who is blustering through his hat—
This Orator of the Platte.
—Ware River News.

My Lady Litrachure.

A hollow laugh, a hollow eye,
A tangled tuft of tow-hued hair,
A garish mantle, all awry,
And marred with patches here and there,
A shameless shoulder gleaming bare,
A step erratic and unsure,
A brazen would-be-luring stare—
Such is My Lady Litrachure.

Ofttimes in yellow she will ply
Her arts beneath the gas-lamp's flare
And mock at all who murmur "Fie!"
And shudder at her wanton air.
Anon a red rose she will wear
With red cockade, so plainly pure
Her very dullness makes her fair—
Such is My Lady Litrachure!

Now, robed as priestess, she will cry
In tones that ape intense despair,
And pose before the passers-by
As dying-duck-like doctrinaire;
Now she will tramp in Tartan where
The mist makes moist the manse and moor,
And frame a speech as rude, as rare—
Such is My Lady Litrachure.

ENVOY.

Ye Muses, grant unto our pray'r
A day when letters stand secure
From lips that mockingly declare,
"Such is My Lady Litrachure!"
—London World.

A Chicago Damsel.

As the twilight was creeping across the sky
From the east to the west, where the crimson dye
Of a gorgeous sunset was growing wan
In the shadows that rise when the sun is gone,
In a sumptuous languor of dreamy ease
And a wrapper resplendent with spots of grease,
On the little back porch of an upper flat
The imperial Ethel McFadden sat.

In her beautiful eyes was a look demure
And the hint of a soul that was sweetly pure
As the morning dew in the pouting buds
Or a cake of soap in a tub of suds;
And the beautiful face of this west side queen
Was suffused with a saintly, angelic mien.

"How I long, how I long," she soliloquized,
In a voice a chorus girl would have prized,
"To be able to do, to achieve some deed
For the suffering victims of sordid greed."
"Are you going to wash up the dishes, my dear?"
Came a voice from the kitchen, invitingly clear.
But a lofty fire in her soul was lit
And her red lips unclasped in a clear-cut "Nit."
—W. G. Jackson in the Chicago News.

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HER POINT OF VIEW

They weren't related and they weren't engaged; they hadn't even the refusal of each other; yet they had unmistakably been taking luncheon together. Not at the club or the grill room, but at a little Italian place beloved of Bohemians, where the waiters spoke French, and filet of sole with sauce tartar was twelve and a half cents. I was not sure whether this choice of place made it better or worse. I didn't tell anyone about it except a young married woman who could be trusted.

"Well, why not?" she answered coolly. "Twenty years from now any nice girl will go to luncheon with any nice man at any nice place. Why should we wait for everybody to catch up?"

"But they hadn't a sign of a chaperon," I persisted.

"Why should there be one with well-conducted people at a public cafe?" she returned. "It isn't as if she were a jeune fille and didn't know her way. She has been out several years, and he is a man she wouldn't hesitate to go to a football game with. Why not luncheon?"

I hadn't any answer ready, though the traditions of my bringing up were vaguely asserting themselves. "You girls don't get half the fun you should out of life," she went on. "Your relations with men aren't half so interesting as they might be. Most of you can't do a thing out of the conventional line without being self-conscious and depressed, and so utterly spoiling it. This ought to be an age of frank, natural relations with men. The athletics have made it possible, but half the time you girls don't know how to avail yourselves of it."

"But don't you hate a girl who is fly?" I protested.

"Yes, worse than a prig," she answered decidedly. "You don't have to be either. But do go ahead and have all the happiness you can. Your own refinement and good breeding will tell you where to stop, and if you haven't those qualities, a chaperon wouldn't do you much good. We are coming to an age of sensible freedom, I believe."

"Yes," I said, "and we'll go on and on, and get freer and freer, till finally we reach such an extreme that the world will rise up in revolt, and then we will swing back into prunes and prisms again, worse ones than ever. That's the way the world wags,—like a pendulum."

"Of course, but you'll be beyond the reach of chaperons by that time," she answered. "You're lucky enough to be a girl at the nicest part of the wag. See that you make the most of it."

I went away pondering, and the more I thought, the more her philosophy appealed to me. And so today I am going to take luncheon with a very nice man at a perfectly respectable cafe, kept by an Italian.

* * *

One of the most pathetic problems we have to face is brought out in a recent story. A girl is given advantages above those of her class, and finally is sent away to college for five years, where she is thrown with refined, cultured people, and gains far more than the mere A. B. Then she goes back to the sordid little Western home and the vulgar neighbors and the kindly, shirt-sleeved, grimy-handed father. She loves him dearly and remorsefully, for she cannot help seeing how hopelessly ignorant and vulgar he is, yet knows that her own rise is all due to his self-denial and labor. He is so delighted to have her back that she hasn't the heart to leave him, yet every day is anguish. There is a young man in the case, who comes out to see her, stays a miserable half hour, and goes away without saying what he came for. He is not a snob, but her surroundings are too appalling, and he knows she would be too loyal to put them entirely away from her. One of his class cannot marry her, and she will not marry one of her own class. Has the education she so longed for spoiled her life?

As we leave her choking back her tears over the kitchen sink, it seems so. Yet to call education a mistake, self-improvement a disadvantage, goes contrary to all our creeds and to the true American spirit. As a nation, contented ignorance has no attraction for us, and we "want to know," even at the cost of unlimited suffering. If this girl had stayed in the station she was born to, her innate power of rising would have been handed down to her children, and the struggle would have come then. It is inevitable in a race with an upward tendency. There will be a step between every two generations, and it is the first great one that hurts the most. In this case the girl was noble enough to keep the suffering all to herself, but generally it is just as bad for those who have stayed behind. This girl's life is spoiled for the time being, but after a while the mental life she has created will assert itself as a resource and a consolation. Then, if she marries, she has nothing to dread with her children. The great step is taken, and love and gratitude can make the little steps easy.

* * *

When an Englishman comes over to this country with the fascinating little prefix of "Sir," introducing his name, and "Bart." following it, the average American citizen looks at him with a thrill of awe, and thanks heaven that he has been permitted to see a real nobleman before he dies. But it is a sad fact that baronets do not belong to the nobility at all, being merely commoners with handles. They are almost always from the middle or lower classes, rich manufacturers and men who have contributed to the political fortunes of one party or another, successful doctors and newspaper proprietors, brewers and now and then artists or scientists. A member of a county family seldom accepts a baronetcy, and civil servants of the crown and distinguished members of the army and navy, if called upon to choose, will always prefer the minor honor of the Order of the Bath or St. Michael and St. George, to the title of baronet, with its suggestion of parvenuism. Its very origin is ignoble, for the order was founded by James I., as a means of revenue, and sold at $5000 a head. Indeed, baronetcies are still on sale, though the price is no longer openly fixed, and the money now slips unobtrusively into the exchequer and campaign fund of some political party. Under Charles I., a number of baronetcies were sold in Nova Scotia, of which the records were afterwards lost, so anyone who wishes the title has only to announce that his name was on those lost records. A peer has to prove his right to a title, but anyone is free to call himself a baronet, and in consequence there are nearly a hundred at this present time who are credited with titles to which they have shown no right, and which are known either never to have existed or to have died out long ago. While these pseudo-baronets are yearly increasing, those whose titles are of ancient creation are gradually diminishing, or becoming too poor to keep up their titles. Sir Thomas Echlin, whose title was one of the first James created, is serving on the Dublin police force at $6 a week, while one of his brothers is a footman in a London family. Sir Richard Moore, after losing his position as a third-class warden in a penitentiary, died a few years ago as a street beggar. Many have drifted to the stage, more to the poorhouse. On the whole, a baronetcy is a poor and empty thing, conferring but two perquisites—a place in the scale of precedence next to the younger sons of peers, and the veneration of all good Americans.

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STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES

Once, on winning an important suit for a railroad, Lincoln sent in a bill for $2,000 for his services. "Why," said the officer to whom he applied, "this is as much as a first-class lawyer would have charged." Stung by the ungrateful speech, Lincoln withdrew the bill, left the office, and at the first opportunity submitted the matter to his friends. Five thousand dollars, they all agreed, was a moderate fee, considering what he had done for the road, and six leading lawyers signed a paper declaring such a charge not "unreasonable." Lincoln sued the road for that amount and won his case. This was the one exception to his rule of never suing for a fee. If it was not paid he believed in letting it go.

* * *

Lincoln was a man to whom others instinctively appealed when troubled or in doubt. Mr. Ralph Emerson, a young lawyer who was worried by the discrepancies between his profession and his ideals, once came to him. "Mr. Lincoln, I want to ask you a question," he said. "Is it possible for a man to practice law and always do by others as he would be done by?" Lincoln's head dropped on his breast and he walked in silence for a long way; then he heaved a heavy sigh. When he finally spoke, it was of a foreign matter. "I had my answer," said Mr. Emerson, "and that walk turned the course of my life."

* * *

After attending a case in Cincinnati, where the summing up was particularly fine, Lincoln walked away in deep dejection. Turning to a friend, he said solemnly: "I am going home to study law." "Why, Mr. Lincoln, you stand at the head of the bar in Illinois now," was the answer. "What are you talking about?" "Ah, yes," he said, "I do occupy a good position there, and I think I can get along with the way things are down there now. But these college-trained men, who have devoted their whole lives to study, are coming West, don't you see? And they study their cases as we never do. They've got as far as Cincinnati now. They will soon be in Illinois." There was a long pause. Then, with a look of strong determination, he exclaimed, "I am going home to study law! I am as good as any of them, and when they get out to Illinois I will be ready for them."

* * *

Mrs. Stowe once went with some friends into the rooms of the brothers Castellani, Rome's famous workers in gold. Among the beautiful things shown her, she was much impressed by the head of an Egyptian slave carved in black onyx. "Madam," said one of the brothers, "we know what you have been to the poor slaves. We are ourselves but poor slaves still in Italy; you feel for us; will you keep this gem as a slight recognition of what you have done?" She took the jewel, but her eyes were so full of tears that she could make no response.

* * *

On hearing of the death of Lord Byron, Mrs. Stowe, then a mere child, went out into the fields weeping and flung herself on a mound of hay, to pray for his forgiveness and salvation. The same event brought great sorrow to Tennyson, then at the age of fifteen. "I thought everything was over and finished for everyone," he said, years later; "that nothing else mattered. I remember that I went out alone and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

* * *

The following anecdote, of which the Russian General Dragomiroff is the hero, is going the round of the salons. It appears that at one of the later banquets of the Coronation festivities at Moscow, in returning thanks for a toast proposed in his honor by General de Boisdeffre, the French Envoy, he said: "We must love one another, for if we don't, who the devil in Europe will?"

* * *

Mr. John Burns, a very serious member of the House of Commons, was speaking in a pessimistic strain about what he felt to be a great falling off in the character and standing of that august body. "Since I came into this house, four years ago," he said, "the confidence of the public in it has much diminished." And he is still wondering why everybody laughed.

* * *

Some Americans were dining with a Frenchman at a cafe in Paris, when a stranger, in trying to take some wraps down from a hook, knocked a large Derby hat into the middle of their table. The Frenchman sprang up in a fury and whirled around at the stranger; then, with only a slight shrug, sat down again perfectly calm and serene. "It vas a Cherman" he explained blandly.

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THE WAVE

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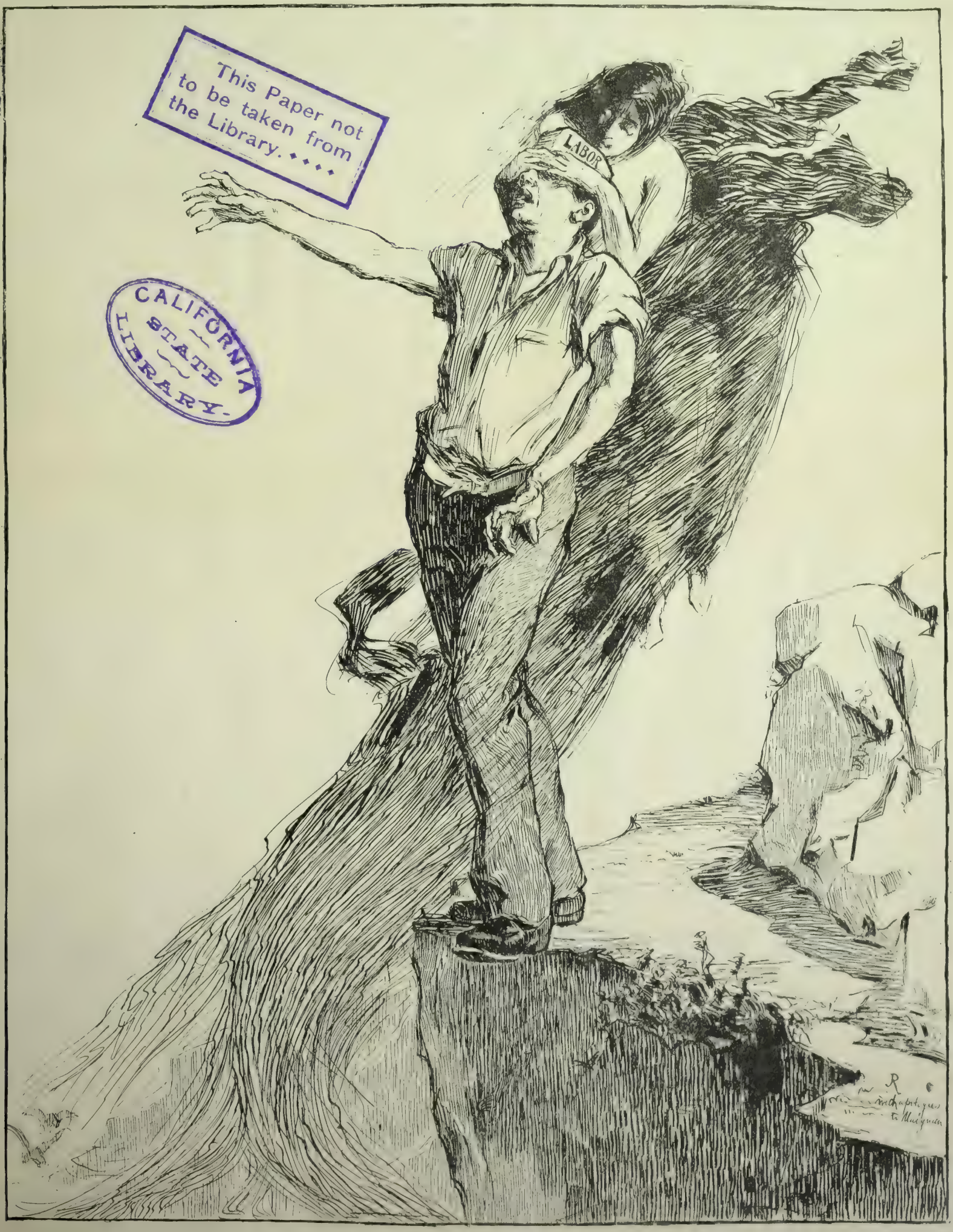

THE SILVER MUSE LURING HIM TO DESTRUCTION

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 15, 1896

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MR. BRYAN'S PITTSBURG SPEECH.

The first utterances of any consequence coming from Mr. Bryan since his nomination are contained in his Pittsburg speech of Monday last. It is true he disclaimed any intention of discussing campaign issues prior to receiving the customary formal notification of his nomination; still what he had to say upon the financial subject, the views to which he then gave voice, unquestionably represent his firm convictions just as completely as will any subsequent and more formal declaration that may be made by him. His speech at Pittsburg simply offers us, in advance of scheduled time, the outline of his proposed plan of campaign, which is a something we have awaited with anxiety.

There is to his words, we must confess, an unsatisfactory and a false ring of jingoism that is disappointing and disheartening to the man who cares for the welfare of his country, and is anxious for its future. There are tens upon tens of thousands of voters, both Democratic and Republican, who have been listening and waiting, anxiously and hopefully, but thus far vainly, for some word, some thought, some single ringing utterance, that would modify the overshadowing fear which abides within them. Honest men have vainly hoped this Boy Orator would have the power to dispel, or to mitigate at least, the fearful dread of financial disaster they are led to believe will follow the monetary revolution proposed by Democracy. Mr. Bryan signally fails to furnish it, and we, as well as this world of thinking men, are most sadly disappointed in him. There is a hollow ring to what he says, an emptiness to his sentences that leaves an appetite for true, substantial knowledge of this subject, unsatisfied, and still hungry for the food of information that he denies to it. Not only does he fail to gratify this great craving, but the flippant and gilded phrases with which he bolsters up his most unhappy cause gives birth to the fear that he may be something even more dreadful than a misguided man.

Here is a passage taken from his Pittsburg speech, which his local newspaper adherent regards as being of enough importance to merit a place in black-faced type:

"My friends, in this campaign there is only one great issue. If that is settled it will not give us a Government perfect in all its details, but that one question must be settled before other questions can be settled. A Nation that is not able to adopt its own financial policy is too impotent to legislate on any question where the people are concerned."

Think of these utterances coming from the lips of a man who proposes to become the President of this Nation! This is not the language of a thoughtful statesman, but it does bear rather hard upon the method of a thoughtless and ambitious demagogue. There is no question up before the American people as to our "ability" to adopt our own financial policy. To pretend that there is, is most preposterous, and is deliberately misleading, as well. Mexico, weak, and far down in the scale of Nations, has "adopted her own financial policy." China, the big, inert, ignorant mass, that was incapable of withstanding the assaults of diminutive Japan, has "adopted her own financial policy." Every trifling South American Republic, the wealth of any one of which would not compare with that of any one of our States, has "adopted" each its own financial policy. In every case where these weak and impoverished Nations have "adopted their own financial policy," regardless of the remainder of the world, they have pursued the same policy and embraced the same theories that Mr. Bryan is advocating, and which he now proposes to inflict upon this enlightened people. As a consequence of "adopting their own financial policy, wretchedness and poverty is their lot. They may proudly assert their "ability" to "adopt" their own financial policies, but the empty boast comes from the hungry lips of the beggar, who has just solicited alms. The people giving voice to the boast, are in all the rags and tatters of poverty and beggary. Their money is a debased and cripple money. The meaningless emblems of their Nation so proudly emblazoned upon their coins do not raise its character the fraction of a farthing, but lower and degrade the credit and the standing of their Government. Their money is simply decorated bullion. The hand that stamps its fictitious value upon its face is impotent to give it value. The very figures setting forth its worth are a lie. The coin of these Nations is repudiated by every other Nation of the world. Even the hapless countries that have joined in this most unhappy plan of "adopting their own financial policy" refuse the money of their brothers in misery at the value so uselessly stamped upon it. It is not a question as to whether this Nation is able to "adopt its own financial policy" that is now before the people; but it is a question, a grave and serious question, whether this Nation is able to adopt and shoulder the silver of the whole world. It is a question whether or not we are to become a dumping ground for a metal fast diminishing in value. It is a serious financial question, and a question, too, which Mr. Bryan will have to meet somewhere in this campaign with something more substantial and convincing than garlands of rhetoric and flowers of speech. It is a question whether the best money in the world is too good for our own people. It is a question, and one that strikes not only at the individual prosperity of our citizens, but at the national honor, at our public credit, and at the very glory and integrity of this proud Nation. It is a question whether we are to go stumbling headlong down in blind and willful ignorance to the financial level of Mexico, China, and the lesser South American Republics. When Mr. Bryan puts the question to the American people as one that appeals alone to bravery, to independence and to national individuality, he approaches dangerously near to absolute falsehood, toys with the truth as though it were the merest bauble, and sickens the heart of his honest opponents, who at least have attributed to him the quality of honesty.

Again, Mr. Bryan says, and he says it in the same unhappy, most disappointing strain, says it in language calculated to attract and amuse men who think with the tips of their tongues and who find logic in meaningless and jingling phrases:

"The Republican party at St. Louis was not willing to meet the great issues of the day. (Applause.) The people were suffering from the gold standard, and the leaders of that party knew it. In their platform they declared that the gold standard was a bad thing, because they said they wanted to get rid of it as soon as they could. If any Republican tells you the gold standard is a good thing, tell him to look at his platform. His platform says the Republican party will substitute bimetallism for gold monometallism whenever some other Nation will help us to do it." (Applause and great laughter.)

Mr. Bryan admits the Republican platform is not a gold platform. We are glad he crams this lie down the throats of the bolting Republicans, who have been noisily abusing their party as the gold party, and accusing it of having sold itself to plutocracy. For this much at least we should be grateful. Continuing, the speaker attempts to twist and turn the Republican financial plank in this manner:

"I have said, and I expect to keep on saying it, that there are two questions that will drive the Republican party from the field. The first is, 'If the gold standard is a good thing, why not keep it? If it is a bad tning, why should we keep it?' (Applause.) If it is a good thing, why try to get other Nations to help us to deny to our people the benefit of it? (Applause.) If it is a bad thing, who dares to say that the people of this country shall suffer from a bad thing?" (Applause.)

If this gentleman keeps on giving voice to this statement, which he seems to regard with so much favor, he will be doing the Republican party an inestimable service. He has already narrowed the discussion of the financial differences between the parties down to the single point where we placed it last week. He has shown that it is simply a question of policy, not one of principle. He places the two parties in open hostility to gold monometallism, and admits that both are anxious for bimetallism. He gives it out with the authority that must go with his utterances that they only disagree as to the method of attaining this end.

So much, then, is behind us in this campaign. The only question remaining for discussion is the wisdom or unwisdom of the methods proposed by each party to attain practically the same end. Mr. Bryan will not deny that his ultimate hope is to "force" the European countries to a bimetallic standard, nor will he claim that silver can ever be restored to its old ratio until international bimetallism is accomplished. Scratch a silver man and you will find an international bimetallist. It is the theory of the silver man that by going to a bimetallic basis the United States will so cripple the trade of Europe with the other silver countries of the world that Germany, France, and the Latin Union, will be forced in self-defense to reinstate the white metal or suffer the loss of an immense and profitable trade. The silver man will also tell you that our remonetization of silver will bring the two metals nearer to the old ratio of 16 to 1, and that his metal will no longer be a drug upon the market at the ratio of 32 to 1. If he is honest and well informed, he will admit that he has no hope of restoring the ratio of the two metals to their old parity of 16 to 1 by our solitary action. All his hopes in that connection are based upon the belief that Europe will be forced to international agreement. Meanwhile, the silver man must also admit that he has made no provision for maintaining our coin and paper money at the present standard, and that he does not and cannot hope with his system of finance in force to preserve the present value of our currency.

The Republican party, on the other hand, pledges itself to promote international agreement, but at the same time promises to maintain unimpaired the credit of the country and the value of our money at its present standard.

That party points with apprehensive finger to the mischievous results that must inevitably follow Bryanism and the consequent silver monometallism. Its leaders demonstrate that financial disorder, debased currency, suspension of trade and commerce, bankruptcy and foreclosure will inevitably follow this reckless policy. If any man, be he Democrat or Republican, takes up the words which Mr. Bryan proposes to have stereotyped in his speeches during the coming campaign, and asks you the questions which he there asks, tell him this: Tell him that the Republican party is anxious to have this Nation maintain its present financial standard rather than fly to silver monometallism; tell him the United States is not on a gold monometallic basis; tell him that the American silver dollar is to-day full legal tender for all debts, public and private, unless, of course, an individual has contracted to pay in gold; tell him that we have more silver in circulation in America than has any free silver country in the world, unless it be China or India. If he tells you that silver is not legal tender (and he may affect to believe that it is not, quoting to you the Act of 1873), then show him that silver was reinstated in the Act of 1878, and that when the Sherman law was repealed only the purchasing clause of that law was affected; that notwithstanding the declaration and the Act of 1873 that silver should be legal tender only up to the sum of five dollars, it is at present legal tender for all public and private debts. He may ask you why you favor the present standard, if it is not a good thing, as Mr. Bryan proposes to ask; tell him that your party is pledged to maintain the present monetary standard and to preserve the value of our coin and paper money, so as to avoid the inevitable complications that would follow the Democratic policy; tell him that Bryan's policy means silver monometallism. No man of any prominence dare deny this. Point out that under the Gresham law of finance our gold will go out of circulation immediately after free coinage of silver is adopted; tell him that the circulating medium of the country will immediately be reduced six hundred millions of dollars by the withdrawal of gold; point out that there are millions of dollars of principal and interest which are made payable in gold, and ask him where that gold is to come from. It must be purchased at a premium to avoid foreclosure; point out that the standard American dollar will not be worth one hundred cents, should his policy prevail; point out that in consequence of the depreciated value of our money, the value of every commodity must be increased so that the merchant may still obtain the same value for his goods; point out that persons receiving stated incomes will suffer thereby, and that unending struggles will follow between the laborer and the employer in an effort to adjust wages to the new scale of money values. Point out all of these things. The Republican party points them out and much more. These serious charges are met with no word of argument.

Mr. Bryan thus far has not attempted to refute these statements. He has not even contradicted them, but simply sneers and empties a string of meaningless jingoism into our ears.

A YEAR'S CHANGE.

A year ago Cecil Rhodes was in control of British South Africa, the master of the Colony, and the uncrowned king of Rhodesia. To-day he stands condemned by the Colonial legislature as a traitor to the Colony, his premiership is gone, his friends are in jail and he must submit the affairs of his great company to the scrutiny of parliamentary inquisitors, under charge of dishonest dealing

with trust funds and the fostering of a conspiracy to establish an independent empire. So great a change does a single twelvemonth work! And the man himself is out in the bush fighting savages, in the hope that he will either die and become one of England's heroes, or live to win sympathy by his splendid courage..

It is not long since William T. Stead of the Review of Reviews said that Cecil Rhodes was the only man in the West with ideas that can be compared for a moment with those of the Pope of Rome for comprehensive scope and breadth of purpose. And this while Gladstone and Bismarck are yet alive! Soon the world will see Joseph Cbamberlain probing into the mind of this latter day Napoleon that he may discover how comprehensive the scope of his mind and how broad his purpose may have been. It may not be proved that it was Rhodes' intention to make a new empire at the Cape, but enough is known already to bring moral conviction to most minds that this was his purpose.

It is only eighteen years since Rhodes first saw South Africa. He was then a sickly young student fresh from Oxford, which he had been compelled to forsake because of pulmonary trouble. A notable incident in Rhodes' career was that after making a great fortune he returned to Oxford and took his degree. From the day of his landing at the Cape, Rhodes' career reads like the story of another Monte Cristo. It was the era of diamond speculation, and the little Kimberly Stock Exchange saw great fortunes lost and won in a day. The craze seized the young Englishman, and he became a plunger—the most daring and reckless South Africa had seen. Within four years Cecil Rhodes found himself worth nearly five million dollars, and with this wealth came the suggestion of great mining combinations, and later of vast political power. He first organized a powerful gold-mining and diamond syndicate, which soon assumed the proportions of a colossal monopoly. Then he arranged to stand for Kimberly in the Cape Parliament, and was triumphantly elected. From this point his career began to map itself out along broad lines. Day by day he gained a more commanding influence among the members of the Parliament. There is not an English statesman now living, nor has there been one, who steered a more diplomatic course between contending parties. The Cape Parliament had its Afrikander faction which was opposed to the British home domination, and the progressive English clique. Cecil Rhodes made himself hand and glove to both of these. His election as Premier was unanimous, and at once he gave to Cape Colony and British South African affairs an importance in the world such as had never been dreamed of by the quiet colonists of the Cape. His political and speculative schemes went hand in hand. His great plan for the unification of South Africa was made necessary by the vast business schemes which were in his head. He was the one man who knew the value of this new continent, and to him it meant great wealth, great power, and, he hoped, an everlasting name as one of the up-builders of the British Empire, or the founder of a new empire. His career has been meteoric, as brilliant in its way as that of any of the world's young men. His trial will prove that he is neither so great a brute as Warren Hastings, nor so much of a dreamer as Aaron Burr. He will not be discovered as a traitor, for whatever his plans were, they were in his head when the Jameson fiasco spoiled his chances of becoming the ruler, absolute in name, as he was in fact, of South Africa.

THE LEGISLATURE OF DOUBT.

If the next legislature is to be Republican, it is evident that a much more determined and aggressive fight must be made by that party to carry the House and Senate than appears now to be their purpose.

The legislature which meets next January is of importance because it is to elect for a term of six years the successor to Senator Perkins. No one thing that this State could do would redound more to its credit in the East and take from it that unfortunate reputation which it has gained through Kearneyism and the frequency of awful murders, than the choosing of Senator Perkins as his own successor; or the selection of another who is in sympathy with the Republican national platform upon the money question. If capital is to be brought to California it is necessary to gain the confidence of capital. At present many millions of New England and New York money are being placed in southern States, where there is no prospect of large return, but where it is thought that the money is safe. This money could just as well be brought to the coast, could we but give to those who own it the assurance that we were, and would continue to be, a law-abiding and trustworthy people. The only foreign capital which we now receive is that which comes for investment in mines and which is largely speculative. There is no other Western State which has received so little support from the millionaires of the East as California, and this, not because such capital could not be used here, but because of the feeling of distrust which has obtained among conservative men regarding us.

At the last session of the United States Senate, a combination was formed between Democratic Senators and a block of Republican Senators from the West, to hold-up the industries of the country and all legislation until the demands of the free coinage men were fully acceded to. These men placed the selfish interest of their section before the interests of the country. They prophesied that thoes Republicans from the West who refused to join them would be cast adrift by their States as unworthy of the trust reposed in them. Senator Perkins was one of those who refused to join this little band of senatorial highwaymen; and taking that stand he attracted to himself national attention as a man who, though coming from a far-west and supposedly silver State, was yet governed by sober sense, and so became distinguished among his fellows. Looking toward the establishment of California in the confidence of those whom we wish to attract here, and whose capital we wish to engage to build up the State, it is safe to say that no other thing which we could do would so serve our purpose as the returning of Senator Perkins to the Senate at this time. But with the strong silver movement working here, the complexion of the legislature, even though McKinley carries the State, is in doubt, unless a very serious effort is made, that our next Senator shall be representative of the best sense and the highest moral and intellectual character which the State produces. There is danger that together the Democrats and the Populists will have a majority, and it appears by no means unlikely at the present time that the Populists will control the situation, a condition that every self-respecting and patriotic Californian would have good reason to deplore.

THE CASE OF MR. WINTHROP.

If Oliver W. Winthrop was innocent of the death of Mrs. Matthews, and is innocent of the abduction and attempted robbery of James Campbell, he is certainly one of the most unfortunate of men. His luck must be extraordinarily bad, and his fate of a most unusually vicious character to surround him, when he is innocent, with circumstances that to most intelligent men bring conviction of guilt. The story which James Campbell, the Hawaiian planter, tells is of so unusual a character as to cause one to hesitate before accepting it; yet it is out of just such real things in life that the great story-tellers have made those plots which have seemed the very height of the unreal. Campbell's story is that he was induced by a stranger on a slight pretext to visit a house on one of the fashionable residence thoroughfares of the city, and there was shot at, beaten into insensibility, tied by chains to the floor, and held in captivity for two days, eating nothing, drinking nothing, enduring intense pain, and expecting each hour to be murdered. At length, finding he would not sign a check for a large amount, his captors released him and put him on board a car which carried him to his hotel, where he told his extraordinary story. By means of a photograph he recognized the man who had induced him to go to the house, and had chained him to the floor, as Oliver W. Winthrop, who but a few weeks ago escaped the gallows through the inability of the police force to find sufficient evidence to convict him of the murder of Mrs. Matthews. It was found on investigation that Winthrop had left his home, and could not be located; that he had been to San Jose, where he had met Campbell; that he had rented the house to which Campbell was taken; that he was last seen in this city shortly after Campbell's disappearance. A few days later he was discovered attempting to escape from Oakland in disguise. Mr. Winthrop now enjoys himself telling the reporters each day that as soon as he goes into the witness box he will prove an alibi, and tell so complete a story that he will be exonerated by both judge and jury. Incidentally, it may not be forgotten that when Theodore Durrant was arrested, he promised just such an interesting denouement.

It has been developed during the investigation by the police that Mr. Campbell has the gift of dealing in a certain high character of mystic fiction, an old friend of his having confided to the public that when in certain conditions physical and spiritual, Mr. Campbell is much given to drawing the long bow and imagining himself in serious predicaments, which only occur to the heroes of comic opera. Then, too, Mr. Winthrop has matter for defense in the general incredulity as to the possibility of such a crime being committed in a city of dense population. But these are general theories, which in no way avoid the substantial facts casting suspicion against Wintnrop. If this were the first charge made against the accused the public would be more apt to be incredulous as to Mr. Campbell's startling tale, but when the little seven-year-old girl, the daughter of Mrs. Matthews, told in lisping words the story of her mother's death, she brought to thousands the conviction that her story was more worthy of belief than any that would have been told by an older person. Winthrop may not have been guilty of Mrs. Matthew's death, and he may have gone to San Jose on political business, and had nothing whatever to do with Campbell's disappearance, but if so, he should move to some country where the Nemesis of circumstancial evidence will not follow him.

SHORT-SIGHTED TORY LANDLORDS.

By the defeat of the Irish Land Bill the British House of Lords has dealt itself a more severe blow than any other it has ever received. The Bill was a Government measure, drafted by the leaders of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, and supportd by every member of the Cabinet; it passed the House by over two hundred and fifty majority, while the Unionist majority is less than one hundred and fifty. The landlords leagued together in the House of Lords to destroy this Bill, because it seemed to them too lenient toward the Irish tenantry. They were nerved to this course by the success which they had met in defeating the Home Rule Bill. Finding that the House of Lords was not abolished, not even seriously threatened with abolition, when it made so bold as to defeat the measure passed by the lower House, the landlords and the clergy evidently concluded that it was the desire of the British people that they should still continue to be a part of the real legislative—a position which for half a century they had hardly dared to assume.

It may have been no serious thing in the eyes of the British Tories to defeat a Liberal measure—the Home Rule Bill—but when the measure defeated is the pet plan of the Unionist government the shoe is on the other foot, and there is certain to be trouble. The Lords have made enemies of the Liberals, the Home Rulers, and their own partisans, the Conservatives. Against these it is not possible for them long to prevail, and we may expect to see renewed and more serious agitation for the abolition of the House of Lords. It has become evident that no measure touching seriously the interest of these idle aristocrats can become a law. The English people are not in a spirit to allow the veto power to this upper House, made up, as it is, of those whose interests are most inimical to the country.

A POLITICAL ACROBAT.

It requires a wonderfully quick mind to follow the gyrations of that political acrobat, Senator Stewart. His political career has no parallel in history. He was elected to a seat in the United States Senate by a Republican legislature in the State of Nevada, a commonwealth wherein he had not resided in years before his election. He went to the Senate a Republican. Something over a year ago he publicly announced his withdrawal from his party, still retaining in his clutch, however, his Republican senatorship. He then joins the Silver party, and now has somersaulted over into the Democratic party. To-day he is a Republican U. S. Senator, repudiating the platform of his party and supporting the Democratic ticket, which never before in all its mad career came so near to espousing anarchy and madness.

But this is not all, this good man is also busily engaged denouncing the action of Congress with respect to silver as "the crime of 1873." Yet, we are told, the Senator was a member of the U. S. Senate in 1873, and not only voted to commit the "crime," but made an admirable speech in support of the very measure he is now busily denouncing as a crime. Truly the whirligig of time and politics brings about strange things.

It may not be inappropriate to know that when Senator Stewart sold his large holdings of real estate in Alameda County, every mortgage for balance of payment due to the Silver Senator obligated the debtor to pay "both principal and interest in gold coin of the United States." Yet the Senator loves silver!

BRYAN'S DEFINITION.

Our friend who said to us some time ago that he favored free silver because he believed that "16 to 1" meant that the Government should coin sixteen silver dollars every time it coined one gold dollar, should read what Mr. Bryan had to say upon this subject at Pittsburg. Some one in the audience requested that he tell them about "16 to 1." This is his reply:

"There are several definitions of 16 to 1. I will give you some of them. Some think that 16 to 1 means that the Government will coin sixteen silver dollars every time it coins one gold dollar. (Laughter.) Some think that it means that the Government will give sixteen silver dollars for every gold dollar. (Laughter.) It does not mean that. Some think that it means that under free coinage it would be as easy to get sixteen dollars as it is to get one dollar under the gold standard. (Laughter.) That may approach the truth. (Laughter and applause.) Sixteen to one simply means that according to law the debt-paying power of one ounce of gold, when coined, shall be equal to the debt-paying power of sixteen ounces of silver, when coined. It simply means that the silver dollar is sixteen times as large as the gold dollar. That is what 16 to 1 means. When we say that we are in favor of the present ratio of 16 to 1, we simply say that we are in favor of having the silver dollar remain in the size it is now and having the gold dollar remain in the size it is now. That is what we mean." (Applause.)

Mr. Bryan might have added also that they mean to remove the golden supports that hold silver coin up to a value double that of its actual bullion value. But he did not explain this, nor did he prophesy what the results would be.

A CALIFORNIA ARTIST

William H. Keith Tells Why He Prefers This City to European Art Centers.

The universal complaint that California's native talent has to go East or abroad to find recognition is abundantly refuted in the case of Mr. William Keith, the artist. For over thirty years he has been reflecting our creeks and live oaks and sunsets as no other artist

KEITH IN HIS STUDIO

ever could, and he is now as well known in Paris and New York as here. Many prominent judges have placed him first among the landscape painters of to-day, and after a visit to his studio, it is hard to believe that he could take any other place. The three large rooms of his studio are lined from top to bottom with canvases of every size and shape, nearly all picturing woods and water, but each having a different suggestion. In one a strange white moon looks between great oaks, mysteriously dark, as though elves were under them, waiting for you to go that they might dance in the strip of moonlight. Another shows a creek shaded by alders, and you feel at once the chill of the rounded gray rocks. In a third, vivid patches of yellow sunlight give a weird suggestion of days you have seen in dreams. The most striking of the portraits is one painted in a single day. The face has so strong an individuality that it stays in the mind like that of a friend, and tells unmistakably of unconscious good breeding. It is that of a young girl with glorious red hair, set off by a background of dull reds and a black frame. A beautiful girl in a mist of pale golden hair represents the artist's idea of an angel, and held my eyes irresistably as we talked.

Mr. Keith was somewhat reluctant to give an account of his life, protesting that that could not interest people.

"But it is just what does interest them," I said firmly. "Were you born in this country?"

"No, in Scotland, but I came to America when I was a child," he answered. "I was doing engraving on wood for Harper's in '59, when I broke down, and was advised to take a trip to California for my health."

"And you've lived here ever since?" I added.

"I wouldn't live anywhere else. Lord, it's a great country!" exclaimed Mr. Keith, with a patriotic wave of his corncob pipe.

"You mean climatically?" I asked, dodging a shower of ashes.

"Every way," he returned. "Why, I was converted to California the minute I got here. I've been a Native Son ever since."

"And hasn't Paris ever tempted you?"

"Not a bit. I like to go over there now and then and see what those fellows are doing, but do you know what would happen if I lived there?" seizing one of my revers between his finger and thumb, and fixing me with a menacing stare. "I'd be influenced by them, first by one, then by another; I'd get to studying form till I was all form and nothing else; I'd lose my individuality. Here I can be myself."

"But fame travels so much better from East to West than from West to East," I returned. "I should think Paris would have been irresistable to you before you had made your name."

"But fame has never meant anything to me. I've never wanted it," he said earnestly. "I never was ambitious that way. I paint because I love it, because it's my greatest pleasure, because—shucks, I can't talk about it!" And Mr. Keith strode vigorously about the room.

"Don't you ever miss the stimulation there must be in a community of artists?" I asked.

"Stim-u-la-tion! Why, I've got nervous prostration now," he exclaimed, flinging up both arms in protest. "My work itself gives me all the stimulation I need, and often a good deal more. Why, often now I can't stand the physical excitement of it. I come away as stimulated and happy as if I'd been taking champagne, only more so. What could I do with more stimulation?"

He smoked in silence for a few minutes, while I stole covert glances at the great, shadowy, sunlit landscapes that glorified the room.

"When I began painting," he went on, presently, "I used to study every little detail of my subject. I'd spend hours over the very minutest particulars. That was the process of learning my alphabet. Now I think no more of these than you do of your lettters when you write. I don't have to imitate nature any more. I express myself through the language of color. A picture represents my thought, my mood, and though ninety and nine may see only a landscape, the hundredth recognizes it at once. If you want to paint innocence, for instance, it isn't necessary for you to have lambs."

"Or a girl in a white frock," I added.

"Just so. You put the spirit of innocence into it, and the person with eyes will recognize it at once. Emotion isn't expressed by the form of the picture, but by the quality of the color. It is myself, my idea that I paint, with trees and brooks for interpreters."

"Can you carry that out in portraiture?"

"Ah, that is why I am not fond of doing portraits. We all look at a person from a different point of view. I paint him from mine and it does not quite fit anybody's idea. I do not like any work where I am not free to use entirely my own interpretation. Take Holbein, for instance. You know him?"

I was fortunately able to nod.

"Well, he painted the aristocracy of his day, and what were they? Dull, commonplace, bourgeois. Fifty years later, Van Dyke painted the aristocracy, and they are all high-bred, aristocratic — swells! Do you suppose the the difference was in the subjects? Not a bit of it. The difference was in the artists themselves. One was bourgeois, the other aristocratic."

"But which most truly interpreted the people? Were they as Holbein saw them, or as Van Dyke?"

"There is no absolution in art. To see truly for yourself is not to see truly for someone else," said Mr. Keith, vehemently. "There is no fixed standard of truth, no universal law. Look at this picture from here and it is the truth. Ten feet nearer, and the proportions are different—it is not the same truth. So it is a lie? Ah, but don't mind all this," he added, as I rose to go. "Just say a little word about me—not much. Sometimes, you know, I get talking!"

THE KISS OF DEATH

Otto Dobberton's Conception of an Ancient Myth.

Otto Dobberton, sculptor, is a native of Hamburg, and until the last five or six years made that city his home, although he has worked and studied extensively in Munich, Dresden and Italy. His work partakes of no special school of technique, but is broad and cosmopolitan. In Munich his life-size bronze of "Boy and Snake" gained him a gold medal, while the city of his birth honored him with a first prize and also purchased his large group of statuary, representing Honoria, the patron saint of Hamburg, protecting Labor. Mr. Dobberton came to San Francisco at the time of the Midwinter Fair, and has opened a studio on Pine street.

As a portrait sculptor he has been best known to the

THE KISS OF DEATH

art-loving public of this city, but he is now at work on an ideal subject that bids fair to be his masterpiece.

"The Kiss of Death," which we reproduce, is unfinished, but enough has been done to show its great strength and beauty. The clay study is half life-size; the finished work in marble will be life-size. The group represents a sphinx with body of a lioness and head and breast of a lovely but sensual woman, grasping in her claws a young and beautiful Apollo. The lyre of the god is dropping from his hand, while his laurel wreath lies bruised and broken on the ground. Reluctantly the youth yields, and his lips meet those of the sphinx. It is the death of the ideal—the birth of the material, and the triumph of the sensual. In antithesis to this fine creation we re-produce elsewhere a bas relief, which Mr. Dobberton has named "Degeneration," and although this head might well serve as a frontispiece to Max Nordau's book, the sculptor used the title in absolute ignorance of the author and his work.

LANDSCAPE BY KEITH, PROPERTY OF UNIVERSITY CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO

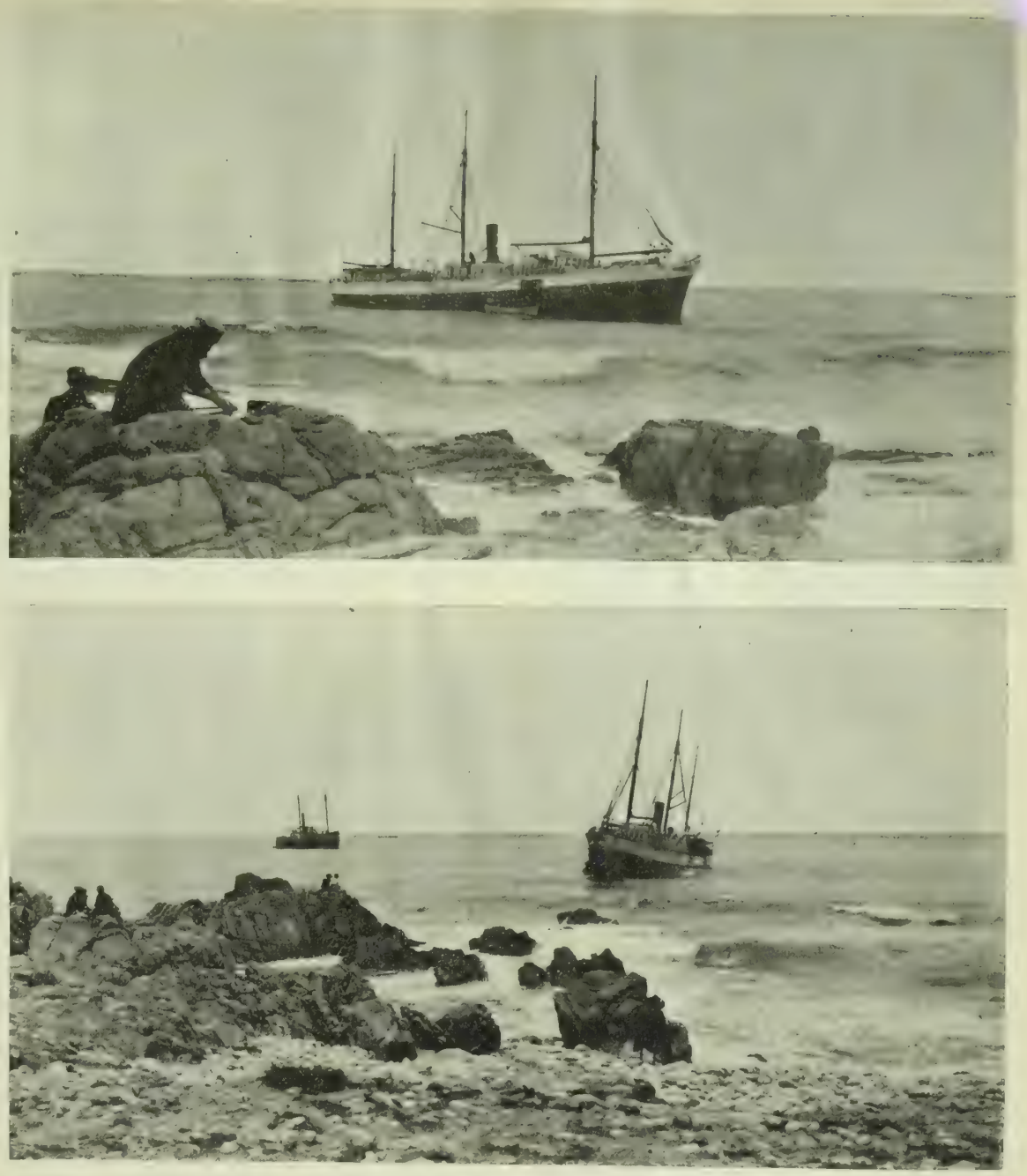
AN EPIDEMIC OF WRECKS

The Loss of the "St. Paul" and the Narrow Escape of the "Point Arena."

Within the brief space of a month three passenger steamers have gone ashore on the California coast. The loss of the Pacific Mail steamer "Colombia" off Pigeon Point is followed by the wreck of the Pacific Coast steamship "St. Paul," near Point Pinos, one of the horns of the crescent which is called Monterey Bay. The third unfortunate is the steamer "Point Arena," which collided with the headlands of Point Reyes, and nearly came to grief on the rocks below the lighthouse there. Her lot was not as bad as the rest, as the captain reversed the engines and backed her off the reef in time. A big hole was cut in the steamer's bottom, so he turned her back to San Francisco, where she is now in dock.

The thick sea fogs which obscure the coast line in summer are doubtless responsible for these casualties, but as this misty darkness is a condition to be depended upon, it might seem possible to take precautions to avoid disasters. The California coast is bleak and rocky and the fogs add to the dangers of navigation. However, there is nothing to prevent captains steering far enough out to sea to preclude all possibility of colliding with the serried line of the land. It is fortunate that these recent wrecks have not been attended with the terrible loss of life which intensified the horror of the "Colima" disaster last year. The "St. Paul," however, is a total loss. She is a small, well-built steamer of some 960 tons, until recently employed on the line between San Francisco and Alaskan ports. She was on the way north from San Diego; there was a thick fog; Captain Downing miscalculated his position, failed to see the glow of Point Pinos lighthouse, headed into Monterey Bay and landed on the shore at a point near the Seal Rocks, which all visitors to Pacific Grove will remember. The sea was smooth, fortunately, and the passengers were landed without much trouble, though it was a long pull to the Monterey wharf, for which they headed.

The apportionment of responsibility for these marine casualities is in the hands of Captain Birmingham, United States Inspector of Hulls and Boilers. Captain Downing claims to have taken every care that prudence could suggest. He and his first officer were on the bridge, the "St. Paul" was under a slow bell, but they were on the breakers before they realized their whereabouts. The steamer struck so heavily that the passengers were precipitated from their berths. (It was 11:15 P. M., Saturday night, August 8th.) Orders were given to reverse engines, but the steamer held fast, and her stern swinging round threw her on a second reef. That the officers did not know their whereabouts is undeniable, and that is a condition the obscurity does not justify. There is no reason why the "St. Paul" should have been so close to land. Common prudence demanded that her course be out to sea, rather than towards the shore. However, it is fortunate she struck where she did, as all around are sharp promontories and broken masses of rock over which the surf boils tumultuously. Indeed, a landing would have been impossible and the steamer would have been dashed to pieces had she found bottom nearer Cypress Point.



THE "ST. PAUL" ON THE ROCKS AT POINT PINOS

DR. JORDAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Opinions on the Education and Training of Men.

"The Care and Culture of Men," by Dr. David Starr Jordan, consists of seventeen short addresses or essay sketches and a concluding sonnet, not a page of which is heavy reading, though treating of high and serious topics. The sentences are short and terse, full of strong figures and apt quotations; the style is easy and cheerful; the tone throughout is eminently wholesome and refreshing.

While all the topics discussed relate to higher education they are treated in a markedly practical way, and nothing is left unapplied. In such chapters as those on "The Nation's Need of Men," "The Scholar in the Community," "The Social Order," Dr. Jordan charges the educated man with a high degree of responsibility, especially in such forms of government as ours. The people have a right to expect from him pure, unselfish and patriotic action and a strong influence in the direction of the ideal government, namely, the republic in which government by the people shall be good government as well; from which none shall be excluded, and in which no man or woman shall be ignorant, or venal, or corrupt. "There is no virtue in Democracy as such, nothing in Americanism as such, that will save us, if we are a nation of weaklings and fools, with an aristocracy of knaves as our masters. * * * If this generation should leave as its legacy to the next, the real education, training in individual power and skill, breadth of outlook on the world and on life, the problems of the next century would take care of themselves. There can be no collective industrial problem where each man is capable of solving his own individual problem for himself." The author is not so short-sighted as to believe that mere technical education or culture will suffice. If our training end in the production merely of sharper manipulators than those we had before, if it has simply "sharpened our claws and whetted our tusks" that we may the more readily prey upon our unenlightened neighbors, then the sooner we bar our windows and don our striped uniforms the better for the country. The duty of higher training toward lofty ideas is forever upon the educated men and women, and the schools, colleges and the universities of our country. Such duty must not be shirked and cannot be delegated. The author mourns the fact that we no longer choose rulers for our law-makers, but merely representatives. We do not ask for wisdom, he says, but simply for watchfulness of our personal interests. The corporations likewise, and as the latter can command the ablest servants they often send more capable men than the public can secure. Those whose interest lies in the direction of good government alone are too often unrepresented. It is the province of higher education and the individual duty of every enlightened man and woman to change and improve this, and, he believes, it is slowly being done. What we need in the state is manhood, unselfish, patriotic and enlightened. Quoting Emerson, he repeats: "The best political economy is the care and culture of men." The essence of manhood lies in the growth of the power of choice, and the power to choose includes the duty of choosing right. To choose right one must have wisdom. The problem of human development, the author says, is to bring men into the right path by their own realization that it is good to walk therein.

No law student or lawyer should be ignorant of the salient truths contained in the dozen pages devoted to "Law Schools and Lawyers," and no one contemplating the study of medicine and who is capable of enlightenment can read the chapter on "The Training of Physicians" without profit. Dr. Jordan gives an interesting account of the evolution of the general college curriculum, with special reference to the introduction of science into our higher institutions of learning. It was an uphill fight against the old classical course, and he himself experienced many of the sorrows and enjoyed keenly the victory in that contest. The elective system in colleges and universities is of very recent origin, and is, in the estimation of the author, of inestimable value when properly guarded. It opens the way for specialists, cultivates independence in the man, and affords each one an opportunity to attain the training peculiarly appropriate to his special need. He prophesies that the traditional four years of college training will disappear, and with it the sharp lines that have so long set apart the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors; that early in the next century the Bachelor's degree will cease to be regarded. The latter's kindred, the Master's degree, is dying already, and, the author says, the degree of Doctor, the worthiest of all, has no elements of immortality. He continues: "The American college of the future will be a place for self-culture. The chief need of a college organization is to bring great teachers together, that their combined influence may effect results which cannot be reached in isolation. In other words, the use of a college is to produce a college atmosphere—such an atmosphere as forms itself around all great teachers everywhere. * * * The idea of "Lehrfreinheit" and "Lehrnfreiheit"—freedom of teaching and freedom of study—on which the German university is based, will become a central feature of the American college system. * * * The most striking feature of recent educational history has been the growth of the State universities, the consummate flower of the public school system. It needs no prophet to see that the ultimate growth of these into real universities, worthy of our country and worthy of the coming twentieth century, is inevitable."

As might perhaps be expected, Dr. Jordan is partial to science and to scientific treatment of all subjects whatsoever. He seems to fall into the error almost universal in this century of regarding metaphysics as being capable of reduction to strictly scientific treatment, and, indeed, of being itself a kind or variety of science. But he is not contending so vigorously for any system or idea that he forgets the main object of his solicitude, namely, the man. It is the man and the essence of his manhood, his higher self, to which he constantly appeals, all else is subsidiary.

The book is not open to the charge of being "theoretical." It is lofty, but practical; it is brave and critical, but abundantly hopeful and full of faith. The subjects being various and very briefly treated cannot become tiresome, yet each is complete in itself. We all need vigorous, inspiring words. They are especially welcome to the young man or woman just entered upon life's duties, and whose ideals are liable to fall before hard realities and the sight of common greed. It is to be hoped that the little volume will find its way into every educated household. (Published by the Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.)

In New York, says the "Sun," the consumption of California wines at the wein stubes is enormous. They commonly sell at five cents the half schoppen, which is about one-third the price by the glass of moderately good German wines. The California wines are, on the whole, the cheapest wines offered in New York. Cheap labor, low freights, and a very large business enable the California houses to sell cheap, and the cheapness of these wines has made them popular. Singularly enough the largest consumers of California wines in New York are persons of foreign birth or parentage, workingmen of German birth and origin, and the people from Central Europe. Native workingmen still stick to beer or whisky, and the Italians also have adopted beer because of its cheapness. It is a rare thing to see an American workingman seated in a wine stube and drinking wine.

A London servant appeared in a hat which was an exact imitation of her mistress's, and was at once dismissed. She brought suit for a week's wages instead of notice and won the suit. Judge Lushington held that a mistress had a right to object to a servant's apparel if she chose, but she was not justified in dismissing her without notice merely because two hats were very much alike.

Crucifixion seems to be the order of the day. The Khalifa crucified the messenger that brought the news of the dervishes' defeat at Firket, and gave notice that the same fate awaited any one who mentioned that place.

Only four white hats were seen at the Queen's Garden party. They were worn by the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Egerton of Tatton and the Earl of Denbigh.

"DEGENERATION"
A BAS RELIEF, BY MR. OTTO DOBBERTON

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Some people say that Gertrude Atherton didn't do it at all, but the majority sadly believe she did. American men may not be perfect, but surely it isn't necessary to deny them souls too, and in the columns of a British newspaper at that! A cutting tirade against them has appeared in the London "Daily Chronicle," signed "An American Woman," and the finger of suspicion points indignantly at Mrs. Atherton. The author of "A Whirl Asunder" has known numberless American men, and among them some of our brightest lights, whom we innocently thought she admired, too. It is hard to find out all at once that she has never found one whose soul has "passed the embryonic stage." What a long way her own soul must have gone, if these men whom the world has called great still seem to her mere protolapsm! It must give her American friends an uncomfortable sense of being found out when they read her general conclusion that "the American never lived that a clever woman could not read from the inside out, backward and forward, after a brief friendship." For Mrs. Atherton is a clever woman. She says so herself.

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"The Englishman is the superior being, of active brain, much travel, experience with women, and a certain desire to please," she goes on. "American men are an eccentric growth, hodge-podge, flung together in galloping, money-grabbing civilization, not fully known to themselves." There is a grain or two of truth in that, but the offensive manner spoils its force. Why not abuse people courteously? It is twenty times as effective. Surely that "certain desire to please" is as manifest on this side of the water as the other; and if we were'nt money-grabbing, what would John Bull do for a wife?

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What a commentary on financial conditions in San Francisco is the sale of the Black Point property of the Pioneer Woolen Mills! Here was a block and three-quarters of land on the water's edge, an immense four-story brick building, and two or three smaller structures utilized in the process of manufacturing flannels, tweeds, and other woolen products, in the golden days when California blankets were the standard of excellence throughout the country. Times and conditions have sadly changed since those days. Some years back the woolen mills closed down. Since then the directors, comprising certain of the richest of San Franciscans, have held the property, hoping in vain for a recurrence of favorable conditions. In despair, they finally offered the property for sale, but prior to disposing of it at auction refused several offers as inadequate. It was chosen by the trustees of the Wilmerding Manual School as an ideal site for the institution, and there was some talk of paying $100,000 for land and buildings. But this plan the Governor, who desires that the institution be located in Stockton, forestalled, by refusing to consent to its adoption. However, a few days ago the land and structures were put up at auction. Stockholders, including the richest men in San Francisco, representing capital to the extent of $120,000,000, were in the auction room, and yet they allowed this valuable property to be sold for $34,750. The purchaser is William Fries of Fontana & Co., a well-known fruit canning firm, who desire to utilize the big mill for the purposes of their industry. It seems that each one of the millionaires present expected the others to intervene in the financial controversy, but in the absence of an agreement the bargain was obtained. A minute afterwards the lucky bidder was offered $10,000 up on his purchase, and three days later another firm offered for four of the fifty vara lots, not including the mill, $56,000, allowing an immense profit on the original investment. The old saying about the timidity of capital surely has few better illustrations than this episode. It was the ambition of Senator Fair to possess this property, which he needed to round out his immense water front holdings.

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Some curious theories of suicide were presented in the "Call" last Sunday. Certain gentlemen of light and leading announced self-destruction a "good thing." Dr. Eisen, curator of the Academy of Science, believes that it should be encouraged. Dr. Morse of the California Psychical Society, says it requires more courage to die than to live. Captain Lees thinks it excusable, in case of illness and pain, when the condition is hopeless, for a man to end his troubles, but condemns suicide as contrary to the dictates of religion. A. S. Hallidie believes no sane man commits suicide. Dr. N. S. Ravlin, a spiritualist, says his philosophy does not countenance suicide, because we carry into the other existence ourselves and our troubles. Dr. Jerome Anderson pronounces the suicide a rebel against infinity, one who is trying to evade the consequences of his own act. Adolph Sutro thinks people who commit suicide are laboring under a species of temporary insanity, but that it is excusable in certain rare cases. Harbor Commissioner Colnon believes with Ingersoll that a man should be permitted to go out of this world whenever he thinks fit. Dr. Joseph Worcester, pastor of the Swedenborgian Church, one of the most spiritual and intellectual men in San Francisco, believes that suicide is present in all idling and trifling with the gifts of God of all kinds, and that if we could but see in the light of Heaven the act or neglect of act of many of us every day of our lives that is suicidal in its essence, it would be more shocking than the most revolting suicide. Professor Howison, who occupies the chair of philosophy at the University of California, believes that no man can really commit suicide. He may escape from the environments which he thinks have caused him to be miserable, but he cannot escape his own way of regarding his environments, which is really the cause of his unhappiness.

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So at last the estate of the late Mervyn Donahue has been wound up, and the fortune distributed to its natural heirs, attorneys and charities. Attorney Hanlon for his services receives a fortune, eighty thousand dollars, by no means a poor return for the labor of two and a half years. Mrs. Richard Sprague and her little daughter Isabel have some four hundred thousand between them, which, together with the quarter of a million that lady received at the time of her separation from the late Mervyn Donahue, endows her with a comfortable fortune. The public, however, is most interested in the allowance of twenty-five thousand dollars for the fountain monument, which is to be erected at the intersection of Battery, Bush and Market streets. The selection of an appropriate design is in the hands of Messrs. Bergin and McGlynn, who, being gentlemen of intelligence with no pretensions to artistic authority, will undoubtedly summon to their assistance a committee of artists whose trained tastes will assist the determination. It is very important that nothing like the Lotta monstrosity be again permitted to mar our main thoroughfare. The time has come for concerted effort at creating an artistic feeling in San Francisco, and it can only be done by preventing the perpetration of further architectural and artistic monstrosities through the education of the public and the free criticism of such ideas as are advanced.

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Dismal reports are coming back from the explorers who went to pick up gold in Alaska, and have found nothing but ice and snow. Sunrise City, on Turn Again Bay, is said to be in a state of anarchy, and the would-be miners are strangely inclined to lynch the men whose golden promises brought them there. The threats are especially directed against Frank Dusey of Fresno, who induced a hundred men to go up there in the Abion last April, each with a dazzling future held up before him. The season was so unusually late that nothing could be done before July or August, so the gambling houses and saloons of Sunrise City did a thriving business, and the men who had put up and lost money, outfits and provisions, became more and more discontented with Alaska. A belief became general that there was no chance for placer mining, which was what most of the men came expecting to find, and for which they came prepared. Everybody who can get away is leaving, but many who have squandered their means are unable to depart. Provisions and supplies are both plentiful and cheap, because many are endeavoring by the sale of whatever they have, provisions, supplies, guns and mining tools, to get enough money to pay their passage back.

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Harvey Wiley Corbett, the son of Dr. Elizabeth Corbett, has been covering himself with glory at the Beaux Arts in Paris, and is fast becoming one of the most prominent of the American students there. He entered the architectural course last September, and after working as a preparatory student until March, he passed his examinations with flying colors, and entered the Beaux Arts. The men who had already been there a year had just had a most difficult examination, which a number had not passed, and it was proposed to give these another chance. Those who had seen Mr. Corbett's work advised that he should be allowed to enter this second examination, though it was for students a year ahead of him, and he had not heard a single lecture of the course. This was granted—with a shrug and a smile. Out of the sixty-five competitors forty passed, and five received medals, the second of which fell to Mr. Corbett. What makes this more unusual is that he is only twenty-three, being four years younger than any of the others. He is a native son of whom San Francisco has a right to be proud.

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C. D. Lane of the Utica mine has put an end to the happy aspirations of certain prominent politicians who saw in him a fitting candidate for the U. S. Senate. The assumption of the Bryanites that the State will return a Democratic legislature seems well founded; there is good ground for believing that some member of that political faith will be chosen to succeed Senator Perkins. The kindling of political ambition in the breast of a millionaire inevitably provides his party with funds for its fight, and in the poverty-stricken condition of the local Democracy there is dire need for some man with spare dollars. Unfortunately it seems the political desires of Mr. Lane have already been sated by the prominence he obtained in St. Louis as Chairman of the Bimetallic convention. For that honor he paid handsomely, contributing to the expense of the gathering, besides paying the fares of a score of delegates who were unprovided with transportation. Subsequently he made a tour among the silver mine owners, and was reported to have gathered large sums for the good of that cause. He returns, however, makes all his moneys over to the Bimetallic organization in San

PROFESSOR KENNEDY, THE HYPNOTIST
Photo by Marceau

Francisco, which is quite out of sympathy with Chairman Alford's organization, and now suggests that funds for the campaign be contributed by the miners at the rate of a day's pay every month. Of course, his friends may rekindle the aspirations which undoubtedly blazed in the breast of the superintendent of the Utica mine, but in the meantime there is a vacancy in the Democracy for an angel.

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That hardy citizen, John T. Doyle, arrogates to himself a rare capacity of financial foresight, and expresses it by turning up his nose at the coin of this country. As agent for Mrs. Annie Donahue, it was his duty to prepare leases to bind tenants in the Columbian Building. Instead of the phraseology prescribing that rent payments be made in U. S. gold coin, he substituted a corresponding weight of bullion of appropriate fineness. This was before the breaking out of the silver agitation. Now Mr. Doyle, to make assurance doubly sure, makes the English sovereign the San Francisco standard of value and prescribes that on demand rents be payable in the coinage of Her Majesty of the British Isles. This patriotic device to protect the pockets of his clients is a credit to Mr. Doyle's astuteness, though it suggests he has little faith in the integrity of his country. Is it not a sad reflection that Americans dealing among themselves should resort to an English standard as the proper measure of value? I can understand an American company, transacting business with English capitalists, agreeing to make their payments in English sovereigns, but not John T. Doyle, agent for a California fortune. There is no necessity for such a precaution, as Mr. Doyle is well aware, but it suggests a tremendous regard for the interests of his clients—a characteristic for which he doubtless exacts due interest.

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London society is very much wrought up over the rumor that William Waldorf Astor is aspiring to marry the daughter of the Prince of Wales. The grandson of a German fur peddler to marry the granddaughter of a British queen—no wonder there is consternation. The chief foundation of this rumor seems to be the fact that Mr. Astor gave the Princess Maud a very magnificent diamond as a wedding present, and it was not returned with sovereign haughtiness. This is undeniably a recognition of social equality between the American plutocrat and the British aristocrat, and entirely accords with the Prince of Wales' policy toward Americans, but that it is an indication of anything more than a friendly and social alliance cannot be seriously believed. Mr. Astor has evidently had all along some definite object towards which he has been quietly and skillfully working, and once this object was announced to be Lady Randolph Churchill, but now the world declares that nothing less than the Princess Victoria will satisfy him. Improbable as such an alliance seems, there is nothing in the English Constitution or law to prevent it. Princess Louise married a commoner, Lord Larne's title being merely a courtesy affair. Mr. Astor would undoubtedly receive some title on his wedding day, and might become an important factor in the history of Great Britain.

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Ever since the latter part of May of this year telegraphic dispatches from the East have been burdened with records of death from flood, from tornado, from lightning and from heat. The terrible disaster at St. Louis alone carried away more human lives than have ever been lost in the State of California from earthquake, flood and lightning combined. The record of Monday's victims from the fierce heat of the sun was two hundred and two. On Tuesday two hundred and seventy unfortunates made up the list of dead. At 7 A. M. on Monday, in New York, the thermometer registered 85 degrees, in San Francisco it was but 67. At 12 M. in New York it marked 99, while in San Francisco it was but 64. At 4 P. M. in New York the thermometer was sizzling at 102, while in San Francisco it marked 72. At 7 P. M. in New York it was 90, while in San Francisco it was 20 degrees cooler. At Fresno, but a few hours' ride from San Francisco, the thermometer stood at 102 in the shade at 4 P. M. Monday, but not a single case of sunstroke was reported. The humidity of the atmosphere of the East is responsible for its fatal effects, while the dryness of our atmosphere makes comfort possible where death is probable at the same temperature in New York. Not until we read such grewsome accounts of death from climatic causes can we begin to appreciate to its full extent the favors which Nature has bestowed upon us.

The Subjects

In Hell

At the Circus

An Enemy Appears

WHAT MESMERISM IS

What is mesmerism, anyway?

I asked my companion, a physician of some prominence, whose attention has been given to the curiosities of hypnotism these many months. We sat together at the Orpheum watching the strange contortions which Professor Kennedy, at the snap of a finger evoked in his subjects.

Is it a fake? Are these men hired accomplices, instructed beforehand in their roles? Or are we witnessing genuine manifestations of mesmeric power?" I continued. "Anyway, how is it done?"

"That sounds like an invitation to lecture you on hypnotism," answered the Doctor, "but to reply to your original query—no one has yet discovered what mesmeric force is any more than the superintendent of the Electric Light Company can explain electricity. He has not seen it, but he knows more about its laws and possibilities than the best of us do of mesmerism. A few years hence," he continued, waving his hand at the stage, "the law will make all such performances as this impossible.

At this moment three of the Professor's patients had been told that the Devil stood before them, and their faces were contorted with expressions of such desperate terror and horror that one recalled the memory of Dore's pictures in Dante's "Inferno."

"An admirable illustration of the power of suggestion," interpreted the Doctor, deeply interested in the spectacle. Hypnotic subjects are constantly amenable to suggestion; it is the all-potent factor in the production of such phenomena. I have accepted as the only reasonable basis of psychic phenomena the theory of Hudson concerning the dual character of man's mental organization," he continued. "We have two minds—endowed with separate attributes and powers, each capable under certain conditions of independent action. The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world through the media of the five senses, and its highest function is that of reasoning. The subjective mind perceives by intuition, is the seat of the emotions and the storehouse of the memory. It is dreamland, the intelligence which guides the somnambulist; it sees without eyes and in advanced conditions of the mesmeric sleep performs the strange feats of clairvoyance."

"Do you believe in clairvoyance and all that?" I asked incredulously.

"I've experimented with it," continued the Doctor, unmoved by my incredulity. "What you see on the stage is the result of the subjective mind's control. By the ordinary process of hypnotism the seat of consciousness is overthrown, and it is characteristic of this new mental condition that while in it the patient accepts without hesitation every statement made to him. If Mr. Kennedy there tells any of those fellow he has in hand that they are dogs, they accept the suggestion, and to the limit of physical possibility act the part.

"You use mesmerism and hypnotism as synonymous terms; is that correct?" I asked.

"Hardly. Mesmerism is really the proper term. The word hypnotism is the creation of a Dr. Braid, who discovered that a subject could be made to sleep by placing before his eyes a bright object and causing him to gaze on it with persistent attention. This pointed to a physiological explanation of the phenomena and seemed to show that the animal magnetism of which Mesmer spoke had little to do with the condition. So he called the state hypnotism, as opposed to mesmerism, the professors of which believe their subjects are controlled by a magnetic fluid which flowed from their finger tips. Now, Mr. Kennedy there uses suggestion as well as the mesmeric passes, and also, I believe, controls his subjects by flashing a bright object before their eyes. However the really interesting phenomena of the condition can only be evoked by the mesmeric method—passes and concentrated attention. Only in that way can the operator get into telepathic connection with his subject."

"Is it not curious that we know so little of mesmerism, since it has been so long the subject of experiment?" I commented.

"Not extraordinary, considering the amount of faking and fooling committed in its name," the Doctor replied. "Admitting Mr. Kennedy here to be a remarkably potent operator, such performances as you are witnessing have retarded serious scientific investigation. But the work of the French physicians, who discovered the principles of suggestion, and the experiments conducted in psychological laboratories all the world over have illuminated the subject materially. The force of mesmerism as a therapeutic agent is being recognized. It is really the only cure for drunkenness and for physical indulgences of all kinds. The subjective mind is the seat of habit, and by means of impressions set by the operator on a patient under his influence, it is possible to change the attitude of his mind, and make repugnant the pleasures or vices he has indulged to excess.

"Is there any relation between the miracles of the Christian Scientists and the feats of the mesmerist?" I asked.

"Both are founded on faith," the Doctor stated. "Mr. Kennedy, as you see, has perfect belief in his own powers. He is strong and determined and possesses tremendous will power. That self-confidence is essential to achieve control. The Christian Scientist demand that you believe you are cured, asks that you hypnotize yourself by frequent reiteration of a condition that may or may not exist. The fact seems to be that this subjective mind of which we have spoken, has absolute control of the functions, conditions and sensations of the body. For instance, perfect anesthesia can be produced at the will of the operator simply by suggestion. It is also true that symptoms of almost any disease can be induced by the same agency—paralysis, fever, chills. Bernheim, an able investigator, has produced a blister on the back of a patient by applying a postage stamp and suggesting it to be a fly-plaster. Innumerable instances to illustrate this remarkable power might be adduced if I had time."

"About crime, Doctor. Can hypnotism be used as an agency to induce or compel crime?" I asked.

"There the doctors differ," he replied. "Some say, yes, and others, no. Hudson declares that the life-habit of the individual acts as an auto-suggestion to protect the subject against injurious or dangerous commands. There are many instances of patients of temperance habit refusing to drink wine at the behest of the operator. Yet, given a subject under perfect contro., and set an impression deep in his mind, that at a certain time he must commit an action—wrong or otherwise,the chances are he will do it, automatically, instinctively, and will return in perfect ignorance of all wrongdoing. That is as reasonable a conclusion as the generally accepted proposition which dictates that a cigarette shall provoke nausea, or a mouthful of whiskey produce illness."

"Yes," he continues, "it is indeed a power that needs its limitations defined by legislation. In the words of Dr. Shrady of New York, 'No person except a regularly accredited physician should experiment in hypnotism, and not even a physician unless he has made a special study of the subject. It is too dangerous a power to be carelessly tampered with.'"

THE MESMERIST INTERVIEWED

Professor Kennedy's personality, like his figure, is robust. His is a strong, powerful, yet genial, individuality—proud of his achievements and of the public recognition accorded them, but all in a simple, unpretentious way. He is by no means a superior being possessed of mysterious power, but suggests by his style, build and manner the superintendent of some great factory accustomed to handle thousands of employes.

It was after the performance, and I cut the introductory greeting short as possible.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"Don't know, but I do it," was the answer. "It's all suggestion. As to process, oftentimes I require none. I control intuitively, with but a touch of the hand to establish connection

"Could you select from an array of faces the men or women susceptible to mesmeric influence?" the interviewer asked.

"No, sir. Never can tell till I try—there are no general rules. I cannot say if it is weakness of will that renders an individual amenable, for I have hypnotized dozens of strong-minded gentlemen, citizens of prominence. It is often a matter of catching them off their guard, before they have the opportunity of erecting their wills against mine."

"Now, for your opinion about regulation of this force. It's a dangerous power for a man to gain over another, is it not?" I said.

"Not a doubt of it," returned Mr. Kennedy frankly. "When I have a man thoroughly under control I can put an impression on him that he obeys automatically, cannot resist it. Of course I can suggest to a man that he commit a crime, and he'll do it. As for regulating it, ask someone else. I only use my power for these performances, and for doing good, curing people of drunkenness and smoking. In that direction I'm not without credit, as you know, perhaps."

"Certain of the writers on hypnotism say it is impossible to compel a man to commit a crime—that his better nature overcomes the malign suggestion," commented the interviewer.

"Nonsense," said Kennedy. "In the way of experiment I've made men do what I pleased. However, there are limitations. The subject is only amenable to my influence as long as I refrain from injuring him. Suppose I tell one of my boys there that the piano is a fellow who has injured him, and he sails in to beat it, and knocks his hands and the box to pieces. When I waken him and he sees what has happened my power is gone. He regards me as an enemy, and the confidence he has reposed in my good faith departs. That is a fact borne out by me in many experiments."

Mr. Kennedy is a Canadian by birth; he saw light in the town of Dundas, but when he was about four years of age the family moved to Jackson, Mich., where he grew up. Kennedy pere was a physician and given to hypnotic experiments, and his boys—he had two—were much interested. When the future Professor was twelve there came to the town a mesmerist, who did many smart things, but in the minds of the two young Kennedys did not compare with their father. However, he hypnotized many of the boys and girls, and had a great deal of fun, so much so that the youngsters got their unsuspecting parent to describe the process, and they set about practicing it themselves. They soon had half their schoolmates under control, and, of course, there came an explosion which resulted in their expulsion.

"Since then," Mr. Kennedy concluded, "I've been a mesmerist—north, south and otherwise, and I'm not sorry, either."

A Stump Speech

Catalepsy

A Human Bridge

An Impossible Posture

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

Subjects under mesmeric control reproducing emotions at Professor Kennedy's dictation. Photographed by Marceau

A PINK TEA

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Mrs. Lake stood near the door in the prettiest of Dresden silk gowns, smiling, bowing and shaking hands with the expansive cordiality of a woman who knows she is looking her best. She thought her new gown was in honor of her tea, but her husband would have said the tea was given for the benefit of the gown, if he had known anything about either. Mrs. Lake had explained to herself a great many times why he did not know, as she arranged flowers and straightened the pink candle shades. Theo had grown so grumpy lately, there was no living with him,—that was always the starting point of the argument. He was forever talking about hard times and business worries, and making her needlessly uncomfortable,—for as long as she couldn't help him about investments and things, what was the good of bothering her with them? She didn't understand business, and didn't want to, and it was only lately that he had taken to forever dragging it in on every occasion. When she protested, or pointedly changed the subject, he felt it his duty to sulk the rest of the day. He had made such a fuss over the expense of that modest little dinner the week before that she had resolved to say nothing about the tea till it was over. It would teach him a lesson. She had sacrificed enough to his eternal plea of poverty by consenting to live in a flat. To be sure, it was a pretty flat, quite large enough for small receptions like this, and she had nothing to do with the people above, but still—a flat!

The buzz of talk steadily increased into a low roar, and began to be punctuated by the little clanking sounds of silver and china. Mrs. Lake's spirits rose with every fresh voice that joined the tumult, and Theo's opinion diminished in importance. A stray sentence pierced the din behind her.

"Isn't that the dearest gown Mrs. Lake has on."

Half involuntarily she drew a step nearer the speaker, smiling to herself.

"I don't see how she affords it all," answered another voice. "Willie says her husband is in dreadful financial—"

Mrs. Lake turned abruptly away and joined a small group. This everlasting question of money! How it did spoil everything.

"Let's see what she says," exclaimed a pretty, somewhat dolly, little woman. "Mrs. Lake, don't you think that in a real emergency, women have more courage than men?"

"I'm afraid I don't," she answered with a laugh. "I'm a dreadful coward, myself."

"About mice and things, of course. That's traditional," answered the other. "But, suppose you had murdered a man and tucked him under the divan just before we came,—why, you'd rub your cheeks to get the color back and straighten your hair and meet us just as if nothing had happened. A man can't rise above himself. If he has the least little thing the matter with him it never occurs to him to try and hide it."

"I know it," said a young married woman. "I must tell you the best story on George. It's mean of me to tell it, of course—"

A servant whispered to Mrs. Lake that a man wished to see her in the hall. His business was important and could not wait.

"Don't tell it till I come back," she begged.

A roughly-dressed man stood in the corner of the hall, some papers in his hand. He looked decidedly uncomfortable, as Mrs. Lake rustled up to him, still half smiling.

"You wanted to see me?" she began, wondering a little.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm very sorry, but it is my duty as a sheriff to attach your furniture," he said, turning over his papers to avoid looking at her. "I have here an injunction served by Bernstein and—"

"What do you mean? I don't understand," exclaimed Mrs. Lake, petulantly. "If my husband owes anybody any money, of course he will pay it. He must have overlooked it."

"I'm afraid he can't pay it, ma'am," answered the sheriff, looking up in wonder. "Do you mean to say you don't know he is on the edge of bankruptcy?"

Mrs. Lake put her hand against the wall, turning her back to the crowded room. Her lips moved, but a burst of laughter a few feet away drowned her words.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am," said the sheriff, helplessly.

"Do you mean that some people are going to take our furniture because my husband can't pay them?" she asked, after a pause, speaking quietly and distinctly. "Have I understood it right."

"That's what it is. Here are the papers, if you—"

She shook her head, impatiently.

"I don't want to see them. May I ask you as a great favor not to do anything till these people go and my husband comes home. It won't be more than an hour."

She was very white, and her voice shook a little. The sheriff consented with a foolish attempt at gruffness, and took a seat in a dark corner of the hall, swearing softly to himself to relieve the situation. Mrs. Lake stood for a moment looking fixedly into space, then turned and went back into the noisy room.

"Now, I want to hear that story, Louise," she said, joining the group she had left a few minutes before.

At last they began to go, one by one at first, then all in a body, leaving the rooms strangely empty and silent. Mrs. Lake smiled and bowed and shook hands up to the very last, then looked around her, half dazed.

"I suppose the chairs and tables will all have to come up, and tell me how much they've enjoyed being here, too," she thought, with a miserable little laugh, that ended as she knew it would, in a burst of tears.

When she had cried away some of her fright and distress, it began to dawn on Mrs. Lake that she had every right to be extremely angry. The idea of Theo's putting her in a situation like this! He might at least have come home and told her himself. If he had gone to her and sand, "My dear, I'm surely ruined, and we shall have to begin the world over again," of course she'd have given up everything without a word of reproach (she really believed she would), and lived in a nasty little room somewhere, and taken in washing, if necessary. But to let it come this way, without a word of warning, was enough to make anyone furious.

Dinner time came and went, and still Mr. Lake did not come home. His wife watched the clock more and more impatiently, for warmed-over wrath is as unsatisfactory as warmed-over dinner, and a little underlying pang of anxiety was making it harder every minute to keep angry. People who were ruined often commit—did terrible things to themselves. Why didn't Theo come?

She telephoned down to his office, but could get no answer. And, perhaps, all the time not a dozen feet away from that shrill bell was lying a—

Mrs. Lake jumped up with a little gasp of horror, and flinging on some wraps, hurried out and took the first car for down town.

"I'll give 'em half an hour more," thought the sheriff, comparing his watch with the hall clock.

Just half an hour later the click of a latch-key sounded in the front door, and someone entered with the unmistakable air of the man of the house. The sheriff approached him silently with an ominous-looking paper.

"What's all this?" demanded Mr. Lake, going over to the light.

"Bernstein and Bernstein have served an attachment on your household effects,' answered the sheriff, thanking heaven that he now had a man to deal with.

"But I don't owe them a cent," protested Mr. Lake. "Why, man, this isn't for me. This name is Blake."

"And what's yours?' demanded the sheriff, turning very red. "The address is the same, and your servant said "

"Lake, of course," he interrupted with a laugh. "That must be for the man in the flat above us. His name is Blake, and I know he is more or less slippery."

The sheriff went slowly out, to ring the next door bell.

"I'm afraid I've mussed things up a good deal in your house," he said regretfully to Mr. Lake, who had

MISS EVELYN MILLARD
WHO ENACTED PRINCESS FLAVIA IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AND WON THE HEART OF ITS AUTHOR

followed him. "Your wife was sort of cut up. She streaked out not long ago, but I don't know where."

"Went out!" exclaimed Mr. Lake, going down the steps to look anxiously up and down the street. A forlorn figure wearing a rustling silk gown under her dark wrap, and a sailor hat at a reckless angle, turned the nearest corner and came wearily towards him.

"Why, Bess!" he exclaimed.

"O, Theo, it's all been my fault, and I'll never spend another cent," she cried, clinging to him. "I ought to have listened, and I've had a tea, and I'm so ashamed. Oh, what if you'd never come back!"

"But it's all a mistake," he explained, eagerly, leading her into the house. "The summons wasn't for us at all. And I didn't come home because I was finishing up a transaction that is going to settle all our worries and make us better off than ever. Is there any dinner left?"

Mrs. Lake passed around the drawing-room, patting the tables and giving the arms of the chairs little affectionate pinches.

"I don't care, I'm ashamed of myself just the same," she broke out, a few minutes later. "I can't throw away all those resolutions I've been making. I've got to reform whether it's necessary or not. Just you wait and see!"

Just before the Czar's coronation the French papers assured the world, with their usual vainglorious flourish, that even the horse which His Majesty would ride on his triumphal entry into Moscow had been imported from France, having been bred and trained in La Vendee. It now turns out that the steed to which Nicholas II. intrusted himself on that memorable occasion was an English mare, named Norma, about thirteen years old, and frequently ridden by the young Emperor when he was Czarewitch. She is a handsome, well-mannered creature, almost white, and she was shod with burnished silver to figure in the pageant, which will be positively her last appearance either in public or private. After discharging so sacred a duty, she will, in accordance with Imperial etiquette, pass the rest of her days in the seclusion of the splendid new stables adjoining the Michaelovsky palace in St. Petersburg.

HE FOUND HIS FLAVIA

The Engagement of Anthony Hope to Miss Evelyn Millard.

There has seldom been a more interesting engagement announced than that of Mr. Anthony Hope (Hawkins) to Miss Evelyn Millard, who plays the leading part in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Of all Mr. Hope's women characters, the Princess Flavia is the most carefully and earnestly drawn. The others are charming, but more or less flighty, and often not a little unscrupulous, heroines of farce-comedy rather than living women. But Flavia is deep and earnest and high-souled, loving her honor even more than she does the counterfeit king. As she herself says, when he is urging her to join his flight: "Honor binds a woman, too, Rudolf. My honor lies in being true to my country and my House. I don't know why God has let me love you, but I know that I must stay!"

Is it Miss Millard, the actress, that the author has fallen in love with, or is it this ideal woman of his own creation? Is Mr. Hope like the girl in the old fairy story, who made a man out of sugar paste and almonds, and then fell in love with him? Of course this is all very impertinent, but when a man becomes a public character he cannot have even his love affairs to himself. When "Zenda" was produced in London, Mr. Hope attended faithfully every night, at first to see the play, but eventually to gaze at "the face of a girl, pale and lovely, surmounted by a crown of the glorious Ephberg hair." And so he fell in love with—the Princess Flavia. But it is Miss Millard that he is going to marry!

The beautiful young actress undoubtedly has just as many charming virtues as the Princess she represents, but it is not likely that they are identically the same ones, and Mr. Hope may find himself frequently surprised. If you had a preconceived idea that your wife was always ready on time, for instance, her failure in this respect would not be made any less disappointing by the fact that she never passed bad nickels. But after all, most men are in love with an idea when marrying something quite different, and yet marriage is not always a failure. Perhaps Mr. Hope has decided that his Princess was nowhere beside the actual woman she led him to. Let us hope so, with a hearty blessing. That he knows what love itself is, nobody can doubt who has read the last words of "The Prisoner of Zenda": "Shall I see her face again—the pale face and the glorious hair? Of that I know nothing: Fate has no hint, my heart no presentiment. I do not know. In this world, perhaps—nay, it is likely—never. And can it be that somewhere, in a manner whereof our flesh-bound minds have no apprehension, she and I will be together again, with nothing to come between us, nothing to forbid our love? That I know not, nor wiser heads than mine. But if it be never—if I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her her love, why, then this side the grave I will live as becomes the man she loves; and for the other side I must pray a dreamless sleep."

A NOTABLE POEM

The following poem by Mrs. Meynell came out in a newspaper not long ago and fell under the eye of Mr. Coventry Patmore, who has held it up to the world with generous and enthusiastic praise. "How incomparably noble, strong, passionate and pure," he says, "those words of consolation to the one lover who was come so near as to be denied!" He compares its quiet debut to that of Keats' "Bell Dame Sans Merci," adding: "Here is Mrs. Meynell's 'Belle Dame Sans Merci,' which I venture to prophesy will some day rank not far below that of Keats:

" 'Why wilt thou chide,
Who hast attained to be denied?
Oh learn, above
All price is my refusal, Love.
My sacred Nay
Was never cheapened by the way.
Thy single sorrow crowns the lord
Of an unpurchasable word.

" 'Oh strong, oh pure!
As Yea makes happier loves secure,
I vow thee this
Unique rejection of a kiss.
I guard for thee
This jealous sad monopoly.
I seal this honor thine; none dare
Hope for a part in thy despair.' "

Almost every one has at some time in his life been confronted with a scene, or participated in some occurrence, that seemed at the moment the repetition of a dream or a half forgotten happening of long ago. The sensation is most queer, and Elizabeth Bisland in a recent article, "Dreams and Their Mysteries," attempts to explain the phenomena in this way.

"A visitor for the first time to a tropical country was charmed with the excessive novelty of everything about him; but suddenly one evening, being carried home in his chair by the coolie bearers, a flood of recognition poured over him like the waves of the sea, and for a few moments the illusion was so strong as to leave him breathless with astonishment. He had the sense of having often done this before. The warm night, the paddling of the bare feet in the dusk, the hot smell of leaves, were all an old trite experience. For days he struggled with that tormenting sense, with which we are all familiar, of being unable to recall a something, a name, that is perfectly well known—is 'on the tip of the tongue,' as one says—but all in vain; and in time the recognition grew fainter and more elusive with each effort to grasp it, until it slipped forever away into darkness. If such things are not inherited memories, what are they?"

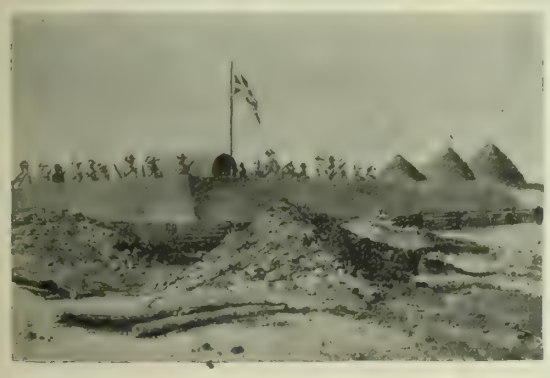
Miss Bisland goes almost to the extent of charging some of our dreams to our ancestors, which, considering the long line of shortcomings already attributed to our maternal and paternal predecessors, is somewhat rough on our forefathers.

THE MATABILI WAR

Native Women Who Incite the Warriors to Battle.

The Matabile-Mashona war has certainly reached a critical stage. We have been reading from time to time telegrams from South Africa describing the situation in Buluwayo. The small force of British holding the fort against hordes of Matabili who are pouring over their borders determined to reconquer the territory Cecil Rhodes subjugated some years ago. Soon after the Napoleon of South Africa had formed his Chartered Company, and obtained from the Government the right to extend its territory, he equipped a force of 600 men and pushed them north into Bechuanaland, and thence into the country of the Mashona, as far as the Valley of the Zambesi. The motive of this expedition was the search after gold, and at first a treaty with Lobengula, King of the Matabili, enabled the company's employees to prospect for the precious metal without molestation. But the Kaffirs of the tribe are hard to hold in hand, and before long there was an outbreak, which Rhodes promptly and cleverly suppressed, and then coolly proceeded to annex both countries, and succeeded at the cost of a little bloodshed and considerable diplomacy.

Determined then to secure what he had acquired for the South African Company, Rhodes proceeded with the construction of a railway to Buluwayo, the terminus of which is now at Mafeking, some distance beyond Johannesburg. A good idea of the extent of the British possessions in South Africa may be gained from the fact that the northern border touches Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyasa forms its western border. For the recent rising, which has precipitated so many pitched battles between the natives and the English various causes are assigned. The authorities attribute it to the enforcement by Rhodes of the Cattle tax—a species of war indemnity. By men who have lived among the Matabili, however, it is said to arise from the war customs of the tribe. The Matabili is the ideal native of Southern Af-



FORT CHARTER, THREATENED BY THE REBELS, BUT RELIEVED BY CAPTAIN BRABANT AND HIS FORCE JULY 1.

rica—a superior specimen of the Kaffir race—tall, erect, finely modeled, handsome of his type, with a corresponding array of physical and mental qualities, a great sportsman, fond of athletic pastimes, reckless of life and limb in pursuit of fighting—his chief passion—and ready to kill as to be slain. Courage and skill at arms are the qualities most highly prized by this race. The question of matrimony is determined by the exploits of the individual warrior; indeed, the Matabili girls refuse to marry unless their suitors show the blood-stained assegai. Courtships are conducted at the periodical feasts, which are given at every full moon, when the several impis of the race return from a marauding expedition, in which they have plundered and slain to their heart's content. The home-coming of the victorious braves laden with cattle and attended by delegations of slaves is a matter of great rejoicing. Feasting and drinking are followed by a war dance wherein each brave recites his deeds of valor and exhibits his blood-stained assegai in proof of his feats of daring,—emphasizing by darts of that formidable weapon the number of his victims. Round the panting warriors gather the wives and young maidens decked out in festive array, in head trimming and feather adornments, oiled and painted according to the fashion of the land. The feast is followed by a general marrying off, when the youngest and prettiest of the maidens fall to the lot of the most bloodthirsty of the warriors.

Besides courage, however, there is also the neces-

VIEW OF A KRAAL

sity of purchase, as it is customary in Matabeleland for the amorous swain to contribute to the father of the loved one, cattle and goats in exchange, though she has the option of rejecting a suitor if he is not agreeable to her. This is the most highly prized of the Matabili maiden's privileges, and the recent attacks on Buluwayo are attributed to the resolve of the women to marry only those of their suitors who have won renown in battle. Since Lobengula's defeat, two years ago, there has been little fighting among the Matabili, much to the discomfort of the witch doctors and headmen, who sigh for the broad lands of Rhodesia and the sacred Kraal Buluwayo, which the English have captured. Slowly they have instilled the poison of hatred for the white man, or "Mlungoo," into their women, inciting them to resist the entreaties of their would-be husbands, until the men, driven to desperation, were inspired to rise against the British.

The defenses of Buluwayo are remarkably strong, consisting of several protected belts, together with trenches, barbed wire fences and sand-bags. The small corps of British in charge of the Kraal when the rising was announced has since been reinforced and the gar-

IN A CORNER OF THE LAAGER

rison is now strong enough to sally out with its machine guns to attack the enemy. They are natural fighters, these Kaffirs, and the entire tribe is assembled round the town. In the pitched battles that have ensued since the British troops were strengthened, victory has not always been with the invaders. Indeed, the Matabili have destroyed many settlements throughout Rhodesia, and at the end of the war, which is necessarily one of extermination on both sides, victory will be found an expensive purchase.

TROLLING FOR SALMON

There are two ways of fishing. One involves a complete and expensive outfit, many miles of tramping, two or three tumbles into the creek, and a reward of perhaps a dozen small trout to make up for aching bones and sapping exhaustion. The other way is to go down to Santa Cruz when the salmon are running, with from three to five dollars in your pocket. For this you can hire a man, tackle of every kind, and a good seaworthy boat.

You start from the pier in front of the Sea Beach Hotel, with nothing to do but take care of your line and the fresh sardine on the end of it. After running half a mile or so, there comes the ominous jerk, the singing of the reel, and the mad excitement of landing your catch, all of which Mr. William Black describes much better than any one else could, in any one of his novels. If the salmon is a thirty or forty pounder, you will do well if you land him within half an hour of that first thrilling pull.

This year the largest salmon of the season weighed

SANTA CRUZ FISHERY

fifty-four pounds, while the greatest number caught by one boatman in a day was sixty-seven, weighing in all nearly nine hundred pounds. It is thought that the salmon of the North feed here during the winter, as some of the largest catches have been made in December and January. Their presence has been known of for a long time, though it is only in the last five years that people have trolled for them. Now, however, it is one of the most popular sports on the coast, and hundreds of fishermen sail out into the West every year when the salmon are running.

POLITICAL PERSONAGES

John D. Rockefeller utilizes his wealth to take the sting out of the Standard Oil Company's accumulations. The latest evidence of his generosity is the gift to the people of Cleveland, Ohio, of two hundred and seventy-six acres of land, valued at $600,000, for the purpose of a public park.

Mark Hanna lives at the Waldorf while he is in New York. He has simple habits; rises at seven A. M., retires punctually to his room every night at ten, devotes an hour to writing letters, and goes to bed exactly at eleven. He does not drink wine, and limits himself to three cigars per day.

Sister Marie Chantal, Superior of the Hospice-General of Tours, has been appointed a member of the Legion of Honor, a distinction she shares with Rosa Bonheur, who has long had the honor of being the only lady member of the order. Sister Chantal accompanied the French troops through the disasters of the Franco-Prussian war, and it is said of her that she saved more lives than did half the medical men in the army.

Mgr. Benedict Lorenzelli is to succeed Mgr. Satolli as papal delegate to the Roman Catholic Church of the United States. He is a native of Bolonga, forty-two years old, a brilliant student, and a friend of the Pope's elder brother, Cardinal Joseph Pecci. On taking holy orders he was made a Professor of the Propaganda, was subsequently rector of the Bohemian College, and retired from the post of Internuncio to the court of Holland to come to America.

It is said that Candidate Bryan is a disappointment to the managers of the Democratic campaign. Nor has he thus far delivered a single speech half as good as the oration which won him nomination. He has a certain manly charm, but he lacks the endowment of political intuition which a successful leader requires. It is interesting to learn that Bryan does not regard Sewall as an aid to the ticket. His preference for the Vice Presidency was Matthews of Indiana.

Frank Frankfort Moore, the successful novelist, is a big handsome man who has made enough out of his books to wear in all his photographs a fur coat. He learned the art of construction by writing books of adventure for boys. This is admirable practice, he says, for boys want a strong incident in every chapter, and stronger incidents as the chapters proceed, winding up with a display of fireworks. His finest success was, "I Forbid the Bans." Last year he wrote 482,000 words and finished "The Sale of a Soul" in eight days.

Henry E. Abbey, the well known impressario, is fifty years of age. He commenced life as a jeweler in his father's store in a small Ohio town. His chance came when the owner of the local theatre asked him in a time of emergency to assume the management. Mr. Abbey says that Sarah Bernhardt had only fulfilled one engagement outside Paris which had not been under his direction. He had paid her over £200,000, and as much as £3,800 in a single week. Mme. Patti received over £200,000 from Mr. Abbey.

Prince Lobanoff, to whom is attributed the aggressive foreign policy which Russia has recently pursued, has been divested of his unlimited power, and the way is now open for a very effective pro-Christian policy in the Levant. Credit for this defeat is given to the Czar's mother, who proposes that Russia shall no longer play the part of the Sultan's supporter in the crime against civilization. Emperor Nicholas is devoid of military ambition, has no friends among the soldiers, and is averse to the martial element in the ceremonies of court life.

Sir Edward Clarke, who defended Dr. Jameson, the famous raider, argued with great force and in the olden days of strict technicality, would undoubtedly have cleared his client. Lord Chief Justice Russell laughed his fine points to scorn, and announced, in a decision which brushed away libraries of recorded cases—"Many of the points of counsel belong to a time when the right and the justice and the substance of the thing were sacrificed to the science of artificial statement. This is regarded by the English bar as the announcement of a new and sensational principle of jurisprudence.

The failure of Secretary Balfour as leader of the House of Commons, is generally ascribed to his inability to endure the fatigue and discomforts of the campaign with those whom he leads. Mr. Gladstone, when over eighty, never left his place during the long debates on the Home Rule Bill, and listened to both orators and bores with deference. The late W. H. Smith, when tortured with various physical ailments, remained patiently in the box and saw that his colleagues sat there also. But when Mr. Balfour is bored he saunters off to his room and allows his colleagues to shirk the drudgery also.

Hon. Joseph Cook, the Postmaster-General of New South Wales, was born only thirty-five years ago in the coal mining district of Staffordshire, and was set to work in the mines in his ninth year. After fifteen years of labor as a collier, he married and set out for New South Wales, where he soon became a leader among the miners of Lithgow. He had practiced speaking on his Primitive Methodist circuit in the Black Country, and when there was an election in Lithgow, and the miners' candidate fell ill, Mr. Cook was chosen to fill his place. He took to Parliamentary debating in Sydney like a duck to water, and two years ago, when only thirty-three years of age, the ex-Staffordshire pit lad became a member of the Government.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOCIETY

How the Smart Set Has Amused Itself This Week.

It has been asserted so often that the entertainments of society lack originality and interest that further reiteration of the fact amounts to mere triteness. Neither the law nor the doctors are so careful of precedent as those whose purses enable indulgence in pleasure. Their round of enjoyment is merely a little treadmill of dinners and teas and polo, relieved by occasional theatres, suppers and excursions. All those, of course, are differentiated from ordinary teas and dinners, by the distinguished company on the treadmill, by the salary of the cook and the expense of the china. But there is never an appeal to the eye, to the intellect, to the sense of beauty, color and harmony. Ballrooms are decorated with flags and banners in specific notes whose familiarity is as vulgar as the carte de jour of a second-rate lodging house. A cotillion supper differs from its predecessor in the manner of its menu cards, rather than in the matter of viands. All are costly but commonplace—like a new parlor set in pink satin or a Book of Beauty with steel engravings and an embossed cover.

There is the general rule—here the exception. It was the Fete Champetre which Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker gave at Burlingame, on Wednesday night last. Perhaps one might more appropriately term it a Midsummer Night's Dream, for the beauty, and color, and variety of the spectacle lingers in the memory like the impression of a delicate delicious vision. No conception which involves dancing, and music, and colored lights can be strictly original—for these are the alphabet of entertainment, but there is chance for originality in its execution. A week ago the idea of the fete had not been conceived. Yet in the space of a few days there had arisen on the lawn, under the spread oaks, a temple built in the form of a hemicycle, Grecian in style, but conforming in character with the architecture of the villa. The large pedestals supporting the columns were similar to the pilasters of the terrace. In the midst of this—the Temple of Hypnos—a fountain played, the effect of the structure being light, graceful and harmonious. This was the scene of the spectacle. The setting was charming—a background of sloping lawn set off the dazzling white of the hemicycle; the dark green of the oaks furnished contrast. Opposite were the low lines of the villa, with its broad terraces and graceful balustrades.

The fall of night set the signal for the illumination of the grounds. Thousands of Japanese lanterns slung from the trees diffused a gentle radiance; electric lights in delicate tones of color beamed from the capitals and outlines of the Temple. The guests arrived about 9 o'clock, were welcomed by the host and hostess, assisted by Prince and Princess Poniatowski, and danced until eleven. Then the party assembled on the terrace, and the rendering of the Pastoral, of which the Temple was the scene, began. It was the story of a shepherd, journeying from Parnassus to Pelion, who came upon the Garden of Hypnos, and, stopping to rest, fell asleep upon the steps of a fountain. In a dream, naiads, representing the four seasons, came dancing out of the wood, each in turn, bestowing upon the shepherd, out of her bounty, the good gifts of Nature. Pallas Athene, appearing then, assumed the form of a bird, awakened the shepherd and bade him continue his journey under her kindly guidance.

The classic conception was most cleverly executed. Through the Temple the dancers swayed like nymphs of the wood, graceful as fawns, evincing in motion, however, none of the stilted conventionality which characterizes the ballet dancer in action. The culmination of the spectacle was the appearance of Pallas Athene, a tall and beautiful maiden, garbed in a green robe, who posed in an aureole of red glory ere awakening the shepherd.

The calcium effects—flooding the Temple with shifting shades of color, and bathing the dancers in their pale pink, grey, heliotrope and golden robes, in its vivid radiance, were delicious. Indeed, the spirit of the classic was preserved throughout with no marring touch of fin de siecle conventionality.

Supper followed, the tables spread out on the terraces. In a rustic and vine-covered arbor at the head of the garden steps, a troupe of Spanish musicians were seated, rendering on mandolins and guitars quaint Iberian melodies. Then followed a characteristic Spanish dance, done with inimitable grace by a dark-eyed damsel, whose seductive motions recalled the triumphs of Carmencita. A Polish dance, in compliment to Prince and Princess Poniatowski terminated this phase of the entertainment—which really rivalled the charm of the Pastoral. More dancing then and at 2 A. M. the guests departed by special train for San Francisco.

The credit for the artistic beauty and success of the fete belongs and is fully accorded by Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, to Bruce Porter, the well-known artist, and Willis Polk, the architect, both of "Les Jennes," who contribute to "The Lark." Conception and execution were alike their own. The Temple of Hypnos was planned Friday night and begun on Saturday last. The dancers were drilled and dressed in four days. So the beauty achieved is the more notable when one remembers the rapidity of execution.

* * *

The pony racing meeting at Del Monte is the event to which society looks forward. My strictures on the disinclination of the Country Club proper to participate are declared by competent authorities to be undeserved, inasmuch as the gathering of Pacific-Union men will be as great and as enthusiastic as last year's. This is not surprising, indeed, when one considers the membership of the Burlingame institution and its northern rival are practically the same. So they will all join in a festivity which has become the great annual outing of Californian society. An entertainment of great interest is promised—a coaching parade in which Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, together with the Baldwins, Tobins, Newhalls, and other owners of drags, have promised to join—a paper chase, two polo games, bathing of course, and last and above all, the races. Captain Wainwright has the affair in hand, and the entries, thus far, promise a variety of exciting contests. Walter Hobart is to ride, I am told, and there will be the active participation of a number of the dintinguished hares and hounds from San Rafael. Preparations proceed at a great rate; quarters at the Del Monte are in positive demand, and whoever intends going had better command a room in time.

Another interesting piece of news is the leasing of the Hotel Rafael to General Warfield of the California. This is really important, inasmuch as the General's supervision means much to the institution. First it will be kept open the year round; then it insures good and unvarying management and proper attention to details. The succession of hotelmanagers who have tried guiding the destinies of the institution have never had fair play before, but this time General Warfied is absolute and responsible. If there be aught wrong he'll have the credit, just as he is also to pocket the profits of success. Of course he retains the California Hotel.

Only the relatives and a limited number of intimate friends were present at the nuptials of Miss Virginia Aldrich and Dr. William Stewart Beede, which was solemnized on Monday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, a sister of the bride. Rev. Shaw of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, united the happy young couple. Dr. Beede is a nephew of Senator Stewart of Nevada.

The latest engagement of interest to Jewish social circles is that of Miss Helen Bastheim and J. Lubin, a young merchant of Los Angeles. Miss Bastheim has but recently returned from a Southern visit, and it was while sojourning with relatives in Los Angeles that she met her fate.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker are occupying the California street mansion. They are only to be in town for a limited period, but it is more than probable that their stay will be emphasized by more than one dinner party, an entertainment in which Mrs. Crocker especially shines. Miss Alice Rutherford is the guest of Miss Catherwood at the Catherwood ranch in Napa, where she expects to remain until they all leave for Del Monte.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

THE CROCKER VILLA AT BURLINGAME, SCENE OF THE FETE CHAMPETRE

LOLA
... LED DANCE AT THE POLISH DANCES AT THE FETE CHAMPETRE

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

For Restoring Lost Vitality, Curing Nervousness, and for Purifying and Enriching the Blood Vintine stands without a peer. Not a patent medicine. Sold by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell st. Order from your druggist

And still another to add to the chapter of recent accidents. This time it is Percy Moore, who unfortunately is threatened with the loss of his eyesight. Dr. Voorhies, the physician in charge, however, gives some little hope of the young man's ultimate recovery.

The rush to Del Monte is only just beginning, for a great many people don't know how delightful it is down there in June and July. For those who love the place only for the fun and excitement of it, August is, of course, the best time, but those who want a quiet rest in a beautiful place should choose any other month. Political conventions and financial uncertainties have so far kept a good many away, but now the hotel is rapidly filling. Bicycles scorch along every path, and both girls and men have taken eagerly to fishing. The surf has been unusually warm, and has quite eclipsed the tanks in favor this last week. Among the best swimmers are the Misses Alice and Ethel Hager, Louis Bruguiere, Captain A. H. Payson, E. A. Bruguiere, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle, Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mr. Onatavia, Walter and Andrew Martin, W. Mayo Newhall and Joe Grant. On Wednesday Walter Dean and several others swam from the pier at Del Monte to the pier at Old Monterey and back. Tennis no longer holds its own as a popular sport, though there are a large number of entries for the ladies' doubles match, which will take place here on the ninth of September, and decide the Coast championship. Bowling is still popular, and, of course, dancing.

Wednesday night being one of the regular dance nights at the Del Monte, the usual number of people were present and made a goodly crowd. The music is excellent this summer, and dancing was kept up until a late hour. Among the recent arrivals are Walter and Andrew Martin and John Lawson, who came down to study up the polo situation. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have arrived from New York and are expected here for a long stay, and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Mrs. George H. Howard will arrive on the seventeenth. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott and a party of friends are expected daily, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin early next week, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Miss Juliette Williams and her pretty cousin, Miss Rodgers, the week following. Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Stubbs will be joined later in the season by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs and Colonel George Hagar of Colusa.

San Rafael, too, is beginning to awaken, and promises to be unusually jolly this August. There will be races and paper chases and outdoor sports of every kind, besides the usual luncheons and dinners. Quite a number of entertainments have taken place already, one of the prettiest being a luncheon at Fairfax Villa, given by Mrs. Crooks for a number of her friends. The Folgers gave a picnic on Friday, followed by a dinner of twelve at the Hotel Rafael.

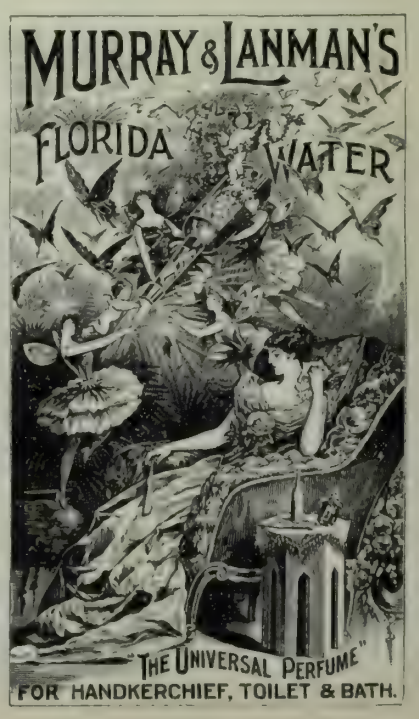
The picture "Morning Prayer at Santa Cruz," published in last week's issue of this journal, was reproduced from a clever print by McKean & Ort, photographers, of that city

Removal Notice.

A. Hirschman, gold and silversmith, for many years at 113 Sutter street, has removed to 10 Post street, under Masonic Temple.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Use only Richardson & Robbins' Devlied Meats for picnics



THE THEATERS

Viola Allen Shows Her Ability—The Frawley Company at Its Best.

In spite of its occasional bits of tinsel, its melodramatic touches and its fourth act, "The Masqueraders" is the best play the Empire Company has given. It is better than "Bohemia," of course, for "Bohemia" is mere fluff, and it is even better than "The Benefit of the Doubt," for this reason—and this alone—it stirs the blood, while "The Benefit of the Doubt" didn't and couldn't and shouldn't. One sat through the latter play without a throb of emotion or a single sympathetic leap of the pulse, without feeling anything except a pleasing curiosity as to what quirk affairs would take next, a comfortable contempt for the principal dramatis personae and a warm admiration for Pinero's deft manipulation of his scenes. This is a good deal, infinitely more than usual, but it is not quite enough; we want a little excitement, and in "The Masqueraders" we get it, though we don't get some of those things which make the excellence of the Pinero play.

However, putting aside all question of the comparative excellence of the two plays, this week's performance would still be better than that of last week, for the single prominent female role is in Viola Allen's capable, careful hands, and Annie Irish is retired to the background, where she belongs—and should stay until she gives up her affected precision and spurious saintliness of accent, and learns to talk like a gentlewoman.

For the first time during this engagement Miss Allen has an opportunity to show her ability. The role of "Dulcie Larondie" suits her much better than that of "Mimi" or "Theo"—she fills it admirably. In the much-talked-of third act she is a bit volcanic, but she touches your very heart. The moment she comes on the stage, with that still, tense atmosphere about her, your sympathy is enlisted; when she laughs that dreadful little hysterical laugh, something in you wakes and murmurs; when she throws her arms over her head—with such abandon, such despair—and sobs out her misery, you draw a deep breath and look the other way; you feel you have no business there watching that shaking figure which turns its back towards you and leans so hopelessly on the door.

The play should end with this act, though it would not be wise to send people away with Faversham's febrile shrieks of "She is mine, mine, mine," ringing in their ears. Still it would not be so bad as that clammy fourth act, that weary sea of Faversham and Irish, with its small, small oases of Allen and Gottschalk. Twice or thrice during the play Faversham threw some faint sounds of genuineness into his voice; twice or thrice he did the right thing, for instance, when he held the poor little wife closer to him when her husband entered and glared threateningly at them; but for the most part I failed to find either him or his astronomical love-making convincing, though he seemed to receive the unmitigated approval of his audience. Robert Edeson, who did not please so well, was to me much more satisfactory. He did not over-act or under-act the part of Sir Brice Skene; he was the surly drunkard and debauchee to the life, and if any one can surpass the repressed but savage brutality of his "my dear," "my love," or, indeed, any of his remarks to his wife, I don't want to hear him. Gottschalk struggled manfully with his Sunday-school story book lines in the first act, created a laugh in the second, captivated us in the third and played the mentor very well in the last act.

Dodson was, as always, capital as "Montague Lushington"; worldliness, and pessimism fairly exuded from him, together with much cynical cackle. Mrs. Whiffen and May Robson were entirely satisfactory, Crompton good as "Jemmy Jimmy Stokes," but not quite so good as when he played the Bishop in "The Benefit of the Doubt." Ida Conquest looked delightfully pretty in a pinky purplish setting which gave a velvety softness to her languid, sensuous face. It would be just as well, though, if she got a new lot of mannerisms—not that I object to her present ones, far from it, but I don't like to see them grafted on such widely different roles. On the whole, it is a very good show, but I've been wondering why Lady Clarice, her mamma, and the rest of the womenkind haunted the bar. Their presence was neither necessary nor congruous.

* * *

The new combination is doing capitally at the Columbia this week. I have never seen a better amused or more Baldwin-esque crowd in the theatre than was there last Tuesday night. The play is farcical in the extreme, as might be expected when a woman with "two strong points, an iron resolution and hysterics" and Harry Corson Clarke come together.

Still, there is much love-making of quite a serious and realistic order, too, if one may judge from sounds. The truth is I don't like stage love-making (the better it is done the less I like it), so tried to look somewhere else whenever I could. It makes me feel "de trop" and I don't like to hear a girl telling a crowd just how she feels when the man she loves kisses her.

We were told on the programme that "The Great Unknown" is a comedy from the German of somebody or other, by Augustin Daly. It was quite unnecessary; its humor is distinctly Teutonic and nobody but Daly would ever have thought of adapting it. Here is a sample of its wit. Mr. Jarraway imagines he is adored by that ancient angel "Aunt Penelope." "Take her, my boy," he implores Cousin Ned Worthing. "Take her for a week or two, until I've weaned her." Brilliant, isn't it? After that Aunt Penelope tried her hand. "You famous," she said to Mrs. Jarraway, who thinks she has made a reputation by her pen. "You famous! I'll tell you who was a famous woman—she was a cobbler's wife, she had ten boys, and would have had eleven if the last one hadn't turned out a girl." There is an unlimited supply of this sort of badinage in "The Great Unknown," and several fragmentary slices of real fun; the rest of the time the dramatis personae wobble uncertainly between sentiment and absurdity.

Worthing was quite unimpeachable except when he felt he had something particularly fine to say, then he would draw himself up and jerk each word out of his mouth as abruptly as a loosened cork leaves a bottle of champagne. Wilton Lackaye furnished the best sport of the evening. His Irishman was very funny and his proverbs never failed to produce a laugh.

Miss McAllister was better than I've seen her in a long time. She seldom has so pleasing a part; generally her role is either hopelessly idiotic or obnoxious. Alice Pixley made rather a pleasing maid. Blanche Bates was quite in her element as Etna, and little Hope Ross was really comical when she tamed the Tartar.

There is a marked improvement in the company's co-operation, so the general effect was much more artistic than usual.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

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The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The famous Steve Brodie of bridge fame, in his play, "On the Bowery," will appear at the California a few weeks hence.

SADIE MARTINOT
WHO PLAYS THE LEADING ROLE IN THE "GAY PARISIANS"
Photo by Thors

It is good to know that we are to see Beerbohm Tree here. He is one of the Baldwin's fall entries, and among other plays will give us a version of Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty."

Anna Held, the Parisian music hall singer, has been engaged by Evans and Hoey for "A Parlor Match" revival. It is said that her salary is $1,500 per week. This is a Columbia combination.

The Mapleson Opera Company is billed to appear in New York very shortly. The cast includes many well-known European stars, who will make their initial appearance in America, subsequently coming on to San Francisco.

We are to have "The Gay Parisians" at the Baldwin next Monday night. Sadie Martinot, W. J. Ferguson and a number of other clever people are in the cast. Judging by the success the play met with in the East, it should prove a winner in San Francisco.

Mr. Chauncey Olcott will close a very successful engagement at the California next week in "The Minstrel of Clare." Mr. Olcott impersonates Larry O'Lynn, a rollicking Irish-American, with a sweet voice and a fund of humor. Being an Irish-American himself, Mr. Olcott should be quite at home in this role.

The "Great Unknown" has been the success of the season at the Columbia Theater. It excited much laughter Monday night, and certainly displayed the company to the best advantage. It will be continued another week, and will be followed by "A Social Trust," to which the town and the profession look forward with great interest.

The Macdonough Theater reopens for the season under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. on Monday evening, with the Empire Theater Stock Company. The repertoire will be: Monday, "The Masqueraders," Tuesday, "Bohemia," and Wednesday evening, "The Masqueraders," and at the special Wednesday matinee, the only performance of "The Benefit of the Doubt."

The latest acquisition to the Tivoli's company is Miss Flora Finlayson, who will be remembered here through her connection with the Bostonians some years ago. Miss Finlayson, who has a beautiful contralto voice, of rare power and sweetness, will sing the role of Agucera the Gypsy in the opera "Il Trovatore," which will be the attraction all next week. Sig. Michelene and Martin Pache will alternate in the role of Manrico, the Troubadour, and Sig. Maurice De Vries and John J. Raffael in that of the Count De Luna.

In addition to the repainting and reburnishing of the Auditorium of the Orpheum, the boxes have been enlarged and refitted and the location changed to some extent, making their seats the most desirable in the house. The new "Wien Stube" will be ready to open in another week, and it promises to become a popular adjunct. At the close of every performance a concert will be given there. The star features of next week's performance promise to be Mildred Howard and Sydney DeGray, the popular sketch artists. Miss Howard will appear in her sensational bare-footed Trilby dance. Kennedy has been retained, and the people by this time know that he is giving by far the funniest entertainment ever witnessed in the Orpheum. Biondi has been retained another week. He will put on a new series of surprises in the way of character changes. The Nelson Sisters have new acrobatic feats to perform.

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QUEEN LILY SOAP

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"WITHOUT SIN"

The Daring Idea of a New Novelist.

One of the most talked-of books in London just at present is "Without Sin," by Martin J. Pritchard (H. S. Stone & Co.), a novel so startling in its conception that in clumsy hands it would have become both vulgar and blasphemous. A nervous, sensitive young girl, the grandaughter of a Jewish picture-dealer in London, broods over a painting of the Madonna, to which she bears an extraordinary resemblance, until she gets the idea that she is to be a second Madonna, the virgin mother of a new Messiah. This takes entire possession of her imagination, and when she is asked to pose to an artist, Eliot Mayne, in a picture of the Madonna, she consents with rapture, thrilled by an "ineffable joy that she was deemed worthy to pose as a model for her ideal." What sort of a man Mayne is, we are shown by a scene in the studio just before Mary comes:

The model's throne was drawn into the very heart of the flood of sharp white light that flowed like an unrelenting sea through the great north window. Behind it was slung from the ceiling a curtain of canvas, quaintly colored in faded distemper work. It looked like dull shot velvet in the morning radiance, and its dim shadows threw up in crude contrast the intense fairness of the model who, with airy pose and alluring gesture, represented the very crown of man's temptation—young and exquisitely beautiful womanhood. Scarcely draped by the cloud-like gauze scarf that lost its substance against the nacreous gleam of her flawless skin, the girl stood all unabashed by the exposed perfection of line and limb in the pitiless glare of the cold reflected light. Airly poised on one slender foot, she held out a beckoning hand.

"There," said Mayne, suddenly rising, "that pose is perfect, but it's a strain, I know. Now you may rest."

The naked girl stepped from the throne and stretched her stiffened muscles before dropping into a deep carved chair, over which a black bearskin was flung.

"Yes; it is a bit of a twister, that attitude, but you know I always like to go one better than the others, and this beats the Solomon girl."

"You mean 'Salome,' Rosie."

"Perhaps I do, but anyway they'll all know who sat for the temptress party at the first glance. Rosie Graves all over! they'll say, and won't I have a crow over the other models at the Academy private view?"

"Well, they won't be far out, will they?" said Mayne, with a light laugh at the girl's social ambition, glancing from the figure on the canvas to the form of the girl in the chair. With a tardy sense that she was not at work Rosie drew the folds of the fur about her."

Mayne with light touches worked on the dark background as she sat and chattered.

Then, glancing at the clock, he hurried the model in her preparations for departure, for he did not wish Mary and Lady St. Cyprien to find her there. He moved about slowly rearranging the white lilies which stood erect in vases of Japanese bronze in every corner of the studio. From among the dim shadows cast all about the wide fireplace by a baldachino of early Italian inlay work, the flowers gleamed out like great shining stars, while beneath the big north window they had been arranged, with mediæval stiffness, in a long row of mediæval blossoms, that looked creamily transparent against the brilliant light.

Rosie has hardly received her good-bye kiss and whisked out when Mary is announced. Through some mischance, she has been obliged to come by herself.

Mary, in a cool white linen gown and simple, broad-leaved hat, entered alone, bringing into the bizarre affectations and false art of the studio, now heavy with the mingling odors of lillies and the aromatic vapor of the burning incense, a delicious atmosphere of pure morning freshness.

A little later she came out of the dressing-room transformed from the young lady of today into a mediæval maiden. Her unbound hair hung like a curtain of spun gold about the bare shoulders and open throat, where it made corn-colored shadows. She wore a straight gown of soft white woolen material that fell in simple pleats from the low-cut round neck-band to her sandalled feet. A high-backed chair was her seat upon the artist's throne. Across her knees, so deliciously outlined by the drapery, Mayne laid a great sheaf of heavy scented lilies, and around her feet they were clustered with such art that she herself seemed to be one of them, growing upward in a very cloud of perfume. In her right hand she held sceptre-wise a tall green rod crowned with one blossom. It gleamed against the pale gold threads of her hair like frosted silver, and the petals brushed the pure outline of her cheek.

Being singularly free from vanity, as well as absorbed in religious fervor, she is utterly unconscious of her beauty, or of the artist himself except as the medium through which this great honor has come to her.

Her silence annoyed Mayne singularly. That a pretty woman should flout one of his compliments he was neither fool nor coxcomb enough to mind as a rule. But today he was nervous and vaguely irritable. The heavy perfume of flowers, the sickly odor of the incense, and the sweet Spring, all of which made the birds build, and the leaves and blossoms break, warmed the blood in his veins, till his hand grew restless and his brain fantastic. The charm of the temptress he had been painting was over him, and between the virgin on which he worked and the sitter there floated the large, luscious red lips of the Lisa of long ago, and the smooth, warm pink skin and ideal outlines of Rose. A hundred times he only cleared his throbbing brain by resting his burning eyes on the incarnation of young girlhood before him, but a hundred times Lisa and Rose mocked at him from the picture.

Again he looked at his sitter. She was still enwrapped in her own thoughts and so immovable that the drapery over her bosom did not stir. How sweet in expression she was, how plaintive, and how like a child's was the sad droop of her mouth; and yet how exquisitely womanly, how desirable was that full line of her throat and the nascent curve of her bosom! How false, he thought, was his art compared to nature, as he realized that it is purity that is the tempter.

Half curious, half frightened, he advanced and touched her shoulder gently, as though to waken her, but she did not move. He raised her soft fingers, but no pulse answered to his own. He laid one hand above her heart, almost fearful that it had ceased to beat, but it throbbed feebly under his lingering touch, and he knew then that she had swooned. The cloying sweetness of her much-loved flowers had strangled her and blanched her lips and cheeks to their own stainless pallor. He raised her in his arms and carried her to the couch in the alcove. As he laid her down her gold hair made an aureole of faint light about the whiteness of her face. A spray of lilies he had caught up with her fell crushed and dying to the ground.

She did not move, and scarcely seemed to breathe. He went hastily to the door, intent on summoning aid. He hesitated. "Would there be gossip and talk if he called?" he asked himself. His fingers, made nerveless by indecision, fell upon the key instead of the handle he had sought. Once again he paused, then slowly turned the key and went back on tiptoe to where she lay, white among the cushions as a drift of pure snow in the purple hollows of the hills.

During this fainting fit, while she is at the artist's mercy, a wonderful vision comes to her, and when her child is born, she firmly and devoutly believes him to be the new Christ. Her faith carries her through the talk and wonder so securely that she hardly feels it as an ordeal, and even convinces a few of the titled, decadent set in which she moves. When the child dies, her faith is terribly shaken for a short while. Then she conceives the idea that God is merely testing her by an appearance of death. She finds Lady Theo praying by the crib:

"What are you doing there?"

"Praying, dearest Mary, for the dead!"

"For the dead! There is no dead here!"

Lady Theo dropped her rosary with a clatter, and Lady St. Cyprien stretched out supplicating hands to the girl, who, with flashing eyes and quivering body, stood by the bedside.

"Mary, my poor darling child!" she cried, plucking at Mary's gown.

But Mary, with deaf ears and eyes that saw nothing, let the stemmed passion of Belief creep through heart and brain, body and soul.

"Dead! You think the child is dead?" she cried aloud. "How dare you so mock at God—and at me?"

She stooped over Lady Theo, who crouched half frightened on her knees, and taking her by the shoulder, dragged her to her feet and thrust her back from the bed.

"Where is your boasted trust? Where is your vaunted faith? You who for so long have professed belief in the great miracle that has been, and the grand mercy of forgiveness and redemption that is to be; you who have prayed to be among those who shall in the course of years hear and learn the divine truth; you who have been witness to the manifestation of which I have been the poor medium; are you so little worthy to be tried, so blind, so stubborn, that you cannot—will not—see?"

Lady Theo, her eyes wide with terror, clung to Lady St. Cyprien, whose pale face was bathed in tears of pity and grief.

But Mary, straight and tall, with her arms, from which the full silken sleeves had rustled to the shoulder, raised above her head, stood like a prophetess of old. The fire of the future burnt in her half-closed eyes, and from her mouth, which scarcely moved, she spoke in trumpet tones.

"Do you not know, O you of coward belief and weakest confidence, that the child is not dead? He was not born into the world to die, but to live—live for ever! Do you not understand that it is my faith and the faith of those who are strong enough to believe with me that is being tried? God has sent this great temptation to strengthen and confirm, not to kill, our poor mortal hopes. Have not the prophets said that he who should be born of a pure virgin shall never die, but shall live—to redeem his people?"

Her voice rose higher, and she shook like one in whom an inward spirit stirs.

"The ordeal of my soul, the proof of the prophecy lies here before me and before you, who have been chosen as witnesses of the truth. My son is not dead, for the attribute of immortality is his. He is for a brief space in Heaven, but he shall come again—on the Third Day!"

For three days Mary waits and watches by the crib, serene in her faith in the coming miracle. Her friends humor her as long as they can, but on the evening of the third day a sad little procession files up the stairs and into the silent nursery. Mary watches them uncomprehendingly.

"Who are you? What have you come for?" she said in a low voice, laying her hand on the edge of the frilled pillow, and firmly facing the little crowd, which surged through the doorway and seemed to fill the room.

For a moment no one answered. The hired servants of death were there merely to perform their duty, not to explain their presence. The others, her friends, those who knew the dear faiths and the fond beliefs which were rooted in the very foundations of her being, hesitated among themselves as to who should strike the blow which was to shatter the fabric of her life.

"Tell her, Noel," whispered Lady St. Cyprien, among her sobs. "It will be less hard for you."

"They have come for the child. It is time."

"Come for the child! Time!" she repeated, in a vacant manner, and staring in his face, where something in his sympathetic eyes seemed to rouse a faint fear in her own. Then, with a courage born of a sickening despair, she passed one hand across her damp forehead, and cried, in louder tones: "Time! Yes! it is time! Time for the great God to show His unbelieving people that He still loves them—and will forgive. It is time for the saviour of the world to manifest the truth, and to justify his mother. Behold! The golden throne is set for my son and for me. You who are here shall see the miracle! Believe—and adore!"

She turned, and before Marrable could catch her white hands, she had torn the merciful veil from the bed.

The cry of gladness with which she stooped over the pillows changed to a moan of horror as she gazed, for the fingers of corruption had already marked the little one for its own, and the fading lily was fairer to see than the dead child.

She stood alone—in the center of the room where the glory of her maidenhood had passed three happy years of life—in the room whence the shame of her womanhood had just been carried in all the corruption of death.

Amid infinite agony, the scales of innocence and ignorance were falling from her eyes, the veil of purity was being torn from her soul. The cruel light of a never-dying day of dishonor was breaking slowly but ruthlessly in upon her; for the child who had come to her out of immortality was mortal, and, oh, God! the Son of Man!

He who had been her crown of honor among all women was but the brand of her shame. The boast of her immaculate virginity had been the defilement of her sex.

Her child, born to redeem, and to immortality, had been conceived in shame, had died in sin!

We leave Mary crushed and unconscious, and cross an interval of years, to find her the peaceful Mother Superior of a convent. The struggle she has passed through has destroyed the visionary romantic girl, but left a strong, calm woman, religious in another and deeper way.

J. W. T.

NEW BOOKS

"Green Gates" (Appleton & Co.) is an odd, flighty, rattle-headed little book, American in setting and French in tone. It is just what Miss Meredith calls it, "An Analysis of Foolishness," and deals with a poor little rebellious, foolish cripple, and a staid, middle-aged, foolish bachelor who can't help falling in love with her. Miss Meredith evidently has a great weakness for Tony herself, and fondly calls her "a little naughty angel wistfully wanting to find Heaven," comparing her to a "statue of an infant Christ with a tawdry, soiled paper crown." Her descriptive expressions are quaint and original, but one has a resentful consciousness that she has made a fad of them. We are called on to imagine a brown moth of a heroine who grows pale like "a very young and dear, not to say precious, little winter moon," and whose laughter persistently suggests Turkish music. Indeed, the whole book poses so oviously as clever that that one's appreciation is somewhat marred. Yet, in spite of affectation, it has a certain charm. There is something original, nonchalent, daring about it—a hint of power not yet used. Miss Meredith's fate as an author is still in her own hands. (For sale by William Doxey.)

"In the Valley of Tophet," by Henry W. Nevinson, (Henry Hart & Co.) contains some of the best short stories that have appeared in a long time. They are not unlike those in "In Homespun," noticed last week, though stronger, more intense, of a higher class. Without a glance at the names on the covers, they suggest a masculine author, while those of "In Homespun" suggest a feminine one. "The Valley of Tophet" is a picturesque name for a mining district in a part of England not distinctly specified. The characters are individual, well-drawn and give a decided impression of novelty. The stories are all interesting, but, perhaps, the three beginning with Miss Rachel are the most so. A connecting thread runs through these. Miss Rachel is a middle-aged woman who has lived in the little village of Kinestead for many years, respected and honored by her neighbors. An attractive young man comes to visit her from America, and pride in him proves so much stronger than shame that, without the slightest occasion, she lets out to her neighbors her carefully-kept secret and acknowledges him her son. The other two stories deal with his fortunes.

"The Madonna of a Day" (D. Appleton & Co.) is a flaring melodrama—as stirring as danger and disguise and T. Dougall can make it. It tells the adventures of a new woman in the shape of a sporty English journalist who, while traveling on a sleeping-car out west, takes a sonambulistic walk. The result is that she wakes to find herself in a snow-bank, alone in a strange country, with the train hopelessly gone. With great difficulty she makes her way to the hut of some rough, disreputable men, who, as it is Christmas night, take her for the Madonna in person. She is clever enough to work on their awe, and goes through enough horrors to upset an average woman's reason for life. At last all the men find her out except one, a low dwarf, who clings to his illusion and saves her from the others. Whe she is finally out of danger, she shows herself as she really is, and the dwarf, in his disappointment, sinks back lower than ever. (For sale by William Doxey.)

The latest of the "Freak Magazines" comes from New York—a thin, wan booklet hight "John-a-Dreams," with pulp board cover, announcing itself as "a magazine for the conservative iconclast and the practical dreamer; devoted to mere literature and to classical typography." John-a-Dreams' "mere literature" contains among other inoffensive articles a story by Edmund Yarrow, which was much better written by Carolyn Wells for a recent number of "Lippincot's," under the title of "A Vivisectionist." In a monologue entitled "The Print Shop," John-a-Dreams describes the pleasures of possessing a private printing-press. John's father was too generous to John upon his last birthday, and the dozen inharmonius type-faces which John exploits in twenty pages, makes his idea of "classical typography" add a new horror to decadent literature.

Verestchagin is about to publish a book called "Autobiographies of Unimportant People"—a series of realistic portraits of beggars, soldiers, priests and other common Russian types.

It is said that more than four thousand people have visited Carlyle's house in Chelsea, since it was turned into a Carlyle museum less than a year ago.

Books Received.

Without Sin. A novel by Martin J. Pritchard. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Venus and Cupid; A Trip from Mount Olympus to London, by the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." J. B. Lippincott Co. For sale by Joseph A. Hoffmann, 120 Sutter street.

A Modern Argonaut, by Tecla B. Davis. Published by The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

A Master of Fortune, by Julian Sturgis. Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers.

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RIPPLES

Presumably Humorous and Otherwise

On the Ferry.

They were mother and son. She, a womanly little woman about twenty-seven years of age, while he, the spoiled and only child, aged about six. As they seated themselves in the cabin, one could easily observe that the mother's thoughts were not of her surroundings but elsewhere, while the child, probably its first trip on a ferry boat, was restless and most observing.

The child said nothing, but did considerable squirming in his seat until the gong rang in the engine room for the boat to start, when, with awe in his voice, and his large brown eyes opened to their full extent, he said, in a stage whisper that could be heard by everyone within the cabin:

"What's that?"

"That's the gong for the boat to start."

"Who makes the gong go?"

"The captain."

"What does he make the gong go for?"

"So the engineer can start the boat."

"What does he want to start the boat for?"

"So we can go to the other side."

"What do we want to go to the other side for?"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions. Look out of the window and see all the water."

"Is that water, ma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Golly, what a big drink!"

(After a silence)—Ma?

"Yes, dear."

"How did all the water get there?"

"God placed it there, my dear."

"What did He put it there for? Didn't He have any other place to put it?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

(After a moment's thought)—Oh, I know why He put it there!

"Yes?"

"Yes, so the boats could could run across."

(After a long silence, looking intently at his mother's hat)—Ma?

"Well, dear."

"You trimmed that hat, didn't you?"

"Sh-sh-sh."

"Well, you did."

"Keep still, and don't bother me, or I shall be compelled to whip you."

"But you did trim it, 'cause I seed you."

(As she jerks his arm)—Keep still.

"But you did trim it, just the same, and you know it."

"Will you keep still?"

(Between his sobs)—Well, didn't you trim it?

"I'll whip you good, if you don't keep still."

"Well, you trimmed it just the same."

As the mother boxed the child's ears and dragged him on to the deck, we could hear through his boo-hoos, "Well, you did trim it, and you know you did, 'cause I seed you."

The Reason.

A prominent attorney, whose chirography is on a par with that of the late Horace Greeley, recently found it necessary to send his porter, an Irishman, to the office of a brother attorney for a work not contained in his own library.

That there might be no mistake, the attorney not only mentioned the name of the work desired to the porter, but also hurriedly wrote the same on a slip of paper.

Just before the porter took his departure, to make positive that there was no misunderstanding in the name of the work, the attorney said:

"Pat, I wish you would read what I have written on the piece of paper."

"Sure, it do not be necessary, sur; Oi do be knowin' what Oi be goin' afther, sur."

"But I wish you would read it, that there may be no mistake."

Pat gazed blankly at the slip of paper for a moment and uneasily shifted his weight from one foot to another.

"What!" fairly yelled the attorney, "can you not read?"

"Oh, yis, sur."

"Then, why in the devil don't you read it?"

"Because Oi can't, sur."

"Damme, you just told me that you could."

"Oi did, sur, and so Oi can; but Oi'm dommed if Oi can read that, sur; nor do Oi belave iny one outside o' yourself can, sur, wid all due respect to you, sur."

Of Course.

Physician at Receiving Hospital (to driver of ambulance)—Where are you going now?

Driver (who has just brought in injured citizen)—I'm going back to pick up the three people I run over while coming here with the patient.

Proof of It.

Benson—Is Jenkins still practicing dentistry?

Blossom (opening his mouth and pointing to where a tooth was missing)—Doesn't that look as if he were still practicing dentistry? The chump broke it off at the root.

Had Only Commenced.

Editor (to reporter)—Did you get all of Bryan's speech last night?

Reporter—I think so. I got to where he said, "One word more and I am finished," when I fell asleep.

Editor—Great guns, man, you didn't get one-fifth of it!

BRUNO.

A NEW FENDER

The Latest Contrivance Interposed Between the Public and the Street Car.

Owing to a new combination of black iron pipe and galvanized wire netting, the trolley is in a fair way to lose the larger part of its victims. This invention is called the Jones Automatic Car Fender, and does not look unlike the Kalamazoo baby carrier one occasionally sees on the front of paternal bicycles. Not only will it save people from being run over, but a stern lesson will be taught to those who try to cut across disrespectfully near the car, for the fender projects two and a half feet and will scoop up the unwary like a galvanized butterfly net. It can be placed under the car, but, as the inventor himself points out, a man would then have to be knocked down and thrown under before it could do him any good, and a great many might object to assistance on those terms.

This fender is automatic by the simple device of a weight-clutch which catches over the top end of the rods. These rods, which project in front of the scoop until they are within five inches of the track, work through hinges at the ends of the curving arms. The weight at the top so overbalances them that the force of ten pounds is required to lower the front end to the track, and as anyone old enough to be struck by the fender is pretty sure to weigh more than ten pounds, there is evidently no danger of being crushed beneath it. Once safely in the fender, and no one can get hurt—or, indeed, get out—before the car is stopped.

The simplicity of the Jones fender makes it a very effective one, for there are no springs to be out of order at the fatal moment. Perhaps in time it will become as popular as the box seat of a coach, and the correct girl, on returning from a shopping expedition or theater party, will settle herself in its hammock-like curve.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF OSCAR J. PETERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Oscar J. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm'r of the Estate of Oscar Peterson, deceased.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 12, 1896.

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HER POINT OF VIEW

I protested volubly, but he stepped aside with a frown, so there was nothing to do but to take his seat. My fervent thanks got no further recognition than a faint jerk of his hat, as he stood with his back to me, every line of his figure protesting against the absurd superstition that women can't stand as well as men. A grudging regard for appearances had dragged him up, and the same power forced me down, for I do despise an altercation in a crowded car. Personally, I should have preferred to stand indefinitely. I knew just what was running through this man's head,—"If women are going to get their rights, they've got to give up their privileges, by Jove!" In other words, if women can vote, they can stand up just as well as men. Are we to infer that bodily strength is coming with the franchise? If so, let us all take up the banner of the New Woman and camp on the steps of the Capitol until the polls are opened to us. We may claim mental equality, some of us, but not one feminine voice has been raised to declare a physical equality as well. I had always considered the little chivalric helps and favors a kindly recognition of the fact that woman had less bodily strength than men, but these Rights vs. Privileges declaimers seem to interpret them as a tribute to our mental and political disabilities. Seen from that standpoint, not many of us would appreciate these pleasing little acts of chivalry as we now do.

And, as a rule, we do appreciate them most thoroughly in spite of ill-bred exceptions who insolently seize as a right what is offered as a favor. One hears a good deal of sarcastic comment about women who take a proffered seat without a word of recognition, but I have watched for this in many cars, and seen comparatively little of it. Of course there will be an occasional misunderstanding. The other day, after I had stood several blocks, the man in the corner folded his paper, rose and started down the car, which had just stopped. I naturally thought he was going to get off, and had comfortably settled myself before I discovered that he was standing up at the other end, where he stayed for half a dozen blocks more. Then he probably went home and told his wife just what he thought of those women who planked themselves down in your seat without so much as a thank you.

When a seat is given pleasantly and willingly—and in my experience it generally is—it is a favor a woman gladly accepts. But if any man grudges it and cannot see the sense of it, then, for pity's sake, let him give up the custom and keep his seat.

* * *

Speaking of cars, it would be a great blessing if some woman would start a Dutch treat crusade in the matter of paying fares. When two women meet accidentally and board the same car, why should not each put up her own nickel? I don't urge this on the ground of expense—which would be picayunish—or because of the slight obligation involved, but because there is always a momentary awkwardness as to which shall have the privilege of paying. Could anything be more ridiculous than the way two women wrangle on this point? Each waves a fifty-cent piece and grasps the other's wrist, with animated exclamations of "Now, this is my affair!" "No, let me!" "I won't have you," until the bored conductor settles the matter, and the two beam around at the rest of the car for approval. If they are too well-bred for this sort of an exhibition, still each must fish up her purse from its subterranean retreat and hold the money in readiness, and lose the thread of the conversation in her anxiety to circumvent the other. A growing absent-mindedness as the conductor approaches, a darting out of well-gloved fingers, a smile of relief and a look of reproach, and the suspense is over. Of course, the matter might be regulated by some system, such as letting the payment devolve on the oldest, or the richest, or the handsomest, but that again might produce discussion, not to mention hard feelings, and the unhappy conductor would often be obliged to play the part of Paris. Surely the most sensible way is for each to provide her own nickel and so settle the dispute forever.

We hear with dismay the rumor that London is trying to deprive us of our Mr. Bok. What could we do, we who go into society and make over dresses and bring up daughters, without the "Ladies Home Journal,"—and what can it do without Mr. Bok? Though born a Dutchman, he understands us like a native. He knows we will read the things we make fun of even more readily that the things we admire; so, with a gravity unpierced by a single twinkle, he gives us those absurd, humorless, convulsing back pages of his, the delight and quotation-field of witty contemporaries. The paper might go on without him, but it would be Hamlet without Booth. How do we know that Mr. Bok himself isn't Ruth Ashmore and Elizabeth Robinson Scovil and any number of others? He might keep those up from the other hemisphere, but Side Talks with an English accent would be a mockery.

* * *

Mr. Bok came to America when he was six years old, and began his career as an editor almost immediately. Before he was twenty-five he became the literary director of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and during the seven years he has held that position he has made the periodical one of the best known and most profitable in the country. He is a partner in the concern, and that makes it seem as if he would hesitate to desert it, though the editorship of the "Pall Mall Magazine," with an enormous salary and a house in Grosvenor Square must be very tempting. Rumor, which is responsible for this report, also whispers something about twenty-five thousand dollars as the bait held out, but Rumor very often doesn't know what she is talking about.

While in London, Mr. Bok was endlessly dined and feted. Lady Morell Mackenzie, Sir Douglas Straight, Mrs. C. D. Gibson, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Jerome K. Jerome are a few of the great people who have entertained him, and he is reported to have led the Portland House cotillion with the young Duchess of Marlborough. Their conversation must have been fascinating. Do you suppose he began with, "No, Consuelo, not more than three diamond belts are worn to the same ball, unless one of them be paste," or, "I am sorry to hear one of my Duchesses"—but enough. That department has furnished sufficient fun already. Mr. Bok is a clever, able man, who can talk to a girl as well as edit a paper, and who would be a decided loss to our journalistic world. May the British fail to annex him.

CENTEMERI KID GLOVES.
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BIDS

FOR

Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

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The Minstrel of Clare!

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When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . .

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S. S. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo -- Los Angeles -- and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
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Best and Belcher Mining Co.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia District, Storey Co., Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2d day of July, 1896, an assessment (No. 60), of Twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the
6TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1896,
Will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Thursday, the 27th day of August, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Standing bare-headed in a London hatter's one day, Whistler was approached by a Willie-boy, who, mistaking the artist for a salesman, remarked, in a rough voice: "Demmit, this blasted 'at don't fit." Whistler eyed the youth for a few seconds, and then, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the shop, said: "Demmit, no, nor your coat, either."

* * *

They tell a funny story of Dr. Mott, chairman of the Silver party in North Carolina. It is related that on one occasion, in a lonely field in his native State, he met a bull of the most ferocious kind, a bull with a record of casualties as long as a "Pop" platform. The bull charged at once, and in deadly style. Dr. Mott gazed into those inflamed taurine orbs with his own ineffably sad and gentle eyes. "Friend," he said to the bull, "before you go any further I wish to give you my views on the crime of 1873." Scarcely had the doctor uttered the words when the bull, with a bellow of anguish, reeled, tottered and fell heavily on the ground. Mott rushed to the poor animal's assistance, but it was too late. Turning to his late foe, the beast gave a low moan, and, reaching for the doctor's hand with his tongue, licked it gently and died.

* * *

The widowed Crown Princess Stephanie and her twelve-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, had undertaken a mountain excursion together, and had become separated from the gentlemen and ladies in attendance. Hungry and thirsty, they stopped at a small inn and asked for refreshments, when suddenly the Crown Princess remembered that she had nothing in her pocket wherewith to pay. Accordingly she took the landlady into her confidence, informed her who she was, and asked her whether she would trust her. It is to be regretted that the landlady declined to believe them. Crown Princess Stephaniee took the matter quietly enough, sensible of its ludicrous side, but the little Archduchess was infuriated, and protested with flashing eyes to the landlady, "Aber wir sind doch ehrliche leute" (But I assure you we are honest people.)

* * *

As a wit John Van Buren was unrivaled at the bar or on the stump. Shortly after he commenced practicing law in New York he was engaged in a case before the General Term of the Supreme Court. Unfortunately, his side was deplorably lacking in legal merit, but, nothing daunted, he commenced arguing his first point in a very intelligent manner until interrupted by the presiding judge, who cut him short by saying: "Mr. Van Buren, we cannot see that there is anything in your first point." "Very well, then," answered Prince John, "I will go on with my second." He was interrupted again by the Judge, who even failed to see as much in the second point as he had in the first, and Van Buren commenced with his third. He came to grief with that as well as with the rest of his points, the Judge stopping him in the middle of each by merely stating there was nothing in it. At the close of the argument Judge Edmonds consulted his associates, and then, turning to the plucky lawyer, said: "Mr. Van Buren, after consultation, we all agree that we cannot perceive that there is anything in any of your points." Van Buren folded his arms, looked the Judge squarely in the eyes and replied: "I never could see anything in any of them; but, as your Honors are so much better lawyers than I am, I did not know but you might."

* * *

During the late Justice Lamar's incumbency as Secretary of the Interior he was often annoyed by a buxom female who paid him daily visits to get his opinion on matters of no importance to him whatever. Finally, becoming exasperated at the woman, he gave his doorkeeper orders not to admit her under any circumstances. However, not a day passed that she did not make an effort to gain a hearing, and on an unusually late visit happened to meet the Secretary just as he was about to enter his carriage. "Mr. Lamar," said she, breathlessly, "I must see you on a most important subject, and at once." "Very well, madam," said the urbane Secretary, holding open the door of the vehicle for her, "I beg of you to get in." Delighted to be invited to drive with so important a personage, the jabbering creature jumped into the carriage, Lamar violently slamming the door on her, and before she could expostulate, heard him saying to the coachman: "Take the lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then to the stable." Looking out of the window, the now irate occupant saw her late victim boarding a car.

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THE WAVE

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ON THE RIALTO

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THE JUMP IN SILVER.

It is a debatable question whether Mr. Bryan is more amusing as a Boy Orator or as a Boy Statesman. Up to the time of his New York speech, he was oratorical rather than argumentative; he gave us figures of speech rather than figures of statistics, and painted his periods in all the glowing reds of rhetoric rather than in the sombre greys of thoughtful analysis. The New York speech is his masterpiece. By that effort he desires the thoughtful men of America to measure his ability, and judge of the justice and integrity of his cause. All the thumb-marks of care and study, so necessary to bolster up an untenable position, are evident throughout its length. It is meant to be the best possible production of his brain upon the financial issue, and so will it be accepted by the world.

The speech contains some lines, by the way, that should be printed in black-faced type in every Republican journal in the country from now until election day. Mr. Bryan concedes that the Republican party does not stand for gold monometallism; he admits that it has denounced the gold monometallic policy, and asserts that between the financial declarations of the Republican platform and gold monometallism there is an impassable gulf. He does question the sincerity of the party's friendship toward silver, but history flatly and completely contradicts him. Henceforth, on the authority of Mr. Bryan himself, you may deny in toto the charge that Mr. McKinley stands pledged to gold monometallism.

Leaving to other hands the justification of the Republican party as the consistent and continued friend of silver, by a review of its record, we turn to a consideration of Mr. Bryan's theories of finance.

The pivotal question, the one upon which everything depends in this controversy, as Mr. Bryan's speech discloses, may be briefly stated in this way:

Silver is to-day worth 69 cents an ounce as bullion. Will free and unlimited coinage, by the United States, raise that bullion value to $1.29 per ounce?

If it does, then Bryanism will be vindicated. If it does not, then, manifestly, our dollar will not be worth 100 cents. Bullion value remaining unchanged, our dollar will be a 53-cent dollar, and all of the untoward consequences and unmitigated evils prophesied by the Republican party will follow as a natural and logical sequence. Indicate to a silver man the terrible consequences that will come out of a debased (a 50-cent) dollar, and he will reply, "No longer will there be a 50-cent dollar, for silver will go up to $1.29 with free coinage." That is the stereotyped answer; the solitary, unfailing and monotonous statement with which he will meet your unhappy but well-founded prophesies. He will not compromise. He does not picture any half-way course. He does not pretend that things governmental or individual will go jogging along, with Prosperity driving the coach, if silver should fail to go up to the exact figure on $1.29. He does not tell you what will happen if it only goes to $1.20 or to $1.00, or to 90 cents per ounce. He simply repeats with dogmatic persistence that it will go to $1.29.

Mr. Bryan, the leader and apostle of this kind of financial policy, answers the charges in the same way. He who is so prolific in resources and so wedded to his cause, he who has all the artifices of a lawyer at his command, and should, if anyone, be equipped with a wide variety of plausible answers to your indictment, hides behind the same stale and threadbare statement. He says:

"Perhaps the most persistent misrepresentation that we have to answer is the charge that we are advocating the payment of debts with 50-cent dollars. At the present time and under present laws, a silver dollar, when melted, loses nearly half its value, but that will not be true when we again establish a mint price (?) for silver and leave no surplus silver upon the market to drag down the price of bullion. Under bimetallism, silver bullion will be worth as much as gold coin, and we believe that a silver dollar will be worth as much as a gold dollar."

"We believe," is the answer, the only answer he puts forth. Poor indeed is the cause that depends upon "because" to sustain the fabric of its superstructure.

Strip away every side issue as useless to this discussion, and the controversy dwindles down to the probable increase in the price of silver. The writer may only hope that the reader understands clearly that everything hinges upon this one proposition. All of Mr. Bryan's hopes of prosperity depend upon the increase to $1.29; all of our prophesies of evil, upon the impossibility of such a miracle.

What, then, is this most potent thing that will cause this astonishing increase, make silver double its value, and accomplish an unparallelled financial upheaval? Let us examine it together, feel it, analyize it, and discover for ourselves the scope and source of its power, together with the possibilities lying on the other side of its adoption. Mr. Bryan says:

"We contend that free and unlimited coinage by the United States alone will raise the bullion value of silver to its coinage value, and that it will make silver worth $1.29 per ounce throughout the world."

Again he says:

"The one thing necessary in order to maintain the parity is to furnish a demand great enough to utilize all the silver which will come to our mints. That Mexico has failed to do this is no proof that the United States would also fail."

These extracts are worth reading over and over until you have the idea thoroughly grounded in your mind. Then, when we come to analyize them, you will marvel that anyone should put such a ridiculous proposition before an intelligent people. You have heard it repeated and repeated that free coinage on our part will create an unlimited demand for silver at $1.29. Let us examine this "unlimited demand," or "unlimited coinage," as Mr. Bryan calls it, and ascertain what it all amounts to.

The Government does not intend to purchase the metal. Everyone understands that. There is no "mint price," as Mr. Bryan adroitly but erroneously puts it. No demand is to be created by the Government. The United States is not to purchase a single ounce of the white metal. The demand is not to come from it or from Europe. To think so would be ridiculous and absurd. It must come from some other quarter. Mr. Bryan says:

"Free and unlimited coinage by the United States alone will raise the bullion value to $1.29."

Certainly, free and unlimited coinage will not create the "demand." In point of fact, the people, having the knowledge there is only 53 cents worth of silver in a silver dollar, will more than likely avoid rather than court such a dollar when its coinage becomes free and unlimited. Where, then, is the "unlimited demand" to come from? "Unlimited opportunity to have silver coined" we grant, but we do protest against using "unlimited quantity" and "unlimited demand" as synonymous terms.

Simply stated, free and unlimited coinage means that Bill Jones, Manuel Mexicana, John Bull and Li Hung Chang may bring their bullion to our Government mints and have the Government employees melt it, separate it into circular discs of equal weight, and then decorate the discs with the Goddess of Liberty, the eagle, the inscriptions "E pluribus unum" and "In God we trust," and affix a date which will serve to keep in mind the epoch of idiocy during which the transaction took place. After these decorations have been formally placed upon the discs of silver, Bill Jones and his friends must take it away. That is all there is to it. The transaction is ended so far as the Government is concerned. No "mint price" is discoverable in this operation. The owner of bullion has simply been licensed to have "one dollar" stamped upon a given quantity of silver, regardless of its intrinsic value. It was bullion when it entered the mint, and its value was measured by the market price of bullion. When Jones carts it away from the mint, it will still be bullion, decorated, stamped and embellished, to be sure, but still bullion. It cannot be this labor bestowed upon the silver has increased its value.

But the bullion so decorated is invested with certain qualities not accorded to unembellished bullion, and these are what they are:

First, We shall know that each disc contains 371.25 grains of pure silver and 41.25 grains of copper alloy, now worth, silver and copper, about 53 cents.

Second, We shall know that whatever its intrinsic value may be, we must receive it from Jones and his Mexican and Chinese friends for 100 cents.

Third, We shall know that the United States Government must take it, no matter what its intrinsic value may be, for 100 cents, in payment of all debts, customs and taxes due to it.

We stand dumfounded that a thing so simple should accomplish such magnificent results. This is the process by which sixteen ounces of silver are to be made equal in purchasing power to thirty-two ounces of silver or to one ounce of gold. This is the process by which silver is to be made to jump from 69 cents per ounce to $1.29 per ounce. Where is the "demand" to be found in this proceeding? You are not going to accept sixteen ounces of this decorated silver bullion for an article for which you can now obtain thirty-two ounces of the some metal. The lady and the eagle, the inscriptions and the date, so ostentatiously stamped upon it, are not going to dazzle your eyes and blind you to its real intrinsic worth, as beads and mirrors do the naked savage. There is no Government obligation behind its value. It is supported by no prop or promise of the Nation, as it is at present. True, you will have to take it for a dollar, for the law will compel you; but, as it is only worth half a dollar, you therefore will demand two of them for a thing you are now willing to part with for one. So the commodity you now sell for a dollar worth 100 cents, you will then sell for two dollars that are worth but 50 cents apiece.

"So," says Mr. Bryan in triumph, "prices will go up."

What a simple and charming way of growing rich! We get two dollars for one. This is a most engaging kind of financial logic. It apears to us, however, that in this case prices will remain stationary and money will depreciate. It will not be a case of prices going up, but of money coming down.

Why not call a half dollar a dollar? Why not call a quarter a half, and so on? Prices would then go up. And if we persevered in this kind of advancement, we might reach that beatific state of civilization where a nickel would be called a dollar, and "The Wave" would then sell for two dollars on the street. Is it not patent that what they call "unlimited demand" is the creature of disordered dreams? Is it not clear that when the farmer is told prices will go up, the truth is he will not receive a cent more for his products, but the Government will simply change the standard of our dollars? The farmer's wheat will remain at the same standard. His bushel or his cental will remain upchanged at its present standard, but the dollar he receives will not be of the same standard; it will simply be so much decorated bullion. If bullion goes down, he will receive more dollars for his wheat, and if it goes up he will receive less. The very word "dollar" will lose its significance. A dollar to-day is 100 cents and 100 cents is a dollar. A dollar under Mr. Bryan's sad system will be 371.25 grains of silver; that is all it will be, and its value will be problematical, fixed by prevailing bullion rates. There will be nothing fixed about it except the quantity of silver and copper alloy.

Where is the basis—no, not the basis—where is there to be found the slightest excuse, in all of this most marvellous performance, for hoping, much less declaring, that silver will advance? Who will demand this dollar at the value of the mint stamp? There is but one avenue to get rid of the dollar at its fictitious value—the Government will take the money at 100 cents. The merchant and the farmer must do so, too; but they may more readily adjust the prices of their commodities to the fluctuations of silver bullion. But how is the Government to do this? If the Government is to pay out silver at bullion values, and collect its dues at the coin or fictitious value, there will be but one result—deficit. We must, as a Government, go hopelessly bankrupt, or increase our duties and taxes to the bullion value. When this is done, and it must be done, there will not be a single refuge for the dollar at any valuation but its actual intrinsic worth.

Will some friend of silver, some one whose enthusiasm is keyed up to the "1.29" notch, tell us where the "unlimited demand" comes from in all of this performance which Mr. Bryan proposes to the American people? Doubtless, many will "demand" that we accept this silver; doubtless, such "demands" will be "unlimited"; but the desire to take it will diminish in an inverse ratio. It is folly to suppose the people of America will create an "unlimited demand." The Englishman who buys our wheat now pays for it with a gold dollar; the Chinese who consume large quantities of our flour now pay us with a gold dollar; these, and the people of every other country, who are consuming a dollar's worth of our products and paying us in gold, will therefore take advantage of our situation and their opportunity, and compel us, under the Democratic platform and Mr. Bryan's legal tender plans, to take our own depreciated silver in place of the standard gold dollar we have been accustomed to. And this is not all. While our legal tender laws will compel us to receive this money, the gold countries of the world will not receive our silver upon any terms other than their bullion value.

The reader, we trust, understands that the value of the present American dollar is held up by the willingness of

the Government to redeem silver with gold, and by its exercising extreme care to keep the metals at a fixed parity. You will also understand that free coinage contemplates neither caution nor governmental guarantee in this respect, and that the silver dollars and the silver certificates now in circulation will drop to the value of the silver dollar emitted under free coinage. The silver dollar in your hand, worth 100 cents in gold, will shrink in value nearly fifty per cent. By this process, the silver and silver certificates now in circulation will lose in value tens of millions of dollars.

KILLING NO MURDER IN OAKLAND.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Wendte raised a question that is not new, but always startling. Coming from the pulpit, it has aroused a deep and earnest discussion among both clergy and laity. Dr. Wendte says: "We mercifully end the life of a suffering horse or dog whose restoration is impossible. Shall we be less merciful to our human kind than to the brute creation?" Dr. Wendte is a man whose ability and breadth of view are widely recognized, and his conclusion is evidently the result of serious study. He believes that a committee should be appointed to investigate cases of hopeless suffering, and, at the expressed desire of the sufferer and his family, mercifully end them. He claims that we justify the taking of life by war and capital punishment; and if it is the divine intention to discipline and purify by pain, the use of chloroform and ether must be highly impious. The same mercy is owed to human beings as to dumb brutes. Of course this theory has raised vehement opposition, on both ethical and religious grounds. The Rev. John Hemphill objects on the ground that, while life lasts, there is always chance of some spiritual change, and that we have no right to cut it off. He even goes to the length of saying that if in a railroad accident his "best beloved were pinned down beyond all hope of help," with rivers of flaming oil running towards her, he would "leave her to the will of God." One cannot help hoping that Mr. Hemphill's best beloved will carefully avoid train accidents, or that on such an occasion the crowd will contain some one less spiritual and more humane.

The Rev. E. R. Dille considers that the acceptance of Dr. Wendte's theory would be a logical encouragement of suicide; that human life must be looked on as very sacred, and the taking of it as murder, if we would check the terrible tendency to self-destruction. Dr. R. F. Coyle considers that such a proposition is a return to the ethics of heathenism, and that the saving of life should be our constant study. Nearly all raise the practical objection that physicians are not infallible, and that many a hopeless case has lived to a ripe old age.

There is another side that sounds cold-blooded in the individual case, but is nevertheless broadly humane—the loss that would follow to science. Every patient is a scientific study, every new phase of a disease may solve some secret of the human body. Out of one man's hopeless suffering may come knowledge that will bring relief to thousands. By faithfully prolonging life in desperate diseases, men have learned how to meet and conquer them. If the world is to advance, science must have every opportunity. Moreover, Dr. Wendte's theory would seem to open a new way for crime to slip in. Even select committees can become corrupt, and mortal disease can be fostered and encouraged in inconvenient members of the household. It is an interesting idea, and plausible, but it does not seem expedient.

SEAWARD COMMERCE.

For a long time The Wave has with vigor and persistence urged our merchants to look seaward for the development of new, rich and neglected markets. Indeed, we went to some pains to secure data so that we might in detail present the profitable and promising side of the proposition. Action in this direction has been taken at last. A Bureau of Foreign Commerce has just been appointed from among the members of the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association, the Chamber of Commerce and several kindred organizations, for the purpose of securing by subscription the sum of $15,000, to be used in exploiting new fields of foreign commerce. This is right. No one may measure the infinite amount of good that will come out of this departure. The movement is alive with possibilities. It is of the highest importance to the whole community. If successful, as it must be under intelligent management, it will breathe new life under the ribs of a commerce that is nearly dead. It will develope manufacturing, which means employment to labor. It will revive shipping and will touch with a magic hand every line of industry and trade, going even so far as to put fresh vigor into property values. It means that we are to send into far-off lands skilled men, as advance agents for our mutual welfare, to persuade trade to our merchants, commerce to our port, and strangers to our city. They will lay before the consuming multitudes living in States bordering along the Pacific, the products of our soil, the output of our factories and the handiwork of our craftsmen. It is a most promising and praiseworthy undertaking. Financial support to such a proposition should come with willing grace. We have before now freely subscribed tens of thousands for conventions and other contrivances of inferior importance to this. But never before has a committee solicited financial aid for an undertaking that promised so much for the lasting benefit of the entire community.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.

United States Consul C. W. Chancellor, located at Havre, has forwarded an interesting report on the methods employed in Europe for the purification of drinking water. The information which this report contains is most valuable. The process which he explains is one that was suggested about ten years ago by Sir Frederick Abel, and it was first practically applied at Antwerp, where he declares foul water drawn from a source little better than a sewer has been converted into drinking water, bright, clear and wholesome. Antwerp, since the introduction of this plan of purifying its water, has been free from epidemics of cholera and other diseases. The method can no longer be considered an experiment, for Holland, France and India have in turn adopted this system. It is not claimed that the process gives a perfect water, but it has been demonstrated that it is capable of converting foul and unwholesome water into clear and potable. The process is very simple, and originally consisted in agitating the water with scraps of metallic iron before passing the same through sand filters. The chemical action of the iron upon the water is one of coagulation; a precipitate is formed which throws out of the solution dissolved organic substances and microbes. They become entangled with the gelatinous precipitate, and either subside with it to the bottom of the settling tank or remain behind on the surface of the sand filter through which the water passes. Dr. Dupre made a test of certain water that had been sand filtered, and discovered microbes to the extent of thirteen hundred to three thousand per cubic centimeter; but immediately the iron process was applied the number sank to a hundred. They very rarely exceeded that, and sometimes went as low as five. The effect of the filtration of water by this process is not so much to remove chemical substances as to remove microbes. Water may be foul and objectionable without containing microbes, but the chief advantage of the iron process is its effect upon the latter. The apparatus for purifying the water is a hollow cylinder either of cast-iron or built up of plates after the fashion of a boiler. It is supported horizontally upon hollow trunnions, through one of which the water to be purified enters. After traversing the cylinder, it leaves through the other trunnion. During the process the cylinder is caused to rotate. Fixed inside of it are six shelves, five of which are curved in the direction of the motion of the cylinder. This cylinder is charged with a certain quantity of metallic iron. A purifier capable of treating one million million gallons of water in twenty-four hours requires a charge of two tons or more. The water, on first entering the cylinder is directed toward the shell, and as the cylinder rotates the curved shelves scoop up the charge of iron and shower it down through the water. Mr. Anderson, who has thoroughly investigated this matter, declares that the effect of the agitation with iron upon the water is simply to cause a small quantity of iron to be held in solution in the form of ferris hydrate, which quickly changes under the influence of the air to ferric hydrate, which is precipitated in particles more or less coarse, according to the nature of the water to be treated. From the settler the water passes on to the filters, which are merely sand beds of ordinary construction. One of the chief merits of this plan for the purification of water is its cheapness and the comparatively low cost of its maintenance. The city of Sacramento might experiment with this device to its advantage.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE SITUATION.

Of all the strangers who have studied American social conditions, it is recognized that Mr. Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and Mr. Goldwin Smith have most perfectly understood our institutions and our people. The latter is now a professor in the University of Toronto, and for thirty years has been one of the leading publicists, and the man who wielded most influence, outside of public life, in British public affairs. The impressions of such a distinguished foreigner concerning the present crisis in American politics must be of interest to a large number of our readers, so we append an extract from an article by Professor Smith which appeared in the London Saturday Review of August 1st. Many of his views are not our views, but it is interesting to look at the present problem from the standpoint of one across the border.

As the prospect opens in the United States the situation does not appear less grave, nor do the faces and language of my friends become less anxious. In the thirty years since the Civil War during which I have watched American politics there have been ominous symtoms, such as the riots at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago; there have been terrible errors in legislation, such as the Pension Arrears Bill; there have been abundant proofs of the evils and dangers of party government; but I have never thought the Republic in serious peril as I do now, when I see the organization of the Democratic party captured by Anarchism and Repudiation. Bimetallism, you will understand, is the least part of the matter; even Repudiation is not the greatest. The greatest is the uprising of disorder, in all its forms and grades, against the institutions of the American Republic. There can be no mistake about the character of the Chicago platform, or about the character of the party from which it emanates. The platform condemns the Federal Government for putting down the labour rebellion at Chicago; and in the front of the party is the Governor of Illinois, who lent his moral countenance to riot and outrage. The attack on the Supreme Court of the United States is not the less expressive because it comes from such a quarter.

All the elements of the revolution or disturbance are combined under the Nebraskan candidate against the Republic. To what their united strength may amount is the critical question of the hour. There is a good deal of sheer distress blindly craving for a change. In a conversation which I had with the late Mr. Gresham, then Secretary of the Treasury, he spoke in a strain of the anxiety which at the time seemed to me excessive, but which I now believe to have been well warranted, of the growing danger from the number of the unemployed. Improvements in labour-saving machinery, as well as the increase of population, must add, for the time at least, to this unhappy element. The farmer in America, as well as in England, has been suffering severely of late years from competition with countries of cheap labour, and the grotesque form of agrarian agitation called Populism, with its wild demands for State intervention, is the result. Many of the Western farms are mortgaged to the capitalists of the East; the burden of the debt is enhanced by depression, and the temptation to pay it off with bad money is strong; while the debtor is not farsighted enough to perceive that he would be the sufferer in the end by a crash which, by breaking up the great lines of business, would ruin the market for his produce. In the Slave States the old families have been ruined, the negro is politically suppresssed, and power is for the time in the hands of the "mean white," barbarous, ignorant, ready for violence of any kind, and represented by men of corresponding character, in the Legislature of the United States. Of native Socialism there is in America not much; but some has been imported from European countries, where it is bred by oppressive taxation and the burden of the military system. Of class hatred and vague desire to strip the rich of their invidous possessions there is more. Theories of Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Henry George have not told much, but their appeals to social passion have been heard. So, perhaps, have those of Mr. William Stead, who fills, as he thinks, the part of Christ visiting Chicago, by telling the people that the edifice of wealth is reared upon heaps of human bones, and that the millionaires are in the habit of practicing secret assassination.

To the sources of danger must, in justice to the poor and misguided, be added the failure of too many of the rich to perform their social duty. America has, I believe, among her rich men more noble-minded, benevolent, and munificent citizens than any other country in the world. This her colleges, her hospitals, her charities, proclaim. But there are also large numbers of wealthy men who seem to think that they have only to enjoy their opulence and let the country take care of itself. At this moment, when the commonwealth is in manifest peril, the pleasure cities of Europe are full of Americans who have deserted their posts of social duty to spend in foreign lands the money made for them by the toilers of their own. Nor have the marriages of American heiresses and European titles, with the vulgar and offensive splendor of the nuptials, failed to impress the Republican mind.

And yet the Republic has great sources of strength. Ownership of property must still be far more diffused than it is in any country of Europe. This is the sheet anchor. There is also a high degree of popular intelligence, the offspring not only of the public schools, but of all the active influences which in the New World keep the minds of the people in constant play. There is a strong, almost a superstitious, attachment to the Constitution which Anarchism would overturn, and to the liberty which Socialism would destroy. There is among the people in general a pretty clear perception of the value of commercial credit to the nation, and of the consequences which Repudiation would entail. The public men trained in the perpetual conflict of parties are too often unscrupulous as well as factious; but they are strong, they thoroughly understand the management of the people, and they may be trusted, when they have recovered from the first shock, to meet the emergency with firmness, force and skill. Commence has been deeply and deservedly discredited by the exposures of the recent financial crisis, which was the liquidation not only of mismanagement, but of dishonesty; still, she is very strong, and in the coming struggle she will be fighting for her life. The leading politicians of both the regular parties are fast ranging themselves on the right side. So is the press, the influence of which happily is great; and it is a very encouraging sign that the German press of the United States, representing the powerful German vote, declares by an overwhelming majority against the Chicago platform. * * * * On the whole, I believe, as well as hope, though not without trembling, that the good genius of the American Republic will once more prevail, and that the motley host of Silver-State cupidity, repudiationism, Socialism, barbarism and blind distress which Mr. Bryan leads against her will in November meet its doom.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

The recent international socialistic congress in London has done more to discredit the cause of Socialism than any misfortune the cause has ever known. It was a belligerent gathering, and there were free fights at every session. Black eyes were numerous, and furniture smashing was the order of the day. The London police made it an opportunity for studying the physiognomies of all the eminent anarchists, and obtained a large collection of negatives for Scotland Yard.

AN ALMOND HARVEST

Gathering and shelling nuts on the Sierra Vista Ranch at Acampo, San Joaquin County, California

A CALIFORNIA NUT ORCHARD

Harvesting the Almond Crop on the Sierra Vista Ranch.

Ten years ago the land around Lodi and Acampo, in the San Joaquin Valley, was given over to the cultivation of hay and grain, and the farmer who raised a paying crop once in three years was considered lucky; to-day this same land is covered with fruit and nut orchards. The soil and climate of this portion of the San Joaquin Valley are especially suited to almond culture and many hundreds of acres of this nut are now in full bearing. Among the great properties which have transformed this section of the State, the most important, perhaps, is that of the Hatch-Armstrong Co., called the Sierra Vista Ranch. Its possession consists of 1015 acres, lying about four miles from Acampo. Of this great tract, 500 acres are devoted to almonds, and the picking and drying of the crop is now under way. P. B. Armstrong, the famous New York insurance man, so long connected with the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, is the chief owner and manager of this great property; and this management is no sinecure, considering that as many as five hundred men and women are sometimes employed. At present some two hundred are busily at work gathering the crop.

Out of this great force, seventy men devote themselves to gathering the almonds—one cannot say "picking," as the almonds are not picked but are knocked from the trees with long poles. The men are divided into gangs of four; two long pieces of canvas are laid beneath the branches, and in a very few minutes, under this rapid manipulation, the tree is bare and a mass of almonds, leaves and twigs lies heaped on the canvas. This mass of stuff is emptied into boxes which are packed on wagons and carted slowly along to the barn. There the boxes are thrown into hullers, machines which accomplish the separation of the nuts from the leaves and husks, or rather loosen them from the husks so that they may be readily separated by the nimble fingers of sixty girls, who are employed in this branch of the work. A quick worker can sort or separate about eight boxes a day, each box containing thirty-five pounds of almonds. Twelve and a half cents a box is paid these maidens, and each is ambitious to earn the even dollar. The work is easy and no trouble is experienced in obtaining all the hands required. In fact, this season there have been a dozen applications for every place in this department and in all the others. In many cases, whole families are employed, and these bring their tents, bedding, cooking stoves, etc., and camp out during the picking season.

The almonds, after leaving the girls' hands, are spread out to dry in the sun on huge wooden trays. In three or four days the hot sun burns the moisture out of them. Then they are dipped in water, carried to the sulphur house and subjected to the fumes of burning sulphur for three hours. This process whitens and brightens the shell of the nut, which is now ready to be sacked and shipped to market.

Almond trees are planted seventy to the acre, and there are 35,000 trees on the Sierra Vista Ranch. These trees will bear a good crop at three years of age, and perhaps another crop the next year, but then, for some reason or other, they stop bearing, and it is not until they reach the age of seven or eight years that they can be depended upon for regular and full crops. No irrigation is required and the trees are not subject to the parasites that have played such havoc in the past with our vines, orange trees and other fruit trees. The secret of success is in the careful selecting and mingling of varieties, and deep and constant cultivation. The principal varieties grown at Sierra Vista are the I. X. L., Nonpareil, La Prima and Ne Plus Ultra. Strange to say the I. X. L., as well as some other varieties, do not bear well when planted alone. Many orchardists have planted I. X. L. alone, that variety being considered the best all-round nut grown, and have found that the trees would bear no fruit. The fact of the matter is that some other variety must be also planted or grafted on to thoroughly pollenize the trees. Mr. Armstrong considers Sprague's seedling the best for this purpose.

One ton to the acre is a fair crop. The Sierra Vista, of which I write, has 120 acres which will average even better than this. As the nuts bring at least ten cents per pound it is evident a good orchard should bring in two hundred dollars per acre per year. These almonds are all of the soft or paper shell varieties, and for these there is always a good market. The orchard is carefully sprayed once every Spring with lime, sulphur and salt. Five or six tons of almonds a day are being picked, dried and prepared for market at Sierra Vista. The great advantage of a crop of nuts is that, unlike fruit, they will not rot on the trees, but will safely stay there until the last branch is emptied.

Outside of the large number of hands needed during the picking season, some twenty-five men are employed all the year round, for besides the almonds there are hundreds of acres planted in peaches, figs, apricots, prunes and other fruits. A carload of peaches a day (about twelve tons) is shipped to the canneries. In driving through the orchard we picked ten large peaches. These weighed nine pounds, while one peach weighed seventeen and one-half ounces. The climate of this portion of the San Joaquin Valley differs considerably from that of the upper valley. In fact the difference in temperature here from even Stockton is very noticeable. The thermometer rarely exceeds 85 degrees in summer, while there is always a cool breeze in the afternoons. An eight horse-power gasoline engine furnishes all the power required for pumping and for running the machinery. Altogether, the ranch is a model and is one of the most productive and attractive in the State.

W. B. TYLER.

HALIBUT FISHING

During the past week three small schooners arrived in San Francisco Bay, from the Northern Pacific, loaded down with fresh halibut, and two or three more are expected next week. The halibut fleet consists of some twelve schooners of from twenty to thirty tons burden, each with a crew of four or six men. These vessels fit out for their cruises at Seattle and are owned and manned almost exclusively by Swedes and Norwegians. They set out with from fifteen to twenty tons of ice and small herring bait and steer for the fishing grounds, through the straits of Juan de Fuca, and away out 200 miles northwest of Cape Flattery to the Scott Banks. Here they cruise around, anchoring in one place or another, until they have found the halibut. The two large dories are then got out and fishing commences. Five or six days are generally sufficient to catch the ten or fifteen tons of halibut that constitutes their cargo, and after that it is up anchor and all sail set for the best market. A hard and dangerous life is this of the halibut fisher, for the sea is rough in those northern waters, and the thick fog comes sweeping in without warning. The dories are perhaps miles away and the mist may continue a week. Many a story of hardship, starvation and death, the fishermen tell, but men must work—and the vacant places are soon filled.

"I don't think it generally pays to bring our catch to San Francisco," said the captain of the schooner Norman Sunde, lying at Green-street wharf with a cargo of fish. "You see, the local fishermen and the dealers are dead set against us. The wholesalers will only give us a cent and a half or two cents a pound for the fish, and there is no money in that—not enough to pay our expenses. We brought down ten tons of halibut and we have been trying to retail the fish from the vessel, but we are not doing very well. The Harbor Commissioners will only let us sell at Green-street wharf, and that is too far out of the way for people to come to buy fish. Sometimes the market is good and we do very well, but this time we shall only about pay expenses. It is a fair wind all the way down from the banks, but it is three weeks' hard sailing to get back to Seattle again."

THE SCHOONER "FREIA" OF THE HALIBUT FLEET

The halibut range from twenty to a hundred pounds each, and will keep longer and better after being taken from the water than any edible fish known. It seems a pity that arrangements have not been made whereby a supply of this fine fish could be easily and regularly furnished the consumer at a reasonable price. The fishing is good all the year round; the banks are well nigh inexhaustible, and so profitable has the industry been found in other places that two steamers are now engaged in the business, the fish being shipped in refrigerator cars overland to all parts of the Eastern States, where they bring the best prices.

The schooner Freia, shown in our illustration, is the smallest vessel of the fishing fleet to come to this port. She is only twelve tons burden, and made the trip from the banks in a little over six days. The fish are being retailed from the vessels at five cents per pound, while the price in the markets is ten cents.

Consul du Bellet directs attention to some practices going on in Europe which are of the utmost importance to American exporters of canned meats. It seems that a driver named Almond was arrested for cruel treatment of horses, and brought before the judge of the Police Court of the Thames. The employer of the accused gave evidence in his behalf, and testified to his kind disposition. He explained that Almond was daily entrusted with the care of driving to the docks and shipping horses bound for Rotterdam. The magistrate remarked that the horses were so old they could hardly stand, and demanded of the employer an explanation as to what use the Dutch put such animals. In the most unconcerned manner he stated that there existed in Rotterdam and Antwerp large and important factories where old and disabled omnibus horses from London were converted into excellent canned beef and retailed through Europe in sealed boxes with American labels. He further explained that the industry absorbed nearly twenty-six thousand horses a year.

A corner in coal, brought about by a combination of all the leading dealers who supply London, is within a few weeks of beginning operations. The capital syndicated is £3,000,000. As the existence of the combination cannot be concealed, its objects are to be excused and falsified. It will be described as economizing working expenses, and so keeping down prices, especially to large consumers.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

General Pettus of Alabama, who is expected to oppose the candidacy of Senator Pugh, the incumbent, is a giant in physique, and though eighty years of age enjoys undiminished vigor of mind and body.

Candidate Bryan when at Illinois College was famous as an all-round athlete, and was one of the best baseball players the college ever had. He holds to-day the record for the hop, skip and jump. Mrs. Bryan claims to be her husband's mascot. In every instance where she has attended assemblages in which he was interested he has won and in her absence he has lost.

Candidate Garret A. Hobart is of French ancestry on his mother's side and of Dutch descent by his paternal ancestry. He was educated at Marlboro, N. J., and after leaving school he entered the law office of Socrates Tuttle and subsequently married the latter's daughter.

Secretary Lamont is said to lean toward the support of Bryan, and proposes to announce himself, in opposition to Cleveland's wishes. His ambition is to have a try at the Governorship of New York. Hoke Smith is to pay for his desertion of the President by the loss of his secretaryship, and Secretary Herbert, to escape the issue, has ostensibly gone to Europe.

Maitre Pouillet, the president of the Order of Advocates of Paris, gave some good advice to lawyers the other day in an address. "Go out into the world," he said, "see all the new plays, read all the new novels, and then you will have some chance of not boring the judge when you come into court. Do not allow yourself to be hypnotised by the Civil Code."

Secretary Olney is said to be very anxious to return to his law work in Boston. His practice was one of the largest in Massachusetts, and now doubtless it will be increased by the opportunity he will have to accept retainers from foreign governments for State department cases. The fees in an international law suit are seldom less than $100,000.

Li Hung Chang is attended by a remarkably attentive servant, who lately was addressed by an English officer in public with "Good day, commander." "I am no longer commander," he replied. "I am Li Hung Chang's boy." He had been a Chinese naval commander, but, having lost his vessel in the war with Japan, had been degraded and condemned to death. His reprieve was conditional on his becoming the servant of some high State official. Li Hung Chang had taken him into his service.

Like Bulow, Rubenstein had a strong literary bent. Among his remains was found a voluminous diary containing opinions on various subjects, harmonie and otherwise, couched in aphoristic form. Among his comments on religion is this cynicism: "There are two kinds of priests — honest and dishonest. The honest deceive themselves; the dishonest deceive their fellow men."

The Moore Brothers, whose failure in Chicago nearly precipitated a panic, came to the front as promoters of the Frazer Axle Grease Co. Subsequently they took hold of the Diamond Match Co. to control the manufacture of matches, and in their operations increased its capital stock from six millions to eleven millions. Subsequently they organized the New York Biscuit Co., with a capital of nine millions, and the load finally proved more than they could carry.

Dr. Churchill Julius, Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, has appeared in public on a tricycle. He is very unconventional. Some time ago he insisted on laying the last brick on the restored spire of his cathedral, and was hoisted up in a chair at the end of a rope. He recently addressed a congregation he was visiting as follows: "I never saw so much bad coin in all my life. To offer to the church, the cause of God, money that the butcher or the baker would not accept shocks me. The man who would do that wants the grace of God very badly—or three months."

Candidate McKinley has exchanged his wide-brimmed, silver-colored felt hat for a round, black, hard hat of the type known as the pot, or the billycock iln England, where it was invented. Candidate Watson has cast aside his spreading black slouch combination hat and rainshedder and is wearing a huge soft straw brain-thatch invented especially for him by a New Jersey scientist. Candidate Bryan has discarded his gleaming statesman's tile and is now adorned with a small, brimless skull cap. It affords no more protection than would a couple of rooster plumes thrust into his hair at either ear.

Mrs. Minerva Roberts, who in the recent Populist convention seconded the nomination of Bryan on behalf of the Louisiana delegation, is the daughter of a weighman at the Chicago stockyards. She was unhappily married, and being deserted by her husband commenced life again as a hairdresser in Denver. She became active in Colorado politics during the Waite administration, but subsequently fell out with her friends, and is now an orator for the Populist party. She is quite a handsome and dashing woman, possessed of a clear ringing voice, a brilliant stage presence and much self-assurance.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is writing another volume of "A History of Our Own Times," which will embrace events of the last sixteen years. This may be published in the autumn, when the Queen completes the sixtieth year of her reign.

THE 'GAELIC' COALING AT NAGASAKI, ON THE WAY FROM HONGKONG

THE JAPANESE COAST NEAR WHERE THE "GAELIC" STRUCK

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Gaelic is added to the long list of ships that have met with disaster within the last few months. She belongs to the Occidental and Oriental line, and was bound from Hong Kong to San Francisco, with a cargo of tea, when she was disabled off the coast of Japan. As yet the particulars are not fully known, though the cable informs us that the steamer struck a rock in the Shemonoseki Straits last Sunday morning, and stove a large hole in her bow. Water poured rapidly into the hold, until the lower cargo was submerged to a depth of twelve feet. At the time of the accident the Gaelic was in the hands of Captain Walker, who has established his ability by thirty years' service as a pilot on the inland sea. The day after, Captain Pearne, who commanded the vessel, succeeded in getting her afloat, and she was towed to Nagasaki for repairs. The cargo is undoubtedly more or less damaged, but no casualties are reported.

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The absence of any organization in San Francisco approaching the Clover Club of Philadelphia has often been commented on, and is on the verge of remedy. At the Pacific-Union recently Adjutant-General O. D. Green, who has recently returned from Washington, was detailing an account of a dinner at which he assisted, and in the talk to which the subject gave rise, some one proposed the instituting here of a dining club, to meet twice or thrice a season, composed of the brightest talkers and wittiest men in town. The scheme met with a warm reception, and the nucleus of the membership was formed round the table. The new club is to be known as the "Extra Dry." Its gatherings will be held in the duck season; the menu is to be confined to oysters roasted in the shell, canvasback, and but one kind of wine—champagne or burgundy. No one who is not distinguished for an especial smartness, or an amusing accomplishment, will be eligible for membership, and at each dinner the aim of the presiding officer will be to have an original entertainment—papers, speeches or music. Whoever is called on must respond with a story, a song or a poem especially prepared for the occasion. The effort is open to criticism, of course, wherein the fun for the others comes in. The plan excludes dues, initiation fees and other charges—save only that the members pay for the wine and their dinners.

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Fred Warde has found the legitimate drama a sorry mistress. After serving Tragedy these many moons he finds himself as poor as Job, and in that unhappy condition vulgularly termed "dead broke." Not being among the admirers of Mr. Warde's genius, I cannot express the regret this financial pinch should properly inspire. He is, in his way, a commendable person and of unimpeachable intentions, but his passion is inevitably tattered and his sighs a hullabaloo. The fact is, the man has really too much motive power for Shakspere, but a great future yawns for him in melo-drama. Considering how easily Warde could find a place at the head of a first class company, together with a salary of comfortable dimensions, is it not extraordinary he prefers to devote himself to lecturing? He has refused what the profession calls "flattering offers," and proposes now traveling the country over as a Shaksperean lecturer, veritably making himself a voice crying in the wilderness: "Make straight the way for Warde when next he appears before you!" Not only is he to describe and explain the immortal William, but in order that the recitals shall not lack realism, he proposes between prose passages, by way of illustration, to convert himself into Romeo or Juliet or Macbeth or Rosalind, as the subject requires, making in one night more changes than Biondi. The first lecture of this series was that delivered Thursday last in the Y. M. C. A. Hall under distinguished auspices. If Mr. Warde proposes going far into the wilds, I would suggest that he have an address on "Free Silver in Shakspere."

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On the Rialto no other explanation of Nat Goodwin's divorce suit is offered than the little comedian's devotion to the lustrous Maxine Elliott. Gravitation accounts for this rapprochment—that magnetic force which large women inevitably exert over small men—the irresistible pull of the superior dimension for the inferior one. Of course, there is in this no reference to Miss Elliott's waist, which I am assured is quite correct, but rather to her imposing physique, which bears the same relation to Nat's as the earth to Jupiter, whose bulk a recent astronomer assures us plays harakiri with the orbits of meandering comets. Whether Maxine is as willing to envelope with her voluminous identity the clever little comedian is, of course, another question, but she might do worse. Goodwin is worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and to his nervous and excitable disposition her placid immobility will furnish a superb foil. It was because of this suddenly conceived attachment, of course, that Goodwin secured the services of Maxine and Little Sister, and in order to gather them unto himself he resigned to Frawley the right to "The Gold Mine," in which Wilton Lackaye so recently attempted Nat's role.

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Walter Camp will not help Palo Alto score the customary tie with Berkeley in this year's football match, but, on his advice, H. P. Cross, Yale '96, has been secured as coach. Mr. Cross has played football ever since he could walk, but he did not make the 'Varsity Eleven until this last year. He put up a powerful game against Princeton, and it was his tremendous force in the wedge that broke up the Tiger's line, when Captain Thorne made his wonderful forty-yard run. He is not only a fine player, but a born coach, and goes in more for hard team work than for subtle strategies. Besides his football ability, he is a champion hammer-thrower, and has always stood very high in his classes. The Berkeley Eleven have again secured Butterworth as coach.

A BALOON ON FIRE

Emil Markeburg ascended from the Chutes Sunday the 16th in a hot air baloon clinging to a trapeze. He was six hundred feet up before discovering the baloon was on fire. The parachute worked, however, and he reached the ground without injury. Photo by Waters

The Templar function at Golden Gate Commandery the other night was a Masonic event of the first water. It was a banquet of the affiliated Commanderies celebrating an investment of the Red Cross. The Oakland and California Commanderies assisted, and Grand Master Ward presided in a uniform resplendent in gold lace and decorative effects. After the investment the company sat down to eat, drink and be merry, and incidentally to listen to some oratory from eminent hands. Reuben Lloyd was eloquent, Rev. Walk rose to an opportunity, nor was Samuel M. Shortridge on this particular occasion silent..

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The State these days is full of mining stories. One yarn after another of abandoned properties suddenly developing into bonanzas comes to me. Among the old-time properties of the State is the Zancraft, which in olden days paid a handsome return to its owner, an obstinate Dutchman from whom the location took its name. It is on the American river, between El Dorado and Placer, and in bygone days was worked to a certain depth and then abandoned for lack of money to prosecute its further development. Instead of trying his luck elsewhere, the old miner hung on to his hole, contriving to make enough money to live on and educate his family. One happy day, however, young Mr. Ralston, passing by, took a fancy to examine the property, liked the look of it, obtained a bond, but was unfortunate enough to choose the wrong class of men to do business with. He found several men who were ready to put up money on the assurances of his experts, but after they had seen the property they determined to have it to themselves. So they postponed closing the transaction on one excuse or another until the bond ran out, and then Zancraft determined to retain the place himself, set his own family, consisting of some five boys, to work, and doubtless he would have taken out money enough in time to put up a mill if death had not claimed him. Soon afterwards, the boys quarreled among themselves; no work was done, several offers were made, and finally at the death of two of the brothers, E. W. Chapman, owner of the Taylor mine, made an offer of $80,000 cash, which was accepted. There is now a twenty-stamp mill banging away on the ore, which is yielding richly every month. This is about the fortune of these old mine-owners. Their instinct teaches them to cling to their properties, but too ignorant or too poor to work them, all sooner or later fall into the hands of capitalists—illustrating that to them that hath is given.

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My impression that incendiaries are the only fire-fiends was dissipated by an introduction to a clever young minister named James Le Baron Johnson, whose personality recently became agreeably known around the Occidental Hotel. He is a bright, handsome man, of easy manners, the son of a New York Episcopal clergyman, and now a protege of Bishop Huntington of that metropolis. Nothing about his demeanor suggests a love of conflagrations, yet that is his eccentricity, and he carries it to the degree of residing in a Gotham engine house and turning out in paraphernalia — helmet, high boots and a flannel shirt, at the first clang of the alarm bell. This interesting habit he acquired while a resident of Tacoma. He presided there over a small Mission Church, and an abundance of leisure was devoted to society and the department. He was a favorite with the ladies, and his services were constantly in requisition at picnics, dinners and outings, but the firebells never failed to summon him, however attractive the maiden by whose side he lingered. There he lived in the Brigade headquarters, and regularly slid into high boots and helmet at the touch of the gong. Tiring of Tacoma, our young man turned his feet to the metropolis, contrived to interest Bishop Huntington in his personality, now makes his calls at Fifth-avenue mansions in a fire wagon, and is the pastor of the New York department, besides being an active factor at all conflagrations. The presence of Rev. Le Baron Johnson in California is explicable on the basis of personal curiosity. He wanted to see if San Francisco remained in the same location it had occupied the last time he was here.

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The rise of Bourke Cochran exemplifies how easy it is for a man to become a plutocrat in this country. Fifteen years ago he was a young Irish lawyer, unknown and without practice. To-day, he is put forward as a representative of what the Populists call Snobocracy. Cochran's career is possible only in a democratic country. He became identified with Tammany Hall, having joined one of the Tammany ward clubs and made a few speeches. Richard Croker heard him, took him up, and at once his fortune was made. It was developed in the Ives Investigating Commission several years ago that Cochran, while attorney for the Sheriff of New York, was in receipt of an income of something like $50,000 a year. One of the rules of patronage was that Cochran should be employed as individual attorney by each Deputy, and a portion of his salary was diverted to the payment of the fee. Soon after coming into prominence as a lawyer and orator, Cochran married a rich widow in New York, who conveniently died a few years later, leaving him about $400,000. It was rumored at Washington during the discussion of the Wilson Bill that Cochran, then a Congressman, received $200,000 from a combination of the trusts for his work in the House; and the story developed later that Bourke Cochran retired from Tammany politics because Croker, being a business man, demanded that his $200,000 be paid into the Tammany fund. He was then given the choice of giving up the money or leaving politics, and he left politics, as most wise men would have done under the circumstances. Soon afterwards it was telegraphed across the country that he would stand for a seat in the English House of Commons, and, indeed, he did go across the water and interviewed Justin McCarthy, Mr. Blake and other leaders, looking to that end. The speech which gave him national renown was that in 1893, in opposition

to Cleveland's nomination. It was a very fine, but vain, appeal to all the prejudices and passions of the anti-Cleveland element in the convention. He followed it with a speech on the tariff question which was a masterful exhibition of oratory. On these speeches and on certain law arguments his fame rests, for they are the only utterances of any note made during eight years of public life.

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Every day one sees in the papers some mention of the splendid work being done for the cause of free silver by George B. Keeney, who is now national organizer for the Bimetallic League. For years Keeney drifted around San Francisco with a headful of schemes, but empty pockets. He was a leading member of the Theosophical Society, and was a sort of amateur expert in ordnance. He had invented some sort of a gun which he tried for years to have accepted by the Government, and in promoting which he was brought into intimate contact with a large number of army men to whom he is very well known. How he lived was always a mystery to his friends. He certainly spent very little on clothes, and it was the belief of many who knew him that he was a living manifestation of the ability of theosophical faith to support a man without material sustenance—a case of the superiority of mind over material needs. Keeney was one of the chief organizers of the non-partisan movement in this city. The free silver State convention, which was held over a year ago in Metropolitan Temple, was the result of his work, and his organizing ability shown in this State, brought him to the attention of Senators Jones and Stewart and the other Eastern leaders, who took him on there to institute bimetallic leagues. Of course, he has long hair and a loud voice.

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Colonel Fred Crocker, who has just returned from Europe, tells me that international bimetallists in England and France do not regard the campaign in America as involving in any way the principles of bimetallism. The attitude of the men he talked with indicates their belief that a campaign of education cannot fail to banish the fallacies of free silver. The estimation of this country abroad is that of a great nation, populated by a shrewd and thoughtful people, who, if misguided for the moment by their leaders, are always open to illumination, and invariably respond to the dictates of sound sense. That the United States will ever attempt the repayment of its obligations in a debased currency is not held for a moment; still, the insecurity materially affects our credit. Men who have American stocks are disposing of them as rapidly as possible, and their action naturally tightens the pressure. Never has there been so much capital available as at the moment, but it is not for America. In the East, too, there are millions for investment to be had as soon as the coinage question is settled; but in the meantime it is locked up in banks and vaults, and is unavailable for use. Colonel Crocker commented further on the necessity for a campaign of education and expressed the belief strongly that the inherent sense of the community would grasp the situation and its consequences to the working man. The Colonel certainly looks in excellent health. He was accompanied home by Mrs. Easton and his children, who are all installed in the family residence on the corner of Pine and Leavenworth streets.

The new Fee Bill threatens to prove a costly luxury to the city. Already it has altered the jury situation so that citizens no longer avoid that unpleasant duty, but actually strive for impanelment. The law provides a payment of two dollars each time the name of a juryman is called in court. It is not necessary that he serve, but merely that he answers "here" to his name. The decision imposes a terrible tax on the city. There are now five departments trying criminal cases, and in each department some fifty jurymen are in attendance, whose names are called every morning. This makes an average of perhaps two hundred men receiving each two dollars a day—an expense of $2,000 a week, or $96,000 a year. The bill applies also to Grand Jurymen, who now obtain two dollars for each session. Two juries are selected every year, constituting another expense of about $4,000. Then, there are the miscellaneous costs—the secret fund of the Grand Jury of $1,500—the Sheriff's charges for taking jurymen to lunch and dinner, about $1,000 more, adding to the taxpayers' burdens some $102,000 per annum. This sum must be appropriated every year by the Supervisors, and in future will be levied in the tax estimate.

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The State Militia, having adopted the regulation United States uniform, there is an impression among army men that the similarity of garb may give rise to confusion. I am told of a movement on foot to have Congress provide a distinctive costume for the army, plain in character, and protected by law from infringement by National Guards. The value of the idea is more appreciable at the Presidio than on Market street, though to the lay mind it is reasonable that where there is so much distinction there should also be a difference.

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If ever controversy required explanation, it is the question of veracity that has arisen between John D. Spreckels and H. G. W. Dinkelspiel. Did the latter haunt the office of the former, as the former insists, or was Dinkelspiel the sought rather than the seeker? as he so strenuously declares. It is a delicate point, and obviously demands coffee and pistols. Briefly, this is the situation: Dinkelspiel is nominated for Congress in the Third District by the Spreckels interest, which in California is the recognized Republican organization. Against him is a Mr. O'Brien, whose nomination comes from the Spear-Kelly faction, whose claims the National Committee of the party affirmed at St. Louis by the seating of its delegates, Mr. Spear and Colonel Kowalsky, in the convention. The Democratic nominee is the incumbent, Congressman Maguire, a man of considerable force and popularity, who aspires to go for the third time to Washington. In the district the Democrats have a small majority, which, however, has been overcome on occasions. Therefore it is no prize that was offered Dinkelspiel, but rather a forlorn hope, the mild chance of victory made milder by the candidacy of O'Brien. Dinkelspiel states he was importuned by Spreckels himself and by his lieutenants to accept the thankless role of candidate, and finally, after much persuasion, consented, on being assured that ere two days had passed O'Brien would be retired. Next day, however, Mr. Spreckels went south; the statutatory time elapsed, O'Brien still made speeches, declaring with fervor "Those whom the gods wish to make mad they first kill." Then the Boss returned but failed to decapitate his candidate's rival. There were passages, challenges, and finally Dinkelspiel's retirement, declaring faith had not been kept with him. Next day Spreckels denounces the young man as a coward and predicts the termination of his political career. I cannot believe that Dinkelspiel would fly in the face of providence or Spreckels without exceeding provacation, and yet it is hard to assume Spreckels so unjust as to declare a condition which does not exist.

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The friends and enemies of John P. Irish, Naval Officer and other things, will doubtless be interested to learn that his relations with President Cleveland are again of the most intimate character. He is in direct connection with Washington, and is distributing such patronage as is left in the executive portfolio. Quite a number of postmasterships throughout the State are still undisposed of, and it is presumed the Naval Officer will say who shall have them. It is not impossible, indeed, that Cleveland may find some post under the Civil Service for the Colonel, though, as his voice is now identified with the sound-money cause rather than with Democracy, it is not incredible that he may hold office longer than his rivals desire.

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The announcement of M. F. Tarpey's candidacy for Congress in the Third District has created consternation among the fraternity of "Ole Bills." Warren English of that association, aspires to oppose Congressman Hilborn, but the Fitzgerald forces, seeing an opportunity of defeating the "Ole Bills," have cleverly put forth M. F. Tarpey, who, as one of that combination, cannot be antagonized by its forces, and yet will owe his nomination to Fitzgerald. Tarpey, with his bonhommie and energy, should cut a figure in Washington, where he has an immense acquaintance, and be as much of a success there as was Geary before him. There is an excellent chance of success this time, inasmuch as the Frick forces which compose most of the active politicians are strongly opposed to Hilborn's candidacy; and, besides, the free silver vote would all go to Tarpey also.

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The announcement that Warren English aspires to another term in Congress may be a surprise to his friends. As Collector of the Port of Oakland he has a sinecure which brings him a revenue of $2,400 a year, and the office being under Civil Service rules is secured to him for life. It seems, however, that the post is so much of a sinecure that it is in danger of abolishment, inasmuch as in these hard times foreign traffic between Oakland and the rest of the world is next to nil. Being a sensitive soul, Warren feels the pangs of drawing a salary without some show of service, and thus far the only evidence of Custom House duties is the voucher he forwards for his salary. In order to break the monotony of this sad condition, certain of Warren's friends arranged to ship a schooner laden with coal from British Columbia to the port of Oakland. She sailed up the creek, deposited her cargo, paid the customary duties, and retired to San Francisco. And that entry is the sole record on the virgin pages of his administration.

CONCERT VALLEY ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO

Photo by Jensen

LILACS

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

FOR THE COURT

THE CAREER OF MILLAIS

His Work, Difficulties, Love, Marriage and Success.

Few men have had as much prosperity and romance in their lives as Sir John Millais, whose death has just left the Royal Academy without a president. He was born in 1829 in the Island of Jersey, where he was recognized as a coming artist while still a mere child. At nine he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts, the first of his long list of prizes. The first picture he exhibited, "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro," was placed on a level with the best historic work of the year, though the artist was only seventeen. Still he has said himself that all his early work was done under a storm of discouragement and disapproval, which made his youth a very unhappy one. The critics, who were then a more powerful class than they are to-day, condemned his style so unmercifully that his father said again and again, "Give up painting, Jack, and take to something else." But Millais kept doggedly ahead, without even a consciousness of ultimate triumph to support him, and at twenty-two secured forever his fame as an artist by his picture, "The Huguenot."

Perhaps the reason that Millais' success did not come sooner, was his connection with the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a strange coterie of artists and poets whose motive was Truth, or in modern language, Realism. Rosetti, Holman Hunt and Woolner belonged to this school, which had an important influence on the lifeless convention of the times, but led to aberrations and absurdities.

"The Huguenot," one of the loveliest and most famous of his pictures, is closely connected with the romance of Millais' life. Mrs. John Ruskin, the wife of the great art philosopher, was not the happiest of women. Affectionate, sympathetic, fond of companionship, she had married a gloomy, moody savant, absorbed and irresponsive, living the life of a hermit among his books. It was merely as a diversion that Mrs. Ruskin began to pose for the Roman Catholic maid in "The Huguenot," but long before the picture was finished, she and the fresh-faced clever young painter had fallen in love with one another. She would have gone quietly ahead and borne her life as best she could, had not Ruskin looked up from his books long enough to see what had happened. Without a moment's hesitation he offered to hand her over to his friend. "If you love her, she is yours," he is reported to have said, with unflattering generosity. A formal divorce was pushed through the courts as rapidly as possible, and as soon as it was granted Mrs. Ruskin became Mrs. John Millais, while the author of "Modern Painters" turned serenely back to his library. Whatever this step meant to him, whether it was a relief or a secret bitterness or a matter of absolute indifference, there is no doubt but that it brought lasting happiness to the two others. Millais has always attributed his success in life to this romance of his boyhood, and to the fact that his future wife was the inspiration of his most renowned picture. The size of "The Huguenot," which is now in a private gallery in Preston, England, is three feet two inches by two feet one inch, and the original price was only seven hundred and fifty dollars. To-day thousands could not buy it. Its pathos, its beauty as a lovely idyll, combined with the tragedy of its meaning, conquered painters, critics and public, and brought to a triumphant close Millais' struggle for recognition.

JOHN RUSKIN
FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, BY HOLLYER
COURTESY OF W. K. VICKERY

THE LATE SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

One of the pleasantest stories of his early work is told in connection with a painting of Ferdinand in the enchanted island of "The Tempest." A dealer promised the artist a hundred pounds for it if he liked it as well when finished as he did unfinished, and Millais rushed jubilantly home to his family with the news. Being very poor, and looking on the money as certain, they spent some of it in advance, but when the picture was finished, the dealer declared that he didn't like it, and that the bargain was off. The family were in great distress, and a forlorn little card hinting of "Furnished Apartments" was put up in the front parlor window. A week or so later another dealer dropped in, bringing with him an odd-looking old gentleman who seemed to know a good deal about pictures. He listened with interest to the story of "Ferdinand," and studied the picture closely, then took from his pocket a book which he advised the young painter to read. "Give me pen and ink," he added, "and I'll write your name in it, provided you promise to read it." When they had gone, Millais opened the book, to find that his visitor had been Mr. Richard Ellison, the famous patron of art. Between the covers was tucked a check for a hundred and fifty guineas and an order for the "Ferdinand." Needless to say, the "Furnished Apartments" sign was torn down that very day.

The next year, Millais painted on commisssion his "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop," a work which raised a storm of controversy. There were no halos, no nimbuses. Christ was represented as a little boy in a Jewish carpenter shop, running to his mother for sympathy with an injured hand, just as any child might, and all the narrow-minded Pharisees of Art and Religion rose up in wrath and branded it as irreverent and irreligious. The dealer had it left unsold on his hands for many years, and Millais' parents begged him to give up art forever, rather than run the chance of bringing another such hornets' nest about his ears.

In 1885 the title of Baronet was added to Millais' many honors. He was always especially kind to struggling young artists, being in this respect much like the late Lord Leighton, whom he succeeded as president of the Academy only a few months ago. Though his voice and hearing were then somewhat impaired, his health was still good, and his work as keen and delicate as ever.

In the eighteen years of Pope Leo XIII's reign the mortality among the members of the sacred college has been remarkable. One hundred and eleven cardinals died in that time, though only one hundred and twenty died in thirty-two years of the pontificate of Pius IX.

Inverness propriety has triumphed over the nude in art, the sculptor of the Flora Macdonald statue having agreed to put shoes and stockings on her, as the town council requested.

SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD

LOVE FINDS THE WAY

AN OPERATIC FARCE

(An orchard of cherry trees. Enter Professor Fungus, Instructor of Geology at the Co-educational College of Frumpton, followed by students of both sexes in caps and gowns, carrying geological hammers, etc.)

All:
We're tapping at the stratas,
Exploring nature's stores,
All glad and happy martyrs
To geologic laws.

Students:
Professor, we are tortured
By such a hungry pang;
So let's explore the orchard—
Geology go hang!

Professor:
No, Alpha, Beta, Gamma,
Such language pains and shocks.
Take up your little hammer,
Our work to-day is rocks.

Students:
The program let us vary
On this one day alone;
For first we'll eat the cherry,
Then analyze the stone.

(They attack the cherry trees, which some of the students climb, others standing beneath to catch the fruit.)

The Professor:
As the head of a co-educational school,
I found I'd a difficult province to rule;
The students would flirt to a dreadful degree,
And all the elopements were blamed upon me.
But I hit on an excellent plan, which was this:
The ladies have Greek letter names, and no 'Miss.'
When a girl's capped and gowned and baptized on this plan,
There's naught to suggest that she isn't a man.

(He turns to the students, who have been flirting vigorously, but become suddenly demure.)

Alpha and Beta and Delta and Theta and Epsilon Omacron,
Fi Gamma Zeta and worthy Omega who used to be chaperon.
Our cares are demolished, for flirting's abolished,
There's nothing to worry or vex.
To avoid tribulation in co-education,
It's best to eliminate sex.

(The students demurely repeat the last two lines, and the Professor starts to eat a cherry, but draws back in some alarm.)

Professor—I think some one is coming. Poss.bly it would be as well if we passed on; we may be trespassing. Yes, there is a singular looking young person, and I think she carries firearms.

(All gather hastily around the Professor, except Fox Wylie, a Senior, who remains hidden in a tree.)

Professor:
Really, students, common prudence
Would suggest that we should run.
Here's a lady, rather shady,
And I think she's got a gun.

(All but Wylie leave in haste.)

Wylie—A girl, a real girl, a feminine girl! Perhaps she is even called by a girl's name. Oh, to hear the sweet sound of Jenny or Molly or Daisy! For that I would let her shoot at me with pleasure.

(Enter a girl in Norfolk jacket, short skirt, bloomers and leggings, carrying a shotgun.)

She sings:
The ignorant infant called man
Had better reform while he can;
For woman won't falter,
The world's going to alter,
And he'll get left out of the plan.
When trespassers come for my fruit,
I sally forth ready to shoot.
I'm a very new broom, an'
I'm called a New Woman,
And really, you know, I'm a beaut.
Each woman of spirit asserts
She's tired of trammeling skirts.
She'll cast off the shackle,
The world she will tackle,
And man's going to get his deserts.
I scour the land on my bike,
I always do just as I like,
I'm a very new broom, an'
I'm called a New Woman,
And really, you know, I'm a tyke.

Wylie—Is your name Daisy? Please say it is. Or Birdie.

She—Oh, my goodness! Hold up your hands, villain, I mean. What are you doing in my fruit tree?

Wylie—Tell me your name before you shoot. Grant the last request of the dying.

She—I shan't. It's a horrid, silly little name, quite unworthy of a New Woman. I was only a new baby when they gave it to me, so I couldn't protest.

Wylie—Answer me on your soul. Is—it—Dolly?

She—It is.

Wylie—Dolly, thank heaven! I have been living with the Greek alphabet till Dolly seems the sweetest name ever made. That's a stunning suit you have on. Is the skirt one of those umbrella things?

Dolly—Yes, nine gores; see!

(She drops her gun and spreads her skirt out to its full width. He jumps down from the tree, landing between her and the gun.)

Wylie—You're just the same as you were a hundred years ago.

Dolly—Sir! If you don't know seventeen from a hundred——

Wylie—Eighty-three, isn't it? Oh, I beg pardon, I misunderstood. I only meant that there was plenty of the Old Boy left in the New Woman. That's what you call yourself, isn't it, a New Woman?

Dolly—You call yourself a man, yet look at you shackled by that foolish gown when you might be free.

Wylie—But somebody has got to wear skirts, and if you girls won't——

Dolly—Some day you will look back on these blind prejudices with wonder, when the New Man arises. We have wound the alarm——

Wylie—He'll probably sleep through it.

Dolly—And soon the New Man will leap from the ashes of the old. Oh, if I could only be the one to find him and show him to the world!

Wylie—I will tell you a secret. I am the New Man!

Dolly—Oh, how perfectly lovely! But you must prove it.

Wylie—Ask anything you like.

Dolly—Can you cook?

Wylie—I ought to. I took the Chef course at Yale for three years before I came here.

Dolly—Good. Is there any dish you cannot make?

Wylie—I will be perfectly frank with you. It is a great mortification to me, but I cannot make a cheese omelet.

Dolly—Oh, I can. Cheese omelets are my speciality. I would always make those if you would do the rest of the cooking. I am perfectly ready to do my share, always. Can you cook meat nicely? I am very particular.

Wylie—I got up a roast for the Professor of Hebrew that was the talk of the college.

Dolly—And cake?

Wylie—Sponge and pound are my best, though my kisses are not to despised.

Dolly—This is glorious. I have found the treasure my sex is waiting for, and by right of discovery he is mine. How about sewing?

Wylie—I used to do a great deal of sowing a few years ago, but I rather gave it up. I found it bad for my head. I don't believe I have forgotten how, however. I was always good at—a'hem——

Dolly—That's nice. I hate to hem.

Wylie—We used to gather a good deal at the club, and I was pretty fair at basting and running, and after I broke my leg, I spent all my time knitting.

Dolly—This is too good to be true. And you haven't any old-fashioned notions, have you, such as have trammeled us in the past? You would not oppose the voting of women?

Wylie—Devoting always seemed to me what women were best fitted for.

Dolly (aside)—And yet he's handsome and attractive, too. Won't the girls be wild! Dear me, I did not know that a New Woman's heart could act like this.

Wylie (aside)—She is the sweetest little Dolly that ever had a bee in her bonnet, and I think I can settle that bee.

Wylie:
For you, sweet Dolly, my heart is athirst;
I'd fain in your smiles be basking.

Dolly:
I shouldn't allow him to get in first;
The woman should do the asking.

Wylie:
Now love has broken the bonds of years
And over my soul is rushing.

Dolly:
To think that a girl with advanced ideas
Should stoop to the act of blushing!

Wylie:
Come, say you love me as I love you!
Dear Dolly, don't stop to parry.

Dolly:
It's all so sudden—I'm 'fraid I do—

Wylie:
How sad we can never marry!
The New, who've mastered the world's new laws,
Must wed with the unenlightened.
Farewell! We part for a noble cause.

Dolly:
Oh, don't go away—I'm frightened.

Wylie:
Were you contented to bake and mend,
No loftier orbit knowing,
To clear your sight were a worthy end.

Dolly:
I really am fond of sewing.

Wylie:
If lifting others were not our lot,
How happily we'd be mated.
Were you still shackled!

Dolly:
I'm really not so very emancipated.
I've loved embroidery all my life,
I'm dying to do your cooking.

Wylie:
Why, then, you're just the suitable wife—

Dolly:
Oh, don't—there's somebody looking.

(Enter the Professor and Omega, followed by the other students in couples.)

The Professor:
As the head of a co-educational school,
I find I've been rather too strict in my rule.
Though flirting's a word I'm reluctant to name,
I find that it's really an innocent game.
For one of our party has given her day
To clearing my old-fashioned notions away;
And her studies won't lose in the slightest degree,
For she's gathered a very fine fossil—in me.
Let Beta be Betty and Epsilon Eppy,
No Greek letter names, I beg.
The one who was lately Omega the stately
Is known to myself as Meg.
A moment of blindness is often a kindness,
And ignorance sometimes is wise;
To avoid tribulation in co-education,
It's best not to open your eyes.

All:
We're tapping at the stratas,
Exploring nature's stores,
All glad and happy martyrs
To geologic laws.
We did not vainly linger,
New specimens we own;
For on a certain finger
Each girl brings back a stone.

Wylie:
I found a lovely woman
Whose heart was petrified;
I made it warm and human.
Allow me, sirs—my bride.

All:
We did not vainly linger, etc.

(Curtain.)

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

DEVELOPING THE MOTHER LODE

Prince Poniatowski's Big Mining Venture in Calaveras County.

This summer has seen the formation of an enterprise that will have a very important effect on the future of California as a mining State. Between the Mokelumne and the Stanislaus rivers in Calaveras county lies a portion of the mother lode that, owing to the scarcity of water, has never been developed beyond a slight depth. On either side of it lie such famous mines as the Argonaut, the Kennedy, the Utica, the Rawhide, all worked to vast depths, while this promising region has been merely scratched on the surface, the shafts in no case extending below two hundred feet. It is with the object of developing this lode by means of electric power that the California Exploration Company has been formed.

Prince Poniatowski is one of the originators of the scheme. He is somewhat of an authority on mining, having been one of the early pioneers in South Africa. After a thorough investigation of the ground and its prospects, seconded by several mining engineers, he concluded that the entire lode could be developed and worked by means of electric power, at one third of the present cost. He then set to work to interest foreign and local capital. James W. Sperry, of the Sperry Flour Company, W. N. Cowles, treasurer of the Alcatraz Asphalt Company, and Charles E. Green, have joined the enterprise, as well as a large syndicate of English capitalists and trusts, represented by Edmund Davis and Percy Tarbutt, who have made their names prominent in the mining history of South Africa.

The company has been formed with a capital stock of two million dollars, and a reserve of one million. The electric power will be furnished by the Blue Lakes Water Company (the largest water system in the State). At Big Bar Bridge, a plant is in course of construction that will supply the company with five thousand horsepower. Electricity will also be supplied to independent mines in the neighborhood at a rate of twenty-five cents a horsepower—a third of the actual cost.

The strip of territory now in the hands of the California Exploration Company is fifteen miles in length, extending from the Gwin mines to Altaville, and varies from half a mile to a mile in width. It includes forty-six mines—some bought outright by the company, some acquired on bonds running for two years. Among them are the Gottschalk and Holland mines near San Andreas, the Maloney near Mokelumne Hill, the Union and Bund near Fork Crossing, and the big Vair ranch between the Gwin and Middle Bar Bridge.

The Exploration Company is organized on a plan similar to that under which most of the South Airican mines were first developed and then floated successfully on the European markets. On eight of its best properties, shafts will be sunk to a depth of one thousand feet. The company will allow outsiders to come in and locate, furnishing them the power in order that they may sink to an equal depth. Those who wish to develop mines in the district will not be obliged to pay anything down for the purchase price. When the mine is defined, they can form a company and purchase the mine for twenty, thirty or forty per cent of the capital stock, as the circumstances may warrant. It is hoped that fifteen or twenty such affiliated companies will be formed within a year.

Besides the regular engineering staff, the California Exploration Company has secured the services of Richard Parker for the coming three years as head manager for its mining de... Parker is one of the most pro... fields, where... Jack," the la... who conceale... This caused t... fled to Austra... cial backing, ... pect increasir...

Breakfast, Ideal Blend.
A. Schilling & Company
San Francisco

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U...

Royal Ba... Po...
ABSOLUTELY P...

EN LILY SOAP
BEST ON EARTH
FOR LAUNDRY USE

tronize Home Industry

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Preparations for the Country Club meet at Del Monte are now finished. Everything is prepared for holiday week. Though the Shoot has been dropped from the programme, the polo ponies promise to furnish far more sport than the pigeons ever could. The race track and polo grounds are in splendid condition, and the stables are already filled to overflowing. Captain A. F. Wainwright, of the Burlingame Country Club, will have entire charge of the meet, and is desperately busy in consequence. The stewards this year are Major J. L. Rathbone, Walter S. Hobart, Captain Wainwright, Alec Hamilton and J. Lawson. Other officers are Thomas F. Meagher, clerk of scales; Captain A. F. Wainwright, clerk of course; James Carroll, timer; and Lee White, starter. The sports will last from the 25th to the 29th of August, beginning with the polo match on Tuesday. Wednesday will be devoted to a paper chase; races follow on Thursday; on Friday more polo, including the final game for the cup; and on Saturday races, ending with the Del Monte cup handicap. Polo teams from Santa Monica, Riverside and Burlingame are entered, including among their members R. M. Tobin, Joseph Tobin, W. S. Hobart, C. Waring, J. J. Morse, Captain Wainwright, Charles A. Baldwin, W. R. Whittier, Robert Bettner, Peter D. Martin and J. Lawson. Mr. Baldwin has with him fourteen horses and six rigs, and Lew White has brought twelve steeds, the celebrated Ketchum being one of them. One of the prettiest features of the meet will be the drag procession on race days, in which all the private turnouts will take part.

The most important event, in fact the only affair of social prominance of the past week, was the wedding of Miss Claire Ralston and Dr. Bullitt. As at the recent Gerstle-Levison nuptials, the effective combination of green and white struck the keynote of color, both for church decorations and bridesmaids' gowns.

All fashionable Oakland and many San Franciscans were present at the church ceremony, and a number of the 400 came up from Del Monte and over from San Rafael to attend. The bride looked lovely, as one might know she would. Her gown was a triumph, being elegant yet simple—not such an easy effect to accomplish as it may appear. And then Claire Ralston always had a way of carrying herself. The robing of the bridesmaids and maid of honor was Frenchy in the extreme, being white mull over a bright apple green. The apple green shows the artist's hand, for it is a color becoming alike to the blonde, and the brunette, and even to one who is neither.

The gowns were finished with stocks of green silk, and bows of the same were tucked under the big white tulle trimmed hats. The effect was summery and cool.

Dr. Bullitt has made himself widely popular in Oakland. He comes from the very best Louisville stock and holds an enviable position in Kentucky social circles. The young people, of course, will make their home in Louisville. The presents were unusually numerous and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Ralston have devoted their attention to the furnishing of their daughter's new home. Everything, including furniture, draperies, crockery, glassware, etc., was purchased here and is to be shipped East.

JOHN RUSKIN
FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, BY HC
COURTESY OF W. K. VICKERY

ous of his pictures, is closely connected w
of Millais' life. Mrs. John Ruskin, the w
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tionate, sympathetic, fond of companio
married a gloomy, moody savant, absorbe

Enerney has so often been commented on that there are few of its details unknown to the public. He has certainly made enormous strides in his profession within the space of a very few years, and seems to be destined to figure eventually as the leader of the local bar. His is an impressive but unpretentious individuality. Mrs. McEnerney shares her husband's love of books, and is not herself undistinguished in the paths of literature.

In Clubdom attention is centered in the Bohemian high jinks to-night. It is said the programme is an excellent one, with much promise in the direction of illuminating effects. During the week the camp has been a popular gathering place for the members on vacation. There is a gay crowd gathered in the Redwoods, all enjoying themselves to the top of their bent, with stories, songs, and speeches, every night. In the low jinks, the talent, I am told, is to be professional, which, though a disadvantage, will prove an innovation, and innovations are by no means to be despised.

The McKenna-Martin wedding is beginning to assume a less indefinite aspect. The illness of Mrs. Donahue, which was the cause of the postponement, will soon be a thing of the past. She is improving slowly but steadily, and during the past week has been able to receive a few intimate friends. The new Donahue home on Broadway is rapidly nearing completion. The exterior is now finished and the workmen are giving the final touches to the interior decorations. It will probably be ready for occupancy the latter part of next month, and it is more than probable that the wedding reception Mrs. Donahue has decided upon giving her nephew and his bride will be held in the new house. There are several purchasers anxious to get possession of the Dimond house, so it is more than probable that the artistic home will be the scene of many brilliant entertainments this winter. The price asked for the place is $35,000.

It is certain that if Mrs. Crocker gives another of those picturesque fetes champetre the gowning of the women will not present such vastly different effects. I noticed decollete gowns, suitable for dinner and ball, elegant reception toilettes, calling gowns and fragile garden frocks with hats to match. In fact, every sort and condition was represented except the tailor made.

The Baldwins have come out from their retirement and are once again of the gay world at Del Monte. The Baldwin Mountain View ranch is an entrancing spot for a genuine old-fashioned honeymoon. Apropos of the Baldwins, by the way, it is en regle to offer congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester on the birth of a daughter on the 7th of August, at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Carolan has returned to town from her Eastern visit. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair confidently looked forward to their passing a few weeks on this coast, but there is now no probability of such a visit.

Miss Jennie Blair is the fortunate possessor of a great Dane, a magnificent animal, the gift of an admiring friend who has just returned from a trip abroad. Miss Blair is an enthusiastic dog fancier and will probably take the animal with her on her visit to Del Monte later in the month.

Oakland claims the next event of importance on the social calendar, which is also to be a wedding—that of Miss Amy Requa and Captain Long. No immediate date has yet been set for the wedding. It is expected to take place very soon, however, and will be a church affair. Army circles will be well represented, and the best man and the ushers will be in full uniform.

That the path of the elect is not altogether a passageway of roses, I gather from a little conversation overheard at that most annoying but necessary of mortals, the couturiere. It was an Oakland matron speaking, a leader of society across the bay, and one who had been formerly a popular belle in our own city. "Four hundred," plaintively murmured the matron, "400. By all the powers that be, why are we not 150?" And I heard the scissors snip and the mantua maker quickly coughed out the pin she so snugly held between her lips.

The attractions of Del Monte and the pony racing meet are gathering Society in that direction. Still, San Rafael has been sufficiently gay, and there is much to amuse the guests. Not to be outdone in the matter of races, a pony steeplechase is being arranged for September first, in the management of which Rudolph Spreckels, J. J. Crooks, and Jim Archibald are associated. There is a track some two miles down the broad-gauge road which will be the scene of the events. Among the householders nowadays are the Rudolph Spreckels, who have taken the Parrott villa, and have stopping with them the Misses Jolliffe, the younger of whom was one of the winners in the recent steeplechase. There have been some pretty girls at San Rafael recently, among them Miss Cora Smedburg, who has been a guest at the Thomas villa, and Miss Rogers, a cousin of Miss Juliet Williams, who has won many hearts. She is from Columbus, Ohio, is a blonde, round and plump of figure, bright and graceful. The third beauty is Miss Mabel Andrews of San Jose, who is stopping with Mrs. Tay. Miss May Belle Gwin, I regret to hear, has been suffering from a severe attack of poison oak. The announcement that the Hotel Rafael is to be kept open through the winter occasions considerable pleasure among its patrons. General Warfield has made arrangements to entertain the Raymond and Whitcomb parties, which guarantees the house a substantial patronage throughout the cold months. Among those who have announced their intention of remaining for some time to come are Mr. and Mrs. Umbsen and Miss Umbsen, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, and quite a number of others. There is a general feeling that the hotel is now in good hands, and that the comforts of the guests will be properly looked after.

MR. AND MRS. GARRETT W. McENERNEY
WHO WERE MARRIED AT THE CATHEDRAL ON THURSDAY THE 20TH AUGUST

Catalina still retains its popularity, goats and fishing grounds, and if one wants to be in evidence at all nowadays he must be able to relate a brand new fish yarn or a thrilling goat adventure. The would-be trespassers that kept the island in a fever of excitement during the early part of the season have evidently concluded that it is cheaper to pay fare and land unostentatiously than to hire a yacht and prove unsuccessful in forcing themselves on private grounds. Still, the numerous attempts made occasioned lots of fun and excitement, and the inhabitants rather regret the shyness of the trespassers.

The chief attractions at Santa Monica are the bathing and Rustic Canon. Every morning a crowd gathers on the beach to watch the bathers, who gambol about the surf to their heart's content. Strange to say, too, there has been no remarkable swimming done there this year. Whether it is on account of the number of accidents at the different beaches during the last few years, or a preference for the surf, no one seems to know. The majority of the bathers content themselves with holding on to the rope or being rolled, though some attempt a few strokes now and then.

The lovely south, with its long, shining sands and deep blue sea, still draws crowds of fashionable people who either dream the day away in the sun or frolic in the cool surf or the shady nooks of Rustic Canyon. The nights are so lovely and clear that staying indoors is out of the question, so excursions are planned; the serenaders station themselves beneath the windows of their inamoratas, and the more daring ones engage boats and brave the swelling waters of the harbor.

Nowadays Blue Lakes has obtained quite a vogue as a summer resort. Among the guests there now is Mrs. Andrews, wife of the debonair Colonel, accompanied by a party of friends.

"Well," said Smith, as the discussion of the financial question by the group at the club was growing exhaustive, "you may contend for a five dollar gold piece, but I prefer a five dollar bill." "Why?" they asked. "Because," said Smith, "when you put the bill in your pocket you usually double it, you know, and then when you take it out again you see it in creases," and the drinks were on th other fellows.

Salvation Army Apostle—If you swear at those horses, my good man, you'll never go to heaven.

Teamster (humbly)—I know it, mum; but if I don't I'll never get to Tonawanda. —Buffalo Times.

"Scotch and Soda" is the fashionable drink in the East at present, and is fast becoming the fad out here. With a good quality of whisky, such as the "White Horse Cellar" Scotch whisky, it makes one of the most pleasant and cooling drinks we have tried, and is sure to make a hit.

The Hotel Rafael, at San Rafael, has been leased for a term of years to General R. H. Warfield, the present lessee of the California Hotel in this city. The hotel will be kept open hereafter the year round, and special reduced rates will be made for the winter season.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

Fall Style Neckwear and Hosiery at J. W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

Dainty and Refreshing
PAR EXCELLENCE
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

Miss Nini | Timotio | Pasquale | M. Enrico | Miss Elvira

BIONDI IN "THE DANCING SCHOOL"

THE THEATERS

The Laughter-provoking Qualities of "The Gay Parisians."

If uncontrollable shrieks of laughter coming from a Baldwin audience mean anything, the play "Gay Parisians," as presented by the Frohman company, is a complete and unmistakable success. Nothing so mirth-provoking has come to us in a long while. Critics may find fault, but after all, the demand for a wholesome laugh is greater than that for the more serious and finer productions. W. J. Ferguson, who graces the top of the programme, has a droll face to commence with, a face that rather appeals to you when in repose, and moves you to laughter when it begins to move. He reminds one somewhat of Sol Smith Russell, and his comedy work is of the Russell type. He draws out of the part something more than the author has given him in the lines; makes the most of every situation, and gives us a picture of a novice suffering from the agonizing effects of a strong cigar that is simply inimitable.

As for the plot, or rather action of the play, it defies description. We have an architect and a builder living as neighbors. The architect is hen-pecked, the builder rather the reverse. In a moment of confidence, the builder's wife relates her tale of woe to her husband's friend. He, somewhat smitten by her charms, suggests that she do something to make her husband jealous. This was an idea! He offers himself as an individual willing to play the part of lover. He will take her to theatres, to French restaurants, and to Heaven knows where. This is the germ of the plot. Around and about this little transaction cling ludicrous and laughable situations that continue through three acts, and unless the weight of business cares bears most heavily upon you, you will fall in line and laugh as heartily as I did over the whole absurd affair. There is an old judge who stutters when it rains, but talks as volubly as a phonograph when the weather is clear. He has the happy faculty of being de trop under all circumstances. One might imagine him in the way even at his own funeral. He contributes wonderfully to the fun-making. In the last act he is volubly explaining his experiences of the eventful night preceding, and is about to innocently expose all the deftly concealed escapades of the architect and the builder's wife, when a thunder storm providentially comes along.

The words die on his lips. The thunder roars, the rain patters down, and he stands just on the threshold of making an exposure, a stuttering, red-faced unfortunate, giving voice to unintelligible words. The scene cannot be described. I would strongly advise my frineds to see "Gay Parisians," perhaps because I run somewhat to comedy. It is not a naughty play—that is, not very naughty. It has none of the risque things of "Bohemia," and is easily the most laughable thing of the season.

Olcott has not been doing badly at the California. He is being put forth, of course, as the successor to the lamented Scanlan, he of the handsome teeth, engaging smile and pleasing voice. Scanlan was a rara avis in his way. He netted his managers a handsome sum, and for a while was "the" Irish comedian of the American stage. Not in the sense that Boucicault was, but in a lighter vein, and in sketchy plays where an engaging voice and person were the chief requisites to carry the show along. Olcott's teeth have the required standard of whiteness, his voice is pleasing, but he is not quite Scanlan.

Have you seen Biondi at the Orpheum? I ran in last week to see Kennedy, the mesmerist, and take a peep at the little Italian mimic. They say, and you know "they say" is responsible for many things, that Biondi—the girls call him "Bunnie"—is overloaded with letters from damsels who have gone daft on the agile little actor. The mischief of it is, he cannot read English and must submit these ten-

THE PROLOGUE

der epistles to his secretary, who translates them for him, and takes all kinds of liberties in his translations.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Wife" will follow "The Social Trust" at the Columbia.

It is said that James O'Neill will play the late Frank Mayo's part in "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Steve Brodie in his successful play "On the Bowery" is one of the early attractions at the California.

Miss Pauline French, a graduate from the Columbia Theater School of Dramatic Art, will join Augustin Daly's forces next season.

Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davis are coming to California in November, bringing two new plays, "Humanity" and "The Cotton King."

The "Holland Brothers" begin their tour on September 14th at McVicker's theater in Chicago, presenting "The Social Highwayman."

On account of the success and extraordinary demand for seats, it has been decided to play "The Gay Parisians" on Sunday night at the Baldwin Theatre.

Chauncey Olcott will give the last two performances of his engagement at the California Theater to-night and Sunday. The bill will be "The Minstrel of Clare."

The California Theater will be closed for the next two weeks, reopening Monday evening, September 7th, with Steve Brodie in the melodrama, "On the Bowery."

The Alcazar Theatre is to be opened shortly with a stock company under the management of Frederic Belasco, Frank Doane, and J. B. Jordan. A number of Belasco's plays are to be produced.

The second and last week of "The Gay Parisians" at the Baldwin Theater commences next Monday night. "Madame Sans Gene" will be presented on August 31st, with Augustus Cook as Napoleon.

Thirteen members of the Columbia Theater School of Dramatic Art assisted in the performance of the "Masqueraders" last week with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theater Stock Company. One of its graduates, Mr. James Keane, played a small part to advantage.

"Trilby" is booming in Australia. Thus far the Melbourne season resulted in a clear profit of over $25,000. Edith Crane, Reuben Fax, Jennie Reiffarth, E. W. Morrison, and the others who are familiar to the San Francisco theater-goers, have all made individual hits.

The great consolidated circus of Adam Forepaugh and the Sells Brothers is on its way here, and will open at San Francisco on the 3d of September. It promises four rings, and three hundred performers who will do new and wonderful acts twice a day during the ten days of their stay here. Reserved seats on sale at the Pacific Music Co., 816 Market street.

"The Social Trust," a new play written for the Frawley company by Mr. Hillary Bell and Mr. Ramsay Morris, will have its first production at the Columbia next Monday night. It is a comedy drama, the story of which is founded upon the incidents connected with the famous Cordage Trust. The leading parts will be taken by Wilton Lackaye and Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault.

Charles Frohman reads 500 to 600 plays a year. The quickest record he has yet made of reading and accepting a play is in the case of "Bohemia," which was handed to him at 10 o'clock one morning and read that afternoon in his room at the Waldorf Hotel. That evening he wrote Clyde Fitch, its author, of its acceptance, and before 10 next morning the terms of the purchase were arranged. At noon it was practically in the hands of his stock company for rehearsal.

One of the attractions at the Orpheum next week will be the mimic Richard Pitrot, owner of four hundred rings, and wardrobes to correspond. Among others will be Albini the Magician, "Costermonger Sal," Miss Howard the Trilby dancer, etc. The new Wein-Stube which Gustav Walter has fitted up in imitation of the famous wine rooms to be found in sections of Germany, will next week be thrown open to the public.

The management of the Columbia Theater School of Dramatic Art will open next month a special department for the development of singers desiring an operatic career. In all probability Cantor Stark of the Temple Emanu-El, who has had a most thorough European training as a vocal instructor, will take charge aided by Professor Joseph Roeckel. Other teachers will be engaged who have been devoting their study to the methods of instructions in music and opera. Cantor Stark has a repertoire of over one hundred and fifty operas, and has had fifteen years of experience in symphony and operatic works.

The bright-eyed, clever little Italian, Biondi, has made a great record at the Orpheum. Such a success has his performance proved that he has been engaged for two extra weeks, and he promises us new surprises in the way of one-man Italian opera. It is really a spectacle to be behind the scenes at the Orpheum and see Biondi change from one costume to another. Four dressers are in constant attendance, one with a coat, and others with shoes, hats, trousers, and other paraphenalia of his disguises. Not a second is lost in placing the various articles where they belong. Every motion is regulated by system; every twist or turn is utilized. Personally, Biondi has made many friends. He is a gay, bright, debonaire young man, generous and hospitable, and is never happy save amid a crowd of his countrymen talking Italian at the top of his voice. This week, he performs an operetta called "The Dancing School," in one act of which he assumes seven different roles. He has had himself photographed in the various changes, and six of these are reproduced above, showing the variety and versatility of his expressions and poses.

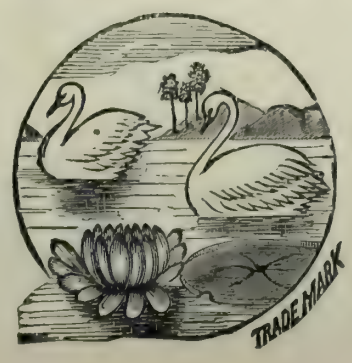
The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

You can pay anything you like for tea, but something will be missing unless it is fresh-roasted.

That something is very nice indeed, and Schilling's Best is full of it.

Oolong, Ceylon, Japan, English Breakfast, Ideal Blend.

A. Schilling & Company
San Francisco



QUEEN LILY SOAP

BEST ON EARTH
FOR LAUNDRY USE

Patronize Home Industry

"EPISCOPO & CO."

A Very Curious Study of Italian Life.

In her translation of "Episcopo & Company" (H. S. Stone & Co.) Myrta Leonara Jones has introduced us to an author still unknown on this side of the water, though famous in all the literary circles of Europe. Gabriele d'Annunzio is an Italian, whose writings are, perhaps, more widely read in France than in his own country. As Henry James once said of him, "He speaks so loud that one hears him well only from a distance." The translator's preface contains an interesting sketch of d'Annunzio's career. He had the good fortune to bring out his first book just when the world was getting tired of Tolstoi and Ibsen, and this fact, combined with his rare faculty of looking at life both from within and without, won him an unusually swift recognition. He is still under thirty years old, and has been before the literary world ever since the publication of a book of poems in 1883. Exquisite as this "Canto Nuovo, l'Inter-Mezzo di Rime" is, its erotic character caused a great deal of comment. These and later poems have placed him among the foremost Italian poets of to-day. He himself relates with naive frankness the effect upon himself of his sudden success: "Everyone sought me, burned incense before me, made a god of me. I appealed specially to women. In this lay a great danger for me. Praise intoxicated me. Eager for its pleasures, I threw myself desperately into life with all my youthful ardor. I committed fault after fault. I skirted a thousand precipices. A sort of aphrodisiacal madness took hold of me. I published a little book of poems entitled 'Intermezzo di Rime,' where in plastic verse of faultless prosody I sang of all the pleasures of the flesh, with a shamelessness which I have never seen except in the freest poets of the XVI and XVII centuries. As was just, I began to pay for my mistakes, my dissipations, my excesses. I began to suffer with the same intensity with which I had enjoyed. Suffering made a new man of me. The works of Tolstoi and of Dostvievsky helped to develop new feelings within me. And now that my art was ripe, I succeeded at once in expressing my new conception of life in a complete and organic whole, in my novel called 'L'Innocente.'"

It is through his novels that one gets the clearest idea of d'Annunzio's personality. He is revealed an interesting, beauty-adoring pagan, with no morals to speak of. As to his literary explicitness, the famous critic, M. de Vogue, claims that d'Annunzio is never vulgar—that his works are the result of spontaneous, literary temperament, and not of speculation; and that he has nothing in common with the literary tradesmen who cater to low tastes. His three most famous novels are his "Romances of the Rose," "Piacere," which appeared in 1889, "L'Innocente," in 1892, and "Trionfo della Morte," in 1894. These are accessible in French, but no one has been bold enough to put them into English. He is now beginning a new series on a higher moral plane, known as "Romances of the Lily." His writings show so strongly the influence of other writers that he has often been accused of plagiarism, and his extremely succeptible nature undoubtedly owes much to certain great authors. He is hard to classify, being now a realist, now a symbolist, but his books have power, and impel one to a second and even a third reading.

As for "Episcopo & Company," it is by turns exquisite and revolting. Once acquainted with Episcopo, one hates to remember the author's own statement that his neroes are largely portraits of himself. This one is the epitome of cowardice, a maudlin, feeble, bloodless creature, whose one redeeming point is his affection for his little son. He is a man to whom no one, not even he himself, gives respect—a cringing thing of tears and tremblings, whom the strong are irresistably impelled to kick. He is drawn with such relentless realism that one does not feel one pang of sympathy for his sufferings, except in the very first, when he tells about the little shoes. Yet, with that beautiful, simple language, only one little touch of idealization was needed to make us cry all the way through. One feels that the translator has caught the tone and spirit of the original to a wonderful degree—just as one often knows that a portrait is a good likeness without ever having seen the person portrayed. The story is hardly one to give a skeleton of, though as told by the garrulous, simple-minded Italian, it is harmless enough. He may say indecent things, but he never hints them—never explains a situation with a wink and a laugh,—and so the story is no more shocking to modesty than a plain talk with the family doctor. Episcopo is always the slave of some one—always as impotent as though hypnotized. First it is the brutal Manzer, then the even viler Genevra, who marries Episcopo and fills his house with her lovers. Among these Manzer finally takes his place, and maltreats everybody until he is stabbed in the back by the dishonored husband. Episcopo tells his story in prison, where he is evidently dying. It is when he is telling about his son that he comes nearest to being lovable:

Eleven years—think, sir—he was but eleven years old, and he argued like a man, he was sad like a man. It seemed as though he already knew life, all of life, and that he was suffering, always suffering. His lips were already familiar with bitter words—words which do much harm, and are never forgotten! * * *

He is dead. It is sixteen days since he died. And I—I am still living! But I ought to die; and soon I shall die; it will be better so. My child wants me join him. Every night he comes, sits down, looks at me. He is barefooted, poor Ciro! I have to strain my ears to distinguish his steps. As soon as night falls I am continually, continually, on the watch, and when he puts his foot on the sill, it is as though he put it on my heart; but softly, so softly, without hurting me, light as a feather—poor soul!

Every night now he is barefooted. But believe me, never while he was alive, never did he go barefooted—never, I swear it to you.

I am going to tell you something. Pay strict attention. If any one dear to you should die, take care that he wants for nothing in his coffin. Dress him with your own hands if you can. Dress him completely, carefully, as though he were to come back to life, to go forth. He who is about to leave this world should want for nothing, nothing. Remember that.

Well, look at these little shoes. Have you children? No? Then you cannot know, you cannot understand, what this poor little pair of shoes, which have held his feet, which keep the very form of his feet, are to me. I could never tell you, no father could ever tell you, none. * * *

When he died he had only one pair, the ones you see. And I took them from him. And they buried him like that, like a poor little boy. Did no one love him but his father?

And now every night I take these two shoes and put them, one beside the other, on the threshold for him. Does he see them as he passes? Perhaps he sees them, but he does not touch them. Perhaps he knows that I should lose my mind if I did not find them in their places in the morning, one beside the other.

Episcopo is terribly, almost insanely, emotional. Again, had a little glamour been thrown over him, had he been a shade less vividly real, we should have felt and suffered with him. But we see him so plainly that we realize how we should have despised him in life, we who scorn tears and deify self-control. In passages like the following, we have an uncomfortable sense that he is making himself ridiculous:

There are moments when, God pardon me, I feel something Christ-like within me. I have been the vilest and I have been the best of men. Come, let me weep a little. You see how my tears flow! Many years of martyrdom have taught me to weep like that, without sobs, without sighs, so that I might not be heard, might not give pain to the being who loved me, might not annoy the being who made me suffer. Very few know how to weep like that. Well, sir, that is at least one thing I beg you to remember and give me credit for. After my death you will tell them that all his life poor Giovanni Episcopo at least knew how to weep in silence.

The book as a whole is one not easily forgotten, but, Oh, so morbid, so unwholesome! Is strength to be obtained only by treating of the low deeds of low people? Is it incompatible with purity and saneness? Is no one great enough to bring sweetness and light into European literature?

J. W. T.

Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Joseph Munier, proprietor.

BOOK NOTES

"You are the first woman I ever knew who even knew what honor meant—just as a man is sometimes able to know it, I mean. Women have a kind of honesty, often, but of honor they know pitably little." There is a challenge with a vengeance. If Marie Louise Pool wished to get "Mrs. Gerald" (Harper's) vehemently wrangled over, she could not have chosen a better sentiment. One cannot read her books, however, without feeling that she is above trickery of any kind, and that her saying a thing like that meant that she found it sorrowfully true. And is it? We answer with a vigorous No! and a mental reservation. Judith Gerald, the honorable exception, is a strong, intense woman, to whom disloyalty would be utterly impossible. The story lies in the contest between her passionate nature, truthful and strong-willed, and an unlawful love, but there is never a second's doubt as to where the ultimate victory will be. It is not a problem story, but a history of human emotion, told with wonderful truth and vividness. If it were not so real, one might resent its painfulness, its unceasing strain and intensity. Miss Poole is not a writer who has to tell us minutely just what her characters are suffering to rouse our sympathies. She seems to bestow on us her own insight, so that we feel for them instinctively, and almost too poignantly. They live through their troubles right before our eyes. Miss Poole has already given us some charming work, but the dramatic force of "Mrs. Gerald," and its portrayal of human passion place it far ahead of anything she has done.

The French Academy at its last meeting received letters from Emile Zola and Jules Delafosse, each presenting his own name as candidate for the seat made vacant by the death of Jules Simon. In May Zola appeared as a candidate to take the place of Alexandre Dumas fils, at the same time that Gaston Paris was elected to succeed Dr. Pasteur. Eight ballots were cast. Zola led in nearly all of them. In the last two, however, he stood eight against sixteen cast for Barboux. No decision was reached. The next election will take place in October, and it is thought that the author of "Rome" stands the best chance of his life of having his name then placed among the "Forty Immortals."

L. McManus has made Cromwell's conquest of Ireland the basis of a stirring novel of adventure, "The Silk of the Kine." The heroine is the daughter of an Irish Earl, and is taken by slave-hunters. She goes through thrilling alternations of rescue and capture till an English officer, who has fallen in love with her, gets her into safe keeping by saying that she is his wife. To save him from the consequences of this lie, she marries him and they escape to Holland, where in time he wins her love and Cromwell's pardon. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

"Tom Sawyer, Detective," Mark Twain's new story, begun in the August "Harper's," is a combination of the adventures of "Huck Finn" and his enterprising companion, told in "Huck's" picturesque language, and embellished with many illustrations by A. B. Frost.

Another new historical romance is "The Crimson Sign," by S. R. Knightly (Harper's) for which the siege of Londonderry furnishes a setting.

Books Received.

"The Vanished Emperor," by Percy Andreae. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

Feed Them Properly

and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments on this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

A DINNER WITH ZANGWILL

The personality of I. Zangwill possesses general interest not only for his co-religionists, who love "Ghetto Stories," but for the public, which follows his witty "Without Prejudice," in the "Pall Mall Magazine," and finds the humor of "The King of Schnorrers" grateful. The Parisian correspondent of "The Tribune" contributes this witty impression of the novelist:

We had finished dinner, Mr. Zangwill and I, at the Cafe Luxembourg. The waiter brought coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes. Mr. Zangwill leaned across the table to relight his cigarette at mine.

"This is a man's equivalent for kissing," he said, handing back to me, with a smile, my lighted cigarette.

A pale, clever face (that is not unlike, in its expression, the late Lord Beaconfield's), crowned with an abundance of crisp, black hair. Eyes dark and piercing, a witty, passionate mouth. The nose strongly marked but sensitive; a nose that denotes force and success in life. A slight scholarly stoop to the shoulders, hands firm and white.

"I must go back to my hotel presently," he said, "and finish a story I have promised of ghetto life in Rome in the fifteenth century. But I would much rather stay here and flaner all the evening. I understand now why Nero played the fiddle while Rome was burning. He had just dined at the Cafe Luxembourg." And indeed the good bourgeois cooking had been very acceptable. What a pity the Cafe Luxembourg exists no longer! That dinner was a feast of wit for me. I remember asking Mr. Zangwill what his political opinions were.

"I am a Radical," he replied, "with a profound suspicion of the people." We spoke of America, where Mr. Zangwill was contemplating a lecturing tour.

"Ah, America," he said, and an indescribable twinkle came into his eye. "What a great country! Columbus discovered America, but America has discovered me.

"I said to Kipling," he observed, "'I wish you would write more poetry.' 'Why should I?' answered Mr. Kipling. 'Because I want to read it,' I said."

"Speaking of a certain London club noted for its interesting meetings," he remarked, "I never put my foot in it but I open my mouth." He also told me of how he had been taken over a well-known ladies' club of London by a very charming woman, who had presented him to all the notabilities present; then, turning to him, she asked: "Is there anybody else here, Mr. Zangwill, "that you would like to meet?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Zangwill, "I would like to be introduced to you now."

A friend had written to invite him to dinner to meet Selous, the celebrated lion tamer, who had recently returned from the Cape. Mr. Zangwill wrote back: "I very much regret not being able to accept your kind invitation to dine with you and meet Mr. Selous, but, by the way, you are a greater lion tamer even than he is."

Once, at a theatrical fund dinner, Sir Henry Irving, who at that time had not made Mr. Zangwill's acquaintance, saluted him on entering the dining hall with a slap on the back. He afterward came to him and apologized for the liberty he had taken. "But your back looked so familiar, Mr. Zangwill," said Sir Henry, "I could not resist slapping it. The fact is, I have been puzzling all through dinner to think whom it reminded me of. At last I know. It looked like my own back in 'The Bells.'"

He related how he had been to supper with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her husband one night after the theater. She was acting at that time the leading role in a piece, the great situation of which was when the husband and the lover sit down to play a game of cards, where the heroine is to be given to whoever wins the game.

"Mr. Zangwill," exclaimed Mrs. Patrick Campbell, "I cannot sufficiently express to you my admiration for your beautiful books."

"Waiter," said Mr. Zangwill, gravely turning to the man who had been serving them, "a pack of cards, please."

I was bemoaning my fate, how Mr. John Lane, the publisher, had kept a MS. of my poems for two years before bringing it out.

"Be patient," replied Mr. Zangwill, "it's a long lane that has no turning."

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A NOTE FROM NEWPORT

NEWPORT, Aug. 10th.—A whisper, or more properly a shout, is going around to the effect that we may before long have another American Duchess. When the Duchess of Manchester proposed coming over this summer with her son Willian Angus Drogo Montagu, the present Duke, it was an open secret that some lucky American girl and her dowry might go back with them. In a wealthy, high-class way, the Manchesters are as poor as cats. The family estates are not remunerative, and though the young Duke went through Eton, Oxford was denied him. His mother is an American, a member of the Yznega family, and it was for her that the young Duchess of Marlborough was named. According to report, the lucky girl has already been found in Miss May Van Alen, daughter of James J. Van Alen, and niece of John Jacob Astor. She is only nineteen, which is fortunate, as the Duke is barely twenty, and she has not yet come out, though that is to be remedied by a big reception at the Newport house of the Van Alens. This will be the most magnificent kind of an affair, for Mr. Van Alen is a second Ward McAllister in the matter of entertaining, and the Duchess and her son will be the special guests of honor. The friendly feeling between the two families is so marked that some say that the future father- and mother-in-law may complete matters by getting married themselves, but this is hardly probable. Miss Van Alen was born and brought up in Paris, thanks to a family feud. William Astor, her grandfather, bitterly opposed his daughter's marriage with Mr. Van Alen, and did his best to prevent it. Failing in that, he settled ten thousand dollars a year on his daughter, on condition that she should live abroad. When Mrs. Van Alen died, her husband came back to this country with his daughter, the feud having ended with the death of William Astor several years before, and since then he has taken a permanent place in society. His daughter is not what you would call a pretty girl, but she is thoroughly attractive, and will have a tremendously good time in society, whether she enters it as an English Duchess or an American girl.

So much for gossip. As for events, it has been yachting week, but the weather has been so abominably hot that the prevailing language was more naughty than nautical. No wind to speak of, and a grilling sun to spoil tempers and complexions. Really and truly, for unmitigated, unadulterated, inconsiderate and persistent heat, this week has broken the record of any previous August. If it does not cool off a little before next Saturday, when the great Futurity Stakes are to be run for at Sheepshead Bay, the feminine half of the Meadowbrook colony will hardly appear at the club-house, though the Bound Brook, Blemton and Keene stables will all be well represented. Speaking of racing, Pierre Lorillard scored honors and prizes at Newmarket, where two of his horses came in winners and a third got second place. They say Lord William Beresford is going to join him in his racing ventures.

As everyone knows, young Cornelius Vanderbilt and Miss Wilson did finally get married. It was the quietest kind of an affair, and the New York house looked so shut up and innocent that no one but a small boy would have dreamed that there was a wedding going on inside. One saw the young bridegroom going up the steps, however, and planted himself firmly before the door-bell. His appearance there gathered the nucleus of a crowd which grew as the day proceeded, and cheered Mrs. Vanderbilt very cordially when she came out. Gertrude Vanderbilt's wedding to Harry Payne Whitney will probably take place at the Breakers this month, if Mr. Vanderbilt is well enough. But the wedding of the Newport season will be that of Edith Bishop and Moses Taylor on the nineteenth, for which they say two thousand invitations have been sent out.

If you are thinking of fall clothes, remember that red is the coming color. Any shade from palest cerise to darkest wine, so long as it be red. The prettiest hats combine the tints of autumn leaves with pale or grass green, set off by a black tip. No more mad mingling of violet and blue and green and pink and red and purple in a clashing discord to disfigure one poor head. With the subdual of sleeves has come a decorous regard for color harmony, and Fashion's mad aberrations seem over.

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LATE VERSE

Retribution.

Virtue and truth were thine—long, long ago;
But from the first thy girlish steps did walk;
The last, they say, who saw thee upward grow,
Fled when thy lisping lips began to talk.

And thou wert wondrous fair, as many know,
But now, though plastered paint and powdered chalk
Strive hard to hide the footprints of the crow,
Time is one suitor whom thou canst not mock.

Yea, thou didst triumph then, and rigid dames
With plainer features, but with cleaner names,
Hated the baleful beauty of thy face.

Now, in the limbo of a hell whose blaze
Leaps to infold thee, thou wouldst mend thy ways,
And try thy zig-zag footsteps to retrace.

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Book versus Bike.

On the other side of the Atlantic an English poet has commemorated the conflict between bookdom and wheeldom in the following touching lines:

The Novel came down like a wolf on the fold,
And its binding was beaming with letters of gold,
And the screech of its voice was like geese on the green
When the sky shines the bluer for Jude the Obs—cure.

Like the hairs of his head when great Bodley was young,
That host in the evening its paean had sung;
Like the hairs of his head when great Bodley was old,
That host on the morrow you could not behold.

For the Bicycle swooped most amazingly fast,
And frightened the life out of all whom it passed;
And each masterpiece lost what it thought was its sense,
And it puffed one poor puff, then it scuttled off hence.

And there lay the screed with its pages uncut,
And gone was its proud and ineffable strut,
The Kailyard had given its very last kick,
And Hope, now deferred, felt his heart very sick.

And there lay the Pseudonym, tattered and torn,
Its moral unprized, its emotions forlorn;
And the Hill-top is silent and sulking alone,
Its problem neglected, its trumpet unblown.

And Marie Corelli is loud in her wail,
For stopped is her wholly phenomenal sale;
And the might of the Novelist, just like an ike,*
Has melted away in the scorch of the Bike.

Brought Good News.

(By a Twentieth Century Browning.)

I sprang to the seat with a dexterous bound,
And I put down my foot as the pedal came round.
"Good-bye," cried our hostess; "Good-bye," cried the wits,
"We will follow to-morrow to pick up the bits."
The door closed behind us; the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we wobbled abreast.

Then we raced down the road at the fiercest of rates,
And the cows came to peer at us over the gates;
Up hill and down dale; on the slope, on the flat,
My brave little bicycle flew like a bat,
And I would have stroked and caressed it, you know,
Like the man in the poem, but I dare not let go.

The gleam of our lamps danced about on the way,
And their fragrance uprose with the scent of the hay;
And the rustic historian with trembling tells
How he listened that night to the ting of our bells,
While the moon hanging over the poplar trees shone
With a critical gaze at us wobbling on.

But a dismal adventure remains to be said,
For I rashly attempted to turn round my head;
And my bicycle, wroth at such empty pretense,
Bore me in an instant full tilt at the fence.
They gathered us up: I was sound and entire,
But my gallant pneumatic had punctured a tire.

Then the people to whom the good news had been brought,
When we came to the place gathered round as they ought;
And they fetched a solution of rubber beside,
With a patent hand pump, which they vigorously plied.
For the burgesses said they could scarcely refuse
To pump up the machine that had brought the good news.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

*This is presumably modern English for "icicle."

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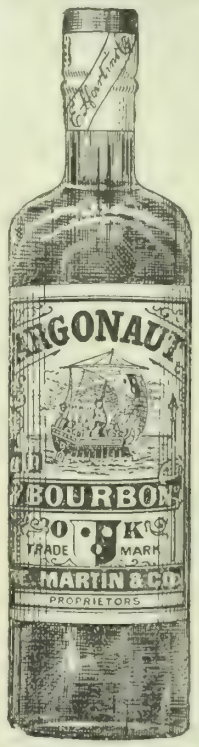

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HER POINT OF VIEW

For generations we have comfortably accepted the idea that man's love was of his life a thing apart—'twas a woman's whole existence, as an indisputable law of nature. Love was a thing that a woman spent the day with and a man came home to at night. He was the mind with the thousand eyes, she the heart with but one. Was that because she had been so constituted by nature, or because the other nine hundred and ninety-nine eyes had not yet been opened? Given a man's varied interests, and would love become of her life, too, a thing apart? It is a question that comes up irresistably as education widens her horizon and progress throws open to her, one by one, the doors of the world.

It seems very cold-blooded to consider the greatness of a woman's love as largely due to the fact that she hadn't anything else to interest her, and every sentimental and traditional feeling resents the idea, but after all, it isn't a question of what we want or don't want to believe—it is a question of abstract fact to be established or disproved. Given a strong mental interest, and it is appalling how emotion of every sort slips into the background. If women are to have careers and play important roles in the world, it seems inevitable that love should become for them, too, a background, a delightful, but none the less a subdued, accompaniment. Whether it is well for woman to have careers or not is quite another question, and however it may be decided theoretically, it is quite evident woman intends to. Personally, I believe she should have wider interests and more opportunity for mental development, though not necessarily through the medium of bloomers and politics. Of course, as far as voting goes, taxation without representation has always proved irritating. It is not wholly flattering to be classed with children and idiots, but if we quietly and without clamoring show that we are neither, that will adjust itself in time. It certainly seems inexpedient to open the polls to women until they are better trained in the matters of reason and logic, and until the personal equation plays a less prominent part in their judgments. Not that the average masculine voter has attained to this—far from it. For the very reason that there are so many incompetent voters now, it would seem wiser not to add to their number. The enlightened remnant would as yet be too small to leaven the vast, incompetent, feminine lump.

* * *

But this is politics, and we started out with love. How is it going to be with woman? Will her love cease to be her career, and become merely its running mate? Or is it even possible that her passions, always less ardent than man's, will often become crowded out by the throng of new interests? The question can only be asked, not answered.

Human relations are so dull, compared to what they might be. The other day I tried to implant a noble discontent with them in a masculine mind.

"If you'd just think about it a little, you could get so much more out of your relations with people," I began. "Now if I say to you, for instance, 'My idea of desolation is bright moonlight with the wind blowing,' you answer, 'Um hum, it was awfully cold last night; I had to get an extra blanket.'"

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"It isn't responding to the idea. It cuts the subject right off. You might have said, 'Yes, but I'll tell you what is more desolate than that to me—hot sun on brown, treeless hills.' To recognize the feeling meant and to match the thought the other person has worked out with one you have come to yourself on the same line—that is to be really responsive You can't have an interesting time with any one without responsiveness."

"But I always have lots of fun with girls."

"Of course you do. 'Lots of fun' exactly describes it. And when you want to make love to a girl, you give her a college pin and squeeze her hand as often as practicable and tell her she is looking stunning every time she puts on a different gown. Your idea of a tete-a-tete is to sit in a corner and tell her how you missed the car and were late to the office, and about the man you saw arrested the day before, and how you nearly got fired from college, with occasional interruptions to the effect that you'd rather be with her than with any girl you know."

"But, hang it all, I seem to get on all right with girls," he said a little crossly.

"Naturally. You wear trousers."

"Well, you girls can't monopolize them."

"The truth is," I went on, "you are so really attractive, it's a pity you shouldn't be really interesting as well. You have a soul, I know, and when you find it, you will have doubled the pleasure of living. It's merely asleep."

"How shall I wake it?" he asked, looking impressed.

"I don't know. It may take the traditional fairy princess with the traditional kiss."

"She'll need an alarm clock, too, that princess," he said with a yawn. "Don't you want to go bicycling?"

I went and got ready without a word. It is just as well to recognize when you are beaten.

* * *

So much stress has been laid on the charm of a dimple that it has become an article of commerce, sold by all dermatologists. Any woman who thinks she will be more winning with a hole in her face can have it. All she needs is courage to face three diminutive instruments, a knife, a scoop and a needle.. A small, straight incision is made in the cheek or chin of the ambitious patient, representing the diameter of the proposed improvement. With the little scoop a small portion of the fat underlying the skin is removed; the delicate needle sews the edges of the cut together again and the operation is completed. In two or three days the stitches are removed, and within the week the wound is entirely healed, leaving the slight depression in the surface of the skin which poets call a dimple. It is a very simple operation, but a certain amount of delicacy and skill are necessary, to prevent a scar. No woman who had a dimple ever wanted to get rid of it, but now and then some man who resents the effeminancy has it removed by a little matter of cutting and sewing. The artificial dimple, however, has its drawbacks. It is too permanent. No matter whether the owner be plunged into the depths of grief, whether her face be darkened by anger, or distorted by jealousy, the dimple smiles on. The novelty soon wears off, but the dimple does not, and becomes a mockery. It is as tiresome as an enamelled smile, and equally inappropriate at funerals and solemn moments.

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BIDS

FOR

Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF OSCAR J. PETERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Oscar J. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm'r of the Estate of Oscar Peterson, deceased.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 12, 1896.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT. — BULLION Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of August, 1896, an assessment (No. 12) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 8th day of October, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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STAGE STORIES

Frank Mayo gives an amusing account of the trouble that arose between him and Junius Brutus Booth in the play of "Pizarro." The supers were to shout with great vigor when the cue, "No such change," was given. The sentence read, "Tell them we ask no such change, at least no such change as they can give us," but unfortunately Mayo did not understand that the phrase occurred twice. Being ambitious of success and quite unaware of being ahead of time, he set up a wild hurrah as Rolla delivered the word "change." This lonely cheer set the rest of the supers and the audience in a roar. The curtain was lowered and Booth booted the aspiring youth all the way from the prompt box to the back door for having spoiled his scene. Soon after a friend, Ben Baker, came out to sympathize with Mayo, who sat disconsolately outside the stage door. Baker informed him that Booth declared he would leave the company if Mayo did not. The unfortunate then regained his spirits, saying it was funny there should be a matter of choice between the leading man and a super.

* * *

Richard Mansfield has been trying to introduce a rule into the theaters where he plays to prevent people from coming in and taking their seats while he is speaking—or, indeed, while he is on the stage at all. "Not a soul shall disturb me. Make no distinction. Even if it be President Cleveland, have him wait until I have finished," he commanded the usher. The following evening Mansfield was giving an imitation of a cello and the auditors were unusually quiet. Presently an usher came tramping down to the second row and handed a coupon to a stout man, who made so much noise that the actor was barely able to hear himself. When he came off the stage the usher was summoned to the star's dressing room and words flew thick and fast, so the story goes. "But," said the usher, "you told——" "No excuse," broke in Mr. Mansfield, and he went on talking. "But you only mentioned such men as President Cleveland." "Well, who was this fellow?" "A deputy sheriff." "Ah, that's different. Go out and give the gentleman a box."

* * *

It is said that Irving and Dixey are not the best of friends, thanks to the comedian's outrageously funny burlesque of the tragedian's Hamlet in "Adonis." As Dixey puts it, "Irving wouldn't wait three hours at a depot to see me, you know." Being placed next to each other at a dinner in London, they made the best of it, and talked with all outward friendliness on every topic but the stage for a couple of hours. As they rose at the end, Mr. Irving turned with a look of courteous inquiry. "Ah, Mr. Dixey," he said in his hollow-chested, far-reaching tones, "do let me ask you—are you an actor?"

* * *

A most atrocious painting of "Summer" was presented to the Lamb's Club, and was temporarily hung in one of the rooms, the members not knowing how to refuse it. The subject was even more unfortunate than the execution, considering that it must always remind the members of the detested season when engagements are scarce and salaries suspended. Barrymore dropped in a day or so later, and the picture at once caught his eye. He examined it dejectedly. "Well, anyway," he volunteered after a pause, "Summer isn't so bad as she is painted."

* * *

Maurice Barrymore's reputation for repartee is almost as great as his fame as an actor. Once when he was acting with Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily saw fit to resent the marked applause he was winning, and violently attacked his conduct as a gentleman. "Did you never meet a lady?" she demanded at the end of her tirade. "Two, madam; I was born and am married," said Barrymore courteously as he passed on.

* * *

Henry Hamilton was dozing in a corner of the Green Room Club in London one day when Charles Wyndham, who was then playing the title role in "David Garrick," strode into the room and flung himself complacently into the Garrick chair. "Ah, I feel more and more like Garrick every day," he exclaimed. Hamilton looked up with a yawn. "Yes," he said coolly, "and you act less and less like him every night."

* * *

It was Beerbohm Tree's first attempt at Hamlet, and the house was showing marked approval. As the tragedy neared its climax, W. S. Gilbert came behind the scenes, and found the Prince of Denmark in his dressing room. "How is it going?" asked the actor breathlessly. "Splendidly, my dear boy, splendidly," answered Gilbert. "So funny without being a bit vulgar."

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 35 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 29, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

ON THE PIAZZA AT DEL MONTE

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 29, 1896

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In devoting the larger part of our editorial space to the discussion of the silver question "The Wave" is departing from its customary rule that demands the treatment of a broad variety of subjects. All of the great dailies and weeklies of the East are confining their editorial discussions almost solely to this question. We are conscious of the deep gravity of the situation. Before the possibility of an era of free silver all other questions pale to insignificance. Our pen will be persistently directed toward spreading the truth of this question until election day. We are persuaded that our work has not been fruitless. Copies of "The Wave" series of financial articles may be had on application to our business office.

BRYAN'S PRO-CHINESE RECORD.

Mr. Bryan favors Chinese immigration. His record in Congress demonstrates that he was opposed to the Geary Law, and that he filed a petition requesting Congress to repeal that measure. The petitition which he presented may be found in another column. It opposed the Geary Law on the ground that by its provisions Chinese citizens would not receive the same treatment as was accorded to the most favored nation; and it opposed the provisions requiring registration and the taking out of certificates by the Chinese, on the ground that such a measure would put the Chinese to too much inconvenience. Had the doctrines and policies represented by that petition prevailed in Congress, our doors would have been thrown wide open to the Mongolian horde that so long threatened to overrun our State.

We desire to be perfectly fair to Mr. Bryan. His friends, in answering the charge we make to-day, will reply that the petition was introduced by request, and that he was not its author and had no sympathy with it. Mr. Bryan's practices give the lie to this defense. Let us examine Mr. Bryan's record and ascertain the facts. It was his custom upon introducing petitions to append to them, where he did not approve, a statement setting forth the fact that the petition was introduced by request, and that he neither affirmed nor denied the facts therein contained. At page 6253 of the Congressional Record of June 13th, 1894, Mr. Bryan introduced a petition in favor of the Chinese. Later he introduced another petition demanding an investigation of the office of Attorney-General Olney. On Thursday, August 9th, 1894, as appears on page 8334 of the Congressional Record, he arose from his seat in the House to state that he had appended to the petition in reference to an investigation of General Olney's office the statement that it was "introduced by request, and that he, having no knowledge of the facts upon which the petition was based expressed no opinion as to its merits, but presented it because he believed in the sacredness of the right of petition." He was very careful not to commit himself on this point, but he did not take this precaution with his Chinese petition. If Mr. Bryan did not favor Chinese immigration, and did not intend to express any opinion as to the merits of the petition in favor of the Chinese, then, as was his custom and as has been his practice, he should also have appended to that petition a statement that he "had no knowledge of the facts upon which it was based, and expressed no opinion as to its merits." That he was a careful legislator is shown by the fact that he arose and corrected the "Record" in reference to the Olney investigation, and desired it to be understood that he expressed no opinion as to the merits of the petition. By endorsing the Chinese petition without attaching his customary disapproval, he gave to it the sanction of his name, and his support as a Congressman. Does anyone for a moment suppose that Mr. Bryan, however much he regarded the sacredness of the right of petition, would have introduced a similar petition antagonistic to the interests of the silver mine-owner? Certainly not. He was willing, however, to introduce a petition in favor of the Chinese and against Americans. He would have requested the author of an anti-silver petition to go elsewhere for a Congressional sponsor. He would not even have introduced an anti-silver petition with his disapproval attached. It will require some argument on the part of the supporters of Mr. Bryan to demonstrate that this act on his part was not an evidence of his great friendliness for the Chinese. We submit the petition to the people of California, and ask them how they can endorse the candidacy of such a man. Will the "Examiner" explain how it can support for the presidency of the United States a man who could present such a petition to our national lawmakers?

CALIFORNIA'S ANOMALOUS ATTITUDE.

Folly is rapidly giving way to Reason, and there is, we are thankful to say, a marked improvement in the condition of the public mind on the financial question. It is one thing to noisily advocate a public policy, and it is quite another thing to cite substantial reasons to vindicate or justify your partisanship. Interrogate the professional silver man, demand facts, figures and arguments to sustain his theories, and you will be astounded at the multitude of words he will employ to clothe the few slim, forlorn and impoverished "becauses" that constitute the basis of his financial creed. Thoughtful men, who were captivated by the delusive catch-cries of silver, and were won over by the almost irresistable enthusiasm which marked the early progress of that mischievous movement, have encountered difficulty in "explaining"; and in searching for the wherefore, have come to realize the absurdity, not to say actual danger, of the situation. It is one of the encouraging signs of the times that such men are frankly admitting their error and conversion to the more conservative side. Fresh converts to free silver there are none, and it is safe to say that if the State were combed with a fine-tooth comb not a half-dozen recent proselytes to Bryanism would be found.

This week we devote ourselves to the discussion of a phase of the financial problem which is of grave importance to California, for it peculiarly involves our own particular welfare, not only as individuals, but as a commonwealth. The attitude of this State on the silver question, as expressed in the several political conventions, is one of the most astounding and inexplicable features of the present campaign. Our material interests are beyond question diametrically opposed to free coinage. Even though the East were committed to the cause of free and unlimited coinage of silver, we of all others should be unalterably and vigorously opposed to the perpetration of that ruinous financial freak. The blow that free silver would strike at America would fall with exceptional and most disastrous force upon us of the West. Our welfare and our prosperity are more deeply involved in this financial muddle than that of any other American State. Our situation is totally dissimiliar to that of the East, and is pregnant with the mosts disquieting features. To a man who has given the financial question any thought and study, a mere statement of the facts will decide the issue. But, following the suggestion of our first correspondent on the financial question, who requested us to give the a-b-c of the situation, let us together examine it and reason it out for ourselves.

If there is any one thing fixed and established in the laws of finance, it is the impossibility of floating concurrently two coins of unequal value. The debased and cheap money inevitably drives the dearer money out of general circulation. This is called the Gresham Law of Finance, and it is a law which, in the entire history of the world, has never failed to operate. Ever since the dawn of civilization it has been recognized. As far back as the year 1366, in the time of Charles V. of France, it was conceded as one of the fundamental principles of finance. Its operations are as sure as its effects are disastrous. Mexico, China, Japan and every other silver nation of the world, stripped of their gold, testify to the complete and certain operation of this law. We defy anyone to cite an instance in the history of the world where this law has failed to intrude itself upon the hapless nation that fell within its purview. Perhaps we can bring the force of this law closer to the reader by a homely illustration which involves, in a measure, the underlying principle, and will bring the argument closer home. What would our reader do himself? Suppose we had free coinage; our silver dollar would manifestly contain less intrinsic value than a gold dollar. We would have a silver dollar worth less than 100 cents, and a gold dollar worth a full 100 cents. Would our silver friend pay out his 100-cent gold dollar for an article which he could purchase with his 53-cent silver dollar? Or would he take it out of circulation, and only part with it at a premium.

The trouble with this silver question is that the Government is going to declare 20 silver dollars to be equal to 20 gold dollars, without giving to the silver dollars any support, or any backing, or any sustaining governmental credit, as it now does. Therefore, our gold will disappear from circulation under the Gresham law, and silver monometallism will result. This is an inexorable and primary law of finance, the operation of which cannot be avoided, postponed or mitigated. Indeed, the mere threat of Bryanism has already been sufficient to set that law in motion, as our crowded safe deposit vaults will testify. Silver men are answering this most serious fault of their system by saying, "Oh, gold is going to Europe, anyhow, as fast as it can. It won't matter if it does go; we will have silver to take its place." The man who makes this reply deserves a harder name than we are willing to apply to him in print. If gold is now going to Europe, it is likewise returning in exchange for our commodities. Under Bryanism it will not return, for the foreign purchasers of our commodities will pay us in our own depreciated silver coin, which Mr. Bryan proposes to cram down our throats for 100 cents, whether we want it or not. Now, may we ask the farmer with a mortgage, and every other creditor for that matter, how and where he proposes to secure the gold to pay his indebtedness. It will not come to him in the ordinary course of business, as it does to-day. Every man who has a debt or obligation unfettered by the gold clause will liquidate that debt in silver; while a man with a contract debt, payable in gold, must liquidate that debt with a money which will then be out of general circulation.

For years it has been the practice in California, and in all the Pacific Coast States, for that matter, to make our obligations payable in "gold coin of the United States." All our notes, all our mortgages and all our money obligations call specifically for payment in "gold coin." Some of the more carefully drawn documents make the debt payable in "gold coin of the United States of the present standard of weight and fineness." We of the West have been jealous of our rights in this respect, and have taken care to protect ourselves against any tampering with the coin of the Nation. This policy has never obtained in the East. It has been the practice there to require payment only in "legal tender money." The Eastern debtor, therefore, whose obligations call for no specific character of money, may, if he desires to repudiate one-half his debt, find some excuse for advocating a 53-cent dollar. No such opportunity is offered here. If we of the West desired to engage in the shady practice of liquidating our debts in a depreciated money we could only do so by advocating a change in the weight and fineness of our gold pieces,—and even this piece of legislative robbery would not avail where a contract called for "gold coin of the United States of the present standard of weight and fineness." The man of the Pacific Coast who believes that Bryanism will offer him an opportunity to defraud his creditor by liquidating his indebtedness with a cheaper dollar than the dollar of his contract, is hugging a delusion that must result in his own undoing. The situation is very simple, but it is very threatening as well. The counties of the State of California are burdened with an indebtedness of over five and one-half millions of dollars, every penny of which is payable in gold coin. By the census returns of 1890, there were in California 111,637 individual mortgages, aggregating $241,050,181. In Oregon there were 22,533 individual mortgages, aggregating $22,928,437; and in Washington there were 29,632 individual mortgages, netting $44,078,449, all payable in

gold coin. There is no legal tender clause in our obligations to pay, around which a dishonest creditor may sneak. We are forced to face the music, and now we would like to ask our silver friends where the gold money to liquidate these mortgages is to come from.

Mr. Harvey, the great advocate of silver, faithfully pictures the condition of the California debtor, in his little book called "Coin's Financial School." He is speaking of the South American republics, and the same illustration will aptly apply to our own condition if Bryanism succeeds. He says:

"So that a bond of $100,000 executed when silver and gold were at a parity, payable in gold, must now be met by the payment in principle of $200,000 in their money. That is, to raise $100,000 in gold, they must sell 200,000 of their silver dollars."

This is precisely what the California debtor must do. A $1,000 gold indebtedness becomes a $2,000 silver indebtedness. A county indebtedness of $5,500,000 becomes $11,000,000; a State debt of $2,500,000 becomes $5,000,000; and the individual mortgage debts of the State grow from $241,050,181 to $482,100,362. So even the values of mortgages "go up" under Mr. Bryan's beautiful scheme of finance. It is but fair, however, to let Mr. Bryan answer this question for himself. He does try to answer it, but the hope he holds out only accentuates our fear. If any man who has a gold debt can take any satisfaction out of Mr. Bryan's explanation, we would like to hear from him. He says:

"We are told that the restoration of bimetallism would be a hardship upon those who have entered into contracts payable in gold coin. But this is a mistake. It will be easier to obtain gold with which to meet a gold contract when most of the people can use silver than it is now when everyone is trying to secure gold."

This is not the condition painted by Mr. Harvey as existing in the South American republics. It is not the condition that exists in any silver country of the world. It is an empty, thoughtless and meaningless defense of an indefensible position. Let the man with an outstanding gold obligation discover if he can a word of hope in this alleged answer. In the next breath, in the very same paragraph, Mr. Bryan contradicts himself completely. He says, with some show of triumph, and as though to relieve the inward oppression he must feel, that the Chicago platform declares in favor of such legislation as will prevent the making of gold contracts in the future.

Then, if Mr. Bryan is to be taken seriously, he proposes to deny to the people the privilege of making contracts in gold money which "it will be easier to obtain when all the people can use silver." Why should the Chicago platform deny to us the right to make a gold contract if money in that metal is to be so easily obtained? It is sheer unadulterated nonsense. It is not the kind of argument to be addressed to the desperate man who has staring him in the face a multiplication of his troubles and a doubling of his debt. The situation is too serious for him to accept such a thin and gauzy explanation. It is a matter of profound regret that no better, more plausible, or more hopeful, answer to this most unfortunate condition exists. There is no answer to it. If this one phase of the financial question was thoroughly understood by the voters of California and of the Pacific Coast States, Bryan would be buried so deep beneath their protesting votes that he would never again dare raise his head above the level of his most ordinary followers.

THE BANKER'S POSITION.

The friends of silver seem to consider it an unanswerable argument in favor of free coinage to declare that the bankers are against that financial policy. It is an argument, too, that seems to carry some weight with a certain class of minds; for the advocates of silver have of late sedulouslycultivated the idea, and bred an impression that bankers are the common enemy of all humanity. One interior editor, who is also the autocrat of the water front, has even gone to the pains of preparing a lengthy and labored article by which he attempts to prove that "bankers don't know anything about finance, anyhow." Of course, arguments and charges of this sort are of the cheapest character, and are hardly worthy of attention, but it seems as though something ought to be said in favor of these men who have come now particularly under the ban of sensational journalism. If the bankers oppose free coinage it is reasonable to suppose they do so because they believe financial disaster and hard times would follow such a policy. A banker can only prosper in a prosperous community. Hard times don't benefit him in the least. It is stupid to say that our bankers are interested in creating financial troubles, when nothing is so necessary to their life and prosperity as the prosperity of their environment. No one sets up a banking institution in a morass or a desert. In selecting a field for his operations, the banker must inquire cautiously into the prosperity of a community before he casts his fortunes there or establishes his concern. One must admit there are but few broad men in the banking business, for it is an occupation which rather runs to details; but we must also admit that there are quite as few broad men in other lines of business. When the question of finance arises, however, and the solution of that question simmers down to an acceptance of the doctrines of Mary Lease, or the views of bankers Jones and Smith, a sensible man will be inclined to give more weight to the opinion of the man of money. The truth is, the bankers are in the same boat with the ordinary citizens. They are exposed to the same dangers, subject to the same assaults, and must suffer from the same things that visit troubles upon the community wherein their business is transacted. If the number of heavenward pointing spires of the Christian Church are an index to the morality of a community, so is the number of banking institutions in a community an index to its prosperity and enterprise. As prosperity grows, banks increase; and as enterprise fails, they diminish.

BRYAN FAVORS CHINESE IMMIGRATION

HE FILES A PETITION IN CONGRESS FOR THE REPEAL OF THE GEARY LAW.

SOMETHING FOR THE WORKINGMEN TO PONDER OVER BEFORE VOTING FOR THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

[Petition against Chinese restriction bill, introduced by Mr. Bryan June 13, 1894 (page 6253, Congressional Record.)]

To the Senate and House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

The Northwest Nebraska Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled at Alliance, Nebraska, on the 27th day of September, 1893, composed of twenty members, representing eighteen hundred and ninety church members, respectfully petition your Honorable Body to immediately repeal the Act passed on the 5th day of May, 1892, known as the Geary Law.

We make this earnest petition, first, on the ground of justice and fair dealing. By solemn treaty agreement the Chinese now in the United States are entitled to the same treatment as is accorded to the citizen or subjects of the most favored nation. The provision that they shall register and take out certificates to assure their continual residence here, producing the testimony of a white witness to their right to be here, requires of multitudes of them an impossibility, and yet subjects them to imprisonment and deportation if they fail to comply with the requisition. This requirement made of them alone, in contradistinction to all other foreigners in the country, is a palpable violation of the treaty.

We furthermore petition for the repeal of this law because it endangers our interests in China The Methodist Episcopal Church has one hundred and twenty-four missionaries in the Empire. It has churches, chapels, dwellings, school-buildings, hospitals, printing presses and other property to the amount of over $400,000. We have reason to fear that if the provisions of this law are insisted upon, our missionaries and property will be imperiled. The Christian sentiment of the country is opposed to this enactment, and we urgently beseech its immediate repeal.

Signed by order and on behalf of the Conference.

JOHN M. WALDEN,
President.

CHARLES H. BURLEIGH,
Secretary.

DR. ARENDT AND SILVER.

The June number of the "North American Review" contained a very thoughtful and interesting article on the silver question from the pen of Dr. Otto Arendt, the German bimetallist. In support of our own position in the present campaign we have before now quoted quite freely from what Dr. Arendt had to say. That gentleman then gave voice to some very pronounced views upon the folly of the United States attempting to serve silver by adopting bimetallism independent of European cooperation. He declared in language emphatic and convincing that such a proceeding on our part would be calculated not to force Europe to our views, but to perpetuate forever the gold standard in those countries. He also averred that, while free coinage on our part would cause silver to rise, it would not reach $1.29 per ounce, and the rise, whatever it might be, would not be permanent. He warned us that if we should attempt a course so foolish, our gold monometallism would be replaced by silver monometallism and our standard would not differ materially from that of Mexico with the disadvantages of a fluctuating and depreciating currency. He was very decided in the expression of his views, and urged us, if we would serve silver intelligently and preserve our own financial respect, to forsake every thought of free coinage until international bimetallism had been obtained. Since this article was written, the Republican party has declared strongly in favor of the very thing that Dr. Arendt advocated, and the Democratic party has declared with equal fervor against Dr. Arendt, adopting the very policy which he then so strongly condemned. One would naturally suppose the Doctor would favor the party that favored his views, but by some hocus-pocus he has been procured to write another article advocating the cause of Bryan. The excuse he offers to the American people for this more recent utterance is pitiable in the extreme. He states that at the time of writing his former article he took it for granted both parties would favor silver in their platforms, though not to the extent of free coinage. And now that one of the parties has favored silver to the extent of free coinage, which he declares would be fatal to us, he finds excuse for changing his views and espousing the cause which last June he declared would work our utter ruin. Some one ought to explain the Doctor's position. He stands discredited before the American people. The Republican party could not do better than to publish both of his articles side by side, for nothing could more clearly show the methods pursued by the silver mine owners to bolster up their unhappy cause.

It was a pretty bit of sentiment that moved the students at Yale to plant at the foot of the Woolsey memorial a slip of ivy taken from the tomb of General Robert E Lee; it was a reprehensible bit of sectional prejudice that led to its tearing down.

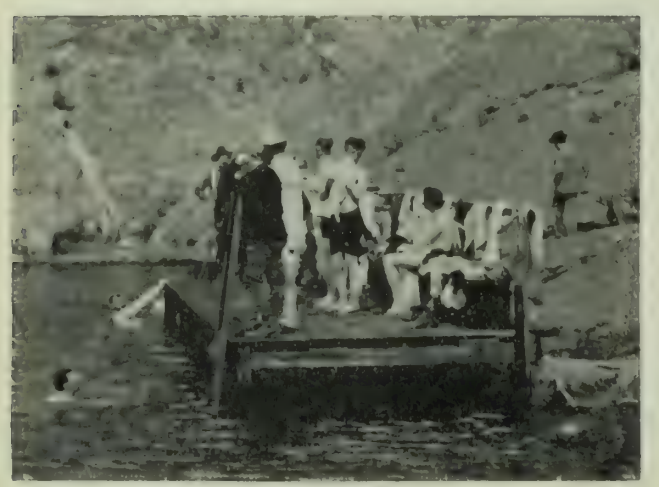
President Woolsey stood for a strong government and a united people. He was an authority on international law, and was recognized the world over as a specialist on the historical growth of nations. To him the secession of the Southern States, if accomplished, meant the destruction of the American nation, the overthrow of a government that gave promise of leading all governments in liberality as well as in power, and the postponement for an indefinite period of the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Western hemisphere. No man was stronger in the conviction that the Confederate States were wrong, and no man was more glad when they met defeat; yet he always regarded them as erring brothers, not as enemies, and in his old age spoke with eloquence and pathos of the reunion of the States which made certain that in North America we were to see the greatest nation and the highest civilization of the world's history.

Toward General Lee the North has never felt, even in the fierce days of the war and the black days of reconstruction, anything of that bitterness which was felt toward many of the Southern leaders. He was given credit for pure motive, and it was known that he left the Union to join the Confederacy in sorrow; he sacrificed associations of a lifetime, and on resigning from our army to follow his State he announced that he did so with the deepest regret, and only because he felt that it was his duty. No act by General Grant carried more hearty sympathy in the Northern heart than his refusal to accept General Lee's sword under the apple-tree at Appomattox. After the fierce strife of the war, Lee stepped into the Presidency of the Virginia University, and there rested until his death.

It was most appropriate, therefore, that at the foot of the memorial to the Northern patriot and University President there should be planted a sprig of green from the tomb of the Southern patriot and University President. If the North is to regard the South as of the Union, as loyal as itself, as earnest in its purpose to upbuild the national cause, it is important that in their youngest day the boys of the North should be made to feel that it is no dishonor to link the names of Northern and Southern statesmen. This was the meaning of the Yale incident, and that a Yale man could be so blind to its significance, so unpatriotic, and so unjust as to speak as did the Reverend Joseph Twytchell at the dedicatory exercises, can hardly be believed. Dr. Twytchell is reported to have said that if President Woolsey knew the graduating class of Yale were planting ivy from the grave of General Lee at the foot of his statue, "this bronze statue would avert its head." Rather may it be said of Woolsey, that if his soul were within this bronze masque his head would have bowed in approval of the sentiment which prompted the act, in appreciation of the students who had done it, and in acknowledgment of the honor.

A Japanese Tea Garden

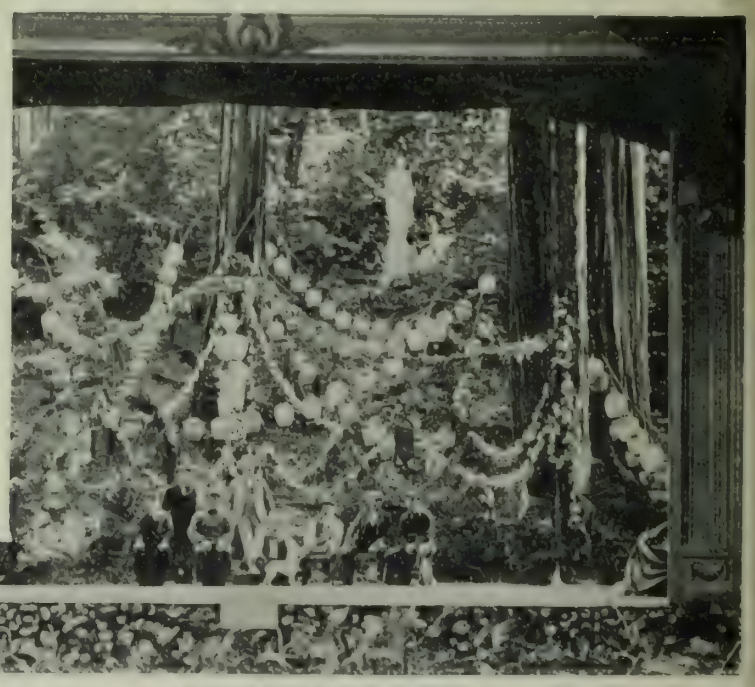
The Amphitheatre



A Morning Dip

Scene of the High Jinks

"Uncle George's" Headquarters



Scene of the Low Jinks

Entrance to the Grove

Onion Soup Breakfast

A MIDSUMMER HIGH JINKS

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S SUMMER CELEBRATION AT MEEKER'S GROVE

Photos by Jensen

BOHEMIA IN THE REDWOODS

A Veracious History of the Midsummer High Jinks.

There be Lambs' Clubs and Savage Clubs, Gridiron and Clover Clubs, but there is only one Midsummer High Jinks. The chief function of the Bohemian year is celebrated in the redwoods and is unique of its kind. As there are no redwoods elsewhere in America, nor in Europe for that matter, the entertainment has originality of environment to begin with. Background we all admit is a substantial consideration, but the Jinks has better characteristics than mise en scene. It is a midsummer moonlight picnic, and it expresses the joy of the true bohemian in the life of the open; expresses his sense of the beauty and glory of the woods; the freedom of the forest. He is supposed to hearken back to ancient conditions, to revive memories of olden days when his prototypes knew not the shelter of roof-tree, and the leaves and branches of the trees were their thatch. There are also remembrances of primitive worship in this midsummer commemroation, of the feasts of the great god Pan, of the worship of Ceres and countless other memories of centuries dark in the days before Columbus discovered the West Indies or Pizarro crossed Darien and confronted the Pacific.

A Midsummer High Jinks is an important ceremonial and more elaborate than the world at large or that section of it which has no relations in Bohemia, imagines. The Sires on whom devolves the preparation of a fitting entertainment are chosen months in advance of the important day. They plan and consult with their friends and persuade to their assistance the talent of the institution, the singers, story tellers and musicians; the actors, authors, dilittantes who form the backbone of Bohemia. This year Mr. Al Gerberding had the High Jinks and Mr. Hellman organized the Low Jinks, for in Bohemia the latter function, which is comedy, always follows the former, which is strictly serious and high class, calling forth thought and grave comment on some topic of the day, or upon the subject of the ceremonial. The scene of these midsummer gatherings is a redwood forest on Russian river, called Meeker's Grove. Situated some eight miles from Gurneville, it is off the main line of travel, and is reached by a spur track connected with a mill which is gradually converting these primeval giants into the lumber of commerce. Such magnificent trees, these redwoods, thrusting bare, stalwart, brown trunks high into the heavens. Their lofty summits are hung with branches which sprout spasmodically, spreading broad feathers of dark green foliage through which the sunlight slants in narrow beams and arrows, making inimitable effects of light and shade amid their dark aisles.

It is customary now for the best Bohemians, those who have time and inclination, to spend two weeks camping in the redwoods prior to the Jinks. On Saturday, the 8th of August, some fifteen members, accoutered with the paraphernalia of tent life, accompanied by servants and a cook together with all those accessories of linen and china and fruit and flowers and wine which make life a joy, headed for Meeker's Grove. There the canvas habitations were pegged out, cots and hammocks slung, and the life of the advance camp began. Each day the noon train, run special for the club, brought six to a dozen recruits, who swelled at night the circle round the fire, enriched the choruses with their voices and joined the crowd at the swimming hole each afternoon. For life in the redwoods is unconstrained if uneventful. There are neither collars nor cuffs, nor linen-bosomed shirts, nor stiff hats in evidence. No, the campers affect Glengarry caps and knee breeches, with golf stockings and soft silken or flannel shirts. Beneath the shade of the trees they lounge after the plentiful breakfast, which is served under proper club auspices. There are scores of trails through the forest, that lead to up hill and down, winding along the river bank, amid scenery characteristically Californian and beautiful in its originality and strength. The second week brings the Sires to the scene, and the elaborate preparations for the ceremonial already under way are accelerated. The stage is set up in its accustomed place, with huge brown trunks for proscenium arches. It extends far back up the hillside, down which the procession of mourners and actors who assist at the burial of Care find their way. The Low Jinks are held in a different quarter of the grove, closer to the camp. The series of photographs on the opposite page afford a vivid impression of the scenery and arrangements. In rehearsals and in amusements of a pleasant and unexhausting character the days pass until on Friday, the eve of the eventful night, a train load of material—scenery, costumes, and all manner of paraphernalia arrives. With it comes a delegation of costumers, servants, and the furniture and service for feeding the great gatnering so far from Bohemia proper. An idea of the magnitude of the preparations may be gathered from the fact that two hundred and twenty-five members sat down to dinner Saturday night, together with some thirty-five musicians. At least fifty waiters were present, and these, together with the cooks, the forces of the costumer, and others made an army of about three hundred and fifty all told.

The special train from San Francisco arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The one hundred arrivals found some one hundred and twenty-five men in camp. They spent the afternoon swimming, and at 6 o'clock all gathered round the banquet table, laid in horseshoe form, decorated with flowers and lighted with candelabra. When the several healths had been drunk, and prosperity properly invoked and toasted, the crowd headed for the Jinks and settled along the logs spread out for seats before the footlights. The setting was particularly effective—a forest scene, of course—with a ruined castle and an archway in the foreground. The performance that followed was Shakespearean—the idea being that the Bard of Avon penetrates into Bohemia and exchanges commentaries with the representative of St. John Nepomuk, who was enacted by Sire Gerberding. The curtain rose, and the calciums flashing amid the trees disclosed a gay throng in vari-colored garb, assembled on the hillside. There were Falstaff (Hugo Toland), and the melancholy Jacques (Fred Warde), Touchstone (Geo.Grant), Donald Graham as Orpheus, Othello, Hamlet, Prospero, Romeo and others of the long list of Shakespearean heroes. William Sproule was the Bard, and as his dialogue with St. John proceeded, he called for illustration by his characters. Falstaff declaimed and Orpheus sang Warde recited, and Falstaff declaimed, and Orpheus sang admirably. Rather more spectacular than literary the performance this year, though often the contrary is the case.

The great feature, however, is the Burial of Care, which forms a fitting climax to the solemnities of the High Jinks. A spell of darkness first, then red lights gleaming far up the hillside, sparkling through the brush, flashing among the tree trunks. It was the procession of mourners, headed by the High Priest, bearing the casket of departed Care. It descended slowly, zig-zagging among the redwoods, the lights changing from ruby to sapphire, then flashing into gold, brightening into green and fading through carnation and vermillion back to rubescence again. The strains of a dead march echoed solemnly through the aisles as the cortege wended its way through the portals down to the funeral pyre, where the burden was deposited. Incantations then by the High Priest, Uncle George Bromley, and an oration seriocomic by Joseph D. Redding; next a torch is set to the pyre and the forest glows with the ruddy hue of the leaping flames. It is an indescribably brilliant and beautiful effect and quite the finest feature of the ceremonial.

Supper followed with the accompaniment of much jollity, the uncorking of innumerable bottles, with jest and laughter and music. After that, it is time for the Low Jinks and the way to the stage is led by Sire Hillman, dressed as a comedy queen. The setting was that of a cafe chantant scene, with rows of Japanese lanterns festooned in curved lines from tree trunk to tree trunk. A bust of Pan in the background leered out white against the brown bark of a redwood. In the leafy distance were statues of the Patron Saints of Bohemia—the whole effect most graceful and full of color. The performance, which made an excellent vaudeville, opened with a minuet danced by a set of mock kings and queens, whose solemn antics were most laughable. Of the other features the best were the operatic scene, in which Joullin and Charles K. Field appeared, the Marionette dance by Gilett Burgess, the rendering of "Reuben-Reuben" by Messrs. Haxe and Willard, and the final passent by Her Majesty. Joullin has all the air and manner of an Italian basso, and Mr. Field possesses an unique falsetto. Their rendering was excellent, tragic, and, considering the condition, exceedingly funny. Mr. Burgess's Marionette dance was a ludicrous and thoroughly original conception, and worthy of the perpetrator, and the "Reuben" song was diversified with appropriate topical allusions. It was well into the small hours ere the congregation retired to its couches—consisting in most instances of straw and a blanket, though of course the resident campers were comfortable in cots with all the luxury of sheets and blankets.

The feature of Sunday morning is the breakfasts, at which the staple is onion soup, accompanied by mackerel, meats and cakes. The motive of the soup and mackerel is of course comprehensible; the meats and cakes seem, save for the sedate, an unnecessary reminder. A sacred concert followed; afterwards a delegation of active spirits went swimming, the others packed up, and at 2 o'clock the special train drew out of the forest and headed south for home. An army of servitors remained to gather up the tents, box the cutlery and damask, fold the costumes and load them on freight cars, a long line of which followed the special to town. The Midsummer entertainment then concluded with a dinner in the clubrooms on Post street, at which there was much exchanging of reminiscences and general comparing of the Jinks with its precursors. The concensus of opinion voted the show one of the most successful in history—if not as brilliant as the Buddha, or the great Redding Jinks—well to the fore, and perhaps better attended than any of its predecessors. The visitors—among them Herr Schott, the Wagnerian tenor; Frank Lincoln, the humorist, and several others—had not commendation strong enough to bestow. By the way, Sir Henry Irving cabled greetings and regrets from London, and the Lamb's Club sent a snow-white lamb to grace the occasion. The cartoon in commemoration has been assigned to Ernest Peixotto, one of the cleverest of the Californian artists, who is capable of recording the scene in an artistic manner.

In Old Orchard, Maine, the Christian Alliance Convention has just closed its session. On the final Sunday Rev. W. D. Lalecheur preached from the text, "Whatever Is in the House," and urged that whatever it was they should give it all up for the hope of joy eternal. So eloquent was the sermon that the congregation was carried by storm, and in the extraordinary scene that followed the unparalleled sum of $105,000 was raised. One man gave $25,000; another, who was in his New York office, felt a psychic influence and telegraphed ten thousand shares of stock at five dollars a share. A woman gave two houses which were sold on the spot for five thousand dollars. Men and women stripped themselves of their watches, rings, and jewelry of every description. One hard-headed business man said, "Either we have been in the presence of the spirit, or else this great audience has been under the hypnotic influence of the speaker." The New York Herald is authority for this extraordinary story.

"The Church Times" says that on a recent Sunday in a church in Dublin the choir was startled during the singing of the psalm by the appearance of the organ-blower's head, who shouted out, "Sing like blazes; the bellows is busted!"

A Chicago physician is using the X rays to detect the presence of death. A sciagraph of a dead and a live hand taken on the same plate show the difference between dead and living flesh. The soft parts of the dead hand are noticeably darker than the living tissues.

The Mauser rifle, which the Spaniards are using against the Cubans, has proved a failure. It is a gun of small calibre, but of marvelous penetration. Among the Cuban forces, there was so little fear of being hit by the Mauser bullets that it is rather a discredit not to have one or more wounds.

EARL LI

A Sketch of the Rothschild - Bismark of China.

There is not a more lionized man in the world to-day than Li Hung Chang, or more properly Li Chung Tang, China's leading statesman and diplomat, who is now on his way to this country. Although he is seventy-four years old, this is his first trip abroad, and he and his suite have brought new ideas of the Orient into the countries they have visited. For a Chinese statesman to hold strongly democratic ideas argues great breadth of vision, but for a self-made man whose grandfather is a matter of conjecture to hold commanding influence over a royal house whose origin antedates Adam himself—this is genius. Inheriting nothing but brains and energy, Li Chung Tang has made himself one of the richest, most learned and most powerful men in the world.

Personally he is a striking figure, being over six feet one in his stockings, and looking even taller because of his thick wooden soles. He wears a gown of bright yellow satin, falling from his neck to his feet, and over this a jacket, sometimes of brown velvet with gold buttons, sometimes of sealskin—unless it is a state occasion, when the famous yellow jacket always appears. The three-eyed peacock feather, another of his honors, is attached by a button to the top of his state hat, sticking gaily out behind. When not on dress parade, he replaces this with a skull cap of black silk, in the front of which is set an enormous diamond. He drinks almost no intoxicants, but is fond of his pipe, a complicated affair which a servant carries around after him, thrusting the end into his master's mouth at discreet intervals. At table he can use a fork as well as chopsticks, and shows considerable knowledge of European customs. Servants hover around him at meals to assist his every motion, straightening his dress and from time to time bringing him a steaming white cloth with which to mop his face.

While in London, Lord Lonsdale's beautiful house was put at his disposal, and, what specially pleased him, four magnificent black and yellow equipages. When he rides forth in one of these, drawn by four chestnut horses, each ridden by a yellow and black postillion, the British crowd is moved to cheers. Earl Li smiles genially on all sides, but the enthusiasm is an unexplained mystery to him. Chinese crowds don't cheer. The servants of Lord Lonsdale did not find life under Chinese rule an unmitigated picnic, and nearly died from want of sleep. About three in the morning the suite began to ring for tea and rice, and then a great bustle and hurrying from room to room followed, each person scrupulously locking his door behind him, were he only to be gone ten minutes. This was hard for serving men and women accustomed to "the quality" to put up with, and a further grievance lay in the fact that they could not always tell whether they were waiting on a high official or a mere menial, and so it was difficult to gauge the proper degree of condescension needed. It is difficult to tell just what purpose the sixty people of Li's establishment are for, and the three hundred and fifty pieces of baggage are equally puzzling; but the ambassadorial services of four shrieking parrots are utterly beyond a European's grasp.

It is interesting to get a Celestial point of view on our mode of dressing. Li's adopted son was asked if he thought his countrymen would ever adopt European clothing, and this is his answer, given through the interpreter: "His Lordship is at a loss to understand why anybody in his senses should want to wear the ugly, and in Chinese eyes indelicate, trousers, when he can adorn himself in rich and soft silks. To display one's limbs and the motion thereof when walking is regarded among us as barbarous. We are not proud to show that our forms resemble those of monkeys, nor can we exactly understand why noblemen and gentlemen and rich persons generally should care to wrap their limbs in common cloth. Besides, we are never in such a great hurry as to require less clothing than we wear. I assure you the clothes of Europe are to us ugly and uncomfortable; besides, they are worn by the Japanese, and that alone would tend to make them banned by the Chinese.

Perhaps Li Chung Tang's most noted characteristic is his inquisitiveness. With this he has a strong sense of humor, and will ask the most delightfully personal questions, when the answer must necessarily travel through an interpreter, and reach any number of ears. One woman whom he had just met was politely asked how far she believed in the efficacy of prayer—not an easy question to answer in a crowded drawing room. He has evidently little use for the New Woman, and declared that the girls he saw at the public schools ought to be at their needlework; books were for men. No wonder he thought woman's entire mission was to sew, when you consider that the last Mrs. Li had over five hundred robes. Nevertheless, one of his most powerful friends has been a woman—the Empress Dowager herself.

He is a strange, interesting figure, this Rothschild-Bismark of China, whether we look at him as a statesman wielding the affairs of nations, or as a scholar who graduated at the head of fifteen thousand students, or as a pig-tailed heathen, eating jam on fresh pork. He is above all things a modern, the first modern in China. His friendly reception of foreigners of every grade has done a great deal to break down the Oriental detestation of them, and to let in Western ideas and Western civilization. It is mainly through his influence that China has become crossed and recrossed by telegraph wires and railroad ties. The military and medical schools established by him are adding their power to the great spirit of advance, which is going to grapple with and overthrow the limitless self-conceit and slavish submission to tradition of the Chinese Mandarinate. It is as an official spy that Li has come to Europe and America. He is to decide what nations are really great and worthy of alliances, and the Government of China will accept and act on his judgments. We need not tumble over each other in our efforts to pay him homage, as the Germans did, but it is right that we should receive him as a great man on an important mission.

A Morning Recontre

On the Piazza

An Important Moment

Lining Up for the Game

Ready for the Start

The Coaching Parade

Between Races

THE "OUTING" AT DEL MONTE

ANNUAL MEET OF THE PACIFIC COAST PONY RACING AND STEEPLE CHASING ASSOCIATION

GIRLS AND HORSES

Some Account of Both as Seen at Del Monte with a Bit of Criticism on the Side.

DEL MONTE, Aug. 27.—"What came ye out for to see?" Was it the sweep of shadowed lawn, or the long line of the sea breaking feebly against its barriers of sand, or the great trees, their boles hidden behind columns of ivy, or this peerless hostelry, the floors whereof are like the tables of good housewives for cleanness, or the drive—the drive that rivals the Riviera—was it any of these things that brought ye here? No, none—for these are always here; these, one may see fifty-one other weeks in the year. But this is the week at Del Monte. A string of horses and a string of girls—thoroughbred in the main—these make this the week famous, the week gay, the week of weeks.

Girls, horses—horses, girls—is it not true that where you find a first-class article of one you find fine specimens of the other? Neither is complete without the other, and man, normal man, loves both. Let your motor-carriage come on, and your wheel for one or your wheel for twenty, they never can drive out the horse, for woman, regnant woman, must have her horse to ride and to drive. She finds it easier to master man that way. Was there ever a time since Saxon man lifted woman from the scullery and enthroned her as a thing to worship that the woman and the horse have not together played their parts in the romantic drama? Think over your history. Read Freytag's quiet pictures of old German days, and the mystery of the Neibelungen, and the tales of Arthur and his knights—since we first loved woman we loved to see her on a horse's back and we fought for her on a horse's back and carried her away on a horse's back. Romance attaches the two, and those whom sentiment hath joined together let no man put asunder—let him not dare to try. So in making a festival Society's instinct was true when it dictated that beautiful women and clean-limbed horses should be the show.

As for horses, we have seen all kinds this week; horses that can jump—fences, ditches, hurdles, hedges, anything; horses that can run; horses quick to turn; horses that prance and dance, singly, in pairs and in fours; horses that show descent from the patrician blood of Araby and horses no less proud that they spring directly from the wild, uncrossed, untainted stock of the American plains—speedy and long-enduring native sons. On Tuesday these little horses fought and foiled each other on the polo field. On Wednesday they climbed the hills like mountain goat and jumped like startled deer. Thursday they ran against each other on the track, urged by their rivalrous owners. Friday again they meet in that sport which is the greatest test man has devised for the intelligence and alertness of the horses. And Saturday is to see another and the greatest of the track days. But this is not all the part the horse plays here. He is driven, he is ridden to make a proper setting for my lady in the morning, and who shall say that a coaching parade, even though small, is not a thing of stateliness, aye, even of splendor? All fortune's favorites who have coaches, drags, carts of high pretension or other rig fitted for show, go forth each morning to waken their senses gently into life and prepare them for the more stirring things of the later day. They go and come with blast and snap of whip—and then one thinks—well, what one thinks depends, I suppose, upon whether one looks at or is looked at.

And all this that woman may have pleasure! The horse prances for her, he jumps that she may have a thrill and runs that she may applaud. He is drawn up before her box when the play begins, and she caresses him when he has come out victorious. He suffers her to guide him through the tortuous and labyrinthian drives of this great park while she sits splendid and erect, a joy to the eye. It is truly well to be a woman—if one can have horses at Del Monte.

As for the kind of woman for whom nature has been thus disturbed, it perhaps ought to suffice to say that she is of varieties many, so many, in fact, that to enumerate would be tiresome and to a great extent supererogatory—for do not all men know that the girl or the woman is of as many kinds as her sex is numerically strong? Wise men hold that woman, unlike the rest of creation, is not subject to classification, not divisible into families and species, but only into individuals. And the California girl is truly like her sisters of all other States and peoples, multitudinous in variety, and to choose a type is but to make a hazard on superficial resemblances. One thing I may say, however, that if that brilliant young woman who last year presented to the world the California girl as a boisterous and direct person of aggressive manners and much rotundity of person—if that clever story-writer were here to-day, she would hardly have the temerity to take that girl as typical. The number of girls in California society who are not stout, not even partridgy, has been demonstrated every day of the week at Del Monte baths between the hours of 11 and 1. To be sure, the ripe girl is in evidence, as well she may be, for she is very good to look upon, but she doesn't shout, not here, at any rate, and her voice is not coarse, and she manifestly thinks of other things than the adornment of her own person, and she knows how to say a bright thing, and she knows what the words graciousness and gentleness mean. There are many mothers here, some very old and some of middle age, and to both there is shown a courtesy and deference by the younger members of their own sex that promises well for the next generation of misses and mothers. The sweet-voiced woman of fine feelings and deep sympathies, of a higher culture than books can give, and of a calm repose of manner that bespeaks assured position, but without disdain or vulgarity—this woman is here and she is not old. She was born in California.

The hoyden we have always with us. Some men like her, and as the old woman in "Adam Bede" said of all women: "The Lord made 'em to match the men." But the California hoyden is not sui generis. The same girl is to be seen at Newport, and Narragansett is filled with her like. She talks slang and she talks it fast; she manifests a knowledge of the world that sometimes gives pause to her listeners; she is a romper, and the practical joke is the thing after her own heart. She is here, but she does no harm, and many like her, for they think her more frank than many more dangerous of the sisterhood.

The girl too conscious of her good lines and most striking poses—what would a resort be without her? She flirts in a very self-conscious way, and that, to put it directly, is not art. And the widow, the supposedly wily widow, plump, and decorously demure when in evidence. She needs must visit Del Monte when the B'lingum boys come down. The young wife who refuses to take the veil because she is married—you may see her any evening on the piazza listening to Cassassa's delightful music with one ear and drinking in compliments from a group of youth with the other. All these are here and many more—the supercilious young person, and the most unmistakable snob, and the too, too loud young richling, who finds fault with her hands because they contain too few fingers on which to spread her diamonds, and the daughters who manifestly desire to escape from mother—but what of it? I have heard more gossip, more scandal, more idle talk of intrigues, more proofs of underbreeding in a single hour at the Newport Casino than have come to my ears the whole week at Del Monte. There is a wholesomeness to the place even in its gayest week that would surprise the most casual visitor at one of Flagler's great Florida hotels. When the California girl takes possession of Del Monte and brings her company of players, she enjoys herself mightily, but she is not followed back to the city by a train of "things better left unsaid" and done.

Are there no men here? I have talked of girls and of horses. Are there no men to be taken account of? Yes, several and one. The several really don't count. They are good fellows for the greater part, men with their wives, and some who would like to get wives if, unfortunately, all the really first-class women hadn't already been appropriated, and others who take no thought but of a good time. These make up the several. But the one, he is a man removed, a man apart. I have seen him play tennis and he plays an earnest game. I have seen him tool his coach, and he is at that, too, thoroughly grave and honest. I have seen him riding like a Comanche over hills and over tracks, and here likewise he was intense. It has amused me to see him eye his coachmen and the dozen or twenty other handlers of horses that he has here. His eye goes down the dress to look for a flaw, a hair, a speck. He knows that the clothes are in correct style, for his own tailor has made them. The posture must also be according to model and the horses up to standard. Do you see what it means? He knows what he wants. How much he is ahead of many who have wealth and many who haven't! Seriously, he has determined to be all that he should be within the circle he has at present drawn, and the testimonial to his achievement is the consideration he is given. And when the time comes, believe me, the same qualities which make him now "facile princeps" among horsemen of his class will achieve other distinctions. If he had married otherwise I would not have been so rash to prophesy.

But some may yet ask what do people do at such times at Del Monte? They eat, gentle inquirer, eat three times a day, and they dress as often, and they sleep, not much oftener than once, and they fill in the rest of the time driving and watching the sports and swimming, during the day, and in the evening they sit upon the piazzas and look out upon a beautiful scene made up of trees festooned with lanterns, a waning moon in a dark blue sky, and directly in the foreground a platform covered with ferns and flowers and lighted with numberless electric lights from which come the Semiramide overture, the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhauser," and a dozen other good things as given by Cassassa's forty players. It is a scene to be remembered, a midsummer night's dream such as Daly never dared to attempt.

T. N. S.

One would think that if any house in the city were safe from burglars, it would be the abode of I. W. Lees, captain of detectives and one of the notable thief-captors of the country, but a midnight marauder has dared to attempt even this mansion of the law. Two o'clock last Saturday morning, the policeman on the beat had his suspicions roused, and resolved to hide and watch the house. Nearly two hours later a young man in a light overcoat came rapidly along and boldly mounted the Captain's steps. The policeman accosted him with a personal question, but the young man coolly remarked that it was all right and that he belonged there, and inserting a key in the door, entered the house. The policeman was nonplused, and finally decided to wait and see if the young man came out again. He was too clever for that, however. Without stopping to collect any souvenirs, he escaped by a back window and a shed, and was off over the fences. The policeman's description of the man has led to the identification of the gang to which he belongs, and several of its members are already safe in jail.

The California Jockey Club plans to have the grand opening of its new race track near Shell Mound on the 19th of October, and the work is being pushed along at a flying rate. All night long, with the help of electric lights, the digging and grading and pounding go on, for apart from the construction of the actual track, stables must be built and grand stands put up. The club aims to make the track one of the most complete this side of the Rockies, and to have its opening day a very big affair. There will be twenty-seven stakes, aggregating $42,750, the entries for which will close November 1st. Six flat races for two-year-olds will take place later in the season, but the great race of the autumn will be the Burns handicap for $10,000. Already twenty-six events have been scheduled.

POLITICAL UPS AND DOWNS

Statesmen Who Love One Another — John Daggett's Friendship.

To judge by exteriors, the condition of affairs in the Republican ranks is unfortunate. The party is given up to internecine warfare. Contending factions, having each some show of authority, are arrayed against one another. Petty squabbles for supremacy will not aid the national ticket to success, and we all know now what the victory of Bryan means for the country. It is a pity that the situation has not yet developed a diplomat able to reconcile opposing claims. As a go-between Colonel Burns has not proved a success, and his article in the Examiner is liable to augment the breach rather than cement the party. Though Mr. Spreckles has the machine, the enemy seems to win most of the points. The selection by the Election Commissioners of Attorney Ruef, a member of the Spear faction, as the recognized spokesman of the party at its deliberations scores against him. And now it is announced that his old ally, County Clerk Curry, has deserted the sugar standard. Several reasons are assigned for this defection; first, the failure of the Spreckels to give Curry the congressional nomination which Eugene F. Loud secured; then the realization that his friend could do nothing for him with McKinley, and subsequently, his exclusion from the political firm of Martin and Crimmins, through whom Mr. Spreckels expresses his purposes.

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On the other hand, it is suggested that, as Curry has everything to lose and nothing to gain by opposing the Boss, and as his success thus far is based on the favor of that gentleman, it would be suicide to oppose him. It is not incredible, however, that this sudden manifestation of enmity may only be a clever subterfuge to obtain a footing for Spreckels in the Spear party, which Curry will doubtless join. Buckley's victories were often won by manipulating the enemy, and perhaps the Sugar King, finding he cannot win in the open, is trying to lure the rebels into ambush. However, the events of the next few days will develop the fact. If the Spreckels-Martin men remain in the County Clerk's service, depend on it that Curry's hostility is a pretext. If the servitors are forced out, then there is veritable bad blood. Of course the "Chronicle's," purpose in atagonizing the Spreckels force is obvious. It desires to create an independent Republican ticket here to destroy the sugar organization. It is a pity for John D. that his moves are not quicker. He loses chances unnecessarily, and his campaign fails to gain prestige. Yet with his reputation and wealth, he should ere this have swept the opposition into the sea. Maybe he'll learn through disappointment.

* * *

A disquieting rumor is wafted over the Tehachapai from the South. Its burden tells the downfall of Hervey Lindley. It predicts the "barreling" of this eminent boss by Walter Moore, and the ascension of the latter to the political throne in Los Angeles. It may be this is only a passing from the fire into the frying pan, though Walter Moore promises better things than Hervey Lindley is now achieving. It seems that Moore, since becoming Chief of the Fire Department, has so exerted his executive ability that the brigade has a degree of efficiency which surprises its own members as much as the citizens in general. It is out of politics and actually extinguishes conflagrations. The boys find Walter a veritable martinet and up to every trick of the trade. It is not wonderful, therefore, he has grown popular and influential, and in the ebbing of the A. P. A. movement, with which Lindley is fully identified, it seems as though he would obtain the coveted control. As in San Francisco and other interior cities, the wave of bigotry is passing and the men who obtained prominence on the strength of their prejudices are losing hold. In his time Lindley has proved a bold manipulator, but more competent as a manager than able at achieving his personal ambitions. He has several times been defeated for Congress, but being strong of will and resolute he has manipulated local and county conventions with daring disregard of opponents.

* * *

Among the Democrats, the story goes that Sam Rainey is jealous of the popularity of Professor Kennedy, the Orpheum hypnotist, and proposes playing an engagement on the same stage, provided he is permitted to show off his best subject, Superintendent John Daggett of the Mint. To the ordinary reader, unaware of the magnetic power of Rainey, it may seem strange he should possess such a control over the Siskiyou statesman. The fact is, however, Daggett is so amenable to his influence that there is no trick which Kennedy's mediums perform that Sam cannot duplicate with the Superintendent of the Mint. He has done nothing politically for Daggett, yet the Mint is full of his appointees. He twists him to do his will in the Junta, and that without consideration, and yet has Daggett full of the belief that all these services are to be returned with a Senatorship or something else. The Superintendent is just now deeply interested in the cause of Joseph P. Kelly, whose candidacy he assisted in the Fifth Congressional District, having as associates in that noble cause Jim Rea of San Jose and Major McLaughlin of the State Central Committee. It was not for love of Kelly, however, that this was achieved, but to beat his old-time enemies, Jim Barry and Tom Clunie. However, there has since developed that matter of the forging of a proxy, and such is the curious bent of the Siskiyou statesman's mind that Kelly straightway became a politician in his sight, and he is now out for him with banners flying. Hence the presence of Rainey. Daggett, it seems, has certain offices in the Mint available, owing to the fact that the Civil Service classification has not yet been completed. These are being utilized in the cause of Kelly's success, and will doubtless go to certain good friends of Rainey.

FREDERICK YATES

A Plea for Our Local Artists and for Intelligent Criticism.

One of the hardest things a young artist born in this country has to learn is that, whatever his talent, he is without honor in his own country and among his own people until some foreign city has found him out and stamped him with her approval. The press of this city generally assume that if a thing is painted, written or composed here, it is necessarily of no merit, and the reporter's whole duty is to be funny at its expense. The result is that most of our artists leave as soon as possible for a more sympathetic atmosphere, where criticism is based on knowledge and aims more at truth than at journalistic humor.

It was this spirit of antagonism that lost California an artist she should have exerted every power to keep, if she has an atom of local pride. Frederick Yates, whom all London knows as one of the coming portrait painters, tried long and vainly to gain recognition here. An intelligent critic would not have failed to recognize his talent, but unfortunately that is not the kind of critic the press employs, even though it must know that in a community where artistic discrimination is not as yet widely cultivated, its careless word can make or mar a career. Though Mr. Yates' later work may be more finished, none of it holds more charm than a portrait of a little girl with red-gold hair and a dimpled chin, looking frankly out at you as she stands holding a Japanese doll by one arm. When this was exhibited here, it received just one press notice, which briefly disposed of it as "a portrait of a silly little girl, painted in a commonplace manner." The little girl is so real and living that one half expects her to swing that dangling Japanese doll and ask the question that is evidently just shaping itself on her inquiring little lips; and perhaps the critic thought that to paint things so that they looked like life was to be "commonplace." That was only one of many incidents that induced Mr. Yates to give up trying to follow his career here. He was very poor, and at one time needed money so badly that he took one of his pictures to an auction room. He had to provide a frame, and that cost forty-five dollars, while the commission took five more,—and the picture brought fifty dollars!

Utterly discouraged at last, he found means to go to London, and there, within a month of his arrival, one of his pictures was hung in a prominent place, and the great Watts himself came and complimented the young artist. Commissions soon followed, and it was only a little while before Mr. Yates had gained a secure position as a portrait painter.

Personally, Mr. Yates is tall and dark, with a narrow, interesting face and deep set eyes that take a somewhat tragic view of life. He has a nervous, intense organization, and impresses you as one who would die for a cause or be martyred for a principle, but who could never, under any circumstances, find a grain of humor in life's little ironies.

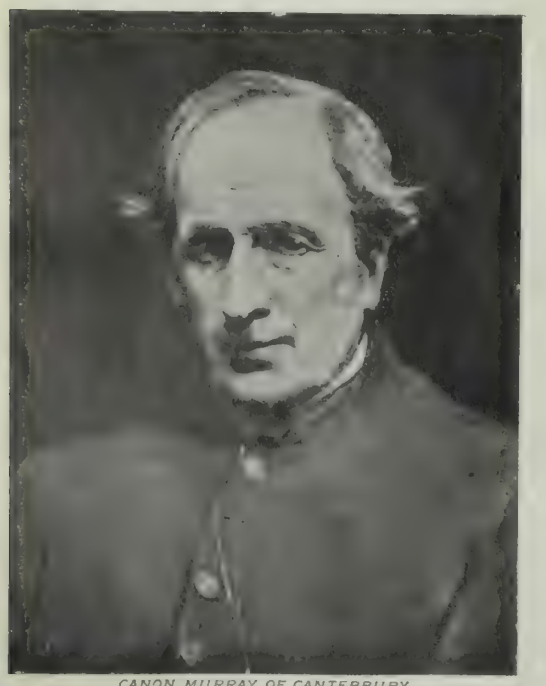
"Of course, over there one is merely a drop in the bucket," he said, speaking of his position. "But if they once like you, they stay by you. Here they would drop you in a minute for the first new man that came along. They are not only changeable, but they need——"

"They need?" I suggested, as he paused.

"In a very fine house here, I saw a painting in a red plush frame," he said, in a quiet, inexpressive tone that nevertheless conveyed a very clear idea of how the sentence could have ended.

"I had an art school here, and gave my classes nude models to study," he went on, presently. "Do you know hat a great many people thought I was depraved. I even received anonymous letters about it, and many would not join the classes on that account. What can you do with a community like that? Of course, it is different now, but—no, I prefer London. But I want to say this: You have true artists living here; Keith—Oh, there's nobody like Keith!—Bruce Porter, Atkins, Peixotto, and a number of others whose work deserves worthy criticism. They don't need your praise, but they do need your discrimination; they need the stimulus of your appreciation. Do see that they get it! Keep them here, build up an art center of your own. Why not? Sargent, the foremost portrait painter of to-day, is an American, and so is Whistler, and so was George Innes. You have a giant among you already in William Keith. Do stop the wholesale abuse, and attack only what is false and ugly. Let public opinion be guided by men who know what they are doing, and suppress the little cats that scratch."

MADAME LA COMPTESSE XXX



CANON MURRAY OF CANTERBURY

PREMONITION

I questioned my soul as I stood by the dead,
My soul in its anguish made answer and said,
No power can destroy, and no fiat create,
For death is transition, and life is a state,
The fruit of conditions coercive as fate.
Each atom of form, and each atom of force
Exist as a part of their infinite source;
And whether in motion, or whether at rest,
Must live, by a law that is never transgressed.
This then is the marvelous secret of death,
To live without life, and to breathe without breath.

—LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

The Salvation Army has made a new departure—on horseback this time. Six of its petticoated members have formed a cavalry brigade which is to start from Baltimore and carry the gospel through Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware. Captain Blanche Cox, the leader, used formerly to show her equestrian skill by dashing around a sawdust ring in pink tights and yellow hair, but now she will jog sedately through the land in a blue habit and a poke bonnet, on a mount who was forced out of his original business by the competition of the trolly. Another brigade to fight the devil is going forth on bicycles from Chelsea, Mass., under the direction of the Rev. J. F. Hazel, who claims to have received the order direct from divine headquarters. Groups of riders will go from town to town, and preach in the public spuares. These laborers will receive no salary beyond the freewill offerings they collect, and will carry with them a saucepan or two and a hammock. Neither short skirts nor bloomers will be admitted in the profession.

REMINISCENCES OF HUXLEY

Among those who knew the man and realized the tense force of his personality, the impression is strong that historians of the Nineteenth Century will rank him among its greatest forces. In the current "Nineteenth Century" appears a very interesting article from the pen of Wilfrid Ward, an especial friend of the great scientist, which affords in brief an impression of his tense and rugged individuality, and presents a number of reminiscences of his sayings:

"I felt my impression of Carlyle's dogged Scotch unsympathetic persistency in measuring everything by his own ideas sensibly deepened," says Mr. Ward, "by a story which Huxley told me of their mutual relations. Carlyle and he were for long good friends, but had a serious difference on the evolution question in the early stages of the controversy. Their personal intercourse ceased in consequence. After an interval of many years Huxley happened to see the Scotchman crossing the street in London, and thinking that bygones might be bygones went up to him and spoke to him. Carlyle did not at first recognize him, but when he had made out who it was, he at once said, with his Scotch twang, as though he were continuing the last conversation of years ago, 'You're Huxley, are you? You're the man that's trying to persuade us all that we're the children of apes; while I am saying that the greatthing we've really got to do is to make ourselves as much unlike apes as possible.' Huxley, who had hoped that the weather or politics might have been admitted for the sake of peace, soon found that the best thing he could do was to retreat, and return to their tacit ageement to differ."

"Admirably did he once characterize Tennyson's conversation. 'Doric beauty has its characteristic — perfect simplicity, without any ornament or anything artificial.' Of an eminent person whose great subtlety of mind was being discussed, he said that the constant over-refinement of distinctions in his case destroyed all distinctness. Anything could be explained away, and so one thing came to mean the same as its opposite. Some one asked, 'Do you mean that he is untruthful?' 'No,' replied Huxley, 'he is not clear-headed enough to tell a lie.'"

"He once spoke strongly oi the insight into scientific method shown in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' and pronounced it to be 'quite equal to that of the greatest experts.' Tennyson he considered the greatest English master of melody except Spenser and Keats. I told him of Tennyson's insensibility to music, and he replied that it was curious that scientific men as a rule had more appreciation of music than poets or men of letters. He told me of one long talk he had with Tennyson, and added that immortality was the one dogma to which Tennyson was passionately devoted.

"Of Browning, Huxley said: 'He really has music in him, Read his poem, 'The Thrush,' and you will see it. Tennyson said to me,' he added, 'that Browning had plenty of music in him, but he could not get it out.'"

"He spoke of the Royal Commission on Vivisection. 'The general feeling was at first strongly for vivisection,' he said, 'but one German changed the current of opinion by remarking, 'I chloroform a cat because it scratches, but not a dog.' 'This at once suggested possibilities of cruelty, and (as I understood) was the cause of the amount of restsiction ultimately placed on the practice.' Apropos of vivesection, he spoke strongly of the absurdity of the outcry against it, as long as such things as pigeon-shooting were tolerated for mere amusement."

MRS. FREDERICK YATES

KATHRYN KIDDER

A Talk Behind the Scenes with Madame Sans Gene.

Actresses are the most charming people in the world to interview—when you can find them. They are friendly, cordial, widely experienced and ready to tell whatever you want to ask, and though several trips may be necessary before you finally corner them, they are, on the whole, far more satisfactory than the busy political or literary celebrity, who keeps his appointment, but wishes to goodness that you wouldn't bother him.

Miss Kathryn Kidder said she would be in at half past two, and, being rather an unusual person, she was. She is a tall, grey-eyed woman, with fair hair that curves away from her forehead in loose waves, and graceful hands that never gesture. Her bearing is that of a well-balanced, self-controlled person, who might be frank, but would not lightly betray her inmost self. Her voice is sweet, refined and pleasantly natural, and lingers a little in one's ears as one thinks over her words.

I wanted to know how she came to go on the stage, whether it was the result of environment or chance or inward determination.

"I really think it was just chance," she said. "It was odd that it should have happened, too, for I come of a family of ministers—and Methodist ministers at that. Why, my grandfather thought even going to the theatre wicked. My family were all rather narrow about it, but I think I have influenced them a good deal, and they take a broader view now."

"Did you have to overcome much opposition, when you first began?" I asked.

"No, for it came about so naturally and easily. As a child I was perfectly devoted to Shakespeare, and naturally my family encouraged me. I knew pages by heart, and studied the plays far more deeply than I ever have had time to since I have been grown up."

"Did you take any special course of study that would prepare you for the stage?"

"Yes, I studied for a whole year in New York, though when I started in my father had no more idea that I would end by my actually going on the stage than he had of my flying."

"But you knew?" I queried.

"Well, I loved my Shakespeare, and I had my ideas," Miss Kidder said, with an inscrutable smile to herself. "In New York I met Frank Mayo—you know he died a little while ago—and he offered me the position of leading lady in his company. I was only sixteen, but I accepted it, and that was the beginning of it all."

"But—sixteen!" I exclaimed. "Weren't you terrified at the idea?"

"Why, not a bit. I hadn't the faintest conception of what I was undertaking. After that first engagement, I went out with Joseph Howard on a regular barn-storming tour. I played in every kind of play, from "held by the Enemy" to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and took every kind of part, from a page to the mother of a grown son. I can tell you, that was experience. It taught me far more than any other kind of an engagement could have."

"It must be a comfort not to be nervous," I said, rather absently, for I was busily scribbling down points under cover of my card case.

"But I am, now," Miss Kidder protested. "I grow more so every year, as I realize more clearly all there is to be afraid of. First nights are terrible, whether it's a new play or merely a new place. I never could get through them if it weren't for a little formula I say to myself."

"Something like 'Let your lights,' or "All the world's a stage?'" I suggested.

"No, I say 'This is terrible, simply terrible. No wonder you are frightened; anyone would be. Of course you can't fail all those people, after they've bought their seats; but get through to-night, and you never need step on the stage again. There's your understudy all ready, and to-morrow and ever after she can take the part. Just get through this one night as well as you can.' So I get into a stoical sort of mood, and it steadies my nerves—or I pretend it does."

"And the next night?"

"Oh, by then I have forgotten all about it, or remember it half incredulously, as you do past seasickness. My giving up the part is a mere pretense to get me started."

"It's a novel idea," I said, inwardly hoping that she did not confide her first-night thoughts to the understudy, whose hopes would be kept in a state of violent fluctuation. "There has been a good deal of controversy as to whether an actor should actually feel what he portrays," I went on. "What side do you take?"

"It seems to me that one should have a perfect intellectual understanding of whatever emotion one must show, and to have that, one must of course have sympathy," she began thoughtfully. "If it is grief, you must have felt, you must know just what it is like and how it manifests itself. Having gathered this by experience, then it seems to me that on the stage you must have complete control of yourself, and merely portray. Feeling emotion is not the best way to show it, for it throws you off your balance, it often makes you inarticulate—or inartistic. I believe that the actress who doesn't shed a real tear has far more chance of making the audience cry than the one who actually weeps."

"Isn't it Coquelin who maintains that the actor should be perfectly free from emotion in the most impassioned scene?" I asked.

"I don't go quite so far as that," she answered. "I think one should feel just enough to stimulate, without losing a particle of self-command. Stage emotion is the result of careful study, not of haphazard inspiration, and one must be cool and clear-headed to give it its best rendering. It must be presented at dull, gloomy rehearsals as well as before an audience. The actress who never will act at rehearsals, who says, 'Wait till to-night—I'll know just how to do it then,' is the despair of managers—and she never gets very high."

"How do you attack a new part?" I asked, presently. "What is your first step when you have a character to master?"

"First, I find out all I can about the woman herself, her age, rank, associates, everything. Then I notice the attitude of other characters towards her. In my present character, Madame Sans-Gene, I found that the women of rank, who were spiteful, vulgar and dishonest, could not bear her, while the better men, the honest, straightforward ones, thought everything of her. Don't you see that that showed how honorable and high-principled she was? In that way I get to thoroughly understand my character."

"And then the memorizing?"

"Oh, no; that must come last of all. The words dull your ear to the spirit, if you learn them too soon. Indeed, one of the hardest things is not to learn them before I am ready to. I must study my gestures—for you know you appeal to the eye of an audience before you reach its ear. For instance, the gesture that means 'Listen!' does not come after the word, but before it. See, this way."

KATHRYN KIDDER
AS MADAME SANS GENE

She bent quickly forward, with narrowed eyes and intent look, and one arm shot out towards me with a sinuous, fascinating movement, before I heard the half-whispered "Listen!" It was impressive, and just a little creepy.

"Then there are the inflections to study, all the little shades of tone," she added, getting up with a smile, as I gave a startled glance at the time. "Yes, learning the part is really the very least of it all. No, I don't care to see the proof. I'll trust you. Good-bye."

The following sentiment of a member of the Government now in Washington is too good to keep. A San Francisco friend of his, having some horses to sell, wrote and asked the official if there would be any use in bringing them on to Washington. "No, people don't want horses here," was the reply. "The cars are run by electricity, the people by bicycles, and the Government by jackasses!"

Ten men have each made a million out of Cripple Creek, a hundred others have made more than fifty thousand each, and there are some thousand more who have made over twenty thousand each. Most of this money has gone to Colorado, though the French are now investing generously in that region.

Louisiana having adopted the Australian ballot system compelling every man to mark his own ticket, has thus excluded most of the negro vote. This, of course, is due to the ignorance of the colored men, who are unable to sign their own names.

An expert geographer tells us, in a recent issue of Cosmos, published in Paris, that there are 20,000,000 square miles of earth yet unexplored. It is, therefore, plainly evident that the Populist-Democrats have plenty of room to emigrate to before the cyclone strikes them next November.

Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose are said to have divided $50,000 from the production of "The Prisoner of Zenda' 'on the stage.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Sir George Newnes' penny daily, "The Courier," made up on the lines of a weekly, with news, gossip and personal paragraphs, but without politics, has proved a failure. The effort was costly in the extreme.

James F. Burns, a plumber, James Doyle, a carpenter, and John Harmon, a laborer, were the promoters of the Portland mine, which is now held at $6,000,000 and produced $480,000 last year. The average output of the mine is $70 per ton, and there is one streak of ore which runs nineteen ounces of gold to the ton.

Major Moses B. Handy explains the attitude of Alvinza Hayward and Charles D. Lane, who have declared for Bryan, on the ground that the premium on gold which will inevitably follow Bryan's election, would increase the value of the Utica twenty per cent, which would pay the expense of mining and milling.

Ex-Premier Crispi has applied for a pension, to date from the beginning of last month. He asks it because of his advanced age—he will be seventy-seven next October, and because the sciatica from which he suffers, and which has lately taken an acute form, prevents him from earning a living as formerly, as an advocate.

Sir Arthur Sullivan confesses he has no great facility at writing. Under the stress of inspiration, he has turned out four numbers in a day, but often spends a week over a single song. The ditty of "The Merryman and the Maid" gave him infinite trouble, and he confesses to have spent a fortnight setting and resetting the jingle.

Sir John Millais will be buried in St. Paul's, close to Lord Leighton. Speculation as to his successor is already keen. Richmond and Luke Fields are mentioned, but Val. Pinceps seems to have the best chance. The elder son of the late president of the Academy has no interest in art, but is the greatest living authority on basset-hounds.

Miss Clara Barton, returning from Armenia, goes to visit the Grand Duchess of Baden, her co-laborer in the Red Cross service during the Franco-Prussian war. The Grand Duchess has devoted her life to improving the hospital service of Germany, and has presented Miss Barton with a gold medal of remembrance, colors of Baden, and other tokens of admiration and gratitude.

The death of Charles Dickens and his sister Mary Dickens, who died within a few days of each other, brings out the fact that the family of the great novelist inherited his literary ability. Mary Dickens edited the "Letters of Charles Dickens" and contributed several magazine articles about her father. Dickens the younger deliberately went into trade, but subsequently became editor of "All the Year Round." His daughter, Mary Angela Dickens, gives promise of being a successful novelist. Of the other children H. F. Dickens is a prominent Queen's counsel. Two younger sons are prominent in Australian life.

Castelar, the Spanish statesman, has the enormous capacity for work which so often distinguishes great publicists. Returning recently from a visit to Pope Leo XIII he found an immense accumulation of mail from all over the world. During May he set about answering it, writing no fewer than 5,000 postal cards and 300 letters. Meanwhile he corrected five hundred galleys of proofs of his new book, "The History of the Nineteenth Century," which will be completed in ten volumes of 1,000 pages each, besides contributing to reviews and other journals.

Eugene Field left but a small estate. Thus far royalties to the total of $3,808 have been received; his books are valued at $6,503, and he owned also an equity of $1,000 in a house in Buena Vista Park, Chicago.

W. S. Stratton, who owns the great Independence mine at Cripple Creek, has an income of $2,000 a day from that property, and as much more from other mines. He has his office over a bicycle store at Colorado Springs, is about forty-eight years of age and looks sixty. His hair is white, and his complexion a mahogany brown, the result of hardships and hard work. He lives in the simplest manner in a little cottage that did not cost over $500, and is very sensitive about being asked for money. It was only after repeated failures that Stratton went prospecting at Cripple Creek. Wandering disconsolately over the mountain side, he found a broken piece of rock which, sent to a Denver chemist, assayed $300 to the ton. He promptly staked out a claim, and found gold almost from the grass roots, the ore growing richer as he dug down.

Is the mouth of Mlle. Ramos of the Varietes Theatre large enough to pronounce the letter S? is the question that a Paris court must decide. She was engaged for minor parts and cast for that of the Post, in a "Revue" brought out at the theatre. All she had to do was to come on the stage on horseback, dressed up as a postilion, to snap her whip and say with a smile, "The Post! I am the Post." That was all. The authors declared that she lisped, and took the part from her and gave her instead that of First Cat, whose speech was limited to three "Meows." She refused to play it, pleading sickness, and the director asks for the $10,000 forfeit for breaking the contract, though he declares he is ready to take $1,000. The actress declares that the director broke the contract in taking away her part without justification.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THINGS AND PEOPLE

It has lately been asserted that Japanese labor is cutting out Chinese, and that the pigtail is being distinctly outrivaled in all branches of service, domestic and otherwise. It is true that the proportion of Japanese laborers to Chinese is rapidly increasing, but this is less due to their superiority than to the fact that there is no law to prevent their immigration, and every month brings new additions to the army of workers. The Chinese, on the other hand, are bringing in no recruits, and many are going on to other places, or back to China. The Japanese students will work for very low wages, and so are employed extensively as waiters, dishwashers, grape-pickers, etc., but the Chinaman is still lord of the kitchen range. No ambitious student of differential calculus or composer of impressionist poetry can beat an every-day cooles at rolls and ragouts, and the people who want a first-class cook still choose a Celestial. And they pay thirty and thirty-five dollars for him, too, in spite of the talk of hard times and reduced wages. Perhaps it is ordained that the Chinese must go in the fields and the boarding houses, but we still cling to the enlightened remnant in our kitchens.

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There is nothing intrinsically interesting about peddling braces or selling books on subscription. If, however, these roles are merely transition periods in the career of some prominent and wealthy personage, they are invested with the halo of romance. Humanity loves a well graded crescendo effect. Innumerable excellent citizens who heard Rubinstein years ago, remember him only for the Turkish March, in which the illusion was produced of military music a mile down the street gradually approaching, the sound swelling louder and stronger until it burst into a magnificent fortissimo. Then, as gradually, it faded into silence by infinitesimal gradations. Life is full of instances of humility being exalted by luck or hard work, and it is a fillip to one's ambition and learn the poverty-stricken beginnings of men now prominent. All this is apropos of Dr. Daywalt, a light among the Populists and a successful physician, whom misfortune some years ago reduced to the straits of peddling spectacles. He traversed the country round the bay and, in Petaluma, was applied to by a pleasant young woman living with her mother, Mrs. Delaney, in a very wretched lodging for relief from her eyes. She suffered sorely, and he fitted her with glasses that reduced the trouble. Unfortunately the girl had no money to pay even for the spectacles, but referred Daywalt to her father, an itinerant dealer in kindling wood, who slept amidst his scraps and lived on rashers of bacon, which he frizzed over an oil stove. So miserable, apparently, was his condition that his wife obtained a divorce because of failure to provide, and took the daughter away because she feared the girl would starve with the father. Daywalt found the man, talked with him, got some inkling that he was not so poor as he represented, and made him pay for the glasses. Returning to Petaluma some months later, he called on the Delaneys and told them his suspicions. They knew nothing, and he set to work to help them. The result was that he fell in love with the girl, and concluding, if his earnings were eked out with economy there was enough for two, he married her. Probably it was as foolish a thing as he could have done, under the circumstances, for neither Daywalt, his bride, nor any one else had the faintest suspicion of what gifts the future held for them. Nine months later, old Delaney died in apparent destitution. To their surprise the executors found documents which revealed him as a veritable miser. Searching his woodshed they found concealed under the pile of old wood on which the old man slept an iron box full of gold and securities, worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars. This unexpected fortune proved a godsend. Daywalt finished a medical course begun under better auspices, and developed into so shrewd a manager that he has doubled the miser's capital, and outside his profession has also won the prominence in the Populist party, which gives him a voice in its councils.

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The difficulty of doing justice to the curious characteristics of our Hebrew capitalists is admitted by the writer. He knows, however, with what sympathy and comprehension they will consider a speculation which precedent or instinct leads them finally to reject. This is not a personal experience. Merely something which happened to a lamented friend. He had a railway scheme in his brain, and it was as practical as such prospects are in this depressed era. He took it to a certain Sansome-street Croesus—a stout gentleman of innumerable money bags and infinite credit. Without difficulty a hearing was obtained and the scheme unfolded—as my friend imagined—with extreme lucidity, showing a certain profit for a moderate outlay. When he had gasped out the final sentence the capitalist, in a complaisant and patronizing way, placing his fat hands in a paternal way on the railroad projector's shoulders, said:

"My poy, you should take that proposition to Fourth and Townsend streets. Dose are the peoples what builds railroads."

And yet there are citizens who imagine the task of organizing an opposition transcontinental line mere child's play.

***

Captain Millen Griffith was so much of a figure in the marine life of San Francisco that some comment on his life and individuality is appropriate. A bluff, hearty, vigorous man, he carried into his business and private life the manners of the sea. The art of turning opportunity to advantage he possessed, together with remarkable luck. In spite of the success which followed his ventures, he was not without reversals, for the first fortune achieved before marriage was lost and the Captain had to work hard to start the million he left his children. However, his star guided him first into a big mining venture in Mexico with the Bradburys—the Tayo, which for over ten years yielded him an income of $50,000. His management of the tug boat industry was strong, ardent, prompt and extremely profitable, and he added to his wealth by entering the whaling business, then in its heyday. To illustrate the luck of this bluff old seaman, he had one year but half a dozen steamers out against the entire whaling fleet. Yet that season his vessels captured and tried out several hundred whales, and the ventures of his competitors returned empty. Dozens of similar instances throughout his career might be cited, showing him a veritable favorite of the fickle goddess. Not the least notable was the discovery of "Flying Jib," the lightning pacer, which Captain Griffith picked up for an ordinary carriage horse, at a nominal figure. His practiced eye appreciated the possibilities of his acquisition, and "Flying Jib" was put into training, with such results as the world knows. More than tug boats, whales and mines, the Captain loved horses, and he used to express the reckless audacity of his temperament by driving at full speed a team of travelers behind his drag through San Rafael. He possessed an excellent stable, good judgment and a few excellent friends who loved the imperious daring and blunt heartiness of his individuality. Captain Griffith came to California in '49. His demise followed close after that of his wife, who died July 4th last, after a married life of over forty years.

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The plans for the coming Horse Show, which is to open December 9th and close on the 12th, are nearly completed, and a number of wise changes have been made in the rules and arrangements. The Association plans to make it not only a social event, but a remarkably good opportunity for the horse raisers of California to exhibit and sell their stock. Special inducements will be offered to the local breeders to take part. A rule that will give more chance to the smaller owners, and so increase the number of entries, is that which restricts the number of prizes one horse or owner can win. This will apply to the horses shown in harness, and will prevent a millionaire breeder like Mr. Hobart from monopolizing the rewards with one or two fine animals. In most classes no preference will be given to horses with docked or trimmed

THE LATE CAPTAIN MILLEN GRIFFITH

tails. This is partly on account of the growing sentiment against docking, and partly to give a chance to the livery stable competitors, who claim that mutilating the tail of a horse interferes with his sale. Up to September 15th the patrons of last year's show will have the selection of boxes, but after that all boxes and seats will be put up for open sale. A number of new trophies are to be offered.

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The whaling cruise, so generously advertised, proved a pleasant marine excursion rather than a successful expedition after oil and blubber. Whales there were in abundance down the coast. At least a score of them spouted within a few lengths of the Queen, but no attempt at a fishing performance was given, though a perfunctory effort at putting out a boat laden with Colonel Wills, an Examiner reporter (female), and several harpoons, was made. The inclusion of the journalist proved the occasion of a controversy between the commander and the agent, who leans to the idea that action without record is worse than futile. However, the four hundred passengers had a delightful sail over a summer sea, smooth and clear as a lake, and saw the wrecked Colombia firmly fixed on the rocks off Pigeon Point. That being attained they returned. On board there was not a solitary case of mal-de-mer.

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Apropos of Wills, known both as "Colonel" and "Captain," the temptation to relate phases of his career is irrisistible. His source is unrevealed, for like many other geniuses, he arrived here unheralded. Life began for him in these wilds as "runner" for a Stockton paddle steamer. Never was there a better one. His cheek, his energy, his capacity for badinage gave him prestige even in that hardened environment. His boat was always laden with passengers, and so pleased were the owners with his success, that they dressed him in a fashionable garb—a long gray coat and a tall hat—to pursue the avocation more conspicuously. He is, or rather, was, a slim, boyish looking fellow, with a soft moustache and an ingratiating way, and his fortune really began with an introduction to the late Mervyn Donahue. I believe he caught the millionaire at the ferries and, quite unaware of his identity, hustled him on to his steamer before Mervyn knew where he was at. His manner was not lost on the president of the S. F. and North Pacific railroad, and Wills was straightway engaged as city passenger excursion agent with unlimited privileges, passes and the favor of Mr. Donahue himself. The latter meant accompanying the millionaire on trips in the private car to various parts of Sonoma county, together with free champagne and cigars several times a day. In this tropical atmosphere Wills bloomed like an orchid, dressed better than his master and persuaded the National Guard to encamp at Healdsburg. That meant much business for the line and the custody of distinguished visitors to the Passenger Agent, who, on one occasion, had the honor of escorting the late Governor Stoneman to the encampment. This was accomplished in the private car, with superb accessories, and as the Governor, returning to town, stepped on the Tiburon boat, he invited the Excursion Agent to join his staff. Whereupon plain Mr. Wills straightway became Colonel Wills and invested in a cocked hat and brass buttons. Such magnificent bursts of good luck are inevitably followed by periods of collapse. Donahue went to Europe and Wills' fame wilted, faded, and he himself disappeared.

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Whither, the record says not. A short time ago Mr. Wills returned and headed for Healdsburg, where he set himself to courting a pretty young woman, who happened to be a bit of an heiress into the bargain. The ingratiating young man won his way to her heart; subsequently to her pocket, for they were married and went traveling, moving hither and thither as the fancy moved them. In the role of husband Wills was inimitable—as long as the coin lasted; he blossomed into smart clothes and smoked good cigars. But the big drafts on the small fortune soon settled its dimensions, and, sadly, he turned again to his wits for a living. Hence the origin of the whaling excursion, which might have succeeded had its projector had ballast to his character. The fellow has nothing but an incorporated fund of self-assurance, however—undoubtedly a talent—but it requires for success an admixture of brains. And yet, in a way, Wills reminds one of Pinkerton, who has a real identity for all lovers of their Stevenson, though he is a much less attractive adventurer. The next move I look for with interest. It is sure he will never starve whoever else goes hungry.

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A great deal of interest has been roused along the water-front by the arrival of the huge raft of logs from Astoria. A number of attempts to bring lumber to San Francisco this way have been made, but in nearly every case the rafts broke away from their tender and were dashed to pieces. The steam collier Miniola brought this great load down, and four tugs piloted it in safety across the bay, where its composite tree trunks are to be used as piles on the Southern Pacific's Oakland water-front lots. The raft, which is 528 feet long, 51 feet wide and 31 feet deep, contains 450,000 feet of lumber, and it is estimated that this method of bringing it down has saved the company $11,000.

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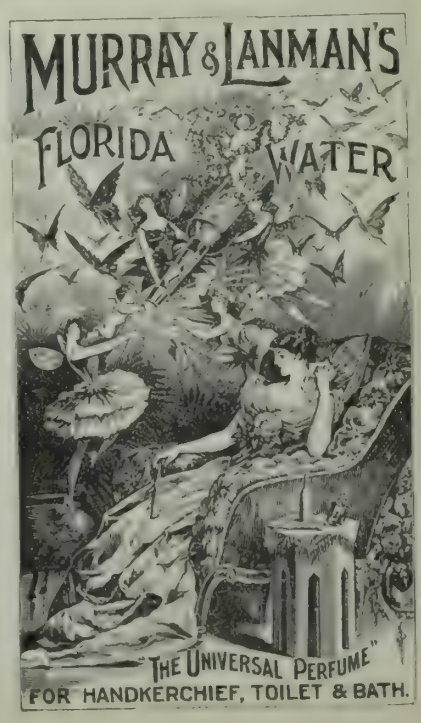
The wiseacres are poking much fun at the Crimmins-Martin combination. No one ever suspected the possibility of a union between these gentlemen, whose loudly expressed enmity has been the feature of politics for some time. It seems that Mr. Blattner, when County Clerk, removed a brother of Martin from office, whereupon the latter vowed vengeance, which he obtained the next election, when Blattner was Crimmins' candidate for Sheriff. The little boss used every effort for his friend, but Martin fought him from the start and openly declared for the Democratic nominees, McDade and Haley. Both were elected, and in return his brother, a Republican, was kept in office throughout the Democratic administration. Since then, both leaders have been on the defensive.



THE THEATERS

The Columbia's New Play — Remarks on Tyrone Powers' Lope.

Whatever the captious may say of the initial performance of "The Social Trust," it must be admitted that the cast was good, the stage-settings excellent—in spite of the scant library—and the array of men in the first act magnificent. Six big—one way or the other—creatures.

"Shapes of all sorts and sizes great and tall
that stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious vessels were; and some
listened, perhaps, but never talked at all."

As for the play itself, it is utterly uninspired, but nevertheless has its good points. It would have been better if the authors had denied themselves the coerced "Veraesque" daughter of their first act and the scented note in their last, for these two scenes make one reminescent when one should be interested, and insinuate that Messrs. Morris and Bell lack invention. With Pinero's cleverly constructed "Benefit of the Doubt" fresh in one's mind, the shifting of the scenes and people seems a bit clumsy, but this is a pardonable fault and one that would be easily forgiven in the work of a beginner if there percolated through the mass one drop of red blood or one salt tear; if there were but a throb here and there to suggest the "rapt eyes and hot heart," the enthusiasm and vivid interest of which all ruddy and vigorous things are born. Queries constantly arise in one's mind as the play unfolds. We wonder in the first act why the men were alone in the drawing-room after dinner, and if the women were sitting in the dining-room over their cigarettes and wine. We wonder why Mrs. Brewster went to the despised Mrs. Hallock's ball—unless it was to oblige the playwrights. We wonder why Charteris was there and the worldly aunt, and are profoundly surprised to find that Brewster expects Mrs. Nelson, who loved and saved his wife, to expose her at the end.

The cast was fair throughout. Worthing made love with his usual ardour and apparent sincerity. By the way, it is really alarming to know that such good imitations of the tender passion are to be had; how is one to know when they're the real thing? Frawley appeared for the first time since his retirement from the stage and was given a warm welcome. He and little Hope Ross had the fun—which wasn't very funny—all to themselves. It consisted mainly of definitions of four-cent girls and jibes at Boston. Blanche Bates was good in her nervously alert fashion, and had some of the best lines in the play. She raised quite a laugh with her remarks about Western women who passed their lives collecting wedding rings, and her anecdote of the woman whose divorced husband proposed again over a card table. "My hand," said the fair divorcee, "is not so bad that I have to take up one of my discards."

The indolent, melancholy Power was as natural and interesting as usual, but why, oh, why, does he persist in kissing a girl, then loping elegantly away from her, without any object whatever for his canter? In real life, you wouldn't do that, Mr. Power, you know you wouldn't. You would stay just where you were until a serious interruption occurred—that is if she was as pretty as Blanche Bates.

* * *

"The Gay Parisians," who, by the way, are very unhappy, are still filling the Baldwin with merry laughter, but so far we have not had even a glimpse of Mademoiselle Martinot's famous diamond garters, and I, for one, feel defrauded. Instead, Her Fair Chubbiness displays some very charming costumes—which cling to her lovingly—and considerable talent in a role so slight and frivolous that it would be like breaking a butterfly on a wheel to analyze it. The play itself is absurd, improbable, almost impossible, yet it is written with so feathery a pen and in such a light-hearted irresponsible fashion that one throws reason and other dull, kill-joy things to the wind and laughs like a happy child—that is, unless one's so-called "culture" has gotten the best of one's sense of humor and left an arid waste where there should be bubbling springs.

Of course when you are leaving and it's all over you may say, "What a commonplace farce," or "I hate horse-play," but nevertheless you will have laughed.

The cast, bar two — Mrs. Phillips and Sadie Martinot—is mediocre. Ferguson is funny of course, very funny, but it is nature not art—he would be just as amusing at a funeral—and the rest are hopeless. I felt a sincere pity for the poor creature who played the part of the nephew and had to say "You stop" and "Go away," when the pretty little maid tried to kiss him. It was painful, unnatural and ineffably sickening. Quite the most mawkish thing I've seen in years, even on the stage. A great many people laughed, it is true, but it was in a half-hearted fashion, and I please myself by fancying each cackle was accompanied by a large mental reservation and a burning desire to thrash the young idiot.

On the whole, though, one can laugh hilariously over "The Gay Parisians." It leaves an empty space in your soul, for it doesn't really tickle your intellect, and it leaves you as unsatisfied as laughing gas would. PEG WOFFINGTON.

MISS ADEL RELGARDE
OF THE ALCAZAR STOCK COMPANY

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Gay Parisians" make their last appearance at the Baldwin Sunday night.

"On the Bowery," a sensational picture of East Side life in New York, will be given at the California a week from Monday. Steve Brodie plays the leading part.

"Madame Sans-Gene" will be put on at the Baldwin to-morrow night for a three weeks' run, under the management of Augustus Pitou. Miss Kathryn Kidder will play the part of the wonderful Frenchwoman, laundress and duchess, with Mr. Augustus Cook as Napoleon.

The Alcazar will open next Monday night with a stock company under the management of Messrs. Belasco, Doane and Jordan. The entire house has been renovated, and a new system of ventilation introduced. One of Nat Goodwin's plays, "Turned Up," will be the first produced.

In November, Henry Irving will present at the Lyceum Theatre, London, a production of "Madame Sans Gene." The great English actor will take the part of Napoleon, while Ellen Terry will appear in the title role. Mr. Irving is said to have some original ideas regarding the stage impersonation of "the little corporal," and will introduce them into his performance when the play is put on in the English metropolis.

The new Wein-Stube, or annex to the Orpheum ,opens this (Saturday) evening. For the coming week the English specialty artists known as The Cosman Couple are expected to arrive from Australia and Errol and Filson appear in a society sketch. Favor and Sinclair remain, and so do the four Nelson Sisters, who are credited with doing the best acrobatic work ever seen on the Orpheum stage. This will be the last week of Herr Techow's trained cats. Matinees every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

L. R. Stockwell is to be the recipient of a double testimonial benefit at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and night. In the afternoon will be rendered an exceptionally strong vaudeville bill, on the programme of which will appear such names as Sadie Martinot, T. D. Frawley, Wilton Lackaye, Mme. Natali, Blanche Bates, Maclyn Arbuckle, Harry Corson Clark, J. Raffael, Edwin Favor, Edith Sinclair, Tilley Morrissey. The Fillipies, Rita De Angeles, Ferris Hartman, Levina Ray, the Carmen Mandolin Quartette and many others. A one-act comedietta, "The Picture," will be presented by T. Daniel Frawley, Maclyn Arbucle and Blanche Bates. In the evening the farewell performance of Rose Coghlan in the dramatized version of "Carmen" will take place. The box office is now open for the sale of seats.

A lively interest is being taken by the mediums and spiritualists in the expose of spiritualism to be given at the Auditorium, Sunday night by T. C. Alexander. Several mediums have responded to Mr. Alexander's sweeping challenge and have announced their intention of being present for the purpose of producing manifestations which they claim are genuine, and cannot be exposed. The mediums are up in arms, Mr. Alexander is determined and confident of routing them, and an exciting evening is promised when the contending forces meet.

Miss Lillian Dane, a graduate of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art, has been engaged to play an important role in "A Railroad Ticket" Company this season. Although she has been on the stage but six weeks, she is to receive $50 per week.

Senator Perkins and the Honorable W. W. Foote, are engaged in getting up a benefit for Mr. W. J. Egan, a deaf mute who goes to Washington to the school for the deaf and dumb. The Reliance Club will assist the young man when the entertainment takes place at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland, on Monday, September 7th.

The Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art, is rehearsing a new play by Alice Yates Grant, entitled, "The Dummy," which they will produce at their next public performance.

Georgia Cayvan has decided to open at Palmer's Theatre on October 3rd in W. R. Wallts' new play written expressly for her, entitled "Mary Pennington, Spinster."

"The Wife" will follow "The Social Trust," at the Columbia Theatre.

San Francisco is to have a new musical departure in a series of grand orchestral concerts, to be given at the Baldwin Theatre, under the direction of Gustav Heinrichs and Sigmund Biel, with William L. Greenbaum as business manager. Three concerts are planned, to be given at 3:15 P. M., on alternate Fridays; that is, on October 16th and 30th, and November 16th.

Fifty musicians will take part, and each concert will have some special feature. At one Schumann's setting to Lord Brahms and St. Saeins will have promiwhile some actor reads the work. Dvorak, Godard, Wagner, Humperdink, Brahms and St. Saens will have prominent places on the programs.. Tickets for the series may be bought for two dollars and a half, and it is hoped that the community will loyally support this new move, not only as a pleasure, but as a means of cultivation too valuable to be neglected.

NOTES

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Virginia Carter Thompson, daughter of Robert A. Thompson, to Mr. Alan Dean Whittaker, which will take place on the 9th of September, at the Church of the Incarnation, Santa Rosa. The bride's father is the editor and proprietor of the Santa Rosa Democrat, and is one of the leading citizens of the place. His brother is the present minister to Brazil. Mr. Whittaker is well-known as an electrical engineer.

Every day brings fresh arrivals to the Hotel Vendome. Among the many who have registered there this week are Mrs. P. A. Hearst of San Francisco, accompanied by Miss Annie Apperson of Pleasanton; Mr. and Mrs. Payot, accompanied by Mrs. L. H. Curtis and Mildred Curtis; James Campbell and family of Honolulu; H. Dutard, Cutler Paige, Sigmund Beel, R. B. Hooper and wife.

The admirable photos of Biondi in the last issue were taken by Marceau, to whom due credit is now given.

This paper is printed by the well known Hicks-Judd Company of this city.

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well known one of Duff Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff Gordon & Co. sherries.

Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Joseph Munier, proprietor.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

Fall Style Neckwear and Hosiery at J. W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

The costliest flavor of Schilling's Best tea is as good a money's-worth as the rest; but it is a different sort of money's-worth — rare aroma, an eloquent appeal to epicurean tastes.

It is cheap — two hundred cups to a pound — and it makes a plain meal luxurious.

Ideal Blend, $1.25, at grocer's.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

QUEEN LILY SOAP

BEST ON EARTH
FOR LAUNDRY USE

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MUSICAL SNAPSHOTS

H. R. Haweis' Impressions of Certain Noted Musicians.

The competence of Dr. R. H. Haweis as a musical gossip is undeniable. His life has [illegible] musicians, he lives, moves and has his being among them. He knew Liszt and Rubenstein and Thalberg. He is familiar with Paderewski, with Patti, and the highly respectable Albani. A figure in London society, which Lady Jeune insists has become democratic, he moves round among lions as one of them, and expresses his mind every Sunday with a mannerly eloquence which hurts no one's feelings, and is more interesting than most sermons. In the "Contemporary Review," Dr. Haweis chats about artists in a pleasant, good-natured way, and offers a budget of entertaining reminiscences. He commences by excusing his tendencies in the direction of personalities thus:

A book on musicians, their associates and surroundings, by one who has known them, ought to be one of the most varied and entertaining of compilations. Musicians touch so many circles—they are so increasingly necessary to our life. They seem to meet us at every turn; they are the go-betweens of such widely divided sections of society. We pass in their company from kings to peasants; from the applause and glamour of courts to the starvation of garrets.

We revel in Bohemia and worship in cathedrals, join triumphal processions, frequent the cultured homes of literature and art, and hob and nob familiarly with the mighty notorieties, singers, players, composers, who have set continents aflame, and died not infrequently in penury and neglect.

It was at a large party at Miss Frances Power Cobbe's, I remember. Mr. Froude and John Richard Green, whose "Short History" had just appeared, were both in the room, and I was placed in a most embarassing position. The historian Green, who was one of my greatest friends, wanted to be introduced to the historian Froude, whom I knew slightly; but Froude, associating him with his implacable foe, the historian Freeman (a great ally of "Johnny Green," as Freeman used to call him), absolutely declined, and so Froude had to be dodged and Green put off in one way or another to avoid further mishaps. Green was never aware of this, and died, as I know, with very friendly feelings towards Froude. He said Froude improved very much as he went on writing, though he always thought him historically unscrupulous.

Charles Halle once said to me, "Fanny Kemble was the most difficult person I ever had to deal with. I remember one day at Manchester she was to read 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' with Mendelssohn's music. Well, something in the lighting, or the desk, or the music, or the chair, did not quite suit her; but at that late hour nothing could be altered. So Fanny Kemble simply sat down outside on the stairs in the passage and cried. Nothing, she declared, would induce her to begin until everything was exactly to her taste! I implored her to go in, as the place was crowded and the people impatient. At last I got her on to the platform. I never saw a woman in such a passion about such a trifle."

She was then (about 1856) not so stout as she afterwards became. Her dark face and black hair, piercing black eyes, and long black velvet dress, gave her a strange and tragic appearance, which she entirely shook off in the early love scenes, but which served to color profoundly the terrible poison tragedy of the close. Fanny Kemble had an imperfect appreciation of music. She was for leaving out this and curtailing that. But Halle was firm about Mendelssohn, and she had to give in.

I like to know all about those whom I admire, nor will their frailties or idiosyncracies make me love them less. Who was it, when some one quoted the stale proverb, "No man is a hero to his valet," replied, "That is because the valet is not a hero"? Depend upon it, there is more to be learned—and if we had but Christ-like eyes, more to be loved—in the whole of a personality than in a part. And what is even unlovely sometimes acts only as a foil.

I like to know that when Carlyle stood on his hearthrug lashing himself into a fury and abusing even his best friends like pickpockets, there was a sly twinkle in his eye which no printing ink could catch, but which deprived the satire of its venom; but only those who saw Carlyle on his hearthrug knew that.

I am tickled to know that Wagner was an exact and expensive dresser, and that Beethoven was a sloven with an old coat and slippers trodden down at the heels. It interests me to hear that Paganini always carried a shirt in his fiddle-case, because he sweated so profusely over his solos that he had to change between the parts if he had to play twice. I even care to learn that Mendelssohn was a perfect child about pastry, which he could never resist, and which he always ate (especially cherry pie), and which always disagreed with him; that Schumann injured his third finger by tying it back to his wrist with a string because he hoped to make it more supple—it ended, however, in his almost losing the use of it; that Bulow got up in the night to play over passages which he thought he was likely to play inaccurately at his prodigious recitals; that when Thalberg was at the hight of his fame he wouldn't even carry an umbrella for fear of it cramping the muscles of his hand; that Malibran loved nothing so much as romping with Moscheles' children on the floor; that Paganini was so stingy that he would stand up under shelter in the rain and keep a whole opera-house full waiting sooner than call a cab. Professor Ella told me he found him one day crouching under the Arcade in Regent street and that he gave this artless explanation: "Hackney coaches," he said, "in London were so expensive!" and this when he had doubled the prices at the opera house where he played, and was rolling in money.

I love to think of Linley, the famous violoncello player, when he was upset in a coach accident, rushing for his violoncello case, and regardless of the cries and confusion, taking out his precious instrument, seating himself in a ditch by the roadside, and playing away as if nothing in the world signified now that his beloved companion was found to be unfractured.

The extreme sensibility of the musical temperament renders it singularly attractive and fascinating to many less gifted natures, and often redeems it from a good deal that is disadvantageous and even gross.

Oury, the great violinist (my old master), was a coarse looking fellow, and not over-polished in manner, but he had a delicacy of sentiment that made him vibrate to every gradation of musical sound, like an Æolian harp. Ernst was physically, especially in his later years, a nervous wreck; but to the end, when he pulled himself together, he gave forth weird melodies which seemed to belong to the music of another sphere. I have, however, heard him play deplorably out of tune, and once, in the middle of a Beethoven quartette, he laid down his violin suddenly without attemptimg a passage of no very great difficulty, saying, "I can no more." Well do I remember his cadaverous face, long black hair, and pale, thin, taper fingers. Ernst was by far the most bewitching master of the Cremona that has appeared since Paganini. Chopin's temperament was very similar, but less wild. Chopin, too, in his last years lost nerve, and was unequal to playing his more elaborate compositions.

When I was staying with Liszt in 1881 at the Cardinal Hohenlohe's palace at Tivoli, near Rome, I noticed how carefully he avoided those more startling passages in Chopin's music with which, forty years previously, he had electrified the musical world. Liszt well knew the inexorable limits imperiously assigned to him by the "Vandal Years;" his rapid octaves, however, were phenomenal to the end.

Well would it be if all artists could gauge their executive powers as accurately! One of the most remarkable survivals of vocal powers I ever came across was Madame Caradori Allan. She was born in 1800, and I heard her sing in about 1858 at Brighton, when her staccato notes in a famous song of Mozart's were quite phenomenal. The good lady was very much annoyed at the well meant but rather brutal bonhommie of a certain elderly royal duke, who, after hearing her when she was considerably past fifty, in the same song, poked her unceremoniously in the ribs. "Bravo, Caradori! dam well sung for an old woman like you"—from which it appears that royal tact is hardly like charity, that never fails.

Madame Grisi made sad mistakes in her declining years. Unlike Jenny Lind, she never knew when to leave off. She retired, but found life insupportable. Grisi came back to the concert room when far too lame to attempt the stage. I heard her sing at the Crystal Palace somewhere in the sixties. She imprudently tried Casta Diva, her great song in "Norma," but reached her high notes with a painful effort. The old men who flocked to hear her and remembered her triumphs in the thirties and forties sat crying like children.

How different this from Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, who, although she had long retired from the public stage, could still sing ballads like "The Three Ravens," and some of Mendelssohn's Lieder, and even "O for the Wings of a Dove," with incomparable effect. She sang till quite late in life in the chorous of the Bach choir, under the direction of Otto Goldschmidt, her husband; and one day a little choir boy of mine, who also sang in the Bach choir, came home breathless with excitement, relating how at rehearsal the solo lady had failed them, and how Madame Lind had volunteered to sing the part in "Hear My Prayer," and how nothing he had ever heard was like it, and nothing could ever be like it again!

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BOOK NOTES

A novel that is frankly trashy, and does not pretend to be anything else, has its place in the world, and a certain value of its own. There are times of mental and physical exhaustion when it comes as a ministering angel. But even trash has become invaded by the present fad for being clever and having thoughts, and so has endangered its excuse for living. "Lady Val's Elopement" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) in spite of an abominable style built on Charles Reade's worst literary faults, would have been a very tolerable book of its kind, if it could only have been contented to keep its place. There are love affairs unnumbered, noblemen in disguise, unexpected fortunes, a timely death or two, and all the usual paraphernalia of a good, silly novel, but the authoress—John Bickerdyke is her name—was not content, and had to lug in socialistic problems and model cottages. (For sale by Joseph A. Hoffmann, 120 Sutter Street.)

From Berkeley comes an artistic little book in a rough grey cover, containing a new poem by Charles Augustus Keeler, author of lyrics and sonnets. The Promise of the Ages is an attempt to unite in harmony the warring factions of science and religion, showing the struggles of an earnest mind between the two. In the author's own words, "The poem recognizes the principle of evolution, but seeks to transcend this with the higher thought of the ultimate reality of the spirit. It is an attempt at a synthesis of the essential ideas of Darwin and Emerson." The poem touches on the very deepest problems of life, which a heart-strong boy is trying to work out for himself, helped by a wise idealist known as the Prophet. The boy is a strong, passionate character, who looks his temtations squarely in the face, and so conquers them.

"Oft-times he dreamed of sacrifice,—
Of losing self in him he loved,—
Of utter faith, unthinking, dead,—
The Prophet's word alone his law;
But, while he thought, a sense of shame
Crept like a vapor from the grave,
To shroud him in a sheet of scorn.
'Abandon self? Nay, not to God
Would I relinquish selfhood's claim!'"

Not a rough passage mars the rythmic swing of the metre, which changes often enough to give a sense of variety, and is interspersed with musical little lyrics. The following celebrates the world's evolution:

Man regenerate,
Love insatiate,
Hope with joy elate,
Groping and growing,—
Thus our world shall be
Climbing to liberty,
Glad in its victory,
Reaping and sowing.

Not through faith alone,
Light on our journey shone;
Slowly our hope has grown,
Lailed while groping;
Sowing the seed we reap,
Strong from the tears we weep;
Love that can never sleep,
Still keeps us hoping.

MAGAZINE NOTES

For several years Dr. Weir Mitchell has been at work on a novel of American life and character. The story is called "Hugh Wynn, Free Quaker," and will begin as a serial in the November Century. The scene is laid in Philadelphia, before and during the Revolutionary War, and among the characters are Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Benedict Arnold, and Major Andre. The hero of the story serves on Washington's staff.

Messrs. Hutchinsons' new magazine is to appear in October under the conduct of Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who is known as the joint-author, with Mr. Herbert Vivian, of one or two novels of a satirical character. It is said among those who claim to know, that the editorship was first offered to Miss Marie Corelli, and that a very handsome salary was proposed to her. That lady, however, was disinclined to undertake the necessary labor, which she felt would interfere with her fecundity as a novelist. Mr. Wilkins is a young man and has abundant energy.

The estate of the late Eugene Field consists of an equity of $1,000 in his Buena Park home, $3,803 in royalties from Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, $6,503 worth of books and furniture, and $100 in cash. The furniture includes a Gladstone ax and a Jefferson Davis chair.

A new weekly is to be started in Oakland and San Francisco to vehicle the musical and literary gossip of the two cities, and is to be called "The Artistic Life." The editor, Mr. H. A. Redfield, a well-known impressario, promises the first issue of the paper early in October.

The first number of the "Quartier Latin," the magazine of the American Art Students in Paris, is a monthly of the size and appearance of the "Chap Book." The letter press is all in English and is concerned almost conclusively with art topics. The illustrations are the most interesting feature of the monthly, which is hardly as original in style and make-up as might have been expected from the Bohemians of the celebrated quarter from which it is named.

"The Lark" for September! A sensation on every page, "pitched," as Vivette would say, "in every key of the diapason." And Vivette herself gayer than ever, appears in her maddest adventure, playing with the City of Boston as no one ever dared before. Yone Noguchi contributes "Two Moods," of remarkable power, one of which is introduced by this beautiful piece of phrasing:

'Sliding through the window of sea-green Heaven,
Innocent, misty vapours enter the roomy hall of the Universe,
Exhailing from the formless chimney called Spring, where the God, alone, transmutes His poetry of Beauty."

The current number of "The Lark" returns blithely to the abandon of its first numbers with the improvement in style that has come to it in the seventeen months of its existence. It is evident, however, to any "Larkaeologist" that with all its humor, the seriousness of "The Lark's" mission is being more and more accented, and the virile and optimistic quality of its verse is perhaps "The Lark's" true raison-d'etre.

The Outlook's magazine number for July contains a personal study of Major William McKinley, by Murat Halstead; one of Mr. William J. Bryan, by Richard Linthicum; a sketch of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by J. R. Howard; and a paper on "The Higher Life of Philadelphia," by Talcott Williams, all profusely illustrated.

Books Received.

"The Flaw in the Marble," by Harry C. Edwards. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Black Diamonds," by Maurus Jokai, translated by Frances A. Gerald. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

"A Master of Fortune," by Julian Sturgis. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"My Literary Zoo," by Kate Sanborn. D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Journey in Other Worlds," by John Jacob Astor. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Pith of Astronomy," by S. G. Bayne. Harpers.

"A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires." Harpers.

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A NOTE FROM NEWPORT

Newport came in for its full share of the murderous heat, and for a week society was utterly prostrated. The Casino ball was given up without a single sigh of regret. People not only died, but broke dinner engagements—a thing that has never been tolerated before in Newport. Some sent a doctor's certificate with their excuses, some just telegraphed and didn't care what anyone thought. Nobody, not even a Newport hostess, could keep a record of social sins when the mercury had climbed up out of the top of the thermometer, so this week will be as though it had never been, and the delinquent will have a chance to retrieve, now that cooler weather has come.

The Newport Horse Show is to have a new feature this year—a class for women's turnouts. The feminine whips are to drive their rigs to the grounds, but will take their places among the spectators while the judging is going on. A number of spider phaetons will compete, and Miss Edith Mills has entered her four-pony turnout, which is certain to win a prize. The fact that the horse show will be almost entirely an amateur affair makes it much more attractive from a social standpoint.

The illustrated periodicals still cling to the delusion that the fashionable bathing suit is a gaudy thing of stripes and frivolity, as decollete as possible in every direction, but as a matter of fact the quietest and simplest of swimming costumes are in favor among the upper ten. Black mohair is the material generally used, and it is made for genuine encounters with the ocean, not for a beach ornament.

Speaking of fashions, everybody is wearing sashes now. Sometimes they tie in back with little bows and long ends, and sometimes they tie in front, or over one shoulder, or down one hip; and as for material, they are of every conceivable kind, from tulle to velvet. Even street gowns have them, made of black satin, about eight inches wide, and arranged like a corselet. It is a pretty fashion now, but dressmakers whisper that their long ends are an indication of coming panels—velvet panels let into the sides of our cherished plain skirts. Everyone knows it is only a short step from that to overskirts and drapery. Must we submit?

Think of the great Futurity, the most valuable of the American turf prizes, being won by a two-year-old that had never raced in the East before, with an unknown jockey who likewise came out of the West. Marcus Daly, the copper king from Montana, must be fully a hundred and fifty thousand dollars richer for his plucky colt's performance last Saturday. It was a perfect day, and a mighty crowd gathered at Sheepshead Bay to win and lose and shout themselves hoarse. C. T. Patterson's Ornament was the favorite, and as the competitors trotted out on to the track, he drew the loudest applause; but the owner of Ogden kept on saying nothing and putting out more money on the innocent-looking brown colt. There was some delay at the start. Challenger gave as much trouble as possible, and Rhodesia got very gay, while Panmure was downright ugly, but after wasting eighteen minutes the flag fell, and they were off. There were ten in all, but interest soon gathered about three—Ornament, Rhodesia and Ogden. At the head of the home stretch Rhodesia was no longer in it, and the chestnut and the brown had it all between them. Tuberville, the little jockey from the West, took up his whip, and, a sixteenth from the finish, was a length ahead of Sloane on the favorite. Ornament made a plucky fight, but that length never lessened, and he came in second, to Ogden's first. Rodermond, who had been creeping up, came in third, then there was a great gap, for Rhodesia only struggled home just ahead of Scottish Chieftain. Opinions differ as to the amount Mr. Daly won, but nearly all agree that he effected the biggest coup in the history of American racing.

SALLY ANDREWS.

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LATE VERSE

Why Is It?

Why is it that the outcast cur
Securely loafs around,
While the beribboned poodle pet
Is landed in the pound?

—Washington Star.

After Twenty Years.

They parted, with clasps of hand
And kisses, and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years:

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed—
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart, upon either side.

They chatted of this and that
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

—T. B. ALDRICH.

No Cause to Sigh.

Moon, she come a-swingin' low;
How-de do, mer lady,
Time foh Mr. Sun ter go,
Meet you by an' by.
Clouds am swingin' in de west,
An' de rainbows build dah nest
Jes' above de mountain's crest—
Ain't no cause ter sigh.
Missie Moon, she smile so sweet,
How-de do, mer lady,
Daylight jes' gib in complete.
Meet you by an' by.
Watch dem colors cross de scene;
See dat pink an' white an' green?
Watah-millions what dey mean.
Ain't no cause ter sigh.

—Washington Star.

His No More.

'Tis mine no more, in cynic wise,
To sing of others' hair and eyes,
Or wander, fettered by no chain,
At will through all the fair demesne
Where light-won love as lightly flies.
Others may stray, when daylight dies,
With Silvias or Rosalies,
By whispering stream or darkling lane;
'Tis mine no more.
To you alone my songs shall rise,
No rival in my rhapsodies
Shall have a part; nor e'er again
My heart shall know another's reign,
For in your keeping, dear, it lies;
'Tis mine no more.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

She Waits for Him.

When, worn and tired with toil and care,
I homeward wheel my way,
A thought dispels my dark despair
And lights the homeward way;
A vision fair far up the street
With straining eyes I see—
I hurry then my love to meet—
I know she waits for me.

She waits for me, my love, my own,
She greets me with a smile,
I hear again her tender tone,
It shortens every mile.
She waits for me, because, you see,
Like lightning she can go—
At every turn she waits for me—
I ride so awful slow!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Caught in the Act.

Over dusky mountains of gray, love, the
moon flung her silver light,
And crept like a ghost, to our trysting place,
thro' the throbbing gloom of the night.

It shone on our hands close clasping, like the
feathery fall of a kiss,
But my heart grew almost envious, that
she should have shared our bliss.

A tress of my hair lay against your lips, and
the moon shone on it so fair,
That you whispered, it looked like a silvery
web, woven out of a tangle of hair.

Then I bent my head down close to your
heart, where the darker shadows lay,
And your lips clung to mine in a selfish
kiss, as a cloud drove the moon away.

—L. F. M.

Touches a Tender Spot.

Once I wrote a charming sonnet
To my Lady Mary's bonnet,
And I called it smart and fetching, and I
called it highest art;
And I vowed each time I met her
With it on I loved her better,
And I ended by affirming that it simply
touched my heart.
We were wed, but Mary's bonnets
Never move me now to sonnets;
If they did I'd spend in rhyming of my life
the greater part.
True, her millinery's charming,
But the bills are most alarming,
And they touch my pocket deeper than the
bonnets touch my heart.

—Mary Clarke Huntington in N. Y. Sun.

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AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.
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First time here of the English Version of Sardou's Great Napoleonic Play
"Madame Sans Gene"
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Manager Augustus Pitou takes pleasure in announcing KATHRYN KIDDER in the title role, supported by the principal members of the original cast, with all the magnificent scenery, properties, costumes and Empire furniture and decorations which contributed to the great success of the play in the cities of the East.

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The Screaming Comedy
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Every Night! Matinees Saturday and Sunday
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HER POINT OF VIEW

The Sunday papers are presumably edited for grown-up people, but if their present childish tone is developed much farther we shall have to hand them over to the nursery while we study the graver columns of "Babyland" and "Wide-awake." Does anyone over ten years old really care how tall an elephant would look if you put him in the Palace Hotel grill-room? Or whether Mrs. McBrinley wears silk or mohair shoestrings? Or what a dog's bark would look like if you could see it? The height of such childishness was reached not long ago when a New York paper borrowed a million dollars' worth of jewelry and an actress and photographed the combination. The picture and the description filled a whole page, while a separate picture of the ring-laden hand took up part of another; and as the first editorial commandment is "Thou shalt spread over as many pages as possible," in so far it was a success. But could anything be more tame and uninteresting than a picture of a jewel? Differently shaped pebbles would have done just as well, for not even radiating white lines can make a paper diamond glitter. However attractive an exhibition of one million dollars in jewels might be, to get them together just to show how much space they would cover seems a very childish performance for a prominent paper. Padding of this sort can all be blamed to the present craze for huge Sunday editions. A good paragraph is spread out and thinned and weakened into a poor column, and the matter for an interesting column has to do duty for a drag-out page. Is it the fault of the public taste? Have we no discrimination save in the matter of size?

* * *

It is a long, hard trip to go from here to New York. Five days of steady motion and noise and cinders, of cramped quarters insufficient tubbing and more or less unsatisfactory food. One arrives worn and tired, grateful beyond everything that the journey is over.

A little old diary, dated 1852, has just fallen into my hands. It describes, day by day, a journey to California, begun on February 17th, in a sailing vessel. At the last moment, just before the ship left, it was found that more tickets had been sold than the accommodations warranted, so some were obliged to go home again. At last they put off, plucky and cheerful, with a five months' voyage before them. They were pitched about in howling storms, becalmed under blazing suns. Their water supply grew low, and they were put on a scanty measure a day, while their bathing had all to be done with salt water. "It leaves one feeling very sticky," the writer of the diary adds. The food was evidently unspeakably bad. "Hard bread and bitter tea for breakfast," the diary says. "The water tastes a little better and is getting sweeter, but more of that horrible sauer kraut for dinner. Ugh!" Someone makes the writer some toast and she speaks of it almost with tears of gratitude. "It did seem so like home," she adds. "We made a lemon punch to-day and dined on bread and jelly," she says another time. "Hard living we get—salt beef, pickles, dried apple sauce and bread three times a day."

By stopping at Rio Janeiro yellow fever was introduced among the passengers, and the diary shows a dreary record of deaths and burials. Eleven died, one after the other, and most of the passengers who escaped were miserable from bad food, seasickness and the violent alternations of heat and cold through which they passed. Finally, on the 19th of July, over five months from the day of starting, the weary little diary winds up in San Francisco harbor with a devout "Thank Heaven."

Yes, it's a tiresome trip between here and New York, and the dining cars aren't always just what they should be, and five days is a long time to go without a comfortable bath. No wonder we make a fuss about the journey!

* * *

Where is it going to lead us, this passion to be amused? It is getting more complicated all the time, and ears, eyes and mouths must all be catered to at once. Instead of the comfortable one-ring circus, where you never missed a trick, you are now confronted with four bewildering rings at once, from one to the other of which your frantic attention scrambles, only to arrive just too late for "the best thing yet." A moonlight ride down the bay used to be quite fun enough for the average New Yorker, but now even that cannot be taken simply, and floating vaudeville has been introduced. A certain great steamboat found that it could no longer draw its four thousand people on a summer night while it offered nothing more exciting than scenery, so it built a couple of stages, called its upper deck a roof garden and humbly announced that it too could furnish the all powerful song and dance. Palms, lanterns and a violent orchestra lured people aboard, and soon the theatre was steaming down the bay, requesting the astonished sea breezes to "Tell 'Em That You Saw'r Me," and letting all the night know that "Baby, baby, That Is the Name I Love."

As a Nation, we can no longer take our pleasures simply, or one at a time. We're spoilt by cheap amusements. Before long we will be demanding skirt-dancers at symphony concerts, and merry-go-rounds at Yosemite. Yet a child takes more genuine delight in a water-wheel he makes for himself than in a store-full of bought toys—wherein lies the germ of a parable.

* * *

Miss Maria de Barril, who for several years has been the private secretary of Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, is well known in all social life. She is a tall, handsome girl with large, dark eyes, a brilliant face and beautiful figure. Brought up to lead a life of luxury, when family reverses necessitated her being self-supporting, she decided that the position of secretary was one she could most creditably fill. Out of several offers made her she chose that of Mrs. Vanderbilt. Miss de Barril has developed unusual business ability, great tact and a marked aptitude for her work. She writes a very striking hand, and has a thorough knowledge of composition; her business letters are excelent, and the lighter notes demanded by society she makes pleasingly acceptable. She signs them all "M. de Barril, for L. Vanderbilt."

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Deutz & Geldermann's "Gold Lack" is without doubt the finest dry champagne imported. No connoisseur should fail to try it.

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The Union Pacific is the only line running Pullman double drawing-room sleepers and dining cars, San Francisco to Chicago, daily, without change, and composite buffet smoking and library cars between Salt Lake City, Ogden and Chicago. Only one change of sleepers to New York; dining car service the entire distance.
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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . .

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Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000 00
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Guaranteed Capital	1,200,000 00

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532 CALIFORNIA ST

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BIDS

FOR

Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF OSCAR J. PETERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Oscar J. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm'r of the Estate of Oscar Peterson, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 12, 1896.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT. — BULLION Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of August, 1896, an assessment (No. 42) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 8th day of October, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF FRED LARSEN, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 21, 1896.

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STORIES OF THE DAY

The late Sir Henry Parkes, the Australian statesman, had a great opinion of his poetic gifts, and on one occasion, when addressing a Sydney meeting, he said: "I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than as a first-rate politician." A man in the crowd, seeing his opportunity, exclaimed in strident accents: "Well, and aren't you?"

Prominent among the insignia of the Army of the Cumberland was the acorn, and the story is told that Gen. Thomas, who had given strict orders against foraging, caught an Irishman on the river bank with a pig he had just killed. Bursting with anger, he turned to consign him to the guard, but the Irishman's explanation was irresistable. "You see, Gineral dear, he was atin' the corps badge, and it was for that I killed him!"

The only blemish on General Young's character as a soldier was a love of display. Many years ago when quite young he attende a ball in Richmond and turned out in all the splendor he could muster. His new General's uniform gleamed from afar with gold lace, his high boots glistened, and his silver spurs and jewel-handled sabre clanked as he strode into the hall. A Southern beauty, whose tongue was keen as the General's sabre, called out to him so that every one could hear: "General, why didn't you ride in?"

A relative of Stonewall Jackson bore the peculiar name of Return Meigs, which always caused a good deal of surprised comment. It seems that when his father was engaged to be married, an unfortunate misunderstanding led to a temporary separation, which weighed so hard on the disconsolate lover that when the object of his devotion relented and said, "Return, Meigs," he declared those were the sweetest words that ever fell upon his ears, and he thereupon commemorated his happiness by giving his son this unique name.

Some years ago, a well-known foreign prince, who owns a large estate in the Midlands, invited his tenants to a hunt breakfast, at which claret was the principal beverage. After the breakfast, and just before the hounds were thrown off, champagne was handed around in large cups, when one old-fashioned farmer, after taking a long pull at one of the cups and smacking his lips, exclaimed: "Well, Your Royal Highness, I didn't think much of that port wine we had at lunch, but I must say this cider is the best I ever tasted."—"Answers."

Mr. James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald has a strange and erratic memory. One day, having bought a number of new shirts, he ordered them sent immediately to the office. The parcel duly arrived and remained there for over a year. Mr. Bennett, meantime, never putting in an appearance. Suddenly, without any notice, he rushed in one morning, evidently in a state of great perturbation. The staff concluded they were all to be discharged on the spot. Mr. Bennett excitedly asked: "Have those confounded chemisiers sent my shirts along?" He never even alluded to the lapse of time which had occurred since his last visit.

Alphonse Karr, the French humorist, once sent to his neighbor, an elderly Italian count, to borrow a certain book. The count, whose library was famous, regretted that it was his rule never to let his books leave the house, but invited Mr. Karr to come over and make free use of the library,—which he did. A short time afterward the count needed a sprinkler, and sent to his literary neighbor. Karr sent to the count an extremely polite note: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you by the loan of a sprinkler, but as a matter of principle I could not possibly allow my sprinkler to be used outside of my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day."

There are many wild and unfounded tales about George Law, but this one is said to have actually happened. After he was graduated from Columbia College, his father made him a driver on the Eighth Avenue line of street cars, and his duty every day was to take a car down from the stables to the Astor House and back twice. One night, after a cold rain had chilled the young driver to the marrow, a college friend jumped on the car and suggested that he stop while they ran down the street. But Mr. Law preferred to follow his own ideas, so giving his horses a sudden yank he turned them sharply, until, by a quick effort, they lifted the car off the track. Over the cobbles the strong brutes drew the car, to the amazement of conductor and passengers, and, rattling down through the street, stopped in front of the saloon. Law alighted with his friend, and so did the rest of the passengers. After all had taken a drink at the driver's expense, they returned to the vehicle, and the car again started the noisy progress over the stones.

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"AM I GOING DOWN OR UP"

THE WAVE

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THE BENT PIN THAT WILL MAKE SILVER JUMP.

If you are an advocate of free and unlimited coinage of silver, pause long enough to consider what Mr. Bryan and his followers are prophesying as the inevitable result of free coinage.

You understand, doubtless, that the silver in the present American silver dollar is worth but 53 cents, yet it is a full legal tender for double its intrinsic value. You understand that the United States maintains the value of its silver dollar here and elsewhere because it does not permit the foreign or native mine-owner to indiscriminately dump his silver into our mints; and because, too, the Government has refused to treat the silver dollar as being of less value than the gold dollar, and has never failed upon demand to pay out gold for silver.

What Mr. Bryan intends to do is simply this. He proposes, in effect, that Congress shall say:

1st. The Government of the United States shall no longer redeem silver with gold or attempt to maintain the parity between gold and silver, but shall let silver take care of itself.

2nd. The Government shall no longer limit the quantity of silver to be coined, but shall open its mints to its indiscriminate and unlimited coinage.

Viewed from the standpoint of a man on a fence, this performance might, by one sagacious in such things, be regarded as a most deadly blow to silver. The proposition does not invest the silver dollar with any new properties, but it does divest it of some. It does strip away the support the Government now gives that dollar; it does very effectually divorce the qualities of caution and conservatism from our financial policy; and it does give the bullion broker, the owner of abandoned silver mines, the Mexican, Chinese and English, an opportunity to crowd our mints to their full capacity.

This is a very simple thing Mr. Bryan proposes to do, but watch the result which he prophesies. True, trifling things often achieve marvelous effects. A bent pin, for instance, is trifling in itself, yet if properly placed and skillfully adjusted it will cause two hundred pounds of human avoirdupois to rise in a most sudden and unexpected manner. Perhaps Mr. Bryan has a like surprise in store for us.

We have heretofore avoided figures very largely in our financial articles, but this week we will borrow some from the "Examiner."

The stock of silver bullion in the world, according to that journal, amounts to something over four billions of dollars. In passing we may say, and we wish to say it with some emphasis, that it is only the silver dollar of the gold countries that is maintained at a parity with gold, and it is only in the free silver countries that the silver dollar passes for less than the gold dollar. But this is a digression. Consider Mr. Bryan's proposition for a moment in all its absurdity. He proposes to raise the price of silver—not in America alone, but all over the world; not by investing the dollar with new attributes, but by knocking from under it the gold support our country now gives it and making it a commoner dollar than it is now. He proposes to improve the quality by increasing the quantity. His "bent pin" of free silver is to have an electrical effect all over the world. In far off China and Japan, the impoverished coolie, whose little hoard of wealth is limited to a single coin hidden away in his filthy hovel, is, through the single legislative action of America, to see his 53 cent dollar double in value without an effort on his part. All China is to rejoice because Mr. Bryan will have made its money, now worth intrinsically 375 millions, jump to the extraordinary figure of 750 millions. The Chinese merchant who now pays us two dollars for our flour will marvel much that this great nation of money-makers should legislate his money up and our products down. Mr. Bryan proposes that the silver dollar in India, which we sold as bullion at 53 cents and upwards, shall return as 100 cents. He proposes by this very simple and childlike policy to say to Mexico, "We will pay you 100 cents for a dollar you are now willing and anxious to part with for 53 cents."

There are in India, according to the "Examiner," 950 million dollars in silver; in China, 750 millions in silver; in the Straits settlements, 115 millions, and in Mexico, 50 millions. The silver money in these countries alone aggregates $1,865,000,000, which is worth intrinsically and in purchasing power in the markets of the world but $932,500,000.

Mr. Bryan, with his "bent pin," proposes to double the purchasing power of this money, proposes to increase its value to an amount greater than our entire national debt, by simply giving the bullion owner a dollar in return for 53 cents worth of bullion, which dollar he is to work off on the rest of mankind for 100 cents. This proposition is so manifestly unreasonable and absurd that it is a little difficult to understand how anyone can seriously believe it to be true.

Mr. Bryan is told that should we adopt free coinage the silver of the world would be dumped into our mints. The "Examiner" attempts to answer this charge. It says:

"If there was a stock of silver bullion anywhere in the world ready to be dumped on the market at the establishment of free coinage, there is no doubt that we should get it. But where is there any stock of silver bullion that would raise our money supply by 50 per cent. or 25 per cent., or even 10 per cent.? Not in the United States. That is certain."

The Examiner admits there is no doubt that we would "get it" if there was a stock anywhere to be found. As it has asked the whereabouts of this stock, let it also answer.

In its enthusiasm, the "Examiner" offered a number of prizes for essays best setting forth the benefits that would come to California through free coinage. These essays answer the "Examiner's" question pretty well. The prize winners vividly set forth the fact that silver mining would increase with wonderful vigor; that abandoned mines would be opened, new mines discovered, and great silver development follow. One writer glowingly pictured 30,000 additional men busy dragging 53-cent silver from the face of nature, and foretold the revival of mining in Nevada. The whole gist of their articles was a greatly increased production of silver, which of course is true. Such production would not only increase with us, but with Mexico, and every other silver-producing country as well.

But our journalistic advocate of Bryanism was not content with the conclusions of its essayists. It went further still in an article prepared by that admirable statistician, Charles G. Yale, and announced the result over the startling lines:

MINES CLOSED

BY THE NATION'S EXPERIMENT

OF 1873.

Mr. Yale's article vigorously declares that "Great numbers of silver mines have closed altogether, while others have limited their output." And, further along, he describes the situation in these words: "No silver-producing section of the United States is now being worked to its full capacity. The miners who firmly believe that their silver is worth $1.29 per ounce do not care to produce large quantities for which they can get only about 60 cents. They prefer to wait until the people declare for free coinage and the Government again takes their silver at its proper value."

This statement by Mr. Yale answers the "Examiner's" and Mr. Bryan's question, "Where is all this silver to come from?" The silver mine owner is waiting for the people to declare themselves willing to stamp 100 cents on a disc of metal worth only 53 cents. The miner in Mexico is waiting for the same thing, and so are they lying in wait for us in England, China and India.

Where will the great quantities of silver come from? If the "Examiner's" explanation is not sufficient, the story of the past is pregnant with information. In 1878 the silver output of the United States amounted to about $3,000,000 per month, and 371.25 grains of silver then sold for 89 cents. The silver men commenced an agitation in 1876, which resulted in an act of Congress in 1878 authorizing the purchase of two to four million dollars' worth of silver per month, and declaring the silver dollar to be full legal tender for all debts, public and private. We were promised then, as the Government purchases would equal our production, that silver would increase in value to $1.29 per ounce, just as we are now being promised the same thing. The world knows the result. This new demand for silver excited the greed of the mine-owner who opened up his abandoned mines and instituted the development of a large number of new properties. Millions of ounces of the white metal were placed upon the market. The Government faithfully continued to purchase silver under this act for eighteen years and the production continued to increase; it increased so much, indeed, that the metal dropped from 89 cents per ounce in 1878 to 72 cents in 1889, despite the continued purchases.

Again the silver men appeared before Congress. The markets were glutted with silver. They claimed the Government was not purchasing enough. "Increase your purchases, and silver will go up to $1.29," they declared. As a consequence and as a compromise to prevent a free coinage bill, Congress passed what is known as the Sherman Act, which authorized the purchase of four and one-half million ounces of silver per month. The same result followed. Production increased and silver kept dropping until it reached 60 cents in 1893, when the purchasing clause of the act was repealed.

The "Examiner" has most happily and most clearly demonstrated that the silver miners are only waiting for the people to act, withholding their silver from the market biding the unhappy hour when the people will declare their willingness to give the mine-owner one dollar for every 53 cents' worth of silver, and obligate themselves to take his 53-cent dollar for 100 cents. This is all they are waiting for. The spiders are weaving webs in their hoisting works to capture the indiscreet fly venturing too close to their ever spread nets, and all is silent about the mill and shaft. The silver mine owner is meanwhile weaving another web, and unless we are wary indeed, we may find ourselves caught in its silver meshes and the life-blood of the nation going out to fatten the ribs of the mine owner.

There is a good deal of nonsense afloat concerning the "Crime of '73," and a good deal of sentimentalism has attached to the demonetized dollar. For the eighty years preceding 1873 the United States had coined but a little over eight millions of silver dollars. Since the "crime" it has coined $430,790,041. Our coinage of the silver dollar did not average over $100,000 a year before the crime, while the average number of dollars coined annually since 1878 has been $23,285,948. From 1805 to 1835—thirty years—not a silver dollar was coined in America. "The Crime of 1873" demonetized a dollar that was unknown, unused, and practically uncoined. No one objected to the Act until 1876. The silver mine owner did not object to it, because he was not then taking his silver to the mint. He was never given over to making sacrifices for the public welfare. He sold his silver abroad as bullion, and it never came to be American coin. Silver was high, and this accelerated the production to such an extent that the value of silver finally dropped. It dropped to a point where the mine owner could no longer sell to Europe the quantity of silver contained in an American dollar for more than a dollar. Until then he did not concern himself as to whether we had few or plenty of silver dollars. He was willing enough to have his bullion sent to the mint when its market value was less than its mint value—100 cents. He wanted the best price for his metal. He was not concerned about our coinage laws when silver was high, but the fall in silver which brought its bullion value down below its coinage value made him noisily solicitous about the money of the people, made him anxious for free coinage at a ratio which would give him a profit in excess of that which he could obtain in the markets of the world. He had ignored the existence of our mints for years, and not until he had an opportunity to impose upon the people did he utter a word of protest against the "Crime of 1873." In 1878 he wanted to turn into the mints 92 cents and receive a 100-cent dollar. To-day he is strenuously advocating a policy that will permit him to turn in 53 cents and receive in return a 100-cent dollar. What is most astonishing, he finds in the farmer and the laborer upon whom he proposes to work off this dollar his strongest allies and suporters, a condition of affairs at which the world must marvel.

DOWNFALL OF THE "ARGONAUT."

How have the mighty fallen! Time was—alas, 'twas in Pixley's time—when, at this season of the national campaign, the Argonaut would have been found manfully battling and struggling in the heat of the fight, at the head and front of the affray, thoughtless of individual profit, thoughtless of personal gain, thoughtless of per-

sonal interest, and mindful only of its country's welfare, its sacred honor, and its future prosperity. But time has worked a wondrous change since Pixley's death. Never in all the history of that journal has the country been in such peril or threatened with such overwhelming dangers as now. Never in all its history has the victory of the party it pretends to represent meant so much to the well-being of the people of this great nation. Never before in its history has it been possible for a loyal paper to do more loyal party service Never before was education so necessary and so vital to correct the world of misinformation that has been spread by the ancient enemy of its party. Yet in the face of all this, while the country is standing at the threshold of an epoch of disaster, while honest but misguided men are threatening to destroy the credit and prosperity of the country, that journal, which takes unto itself a wide variety of virtues, has been practically as silent as the grave upon the great issues soon to be decided by the American people. What has it done? Like a harlot of the press it makes bold to bid for money in compensation for its service. It has notified the "Republican National Committee," and the "Republican State Central Committee," and the "leaders of the Republican party of the East," and the "leaders of the Republican party of the West," in double-leaded editorials, that "There was never a time when a campaign of education was more needed. There never was a campaign of education that was so slow to be begun."

It impounds its wonderful knowledge of impending danger waiting for the magic touch of a subsidy from its own party before it opens its flood gates of righteous indignation upon the Democracy. It does not volunteer to spread the light or inaugurate the campaign of education so necessary to the public welfare, but with double-leaded editorials proclaims that

"The people should not be left clamoring for the truth—the truth should be ready at their hands. It is the duty of the Republican committees, State and National, to see that the people, who are striving to inform themselves, are informed."

No doubt it is the duty of these committees to do just these things, but it is likewise the solemn and bounden duty of every citizen who can discover the impending danger, as Mr. Hart confesses to have done, to volunteer his services in a cause that means so much to the future of America. But the contemptible, double-leaded editorial runs off at a double-leaded gait and warns the various committees to which it has given notice, that

"Somebody has to pay for everything in this world. The founders who cast the type, the paper-makers who make the paper, the ink-makers who make the ink, the printers who print the documents, the girls who address the wrappers, etc., etc., must all be paid."

What would Pixley think of this proceeding were he alive! With what fine scorn would he have treated another sheet guilty of such a performance. The last double-leaded editorial upon this subject, and there have been two, closes with this shameful prayer:

"We therefore call most earnestly upon the Republicans of this State who believe their own assertions when they say that free silver means a danger to State and Nation, to back up the faith that is in them. If they believe in sound money, let them prove it. Let them put up some sound money for sound money's sake. Money talks."

The loyal Republican who reads between the lines must blush when he views the depths to which this once powerful journal has fallen. At a time when the Democratic press all over the country is abandoning party for the sake of country, and is staunchly supporting the nominee of its Republican adversary, it comes with poor grace from a Republican paper to make such unblushing demands to insure its party fealty.

THE SOCIALISTS' CONVICTION.

The twelve jurymen, who, in the case of the Socialists recently tried for disturbing the peace, returned a verdict of guilty, are entitled to the thanks of the community. The ordinary juryman is only too apt to be carried away in the other direction by a false conception as to what constitutes American liberty. The right of free speech was in no way involved in the case. It was simply a question as to the right of exercising that privilege to the discomfort and annoyance of the neighborhood. The testimony of reputable citizens established the fact that the Socialists' gatherings at the corner of Seventh and Market streets had at various times disturbed the peace of the neighborhood, and particularly the meetings of the Order of Odd Fellows. The fact was also established that the Socialists had frequently been notified of the disturbance they were creating, and, though requested to do so, had neglected and failed to abate the nuisance. The meetings were a matter of nightly occurrence. Patience being outraged, they were finally arrested. That conviction promptly followed may be regarded as a healthy sign. Subsequent to their conviction the Socialists held another meeting at the same place, and attracted a large crowd by displaying signs and banners bearing the devices peculiar to Socialism, for which they were again placed under arrest. Probably few of the men who participate in these socialistic meetings would countenance a bald infraction of the law and a disturbance of the peace in the ordinary course of affairs. The trouble with them is they believe their cause superior to the ordinary regulations of the law. Because a noisy gathering represents a creed, a belief or a new scheme of social organization, its followers are not exempt from responsibility to the law. The cause they represent invests them with no peculiar privileges. It is difficult for the Socialist to understand this, however, and despite repeated arrests he is apt to stubbornly struggle for his "rights" until bad blood is engendered and some heads are broken.

DECLINE OF THE SEALING INDUSTRY.

The fur seals are being exterminated at an alarming rate, thanks to the unrestrained and remorseless hunting of them that goes on every year. So long as the Government held a monopoly of the seal industry, there was no danger of extermination, but when the Paris arbitration tribunal of 1893 recognized, and, to a certain extent, legalized pelagic sealing, the wholesale slaughter began. The monopoly was careful to kill only bachelor seals, as the young bulls are called, but the pelagic sealers take what is easiest to get, and so three fourths of their catch are females. This involves the loss of the young seal for whom the female is foraging, and often of another still unborn, so the thirty thousand females killed last year meant a decrease of nearly ninety thousand seals. How nearly they have been exterminated is shown by the last reports from Behring Sea. Outside the sixty-mile line that protects the Pribylof Islands, seventy schooners have been lying to pick up any seals that came out for food, and the average catch has been two or three a day, where it used to a hundred or more. In a very few years, at the present rate, the seal will become extinct.

There is just one hope for the industry, and that lies in the rumor that the Russian Government is considering the plan of asking the United States and Great Britain to join in framing some resolutions which shall absolutely prohibit all pelagic sealing. Russia's strong-minded way of laying down laws and seeing that they are kept has been of inestimable value to her sealing industry. The few who have tried to elude or defy her have promptly found themselves imprisoned in a Russian fortress, with their ships confiscated or burned, and that one lesson is generally enough for them. This policy may be a little high-handed, but it is very good for the seals. If we would save our own, stringent laws with stringent penalties are the only means.

Ask any farmer or workingman why he favors Bryan and the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and he will tell you that free silver will double the supply of money, and create a corresponding increase in wages and prices. In all likelihood this is the only reason they will give for favoring Bryan. The "Examiner," however, which is the only supporter of Bryanism in San Francisco, very unkindly knocks this theory in the head, and leaves no excuses for the farmer or the workingman to support the bullion owner in his fight to cinch the people. It says there is not the slightest evidence that the free coinage of silver would result in doubling the supply of money or in doubling prices, and then says:

"It must be admitted that the extravagant claims of free silver enthusiasts who tell the farmer that throwing open the mints will immediately raise wheat to one dollar a bushel and double the price of hogs, have assisted to spread this idea. But a careful review of the silver market and the money situation justifies the declaration that nothing of the kind can happen."

The farmer ought to cut this out and paste it in his hat, and the interior exchanges who have some rational views on the financial question could do no better than to print this extract, and state, upon the authority of the "Examiner," that it is a silly and foundationless claim, to say that free silver will raise the price of wheat and double the price of hogs.

The Nicaragua Canal project is reported at a standstill. It is claimed that there is a sandbar at the mouth of the river extending a mile into the sea, through which no amount of dredging can keep a channel clear. The same authority, the "Cincinnati Enquirer," declares that the Panama Canal can be finished at one-third the estimated cost of the Nicaragua Canal, and it is in every way practicable. There the work is progressing satisfactorily under the new management. Seventeen miles of the canal are already navigable for ships, and they have cut down the surface of the earth six or eight feet ten miles further. Two thousand negroes are employed at forty cents a day, and the canal is over half completed. All the digging and excavating is done by steam engines. It costs $30,000 a month to keep the machinery in repair and free from the fearful influence of the climate.

Princess Eugenie, the little daughter of Princess Beatrice, the Queen's favorite daughter, and the late Prince Henry of Battenburg, is pronounced the richest royal heiress in Europe. Victoria designs to leave to her the immense accumulations of a thrifty life-time—not only millions of money but also the royal domains of Balmoral in Scotland and Osborne in the Isle of Wight. In addition Empress Eugenie promises to endow the maiden with her own vast properties, which represent at least ten millions of dollars.

SOBER SECOND-THOUGHT.

Fresh evidences that the straying Republican is wandering back to the fold are to be found on every hand. An old line Republican, who, early in the campaign, announced his intention of voting for free silver and Bryan, but who has latterly come to give the question sober thought, has at our request given his reasons for returning to the support of McKinley. He says:

"I confess to having been carried away by the first wave of Bryanism that swept over the country, but sober second thought has convinced me of my error and awakened me to the awful consequences that would follow in Mr. Bryan's wake if he proved successful in the coming campaign. Owing to unpardonable misrepresentations concerning the passage of the act designated at "The Crime of 1873," I with a great majority of the people of these United States had come to believe silver demonetized by trickery and fraud. Without stopping to carefully consider the past, we concluded that the present hard times were owing to the passage of the act of 1873. Being in this frame of mind, when the Boy Orator appeared before the Chicago convention with his borrowed crown of thorns and cross of gold, and captured that body, and thereby secured the nomination for the Presidency, it is not strange that many well-meaning people hastily determined to support him, thinking he was the Moses who could lead them out of the Egyptian darkness of despair and show them the promised land flowing with the milk and honey of prosperity and happiness. Thousands so announced their intentions before they had even seen the miserable platform upon which he stood. What was their amazement when they learned through Senator Sherman's speech the truth as to the passage of the act of 1873. That act simply did not provide for coining silver dollars, and before that time many years had passed without coining even one single dollar, and the country had not been ruined then or subsequent to the passage of the act of 1873 by reason thereof. By the way, a copy of Senator Sherman's speech should be in the hands of every voter in the United States. These good and well-meaning citizens, myself among the number, finally had an opportunity to examine the Chicago platform, and found it to be a 'whited sepulchre, fair without, but within full of dead men's bones,' and all manner of uncleanliness. In it was found the skeletons of discontent, envy and hate, and the festering corpses of anarchy and crime, with Altgeld and Tillman for its guardians.

"They carefully perused the various speeches made by this candidate, and in them he never even referred to the tariff question, the most important of all questions now before the American people. They further found that the bent of his mind was to array class against class; those who had little or no property against those who had. They found that the spirit dominating him and his followers was calculated and intended to array section against section; the West and South against the East and the Middle States; they found the only question which he deemed worthy of discussion was the free and unlimited coinage of silver, which he prescribed as a panacea for all the financial, political and social evils of the times. They also found that he was willing, yea, anxious to pack the Supreme Court of the United States, and generally cripple and harass the Federal judiciary, because it had rendered a decision upon a constitutional question contrary to the opinions of the Populists and anarchists, who are all great constitutional lawyers, although they have never looked at a law book except at the covers.

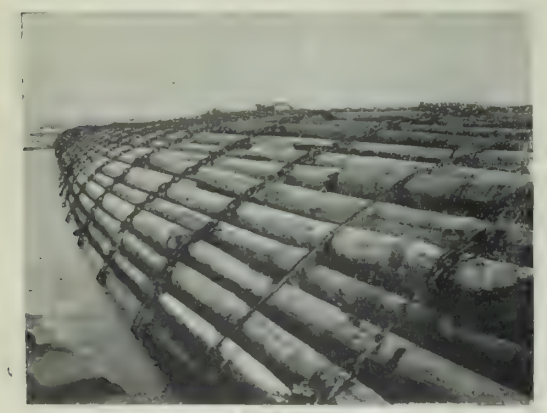
"They also noted with alarm that all the criminal classes, disturbers of the public peace—all those who were looking for work and praying they might not find it—all those windy orators who were upon the street corners denouncing the economical and thrifty, and urging the idle and the dissolute to help themselves and murder the owners of property, were to a man in favor of the election of Bryan. And when these citizens remembered that four years ago to-day the people of the United States were never as prosperous all over the country as then; that money was abundant, the hum of industry was everywhere heard, and he who desired could obtain employment at remunerative wages, and the people were contented under a wise and protective tariff, and that the 'Crime of 1873' did not prevent universal prosperity, and when these citizens further reflected that as soon as it was known that a Democratic Congress and Democratic President had been elected on a revenue platform, that manufacturers began to lessen the amount of articles manufactured, and times began to change for the worse, and when the McKinley tariff was repealed and a revenue tariff had been adopted, that thousands of manufacturies were closed, and hundreds of thousands of operatives were in consequence thereof discharged, and want instead of prosperity prevailed throughout the land, and that all classes were injuriously affected, and especially the producers and workingmen of the nation who had been deluded by false promises to vote for free trade instead of protection, in order that a dinner-pail could be purchased for a few cents less, and when these citizens further took into consideration the fact that hundreds of articles formerly manufactured here were not to be found upon the shelves of our merchants, but that foreign-made fabrics manufactured in countries where labor was obtained for a few cents a day, had driven from our home markets the domestic fabrics; and when these citizens saw all these things they retracted what they had before intended to do, and determined that as good citizens and lovers of their country they could not and would not vote for a person nominated on such a platform and entertaining such views, which are detrimental to the best interests of the country and the people. 'The sober second thought' of the people is now turning to McKinley as the savior of the country. Mr. Bryan will learn before this campaign ends the truth of Mr. Lincoln's remarks, when he said: 'You can fool some of the people all of the time; you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.'

"I confess to having been one of the misguided, and I am thankful that I count myself among many other of my friends who have discovered the folly of Bryanism and the dangers with which it is alive. JUDEX."

ON DECK

A LUMBER RAFT

The great raft that came down from Stella, Washington, last week, lies, huge and inert, in the Oakland creek, an object of apprehension to the big lumber companies here. For if Bains and Robertson continue to bring down their cigar-shaped rafts, the price of timber in San Francisco will go down, at least three dollars or three and a half a thousand feet, and the big companies, who now saw up their logs into boards and planks and send them down in vessels, will have to change their methods and take to rafting, if they wish to compete. The present



A SIDE VIEW

method of transportation costs from three dollars and a quarter to four dollars a thousand feet, but in rafts it is very much cheaper. The Mineola, which towed the raft down, brought her usual cargo of coal, and so could afford to charge less than even a towboat would. The raft was valued at forty-five thousand dollars, and its entire cost, including towage, insurance, etc., was thirty-four thousand, leaving a profit of eleven thousand dollars for the projectors.

It took some clever manipulating to land the great raft in the Oakland creek. The 560,000 lineal feet of piling made a bulk five hundred and twenty-eight feet long by fifty-two feet broad and thirty-one feet deep, drawing twenty-four feet of water. At the very highest moment of the tide, there is barely twenty-five feet of water on the Oakland bar, and if the raft had touched bottom or struck a snag, the chains would have snapped and the logs scattered over the bay. Captain Gray, whose tugs had taken charge of the monster cigar off Union street, went as near the bar as possible, then watched the tide. When it was at its height, the tugs darted forward, and the raft passed over without a scrape.

The only other attempt at rafting logs was of the Southern Pacific from Washington to San Francisco. That raft was also built by Bains and Robertson. The present one belongs to the builders themselves, who prepared the timber on credit, and brought it down as a speculation. A company is to be incorporated, and, with the money coming from the sale of stock, together with their present capital, this firm plans to build sawmills on the Alameda county shore, and to go into the lumber manufacturing business.

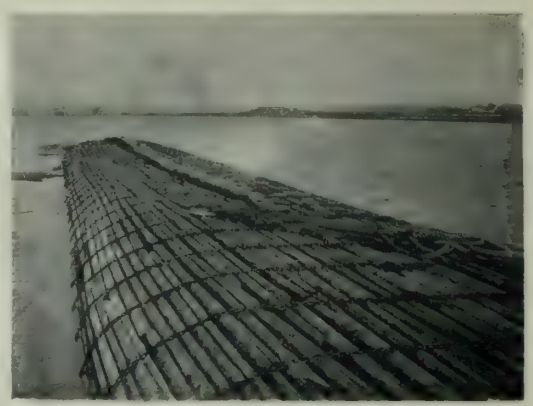
GENERALITIES

A well-known Philadelphia physician condemns in strong terms the habit of eating cloves and other spices to deaden the liquor breath. They are powerful irritants, he says, and eaten in any quantity are more harmful than the liquor itself.

Hermitine, or electrolyzed salt water, has come into vogue as an antiseptic in Paris hospitals. It was first used by Dr. Proger, who discovered that it removes all bad odors, cleanses and heals fetid wounds and sores, and kills microbes, more effectually than any other antiseptic known.

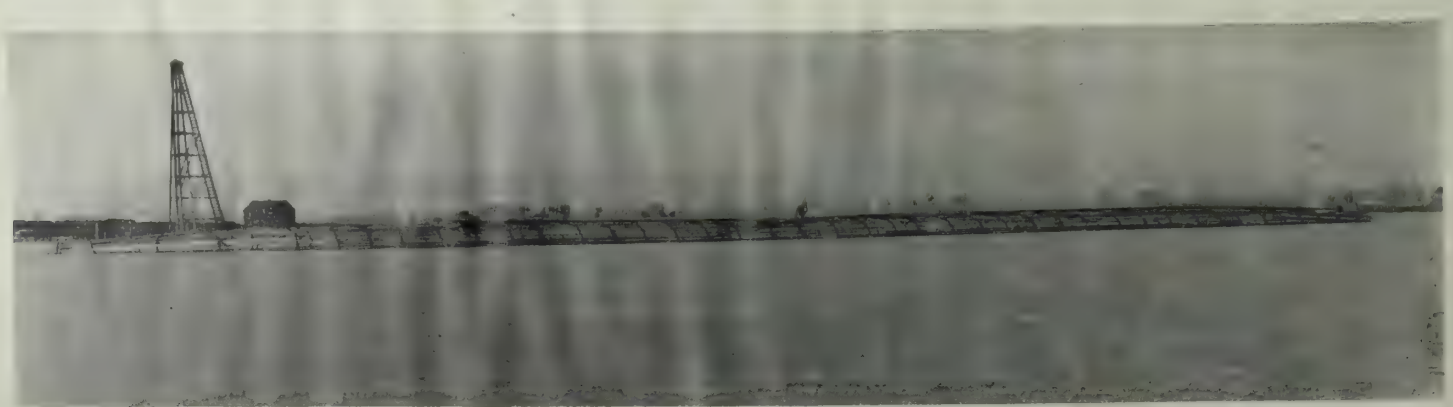
The French loan of $80,000,000 to Russia, which is at present being floated, is a specially advantageous one, as it is issued at 92, redeemable at par, and will bear interest at 3 per cent. Russia has already borrowed from France nearly one billion dollars, and it is assumed the object of this loan is to increase the gold reserve so as to render easy the adoption of the gold standard next year.

In Paris a movement is on foot to place some restriction on the bestowal of the Legion of Honor badge. It has been distributed so promiscuously of late for petty political services, etc., that it carries with it little or no distinction, while it should be, as was originally intended, the mark of a grateful people for some distinguished service to the country.



THE STERN

The Irish vote seems to have passed out of existence this compaign. The national votes that are cutting a figure are those of the Germans and the Scandinavians, who now hold the balance of power in many of the western States. Both are for sound money. It is said there is not a German newspaper of any prominence anywhere in the United States that is supporting Bryan.



THE RAFT LYING IN OAKLAND CREEK

THE DEL MONTE WEEK

Reminiscences of the "Outing," with Comment on Individual Stars.

Last week's entertainment at Del Monte was, I have no doubt, the most perfect in detail and conception that the Pacific Coast has yet seen. Those who have attended all past entertainments at this resort and all the leading ones at others, are warrant for this statement. It was on a scale and of a character not heretofore attempted, and it is certainly to the credit of the far western civilization that such a week could be given here. One would have to cross the full length of the continent before finding its rival, and even then there would be lacking those natural beauties which make Del Monte pre-eminent and give her a vast advantage over any of her Atlantic sisters. I have seen more money spent on a single night at Lenox than went to make a whole week of days and nights at Del Monte. Beautiful Lenox, in her famous Berkshire hills, might use up all the fortune of the Stokeses and the Morgans and still be unable to produce a Del Monte night. Man has so little to do in California to make nature do her best.

It is a pity that those who are wont to speak with disrespect of society men as "Dudes," "Anglomaniacs" and the like, could not have seen the races and games. The California Van Bibber is quite as sinewy as his New York prototype. He has the muscle of a drayman and the agility of a tiger. Speak not with disrespectful sneer of the man of "Dick" Tobin's age who has the courage to ride a race with professional jockeys. Do you know what it means to ride with these trained little rascals of the track? Ask Mr. "Jimmy" Swinnerton, the little bear artist of the "Examiner"—he once was a jockey. (This was before he became a negro minstrel.) Swinnerton will tell you that in riding with professionals Mr. Tobin ran the gravest risk of being ridden into, fouled, smashed up against the fence, and generally used up. Mr. Tobin himself realized this and let his horse out at the start that he might get out of reach of these dangerous little brownies of the track. And in going to the front so early the race was lost, but it was the only thing to do. One of the jockeys did grab his lines and jerk his horse out of his course, but Mr. Tobin's protest was not effective because not sufficiently substantiated.

The foxiness of those jockeys was illustrated in the behavior of Maynard, the boy that was hurt. He was taking the water jump, when his horse swerved, and Maynard fell almost into the arms, as luck would have it, of Dr. Shiels, who had crossed the courses to see the horses make the leap. The boy was unconscious at first, but when he came to he soon realized that he was very much an object of attention and sympathy. With the keenness of the gamin he played 'possum most successfully until a purse of $50 was raised on the track and sent to him, when his senses returned with remarkable rapidity, and he proved to be almost unhurt.

Speaking of Swinnerton reminds me of a bit of gossip concerning him which was floating about the track—he is going to Europe. Mrs. Hearst has determined to give him the benefit of five years of education in London and Paris. He promises not to abandon caricature, but to mingle with the new masters in that line of work, and, while learning how, preserve his originality. But the gentleman rider Swinnerton was the only one in evidence at Del Monte. And a good rider he is if he would but keep his legs in a bit more and hold his hands lower. That he didn't come in first was not his fault. He was on one of Hobart's horses, but Hobart didn't intend that he should win—for Prince Fortunatus was up himself and on a faster pony.

If Walter Hobart ever goes in for politics he will be a success. He knows the knack of catching the mob. Yes, no doubt of it, young Hobart can play to a gallery as well as our own honored and beloved Governor. Whiskers of Monterey cheered Hobart every time he made a play at polo. Up and down around the field the Monterey Hayseed would rush, crying at the top of his voice, "Bully boy, Walter! Good boy, Hobart! Give it to 'em, Walt! You're all right, old boy! Won it, by Jee! You won it, Walt! Say, boys, ain't he a daisy?" This is not exaggeration, not a word of it. It is a stenographic report. There was no man on the field that "took the centre" so many times and held it so long, to the great delight of the crowd, as this young millionaire. His one pleasure seems to be exercise. He trains like a college halfback,—tennis for a couple of hours in the morning, not a girl's game, but a battle with Joe Tobin or Lawson; a couple of hours of polo in the afternoon, and a drive with four spirited horses to handle later, and an hour's bowling before going to bed. This is work, don't you know it? Downright hard work, when you keep it up day after day.

"Those boys may have money," I heard one of the assembled farmers say to a companion, "but they ain't any the worse for it." So must we all say. "Joe" Tobin had been playing the game of three men,and, after dropping his stick, had picked it up vaquero fashion, without dismounting. I don't know how many Tobin's in all contributed to the sports; they all have the sand and skill of the thoroughbred. Go to the tennis court, the bowling alley, the swimming tanks, the polo ground, or the track, and you would find some slim, agile Tobin doing something daring or skillful, or both. And "Joe" is the Tobin of Tobins on horseback, afoot or aswim.

But why prattle on? It is gone, and not for another year at least can California have an opportunity to see so much of gentlemanly sport and elegant entertainment. How it will be possible for Mr. Douty, Major Rathbone and the other gentlemen who, for last week, planned so brilliantly and executed so faithfully, to excel themselves next year, no one can foresee. Apparently all that could be done to make the week one of festival was done; there was not so much as to pall, nor so little as to satisfy; there was pleasure for the eye and the ear; spirited, speedy horses; quick, courageous men; handsome and intelligent women, brilliantly dressed gay equipages music of string and of wind instruments, a sky that smiled—what more, what more could man, dissatisfied man, ask?

T. N. S.

Among the rich mines of Leadville is one called "Dead Man's Claim." It seems a certain popular miner had died, and his friends having decided to give him a good sendoff hired a man for twenty dollars to act as sexton. It was in the midst of winter; there were ten feet of snow on the ground, and the grave had to go six feet below that. The grave-digger sallied forth into the snow, deposited the corpse for safe-keeping in a drift, and for three days nothing was heard from him. A delegation sent to find the fellow discovered him digging away with all his might, but found also the intended grave converted into the entrance to a shaft. Striking the earth it seems he had found pay rock worth sixty dollars a ton. The delegation at once staked out claims adjoining his, and the deceased was forgotten. Later in the season, the snow having melted, his body was found and given an ordinary burial in another part of the camp.

The Roentgen rays are apt to have dangerous consequences to thoses who experiment with them. A certain electric engineer who has often demonstrated the beauty of his finger bones by placing his left hand within their radius is losing all the nails from its fingers. Patients whose heads have been subjected to the influence of the rays have had their hair fall out or turn white. These results are due to the potency of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and it is suggested that the old superstition about the danger of sleeping in the direct rays of the moon has a scientific basis inasmuch as these same ultra-violet rays exist in moonlight.

Colonel Watterson favors the nomination by the Democracy of a third ticket, but says that if anything could make him bolt it, it would be his own nomination.

THE PONY RACING MEET

1. Swinnerton's mount. 2. The favorite ahead. 3. Lining up for the paper chase. 4. The Baldwin coach. 5. Walter Hobart's drag. 6. Hobart on Li Hung Chang. 7. Start of the Hares. 8. The water jump. 9. Scene on the grounds

THE SULTAN'S PALACE

THE WATERFRONT, WITH SAID BARGASH'S HAREM TO THE RIGHT

SCENES AT ZANZIBAR

SEE PAGE 7

INTERIOR OF THE ENGLISH MISSION CHURCH

THINGS AND PEOPLE

May be it is optimism, but the President of the Horse Show Association indignantly refuses to attribute his brilliant anticipations for the forthcoming equine conclave to aught but certainties. In the first place, he insists the show is out of the experimental stage; in the second he has had sufficient support already promised to ensure success. Not only will the society high-lights of last season contribute their rigs and their blooded stock, but there has been developed a degree of interest among the breeders that has not hitherto existed. In addition there is the generous participation of the two Jockey Clubs, perhaps the most important assistance the equine cause could obtain. Last winter several of the important stables were not represented, through misapprehension, or lack of interest, or some other cause; this time we are to see an exhibit from the Palo Alto stock farm, which means, doubtless, the Orloff trotters, together with several of the great stallions and mares of that noted establishment. Mr. Corbett has promised the stars of his stables; Walter Hobart will have all his drags and coaches and other turn-outs in the several competitions; Charles Baldwin, whose young wife has quite as pronounced a degree of equine enthusiasm as her brother, will run the latter a close race for blue ribbons. George Newhall, Joe Grant, Richard Tobin and Henry Crocker are determined that victories shall not be easily won in any of the ornamental classes. Though George Pope announced he would not again participate after his failure to secure first honors last season, it is said he has found a team to match Hobart's best and will contribute them to the show. So all auspices point towards a brilliant assemblage of equipages and horses, though the spectacular and sensational element which Talbot Clifton contributed will this season be absent.

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I am told also of the promised participation of the Riding Club, and the Driving Association, whose members disport themselves at the Speed Track in the Park these golden autumn afternoons; there is a genuine interest among the coachmen of the Western Addition on the subject of their rigs, and any number of private turnouts—broughams, wagonettes, carriages, victorias, brewsters, phaetons, tandems, etc., will be entered. Even the livery-stable keepers have been appealed to, and the rigorous rules by which horses of abundant and bushy tails and manes were discriminated against, in favor of equines clipped and abbreviated, according to fashionable dictates, have been suspended. These professionals claim that in the eyes of most of their customers a docked horse is a damaged horse, and that, in consequence, they are debarred from contributing to the show. However, there is no longer this excuse, so we may anticipate a profusion of livery rigs in the general competitions. It is pleasant to learn that Mr. Reginald Rives and Mr. Carman have both promised to assist the directors as judges. In answer to the invitation of the Board they replied, saying they had enjoyed themselves so thoroughly before, that they could not afford to miss another opportunity of visiting the Coast.

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The O'Farrel failure and its dreary consequences of scandal have dragged forth from well-earned retirement the personality of F. S. Wensinger. For many long years he was one of the leading real estate dealers and investors of San Francisco, and enjoyed that confidence and estimation which come only to men of proved conscientiousness and rectitude. In every community there are a few such men who, combining shrewdness and worldly wisdom with cautious conservatism and uprightness of character, inevitably win fortunes and the suffrage of a large clientele. To Wensinger, a devout Romanist, came first the wary capitalist determined to take no chance of losing his hard-earned possessions; he was entrusted with the extensive real estate business of the Catholic Church; he collected rents for the Archbishop and suggested their investments. The same influence brought him the affairs of the Catholic millionaires—the Donahoes and Donahues, together with the rank and file of the faith, who felt their fortunes safe and secure in the hands of a man in whom the clergy believed. In due course, as the city grew, Wensinger waxed rich, and aided his customers to increase their accumulations. The business centre moved south from his old office on Sacramento street, but there he remained, and his clients never found it too far to go after him. As head clerk and assistant he had young O'Farrel, the nephew of his wife, son of a wealthy rancher of Sonoma. O'Farrel senior, was a splendid type of the genuine Irishman—a man fashioned somewhat on the lines of Barney Murphy, generous and kindly, loving to dispense a broad and jovial hospitality. He boasted that he killed and consumed a beef every day, which is not incredible considering he kept open house for the county, maintained an army of retainers and rarely sat down to dinner with less than a dozen for company.

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That rate of living demanded more money than O'Farrell possessed, and there came a time when he suffered the pinch of poverty. But not for long, happily—he died. In course of time Wensinger, growing richer, left his business more completely in the hands of young O'Farrell, whose discretion and character he had tried so earnestly to cultivate. What is bred in the bone however, sooner or later comes out in the flesh. O'Farrell in many ways is his father over again, generous and kindly disposed, but with little of the caution and less of the conservatism of his uncle. He had neither the old man's application nor his steadiness, though no one denied him excellence of intention. These recent years have played havoc with Wensinger's accumulations. He loaned money to Mrs. Hood of Los Guillicos, and the depression of land values forced her property into his hands. The amount of the mortgage, I believe, was $70,000. This failure of his nephew has already cost him $40,000 cash. Nor is it probable his losses will stop there. He will never permit the Archbishop to suffer, even if he himself be out of pocket thereby. I saw him the other day in the Occidental Hotel, a stick in one hand and a check book in the other, the figure of a patient, honorable old man, dragged out of his retirement by the unexpected call of the world—sorrowful, but acquiescent to the decrees of the Architect of Fate.

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Considering how general the interest in vaudeville performances is, it is not unreasonable to suppose there prevails considerable curiosity, also, as to the personalities and identities of the singers, contortionists and acrobats whose performances amuse or excite our wonder at the Orpheum. It cannot truly be said these stars of the variety stage are underpaid. Indeed, a successful vocalist or dancer often commands a higher salary than the stars of the legitimate drama. Take, for instance, Professor Kennedy, whose hypnotic entertainment was a feature of the programme two weeks ago. His income while at the Orpheum was $1,000 per week. Of course this is an unusually exalted stipend, but hypnotism draws, and, besides, the Professor is a shrewd business man. With one exception that is the largest salary Gustav Walter has ever paid, though Papinta's weekly honorarium approached it. This young woman had $500 a week for her dance, but there were also electricians and assistants to the number of eight to aid her, and, besides, nearly a ton and a half of excess baggage, bringing the cost of this attraction to $800 per week. Biondi's show—one of the most taking the house ever had—cost nearly $500 per week, for the act is an expensive one, between dressers and other accesories. The Vitascope called for $500 also; the Nelson sisters received $350; Aragon, the feminine rope walker, $200; the Marlowe-Dunham combination $450; the Fredericks $350. These, of course, are the most expensive people in the show business. The figures of these salaries do not include the cost of transportation and baggage, which Manager Walter has also to meet. Those who have read thus far will not be astonished to learn that the weekly payroll of the Orpheum averages between $2,500 and $3,000 per week. However, the house seats considerably over $5,000 per week, and as standing room is the rule half the week, it is not astonishing that Gustav Walter's income averages $50,000 per annum.

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The story of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the morganatic wife of the fourth George of England, is one of the romances of history familiar to most readers of the newspapers. That the dissipated monarch was legally and lovingly bound to the fascinating Catholic commoner admits of no doubt, but in Great Britain the ruler may not mate out of his own station, and policy required the elevation of some German princess to the throne. There were children, however—children with royal blood in their veins, but, in order to avoid complications, they were sent out of the kingdom and reared and educated in the United States. A liberal income was allowed them, and they flourished, honorably following various avocations. Among their descendants is Mrs. S. W. Holladay, who is a great granddaughter of George. Dr. Ord, a distinguished army surgeon, who fought through the war and has lived for many years past in Arizona, admits the same descent. The latter is in town now, at the Occidental, for a brief term of days. He is an intellectual and able man whose scientific attainments have added much to our knowledge of the flora and fauna of that territory. No man knows better about the region than Dr. Ord, and it is certainly interesting to listen to his experiences of early days there.

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The misadventure of the Alliance Club in Southern California, whence it went on a tour of conquest, is not astonishing considering that Los Angeles is exuberantly free-silver. The coinage heresy has captivated Los Angeles, Pasadena and their environments. Between its inroads, and the faction fight between Lindley and Moore, the Republican party is in a bad way. Admitting the Los Angelans as the most single-minded of self-seekers, it seems astonishing they should have got so far adrift as to throw over McKinley. The ordinary arguments of the Bryanites should find ready refutation among the Pioneers of '89, but it must be remembered that the latter-day emigration was quite largely recruited from Kansas and the Middle West—a happy hunting ground for economical fallacies. Considering this condition, the misfortune which befell Samuel M. Shortridge is not astonishing. A vast and exultant audience assembled to hear the orator, and it listened patiently, with occasional murmurs of applause, to his parading of the old-time Republican heroes. At the behest of his organ tones the dead and gone warriors and statesmen of the party stalked mightily through the hall, their achievements and characteristics exalted high above the possibility of Democratic competition. Finally, when he had reached the height of his admiring tribute and it came the moment to present the bitter and unworthy contrast, he paused—a significant pause. The tall speaker shook menacingly a long fore-finger. "And now for Bryan and silver," he said in a tone in which irony struggled fiercely with sarcasm. The word was enough. A wild roar arose. Cheers for Bryan echoed clamorously through the hall. For ten minutes the hubbub kept up, fully half the audience participating. The plaudits finally ceased. Thereupon Shortridge continued, "But Major McKinley—" The other and heretofore silent half of the gathering at once grew exultant. The atmosphere was split and shattered by their happiness. Again the orator essayed to go on. "Now, I see," he commenced, "why Mr. Bryan's——" That last Bryan was the climax. Cheer after cheer rent the air. The silverites roared and yelled to such a degree that the meeting adjourned in disorder. I fancy, after this, it will be difficult to find reputable Republican orators to dare a Southern audience.

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It is reasonable to presume, however, that to the faction fight must be attributed much of the responsibility for the condition of affairs prevailing among the Southern Republicans. The party is restive under the leadership of Hervey Lindley, who is not a man of any real consideration or principle. He is cold-blooded, self-seeking, narrow-minded and ungenerous—a poor mental outfit for a political leader. To his adversary, Walter Moore, there may be attributed many of those defects which seem inherent in the political character, but he has frankness and geniality of manner; he is true to the cause he espouses and to the friends he is pledged to—which cannot truthfully be said of Lindley.

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The paragraph appearing in this column stating the objections of certain United States officers at the adoption of the regular service uniform by the National Guard, has given rise to some controversy. It was alleged therein that a bill was being drafted for presentation to Congress providing a distinct uniform for Uncle Sam's own soldiers, and containing clauses precluding the assumption of this garb by State militia or any other military body. I am assured by General Graham, however, that the attitude attributed therein to the regulars, does the service an injustice, as no such sentiment is entertained. On the contrary, he states that it has been recommended in the report of a regular officer detailed by the War Department to inspect the militia of a certain State, that the National Guard should be uniformed and equipped in the same manner as are the regular troops.

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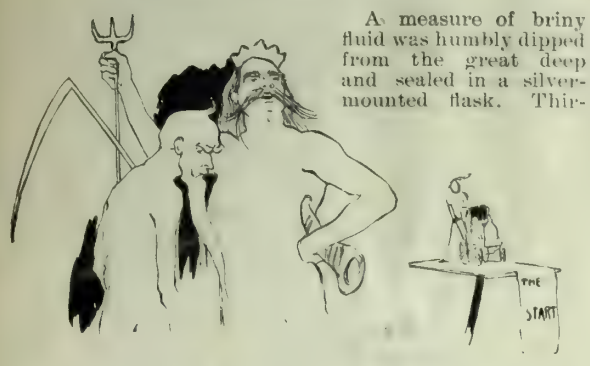
The financial pinch in New York, I am told, is almost as severe as that which preceded the war. In San Francisco coin was never scarcer, business never worse. The condition which followed the Pacific Bank suspension three years ago was bright in comparison with that prevailing now. The Savings banks will neither pay without notice nor loan on good security, and one is led to ask how they propose paying interest to their depositors next January. If they earn nothing they can pay nothing. The consequence of this suspension of loans is the enforced idleness of record-searchers and lawyers whose time is devoted to passing on titles. How they long for November to put an end to existing uncertainty. In the meantime, however, the Safe Deposits have rented their vaults to the final subdivision, and I am inclined to believe it would surprise even the financiers to learn the amount of gold being hoarded for an expected advance. This condition, however, forces the payment of labor throughout the city in silver halves and dollars and a pile of the white metal in lieu of gold twenties is apt to force the most enthusiastic of the free coinage men to reconsider their positions.

PERILS OF THE PERAMBULATOR

Details of "The Waves" Great Relay Baby-Carriage Race from the Pacific Ocean to Lake Merritt.



A measure of briny fluid was humbly dipped from the great deep and sealed in a silver-mounted flask. Thirteen hours and twenty-seven minutes later it was poured gurgling forth, to mingle with the squinting waters of Lake Merritt. How did it get there? How did it traverse the mighty sand lots, the burning concrete, the hostile settlement on the other side? "The Wave" knows how. "The Wave" will tell you.

Friday morning a mighty concourse was gathered at the Cliff House, to watch the starting of The Wave's great Relay. At a given signal the flask was placed in the outstretched hands of Baby Booboo McChinley, the quivering fingers of nurse Maggie Flynn tightened on the handle, and with a bursting yell from the crowd, they were off!

The run to the Park gates was a stormy one. Courier Booboo showed a tendency to confuse his carriage with a dining car, no doubt misled by the space and size of the flask, and several times narrowly escaped strangulation. Once he was nearly arrested by the mounted police for violating the speed regulations, but flew past with a merry laugh, the fleet-fluted Maggie Flynn never slackening her pace. At one time

A FEARFUL COLLISION

seemed imminent. As the perambulator rounded a curve at a perilous rate of speed, a lawn mower attempted to cross in front of it. Courier Booboo sounded his rattle just in time, and the carriage sped on with only a slight jar. At last the gates were reached, and the flask flung into the waiting carriage of Courier Pudgy O'Brien three seconds ahead of the scheduled time. Booboo was royally cheered, and borne away by the crowd, who all clamored for the honor of setting up the Mellin's food.

Pudgy O'Brien is a plucky, determined-looking person, whose somewhat fabulous appearance is misleading, being entirely a matter of dress. His orders were sharp and quick, and occasionally punctured by profanity, but the build of his propeller was unfortunately heavy, and several minutes were lost inflating his tired lungs.

At the corner of Van Ness avenue and Sutter street, Ernestine Rachael Goldenstein shook her blonde curls impatiently and strained her blue eyes with watching, as the moment for starting went by, and her perambulator still lacked the precious silver-embossed flask of old Ocean's salt tears. Two minutes, three—there he was! As the flask leaped across the waiting carriage, Courier Ernestine seized it, and uttered a cry of rapture. "Sterling!" she murmured, as she shot away in the direction of Polk street.

Now nature began to show a terrible aspect. Trade-winds clutched at Courier Ernestine's lace veil, dust flung itself fiercely upon her pink silk coverlet, watering-carts shied their mad torrents foaming across her way. At one time it looked as though the great "Wave" Relay were to be marred by

A FRIGHTFUL TRAGEDY.

In an attempt to cut across Market street, the perambulator slipped, swayed, and plunged sidewise to the very depths of the gutter, pinning The Wave's courier beneath it as it went. Horror-stricken spectators rushed to the rescue, but fortunately no worse injuries were sustained than a bumped head and a severe nervous shock. Miss Goldenstein was unable to continue, but bravely retired to the nearest lawyer to commence a suit for damages against the Market Street Railway Company, while a tramp perambulator bore the silver flask to the ferry and placed it in the hands of Courier Collie Punkington. The trip across the bay was attended by severe squalls, but was nevertheless made in good time, and at Seventh and Broadway, the spacious carriage of the Waverley trains was drawn up to receive the travel-weary flask. Full details of this last run have not reached us, but from perambulatest accounts it seems to have been fraught with peril. At one point a goat, presumably bribed and set out by our cowardly rival, the Arguenot, claimed the road and both sidewalks, making a detour over three picket fences necessary. The twins themselves fell into a violent altercation as to which should hold the flask, and a great deal of valuable skin was lost before the matter was submitted to arbitration and the bottle placed between them. The Lake was reached two minutes before the schedule time, and while waiting for the mighty moment when the Ocean should gush forth from its silver bondage the bigger twin, in a second of impatience, flung several valuable articles of personal attire into the shining waters of Lake Merritt. A brave swimmer flung off his coat and boots, and springing boldly in, waded after them, recovering everything but one bronze boot. Then time was proclaimed, and the swaying crowd on the bank held its breath as the stopper was drawn, and, with a

chuckle of delight, the sea leaped to the bosom of its little sister. Then, in a storm of cheers, the twins were raised on the shoulders of the crowd, and "The Wave" proclaimed to be

A TIDAL WAVE.

THE CRISIS AT ZANZIBAR

The accompanying pictures of Zanzibar were taken during the reign of Said Burgash, who seized the throne that rightfully belonged to his brother while the latter was away at his father's funeral. Sulimam, being of a peaceful temperament, permitted this usurpation, and contented himself with the position of Prime Minister. Every evening at sunset it was the custom of Said Burgash to review his troops in front of the palace. At sunset, too, it is a familiar spectacle to see a chain-gang of women from the old fort, marching to the palace with their chutties of water on their heads. At some distance from the palace is the English Mission church, built on the site of the old slave market. It has always been one of the most picturesque sights of Zanzibar, with its walks of coral rock, and its procession of barefooted, surpliced choir boys.

Zanzibar is a low, crooked, ill-smelling city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants, the greater part of whom are Arabs. In 1856 it gained independence, but has been under a British protectorate since November. It was this fact that led to the recent bombardment of the city, and the complete destruction of the palace. On the death of Hamed bin Thwain the Sultan, his relative and supposed murderer, Said Kalid, defied the protectorate and seized the throne, barricading himself in the palace with seven hundred armed Askaris. The British promptly bombarded the palace till there was not a stone or a soldier left standing, and established the new Sultan, Hamoud bin Mohammed bin Said. Policy controlled England's passion for annexing in this case, for France and Germany would probably be extremely unwilling to give up their rights and consular jurisdiction, and England is not anxious for a row with either of these powers just at present.

GUIDO

I know you are fair,
But what do I care
For the lustre of eyes
And the ripple of hair.
The earth is forlorn, and the heavens are lead,
Since under the arch of the pitiless skies,
Guido, brave Guido, my brother, lies dead.
Together we three,
That is, Guido and I
And the mother who bore us,
Lived in a cottage that looks on the sea;
The mountains behind, and the glad waves before us,
And over us ever the blue of the sky.
We breasted the deep in the gray of the morning,
And mended our nets at the ebb of the tide;
And we laughed,
And we chaffed,
At the fond mother's warning,
Who could not forget how our good father died.
Thus peacefully speeded
The seasons unheeded,
Till rumors were rife
Of the roar of the battle and din of the strife;
There was call for the lovers of country to come,
And Guido grew restless, I knew what it meant,
He was life of my life, and together we went;
Oh! her eyes were so dry, and her lips were so dumb,
As we marched away,
At the break of day,
To the blare of the trumpet, and beat of the drum.
It was grand to rally for freedom and God,
But, oh, the ruin! and oh, the cost!
We conquered the foe, but the battle is lost,
Since Guido, dear Guido, lies under the sod.
The red lights flash forth from the red-tiled town,
And the brazen tongues of the bells ring out,
And the men and women go up and down,
And meet us,
And greet us,
With cheer and shout;
But a mother stands watching beside the door,
While the spent waves moan on the shingly shore.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

The late Sir Henry Parkes, five times Prime Minister of New South Wales, was born a Warwickshire peasant, and by stress of natural genius rose to political eminence. He was always poor, however, and so wretched a financier of his own affairs that he was continually borrowing money. He had an ingratiating way of asking for $150, his favorite amount, and even the men who hated him, and they were numerous in Sydney, found it difficult to refuse his importunity. The "Morning Herald" of that city once printed a picture of Sir Henry standing in an easy attitude with his hands in his pockets. One of his victims remarked on seeing it: "Call that a life-like picture of Parkes? Why, he has his hands in his own pockets."

A YAQUI JOAN OF ARC

Santa Teresa and Her Fanatical Troops on the Rio Grande.

In a little settlement of Northern Mexico, the spirit of Joan of Arc has come to earth again,—or is it merely a half-breed imitation of a New Woman? At all events, among the Yaqui Indians, who live on the shores of the Rio Grande, there lives a strange girl, half Indian, half Spaniard, who may yet play a momentous part in the history of Mexico.

Santa Teresa, as she is called, has all the dash and enthusiasm of a Mexican, the craft and cruelty of an Indian, the fanatical zeal of a Catholic and the deviltry of a heathen. She is only twenty-three, but for seven years she has been making all the trouble she could between the turbulent Yaquis and the Government.

At sixteen, before she had earned the title of saint, Teresa had a lover. She loved him with all the passion of her wild nature, and put implicit faith in his promise to marry her. He, meanwhile, was carrying on a double affair, and, first thing she knew, the other woman married him, and displayed him proudly in the face of the community. At this Teresa went into violent convulsions, which ended in a cataleptic trance. For days she lay stiff and unconscious, while the awe-struck neighbors flocked in to look at her, and to murmur among themselves that she was bewitched. At the end of eight days, just as the community was deciding to burn the faithless lover and his wife for witchcraft, Teresa awoke and spoke wonderful words to them. She said that she had gone out of her body during the convulsions, and had mounted to a palace of silver and gold, where beautiful angels surrounded her, in jewelled spurs and silver-trimmed sombreros and heavenly mantillas. They told her among other things that the rest of her life must be spent healing the sick. She would have revealed more, but her father interposed, saying that the conversation of the saints should not be made common talk. He had noted the awe-struck faces, and knew that a little mystery would only increase his daughter's importance. The Yaquis are not, properly, Indians, but descendants of the Aztecs, whose superstitious instincts they have kept. Thousands now flocked to Santa Teresa, as she was called, to be healed by her drugs or the touch of her hands. Her mysterious drugs, which she carries slung around her neck in little bottles, are supposed to be a legacy from the ancient Medicine Men of her tribe, and never more than a drop or two is used at a time. Just how much actual healing is done we have no means of knowing, but her people believe in her.

It is as a soldier that Santa Teresa has made herself most famous, for she considers herself divinely appointed to lead a religious crusade against the Mexican Government. She is constantly gathering bands of fanatics to fall upon the little Mexican towns, riding like a whirlwind at the head of them, and holding aloft a hideous little image of the Virgin Mary, a talisman which rouses her followers to frenzy. They say that her father prompts many of her actions, and that both are much under the control of Aguirre, a weird, dwarfish hunchback who is always at her side on the field of battle.

None of Santa Teresa's uprisings have as yet amounted to much. The first was put down at once by regular troops, and the young woman and her father were taken to Guaymas and imprisoned. Waen the authorities learned that a band of her adherents were marching to rescue her, they wisely avoided bloodshed by shipping her over the border into Texas, where she was released with a warning never to return to Mexico. Twice she crossed the border to lead a revolt, but was both times obliged to escape back as best she could. When, only a few weeks ago, she made a third attempt, the Mexican Government lost patience, and has now placed the frontier towns under military guard, and formally demanded of the United States the surrender of the saint, her father and the dwarf. She is skirmishing about the border at the head of a band of fanatics, who believe her a saint delegated by divine will to lead them to victory. If her future is not cut off by an irate government, it promises to be an eventful one.

In appearance Santa Teresa is short and heavily built, with a dark, Spanish face that is now eager and alert, now sluggish and unexpressive, with eyes solemnly fixed on things unseen by other mortals. When her followers see this latter look, they whisper that she is communing with the saints, and their reverence deepens. Her courage is unquestioned. She is always in the thick of the battle, riding as the men do and fighting far better. Her people believe that she is bullet and bayonet-proof, for in spite of her conspicuous appearance, her bright neckerchief, her big sombrero and leather leggings, she has never received a single scratch.

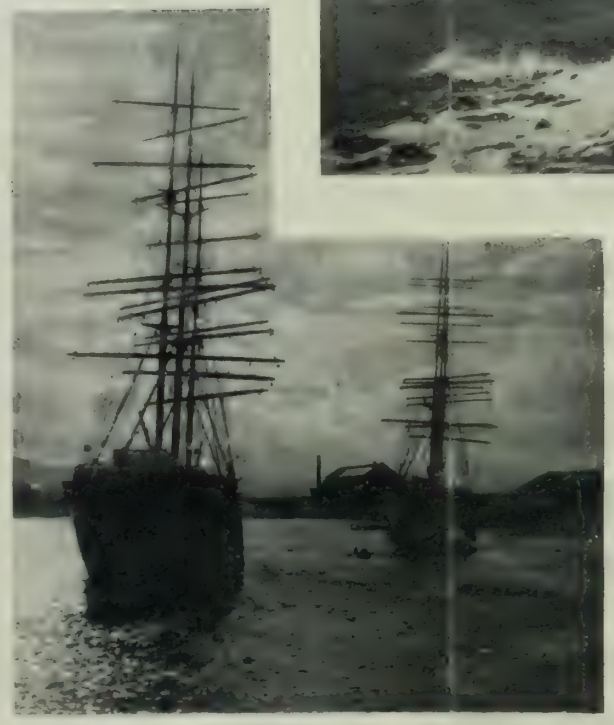
Father Casey of Denver, who has just returned from Mexico, does not consider Teresa and her miracles as of much importance. In regard to her church standing, he says:

"Reports about Santa Teresa, as the Yaqui Indians call her, were not widespread at the time I was in Mexico. She was regarded as a pious, harmless woman, who believed herself capable of doing good among sick people.

"Nogales is largely inhabited by these Yaquis, who are half-breed Indians, not nearly the equals in intelligence of the regular Mexicans. They are not at satisfied with the Mexican Government, and may have made the excitement caused by Santa Teresa's doings an excuse for an uprising.

"So far as I am concerned, I do not know that the woman ever performed a miraculous cure. She was not considered worthy of much notice by the regular Mexicans when I was among them, and not of any at all by the Church. The trouble attributed to her now is not likely to prove serious."

Father Casey's estimate is a little disappointing to lovers of romance, but does not take away from the fact that Santa Teresa would make a most picturesque heroine for a stirring novel.



THE HARBOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE

SUNSET AND MOONLIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY. FROM PHOTOS BY H. B. HOSMER AND W. B. TYLER

THE VANDERBILT-ASTORS

American Millionaires From an English Standpoint.

The authenticity of the personal reminiscences of American millionaires which appear in the current "Cornhill," may be open to doubt, but they have the merit of being interesting. An editorial note apprises us that the writer speaks by the card and had intimate relations with the men about whom he writes. This adds interest to the story of Jay Gould's sufferings and the interview with Phil Armour, though we are inclined to imagine the hour at which this alleged meeting took place is a misprint. Surely it should be 8 rather than 6 o'clock. For an Englishman the writer is very respectful, has few hard things to say about the plutocrats of our native land. Indeed, he points out that we have about four thousand millionaires, and granting them ten millions apiece, and deducting this from the national wealth, we still find an enormous per capita increase during the last fifty years. It is evident, therefore, that the millionaires have not grown rich by impoverishing the people. In fact, they have aided very materially in creating new wealth, and as a class are not an evil. Whether they have done harm as individuals, each personal record must decide. Everybody knows the story of Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family, how he began as a barefooted, penniless boy of six, to work for his living, and at seventy was worth seventy millions. He, his son and his grandsons have all possessed such remarkable executive ability, however, that they would have commanded splendid positions and salaries, no matter what state they had been born into.

"While on the subject of the Vanderbilts," says the writer, "let me show a strange contrast between the 'ideal homes' of two brothers—Cornelius and George Vanderbilt. The home of the former is a stone palace on Fifth avenue, which cost, with its contents, over five million dollars, and it has a garden. That garden is but a narrow city lot, yet it cost over 400,000 dollars, becauses a brown stone house, comparatively new, was pulled down to make room for three beds of blossom and a few square yards of turf. The whole establishment covers less than one acre of the earth's surface. This is the ideal home of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Last year I visited George Vanderbilt's six million dollar home in the very heart of the North Carolina mountains; and I found it very hard to leave that wonderful view from the terrace, of fifty mountain peaks, some over 6,000 feet in height, and the valley of the beautiful French Broad. This Vanderbilt farm contains 180 square miles of country. You can drive in a straight line from the houses thirty-five miles without getting out of the Vanderbilt property. Roads, in splendid condition, lead to all parts. There is a game preserve of 20,000 acres, and two fishing rivers. Near the house are sunken gardens, greenhouses, a tennis court, to make which a retaining wall sixteen feet thick and forty feet high was built. There is a bowling green 200 feet wide and 700 feet long, surrounded by a hand-carved granite balustrade. The house itself is 300 feet one way, by 200 feet the other; a bit of old France for architecture. Three hundred stonemasons have been kept busy for three years; it will take the same force as much longer to complete the work in hand. When the 'home' is finished it will represent an investment of six million dollars. And the land, it must be remembered, cost little. The Southern folk seem very proud of their new Northern millionaire. For his disbursements in the neighborhood, which for three years have never fallen below 15,000 dollars a week, have put new money into many pockets, new hope into many hearts."

The fortunes of the Standard Oil combination are the most recently gathered of American millions. Thirty-five years ago five men thought they saw possibilities in petroleum; to-day they are worth six hundred millions. Of course, the 'Standard' is a wicked monopoly, and has had rude things said about it. But that is a way the world has, and perhaps always will have. John D. Rockefeller, the brain and nerve of this great trust, is a ruddy-faced man with eye so mild and manner so genial, that it is very hard to call him a 'grasping monopolist.' his hobby now is education, and he rides this hobby in robust, manly fashion. He has taken the University of Chicago under his wing, and already the sum of 7,000,000 dollars has passed from his pocket to the treasury of the new seat of learning in the second city of the Republic. He has a peculiar way of sending in his remittances, and his manner will perhaps be best shown by quoting this letter from Mr. Rockefeller to the president of the university in question. It is thoroughly characteristic:

" 'Dear Sir.—I wish to contribute to the endowment of the University one million dollars in 5 per cent. gold bonds. I make this gift as a special thank-offering to Almighty God for returning health. Yours truly,

" 'JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.'

"Six letters like that have gone forth from the pen of Mr. Rockefeller, and, however unscrupulous the great trust may be, the edge of public censure cannot help being dulled by these brief billets.

Here is a view of Jay Gould different to that which British pens generally write:

"I would like to put this one memory of Gould on record, for it gives a glimpse of that other Gould I prefer to remember. I am seated before a blazing fire in the library of a man I see at a glance is a book-loving as well as a book-owning man. Near me, by the centre table, Jay Gould is seated in a low chair. The shaded lamp throws a flood of light on a book he holds, and also shows in relief against the background of shadow his clean-cut features. It is the face of a student, and as he turns to answer some question I have asked about the book, I find the happiest expression resting on that face. The dark eyes are brimming over with that thoughtful look which shows a free mind and a happy moment. Then suddenly a spasm of pain distorts the face, the eyes close, the book falls from a nerveless hand. For a moment he seems to suffer the torture of the damned. Then he pulls himself together, begs to be excused, and then goes slowly up the broad stairway to pass a night of anguish. His nemesis has struck home; neuralgia, which has traveled with him forty years—an enemy which all his wealth could not bribe—had claimed its pound of flesh. When I heard of how he died—turned his face to the white wall, whispered 'I am so tired, tired,' and then slipped into the unknown—this scene came back to me with new meaning. Gould grabbed for gold—got it; and that was all he did get out of life."

The author then goes on to tell of a meeting with Phil Armour.

"One cold winter morning, having arrived in Chicago about 7 o'clock," he continues, "I was making my way to the hotel. It seemed an unchristian hour for a white man to be on the street, especially when that street was located in the business centre of a great city. Suddenly my companion touched me on the arm and said: 'Look, there's 'Phil' hard at work. Come in. We'll fix up a small game of poker for this evening.' I had often heard of Phil Armour, the millionaire pork packer, butcher, grain-gambler, railway director, and miscellaneous capitalist, and so I followed my friend gladly up the short flight of stone steps, across a large office made to accommodate a hundred clerks, but now deserted, on, on till we entered a small room and stood in the presence of 'Phil.' Although it was in the heart of winter, he was in his 'shirt-sleeves,' and stood there—for all the world a second Perkyn Middlewick, butterman—carefully examining a large book, in which was shown the business at all his branches day by day. He is always at his office two hours before his clerks arrive; and he always begins the day's work with this careful study of the previous day's business. I have been told by men able to judge that no man in America has the same exact and early information as to how he stands and what his men are doing. He has five men in his employ, to each of whom he pays a salary of 20,000 dollars a year. And all his employes are well-paid, well-treated, but also—and here lies the secret of his success—all well-worked, body as well as brain. Phil Armour impressed me as a big, brainy, active boy, very glad to be alive, and very much alive in brain, eye, ear, and body. He seemed as nerveless as an old oak tree, and his eyes saw right into your brain—at least that is how I felt. Phil Armour is worth about thirty million dollars. He has given between three and four million dollars to various charities.

"After a few words with the great 'pork packer,' my friend broached the poker question. Honestly, from the way Armour's face brightened and his eyes snapped, I feared he was on the point of suggesting a game of 'draw' there and then. But he did not. He only invited us to come to his house that evening. He would have 'some of the boys there to meet us.' And 'the boys' who did meet us were a most interesting lot, all millionaires except two, Judge Gresham, Cleveland's favorite Cabinet Minister, and the writer. There was the leading gambler of the Chicago Board of Trade, Norman B. Ream, a tall, loose-jointed man with a face of iron, and eyes that saw far and deep. He has often moved the grain markets of the world up and down at will. He was always bluffing at poker, always losing too, for the limit was small; his great game has no limit, and the 'bluff' often wins. There was Marshal Field, ten times a millionaire, made out of keeping shop; the one-time partner of Mr. Leiter, now father-in-law of Hon. George Curzon. He had a squeaking voice, was timid in play, and when he asked for cards I fancied it was one of his five hundred clerks crying, in their accustomed way, 'Cash,' 'Cash,' 'Cash!' Pullman, of palace and sleeping-car fame, was there, looking the comfortable farmer, rather than uncomfortable millionaire Mr. Stead paints him. He put down 'three four spots' on my bluff, rather than pay five dollars to see what I had. He was as conservative in poker as in palace cars. He was a winner at the end of play. He had a paternal, domineering way even with his brother millionaires, the manner and method which have made all his troubles with labour; for he is an honest man, a just one. All the talk about his selfishness and tricky ways is ridiculed by men who know his life day by day, and see it in all its phases. Potter Palmer, the millionaire hotel owner and real estate man, was another of the party. His name and his millions were all that made him differ from the multitude. The rest of the company were men lacking individuality—men who had, one might say, their millions thrust upon them by the increase in value of land long held in the family. Taken all together, they were as pleasant, unassuming, companionable set of men; and each wore his mantle of millions easily. It is very curious, but I find I have left out the most interesting man in our card party. This is due, in all probability, to the circumstance that he was the only man who did not play poker. This man was James J. Hill, the shrewdest and most successful railway man in the West, and a railway man who enjoys this unique record—his properties have in the past paid, and do still pay, large and regular dividends. Forty years ago 'Jim Hill' was a 'roustabout' on the wharf in St. Paul, Minnesota. That is, he earned two dollars a day carrying wood and freight on his back from the wharf to the deck of the Mississippi steamboat. He 'roustabouted' so well that he soon owned that boat. That boat seemed to breed other boats with surprising rapidity. Money came to him from everything he touched. At last the Manitoba Railway, owned by Hollanders, got into trouble. Hill somehow got the road out of trouble, but at the same time out of the possession of those Holland owners. To-day he is worth seventy million dollars. In appearance he strongly suggests a lion on two legs. The kind of lion, in the financial world, the lamb so often lies down with—inside quarter for the lamb. He has an undersized body, but oversized head, wears his hair a la Samson in the ante-Delilah days, and his hat is always two sizes too big for him. He neither smokes, drinks nor gambles, but in the face of such a record of the minor virtues, no one ever calls him a saint. Behind his millions lies this romance. While he worked for wages on the wharf, his sweetheart worked for wages at the only hotel. When wealth came to him he sent his sweetheart, for two years, to an Eastern school, then married her. To-day, from the window of their home—a house which cost 700,000 dollars to build—he can see the old wharf where he once worked hard.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Dr. Jameson is amusing himself while in Holloway jail by writing a book about the Transvaal raid. Of course Cecil Rhodes will be consulted as to its publication. Li Hung Chang keeps a diary of his travels, rising early every morning to record the impressions of the previous day's experiences.

Princess Maud, recently married to Prince Charles of Denmark, has taken to "poker work," which consists in tracing and working out designs on wood with red-hot irons. The couple will reside in Copenhagen, with their country residence near Bernstorf Castle, while their English home will be in Appleton, near Sandringham.

The French Government has conferred the Legion of Honor cross upon Edwin Lord Weeks, the well-known artist whose Oriental pictures are familiar to readers of the magazines. He has traveled through Algeria, Morocco, Turkey and Persia, and is the author of a book describing a journey from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf, which the Harpers published.

Sousa, the conductor and composer, received but $35 for the "Washington Post" march, but for the "Liberty Bell," which was published under a different arrangement, he has already netted $28,000. From the "Cotton King" march, which was written but a year ago, he has made $20,000, and he calculates on an average income of at least $25,000 annually from his compositions.

Paris is much interested in the anticipated visit of the Czar and Czarina. The relations between France and Russia are most cordial and friendly, as evinced by the visit of the Russian naval officers two or three years ago, when all Paris took a holiday and the fetes surpassed anything the French have yet attempted. If the Czar decides to make the visit he will receive a welcome such as is rarely accorded sovereigns when visiting foreign nations.

Li Hung Chang had a good deal of fun interviewing his visitors in England. He chaffed Secretary Chamberlain about his single eye-glass, and asked him whether as Colonial Secretary he ever had a surplus, and if he had, what he did with it. He wanted to know also if the Queen and Lord Salisbury ever interfered with his management. The great Celestial looked forward to meeting the American reporters whom he predicted he would surely interview and without telling them anything about himself.

The German press is greatly incensed over the failure of Lord Salisbury to join in the naval blockade of Crete, to prevent the insurgents obtaining ammunition, supplies, etc. German opinion strongly favored a blockade, while Great Britain contended that if the European powers prevented the Greeks from reinforcing the insurgents they must also prevent the Turks from sending reinforcements to their own troops. The Continental Powers would not agree to this, with the result that Great Britain practically refused to participate.

Queen Victoria has officially announced that on June 20th, 1897, having completed the sixtieth year of her reign, she will be willing and happy to receive the felicitations of her subjects. An imposing pageant is outlined to take place in London, which will be as brilliant at least as that which signalized the Jubilee in 1887. To signalize the affair it is proposed to gild the great dome of St. Paul's, which was a favorite idea of the late Prince Consort. On this great occasion the Marquis of Salisbury will accept the dukedom which he has twice refused, and Mr. Conygsby Disraeli, nephew and heir of the Earl of Beaconsfield, will be elevated to the peerage.

David R. Francis, appointed to succeed Hoke Smith as Secretary of the Interior, owes his selection to the stand he took for gold in the preliminary battle for delegates to the Chicago convention. He is prominent in politics, was Governor of Missouri, and when Cleveland was making up his cabinet, prior to entering the second term of administration, Francis was summoned to consultation. But for a factional fight in St. Louis he would certainly have obtained a secretaryship then. He is comparatively a young man, strong and vigorous, of sunny temperament and genial disposition. He has a florid complexion, sandy hair and moustache, is a millionaire, and personally resembles Secretary Morton.

Candidate Bryan studied law in the office of Lyman Trumbull, the well-known Chicago lawyer, and whenever he is in Chicago lives at the Trumbull home. One night the family were having a reception when Bryan chanced in, and, pressed to remain, he consented, much against his will, for he was not properly attired for a function. A number of prominent men were among the guests, and the conversation turned on the Sherman law, which was blamed for the prevailing depression. Bryan, attired in his rough tweed suit, took no part in the conversation; but, finally he interposed to ask one of the loudest of the talkers—a leading capitalist of Chicago—to tell why the Sherman law should be repealed. In the discussion that ensued Bryan showed up so brilliantly that he became the centre of a lively group and riveted the attention of the gathering.

Hoke Smith, who has recently retired from Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, was admitted to the bar at eighteen years of age. He is tall and symmetrical, has a large, frank, resolute, beardless face, and a determined character. At the age of thirty he was making fifteen thousand a year from his law practice, and soon after he acquired a controlling interest in the "Atlanta Journal," the most influential evening paper in the South. Under his management the stock of this sheet was selling at twenty dollars a share, but it is now worth one hundred and twenty, and out of the venture Hoke is said to have made half a million dollars. Prior to the Chicago convention, the "Journal" was a sound-money paper, but its owner decided to support Bryan, much to the embarrassment of the business manager and others connected with the institution. He purposes going to New York soon to practice law.

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

A problem, which is at present occupying the minds of the thoughtful is what special social stigma is to be drawn from the fact that so many expectant maidens have deferred making their debut until 1897. Is it that Leap Year casts a shadow over their chances of success, or do they deem another year of travel or of the schoolroom will add an extra cachet and rub off that suspicion of the tarnation that clings to their unsophisticated garments? Be it as it may, the ranks of the debutante are daily lessening, and this week I hear that both Miss Susie Bunning and Miss Maria McKenna have joined the backers out.

When one recollects that a season ago two quivers full of blooming buds made their formal entrance into society and achieved an unprecedented success, bearing their blushing honors thick upon them, one is forced to wonder whether the over-wary matron does not wish to place a winter or two between so glorious a record and her untutored fledglings' first flight. Then these brilliant buds will have become belles of two seasons—twice-told tales, with some of the glamour and most of the illusions swept off. It must be remembered, also, that there are but a handful of debutantes this year, and it is a difficult matter and carries but a small degree of glory to be queen of half a dozen.

How does this half dozen, you ask, compare with the buds of yesteryear? Among them are certainly a formidable trio who will cause many of the maidens to look to their laurels—Miss Alice Hoffman, a stunning looking girl and already a belle in the younger set. Miss Kate Salisbury will run the gauntlet and carry off a prize, while Miss Clara Huntington's triumph is a foregone conclusion. Another girl who has the charm of novelty in addition to a piquant personality is Miss Helen Hopkins, whose circus party is elsewhere alluded to.

The engagement of Miss Maraquita Collier and Mr. Arthur Macondray was somewhat of a surprise. Since Miss Collier—'Quita, as she is called by her intimates—made her debut last month at a tea given in her honor by Mrs. McCutcheon, she has been an immense favorite with the younger set, and Mr. Macondray's attentions to her were already marked during that series of Dutch treat theatre parties that Mrs. Collier and Mrs. McCutcheon organized. As the Colliers are in mourning, the wedding is to be an extremely quiet one.

Atherton Macondray belongs to the well-known Macondray family, and is now general manager of the old firm of Macondray & Co. He is a prominent member of several clubs, and has also associated himself with the Valley Railroad enterprise. This is an excellent record for so young a man as Mr. Macondray. He has the business energy of the founder of the house, and seems liable to make a record for himself.

The Hemphill sale was quite a social event. There is precious little going on in society at present save a few dinners, and any opportunity for a gathering is eagerly taken advantage of. The Hemphill house is quite a large one and full of furniture, which I am told fetched such excellent prices as to encourage others with homes in the Western Addition to dispose of their goods and chattels.

The Jewett dinner Wednesday night was a pleasant affair and a great success. Quite a number of prominent bohemians were there, and Frank Lincoln, the well-known entertainer, amused the guests with his stories and imitations. Ladies' day at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday gathered in the clubrooms the wives and daughters of the members who were shown the sights of the institution and the relics of the great midsummer jinks.

Few tours have been so pleasurable as the recent southern trip of Major and Miss Rose Hooper. They went direct to Coronado, where they remained about a fortnight; from there to Glenwood and Redondo, stopping a few days in Los Angeles, where they were charmingly entertained by the Bannings and Bradburys; from there to Santa Monica and Catalina Island and home via Santa Barbara. Major and Mrs. Hooper have taken the former Whittell house on the corner of Sacramento and Jones streets, for the winter. Major Hooper has quite recovered from his severe attack of pneumonia.

Among the debutantes of the winter whose coming-out will not lack celebration is Miss Helen Hopkins, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins. She is a tall, slender, graceful girl, a blonde, bright, interesting and charming. She has many friends in the younger set, for she was educated at Miss West's school, but recently the finishing touches in the way of accomplishments have been put on at an Eastern academy. The first entertainment this young lady has given was a circus party to San Jose Wednesday night, given under very enjoyable auspices. The guests were taken from the depot at Third and Townsend streets to San Jose by special train, then headed for the Vendome, where an elaborate dinner was served, thence to the circus, back to the Vendome for supper, thence to town, stopping at Menlo to drop the Hopkins family and their friends who had been drawn from that vicinity. It proved a very jolly and decidedly an interesting affair. There is a presumption that Miss Hopkins will give a coming-out dance sufficiently elaborate to satisfy the exhilarative anticipations of the younger set.

There were not nearly as many handsome gowns shown at Del Monte as I anticipated. I saw but few stunning gowns during the entire week. There were any number of pretty light costumes, but almost no real creations. Everybody favored white, white for morning gowns, white for afternoon wear, and white for dinner. Of course, the material and mode differed according to the hour, duck being chosen for morning wear, dimity for afternoon, and dotted muslins over silk slips for evening. Even the men favored white and wore duck trousers on all possible and permissable occasions. This wearing of white garments is no small item. One popular and fastidious young benedict's laundry bill, I hear on excellent authority, amounts to $700 a month.

There are several rumors of fashionable engagements afloat. One is eagerly anticipated when the Honolulu steamer arrives. Another rumor links the names of a young millionaire and a gay debutante, daughter of a prominent public man.

Monday night has ceased to be the fashionable night at the theatre. Society no longer attends the opening performance. Wednesday is the night. At "Sans Gene," on Monday night, the audience was large, handsomely groomed, and, to a certain extent, fashionable. But the people who give the tone to a house were not there. Not a B'lingumite was to be seen, and frankly there is no fashionable tone without B'lingum.

Mrs. Justice Field has been the guest of honor at several charming and informal affairs of the past week. On Wednesday last Mrs. McKenna gave a park luncheon in her honor.

Miss Martha Shainwald has returned after nine months spent in visiting Honolulu, Japan and Australia. Her trip was delightful, and she has brought back with her many odd and costly souvenirs. Among them are some charming pieces of Japanese bric-a-brac, a centre table, an eccentric lounging chair and a low tea table. This bright young woman tells many amusing anecdotes connected with her stay in Australia, not the least interesting being a personal experience in which she came off with flying colors and much appaluse. While at a kindergarten entertainment, presided over by some prominent people in Sydney, the master of ceremonies, by some mysterious agency, was made aware of the fact that a representative of the land across the sea was present in his audience, and he called upon Miss Shainwald to say a few words. The call came so unexpectedly that for a moment she was nonplussed, but only for a moment. Then her tongue was loosed and she made an extremely bright talk explaining the growth of the system in California, the number of schools and the interest taken in them here. The address was a great success, and Miss Shainwald was there and then and thereafter the object of particular attention.

The announcement of Miss Daisy Belle Sharpe's marriage to Mr. Ed A. Howard of Oakland will come as a surprise to the friends of both. Miss Sharpe is a talented young woman, whose dramatic debut was accomplished under agreeable circumstances recently. She is decidedly pretty, as her photograph shows, graceful and accomplished. Augustin Daly approved her style to the extent of offering her an engagement for the coming season. However, it is to be presumed her marriage brings her dramatic career to an early climax. She is to be congratulated on preferring matrimony to the stage. This especial affair was a case of love at first sight, for Mr. Howard and Miss Sharpe met but a few weeks ago, and their marriage is set for Monday next. Mr. Howard is well known over in Oakland, and is associated with his brother, dealing in carriage lumber and hard woods generally.

Over in Berkeley one hears much about the German garden party at Mrs. Ben Morgan's place on September 26th. It is outlined to be quite an elaborate affair and under the especial auspices of Mrs. Morgan, it cannot fail to be well managed. The Berkeley surgical ward of the Children's Hospital is the beneficiary, for this is a pay entertainment, with a variety of amusements given in exchange for one's fifty cents. First there is a German luncheon, served according to Teutonic precedent; then music, which Miss Bessie Wall and other well-known musicians will contribute. Next a German play in four acts, produced under the direction of Fraulein Lidell, and a variety of other features which thus far are outlined rather than arranged. The participants and assistants will all wear Teutonic costumes; of course the music will be German, and the refreshments will naturally follow the same order.

MISS DAISY BELLE SHARP
WHO IS TO MARRY EDWARD HOWARD OF OAKLAND
Photo by Thors

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Paper Chase is now the favorite amusement at San Rafael. Every Saturday there is a pursuit, and among the results is the evolving of certain capable horsemen and some daring equestriennes. The chase last week was a great success, and for this afternoon another is promised, starting at 2 P. M., with Dr. Howitt as hare. Baron von Schroder, Jim Archibald, Frank Johnson and the usual array of bright and pretty young women will follow the chase, and the winner will be suitably rewarded. On Admission Day there will be another chase, with special prizes. It will be a cross country hunt, and Frank Johnson will be hare.

Though the summer season proper at the Vendome is virtually over, the weather is so delightful at San Jose that this popular caravansary continues to attract the usual quota of visitors. On Saturday night the hotel is generally crowded, and to the usual current of events is generally added a dance, which gathers in the rotunda some of the brightest and prettiest of the San Jose maidens, together with the usual assortment of swains. During the last week there were quite a number of Eastern visitors at the hotel. Mrs. Ponce de Leon of New York, accompanied by Mrs. McClung, Miss Spooner of San Francisco, and Mr. H. C. Potter Jr. of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dana Kimball of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown of Honolulu, and many more were registered. Mr. N. G. Arques and Miss Maud Arques have taken rooms at the Vendome for the autumn, and it is presumed that Miss Arques will be married in the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan have returned home from a visit lasting over several weeks. On Saturday night last there was quite a large crowd of guests and San Jose society people in the rotunda to listen to the final concert of Professor Lowinsky's orchestra, which during the summer months has afforded the guests so much real pleasure. An excellent programme was rendered.

Candidate Bryan has the head and the square jaws of a fighter, a habitual trick of frowning, eyes sharp, bright and fierce-looking, like an eagle's, and he smiles with them without using a muscle of his mouth. From the eyebrows to the crown, his head slopes back like the skull of an Aztec, nor is there a compensating bulge in the rear—but rather a forward slope from the neck up, which gives the impression of a pig head sharpest and narrowest at the top. The comparison with Lincoln is most inexact. The latter was tall, slouching, easy-spoken, humorous, whereas Bryan is short, compact, earnest and devoid of humor. Despite their opposition to the candidate's theories, the correspondents are unanimous in admitting his earnestness and sincerity. His voice is the best part of his oratorical equipment, but the capacity of extemporaneous eloquence is denied him. His finest efforts do not affect an audience as did the greatest efforts of Blaine and Conkling.

OPORTO PORTUGALO

Of the numerous vintage ports we have tasted, none were more interesting than the collection shown us at the Douro Lodges and Vineyard of Messrs. D. M. Fuerheerd Jr. & Co. This firm keeps certain of its vintages from particular quintos intact, and here we tasted the "Commendador" of 1870, remarkable for its delicacy and fine flavor; also a sample of 1873 from the Quinta de Roncao, dry and full of flavor. We were also shown some other natural ports without any addition of spirits—vintages of '75, '73, '71, '72. The latter was a well rounded wine of singularly refined flavor.—Vizetelly in "Facts about Port."

When you are selecting a wedding or a birthday present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety, just arrived from Europe, from which to select.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Joseph Munier, proprietor.

Dainty and Refreshing
PAR EXCELLENCE
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

THE THEATRES

Kathryn Kidder as "Madame Sans Gene" at the Baldwin.

There are plays, there are pageants and there are other things which are a little of both and not much of either. To this class belongs "Madame Sans Gene," a hasty pudding tossed lightly together by Sardou's skillful hands, its ingredients—Napoleon, Fouche, Catherine Hubscher, old anecdotes and old scandal. Nevertheless it is a very good "show," well staged, well acted and undeniably interesting in spite (or, perhaps, because) of the fact that its incidents are all old friends, or at least acquaintances.

It would be difficult to find a more picturesque and diverting character than its central figure, Catherine Hubscher. Her very nickname, "Madame Sans Gene," arrests the attention and her fearlessness, loyalty and acuteness hold it fast. The lines give her almost all of those traits which enlist our sympathies, all that is true, strong, plucky and independent; to these Kathryn Kidder adds much grace and beauty and a certain delightful genuineness and simplicity. Her handling of the part can hardly be called subtle or finished, but she is vivid, comic and unaffected—three darling qualities which are quite as desirable as all the insidiousness in the world—or Sarah B. Her chief defect is that it is quite impossible for her to look bourgeoise. I'm not sure that she tries; it is quite possible she prefers to be charming and let art go—elsewhere.

In any event she could hardly change those taper fingers and those slender, sloping shoulders. She might, though, have made her train more frequently and yet not so desperately in the way—oftener troublesome and not so tremendously. That is if it must be made a trial and a trap for her at all. My private opinion is that Catherine's skirts would have been the least and most easily mastered of all her troubles. The tumble over her petticoats in the second act was the least natural of all her gaucheries. It was obviously premeditated, and the tangle was too elaborate. I've seen Miss McAllister of the Frawley company fall over her train twice as unconsciously and ludicrously. Neither was the lesson in curtsying cleverly received; it was crude and over-done, though the rest of the scene, the trying on of the dress and the slippers, was very amusing. One had a distinct sensation of surprise when Miss Kidder drew off that gay little dressing sacque and stood before us in her stays and petticoat. One had a faint desire to lend her a corset cover and a fresh underskirt, but there's no denying that she was charming as she stood there, erect and unconcerned, with her beautiful arms hanging straight by her sides.

Her superb disregard of the tradesmen's presence was positively regal and not at all bourgeoise. A woman of the people, however, would have been callous, not oblivious.

On the other hand the bumpkin-like way in which she thrusts out her shapely feet to receive their heelless slippers was thoroughly in character; so, too, was her reply to the shoemaker who asserted that a previous pair had burst because she "walked in them."

"Of course," said Madame. "How would you have me walk? On my hands, with my head down like an onion?"

"I meant," replied the unhappy man, "that your highness lifted up your feet and put them down instead of sliding them along."

And lift them up she did, sometimes very high indeed, as when she kissed her "dear Lefebre," and, with her hands on his shoulders, sprang a foot or so in the air for pure joy. Nine-tenths of the time, however, Kathryn Kidder forgot Madame Sans Gene's early occupation. The vivandiere was there but not the washer-woman. She imbued the role with the spirit of the woman who had smelled powder, heard bullets whistle, dragged many a wounded soldier out of the thick of the fight, and had slept under the stars with the wind for a coverlid and a stone for a pillow. Her Madame Sans Gene is a creature of the open air; there is nothing about her to suggest long days spent in bending over hot soap suds and soiled linen. If there were, perhaps we would not be so well amused, for "honest toil" may be dignifying, but it is also stiffening and deadening.

Perhaps the prettiest picture Miss Kidder made during the entire evening was just as she finished explaining to Fouche how he would advance himself by falling in with her desire to assist Neipperg to escape. She was sitting in a nest made by her gorgeous blue pelisse, and as she threw herself back with a charming air of triumph and a distracting assortment of curves and flowing lines, the admiration for Empire gowns, which Ada had destroyed in me, sprang up again and flourished alarmingly. Which reminds me that the Empire gown proves—if it needs proof—that ninety men out of a hundred are dull, inartistic animals, for there is only about one in a hundred who doesn't like the outlines of a tightly laced corset better and doesn't confuse a Josephine gown with a Mother Hubbard.

The support was fair, though it was impossible not to wish for a better Neipperg, as Willis Granger's sole idea of expressing emotion is to open and shut his eyes like a sleepy chicken. Wallace Shaw was an excellent Fouche, sly, unobtrusive, observant, with a wily, fox-like face and a coolly critical manner. Augustus Cook was made into a very tolerable likeness of Napoleon, and acquitted himself as well as a man can who has to eavesdrop and open his wife's letters.

The rest were merely lay figures for silk and satin, with the exception of Mademoiselles Lincoln and Campbell, who quarreled like two cats on a back fence.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

STEVE BRODIE

THE HERO OF "ON THE BOWERY" AT THE CALIFORNIA NEXT WEEK

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Prisoner of Zenda" will be the next attraction at the Baldwin Theatre. The company includes James Hackett and Isabel Irving.

Instead of sending "The Sporting Duchess" to the Coast especially to play the two weeks intended for its presentation at the Baldwin this month, the management have decided to make the piece one of the features of the coming stock season at the California.

We are to have "On the Bowery" at the California next week, with Steve Brodie as the star. This is the Steve who jumped from Brooklyn bridge and owns the greatest resort on the Bowery. The scenery is typically Bowery, and one act is laid in Brodie's own saloon.

The Frawley company presents "The Wife" next week with a capital cast. Wilton Lackaye, Blanche Bates, Frank Worthing, Alice Pixley, Macklyn Arbuckle, Hope Ross, Frawley, Leslie and Clark have the leading roles. It is a good show and should have a good run. The staging is excellent. Matinee Admission Day.

The grand opera season at the Tivoli continues a success. To-night "Rigoletto" is performed by special request, and next week Miss Ida Valerga makes her reappearance in "Lucia." The excellence of the cast has previously been commented upon, and it is certain an interesting performance will be given. The orchestra is under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs.

"All the Comforts of Home," a four-act farcical comedy, will be produced at the Alcazar Theatre during the week, commencing on Monday next. The play is a very clever composition, the dialogue being bright and funny and the ludicrous situations many. The combination in the competent interpretations by the Alcazar stock company should make a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

The greatest circus that has ever come to San Francisco arrived yesterday morning in three special trains, for this year the people of San Francisco are to have an opportunity of seeing the great Forepaugh and Sells Brothers show. The tour thus far is one of the most successful on record. Its attractive qualities are quite out of the ordinary, though it is generally admitted that the greatest feature is the menagerie. Possibly it will be the last big show to visit the Coast in years.

Miss Leila Owen Ellis, daughter of Mrs. Ellis, the well-known dramatic teacher, is to give a recital on the evening of next Thursday at Beethoven Hall. Miss Ellis has been a decided success in the East, where she has been much in demand at society recitals. There it is the custom to obtain professional talent to add interest to an evening's entertainment. Besides, she participated in the Beerbohm Tree engagement in New York, and an interesting future is prophesied for her.

The bill at the Orpheum next week will be made up for the most part of new people. Six new acts are announced. They include the Vassar Quartette, Ferguson and Mack, the Irish comedians; Bellman and Moore, in songs and dances; Terry and Elmer, a singing and dancing team; Miss Elmer is said to be the most perfectly formed woman on the vaudeville stage; Miss Marguerite Ferguson, a contortion dancer; the brothers La Rose, Chinese impersonators and trick acrobats, are also strong features, and the programme is certainly one to look forward to.

Miss Kate Dougherty, a San Francisco girl, is coming to the front as a composer of music. She has spent some years in the study of harmony, both in the East and abroad, and has now published a song with the somewhat florid title of "Blue Sweet Eyes and Morning Glories." The words are by Kate Clark Brown, author of "Beauty for Ashes." Miss Brown has just completed the libretto of an elaborate extravaganza, for which Miss Dougherty has written the music.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

FEMININE SPLASHES

With one accord Mrs. Carl Browne, Coxey's daughter, and the "Goddess of Peace," in his famous Washington procession, was pronounced the beauty of the recent St. Louis Convention. She has lovely blonde hair and big blue eyes, is vivacious and bright and interested in every political movement of the day, although she refrains from taking an active part in any.

* * *

The Assistant Atttorney-General of Montana is a woman, and her name is Ella Knowles Haskell. She is an exceptionally successful lawyer, renowned for having obtained the largest fee ever given to a woman, and an enthusiastic Populist. She has already made sixty speeches on silver and intends to make many more. If you should chance to meet her in the street meanwhile, you would be likely to mistake her for a happy little housewife, so essentially feminine is she in dress and manner.

* * *

It should be interesting and encouraging to all female politicians to know that Mary Ellen Lease is fast gaining recognition for herself as one of the best dressed women in America. In the frankest way she says of herself: "I've tried to progress and guess I've succeeded." Her last public appearance was made in a gorgeous black satin skirt of latest fashion, and a chic linen waist with richly embroidered sleeves finished at the neck with a broad violet ribbon.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well-known one of Duff Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff Gordon & Co. sherries.

Deutz & Geldermann's "Gold Lack" is without doubt the finest dry champagne imported. No connoisseur should fail to try it.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

If you wish to look neat have your suits cleaned and pressed for $1.00. Bay City Clothing Renovatory, 221½ Geary, rooms 19, 20, 21. 'Phone Main 5859.

When the Eastern visitor reaches San Jose he is often at a loss to know where to go for a team. He will make no mistake, however, if he directs his steps to the Hotel Vendome Stables, headquarters of the Mount Hamilton Stage Company. From here the stage coach for the Lick Observatory sets out every morning, and there, too, you can find on call the fastest horses, the neatest and trimmest rigs and the tidiest equipments. F. H. Ross & Sons are proprietors.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' book, "Over the Teacups," is full of pleasant bits.

You can get great pleasure from your own teacups, if you drink pure fresh-roasted tea.

Schilling's Best.

A. Schilling & Company
San Francisco

"THE FOLLY OF EUSTACE"

An Author Too Good to Belong to the Decadents.

One laid aside "The Green Carnation" with the feeling that it was a pity so much cleverness should be wasted on so poor a book, and "The Folly of Eustace" (D. Appleton & Co.) leaves the same impression of misdirected talent. If Robert S. Hichens could be brought up all over again, he might give us work of a vastly higher kind. One would prescribe for him a childhood spent largely out of doors, with plenty of healthy, unfanciful children to play with, a discreet quantity of schooling, enough poverty to make a moderate amount of wholesome work a necessity, a rector's daughter, a wedding trip through the cathedral towns, and a vine-covered home in a community where "Pickwick" is still read, and where "Ivanhoe" holds unquestioned supremacy. Then what charming novels he would give us, what normal pictures of life as it is lived; what human men and women would cross his pages, in place of the puppets that he laughs at and despises! And what a glorious contempt the present Robert S. Hichens would have for the Robert S. Hichens of such surroundings!

One shrinks from using the hackneyed word decadent, but nothing else will describe this morbid tendency to picture only the abnormal aspect of life, to magnify the diseased member till all proportion between it and the sound, sweet whole is lost. "The Folly of Eustace" and the two other stories with it, powerful and beautifully written though they are, all run one way, and that way madness lies. Eustace is a commonplace young man, who deliberately sets out to make London stare and laugh. Patiently and faithfully he plays the part of a buffoon, until people do smile and look, and he becomes a fad. When he marries, he clings desperately to his oddities, thinking his wife will despise him if she catches a glimpse of his fun-weary, commonplace self, and never guessing how tired she has grown of his vagaries and their unmistakable false note. He has one supreme chance to win her back, but misses it.

At this time, too, a strange need of protection crept over her, the yearning for man's beautiful, dog-like sympathy, that watches woman in her grand dark hour before she blooms into motherhood. When she knew the truth, she resolved to tell Eustace, and she came into his room softly, with shining eyes. He was sitting reading the "Financial News" in a nimbus of cigarette smoke, secretly glorying in his momentary immunity from the prison rules of the fantastic. Winifred's entry was that of a warder. He sprang up laughing.

"Winnie," he said, "I think I am going to South Africa.

"You!" she said in surprise.

"Yes; to give acrobatic performances in the street, and so pave the way to a position as a millionaire. Who ever heard of a man rising from a respectable competence to a fortune? According to the papers, you must start with nothing; that is the first rule of the game. We have ten thousand a year, so we can never hope to be rich. Fortune only favors the pauper. I am mad about money to-day. I can think of nothing else."

And he began showing her conjuring tricks with sovereigns which he drew from his pockets.

She did not tell him that day, and when she told him, it was without apparent emotion. She seemed merely stating coldly a physical fact, not breathing out a beautiful secret of her soul and his, a consecrated wonder to shake them both, and bind them together as two flowers are bound in the centre of a bouquet, the envy of the other flowers.

"Eustace," she said, and her eyes were clear and her hands were still, "I think I ought to tell you—we shall have a child."

Her voice was unwavering as a doctor's which pronounces "You have the influenza." She stood there before him.

"Winifred!" he cried, looking up. His impulse was to say "Wife! My Winifred!" to take her in his arms as any clerk might take his little middle-class spouse, to kiss her lips, and, in doing it, fancy he drew near to the prison in which every soul eternally dwells on earth. Finely human he felt, as the dullest, the most unknown, the plainest, the most despised, may feel, thank God! "Winifred!" he cried. And then he stopped, with the shooting thought, "Even now I must be what she thinks me, what she perhaps loves me for.

She stood there silently waiting.

"Toys!" he exclaimed. "Toys have always been my besetting sin. Now I will make a grand collection, not for the Pope, as people pretend, but for our family. You will have two children to laugh at, Winnie. Your husband is one, you know." He sprang up. "I'll go into the Strand," he said. "There's a man near the Temple who has always got some delightful novelty displaying its paces on the pavement. What fun!"

And off he went, leaving Winifred alone with the mystery of her woman's world, the mystic mystery of birth that may dawn out of hate as out of love, out of drunken dissipation as out of purity's sweet climax.

His child does not live, and then comes in the other man, and the dreary banality of an elopement. Eustace's highest dream has been to see a caricature of himself in "Vanity Fair," and this comes at the very moment that he learns of his wife's flight. We leave him with her letter in his hand, the caricature at his elbow. Well, he has deserved it all, and there is nothing for him to do. If he commits suicide, people will only look on it as one of his freaks. It is a dangerous thing to set the world laughing, for you cannot always stop it when you will.

The second story, "The Return of the Soul," would give a magnificent chance to an actress. It is based on the transmigration of souls, tracing intuitions to unrecognized memories of a former state. A boy tortures a cat to death, and years later marries a girl into whom this cat's soul has gone. She grows to dread and hate him, and finally strangles him in revenge for the cruelty that she does not consciously remember. He had gradually learned the dreadful truth, and his terror had grown day by day as the little cat-like traits began to show themselves in her. A clever actress could make this development vividly striking, beginning with the soft, cushioned tread, and letting the curtain fall on the crouching figure that has already forgotten the murdered man on the couch, and is making little purring sounds to herself over the sparrow she has just caught at the window. It would be a weird play, too interesting to leave and too unpleasant to enjoy.

J. W. T.

Fall Styles Neckwear and Hosiery at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street

MAGAZINE NOTES

"St. Nicholas" this month prints several more poems by Margaret Frances Mauro, the little girl of twelve whose work has raised so much wondering comment. "Ye Romance of Ye Oldenne Tyme" does not seem like a child's production, while the picturesque fancy that tells of "The bird who weaveth a silver string for the harp of minstrelsy" is itself destined to weave a number of silver strings when its power is full grown. Miss Agnes Repplier contributes a sketch entitled "At School a Hundred Years Ago," in which she shows how much better treatment is accorded children today than was the lot of their great-grandmothers. Quoting from the accounts of the girls of long ago, Miss Repplier draws a picture of school life at the close of the last century that is far from attractive. School rooms were extremely cold in winter, discipline was rigid to a degree, and the girls were strapped to fiendish contrivances to make them stand erect. A sketch of Joseph Francis, the inventor of the lifeboat, and the founder and father of the life-saving service, is written by W. S. Harwood.

"Harper's" comes out with a number of short stories this month. "His Duty" is a stirring, dramatic tale, thoroughly original and well written, as all Octave Thanet's stories are. This is one that a man would delight in. "The Mortuary Chest," by Alice Brown, is also good, in spite of being in dialect. "Where Had John Been?" by Helen H. Gardener, belongs rather to the anecdote page of a weekly than the main body of a monthly, and might very well begin, "The late Dr. So-and-so was fond of telling the following anecdote of his medical career." It is hard to see why "A Picture of Saint Cloud" was accepted by a magazine that must have a wide choice of material. It is not well written, artistic, effective, or even interesting.

No serial story of the present time is attracting so much attention as Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady," which is running in the "Century." Mr. Howell's lively story of Saratoga, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," is continued in the September number, and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr contributes the first part of a novelette, "Prisoners of Conscience," which deals with life in the Shetland Islands, and is strikingly illustrated by Louis Loeb. The short stories of the number are "Sonny's Diploma," by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart; "Abner," by Lynn Roby Meekins; and "The Healing of Meechum," by Frank Crane.

"Godey's Magazine" begins this month with an article by Robert Shackleton on "Political Caricaturists," in which the work of Homer Davenport is rated extremely high. Everybody in San Francisco knows his clever pictures, and it is interesting to learn that he never studied art, and did not suspect his power as a caricaturist until about two years ago. Before working for "The Examiner" he was a jockey, a baseball umpire, a steamboat fireman, an engine-wiper and a circus clown—and he is still under thirty.

In the September "Atlantic" Charles Dudley Warner has an interesting article on the career and influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the forces that influenced "the little woman who made the great war," as Lincoln called Mrs. Stowe. The story was sold to the "Era" for three hundred dollars; then a young and unknown publisher took it up and brought it out, giving the author the usual ten per cent royalty. "Marm Lisa" is the name of a serial by Kate Douglas Wiggin, begun in this number.

The "Century Magazine" is said to have paid $18,000 for the serial rights of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady." For both serial and book rights she will probably receive about $60,000. It has been estimated that for the three novels, "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve," and "Marcella," she has been paid over $200,000, while Anthony Trollope received $350,000 for his works.

The new "Cosmopolitan" runs four complete stories, one of which, "Belle's Beaux," by Frances Courtenay Baylor, contains some very clever character work. Belle is an unmitigated flirt, and bullies her different young men unmercifully, but in the end gets engaged once too often, and married a Cuban grandee, who attends to the family bullying himself.

LITERARY NOTES

It is said that Martin J. Pritchard, the author of that extraordinary Messianic novel just published by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., entitled "Without Sin," is the daughter of Lady Monckton.

"The Unclassed," by George Gessing, is too sombre a book to be popular; the subject is painful, and in most of the reviews has either been misunderstood or travestied with malice prepense; but in some respects it is doubtful whether the author has ever equalled it.

R. K. Munkittrick has written a quatrain that reminds one of that famous couplet of "J. K. S.," "Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling and the Haggards Ride no more." Referring to the "unhappy author," he says: "He is happy as he capers on the ever-golden shore, where the Houghtons cease from Mifflin and the Harpers harp no more."

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's story of "The Great K. and A. Train Robbery" was written during a trip across the continent, at the request of his companions. In four days, reading it aloud as fast as it was written, he finished the draft of the story as it now appears in the August "Lippincott's." He did not think of printing it, but his friends insisted upon preservng it as a souvenir of the trip, and so he finally submitted it to "Lippincott's Magazine," with the success which the story warrants.

"Field Flowers," which has lately been issued under the auspices of Mrs. Eugene Field and others, who are working in the interest of the Field Monument Fund, contains sixteen of the most delicately fanciful poems of Eugene Field. The poems have all been illustrated by artists who are friends of the poet. The price of the book is $1; and each copy is a certificate of subscription to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. A. P. Swift & Co., Chicago, are the publishers.

The strange nemesis of Guy Boothby's "A Bid for Fortune" figures again in "Dr. Nikola" (D. Appleton & Co.), an exciting story of the Orient. The indomitable Doctor sets out to penetrate into some of the most secret monasteries of China, where his detection would mean horrible torture and death, and pursuades an adventurous, hard-up young man to go with him. A certain order is reported to have found the secret of life and death, by which it can restore the dying and raise the dead, and Dr. Nikola determines to master this. By bribery, disguise, mesmerism, and daring the two Europeans finally gain entrance to this place and witness its miracles, escaping again with infinite peril, to be ever after menaced by the danger of assassination. The Doctor brings the sceret with him, and promises soon to give it to the whole world, though it is not surprising that the book closes before this takes place.

"Some Correspondence and Six Conversations" is the somewhat motley name of a little book published by Clyde Fitch (Stone & Kimball), the component parts of which have appeared during the past year in such periodicals as "Life" and the "Chap Book." They are full of clever touches, and of realistic details that rouse sudden little laughs of recognition, and are done in farce-comedy vein, even when the theme is a sad one. "The Six Conversations" irrisistibly suggests "The Dolly Dialogues," but it is time we gave up this cry of "cribbed from Anthony Hope," and recognized that Hope has founded a school of dialogue which may be followed as legitimately as a school of music or painting. It would naturally be preferable that each author should originate an absolutely new line for himself, but so long as this is manifestly impossible, he should be allowed to follow along any other man's line unchallenged so long as he gives his own individual conception of it. There is always the chance that it may lead him far beyond where the first man stopped. To have found the source of the Nile is still glorious, even though one was not the first to discover that there was such a river.

"The Babe, B. A.," is a sketch of life at Cambridge, by Edward F. Benson, of "Dodo" fame (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The Babe is an irrepressible young college boy, with an angelic face, and an amusing grievance against a world that refuses to take him seriously. He can't even get into serious trouble at college, though he does his unlimited best, for authorities dismiss him from their tribunals with the insulting remark that it's "only Babe." Of course, under all his boyish folly, he is a thoroughly good fellow ,and comes out very well in the end. The book is bright and amusing, though now and then it comes dangerously near the fatal reef which wrecks so many college stories,—known, for want of a better word, as "smartiness." It is the easiest quality to recognize, the hardest to define. It might be called the wit of dull people, did not the truly clever ones occasionally fall into it. "Freshman humor" might describe it to anyone who had ever had the glorious misfortune of being a Freshman, but that still leaves it undefined for the rest of the world. Call it a misconception of repartee, and if you would have an example, read almost any story in almost any college periodical.

"The Babe," is a pleasant addition to the long list of books on college life. During the last few years nearly all the big colleges have figured in fiction, but for vividness and true humor, untouched by a single "smarty" stroke, Jesse Lynch Williams' "Princeton Stories" still stand at the head. (For sale by Wm. Doxey.)

Chauncey Depew's Poker Story.

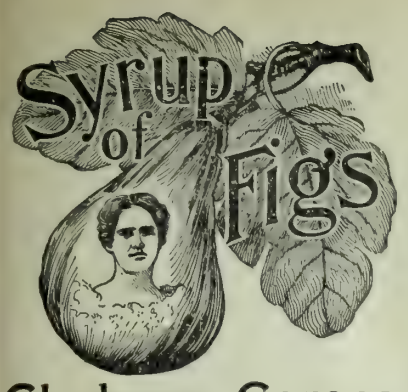
When Dr. Chauncey M. Depew was asked for a poker story some time ago he had no personal experiences, but raked out of his box of stories a tale that he sometimes tells over the dinner table.

The genial railroad magnate said he was in a small town in Massachusetts where a celebrated poker ring was operating. The central figure was an eccentric farmer nearly 90 years old, who had played poker since he could hold a card. He was extremely wealthy, but always refused to settle until the game was finished, when he would give checks for the amounts of his losses. The game had been in progress for several hours, and the old man had raked in a tremendous amount of cash.

An excitable young man about 20 years o'd was the victim of the evening. He had lost every cent he had in the world—some $300 which had all found its way to the old man's pocket.

Then the luck turned. He held four aces. The old man had four kings. The betting ran so high that the other players dropped out of the game. In less than ten minutes $1,500 was on the table. When the hands were shown the young fellow was jubilant, but the fates were against him.

The old man drew out his check book, called for a pen and some ink and then dropped dead. The young man's money paid for the funeral.



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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

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A NOTE FROM NEWPORT

Weddings and balls have done their best to enliven Newport of late, with a long array of dinners to back them up. On Wednesday Miss Edith Bishop and Mr. Moses Taylor were married against a background of pink hollyhocks in Old Trinity, which was packed to overflowing. The bride wore the plainest, severest kind of a white satin gown, which nevertheless shrieked Worth with every rustle. The sleeves were nearly tight, having only a scrap of a puff at the top, and a slight drapery of old point was the only trimming of the bodice. All over the gown, and reaching way down to the end of the train, fell the loveliest veil of point applique, fastened to her hair with diamond pins. The bridesmaids all wore white silk with blue girdles and stocks, and carried pink roses, while the ushers—but they always wear the same gray trousers and frock coats and pearl pins.

Then of course there is the other wedding, or have the dailies worn out everyone's patience on the subject? When two such fortunes as the Vanderbilts' and the Whitneys' come together, it must be regarded more or less as a national event. Everybody knows that Harry Payne Whitney has been wooing Gertrude Vanderbilt for herself, quite irrespective of her twenty-five millions, and you would think that the papers here had made the match themselves, they are so proud and pleased about it. While the small and quiet wedding was being prepared for, Mr. Whitney Sr. was more than busy engineering a mysterious project up in Berkshires. Having bought seven thousand acres back of Lenox, in the most beautiful district in New England, he put hundreds of men to work on it, and within a fortnight there has sprung up an ideal summer home for his new daughter-in-law. Miss Vanderbilt was in the plot, but it was kept a secret from young Mr. Whitney until the last minute. Of course, the house itself could not be finished in that time, so an "Adirondack camp" was put up for the honeymoon. Right in the woods a flooring was built, and on this were placed two tents—one for sleeping and the other for eating, everything being as simple and primitive as possible. If it rains or turns cold, a comfortable little farm house is all ready to gather the young couple in. Their own house will be a comfortable, colonial affair, not at all pretentious.

The two rival (or companion) balls at Wakehurst and Rockhurst were very magnificent affairs. Mr. Van Alen had put up an elaborate canvas ballrom in the sunken garden at the south end of his place, and the effect was lovely, though to tell the truth it felt just a little chilly to bare shoulders. The cotillion favors were collected by Mr. Van Alen while he was abroad, the most effective being little gold horseshoe pins, set with pearls, and white ribbon sashes with massive silver buckles.

Mr. Calvin S. Brice's Monday afternoon receptions grow more popular all the time, and the one at which the great and only Maggie Cline sang was simply jammed. Maggie was splendid in yellow satin, and sang "Throw him down, McCloskey!" so as bring down the house.

The committee in charge of the Golf Club created quite a sensation last week by suddenly marching off the famous French chefs, and establishing genuine old darkey cooks in their places. The chefs were all right in their way, but it was decided that if this was a country club, as it aimed to be, it should have country fare. Johnnycake is cutting out truffles and terrapin, while pate de foie gras sinks into insignificance beside the delights of succotash and Indian pudding. Of course, there are some decadent gourmands who murmur, not to say kick, at the change, but the majority are delighted. The old uncle in charge of the kitchen is in a state of bursting pride, and prophesies that before long the crowned heads of Europe will eat nothing that is not prepared by dusky hands.

From the present indications, we are going to look extremely queer this fall, and still queerer when the winter really sets in. The new skirts don't flare, and are almost skimpy. In back they are circular, somewhat like the old bell skirts, but the front and sides are hardly gored at all. Often, in a house gown, the front breadth is braided or corded, so that it looks like a panel, while the side breadths have the effect of wide box pleats. The silly little sleeves are very ugly, being an unwilling compromise between full and plain. Sometimes they wrinkle like mousquetaire gloves all the way up to the jerky little puff that thrusts itself out at the top, but more often they are plain, uncompromising, gawky. Of course, we will admire it in time, but after having had the freedom of our elbows for eight years, it is bitter to give it up.

SALLY ANDREWS.

LATE VERSE

The Death of Balen.

In a critique of Swinburne's "Tale of Balen," the "Saturday Review" compares Swinburne's setting of Mallory's "Morte D'Arthur" with that of Tennyson, to the disadvantage of the latter. The following passage, in which the dying Balen lies, waiting for death beside his dead brother, is pronounced altogether superior to the whole collective merits of Tennyson's "Idyll":

And there, low lying, as hour on hour
Fled, all his life in all its flower
Came back as in a sunlit shower
Of dreams, when sweet-souled sleep has power
On life less sweet and glad to be.
He drank the draught of life's first wine
Again: he saw the moorland shine,
The rioting rapids of the Tyne,
The woods, the cliffs, the sea.
The joy that lives at heart and home,
The joy to rest, the joy to roam,
The joy of crags and scaurs he clomb,
The rapture of the encountering foam,
Embraced and breasted of the boy;
The first good steed his knees bestrode,
The first wild sound of songs that flowed
Through ears that thrilled and heart that glowed,
Fulfilled his death with joy.
So dying not as a coward that dies
And dares not look in death's dim eyes
Straight as the stars on seas and skies
Whence moon and sun recoil and rise,
He looked on life and death and slept.

Whist.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came and with a mind unruffled
I only said, "I do not understand."
Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt;
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.
I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But yet I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get until the break of day.
—Ironquill.

Autumn.

Some things are good on autumn nights,
When with the storm the forest fights,
And in the room the heaped hearth lights
Old-fashioned press and rafter;
Plump chestnuts hissing in the heat,
A mug of cider, sharp and sweet,
And at your side a face petite
With lips of laughter.
And, tapping at the window pane,
Upon the roof the rolling rain,
The wind, that seems a witch's cane
That summons spells together;
A hand within your own awhile,
A mouth reflecting back your smile,
And eyes, two stars, whose beams exile
All thoughts of weather.
And, while the wind lulls, still to sit
And watch her fire-lit needles flit
A-knitting, and to feel her knit
Your very heartstrings in it;
Then, when the old clock ticks 'tis late,
To rise, and at the door to wait
Three words, or at the garden gate
A kissing minute.
—Madison Cawein, in the September "Century."

Beware the Rogue.

Deep in the shadow of her hazel eyes,
Waiting to capture men, Love lurking lies.
Her glances are the arrows of his bow,
Wherewith he lays unwary victims low;
And she, unused to Cupid's artful wiles,
Unconscious aids his purpose by her smiles,
And knows not, as her smiles and glances dart,
What anguish these may bring to many a heart.
Ah! hap'ess maiden, innocently gay,
No presage of the future breeds dismay;
She does not know how soon the treacherous guest
Will make her heart the haven of unrest.
Ungrateful Cupid! Soon from her he'll fly,
And seek a refuge in some lover's eye,
Then from that point of vantage, aim a dart
To pierce and agonize her maiden heart.
—Thomas Dunn English, in "Harper's."

Editorial Dignity Upheld. During a Salvation Army meeting conducted by General Booth in Melbourne, Australia, a reporter for one of the evening papers rose to leave the hall with his copy. "Brother," cried the General, "you will be d——d if you go now." "I shall be d——d by the sub-editor if I don't go," said the reporter, going. "But the Lord is greater than the sub-editor," called the General after him. "Th— sub-editor does not think so," said the reporter as he closed the door.

Putting the Boy to School.

When a Chinese gentleman wishes to place his little boy in a school it is, according to the Youth's Companion, a very formal affair. He is escorted to the reception-room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a water-pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher:

"What is your honorable name?"

'My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"What is your honorable kingdom?"

"The small petty district from which I come is the United States of America." This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" This means "How old are you?"

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honorable and great man of the household living?" He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How may precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business. "Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are made for his sleeping-room, and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave.

"I have tormented you exceedingly today," he says.

"Oh, no, I have dishonored you!"

As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

In Missouri.

Missouri was half under water, but business was business, so the traveler pushed ahead as best he could on horseback. Coming to a swollen river, he fastened his clothes to his horse, and side by side they swam across. On the other side the road forked, and not knowing which way to go, he looked around for a sign. There was none, but just across the river, near the spot he had entered to swim across, he saw a board nailed on a tree. There was nothing to do but get in and swim across again, as undoubtedly that was the sign containing the directions. This is what he read on the other side: "Five dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk."

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HER POINT OF VIEW

What a matter of fashion virtue and vice are! It is a little discouraging to find that time juggles with right and wrong as he does with sleeves and collars, and that, though you may deliberately set out to be bad in one generation, the next is very likely to look on your actions as both sensible and discreet; while the virtue of the past often appears uncommonly shady in the present. This was forcibly brought home to me the other day by a story I heard of a pretty young school-teacher who went to board in the house of one of her pupils. There was a small dance about to take place in the nighborhood, and the teacher was touching up her gown for the occasion when the little girl came into the room. "O, Mith Brown, are you going to the party?" she asked, evidently awe-struck. "Why, yes," answered Miss Brown. "And you're going to danth—danth all night?" "I dare say I am," trying not to laugh. There was a solemn pause. "Mith Brown, do you know what happenth to people who go to parties and danth all night? They don't even burn up—they juth thizzle and thizzle and thizzle!"

It is hard to realize that this was once an universal opinion, and that round dancing was not only bad form, but unmentionably wicked. And what a lot of innocent fun they missed, those evil-minded, suspicious and most respectable ancestors of ours. We have not the slightest hesitation in traversing the streets with little more than an aigrette and a bunch of violets on our heads. Yet not so very long ago no truly modest girl would have appeared in public without burying her face in a poke bonnet, with a lace veil draped across the front, and a little curtain hanging down behing. Even modesty, it seems, is a changeable quantity, and what we condemn as the sins against it today may be its accepted virtues to-morrow. Try as we will, we can't be absolutely good or absolutely bad. For our worst sins, our descendants may pat us on the back, and say we were ahead of our times. And in the future, for living up to what is now called high virtue, our grandchildren may "thizzle and thizzle and thizzle!"

* * *

Hitherto there have been two ways of meeting the horrors of dentistry—ether and grim endurance. Neither is pleasant, and many a brave man shows what an abject coward he can be when it comes to an appointment with the red velvet chair. Now a third method is coming into use, which promises to take all the terrors out of hammer and bore and pincers, and this is hypnotism. A Boston authority on dental science has mesmerized a number of patients, and says that in a few years the practice will be universal. All he does, apparently, is to keep repeating, "Sleep, sleep; you are resting; you are not suffering; you are not dreading it; you do not care for it; sleep, sleep!" and as long as this little crade song is kept up, the patient believes him, and lets him saw away without a murmur. When told to wake up, he comes to himself at once, perfectly well in mind and body. If further experiment proves this system entirely successful, what a revolution it will work in other directions. Every family will have its hynotizer, and the flesh need suffer no longer from its heritage of ills. Pain will be an unknown experience. The system could equally well be applied to mental suffering. By firmly telling the grief-stricken patient, "You know you're all right; you don't mind a bit. You'd really much rather not have a husband" (or a brother, or a fortune, as the case might be), you would quickly bring about a state of tranquil resignation, or even of enjoyment. No more anxiety, no more foolish lying awake over worries—what a paradise the world would be! To be sure, it might be the worse for our souls, if it is true that all well-endured suffering is spiritual gain. But perhaps that is a mere superstition, invented to comfort us for our inevitable woes. Character might not get so much development, but that wouldn't matter much in a world without pain. The millenium would indeed be here; but what an awful time we should have when the family hypnotizer was off on his vacation!

Ito, Sotomi & Co., the leading Japanese Curio dealers of this city, have succeeded the Japan Curio Trading Company. This combination means a great deal for the curio speculators of San Francisco, for the reason that they will now be in direct contact with the importers. The firm has the shrewdest buyers in Japan, who are constantly sending to this coast rare novelties. The firm has a retail store at 116 Sutter street, where many curios may be seen.

STORYETTES

Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, says that one of his friends lost a dearly beloved wife and in his sorrow caused these words to be inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes has gone out." The bereaved married within a year. Shortly afterwards the Bishop was walking through the graveyard with another gentleman. When they arrived at the tomb, the latter asked the Bishop what he would say of the present state of affairs in view of the words on the tombstone. "I think," said the Bishop, "the words 'But I have struck another match' should be added."

* * *

Paderewski had a long, hard struggle before the world found him out. At twenty-seven he was poor, ill, and in debt, when the Princess de Legin hired him to play for an entertainment. Every one was delighted, but even in those bitter days Paderewski would not stand any patronizing. He had walked to the house, and when the princess said, as he was about to leave: "You must allow me to send you home in my carriage," he replied: "Madame, my carriage is at the door." That night was the turning point in his career.

A Word to Those Desiring Rest.

For one desiring a pleasant outing at this time of the year the places along the line of the San Francisco and North Pacific Coast Railway offer special advantages. Along the route the weather is simply superb. The foliage, which in other parts of the State is entirely dried up, is just at present at the height of bloom. The streams, while not as large as they were a month ago, still offer good fishing and bathing.

The particular advantage of the places along this route is that they are all within easy reach of the city. One may take one of the fast trains of that line on a Saturday afternoon and within an hour he will be in the very heart of the California redwoods.

The return trains are arranged so as to bring the pleasure-seekers back to San Francisco early Monday morning.

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When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . . .

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FOR

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OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF OSCAR J. PETERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Oscar J. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 15, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm'r of the Estate of Oscar Peterson, deceased.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 12, 1896.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT. — BULLION Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of August, 1896, an assessment (No. 42) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 8th day of October, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF FRED LARSEN, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 21, 1896.

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STORIES OF THE DAY

J. E. Dodson, who takes the character parts in the Empire Theatre Company, says apropos of noses, in the Dramatic Mirror: "A few years since, before I had mastered the art of manufacturing olfactory organs, among the numerous substances for nose construction to which I gave a trial was flour—ordinary wheat flour. I was playing Tittums, the low comedy part in "The Steeplechase," and about half way through the farce I found that the part was going uproariously, not only with the audience, but with the people on the stage. They could scarcely give me my cues for explosive bursts of laughter, and I came to the conclusion that I must be in a particularly happy comedy vein. This went on till the end of the piece, and not even a remark from the gallery of "pipe his conk off." (which being freely rendered means "Look at his nose") awoke me to the fact that anything was wrong with that organ, though afterwards I recalled that I had an uncomfortable tendency to squint. But when the curtain came down, and the company, still bursting with laughter, at length ejaculated: "What's the matter with your nose?" I rushed to the dressing-room and found that it was swollen to a most abnormal size. I had used self-raising flour.

* * *

It was Jay Gould's love of a joke that once saved Calvin S. Brice from utter ruin. Brice was heavily involved after building the Nickel Plate road, and tried to persuade Vanderbilt, who owned a parallel road, to buy him out, but Vanderbilt refused. Brice then went to Gould with a beautiful scheme, and an offer of $500,000. Gould didn't care for the $500,000, but he was a jocose speculator, and a joke on Vanderbilt was not to be resisted. The next day the papers said that Gould was going to buy the Nickel Plate. Gou'd when questioned, looked wise. At the end of a week he meandered, snaillike, over the Nickel Plate in the rear end of an observation car, and had all the air of a man who was looking at a piece of property. Stories were wired about Gould's trip from every water tank and way station along the line, and before Gould had reached Chicago [illegible], in a fit of hysterics, wired Brice that he would take the Nickel Plate. A bargain was promptly struck and Brice was saved.

* * *

Mrs. Hetty Green has a vast impatience of legal red tape, and changes her lawyer as often and as easily as if he were a bonnet. After discharging a dozen or so in a certain case, she, in some mysterious way, secured a lawyer from Texas who was an unknown quantity. If he had ever appeared in the New York courts none of the counsel on the other side could place him. He was a big, sturdy-looking man, and he started in as if he meant business. Mrs. Green was jubilant over her find, and told the reporters all that she knew about him. She referred to him as her "Texas steer," and when the new lawyer read this in the papers the next morning, he was angry and disgusted. Like his predecessors he threw up the case. He left town, and Mrs. Green said that she never would find as good a fighter in her interests.

* * *

Russians are fond of telling the story of an answer given to the Emperor when His Majesty proposed to his future wife. "The Emperor, my father, has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart," was the Czarewitch's quaint way of putting it. "And my grandmother, the Queen," replied the lady, "has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand: your heart I will take myself." It is said on good authority that the Emperor is passionately devoted to his wife, and that she is equally fond of him.

* * *

Captain Middleton, a friend of the Prince of Wales, had a humorous little trick of seizing a man's dress coat by the tails and splitting it up the back. One night, seeing the Prince's secretary, Sir Francis Knollys, in a tempting fit of abstraction, he carried out this little pleasantry, tearing the coat to the very collar. There was a shout of laughter, in which Sir Francis joined as heartily as any one. "You take it coolly," said some one. "Well, you see," was the jovial answer, "I've got one of Middleton's coats."

* * *

The selection of Chicago as National Headquarters of the Democracy is due to the determination of Mrs. Bryan, and is against the wish of Chairman Jones, who desired to manage the campaign from Washington. He had been promised also the assistance of Senator Arthur P. Gorman, whom Mrs. Bryan distrusted, and would have none of. The Bryans believe Governor Altgeld the shrewdest politician in the country.

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(Signed) D. MATHIOT.

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 37 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

AT THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896

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"LET US HAVE AN OVER-PRODUCTION OF MONEY."

It is a matter of some wonderment that the free silver movement should find peculiar favor in farming communities. A gentleman from the interior attempts to explain the situation in this off-hand way. He says:

"The farmer knows that the value of his crop has depreciated, and that there is a marked diminution in the demand for farm products. He is told that over-production is responsible for his trouble. As everything seems to be suffering from the ills of over-production, he is now willing to try a little over-production of money, and see if this will not help matters."

Possibly this idea or something akin to it has taken up temporary lodging, not only with the farmer, but with many others, not farmers, who feel the pinch of the times.

"Let us have an over-production of money!"

There is a most inviting ring to that sentiment. More honest money would mean greater development. More honest money would mean less idle men. More honest money would mean lower rates of interest, and a consequent freer use of capital. The smokeless chimneys of the idle factories would again give forth the signs that tell of glowing fires of industry that burn below. The deserted shops, abandoned looms, and silent anvils, would again ring out the stirring anthem of prosperity. Enterprises now abandoned would take on new life.

Idle money is non-productive money. What does it matter if the wealthy owner of a silver mine is benefitted? He cannot lock his coin up forever in safe deposit vaults and prosper by the hiding of it. If he would take further advantage by its possession he must send it forth along all the avenues of trade and enterprise or suffer its ownership to become a burden and a care. To profit through the ownership of money, it must be put to a profitable use. With more money, every industry in the State would take on new life, latent resources would be developed, and great undertakings engage the attention of idle capital. The hungry man who solicits alms upon the street to-day would then have an opportunity to earn by honest toil the money that would satisfy his every want. The lean purse of poverty would fatten with the frugal savings of honest thrift. Want would give way to plenty, and misery make way for happiness.

"Let us have an over-production of money!"

The cheerless habitation to which the weary and disheartened unemployed goes home with disappointment written on his face, would then be bright and cheerful. The scanty meal that only mocks at hunger would then give way to steaming roast, and full, and plenty. The wife of Labor would be brighter and happier; the children better clad, better fed, and better housed. No longer would they feel the great oppression that comes with poverty and want; no longer would the family gatherings at night be marked by sighs and despondent misgivings. The soured and discontented man with despair written on his face and hatred in his soul, the man who is tempted to abnegate the holy teachings of his youth, and, cursing the flag and country of his birth, dreams of revolution and anarchy, would, by the magic touch of employment, be transformed into a loyal and contented citizen.

To the unfortunate assailed by poverty, to the man involved in debt, the cry "Let us have an over-production of money!" comes home with telling force. It is all radiant with hope, pregnant with promise, and offers safe and sure deliverance from the fast tightening clutches of increasing poverty. If he snatches eagerly at this poor straw, if he takes this glittering delusion to his despairing heart, believing it to mean salvation, one may not blame him. Certainly, one may not harshly blame him. He is not wise in the subtleties of finance; he cannot with easy facility penetrate the fraud and expose the fallacies of the man who apparently speaks with tongue of frankness and sincerity. He is simply obeying the immutable law of nature, and following where hope beckons to disaster. The hour of his awakening is the hour we dread. The advocates of silver are destroying every hope but that held out by their insane remedy. When that heartless instructor, bitter experience, shall have swept theories, fallacies and predictions to the wind, when he finds staring him in the face a naked and grinning something infinitely worse than the jade of want that now besets his way, who shall answer for his conduct then? Who curb or limit the frenzy of his madness, or mould the manner of his thinking along conservatives lines? He is being taught now to hate wealth, and to suspect the prosperous of conspiring to his ruin. When his hope in free silver is destroyed, he will be told that the powers of plutocracy have again achieved a victory, that the theories of Bryanism are living truths, but that the powers of wealth have obstructed their operation.

"Let us have an over-production of money!"

Yes, it does sound sweetly upon the ear. But what kind of money? And at what cost? If any man should come forward with a scheme for the alleviation of poverty that had for its basic principle the suspension of the law of gravitation, the shallowest mind would discover its absurdity, and it would fall of its own weight. There are laws of finance and laws of trade around which we cannot dodge, the operation of which we cannot avoid. Like the laws of nature, they are unwritten, and require no enacting clause to give them force and effect. No legislative body framed their provisions, yet they are more absolute and irrevocable than the most carefully devised statute law that ever left the hand of ingenious legislator. We cannot with safety ignore their existence, any more than we can defy the laws of nature and expect to survive. The danger of Bryanism lies in its utter disregard of every fundamental principle of finance and its uncompromising defiance of the primary laws that have governed the world ever since pelts and feathers were the common currency.

We need not run into an abstruse discussion of this subject. Already the question is littered with too much useless waste that is confounding rather than convincing. We are anxious to reach the eye and the understanding of the man who is looking for a plain unadorned statement of the case. In our endeavors to this end repetitions may occur, but in adhering to truth one must abjure fiction and cling meanwhile to the dull monotony that goes with truth.

The farmer is told by Mr. Bryan, Mr. Harvey, and every advocate of silver, that prices have not gone down, but that gold has gone up in value; that an increase in the value of gold has brought about a corresponding decrease in the value of farm products; and that therefore we must advocate the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, to change this condition and relieve this depression.

The advocates of McKinley declare that such a financial policy would drive gold from the market, leave us on a silver monometallic basis, and that our dollar would—like the dollar of every other silver country of the world—be worth only its face value, at present 53 cents.

To this, Bryan replies that we would have no such thing as a 53-cent dollar, but that silver would jump to $1.29. Let us quote a little from an article by Professor Laughlin, in the August "Review of Reviews." He says:

"In his speech of acceptance, Mr. Bryan emphasizes the effect of the gold standard in causing low prices and distress; hence it is urged that the free coinage of silver is advisable because silver is a standard lower down, nearer to goods than gold, and that it would bring higher prices. And yet, quite in the opposite vein, Mr. Bryan holds that free coinage of silver will cause such a demand for silver that it will be kept at par with gold (that is, will rise to $1.29 an ounce). In that case, of course, prices will still remain on the level of gold, up to which silver has been lifted. The irreconcilable inconsistency in these two grounds for urging free coinage of silver is fatal to the claims of the silver party. If free coinage of silver will raise the silver dollar to par with gold, then let it be heralded far and wide throughout the West that Mr. Bryan, in New York, has demonstrated that prices must still remain on the gold standard level. For, if silver is to be raised to par with gold, then the farmer will have to use the same number of bushels of wheat to pay his debt under the silver standard as under the gold standard, since both are held together. If Mr. Bryan is right in proving that silver will rise to par with gold, prices will remain on the gold level; consequently he is absolutely wrong in telling the farmer that prices will rise. Both of these things cannot by any possibility be true."

We have before demonstrated that gold would go out of circulation should we attempt free coinage. The Gresham Law of Finance would here come into operation. It is a law that is constant and unchangeable, based upon that characteristic of mankind that never fails of operation; to-wit, human selfishness, self-protection.

Do you ask what would result to us with this change of standard? Professor Laughlin vividly and truthfully sets forth what would be inevitable, and we commend its careful perusal to the man who cries, "Let us have an over-production of money!" He says:

"This change of standard cannot take place without disastrous results and a panic. Why should we expect a commercial panic to follow? The withdrawal of gold means a change of standard. Before silver could be raised to par, according to Mr. Bryan, a new demand must arise for silver, and a demand be taken away from gold. That is only another way of stating that we must go to a silver basis in order to create the demand which will raise the value of silver to par. In short, we must have the fearful cataclysm following a change of standard before Mr. Bryan can prove his theory right or wrong.

"The reasons why a panic must follow a change of standard are clear. Business men are selling goods on time, and discount their bills at banks. To pay wages in his factory to-day he gets the present worth from the banks of the debts due him for goods sold. These sales and discounts are made at prices determined by the existing gold standard. Suggest a lowering of 47 per cent. in the standard,—and imagine if you can the ensuing confusion. How can any kind of a business contract be made if it is not known within 47 per cent. what the value of the payment will be? No bank will loan the deposits left in their hands, or renew old loans, if there is fear that the repayment may vary by 47 per cent. And even before the change of standard could be enacted men would all wish to sell their securities and property for gold before the change to silver came about. If, then, every one is selling, and if the banks refuse to loan because of the uncertainty,—picture but faintly the consequent distress and failures. One house, unable to get loans to meet its maturing notes, fails; that brings down another house,—then all come crashing down in ruin. The horror passes all description: the hopes of a lifetime gone, homes sold, and beggary for wife and children. This would be the first effect of free coinage of silver; and already the faint possibility of it has forced down the prices of securities, in many cases, to a point as low as in the panic of 1893.

"The results of a panic will be reduced production, lessened demand, rigorous economy, diminished transactions, idle capital, idle labor, general prostration, and the heaping up in banks of unemployed money. Less money will be needed for the lessened business. The demand for silver will be less than the present demand for gold, as a first result of free coinage of silver."

This condition of affairs pictured by Professor Laughlin will inevitably follow in the train of successful Bryanism. Can the farmer and the laborer discover here anything that will tend to better his condition?

If free silver wins and increases the price of silver to $1.29 the farmer will take no profit from it, for values will remain just where they are to-day. Money will not be any more plentiful, for, according to the Examiner, there is not a stock of silver bullion anywhere in the world to be found that will increase our money supply ten per cent. Then where is the laborer or agriculturist to be benefited?

If free silver wins, and silver does not increase in value, then, manifestly, we will have a 53-cent dollar, and all the unhappy conditions set forth by Professor Laughlin will come to us. Wherein then will the farmer or laborer be benefited?

It is not an over-production of money that is needed in America; it is an over-production of common sense. We need a return of confidence more than anything else just now. There is money enough in America,—money to spare, but it is securely guarded in steel vaults, and Fear shoots the bolt that locks it away from the avenues of industry. Fear has gathered it in from general circulation; Fear hesitates to let it go forth, and Fear will hold it tight within its grasp until the American people with decisive voice demonstrate that they are not to be deluded by the fripperies of a tinselled financial policy. Restore confidence, and we will restore to trade and industry the funds necessary to inaugurate a new era of prosperity.

THE PALMER TICKET.

The Indianapolis Convention was one of the most respectable and dignified of the political bodies which have met this year, and we feel warranted in saying that never in this country, or in any other, has there been held a political convention its superior in tone and spirit. It was composed of men who place principle before party, their country before desire for office, and such men are always distinguished, we regret to say, even in the United States.

When it became evident that the Altgelds and the Tillmans had captured the Democratic party, the Wave de-

clared that a real Democratic ticket was necessary to keep the party from utter destruction. That opinion we still maintain. If there is to be a Democratic party in the future, it must be a party of national honor. The Populists cannot succeed to the traditions and glorious history of the Democratic party. There is nothing in common between the visionary and dishonest notions of the Populists and the patriotic sentiments and practical ideas of Jeffersonian Democrats.

Populism is not Democracy. This all men of insight must realize. If the party now calling itself the Democratic party ever again wishes recognition as the lineal descendant of the party founded by Jefferson, strengthened by Jackson, revived by Tilden and Cleveland, it must blot out of its record the Chicago Convention and return to the principles of the Indianapolis platform. To adhere to the Chicago platform means absorption by the Populists.

The Indianapolis Convention insures the defeat of Bryan. Perhaps it was not necessary to do this, as the Bryan chances have been shooting the quick chute into oblivion for a month past. But whatever Bryan's chances were, they are no more. With General Palmer as the sound money candidate for President, the State of Illinois is surely against Altgeld and Bryan.

When this campaign has gone into history as the most foolish and fatal that the Democrats ever conducted, there will again come to the sane leaders of the Democracy the power to keep their followers within the bounds of respectability and honesty. The men who now are gold men will resume control of the Democratic party, Populism will be disgraced and without repute, and there will be no longer need for such a party as the National Democracy. The present bolters will not be welcomed back to the Democracy, the welcoming will be done by the bolters, for the prodigals are those who follow Bryan, not those who make up the Palmer army.

General Palmer is a rugged leader of men. He does not have to argue and compel by reason to bring men to his side. Commanding in presence, strong in voice and magnetic in manner, he has from boyhood been one of the leading figures of his State. Lincoln was his friend; they sat together in the great Bloomington Convention where the Republican party was born in Illinois. General Baker and General Palmer were rivals at the bar and took to the field of war, after years of separation, to fight for their flag, the one to die a glorious death at Ball's Bluff, the other to live to become Governor of his State and Senator of the United States. Lyman Trumbull and John M. Palmer fought the good fight against slavery together, and when the Republican policy of reconstruction became intolerable they stepped into the Democratic party. Trumbull grew more radical as age came on, dying a few days since as a Populist, while Palmer, who at one time allowed himself to flirt a bit with the greenbackers, refused to pledge himself for free silver when offered the senatorship as a reward. His last election depended on the votes of two Farmers' Alliance men in the Illinois Legislature. Palmer had the solid Democratic vote. These farmers called Palmer before them and offered their votes if he would pledge himself to silver. He refused, saying that he had rather lose the senatorship than give such a pledge. His manliness so commended itself to these Populists that they voted for him without the pledge, and so he was elected. He will carry county after county in Illinois, dividing the Democratic vote. Across the State line in Indiana he is almost as popular as in his own State. In Kentucky he has as running mate the most picturesque blue-grass Confederate, the much beloved Buckner, and together there is little doubt but that they will save Kentucky to the Democracy of honor.

The gold Democrats of California are deprived by our ballot law of the opportunity to vote for this ticket, but they will no doubt make a campaign of enthusiastic and much needed education along lines that must commend themselves to the decent and the thoughtful. A Palmer Democrat is a worthy American—he has courage, candor, common sense and patriotism.

SENATORIAL SELECTION.

During the week an evening paper published a lengthy article condemning corruption in the election of United States Senators. Too much cannot be said upon this subject, for such things make toward the destruction of our Republic and mock at the pretense of honesty in elections. No surprise should be expressed at the almost universal demand for the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people, when one comes to consider the methods employed by the Boss in the interest of wealthy candidates for the Senate. The Boss has long had a place in our politics, and it has ever been his custom to look forward to the senatorial year as one of fat harvests and rich rewards. His prey has been the man of wealth, who, tired for a while of massing further fortunes, or possibly for the purpose of furthering his ends, desires senatorial honors, and is willing to pay for them. Why should he not represent the commonwealth in the Congress of the United States? Other rich men have before aspired to that exalted place. What matters it if he is without experience in public affairs? He is willing to learn his duties, at the time when he should be most familiar with them, while occupying his seat as a Senator in Congress.

The man of wealth in this frame of mind falls a ready victim to the Boss. We have no objection to the rich serving the people in a senatorial capacity, but we do object to the methods generally accredited to them to reach that end. The political Boss has carefully cultivated the notion that he and his methods offer the only safe and speedy means of securing a seat in the Senate. He is the advocate of corruption, and leads his victim by easy stages to a point where he is willing to be robbed. Happily, we are getting along to a place now where ex-Bosses freely admit in the public prints that "one man power has had its day in politics." It is but a short step now to the place where the Boss, as we have known him, will figure only in history. New methods will obtain, and contests for senatorship will be transferred from secluded corners in the lobbies of the State Capitol, if not direct to the people, at least to their local political organizations. This will mean much for decency and for honesty.

The successful canvass of the State made by Senator Perkins two years ago marked the first inroad made upon the prerogatives of the Boss in senatorial elections. That the Boss was alarmed at this innovation is putting the matter mildly, and that he now objects to it goes without saying. In striking contrast to the situation described in the editorial in question, was Senator Perkins' canvass. Possibly he had a Boss working for him, but if so his movements were accomplished with so much secrecy that his name, genealogy and environments have never been discovered. As we recollect it, Senator Perkins, instead of resorting to the ancient and ignoble practice of the past, took the wishes of the people into consideration and submitted to them his claim for preferment. He stood willing to have them express their wishes in the matter through their regularly chosen delegates. Being a man of unimpeachable integrity it was but natural that a large number of legislative candidates were instructed by their constituencies to cast their votes for Mr. Perkins. These instructions were all given before election day, and the California voter for the first time in history had a knowledge that his voice would be heard in the selection of a United States Senator. Unless we are mistaken, most of the legislative candidates so instructed were successful at the polls. There is honor and credit to such a campaign. We are not in Mr. Perkins' confidence, but if we attach any importance to the commotion now being made by some of the Bosses and political manipulators, we may conclude that he is again submitting his cause to the people, and probably with signal success, or else such protests would not have been uttered. It is reasonable to presume that if the Perkins plan of soliciting an expression of opinion from the people is meeting with the opposition of the Bosses that Mr. Perkins will not appeal in vain to the source of all power. In the absence of a law authorizing the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people, no better method than that pursued by that gentleman can be found to register the wishes of the people in the matter of selecting Senators than to have the County Conventions express a preference. If any proof was needed on this point, it is evidenced by the fact that no Boss or political manipulator has been heard to raise his voice in behalf of such a plan. They are all against it, and with good reason.

PAMPHLETEERING REVIVED.

The day of pamphlets is returning. The pamphlet is the most influential factor to-day in American politics. The present campaign is the outgrowth of pamphleteering, and is largely conducted by means of the small printed tract. The carrying over of the Democratic party to free silver was but the result of a pamphlet campaign made among the farmers and laboring men. Being unable to bring to the support of their unhappy cause the influential journals of the nation, the free silver men were forced to resort to this old-time method of agitation, and by their success have demonstrated that the pamphlet is as efficient a weapon to-day as ever it was in the days of Junius or Steele. Notwithstanding the desertion of all their leading papers in the Eastern and Middle States, the Democratic managers appear not in the least discomfited, but perfectly willing to make their arguments through this extraordinary channel, the political tract. Had there been such a newspaper bolt at the time of Mr. Cleveland's first candidacy, it would have appeared fatal to his chances of election. The newspaper was then considered the greatest instrumentality for catching votes, but now it is seen that campaigns can be conducted without newspapers, and the people are willing to read and ready to believe without the endorsement of a newspaper headline.

The newspapers are to blame for this state of affairs. They have not been jealous of their honor or careful of their character, and the confidence of the people in them has been unduly shaken. When a real crisis, like the present, is at hand, they fail to carry the weight and influence of long ago. A statement of fact made now in many of our newspapers at once becomes the subject of suspicion. Men of ordinary intelligence are more apt to believe the gossip of the street or of the club than they are the gossip of the newspapers. The news page and the editorial page have of late become discredited. Business men who are given the option of having their matter published in the editorial columns or in the news columns, prefer the latter because they are read by more and are quite as influential. Having lost character and responsibility, the modern American newspaper has lost its capacity to influence the minds of its public through its editorial expression. Generally speaking, whatever it says in a political campaign is presumed to be the result of cowardice or corruption—either the paper is afraid to do otherwise than follow the party programme, or it is bought directly. It is at a time like this that such a feeling of suspicion takes on the shape of a public misfortune. With a knowledge of this broadcast lack of confidence in the press it is no wonder that the political managers, on both sides, have taken to the pamphlet. They have found that the anonymous little flyer is a better educator than the ordinary daily newspaper column, for it is allowed to speak for itself. The facts and arguments it presents are not handicapped by the partisanship and unreliability of the newspapers.

A century or less ago, the pamphlet was the greatest means of popular agitation available. With the improvements in the art of printing and the development of the newspaper business, the daily paper drove the pamphlet out of the field, but the journal of that day was one of principle and of candor, a paper of independence and honor, not terrorized by its subscription list, and free from the domination of its advertisers. If its editor spoke, the people, knowing this fact, believed in it. Now, however, we are forced to return to the pamphlet because men have lost confidence in those who should be their guides and their teachers.

THE NEW IRISH LAND ACT.

The passage of the new Irish Land Act represents a greater triumph of diplomacy than the world at large realizes. To make a busy government find time to discuss a complicated and technical bill of over fifty clauses, put it through the House of Lords, secure for it the royal assent, and advance it to the statute-book — this took every atom of Mr. Balfour's power and influence. The fact that it was an Irish question doubled the difficulties in a Parliament whose chief interest is centered on British affairs. That Mr. Balfour, the Tory Chief Secretary, should have made an earnest and unprejudiced study of the Liberal Land Bill of 1895, frankly accepting its good points, showed a broad-mindedness that inclined both sides to give his bill a fair hearing. Of course, he has had to meet bitter opposition, and the new act has been stigmatized as a sham and a fraud, satisfactory to no one, but if its detractors had studied the matter as Mr. Balfour has, they would not have been so anxious to see it destroyed.

The first advantage of the bill is that, in the case of nearly four hundred thousand tenants whose rents have been already fixed (numbering fully three-fourths of the Irish farmers), it forbids legal attack on their status when they seek a second judicial term. That alone would have been a great deal to accomplish, for it saves the immense body of the tenantry from the extortions of lawyers and burdensome bills of costs. Next in importance comes the provision which extends from £50 to £100 valuation the right of the holders of pasture farms to claim a fair rent, a measure which will directly benefit over four thousand men. The technicalities which made entrance to the Land Court so difficult are done away with. Tenants of "Demesne Lands," "Town Parks," "Dairy Farms," and "Mill Holdings," have had their rights made clear: the provision that excluded "joint tenants" and "tenants in common" from the Land Act of 1881, unless all agreed to enter court, is abolished, together with certain sub-letting disqualifications: tenants of an estate that is "in settlement" are no longer excluded from the Land Court.

One of the minor improvements takes away from landlords the power of fixing the "tenant-right" wherever a "fair rent" is sought. Another allows leaseholders to apply at any time for the conversion of their leaseholds into judicial tenancies. The landlord's power to bring ejectments is restricted, and he is obliged, on appeals, to notify the tenant of any objection to his status. Moreover, in future, a privilege given a tenant by his landlord will become a right, unless the landlord chooses to cut off a proportionate amount from the rent. The buying of land is made easier by extending the time for the repayment of installments from forty-nine years to over seventy: and various other improvements have been introduced in the "purchase" clauses. Lastly, additional powers have been given to the Congested Districts Board, and in certain cases the Land Commission will be allowed to arbitrate between evicted tenants and landlords, with a view to adjusting an irritating and dangerous question.

It is possible that the passage of this act may work a certain change of base for the Tory party in regard to Ireland. The disaffection of landlords will be more than made up for by the approval of a much larger class who look only to the good of Ireland. The Protestant farmers of Ulster have had keen eyes fixed on their landlords for some time, and their support would be well worth having. The effect of the bill can as yet only be guessed at, but, before the next Parliament assembles, its influence will be clearly seen.

CIRCUS SCENES

The "Mammoth Aggregation" on an Opening Day.

"You may go in," said the man who guarded the entrance to the circus grounds, "but"—this he added with great cheerfulness, "you will probably get hit in the head by a piece of timber or something."

After all there was nothing much to see. There was a huge tent swelling in the breeze, a long string of closed cages, a body of quiet workmen building seats and the three rings—nothing more except two or three quietly dressed women and half a dozen men who sat about on wagon-tongues, camp chairs and boxes and talked a little in a disjointed early-family-breakfast fashion. The heart of the circus was evidently not here, so we took the advice of the press agent—a courteous, pleasant boy—and went off in search of the stables and the laborer's cook-tent. Pushing through the crowd that swarmed about the rear entrance to the grounds, we followed Mission street east until we reached the lot which is our Postoffice site. There we encountered another crowd and a big negro, swollen with importance, who wore a medal on his breast, inscribed with "Say, give me a dollar," and a very incongruous air of condescension and dignity. After honoring us with considerably more attention than the permit, which I think he only pretended to read, he let us in the enclosure with a magnificent wave of the hand and a thunderous Jove-like look and bellow at the small perspiring boys who blocked the way.

As the gate closed behind us and the country odors of hay and camp-fire filled my nostrils the old primeval nomadic instinct of man stirred in me, as in a sleeping dreaming animal stirs: with memories of hay-fields sending up their fresh fragrance to the stars and visions of woods and streams; of waking in the night to hear the soft munching cropping sounds of browsing horses and the muffled chirp of drowsy birds. Why lay this gipsy freedom down, oh, my wandering friends, to become a part of an army cast down here in a sandy, arid spot in a big city with the eternal rattle of wheels and cable-cars and the thousand jarring sounds of civilization in your ears? Would you not be happier wandering—a part of some much less august caravan—through Eastern villages, pitching your tents under wide-spreading elms where the rustle of leaves and the ripple of water could reach you? One could understand the charm of such a life. It is so that we like to think of you, as gipsies, something free, irresponsible and wild, not as mountebanks living in squalor, misery and towns. For you are birds of passage, you come to us in the summer and in the winter you are gone,—we know not where,—like the swallows and the green leaves. Small wonder then that we weave romance about you, and that to children you are shrouded in mystery and possess a dear charm which even years and ill-health can never wholly dispel. But this! What is there is this life to win you as it does? Those of you whom the public sees pass most of your time "on the grounds" or in the narrow sleepers of your train. A few go to hotels. In cities you eat at restaurants; in small towns in your dining tent, which is generally pitched in some blank, treeless space near the big circus-tent with its crowds of two and four-legged animals and its large assortment of smells.

The laborers, those who pitch the tents, groom the horses, feed the animals, etc., have a separate dining-tent. In this city, owing to the small size of the main grounds, they, the horses and the elephants were lodged, as I stated before, on a vacant lot. They have most of the hard work, considerable danger and no glory, and yet they, too, seem to like the life, while the darkies (there are about twenty-five in Messrs. Sells and Forepaugh's combination) fairly exuded contentment. The two head-cooks, big, fine-looking fellows, were the pictures of satisfaction as they ordered the waiter-boys around and bent over their rude stoves (one of which was a sheet of iron with eight holes or eyes in it, supported over a rousing wood fire.) They were surrounded by vegetables, rounds of beef and elephants when I saw them, and by a quirk of the mind those historic words of Nelson's, uttered in the thick of a fight, floated through my brain. "It's warm work," he said, "and this may be the last to any of us at any time, but believe me I wouldn't be elsewhere for thousands." That expresses what these circus people feel I thought to myself, as I hastily retreated from a shrieking elephant and found comparative safety at the heels of a horse.

This was a position more easily obtained than avoided, for preparations were on foot for the morning parade, and the horses, nearly 300 in number, were marching out of

THE PERFORMING DOGS

their long canvas stables (which formed three sides of a hollow square) by twos and fours. Big, well-groomed, fat creatures, generally plebian but good to look at nevertheless. Eight of the heaviest, broad through the chest and rump, took their places in front of the steam calliope; eight others swung on to the band wagon, their harness jingling rythmically as they threaded their way through the crowd with long springy elastic strides. Everybody was doing something, from the smallest stable boy up to the big elephant, who, on being bidden, walked sedately across the lot and moved a heavy wagon out of the line of march by pressing his head and trunk against it. Looking down the long tent stables two or three men

DRIVING A STAKE

could be seen in as many stages of undress. One was shaving, another was changing his shirt. As he ducked his head through the neck opening, the broad bare back gleamed as if wet. He evidently had not patronized one of the six long towels which hung near by. A great many of the glittering heroes who figure in the parade dressed, without undressing, on top of their turnouts, with their reins in one hand and their ornamental pair of trousers in the other, but the riders, the clowns and other really high lights came from the dressing tents a block away in full costume. Some were ahead of and a few behind time, but there was no confusion or anything which bore even the faintest resemblance to swearing, except an occasional ferocious remark from a beautiful tiger who had not yet been sent to the circus tent. The horses, as well as the men, waited patiently for the word to move on; two of the little Shetland ponies even went so far as to lie carefully down in their harness and take a nap. Finally, about eleven, all was ready, the elephants lumbered ponderously out of the enclosure, their chains clanking. The wagons with their barbaric ornaments fell in line, interspersed by riders who straightened themselves as they passed out the gate and assumed an air of ease and indifference. The negroes who fed the steam calliope sprang to their places, after giving a final rub to the boiler which shone like their black faces. A clown rushed by with a yell. Helter-skelter he went, in his little cart, upsetting a sack of barley here, bumping against a rider there, and all unrebuked, for his ring manners and his privileges seemed to descend upon him with his parti-colored clothes and his cap and bells. A boy who had been harnessing four pretty little bays to a springless chariot surrendered them now to a girl in a flowing plush robe.

"She's only been driving them two weeks," he said, as the horses plunged off. "I guess she'll be pretty well shaken up to-day. I was when I drove them in from the station this morning—you have such rough streets."

Poor fellow he had not had the chariot-girl's air cushion to lessen the jolts or her elegant long plush train and her admiring spectators to support and comfort him, for it was four in the morning when he took his drive; it was dark and everybody was sleepy, and not a few were cross, for who would like to rise before dawn and work hard all day arranging a place for some one else to "show off" in?

But even the "artists" don't have a very easy life. They breakfast at seven, join the parade at 10:30, give an afternoon and an evening performance daily, and (if of the weaker sex) make many their own clothes. That some of the women find time also to do fancy work was testified by the lace handkerchief which was laid in my hands as I stood that night in the women's dressing-room. It was as delicately scented as a grande dame's garments—those snowy garments which lie between silken sachets in the wide drawers of her stately chiffonieres. Yet it came out of a crowded trunk, cast down with thirty others in a little enclosure not more than ten by eighteen feet. It seems that the part of circus life which the women dislike most is not the work or the danger, but these cramped dirty dressing rooms, and, as I glanced

WAITING FOR THE BELL

BEHIND THE SCENES

around me, I was not surprised that it should be so. Underfoot was dirt and unevenness, overhead a flapping canvas. Trunks, gaudy clothes and half-naked women were everywhere. In the centre of the room a supple, comely leg flashed into view for an instant, as its owner smoothed out a wrinkle in her tights. One girl was struggling into a pair of satin small clothes; another's round, white body, stripped to the waist, stood out against the dingy canvas with startling distinctness, as she unfastened a refractory shirt which had caught in her fluffy jewelled head. In the midst of this motely crowd, but seeming a little out of it by reason of her stillness and abstraction, a tired girl leaned her grey silent face against a beam and waited with a far-away look in her eyes—a strange contrast to the rush and color about her.

"What's the matter? Oh, she's been feeling bad for a day or two," said the head of the dressing-room. "Will she go on to-night? Why, of course."

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Professor Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, who is in charge of the excavations at the site of the ancient mound at Niphur, has made a wonderful discovery of written tablets, which carry back the history of the world 2250 years further than any records ever before located. It seems that the Professor's predecessor, Dr. Peters, had worked down to a certain floor or platform, which he and others had taken to be the ground level of the ancient city. One of the party suggested that this level should be penetrated and the digging continued until rock or virgin soil should be reached. The suggestion was adopted, and, to the delight of all concerned, it was found what was supposed to be the level of the ancient city was only the level of a comparatively modern city built over the ruins of an older one or a succession of older ones. Twenty-three feet below the platform, Professor Haines came upon the most ancient keystone arch known, an arch which, Professor Hilprecht thinks, cannot be later that 5000 B. C. The most valuable finds were the inscriptions upon the broken vases, bricks and tablets. From these it is confidently predicted by Professor Hilprecht that a continuous history of Babylonism will be written.

F. R. Burnham, the famous American scout, who killed Mlimo, the prophet of the Matebeles, is the hero of seven campaigns in Africa, and is probably the best-known scout in Africa. He is one of the three survivors of the party of thirty-eight picked men who, under Major Wilson, advanced across the Shangani river in pursuit of Lo Bengula in December, 1893. The main body, under Major Forbes, were on the other side of the river, and when the patrol party found themselves surrounded by thousands of Lo Bengula's warriors Burnham and two others volunteered to make a dash through the enemy in the hope of reaching Forbes and telling him the situation. Although volley after volley was fired upon them, they forced their way through the bush, reached the river, and crossed it with difficulty, only to find that Forbes himself was sorely pressed. The river meanwhile had risen so rapidly that it could not be crossed, and Wilson and his men were left to make the famous last stand, when all perished while singing together "God Save the Queen."

The cause of the pleasure arising from riding a bicycle is discussed in the French "Revue Scientifique" by M. Charles du Pasquier. He rejects the opinion of another man of science, Monsieur Tissie, who thinks the pleasure of wheeling comes from the "numerous associations of ideas corresponding to the various attitudes assumed in the effort to keep one's balance," and asserts, on the contrary, that the pleasure is due to the absence of variety in the motions and attitudes of the rider. The latter feels himself moving swiftly and easily by means of a simple and uniform effort of his muscles, and hence his pleasure. But according to Monsieur Pasquier, the monotony of the movement, while it tends to quiet the nerves and exalt the sensibilities, may, if the exercise is carried too far, result in injury, by reducing the nervous activities of the rider to a minimum. He asserts that overindulgence tends to narrow the activity of the mind.

The Canadians of the Pacific region are at last awake to the evils of insufficiently restricted Chinese immigration. A petition for further restriction, signed by more than ten thousand residents of British Columbia, is to be sent to the Federal Government in Ottawa. Every additional bar put up by Canada on the Pacific Coast will make easier the enforcement of the restriction laws on this side of the border.

FATHER CONRARDI AND THE KANAKA LEPER CHILDREN

FATHER CONRARDI

A Priest Among the Lepers on the Island of Molokai.

"Wet not thy burning lips
In streams that to a human dwelling glide,
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide.
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink.

"And pass thou not between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen:
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain."

So runs the leper's doom, in Nathaniel Parker Willis' poem. Its mournful "Room for the leper! Room!" ran persistently through my head as Father Conrardi talked of his life on the island of Molokai. He went there eight years ago to take up the work that that was falling from Father Damien's crippled hands, and for seven years has

FATHER CONRARDI

done his work alone. Everybody remembers Father Damien's long years of labor and the fierce attack on his character that was made by a contemptible Protestant minister. Stevenson never wrote anything greater than his answer to this attack, and there was very little left of the minister by the time the writer of Samoa had finished with him. Stevenson told his wife that that was the only time in his life he had felt actual pleasure in taking up his pen to deliberately injure another man. Father Conrardi spoke of this affair very temperately:

"It all came from jealous anger," he said. "Great as Father Damien's work was, he was praised too much given the credit of things that others had done. The government spent eighty thousand dollars on the lepers, and even this was credited to Father Damien by his admirers. The Protestant missionaries could not forgive this. It was just jealousy."

Father Courardi was born in Belgium, and his English, though pure and correct, has a slightly foreign accent. His face is clearly cut, and must have been very handsome when he was younger, though now it is half hidden by a dark beard, and there is a worn look about his eyes, which he has a trick of closing as he talks. He is an earnest, broad-minded man, thoroughly Catholic in spirit, simple and natural in manner, and utterly without egotism or personal vanity. His entire life has been one of self-denial and hardship, and yet, to quote his own words, "It has not been half long enough for all I want to do. I wish I were a man of thirty, to have twenty good, strong, active years still before me."

"Tell me about your work at Molokai," I said. "Did you go there just in the character of a priest?"

"That is the way the Board of Health would have us go—just as priests," he answered. "They do not like it when we visit the sick to nurse and care for them. But what could I do? They were men suffering alone, dying alone. How could I keep away? I am a man as well as a priest, and as a man I had to help them. The government builds them cottages and supports them, but it does not go to them in the night when they need help, and it resents our doing it."

"Are the lepers very unhappy," I asked.

"Why no, not as a rule," he answered. "The disease is not a painful one, and it dulls their sensibilities. Then most of them are Kanakas, and a Kanaka is always perfectly happy if he can live in idleness. Two-thirds of them would be genuinely sorry if they were cured and had to go away and earn their own living. They used to allow the husbands and wives of lepers to come with them and stay while they lived, and do you know, as soon as they died, these well men and women would marry other lepers, so as not to be sent away. No, they are not unhappy."

"But when they first come, isn't it dreadful for them?

"At the very first, they may feel badly, and when they are children they are frightened and lonely, but I comfort them all I can. I take them up in my arms—just little fellows, you know—and I put their heads on my shoulder, and talk to them, and they soon stop. I make friends with them, and they are very grateful for anything I do. When I came away, nine hundred joined in petitioning me to stay." He told this as a favor to be grateful for rather than as an honor to be proud of.

"Do they never commit suicide?" I asked, inwardly wondering what this priest would think of Dr. Wendte's theory.

"Almost never. Two have taken poison, but they had just come. Most of them are well content to live out their lives. They cook and take care of their cottages and do a little planting and digging, though the soil is very thin, and often many seeds must be put in the ground before one comes up. Then they have Bible classes and singing clubs and a hall to meet in. They are vastly better off than the lepers of Canton, for instance. Those have $3 a year—no more—given them to live on, and horrible little huts without a single window, with four or five people eating and sleeping in one room. Oh, it is vile, and nobody does anything for them. I would have stayed there and worked, but it would have injured my order."

"But why?" I asked in some wonder.

"It is the Chinese belief that leprosy is a curse from God," he said, with a tolerant smile for heathen superstitions. "If I should go among them, they would think I had committed crimes so horrible that this was the only way of expiation, and so I should have no influence, and my order would get a bad name. I have worked as a missionary in India, and I spent years with the American Indians." And Father Courardi shook his head, as though Molokai were far the lesser evil.

"Were there any whites among the lepers?" I asked presently when we had come back from an interesting digression on Protestant and Catholic missionaries.

"Yes, about fifteen, and two of them were women. One had been a nurse at the pest house here in San Francisco, and at first she utterly denied having it, but it was proved by running pins into her back. She would not feel them at all. Leprosy generally shows first in the eyebrows and lips and hands. A boy of ten will have the face of a man of seventy, when the disease has progressed."

"Are they nearly all Catholics?"

"There are Calvinists and Mormons, too. The Mormons keep their religion chiefly so that they may have two or three wives. In fact, the morals—well, we do what we can, but it is not much, and the Missionary Board does not care about that, though it is very strict about their keeping Sunday. It prohibits music and singing, and when one Sunday night a little boy was heard banging on a tin can—Oh, that was horrible! They could not be shocked enough. We Catholics do not believe that Sunday should be a day of long faces.

FATHER DAMIEN
FROM A VERY OLD PHOTOGRAPH

We tell our people they must go to mass once, and then they may go out into the fresh air and enjoy themselves all they can. With us it is a day of vacation."

I agreed with him so heartily that we again branched off into a theological byway, and then my time was up. My last question was whether he had no fear of catching the disease himself. His face was serenity itself as he answered:

"No, not at all. It is not contagious; one cannot tell how or why it comes. I cannot say I haven't it, for it does not show for five or six years, and so some day my hands——" he crooked his fingers strangely, as perhaps the lepers do, and looked down at them with tranquil interest; then he smiled at me, and there was something almost saintlike in his expression. "No, I am not afraid," he repeated.

J. W. T.

The use of hypnotic suggestion in dentistry is increasing. It is superior to gas and more effective than cocaine. A prominent dentist, Dr. Fillebrown, says: "I prophecy that in a few years every man who practices dentistry scientifically will have his practice controlled by the principle of hypnotic suggestion. It has been urged as an insuperable obstacle to the success of hypnotism in dental operation that the constant cutting in the most sensitive portion of our anatomy, the dentine, would arouse the patient, no matter how thoroughly hypnotized. This, however, is overcome by uninterrupted suggestion."

M. SELIGSON,
California Parlor, No. 1.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM,
Pacific Parlor, No. 10.

J. J. SWEENEY,
Golden Gate Parlor, No. 29.

F. C. GERDES,
Mission Parlor, No. 38.

H. M. LOCKE,
San Francisco Parlor, No. 49.

MELVILLE H. BAKER,
El Dorado Parlor, No. 52.

ROBERT WILSON,
Rincon Parlor, No. 72.

R. R. MARTIN,
Stanford Parlor, No. 76.

J. F. McGLYNN,
Yerba Buena Parlor, No. 84.

JULIUS GABRIEL,
Bay City Parlor, No. 104.

FINLAY COOK,
Niantic Parlor, No. 105.

D. E. MURDEN,
National Parlor, No. 118.

E. V. LONG,
Columbia Parlor, No. 121.

S. S. FOSTER,
Hesperian Parlor, No. 137.

ALEX DIJEAU,
Alcatraz Parlor, No. 145.

M. SQUIRES,
South San Francisco Parlor, No. 157.

A. H. PAPE,
Sequoia Parlor, No. 160.

JOHN J. FLYNN,
Precita Parlor, No. 187.

J. T. COSGROVE,
Olympus Parlor, No. 189.

WM. MOOSER, JR.,
Presidio Parlor, No. 194.

PRESIDENTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PARLORS, NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

Photos by Marceau and Thors

LI HUNG CHANG AT HOME

Domiciled in An Adobe Palace Set in a Big Barracks.

The starring tour of Li Hung Chang is almost ended. After the plaudits of Europe have come the bravos of America. Both hemispheres have united in honoring this yellow-jacketed, peacock-feathered Celestial, who travels the world with a retinue of sixty and a coffin. It is a great reception he has had—we could have done nothing more for the Prince of Wales The sensation which Irving or Bernhardt evoke are insignificant beside the excitement which the Viceroy of Pi-chi-Li has inspired. Considering the honors, the salutes, the cheers, the presidential handshake, the national honors, who would ever imagine that a Geary law bars the Golden Gate against the Viceroy's countrymen, or that anti-Chinese oratory had ever been a feature of American politics.

The estimates of Li Hung Chang current in journalism are mere birds-eye views. The writers are historians whose deductions are made from historical events or a single interview. There is little in evidence about His Excellency from anyone who really knows the man. This is an advantage which ex-United States Consul George T. Bromley possesses. Among his friends he numbers the great Chinaman, and his knowledge is neither hearsay nor assumption, but the fruit of intercourse and observation. In fact, Mr. Bromley and the Viceroy were on such excellent terms when the former was stationed at Tientsin that he had the entree of the latter's Yamen at all times and was the recipient of many courtesies and concessions at his hands.

"I am inclined to think it was because of my years that Li Hung Chang and myself became so friendly," Mr. Bromley told the writer. "I remember my first official visit, presenting my credentials,—the Viceroy's face lighted up as he asked how old I was, and how pleased he became when I revealed the number of my winters. "Five years older than I," he commented through the interpreter. This calculation gave him infinite pleasure, and the fact of my seniority entitled my statements to great weight in his mind, for the Chinese are great respecters of old age, and hold sacred white hairs and ancient wisdom. As the world knows now, Li Hung Chang is a great inquisitor, never happy save when putting questions. He wished to know all the particulars of my life; if I were married; the degree of my income; my habits of living. I told him I was rich and a widower and expected to be a great-grandfather ere I returned to America. During the reception his servants passed round cups of champagne of which the Viceroy is very fond. He asked if I did not prefer it to all other drinks, and I assured him I esteemed it next to whisky, at which he was much surprised. He looked at me in amazement, whereupon I explained my theories of whisky and longevity at length, at which the Viceroy was properly impressed. I notice, indeed, that he has begun to use spirits, though it is a Chinese spirit and not comparable with the fruits of European stills."

The impression so current the world through of Li Hung Chang's great wealth is borne out by Mr. Bromley. He is enormously rich -being equal to those opportunities which have come his way. He owns warehouses, manufactories, steamers, telegraph lines, but his Yamen, or residence, is not comparable to the palaces of the old world.

"It is a disappointment, this Yamen of the Viceroy's," continued Mr. Bromley. "Imagine an immense one-storied adobe house, in the midst of a vast barracks, surrounded by high walls. Ten thousand troops at least are stationed there, armed, but the interior boasts none of that splendor we are accustomed to associate with wealth and standing. The audience chamber is a vast bare apartment provided with black ebony chairs and little tables around the walls such as you find in Chinese restaurants. A strange survival of a carpet covers the floor —it is the only carpet in the house. A life-size portrait of the Viceroy hangs behind his table. In the entourage he alone is splendid. Always accoutred in robes of silk or satin, sometimes covered with a sealskin cloak, he is ever an imposing figure, and is the more gorgeous because of the blankness of the background. Throughout the house the furnishing is equally sparse. Nor is their fine pottery or silverware to compensate. The truth is, the Chinese have no sense of the luxuries of living. Their houses are draughty and cold. The Chinese idea of heating is to have a big brass stove full of charcoal glowing in the room an inadequate substitute for our furnaces. However, after his experience in London and at the Waldorf, Li Hung Chang will remedy the deficiencies of his abode on his return. Indeed, his Yamen is rather a fortified place than a home. Within it he could stand a siege readily. It is situated outside the walls of Tientsin."

Mr. Bromley's administration affords interesting reminescences. Shortly after the young Emperor's accession to the throne, Prince Chun, his father, a Celestial aristocrat of great age and dignity, who had never in his life been out of Pekin, was made head of the army and navy. The latter role demanded that he should at least see a warship, and to Tientsin he came consigned to the Viceroy to inspect the navy. At first the great man decided not to receive the Consuls, but he changed his mind and invited them to an audience in the Treaty Temple within the city It was a gala day. The diplomats were in the uniform of their rank, and were admitted to the Vice Regal presence in orper of seniority. The British Consul, as doyen, had the first interview, saluted and was led out. Next came Mr. Bromley, who confronted Chun with all that suavity for which he is famous. The Prince bowed and the interpreter said how happy he was to meet the representative of America, whereupon Bromley, not to be outdone, defied etiquette with a pleasant little speech, expressing the good wishes of his Government towards the Prince, wishing him a pleasant journey and a safe home-coming. The innovation created something like consternation, but as the interpreter Chinesed it for Chun the eyes of that dignitary brightened and his face lightened up. Li Hung Chang proceeded then to question Bromley for the edification of the Prince, asked him his age and other particulars, and then Chun rather embarrassed our Consul by stating he hoped the President of the United States would protect the Chinese in his jurisdiction from harm, but fortunately, this was only etiquette, he having heard nothing of the Wyoming riots which were then creating consternation in the seaports.

"Subsequently," Mr. Bromley said, "I heard through Li Hung Chang that Prince Chun alluded to me during the voyage he made in the warship to Port Arthur, and said my speech had given him more confidence than aught that had happened since he left Pekin. But I had many marks of favor from the Viceroy. An American warship was disabled near Shanghai. Her captain could find no one capable of repairing her in Chinese waters. I went to Li Hung Chang and told him the difficulty. He straightway sent the vessel to the Royal arsenal up the river, an unheard of concession, for which I was very grateful. On another occasion he came bravely to the rescue of certain missionaries who had suffered in a revolt in one of the southern districts of the Viceroy's province. He telegraphed at once his orders for the punishment of the ring-leader. But these are only a few memories

They are pleasant memories -on both sides. When Mr. Bromley celebrated, with what pomp and circumstance the Bohemian Club well knows, his seventy-fifth birthday, there came across land and sea a message of congratulation from Li Hung Chang. Quite a thoughtful reminder of the Chinese statesman, it was, couched in the terms of graceful courtesy which Celestial etiquette prescribes. Mr. Bromley had hoped to meet his old friend ere he returned to China, and, indeed, arranged to go to Vancouver to meet him. The trip is a weary one, however, and the connections are ill-timed, requiring early-morning reconnaissances which the ex-Consul does not feel equal to undertaking.

THE NATIVE SONS' MONUMENT
DESIGNED BY DOUGLAS TILDEN AND WILLIS POLK

THE NATIVE SONS' CELEBRATION AT STOCKTON

The celebration of the Native Sons at Stockton afforded a series of brilliant spectacles and evoked much enthusiasm. The annual gatherings of this organization have the virtue of excelling each other. The last is always more brilliant than its predecessor, a characteristic they have in common with the Bohemian Club Jinks. The weather on Admission Day proved delightful; there was a clear sky, and the sun, though generous, was not insistent. The town was gay with banners, flags, arches and an abundance of national coloring,—the usual style of decorative effect, enhanced by the summer raiment of the citizens and citizenesses, who were resplendent in straw, duck and muslin. The parade itself was longer than the great one at Sacramento last year; Governor Budd assisted with his staff; there were three policemen and innumerable bicyclists. In fact, it was a very picturesque pageant, and unrolled itself like an Oriental army. Nearly every man carried a Japanese umbrella, some of them immense structures of colored paper, others little mushrooms of parasols in gay shades. There was kaleidoscopic variety exhibited in the uniforms of the Sons. Eldorado Parlor was accompanied by a contingent of Native Daughters in white muslin and white shoes. The members wore white caps. Another Parlor affected black clothes, relieved by white hats and vests. The Daughters of Estrella Parlor walked in the form of a star; they were bare-headed and sheltered themselves under little parasols of white silk. A Sacramento contingent was glorious in blue coats with brass outtons and white duck trousers. The Sons of Amador county turned out together with a float burdened with mammoth squashes, grains, minerals and metals. Natives of Tuolumne county paraded in red shirts with pick-axes and spades, and were accompanied by a cortege of Native Daughters in white duck and tam o'shanters, mounted on burros. Certain of the Parlors marched in double rank, with a troop of Native Daughters between their lines. Indeed, for the nrst time the Native Daughters were a distinct and prominent factor in the procession, and they were certainly one of its most interesting features.

After the pageant there was a regatta in Stockton channel, which, with its assemblage of boats and river steamers, looked like the Mississippi river in anti-railroad days. In the evening the entertainment concluded with a water parade, which was really a beautiful spectacle, and noteworthy as the finest detail of the celebration. Scores of launches, house-boats, and crafts of all kinds were decorated with lanterns. They flitted hither and thither over the smooth surface of the lake, whose banks were festooned with lanterns. Rockets and calcium lights set the sky ablaze. There were pyrotechnics in innumerable variety—glowing, burning, fizzing, sparkling. Altogether every one was very happy. The Native Sons were thoroughly entertained and satisfied, which was all that was required. Among other important results of the celebration was the exhibition of Stockton's progress. There is no question but that the capital of San Joaquin county has enterprise and energy, and is determined to figure as the leading city of the interior. Of the Native Son order itself, its members are so much before the public that they speak for themselves. It is an important and growing organization and has an esprit de corps which no other institution in the State boasts. It is made up of young California—a vigorous and enterprising growth of youth liable to be heard from in many a contingency and connection. I reproduce elsewhere the beautiful monument commemorative of the discovery of gold which Douglas Tilden and Willis Polk have designed to the order of James D. Phelan, who proposes to erect it on the corner of Mason and Market streets.

TENNIS AT DEL MONTE

There was some excellent tennis at Del Monte on Admission Day. Quite a crowd of society people and tennis experts were in attendance. The new champions are the brothers Whitney, who were victorious after a hard fought contest with Hardy and Driscoll, which reminded the spectators of the gay days of old when Tobin and McGavin won for the California Club years ago. It was really an exciting match. At first the play was very close and honors were even. Then Hardy and Driscoll braced up, and by the clever smashing of the latter won the first set. The second and third were won by the Whitneys, who played a high lobbing game. Hardy and Driscoll captured the fourth, but the fifth and decisive game was won by the Whitney brothers. The victory entitles the winners to the handsome loving cups offered for the all-comers. The two silver challenge cups go to them by the default of Hardy and Hardy, last year's champions. Some excellent tennis was shown in the Consolation Tournament, which was won by Gage and Nicholson from Upham and Eckart, who had previously shown excellent form, but were evidently too fatigued at the last to do themselves justice. Miss Bee Hooper was awarded the ladies' championship by default, no adversary having offered to dispute her pre-eminence. This seems a pity, as the lady players used to be the best features of the autumn meeting. This victory confirms Miss Hooper in the possession of the beautiful trophy which the Tennis Association offered. It had to be won three times. Otherwise, the gathering at Del Monte seems to have gone some way toward reviving the waning interest in tennis. Some excellent playing has been seen, and it is probable the fight for the championship next season will prove as exciting as the old-time battles in which Taylor disputed honors with Hubbard.

Cecil Rhodes has gained new glory in the Matabele campaign. He went among the savages unarmed and promised the chiefs that they should have no further cause for complaint of ill usage from the native police. Then Secumbo, the leading chief, laid his gun and assegai before Rhodes as a declaration of peace. Rhodes, flushed with success, declared the scene one to make life worth living.

STOCKTON FROM THE WATERFRONT

THE SCENE OF THE NATIVE SONS' ADMISSION DAY CELEBRATION, SEPTEMBER, 1895

By Courtesy of Mr. C. W. Hopkins

THE ANIMALS' HOME

Dogs That Have Had Their Day and Some Others.

On the corner of Sixteenth and Harrison streets stands an ugly, dark-red building, a combination Bastile and morgue, for the canine population of the town. It is labelled with delicate euphuism, "Animal's Home," but every dog in town knows it's just the public pound. Here eventually come all the little rag-a-muffin curs, whose world offers no papers to sell, and for whom no boys' clubs are organized; the lean, mangy wrecks of dissipation and hardship, with not even spirit enough left to yap at the pound man; the tramps and beggars and riff-raff of back alleys, and the forlorn offspring of unloving mothers and unknown fathers. Among these there is always a runaway or two from the Western Addition,—a prodigal fox-terrier who wanted to see life, or a portly clubman pug who has lost his tag, and whose tail comes mournfully out of curl as he finds himself looking at life through wire netting instead of plate glass.

Though "Animal's Home" may be a somewhat misleading name, it is best to abolish the old bugbear word "pound," as well as the brutality that went with it. The Home is distinctly humane in its treatment of the waifs that are brought in by the wagons. The dogs are kept in wire cages, grouped together with regard to size and temper, and are fed regularly and decently. Cleanliness is impossible, but the floor is frequently hosed off and an attempt made to mitigate inevitable odors. After forty-eight hours, the dogs are disposed of with the least possible suffering. A network cage is wheeled on a truck to the entrance of a proscribed cage, running along a small track, and into this the dogs are driven. Then it is wheeled back into an air-tight box, connected by rubber hose with gas pipes. The gas is instantly turned on, and in two minutes the victims of an imperfect civilization are asphyxiated. In the top of the box is a window, through which the whole performance may be watched. It is not at all dreadful. As the dogs smell the gas there is some suspicious sniffing, then perhaps a whine or two before they sink quietly down, with no struggle, no slightest indication of pain. For less than a minute

AN UNUSUAL GUEST

when the lost is identified and leaps out, a free doggie, to fling himself upon his master and rush around him in frantic circles of delight; then there rises a tumult of congratulation, anguish and rage, that nearly splits the roof, and the more currish and utterly unlikely to be claimed a dog is, the more noise he makes.

There are always about a hundred dogs at the Home, to say nothing of stray horses and occasionally an astonished goat. The benefit of having these kept out of the streets is incalculable, and a well-run institution, like the Animal's Home, is a blessing to the city. In hotter climates this system saves hundreds of lives. As the Cincinnati Enquirer vividly puts it:

> These are the days the little dog
> Goes wild all in a minute. He
> Spins like a top
> Till comes the cop
> And shoots the whole vicinity.

"I'M WORTH MORE THAN THREE DOLLARS!"

they continue to breathe, though quite unconscious, and then even that stops, and their little tragedy is finished. As for the horses, they are taken away to the boneyard, where a speedy ax transforms them into material for mucilage and fertilization. The men who conduct this are not the scowling brutes dreamed of in childhood, but are young and cheerful, and apparently good-hearted. They even keep a dog or two of their own, to say nothing of a monkey. There are eight attendants in all, counting the drivers and catchers, and each wears the star of the police.

It is interesting to see an anxious master come to redeem his dog, three dollars in his reluctant hand. The instant a strange face enters the room, there is a mad commotion. Every canine thinks it is someone for him, and shouts "Here I am!" at the top of his lungs. But that is absolutely nothing to the noise which follows

FOG IN THE CANYON.

BY GELETT BURGESS

Banked in a serried drift beside the sea
  Rolling, wind-harried in a snowy spray,
Majestic and mysterious, swirling free,
  The ghostly flood is massing, cold and grey;
  Inland it marches, and at close of day,
Pearl-white and opal, sunset-hued with rose,
  It storms the ridge, and then in brave array
The fog's dumb army up the canyon goes.

And now the forest whispers, tree to tree—
  Their grim defense is marshalled for the fray;
Pine, fir and redwood, standing cap-a-pie.
  Down the long spurs and on the hilltops sway.
  And now the misty vanguards, wild and gay
Ride down the breeze—and now their squadrons close,
  And sweeping like an ocean on its prey,
The fog's dumb army up the canyon goes.

The trembling bushes cower in the lee;
  O'er the mad rout, the ragged smoke-wreaths play,
And scurrying cloudlets desperately flee.
  On the low crests, the waving banners s'ay,
  Now lost, now conquering, striving to delay
The riotous deluge—yet in vain oppose—
  Height after height is carried, and away
The fog's dumb army up the canyon goes.

All night the battle wages, weird and fey,
  And gallant woods dispute their phantom foes—
But conquering, overwhelming with dismay—
  The fog's dumb army up the canon goes.

The Lark.

Marcus Daly backed his colt Ogden for the Futurity to the extent of $35,000, and won $100,000. No one suspected the speed of the horse, though he had displayed remarkable speed in previous matches.

THE ANIMALS' HOME

Birmingham, England, has been making a successful experiment with the Gothenburg system. In September, 1901, the corporation opened a public house in Elan village within its limits, in which temperance drinks as well as pure liquors were sold, the profits going to support a reading room and recreation hall in another building. It had to compete with an old-established public house, but gained rapidly on it. The official in charge, a teetotaler, is convinced, after a year's experience, "that the interests of temperance are far better served by providing wholesome liquor under proper regulations than by either leaving the traffic to be conducted in the ordinary way, or in attempting to prohibit it altogether."

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Count Ito, called the Bismarck of Japan, is a man of blood and iron in the conduct of internal affairs, but in his conduct of foreign affairs belongs to the old school which believes in vacillation and deception.

Mrs. Maybrick is seriously ill in the hospital connected with the prison where she is confined. Her condition is so serious that the authorities yesterday suspended the rules and permitted her to receive a visit from her mother.

General Gallieni, appointed by the French Government dictator of Madagascar, is a plucky soldier and intrepid explorer. He proved his prowess in Senegal and on the Upper Nile, and after all others had failed, succeeded in restoring order in Tonquin.

Secretary Chamberlain, who is pronounced the ablest debator in the House of Commons, has immeasurably bettered his position before the English nation. He was distrusted for his infernal cleverness and smartness, but is now trusted and regarded as the champion of England against the German Emperor.

Jean Richepin, the French poet, resembles a chieftain of the cave-dwellers, with his fierce face and long, shaggy locks. He is wonderfully versatile, having been poet, musician, actor, athlete and dramatist. When he wrote "Nana Sahib" for Bernhardt, he played the title role himself.

Since the death of his mother, Lady Wilde, the health of Convict Oscar Wilde has broken down. There appears to have been deep affection between them. The Home Secretary recently decided that there should be no remission of the sentence. That decision is now under revision, and Wilde's release is probable about October.

Czar Nicholas II bears his honors sadly. At his arrival in Vienna recently it was noted that he looked pallid, with an indescribably tired face. He was very small and weak beside his tall, haughtily beautiful wife, as she alighted from the train, dressed in a robe of azure satin,

"I'M AFRAID I'M LOST!"

heavily embroidered with silver, her hat, plumes, mantle, shoes and parasol of the same color, but without gloves.

When in London Whistler gets himself up in a very long black coat like those which the little men in Noah's arks wear, a French top hat with the brim standing straight out, a long bamboo wand in his hand, his hair made up in curls, all of which are dyed black with the exception of one which remains quite white, and on grand occasions is tied up with a small ribbon. In the street he has generally a crowd of small boys in pursuit.

Madame Adam, the brilliant editor of the "Nouvelle Revue," was born in a small manufacturing town on the frontier. Her father was a freethinker, while her grandmother, the only other relative she had, was a devout Catholic. As the young girl grew up, her father endeavored to force his views upon her, and the grandmother endeavored to checkmate the father. Asked to choose between atheism and Rome, the young girl declared herself an agnostic, and has so remained ever since.

Sir Edward Monson, who has succeeded Lord Dufferin as British Ambassador in Paris, is tall, spare of figure, with an expressive face and a long patriarchal beard. He was Lord Lyon's secretary at Washington during Lincoln's administration, and has much of that quietude and repose of manner which distinguished his former chief, who was regarded by the French as the beau ideal of an ambassador. He is a brother of Lord Oxenbridge, was educated at Eton and has won a fellowship at Oxford; he has served as Consul-General at Pesth, as Minister to the Argentine Republic, to Denmark, Belgium and Austria, and comes to Paris direct from Vienna.

The old members of the firm of Harper Brothers in New York are dying fast. Mr. Philip Harper died last March, and now Mr. Joseph Wesley Harper, the senior of the firm, has followed him. Mr. Joseph Harper practically retired from business a few years ago. "Wesley" was the name by which the late publisher went among his brothers. On one occasion, a much-respected but dry old friend of the family called on James Harper, and after a time asked him how he and his brothers distributed the work between them. "John," Mr. Harper said, good-humoredly, "attends to the finances; Wesley to the correspondence; Fletcher to the bargaining with authors and others and —don't you tell anybody," he said, drawing his chair still closer and lowering the tone of his voice—"I entertain the bores."

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The senatorial situation presents phases unsuspected of the multitude conceding the Legislature to a coalition of Populists and Democrats. The question is who will go to Washington representing the combination. In the Democracy there is no lack of candidates—the most prominent being W. W. Foote and Congressman Maguire. Thomas V. Cator is the choice of the Populists. The latter, an adroit politician, is so handling the fight that it need surprise no one if he wins votes enough to elect himself Senator Perkins' successor. Taking advantage of the prevailing condition, and assisted by Senator Stephen M. White's left hand (his business member) he is negotiating for Populist Assemblymen in exchange for Democratic Senators. In districts in which the Senators hold over, the wily Cator concedes Superior Judgeships to the Democrats in return for the endorsement of his Legislative candidates. Having the Populists well in hand, it is easy to ensure the execution of such bargains, especially as Senator White, from whose prestige the selection of a second Democrat might detract, and who is to have the benefit of Cator's support two years hence, is tacitly aiding the project. I am sure the Dr. Jekyll front of the Senator will resent the suggestion of such self-seeking, but his Mr. Hyde back will keep on attending to just such affairs after the fashion so often alluded to in these columns. Indeed, the Senator, who likes his left hand to be as white as a lady's, never lets it know what its fellow is at. It would be red as a beet from blushing. Strange as it may appear, this admirably arranged scheme of Cator's has also the aid of the "Ole Bill" contingent, which, according to rule, should be at the back of Foote's pretensions. The pulling down of Van, candidate across the bay, was not accomplished without concessions, and, it is said, in return the assistance of the contingent was pledged to the support of certain Populist Assemblymen in Democratic precincts.

The character of Thomas V. Cator is so well understood in this State that it should be unnecessary to comment on his record. He is no fit representative of California, or any other State, in the United States Senate. He is not a man of principle or rectitude, and there is no dependance to be placed on his character or pledge. He is smart and clever, but without sincerity, and his ascendancy among the Populists is unerring testimony of that party's lack of intelligence. One certainty exists,—there will be Democrats in the Legislature who will vote for anyone rather than for Cator, and the probable consequence is that no Senator will be elected. That is a condition which would harmonize admirably with the aspirations of Senator White, whose prestige as the sole representative of California would be considerable. In the event of Bryan's election, he would without doubt be Autocrat of Patronage.

* *

We are a queer community. To achieve public distinction with us, a young man must do something reprehensible or ridiculous, something that will warrant the caricaturist in adorning his subject with short legs and a long nose, and give the "funny man" an opportunity to write columns of cheap wit. The simplest and most certain method of obtaining obscurity is to do something really worthy of public recognition. The young man particularly is condemned the moment he steps out of mediocrity and begins to display a real talent. Frederick Yates, had he remained in San Francisco, would still have been an obscure artist. Fortunately he took his brush and easel to London, and awoke to fame in a brief period. We sometimes wonder if this is merely an idiosyncrasy of human nature, or whether it is purely a local disease, a something peculiar to us alone. There was decided this week in the Superior Court a case in which some seven thousand defendants were interested, and which involved one-half of the Mission, valued at some sixty million dollars. On behalf of the property-owners, the cause was argued in the main by Mr. Franklin K. Lane, a young lawyer of marked ability. He came out victorious, but, more than that, the court in sustaining his position went so far in its opinion as to compliment Mr. Lane upon the manner in which he had handled and argued the case: To capture the nickels of the seven thousand defendants, one of our great dailies pretended to publish the decision in full, but exercised great care in expurgating every reference made by the judge to the young attorney. It was a plain, open and deliberate garbling of the opinion. If Mr. Lane had been guilty of some indiscretion, the same journal would have given him columns of notice calculated to destroy his character; while, on the other hand, it would go to great pains to deny him a few lines of well merited commendation when spoken by a Court.

The fact is that only the vicious or degenerate appear to be worthy of attention by most of our daily papers. Let a man do some commendable piece of public service and he is altogether without notice, but let him turn himself into a clown and he gets columns. Let any agitator, a Kearney or an O'Donnell, harangue mobs of idlers and he is treated with much greater consideration than some scholar, who, after years of study, develops a theory which makes for man's social or physical improvement. Our courts suffer from this same treatment. The hundreds of cases decided against the corporations pass without comment, but the occasional few they win are made to appear the result of corruption. We often wonder why it seems impossible in the United States to get our best citizens to accept positions of public trust. The reason is apparent—good men get no credit for what they do, while the unscrupulous politician, if he smoothly stands in with the newspapers, escapes all censure. If some foreign fakir turns up in San Francisco and talks of great investments, he can command the space of the press, but let a local merchant or capitalist attempt to promote some enterprise of real merit and he will be compelled to pay handsomely for every line that his scheme is given. This is well understood. Not long ago a local banker was consulted as to the best means of enlisting capital for a home enterprise and he gave this advice: "Get a good-looking Englishman or German to come here with the scheme; have him put up at the Palace; and in a week every newspaper in town will be booming him. It would cost me ten thousand to get the same space." Only foreign things and things discreditable to the city seem worthy of notice in the local press—this is hard to say, but it is too true.

Ever since Jimmy Swinnerton has been in journalism the strangest and most romantic tales have been afloat about his past. Doubtless some enemy, some deadly rival, circulated those weird yarns, which conferred on the clever young artist so checkered a career. The keynote of most of the series was resentment and parental oppression. The stories go that Jimmy as a small boy ran away from home, and after enjoying a brief experience as a gypsy, joined Sells' circus and officiated for some months as assistant to the chief acrobat. Tiring of that limited though aerial sphere, he apprenticed himself to the clown, who discharged him out of jealousy. Cast once again upon the world the youthful Swinnerton found a place in a minstrel troupe and was billed through Arizona and Southern California as the "Boy Endman." His love of variety again came to the fore, however, so,

THE NAT V. SONS BUILDING ON MASON STREET

retiring from minstrelsy, he became a jockey. Just what degree of success the future caricaturist gained in the sporting world the tale sayeth not, but we next find Jimmy in the art school studying the gentle craft of line and curve, settled down to hard work at a profession in which he has since distinguished himself. During the years of his labor here Swinnerton has been pestered with these malicious libels, but has borne up proudly under the affliction of their implications, not troubling himself even to stamp their untruth. He has steadfastly preserved an unflinching mien and a straight upper-lip in the face of these intrigues of his enemies, who never guessed that under that scarlet waistcoat there smouldered a fierce rage and a tormenting grief burning deeper because repressed. It must be admitted that Mr. Swinnerton's silence under libel has been misinterpreted, as the majority of his friends have believed the stories true. However, to the rescue of the caricaturist's reputation, his father, in ex-Judge Swinnerton of Stockton, has at length come, and in the following letter places the model youth of his gifted and excellent son in its proper light before the world. His statement should end once and for all the circulation of these libels.

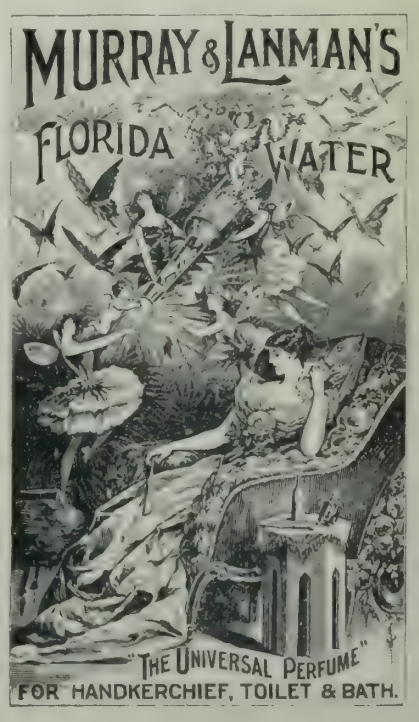
Editor Wave: I notice in your issue of last Saturday a statement that Jimmy Swinnerton was once a jocky—before he became a negro minstrel. As the father of the young man I do not feel at all flattered by these Munchausen stories, whatever he may think about it. Will you kindly state for me that Jimmy Swinnerton never was a negro minstrel and never was a jocky. I desire to stop these flights of imagination now lest my son should before long figure as a reformed burglar and the long-lost Charlie Ross. He never ran away from home. I never opposed his becoming an artist. To the contrary, he was a most obedient boy as good as any father could ask, and I assisted him to develop the talents—which I discovered at a very early stage in his life—by every means in my power. Respectfully, J. G. SWINNERTON.

It is told me on good authority that since the nomination of Bryan some three million in gold has been drawn from the San Francisco savings banks and locked up in Safe Deposit boxes. This enormous sum is being held in most instances with the expectation of an appreciation in the value of the yellow metal. In others the owners fear the consequence of a free silver era, and are providing against such contingencies as the prophesied exodus of gold. However excellent for the safe deposits, the condition is by no means pleasant for the savings banks, whose natural function is suspended in the interim. It is fortunate, however, that the long sustained era of depression has reduced all business institutions to a purely living basis. The accentuated stringency of these latter months had evidently been foreseen and prepared against, and I am inclined to believe the business community will weather it without serious impairment or disaster. The election of McKinley will really mean a revival of enterprise in California. I believe the accumulated gold in the Safe Deposits will next year find its way into paths of legitimate development of which we will all experience the benefit.

Thus far, Gus Spreckels has had no financial reason to repent of the bargain which relieved his father of the cares of the Hawaiian Commercial Company. The deal has proved most advantageous in spite of malign consequences predicted at the time it was consummated. The fates, it is true, have fought for the younger sons. Most opportune has the Cuban civil war been for them. The price of sugar has gone up in consequence and the destruction of the fertile plantations of that unhappy island have opened in New York an excellent market for the product of Honolulu. In addition, however, they have accomplished some clever financiering. The $900,000 debt of the company has been refunded—less $200,000 paid off,—and at 5 per cent instead of the former 7½ per cent. The running expenses of the plantations, which averaged $50,000 per month, have been materially reduced, and, indeed, the business is in a first-rate condition. I am told the company produced some twelve thousand tons of sugar this season, which will be marketed at $80 per ton, leaving, as may be deduced, a splendid margin of profit to gladden the hearts of owners of the much-abused, much-manipulated Hawaiian Commercial.

In these dull, depressed days it is good to hear of corporations which are not complaining of reduced profits or a limited field. It is a safe rule that the affluence of individuals reflects the prosperity of a community, a point of view which may be unpopular in the "Examiner" office, but is therefore the more deserving of credence by lovers of truth. Among the commercial combinations which have safely weathered the perils that so often wreck associated enterprises, is the Alaska Packers' Association, the company which controls the output of the salmon canneries. There is an excellent market in Europe for this product and no difficulty is experienced in placing all of it that is put up. An immense amount of capital is utilized in the industry and excellent dividends are paid the various stockholders—a pleasing change from the era when the various concerns were cutting at one another's prices and rates were below a profitable margin.

There is a strong impression that San Francisco, at least, may be saved for the Republican party. There is little hope for the rest of the State. The farmers are all for free silver, and the State Central Committee has no money to educate them differently. The McKinley propaganda must be made with books and papers and cartoons, and in order to circulate these there must be coin available, and Mark Hanna is using his gold in the East. The character of the Bryan vote might easily be gathered at the Steve White meeting the other night. In the audience one saw neither German nor Hebrew faces. The laboring classes were there en bloc; south of Market street had the floor and the galleries, but the assemblage differed materially from other Democratic audiences I have seen in the hall. The leaven of intelligence and ability was absent.



IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

By degrees, so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, so cautious as to pass without comment—and yet sure as the footsteps of time—has the evolution of the debutante been. Several seasons ago, when the college girl was as yet in her infancy, the woman suffragist an unknown quantity, and matrimony the god to whom all bent the knee, the experienced matron would hasten to plunge her daughter into the social vortex, with all the unlovely angels of extreme youth and its accompanying lack of manner still upon them.

At that time the bud was at best merely a promise, and viewed in that light received scant attention. The reign of the debutante had not even reached an inner-consciousness. It was not even an ambition. The beauty of the day was the society maiden with the hardily acquired confidence of three seasons. The trials of the matron of that period, happily past, were untold and of a most unenviable description, for the success of her blushing bud depended almost entirely on her own popularity. Forced to entertain endlessly, to use her powers of fascination in order to obtain partners for her gaping, giggling girls; verily her road was as hard as that of the most guilty transgressor.

Everything comes to her who waits, however, and with the ever increasing age of the debutante the glory of conquest has come to the now merry-hearted matron. The debutante of to-day is, as a rule, bidding farewell to her teens, and the promise of seventeen has waxed to the perfection of twenty; the angles of yesterday are delicately rounded curves, the blusnes have developed into a lovely bloom, the giggle into a deliciously modulated laugh—the bud emerges not seeking but commanding success, desiring merely fresh fields to conquer. And the end is not yet. When we hear of maidens who apparently have reached the zenith of their girlhood's glory seeking fresh charm in travel or change of scene, etc., and the fateful year of debutantage is put off season after season, we begin to wonder at what age the twentieth century damsel will begin her social siege.

After the fatigues of the summer campaign, September finds society dormant, resting and restoring itself, preparatory to bursting into life and action at the beginning of October. Seeking the services of the dressmaker, considering the question, an ever fateful one, of clothes, contemplating the needful rejuvenation of the toilet of yester-year, contriving curiosities out of the remnants of past successes, haunting the milliners, studying the fashion papers, discussing the feasibility of getting up fresh fads and foibles for the approaching season—that is how society occupies itself—and that is why no parties get into the papers.

Of the maidens whose anticipated debut has been deferred, several intend spending the season in New York and Washington. Among these are Miss Ethel Keeney and Miss Leontine Blakeman, who, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Blakeman, purpose visiting the various Eastern cities. Miss Mamie Polhemus, another of the popular Terpsichoreans, contemplates spending the winter at school in the East, and Miss Flora Dean has already left for Vassar.

The seductions of the circus have cajoled some of the more enthusiastic into getting up parties, which are more informal than the theatre party, yet do not partake of the soupcon of wickedness which lends attractiveness to the music-hall spree. During the past week the Spreckels, Hagers, Harveys and a half dozen others spent jolly evenings in this fashion. As to the etiquette of a circus party, it differs somewhat from the theatre affair. It is the rule to go in the cars and smart clothes are absolutely debarred. Then, the after-supper must be of the primitive order -the oyster for the nonce courts oblivion, while the succulent frankfurter and amber ale are evoked to regale the palate of the patricians. The circus is the Land of Canaan to the youngster, and hitherto undreamed of hordes of children are whirled from the quiet seclusion of their nursing to see the seals, the dogs, the clown and the divers delights of childhood's heart. Charming little ones they are, too, and their pleasure and shouts of rapture are delightful even to the blase ear of the matron trammeled with the trials of society.

There is quite a gathering of San Franciscans in Carlsbad at present. The Crocker-Green contingent, comprising Mrs. Green, Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Florence Ives, is there. The Dodges, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell, Mrs. Woolworth, Miss Helen Woolworth, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Katherine Dillon. It appears that after the fatiguing pleasures of travel, a fortnight at Carlsbad with the accompanying pine-needle baths and strengthening waters, recuperates the weary traveler and gives her fresh ardor to begin anew.

The wedding of Miss Jennie Catherwood and Dr. Grinnell is to take place a whole month sooner than was originally intended. Dr. Grinnell is an impatient suitor, and, yielding to his persistent importunities, Miss Catherwood has set the date for October 14th. The ceremony will be celebrated at Madrone Villa, Napa, and is to be in every way a most elaborate affair. There are to be six bridesmaids—Miss Young, Miss Zane, Miss Loughborough, Miss Rutherford, Miss Bee Hooper and Miss Helen Smith. Miss Ada Keys will be maid of honor and Master Hoyt and little Miss Ethel Hastings the train bearers. The groom's brother, Wm. Milne Grinnell, is to be best man, and Geo. Loughborough, Harry Pringle, Callaghan Byrne, Walter Dean, Jack Barnes and Seranus Hastings will officiate as ushers. The details of the affair are to be picturesque in the extreme. It is to be a blue and white wedding, blue being a delicate compliment to the Doctor, who is a great Yale man. The gowns of the bride's attendants are to be an artistic mingling of these harmonious colors, and as far as possible the effect will be carried out in the decorations. The ceremony is to be performed at 10 a. m., in the large drawing-room. This apartment is 35x40, and by the time the decorators get through with it its fine proportions will be displayed to admirable advantage. The bridal breakfast, weather permitting, is to be served at the canyon, a most picturesque and charming spot. Miss Catherwood is at present at the Villa, where an army of dressmakers and milliners are wrestling with the trousseau problem. Mrs. Darling, the fair bride's mother, is recuperating at Paso Robles, where she is rapidly regaining her usual good health, and will remain at the resort until the wedding.

Two carloads of furniture have already arrived from New York for the Whittier mansion. The last two consignments are expected daily. The decorations of this residence are really magnificent. It is said to have one of the finest and most artistic interiors in town.

Miss Rutherford has, previous to her visit to Del Monte, been entertaining lavishly in a quiet way. The young lady has presided at an unusual number of luncheons and informal afternoon teas, at which her guests were all young girls. Mrs. Crocker and Miss Rutherford expect to remain at Del Monte for some few weeks, and they propose a series of elegant luncheons and dinners before their return to New York.

Verily it was a pretty sight, the bridesmaids in their apple-green frocks covered with organdie and trimmed with love-knots of lace; the bride in her gorgeous costume of white satin and velours with Duchesse lace, and waist covered with tiny pleats of crepe lisse, and quaint panniers over the hips. It was an uncommonly springlike wedding for September, and Miss Maud Arques made a handsome bride, while her maidens, who comprised some of the most effective-looking girls of San Jose, lent the affair a spectacular effect. The ceremony, which was celebrated at the Hotel Vendome, was exceedingly simple. Merely the relatives of the young people were bidden to the breakfast. Miss Lizzie Carroll, who was to have been one of the bridesmaids, was detained in the Hawaiian Islands, owing to the delay occasioned by the Gaelic's accident in Japan. Dr. and Mrs. Frasse have gone to New York for their honeymoon, and will visit the groom's relatives in the East. They anticipate returning about November by way of New Orleans.

San Rafael has never proved so fascinating as at present. The paper chases, the tennis, etc., seem to have more than doubled its usual attractiveness, and the summer pleasure-seekers appear to find it difficult to tear themselves away from its charms. The Currys announce their intention of remaining there indefinitely, and neither the Thomas Spreckels nor the Webster Jones have as yet any idea of returning to town. Perhaps the knowledge that the Hotel Rafael will remain open during the winter may contribute in some degree to this unprecedented success.

The San Rafael Hunt Club has determined that its autumnal races will be memorable, both from the point of view of the sportsman and the society matron. The Hotel Rafael is offering special terms and coaching parties have been arranged. The railroad company has made a flag station near the track, which is situated some distance beyond San Rafael on the San Francisco and North Pacific line. Rudolph Spreckels is the president of the club; the indefatigable Mr. James Archibald and Mr. J. J. Crooks officiate as vice presidents; Baron von Schroder, Frank Johnson, Consul Artsimovitch, George Newhall, Walter Hobart and half a dozen more are deeply interested, and have promised to participate.

In Berkeley there have been several charming entertainments given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yates. Perhaps the most delightful was the Clinton Day dinner last week to fourteen. On Friday, Mrs. Bonnell gave a reception in their honor, and on Saturday Mrs. Rosenstein gives a musicale.

Mrs. Joseph Austin chaperoned a coaching party of young ladies in Golden Gate Park one day last week, and closed the day with a dainty luncheon.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

THE THEATRES

Steve Brodie and the Circus Contrasted.

There is a great deal of wet powder in "The Wife." It hangs fire. Something seems always about to happen, yet nothing ever does. We are given every reason to expect battle, murder and sudden death, for Frawley hisses through his teeth, "I will kill you!" at the villain, and Lackaye, the long-suffering husband, makes an appointment with his wife's calumniator—and keeps it—but nothing comes of either little episode except a falsehood and considerable dreary small talk.

Though the entire cast was tolerable, Hope Ross carried off the honors. She undoubtedly has caught the knack of playing foolish, sweet sixteen. Harry Clarke's "Major Putnam" would have been good if it had not borne such a striking resemblance to all the other "old fellows this clever young man has created. Tyrone Power filled a small part well, and Frawley, Leslie and Blanche Bates were just as usual. Lansing Rowan was again cast for the decollete female villain, and took an extreme view of the case.

O Tempora! O Mores! To what are we coming when across the stage of one of our most respectable theatres there struts a man who would still be washing beer mugs in a Bowery saloon if he had not made himself illustrious by dropping from the Brooklyn Bridge?

Think of it—to be educated for the stage by falling off bridges and keeping saloons, and, consider, oh ye patrons of the California, what an exalted opinion its managers must have of our public to thrust this Thing, this "On the Bowery," down its throat. One turns with eagerness from a show like this to the honest attractions of a circus, particularly one which can boast such trained animals as Sells & Forepaugh's and such a cowboy. Why, I had rather see that cowboy rider "Fly" once around the ring than the whole lot of "toughs," "bums" (I quote from the programme), "bouncers," and "swells" at the California.

Of course the greatest part of our enjoyment of a circus is sympathetic and reminiscent; we take our children or our little kinsmen with us and sit watching their shining faces, remembering dimly our own first circus—clouded now with years. Often we are disappointed, for many little people don't seem to enjoy it as we did, particularly if they have lived always in towns. For to really get the most out of a circus you must be a small child from the big plains. You must never have even seen a theatre, a "Punch and Judy" show, a tinsel crown, the glittering streets of a big city or anything which smacks of the world of shams. You must have passed your short life on a Western ranch, far from sight and sound of all civilization save that of your own home and the rough shanties which cover your distant neighbors. Your sight must have become habituated to faded blue jean overalls and sad-colored sunbonnets against a background of endless dun plains—plains which throb and shimmer under the mirage of long, hot mid-summer days and lie still and brown in the fall. You must have known only simple pleasures and have risen early, oh, so early, and wandered restlessly about in the cool gray morning until the time came when you could at least begin to begin to get ready for the long drive over level, baking plains to the circus—the long looked for, eagerly awaited, wonderful circus.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Prisoner of Zenda" will be put on at the Baldwin for a fortnight's engagement, commencing Monday, October 5th.

"On the Bowery" commences the second and last week of its successful engagement at the California Theatre next Monday night.

The ladies attending the Saturday matinee of "The Wife," at the Columbia Theatre, will be presented with a photograph of Mr. Wilton Lackaye.

The Frawley Company will remain only three more weeks at the Columbia Theatre, after which the Australian Company will play "Trilby" for a fortnight.

The last performance of "Madame Sans Gene" will be given on Saturday evening, September 19th. The demand for seats for these last performances has been exceptionally heavy, and the audience will no doubt exceed in size those of the past week.

The date for the testimonial concert tendered to Miss Rosa Adler, prior to her departure for Paris, has been fixed for Wednesday evening, October 7th, at Native Sons' Hall. Miss Adler will be assisted by the leading professional talent of the city.

All of the elaborate scenery and stage effects for "Humanity," "The Cotton King," "The New South" and the other plays that Mr. Wm. A. Brady will produce at the Columbia Theatre, have arrived and are stored at one of the large warehouses in this city.

All doubt as to the appearance of Alexander Salvini this season has been set at rest by the announcement of Manager Wilkinson that the favorite young romantic actor will open his season in the latter part of this month. Mr. Salvini's illness was at one time quite serious, but he recovered most rapidly, and by the time the season opens he will be himself again.

"A Mathematical Maze," by Walter Craven, is the Frawley Company's new play to succeed "The Wife," at the Columbia Theatre Monday night next. It is a very amusing play and has been capitally staged. The cast will include all of the leading members of the Frawley Company, as well as two of the original members of the cast, Mr. Harry Corson Clarke, who was a tremendous success as the misused and meek professor, and Miss Madge Carr Cook as one of the charming housekeepers.

Robertson's great military comedy, "Ours," will be seen at the Alcazar Theatre, commencing on Monday night next. It is a comedy of dialogue and characterization rather than of situation, and while light, is funny in the extreme. An element of the spectacular is introduced in the shape of a parade, in which are horses, soldiers and a full military band, requiring the presence of about one hundred people. J. B. Polk will assume the character of Prince Perovsky; John T. Sullivan that of Hugh Chalcot and Frank Doane that of Sergeant Jones. Mrs. F. M. Bates will be seen as Lady Shendryn and Amy Lee as Mary Netley.

The list of new attractions at the Orpheum next week promises an evening of excellent amusement. First, there is Lew Hawkins, who is credited with being one of the funniest of monologists. Abdulliah does one of the most daring high-wire acts ever seen in a theatre. Mlle. Alma does a clever and beautiful act on an electric globe. Bellman and Moore have been retained for one week only. Filson and Errol, the quarreling couple, have a new phase of home life to present. Ferguson and Mack, the funny knockabout comedians, remain; so does Marguerite Ferguson, who is conceded to be the greatest contortionist ever seen at the Orpheum. Terry and Elmer will have new dances to introduce.

The Tivoli offers a veritable treat next week—the famous opera of "Hansel and Gretel," which has given to Humperdinck both fame and fortune. It is a setting of the dear old fairy story, and it abounds in charming melodies and delicious orchestration. Miss May Tunison and Miss Ella Prankard play Hansel and Gretel, Fraulein Mathilde Wille enacts the wicked witch who tries to transform the two children into gingerbread, Miss Katherine Krieg is "Sandman," the Sleep Fairy, and William H. West and Miss Zophiel Worth are Peter and Gertrude, the parents of the children. The opera has been carefully rehearsed; the orchestra has been enlarged for the occasion, and a first-class performance throughout is promised. There is in preparation at this house a supplementary season of grand opera, the initial production of which will be "Aida."

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

When you are selecting a wedding or a birthday present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety, just arrived from Europe, from which to select.

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A GREAT ENGLISH JURIST

Lord Selborne Tells of Lawyers With a Pull — Interesting Memoirs

The most eminent English lawyer of the last generation was Roundell Palmer, Lord Selborne, whose memoirs have just been published by Macmillan, New York. In these two volumes there is much that will interest lawyer and layman, and very little that can be removed to the columns of a review. His success was due not only to wealth, engaging personality and genius, but to early hard work from his boyhood, together with an excellent family connection, which took care to place his abilities in the best possible light. His father was a fine old rector who put the boy at Latin at five years of age and Greek at seven. By the time he was nine years of age he was fairly well grounded in Virgil and Horace, and not unpracticed in verse and prose translation, and had begun the Greek Testament. Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil were familiar to him, and before he went to school he had made some progress in the original of Homer, and had read through the Prometheus of Æschylus. Neither was he ignorant of Shakespeare, Milton and some other English classics.

It cannot truly be said that the Palmers were interesting people. They were a serious, commonplace, well-to-do family of the upper middle class, painfully correct, and by consequence desperately uninteresting. If only one of the several sons had been ploughed in an examination or had got a little into debt it would have been an unspeakable relief. But all the brothers were prigs and all the aunts and sisters were patterns of parsonic womanhood. At thirteen young Roundell Palmer went to the great school of Winchester, preparatory to his university course. Perhaps it may be of interest to those whose memories do not run back seventy-five years to know the course of education a boy received at an English academy three quarters of a century ago, and this Lord Selborne gives as the ordinary curriculum for an ordinary boy, not the extra course of a genius.

The synoptic arrangement of the Greek text of the four Gospels, was read regularly, and sometimes, in Lent, would be read Grotius or some other Latin writer on the evidences of the Christian religion. The greatest pains was bestowed upon Homer, Virgil and Horace, the whole of whose works (with a few omissions of offensive matter in the case of Horace) were read over twice or ottener. Next to these came Cicero, Livy and Juvenal, to which were added in the upper part of the school Pindar and some of the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the Greek orators, and parts of the Greek historians. Of Ovid and the other elegiac poets very little was read. On the whole, it is evident that a boy, on leaving Winchester school sixty-five years ago, would have been much more conversant with the Greek and Latin classics than would a graduate of an American university. A peculiar and remarkable exercise in those days was called "standing up." This consisted of learning by heart, and repeating to the second master, as many lines of some Latin or Greek poet as each boy chose; construing, also, such parts of them as might be required. The best performances of this kind were rewarded by prizes. Extraordinary were some of the exhibitions of mnemonic power, especially when the age of the boys is taken into account. Roundell Palmer could remember more than one instance of a boy taking up the whole Æneid and passing successfully through every test of his memory or his intelligence which the second master thought fit to apply. This was the performance which had been thought so wonderful in the philosopher Leibnitz. The most surprising proof of memory given at Winchester school in Palmer's time was that afforded by Henry Butler, a son of the Earl of Carrick. He took up and passed well in the whole of the Iliad.

After graduating, Roundell Palmer, while engaging in preparing for the practise of his profession, became a leader writer for the "Times," of which he says: "I then acquired some experience of the practice, not without moral danger, of writing hastily, smartly, and perhaps censoriously, about matters of which I had no adequate knowledge." But Palmer pere perceived the error of this way before his son and wrote in the religious phraseology he affected, advising that he "give up an engagement so fascinating and intrusive, which may involve you in politics before the time, and in such a way as to make you less able to render service to the cause of good government, virtue and religion hereafter, should it please God ever to require your services as a public man in the regular way of your calling, which alone I think we should consider His."

The rapidity of Roundell Palmer's rise at the Chancery bar may seem miraculous to those who do not realize the advantages of family influence. He was called in 1837; in 1839 he was briefed by the great firm of Freshfields and made a hit in a legal argument before Baron Alderson. Indeed, he had the good fortune to make so favorable an impression on that judge that the latter privately handed down to Mr. James Freshfield, who was present in court, a few words on a slip of paper commending the part which Mr. Palmer had taken in the argument. It should be remembered, however, that the Freshfield's were then, as now, solicitors to the Bank of England, of which Roundell Palmer's uncle, Honshy Palmer, was governor. So the start at the bar of the great jurist was due to family interest. It is not astonishing that after this he obtained many another brief from that influential firm. Indeed, eight years later he was returned for Parliament in the Conservative interest, and in 1849 he was made a Queen's Counsel.

In politics Roundell Palmer could never divest himself from his legal manner. He had none of the arts which tell in Parliament or the platform. He had "a thin, bloodless face, voice slightly disfigured, with a lisp and continually rising into an unpleasant falsetto, limited and angular action and severe simplicity of style."

It may have been supposed that the "lawyer with a pull" was purely an American product, but Lord Selborne would have us believe—and his word is not to be doubted—that at least one of the most eminent judges of his day was the creature of the most prominent members of the bar. This was Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who occupied the most prominent position of Master of the Rolls. It seemed to be a necessity of his nature to be governed by somebody. So remarkable was that weakness in him that whenever the principal leader of the bar in his court happened to be elsewhere he surrendered himself to the nearest competitor until the leader came back and resumed the command. We are assured that the tyranny exercised by successive leaders over Shadwell would be inconceivable to those who did not witness it. First it was Sugden, then Knight Bruce, and subsequently Richard Bethel, who in the exercise of this distinction was more audacious and less ceremonious than either of his predecessors. Whenever things seemed to be going against him (as was liable occasionally to happen, when he was compelled by other engagements to leave cases for a time, in the hands of his juniors) he was not careful to preserve so much even as an appearance of respect toward the judge; which Knight Bruce had always done. And all this under the appointive system in respectable and dignified old England.

Sir Lancelot Shadwell was able in his way, too, but decidedly eccentric. A story was current of his answer to somebody who suggested that a judge must feel very anxious when he had to decide questions involving property of large value. "Not at all," he was reported to have said, "one or other of them must have it; what does it signify which?" It was in reference probably to this story that a humorist wrote his epitaph while living: "Here lies Sir Lancelot Shadwell, sometime Vice-Chancellor of England; what does it signify?"

There is much in these volumes of the proper attitude of a lawyer to his client. Lord Selborne was once asked: "How can a lawyer argue for a client whom he thinks wrong?" He tells us that to him this was never a practical difficulty. He recognizes, of course, that the duty of a lawyer under such circumstances has its limits. He should always, and then more than ever, be on his guard against offering to make himself witness as well as advocate, and against corroborating his arguments by any statement or insinuation of personal belief. On the other hand, it is the right, even of those who are most in the wrong, to have the benefit of a fair and public trial according to law, and to have their evidence properly laid before judge and jury, and to have the arguments, which can honestly be advanced on their side, skillfully and fairly stated. This it is the advocate's part to do. If he were to refuse to undertake any case of which, upon the materials before him, he might have formed an unfavorable opinion, he would not be a minister of justice, but the reverse. Lord Selborne recalls that it has happened to him, not very seldom either, that the outcome of a case has been contrary to his first impression of it; that he has, nevertheless, been satisfied that justice was done. Touching another question often mooted, Lord Selborne thinks it may be disputable whether the advocate gains or suffers loss, upon the whole, by the habit of looking round and dispassionately considering all that can be said on all sides of all cases. It is certain that the reputation of too much facility and flexibility in this respect tells against him in Parliament.

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LITERARY NOTES

Among the most interesting of the new magazines is the "Parisian," devoted to the reproduction in English of contemporaneous articles from leading French and other Continental periodicals. It is an excellent idea this, for we all know the "Figaro" and the various reviews of the French capital are full of clever stories and dialogues which can often be Englished without abridgment. For those who are not facile at French there is available in the magazine no little enjoyment and considerable fun. The last issue is a bright number, and contains among other articles a dialogue by Gaston Leroux and a witty and wicked little story by Collule Mendes, called "Platonic Lovers."

The MS. and illustrations of Mr. Du Maurier's new story, "The Martian," are now in the hands of the Harpers. The novel will run through ten numbers of their magazine. The story is more like 'Peter Ibbetson' than 'Trilby,' in that its main interest is centred in a single character. Like the earlier tales, it has a core of psychologic mystery, and its title was suggested by a recent talk about possible inhabitants of Mars. But Mr. Du Maurier does not lay his scene in Mars; Antwerp, Paris and London afford his characters their widest range. No trustworthy information as to details of the story's plot can yet be obtained.

Max Nordau announces that American literature has nothing better than Bret Harte. "He is a Columbus—he discovered a new world in fiction. He invented his own formula. He said to himself, 'I have the gift of telling a good story. Now how shall I best apply that gift? I shall apply it to telling the story of men placed amid absolutely new surroundings and subjected to entirely new influences and experiences.' And so Bret Harte discovered the California of fiction. He was the first discoverer."

Paul Verlaine's posthumous work, "Invectives," created a sensation in literary circles. Verlaine alive, had few friends and many enemies jealous of his talent; Verlaine dead, a scrimmage, who should cry out loudest who should be his bosom friend. The work has put an end to all this. We find satrical attacks against well-known editors, journalists, artists, theatrical managers, etc.; it seems as if he wished to bring to memory that proverb "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse" is but too true.

The most talked of book which has appeared in Paris for several years is "Aphrodite," a curious study of antique morals by Pierre Louys. Within a short time of publication twenty-five editions were exhausted. The book purports to be a faithful picture of manners in the time of Alexandria, and the heroine, named in honor of the Goddess of Love, is a famous courtesan. Though admirably written, the book is untranslatable.

Two young women at Oxford have won special distinction in history this year. They are Miss A. M. Allen and Miss Lucy Papworth. They are placed in the "first class." If Cambridge or Oxford granted degrees to women, Miss Allen would be bachelor of arts of both, for she has won honors at both universities. Miss Papworth matriculated at the University of London.

The third volume of Henry Rochefort's memoirs describes how he and some companions escaped from the penal settlements in New Caledonia. It is fascinating reading.

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HER POINT OF VIEW

The papers are raising a loud hue and cry on the subject of women's waists. The wasp and the hourglass have been gradually disappearing during the last few years, but now, it is declared, the corset itself is to be cast aside. Grecian draperies and Mother Hubbards a la Milo are to be turned out by Worth and Doucet, and the feminine diaphragm is to expand to its full limit at every breath. And Paris—frivolous, tightly-girdled Paris—is said to be at the bottom of it all. Personally, I don't believe it for a minute, but if it should be true—if Paris has elected to have her women boneless—we shall have a hard fight to beat the movement. Let us boldly face the danger, gird up our strings and fight for our figures as we would for our homes. A great many people would interrupt me right here, if I were not protected by the stern "Private" on my office door, to explain all the dreadful evils that result from tight lacing. Of course they do. Tight lacing is as injurious as dress reform, and almost as ugly. I see no beauty in a figure that looks as if a breath could never get past the belt, nor do I approve of the kid-covered steel bands that make for roundness. But what has all this to do with it? I was talking of the use of corsets, not the abuse. Madmoiselle de Milo could perhaps carry off a Greek gown, though her sculptor very wisely did not try to make her. Most of us look like lumpy, overgrown children when we try it. Could anything be more ungraceful than the absurd little wad of material known as a Chinese woman? The solution evidently does not lie there. We cannot look well without a certain amount of trimness, and, as the Mother of Six once said to me, "It never hurt any woman yet to have a decent figure." Corsets keep everything ship-shape as nothing else can, and worn wisely, are an unmitigated blessing. What else can keep perfect the connection of shirt-waist and skirt, carry our burdens, and support us in our hour of weariness? To me the young and laced is just as unnattractive as the old and stayed; but wear a corset the size of your waist as it is, not as you'd like it to be, and all true American women will stand by you till Paris returns to her senses and her whalebones.

* * *

Is it all smoke and no—cigarette? Or has the little Turkish roll of tobacco come to stay in feminine fingers? When jewelers like Tiffany import decorated cigarette holders specially designed for women, and when the London tea rooms set aside for them special smoking corners, it looks as though the little weed meant business. Of course, the demi-monde always smokes, and the Bohemian class, and the women who want to be thought a tiny bit fast, but now the habit seems to have crept up into the holy of holies. One of the princesses of the royal blood is said to be an enthusiastic devotee of the cigarette, and many charming women, utterly unallied to the would-be-naughty class, thoroughly enjoy a comfortable little smoke after dinner. At an author's club dinner, where there were present such women as Frances Hodgson Burnett, Sir Walter Besant's wife, Miss Brook, author of "The Superfluous Woman," Elizabeth Robbins, Lady Lidsay and Blanche Willis Howard, a number are said to have joined in the after-dinner smoke. Though literary, these women do not represent Bohemia, and their move is a significant one. Gladstone is reported to have said that half the women in London smoke, adding that he preferred the half that did not. On the other hand, some private citizen is quoted as saying that he had found his wife twice as companionable since he had taught her to join him in a cigarette. It would be interesting to get the feminine opinion of a community on the subject. The first impulse of one who has never indulged is to declare it unfeminine, unwomanly, unladylike, and not to be tolerated for a second—a comfortable decision that nevertheless betrays a certain narrowness of view. How can we lose sight of the fact that some of our most everyday customs and actions would once have been condemned in terms far more bitter? When, in a certain bold church long ago, the custom of seating the men on one side and the women on the other was given up, and the two sexes were allowed to share the same pew, it was pronounced a scandal and a disgrace, and fearful consequences were predicted. In the face of instances like that, it is impossible to utterly condemn a new custom, for we don't want posterity to laugh at us, and, for our own sake we would not be Philistines. Moreover is only fair to remember that the women of Spain have smoked for generations, without losing any womanly charm in the eyes of their people. When done to show off, or to shock people, smoking is intolerable, like everything else done in that spirit. It cannot be forced, and if a community is opposed to it, it shows a great lack of breeding to puff smoke in its face. But if it is generally sanctioned, and done quietly and unostentatiously, the cigarette may prove a good and innocent addition to our list of pleasant things.

IN THE CURRENT

Contemporaneous with the announcement that Paris decides to relax the feminine waist measurement comes the intelligence that London society men propose to revive the old-fashioned habit of wearing corsets. For the first time in years, arbiters of correct dress have come out openly to defend and advise it. A writer in the London "Telegraph" the other day even went so far as to predict that men's corsets would soon be common both in England and America. Indeed, it is reported that nine hundred corsets have been sold this season by a single London firm. But this is exceedingly doubtful. One thing that would tend to contradict the statement is that the fall and winter styles of English clothes this year are looser and more baggy than ever. No one would be the wiser if men wore corsets beneath them or not. The accusation that many American men wear corsets is denied by the fashionable tailors. They admit, however, that the accurate manner in which clothes are fitted in this country may seem to give a basis for the assertion. The fact is that more attention is paid to the fitting of clothes here than in London. It is easy, an expert states, to produce the effect, if a man will only leave off suspenders, wearing instead a belt and tight underclothing.

* * *

The American leg, we are told, is much more shapely and more admirably moulded than the lower limb of her English sister. This pleasing information was gathered by a "World" reporter from the hosiery department of a New York dry goods store. It seems that stockings for the American trade have to be made according to particular measurements, as the British hosiery is too small round the calves and too long in the feet for the underpinning of our countrywomen. At the knees and ankles the English and American leg is about the same size, but between—what a difference! The average American girl will wear a stocking that measures nine inches around the ankle and fourteen inches around the calf. The English girl will have about the same ankle measurement, but will be only about eleven or twelve inches around the calf. For ready-made stockings it is necessary to send to Germany or France, the average leg of those countries having more rotundity than those of England, and therefore approaching the American model.

* * *

Not in limbs alone is the average American figure superior to the English product. An eminent painter applied to for information solaces our patriotic souls with his assurance that the models in New York excel those to be found anywhere in Europe. That is because New York is a cosmopolitan city and we get women of all nationallties here for models, the majority of them being foreign born. For all that, our very prettiest models and those nearest approaching the ideal are American girls. English girls are long-limbed and very effective in draperies and for classical subjects. Italian girls are short and stocky, but have fine head poses, due to generations of maternal peasant ancestors carrying baskets on their heads, as is the custom of the country. As a rule, though, Italian girls are too high-waisted and out of proportion around the hips. French girls are full of life and vivacity, and suggest to the painter an idea of spirit that is often very essential. A good model must not be too feminine. She should not have a small waist, broad hips, fat calves, and a big bust. Of course a girl who has the habit of tight lacing is entirely unfit to be a model, so far as the proportions of her body are concerned. It is a good rule in selecting models to avoid extremes of all kinds.

* * *

Although the guests at the Whitney-Vanderbilt wedding were so few in number that they were almost lost in the vastness of the salon and banqueting hall of The Breakers, yet those who were present are not likely to forget the grandeur as well as picturesqueness of the scene. Gilding, painting, and richness of ornamentation contrasted with the delicate loveliness of field and hothouse vines and flowers, which fell in cascades from railings and columns, and shed their fragrance in every corner and vacant spot in the rooms. In the midst of all this wealth of beauty the young bride, in her rich habiliments, stood to utter her marriage vows, while her father, whose illness had been a grief to all who know him, placed her hand in that of her chosen husband. It was a solemn and touching service, and tears were in the eyes of all the family circle, who alone were bidden to witness it. A few cheerful remarks from Bishop Potter and Mr. Depew, however, soon dissipated the momentary sadness, and the bride, with her cluster of bridesmaids, moved into the adjoining room, where a small reception took place. The bridesmaids were all pretty and attractive girls, most exquisitely gowned, and all daughters of fathers so rich that it is their misfortune to have their prospective millions appended to their names whenever they are mentioned. They are all far too clever, good, and pretty to have their value thus estimated by their bank accounts, or to be classed in the odious category of future heiresses.

* * *

Among other fads, Paris has just discovered that there exists near the Jardin des Plantes a matrimonial agency for dogs, and ladies of high degree are rushing there with their tou-tous to seek proper alliances. Here dogs of special breeds can seek out those of the same kind to mate with, and there is connected with the establishment an agency for the supply of nursing dogs to bring up those puppies who may unfortunately have lost their mothers. Photographs of the marriageable dogs are kept on hand for the inspection of matrons. The agency was founded some time ago by a kind-hearted lady who left a large sum of money for its maintenance, and it is now in a very flourishing condition, although it has only just become a popular fad.

* * *

One of the most injurious and disgraceful of new fashions is the tea cigarette, made of the unbroken leaf of green tea, slightly moistened. The feeling of a tea cigarette in the mouth is peculiar. The taste is not so disagreeable as might be supposed, but the effect on the tyro is a sense of thickening in the head and a disposition to take hold of something or sit down. If the beginner quits them, that settles it, he will not try tea cigarettes again. If, however, the smoker sits down and tries a second cigarette, inhaling it deeply, then the thickening feeling passes and is succeeded by one of intense exhilaration. The nerves are stimulated until the smoker feels like flying, skirt dancing, or doing something else entirely out of the common way. This stage lasts as long as the smoke continues, which is until the reaction of the stomach sets in. Words cannot describe the final effects of the tea cigarette. The agony of the opium fiend is a shadow to that of the nauseated victim of the tea cigarette. It will be hours before food can be looked at, yet the first step towards a cure is a cup of tea.

* * *

A South American lady is quoted as saying that some time ago, in the absence of water, of which there was a great dearth at the time, she washed her face with some of the juice of a watermelon. The result was so soothing that she repeatedly washed her face in this manner, and her astonishment was great, a few days later, on seeing that there was not a freckle left on her previously be-freckled face.

Two on a Tandem.

When all the tiny wheeling stars
Their cycle lamps have lit,
And, bending o'er their handle bars,
On roads celestial flit,

I trundle out my tandem fleet,
With Daisy at my side;
We mount, and then our flying feet
Propel us far and wide.

Along the smooth, secluded pike
We take our evening run,
Two souls with but a single bike,
Two hearts that scorch as one.

—Truth.

Daily Income of State Rulers.—The income of the Emperor of Russia for one day is £5,000; Sultan of Turkey, £3,600; Emperor of Austria, £2,000; German Emperor, £1,600; King of Italy, £1,300; Queen Victoria, £1,300; King of Belgium, £1,300; President of France, £1,000 President of the United States, £25.

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"What's the matter?" asked the tenderfoot on the outskirts of the crowd anxiously.

"Goin' to be a lynchin', I reckon," replied the old gray-whiskered man, who was intently watching the proceedings over the heads of the crowd. "Yes, that's the game," he added, after a minute or two. "Some of the boys has got hold of a young feller that has strayed from the straight an' narrer path, an' he's jest about to see the error of his ways."

The tenderfot stood on tiptoe, and his eyes seemed to stick out even with the tip of his nose, but he could see nothing but a determined-looking youth standing against a tree with his arms tied behind him and his feet tied together.

"Has he killed some one?" asked the tenderfoot at last.

"I reckon he has," replied the old man. "It looks like Prairie Pete from here, an' if it is he's got not less'n five notches on the handle of his gun."

"And in consequence I suppose he's been condemned to death," said the tenderfoot.

"What's that?" demanded the old man. "D'ye think he's goin' to be jerked up for killin' a few men?"

"Why, of course. Isn't he——"

"Not on your bowie! We don't hang men for that out here. We've got too much respect for a live man to shove him after a dead one."

"Then what has this fellow done?' asked the tenderfoot.

"He stole a bicycle," replied the old man, slowly and impressively.

Just then there was a movement near the center of the crowd, and the next minute the young man had been released and some one in the crowd was calling for three cheers for Prairie Pete.

The tenderfoot looked at the old man inquiringly.

"All a mistake," explained the latter, as he caught a few words coming from the center of the crowd. "Prairie Pete has squared hisself an' proved it wasn't no bicycle; nor yet a motocycle. It was nothin' but a hoss."—Chicago Evening Post.

He Was Inexperienced.

Some reporters were waiting for news after midnight recently of the condition of Cornelius Vanderbilt. It is no fun to kick your heels against the pavement until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and the reporters grew restless. "This reminds me," said one, reflectively, "of the death watch on the old commodore. Things were quite different then from what they are now. When the old commodore was just taken ill he used to send for us every day and have us up in his room and tell us all about himself. He used to read the papers and he noticed that a great deal of space was devoted to him.

"'Well, boys,' he said one morning, 'I hope I have a little longer for your sakes. You seem to be making a lot of space out of me.'

"Finally, though, when he became too ill to see us, we had to camp out as we are doing now, and it soon became tedious. We used to camp about twenty feet from the front of the house in which the old gentleman lay, and sometimes you could hear what was said in the sick-room.

"Among us was a certain gentleman who is now the respected father of a family. He was rather impatient. It was late at night. He had a voice in him like a bull.

"'Oh, why don't he die?' he suddenly exclaimed, petulantly.

"We thought no more of this remark until a few minutes later, when a trim servant girl came out of the house. She looked us over and watched us for a few moments. Then Doc said something and she came over to him and handed him a note. He opened it, wondering what it could be. On the paper was a score or so of words written in the old commodore's well-known scrawl. They read:

"'I trust you will pardon me, but as this is the first time I have ever died I am a little inexperienced and don't exactly know how to go about it. If you will bear with me a little while, however, I will try to do my best.'

"The old gentleman had heard the pious remark and it had been too much for his grim sense of humor."—New York Press.

A minister, missing one of his congregation from church called on him one day to see what was the matter. "Well, Mr. M'Neb, I was wondering what was the matter that you were not at church these few Sundays back." "Oh, I have been at Mr. Dunlop's kirk." "Oh, I don't care for my congregation going to other churches. How would like your sheep to go into strange pastures?" "Oh, I wadna care a grain if they got better grass."—Tit-Bits.

"O'm all av a puzzle concernin' the next election," remarked Mr. Dolan plaintively.

"Are you confused on the financial question?"

"It's worse nor that. Oi gineraly take sides in the preliminary debatin', but O'm on the fince this year. Wid wan o' the min named 'McKinley' an' the other named 'Bryan,' bedad, it's difficult to have hard feelin's towards ayther av thim."—Washington Star.

"Some of the reports say that the women went wild over Bryan at different places along his route," remarked the Horse Editor.

"That's natural," replied the Snake Editor. "He is a bargain-counter candidate."

"How so?"

"He wants to mark the dollar down to fifty-three cents."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Did Mrs. Jones give up her bloomers to please her husband?"

"No; her pug dog wouldn't come near her when she had them on."—Chicago Record.

Ito, Sotomi & Co., the leading Japanese Curio dealers of this city, have succeeded the Japan Curio Trading Company. This combination means a great deal for the curio speculators of San Francisco, for the reason that they will now be in direct contact with the importers. The firm has the shrewdest buyers in Japan, who are constantly sending to this coast rare novelties. The firm has a retail store at 116 Sutter street, where many curios may be seen.

LATE VERSE

Hole in the Fence.

We could see the pitcher very well,
But not the man at the bat,
Through the hole we found in the left-field fence,
But we never minded that.
A part we saw and a part we heard,
And as regards the rest,
We used the imagination heaven
Has given to boys, and guessed.

The sun beat hotly upon my neck
And I knelt in a posture there
That would break my neck to attempt to-day,
But, of course, I didn't care.
There were two men out, a runner at first,
Score tied, and upon my ear
There fell "Strike two," from the umpire,
In tones like a foghorn clear.

Then a dandy drive that center muffed—
The sun shone in his face—
And I asked my surging, clamorous heart:
"Will he try to make second base?"
I saw the fielder when he threw,
The hurtling ball described,
And I heard the coachers hoarsely yell
To the runner there to slide.
And that was all I saw or heard,
I was swiftly lifted thence;
Another boy had claimed his turn
At the hole in the left-field fence.

As I sit in the grand-stand here to-day,
The conviction comes to me
That the game as a whole is far from what
Its fragments used to be.
A sated sight by indulgence dulled
Yearns for the continence
Compelled by circumstances like that
Of the hole in the left-field fence.
—Detroit Tribune.

The Blessings of Nightfall.

When the shades of night have fallen and
The peaceful hours have come,
The oarsman, sleeping, rests his skull,
The giddy girl her gum.

The wagon-maker rests his tongue;
The artist—pale and weak—
His palate rests at night; commercial
Travelers rest their cheek.

The hardware man doth rest his nails,
The watch his faint alarms;
The stovepipe man his elbows stiff,
The soldier rests his arms.

Coal miners rest their veins at night,
Indians their scalps do rest;
The packer his ribs and shoulders, while
The carpenter rests his chest.

And while we're resting let us all
This vote of thanks send in:—
"Praise Morpheus that woman, when
She sleeps, must rest her chin!"
—Chicago News.

Bryan and the Angel.

Abou Bill Bryan, may his tribe decrease!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and silverlike in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding gall had made Bill Bryan bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look of what he might expect,
Answered: "Their names who'll get it in the neck."
"And am I one?" asked Abou. "I don't know."
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "I pray, thee, sir,
Write me as one not liable to err."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great November light,
And showed the names of those knocked galley-west;
And lo, Bill Bryan's name led all the rest!

Looking for Information.

These queries oft occur to me;
Each proves a mental teaser:—
If Rome was so derned mighty, how
Did she let Julius Caesar?
What cinch was it Bulwer Lytton had
Anent "The Coming Race?"
Should every Alabamian
Possess a Mobile face?
Did the daybreak out in tears
Because the poor night fell?
Is a joke played on a convict
A regular prison cell?
If a country youth should visit France,
Is he bound to go to Rouen?
And is a bear a maltster,
Because he's always Bruin?
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Picture in the Mirror.

From the corner of his mirror
A pictured face looks out;
The lips are slightly puckered
In a saucy little pout.
There she greets him night and morning,
As some dainty, watchful sprite;
There she guards him while he slumbers
Through the long and lonesome night.

She is not the tender sweetheart
He intends to wed some day;
She is not his little sister,
In the old home, far away;
She is not his boyhood's idol,
There to call up vain regrets—
She is just a fancy picture
From a box of cigarettes.
—Cleveland Post.

A Woman's Finger.

At blush of dawn upon the seventh day
God chose with patient care his purest clay,
And from it fashioned in His wondrous way
A woman's finger—rosy, fair and frail;
Whose velvet touch God gave the magic power
To charm with fond caress each troubled hour.
Then left the charm to woman as her dower—
A magic wand to smooth life's thorny trail.
His work complete, God sank to rest, and slept,
When from his black abode with stealthy step
And cunning leer the crafty devil crept,
And on that finger's tip he put—a nail.

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Reserve Fund	750,000 00
Guaranteed Capital	1,200,000 00

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532 CALIFORNIA ST

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BIDS

FOR

Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF OSCAR J. PETERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Oscar J. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm'r of the Estate of Oscar Peterson, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 12, 1896.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT. — BULLION Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of August, 1896, an assessment (No. 42) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of September, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 8th day of October, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF FRED LARSEN, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 21, 1896.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 53
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 7, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 12, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Nov. 2, 1896

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

Assessment No 79
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied September 1, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 5, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.

Assessment No. 24
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 2, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 8, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 29, 1895

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

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STORIES OF THE DAY

In the September "Metropolis" there are some good stories of Whistler. The great painter loves to say startling things, and the root of many of his witticisms is the unexpected. An admirer once said to him, "Mr. Whistler, there are only two great painters, yours it and Velasquez." Whistler slowly winked his left eye, and asked, "Why drag in Velasquez?"

An old lady landing up the Thames estuary, said to Whistler, "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb etchings." "Yees," he rep'ied, "nature is creeping up."

Whistler is without financial ability, and in spite of the large sums he receives for his pictures is continually in debt. It is by no means an uncommon experience for him to have a bailiff in his house. However, he knows how to manage them, and one man who commenced his occupancy very inauspiciously was trained subsequently to act as butler at one of the artist's dinners. This man grew impatient after a bit and asked for his money. Whistler told him he could not pay him, whereupon the fellow covered the front of the building up with posters announcing a big sale. The painter took the affair as a joke and sent out invitations to all his friends to a luncheon party adding, "You will know the house by the bills of sale stuck up outside."

On another occasion a bailiff demanded what is known in the profession as "possession money" it being customary for a debtor to pay the hire of the deputy sheriff who is put in charge of his effects. Whistler said he had no means, whereupon the fellow began to snivel. "I have my own family to keep, and my own rent to pay." "You should do as I do," said Whistler, "and have a man in yourself."

The "Youth's Companion" tells a story of a British showman who was making a prolonged stay in a town in the north of England. In the audience his attention was attracted to a youngster who came to the performance every night and always fell asleep. He addressed the boy: "I say, my little man, what do you go to sleep for when you come here?" "Can't keep awake," said the youngster. "You see it is a beastly bore looking at them doing the same thing every night." "Why do you come then?" "I can't help it," replied the youth dolorously; "I have to; I have got a season ticket."

H. C. Bunner was doing London with Lawrence Hutton, and conceived a violent form of Anglophobia. They were in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner. Bunner, in the presence of the immortal dead, ceased railing at their countrymen. "There are some good and great Englishmen, after all, Harry," said Hutton. "There are three kinds of Englishmen whom I can endure," said Bunner: "the Scotch, the Irish, and the dead."

In "Human Documents" Mr. Byers tells a story of Sherman on the way to Richmond reviewing his army at Goldsborough. The men were in rags; many were bare-legged, and some of them almost hatless. "Only look at the poor fellows with their bare legs," said an officer. "Splendid legs," returned the General, with a twinkle in his eye. "Would give both of mine for any one of them."

On the way to Richmond Sherman paid but slight attention to dress, but when he did the staff knew something was going to happen. "There is going to be a fight today, sure," said Colonel Audenreid of the staff one morning. "How can you tell?" asked a comrade. "Why, man, the General's over there by the fire putting on a clean collar." That day Cheraw with forty cannon fell into the hands of the army.

The difficulty of catching the Speaker's eye in Congress is illustrated by a story about Congressmen Burrell of Illinois and Speaker Reed. For many months Burrell had been trying to get through the House a private bill which he had in tow for one of his constituents. Finally the Speaker agreed at a certain time to take it up. Next morning at the first opportunity Burrell was on his feet waving his hand. The Speaker announced, "The gentleman from Illinois is recognized." A page started frantically up the aisle, but Cannon, also of Illinois, interposed himself, and handed the Mercury a bill which he hastily took back to the Speaker's desk. Reed was angry, but reiterated "The gentleman from Illinois." Another page started to follow the direction of the Speaker's eye and ran into Mr. Graff, also of Illinois, and he too had a bill which the page took. By this time Reed was boiling over, but determined that Burrell should get his chance, again announced, "The gentleman from Illinois." This time Mr. Burrell's bill reached its destination, but there was much merriment among the other twain whose measures had received unexpected attention on the strength of their colleague's good luck.

A SAVING OF ONE-HALF

Baggage transferred to trains or steamers and return. Trunks, 50c each for the round trip. Morton Special Delivery, 650 Market street and 408 Taylor street.

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THE WAVE

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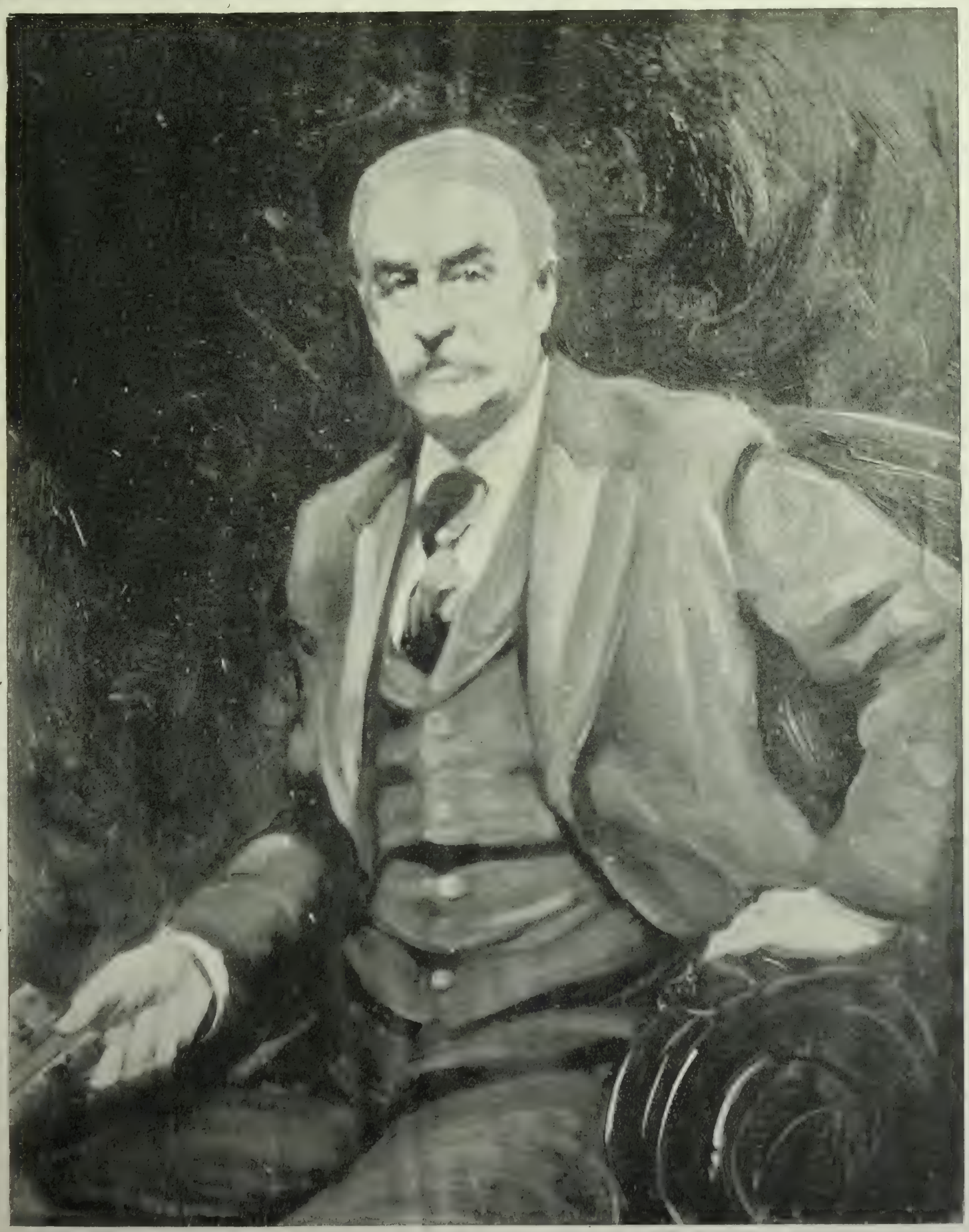

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE

FROM THE PORTRAIT PAINTED FOR THE BOHEMIAN CLUB BY FRED YATES

Photo by Marceau

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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"THE SLIPPERY SILVER-MAN."

The silver man is a slippery individual in an argument. His tongue, like Mr. Bryan's oratory, is burdened with contradictions and glaring inconsistencies. One moment he will enthusiastically affirm that free coinage will give us more money and a cheaper dollar, and so lift up the price of goods and increase the rewards of toil. Another time he will tell us we need a cheaper money to permit the manufacturer to compete with the cheap labor of Japan, and in the next breath he will be equally decided in declaring that with Bryanism silver will inevitably rise to the price of gold and be worth $1.29 per ounce.

Take the "Examiner" of Wednesday last. Side by side are two articles advocating free coinage of silver for diametrically opposite reasons.

The Chairman of the State Silver Convention, speaking, not as an individual, but authoritatively as the highest officer of the silver organization in this State, gives voice to some statements well worthy of closest scrutiny. He violently declares that Japan has an enormous advantage over us, from an industrial point of view, because it is on a silver basis, and because its workingmen are "oblivious of the fact that the metal out of which their money is made has fallen 50 per cent as measured in gold in the money centres of Europe and America." And then, from this condition of affairs, he reasons that the American workingman, whose dollar, he affirms, is a 200-cent dollar, cannot compete with the "oblivious Japanese workingman. Clinching his argument on the other side, he announces that "It is at once apparent that the American manufacturer," Mark you! Manufacturer! Not workingman! "will be driven to the same extremities" as the the farmer. Then the gentleman, having pronounced our manufacturer very sick, proposes a remedy for his frightful impending ills. What is it he proposes? Is it a high protective tariff against Japanese cheap labor? Not much. His friends have no mines out of which they may dig protective tariffs. This is what he proposes, and we must credit him with being perfectly serious in the matter.

He says:

"The remedy will not be found in tariff schedules, but rather in changing our financial system so as to scale down the purchasing power of our dollar and raise the purchasing power of theirs."

The author of this statement is the Chairman of the Silver party in the State of California. His language takes on something of an official character that must not be overlooked. Reduced to plain Anglo-Saxon, he means, if words have any meaning, that our dollar must be scaled down in value and pass current from our manufacturers to our laborers as a full value dollar. This means, if it means anything, a surreptitious and cunningly devised reduction of wages to compete with Japan. It means that we will deceive labor by giving it the same number of dollars we are now paying, but the dollar we will then be giving out will be one that has been "scaled down" and is a cheap and debased dollar. It means that we must inject a little of the Japanese microbe of "oblivion" into the brawny arm of the man who works. Mark well the remedy, and the physician who prescribes it. Paraphrased, this is what he proposes:

The American manufacturer cannot afford to pay his laborer in a coin as valuable as the American dollar so long as the Japanese are able to pay their labor in a 50-cent dollar. To permit the American manufacturer to compete with Japanese labor we must scale down the value and purchasing power of our dollar and raise the value and purchasing power of the money that the Japanese manufacturer is paying to Japanese labor.

Of course, the physician prescribing this nostrum cannot mean that American and Japanese wages will be readjusted to harmonize with the new money values. He cannot mean that the Japanese laborer would then receive a less number of his Japanese dollars with an increased purchasing power, and that the American laborer would then receive a larger number of his depreciated American dollars; because, if this were so, the American manufacturer would gain nothing, and the competitive conditions would remain unchanged.

We have been advised that "The Wave" ought to emphasize the fact that the silver movement is merely a great scheme to reduce wages. The Chairman of the Silver party of California has emphasized this point to such an extent that it will be unnecessary for us to dwell upon it.

Now look upon the other side. Take the editorial in the column parallelling the article just referred to. There you find another reason for favoring Bryan, which cannot be true if the contention of the other gentleman is true. There we are told that under free coinage silver will jump to $1.29 an ounce and things will go humming along without any disturbance or panic. "Silver will go to $1.29," says the "Examiner, "because of the new demand for it." The idea, then, is not that we are to have cheaper money, because if silver rises to $1.29 it will be equal to gold. Perhaps, then, the "Examiner's" idea is that we shall have more money. An examination of the files of that paper discloses that it has already editorially announced its belief that "there is not a stock of silver bullion anywhere in the world sufficient to raise our money supply by even 10 per cent." Then the "Examiner" is favoring silver, not because it will give us cheaper money, not because it will give us more money; but for some other reason.

Perhaps a few extracts from this same article will better explain the astounding attitude of that most astounding journal. After attempting to illustrate the modus operandi by which silver will rise to $1.29, it says, with some suggestion of delightful sarcasm:

"If the contemplation of silver and gold is too confusing to the gold monometallists, suppose we illustrate the matter by taking wheat. Suppose the Hanna Syndicate had its $550,000,000 in cash in hand and took a notion that it would put wheat up to $1.00 a bushel. If then it was found that the surplus wheat in the world all told was only 200,000,000 bushels, could there be any doubt of the ability of the syndicate to carry out its wish? If the 200,000,000 bushels were dumped on it all at once it would buy them, pay for them, and call for more on which to spend the remaining $350,000,000 of its capital. Under such conditions would there be any wheat in the world selling for less than $1.00? Certainly not."

"Suppose the Hanna Syndicate took a notion to put wheat up to one dollar a bushel," says the "Examiner." Then Hanna & Co. would be "bull operators" on the wheat market. We do not "bull" a market for fun. The little transaction, pictured by the "Examiner" as being on all-fours with the silver movement, might, in mercantile circles, be known as a "corner." "Corners" are generally regarded by the great public as being illegitimate and reprehensible. The "cornering" of commodities is at best a practice which tends largely toward monopoly pure and simple. But the illustration is most apt, and gives an insight into the "Examiner's" idea of the silver question that is indeed surprising and instructive. The article continues:

"And when the United States" (which has taken a notion to "bull" silver up to $1.29) "has taken all the silver in the world and paid $1.29 per ounce for it in goods or securities or gold, and has goods and securities and gold in sight to pay for hundreds of millions more, will it be possible to get silver anywhere for less than $1.29 per ounce? To suppose so is to suppose that men sell goods for 50 cents when they know they can get a dollar for them—which is not a common principle of human action."

The idiocy of the "Examiner's" imaginary transaction is plain, for it assumes that it is a "common principle of human action" to pay more for a thing than it is worth. It proposes that our Government shall indulge in just such an idiotic policy, however. It proposes that we shall coin silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, when its real ratio is 32 to 1. It proposes that the Government shall offer an ounce of gold for 16 ounces of silver, when it can now obtain 32 ounces of silver for an ounce of gold. It proposes that the Government shall "take a notion" to "corner" silver by offering to purchase the entire stock and output of the world at double its market value. It proposes that the Government shall assume the attitude of an operator in silver bullion, who has "taken a notion" to "bull" the market up 100 per cent.

Perhaps one may not be charged with inquisitiveness if he inquires, For whose benefit is the Government to assume this most astonishing attitude? Strip down the "Examiner's" proposition, and it is simply this, and nothing more:

First, Free coinage of silver will not increase the circulating medium of America 10 per cent.

Second, Free coinage will cause silver to jump in value from 69 cents to $1.29 per ounce, and, therefore, will not give us a cheaper dollar than we have to-day.

Third, Free coinage will place the United States in the position of a mad operator in bullion, who will take all the silver offered him at $1.29 per ounce, despite the fact that he can purchase it for 69 cents, and will keep on taking it at this inflated price until he has absorbed the stock and output of the entire world, and so forced the metal to double in value.

Now, if we are not to have more money, and if we are not to have cheaper money, who would be benefited by this transaction? Is the Government or are the people benefited by doubling the price of a thing they have to buy? The farmer is told by the "Examiner" that the throwing open of the mints will not "raise wheat to $1.00 per bushel, or double the price of hogs," and that he will not have any more money, and that he will not have any cheaper money than he has now.

We run a great risk in making this free silver experiment, for it may mean disaster, and it may mean complete financial chaos; and we ought to know upon whose behalf we are to so generously assume such a grave responsibility. The farmer has no silver bullion for sale. We know of no laboring man, or merchant, or clerk, who has any silver bullion for sale. Then who has? Here is a list of worthy people who are generally credited with having large quantities of bullion for sale, and opposite their names will be found a rough, imperfect, and perhaps overestimated statement of their wealth, taken from an Eastern paper:

The Hearst estate, $75,000,000; the Fair estate, $50,000,000; John Mackay, $40,000,000; Wm. M. Stewart, $40,000,000; Francis J. Newlands (Sharon estate), $35,000,000; Senator John P. Jones, $25,000,000; Flood estate, $25,000,000; Charles E. Lane, $20,000,000; Marcus Daly, $15,000,000; Senator H. M. Teller, $2,000,000.

Perhaps these gentlemen can say how much they will be benefited by this silver movement. Perhaps some of them can state to the fractional part of a day how long this Government can continue to take on the load of silver that will then vomit from the bowels of their abandoned mines. Perhaps they have even figured out just how much profit they will take unto themselves before we become a bankrupt, impoverished and crippled people, not able to bear the burden of another ounce of silver.

The "Examiner's" theory is the confession of the scheme of a silver-mine owner who has a stock of bullion for sale. It is common knowledge that the great wealth of the Hearst estate came from the silver mines of Nevada, and that much of its wealth is still locked up in silver interests. It is common knowledge that the "San Francisco Examiner" and the "New York Journal," both owned by Mr. Hearst, are the most rabid advocates of free silver in America. Perhaps no importance should be attached to this fact, but in view of its editorial confession, the suspicion forces itself upon one's mind that its advocacy of free silver is not dictated altogether by unselfish motives.

In the same article from which we quote, the "Examiner" states that "Free coinage would not in itself increase the supply;" and yet it declares that it will increase its value to $1.29. Some one in the "Examiner" office has been guilty of a plain and deliberate falsehood, for this very statement is completely contradicted in its own columns, by it own statistician, Mr. Charles G. Yale, a Democrat and an able man. Mr. Yale declares in the "Examiner's" Silver Edition that the miners "do not care to produce large quantities of silver for which they can only get about 60 cents. They prefer to wait until the people declare for free coinage" and the Government can take silver at $1.29. "Great numbers of silver mines," says Mr. Yale, "have closed altogether, while others have limited their output."

Who is telling the truth? The "Examiner" editor, who has an argument to make and must invent conditions to support his conclusions? Or the "Examiner" statistician, who has no argument to make, but is simply called upon to tabulate facts as they exist?

If it were only possible to pin all the advocates of silver down to a comprehensible statement of facts setting forth their side of the controversy, it is safe to say an analysis of their manifesto would fail to discover a shred or patch of reason in its composition. But, as we said in the opening lines of this article, "The silver man is a slippery individual in an argument."

SOME BITS OF GOOD NEWS.

Encouraging news is plentiful for honest money men. Every day brings some bit of information from the Eastern States to make glad the hearts of those who have been fighting a patriotic fight against great odds on this coast. Following the unprecedented Vermont majority comes one greater and more to be remarked in the State of Sewall. Not even in the days of the war be-

tween the States did Maine give such a Republican vote. And, as in the Vermont case, the result was altogether unexpected. It was thought Mr. Sewall's personal following would be sufficient to bring out the normal Democratic vote, and that State pride would add considerably to this. But the farmers, merchants and fishermen of Maine were not to be influenced by any narrower motive than that of patriotic duty.

It is now reported that Mr. Sewall, having failed to show any such strength in his State as was expected, will be induced to withdraw from the Presidential ticket, and, by agreement with Watson, a new man will be given both Populist nominations, for both are Populist, though one calls itself Democratic. This sort of juggling is to the liking of the Populist heart. In less than sixty days the election will occur, and yet their ticket is not completed. It is not unreasonable to expect that some other contingency will arise before election time which will drive the Populists to change their ticket again. It is anything for votes, and they will keep on "playing the machine" in the hope that sometime a good pair will turn up.

Bryan has already had more running mates than any candidate for the Presidency ever had before, and now the promise is that he will beat his own record.

Both wings of the Populist party treat the Vice-Presidency as if it were some county office to be traded off as Buckley would a Police Court Judgeship. Never was there anything more undignified in our history than this trading, and dickering, and plotting and counterplotting about the election of Bryan plus Sewall, or Bryan plus Watson. Only a party that felt itself dismembered and hopeless would resort to such township politics. A stranger in our country would think on reading the dispatches of each day that the Vice-Presidential nomination was a sort of political football tossed into the dirty ring of practical politics to be booted about by every trading, scheming politician who happened to be nearest to it. Mr. Sewall is to be taken down, not because he is less of a statesman than he was when nominated two months ago, but because he has failed to carry his State for crazy money. He was named originally because he was supposed to be rich and respectable. Wealth and respectability were to this extent recognized in the Chicago convention. But now, finding that the wealth is not to be turned into the trough, and that respectability is a handicap in making the only sort of campaign now possible, Mr. Sewall is to be thrown overboard. We hope, for the Maine man's sake, that he will be relieved of his embarrassing position soon. He must realize by this time that to be a candidate for office on the Chicago platform is about the most inconsistent and altogether unsatisfactory position a gentleman could occupy. A man may be a believer in free silver and yet a very worthy citizen. Every man has some little knob on the round surface of his brain and a silver knob is not as bad as many another kind. But a man of property and intelligence, of patriotism and influence, cannot endorse Tillmanism and Altgeldism without declaring himself a demagogue and an enemy to public order. Mr. Sewall, private citizen, must shudder every time he reads a Bryan speech, almost every sentence of which contains an inspiration to the low and lawless to destroy those things which Mr. Sewall must regard as even more precious than his individual life. To get off the Bryan ticket and have done with the whole anarchistic business ought to be a great relief to Mr. Sewall. And if he does so escape without going down in disgraceful defeat in November he will come to teach his children to regard the day of the September election in Maine as one of thanksgiving.

Another good piece of news is that Senator Jones of Arkansas, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is tired, very tired of his job. He would give it up if he only knew anyone on whom he could drop his robe. But no Elisha is conveniently near. He pretends that he is unfitted for the position, and perhaps he is, but it takes no wise man to see that the plan is too big for any man. Mr. Jones would like to save himself the humiliation of leading his forces to annihilation. With that same chivalry which characterized Artemas Ward, who was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relatives in the war, Senator Jones is willing that the great honors and powers of the National Chairmanship of Amalgamated Populism should be given over to some one else. He has seen the cloud of National disapproval growing larger and larger until now it overspreads the sky. The people who could be fooled in July are open-eyed in September, and with the growth of their information their indignation increases against those who tried to lead them into such criminal injury to themselves. Senator Jones hopes to live some years yet, and if he could find some one to take up his task he would be happy. He finds, too, that the Arkansas returns have fallen off 25 per cent from those originally given out and this he takes as a bad omen. For if big returns cannot be held in Arkansas, what hope is there in Kentucky, West Virginia and Maryland?

The great demand within Populistic ranks at present is for cushions, soft and easy cushions, on which gentlemen who wish to drop out may fall without being hurt. Sewall wishes one, Jones another, and Bryan will wish he had been a little anticipatory a very few weeks hence. All the word that comes from the East is full of cheer to honest money men, and not an incident, event or bit of gossip gives courage to the weakening heart of the silverite.

PERKINS OR CATOR.

Undoubtedly, if the question was squarely put to the people of this State as to whether George C. Perkins or Thomas V. Cator should represent California in the United States Senate, the former would receive the honor by an overwhelming majority. To think otherwise would be to insult the intelligence and decency of the people of this commonwealth. As between Cator and the gentleman named there would not be the slightest doubt as to who would be selected by a popular vote. Yet there is a very lively possibility that Cator may be juggled by the trickery of politics into the place and sent to Washington to shamefully misrepresent California for six years. The startling possibilities that lie on the other side of fusion between the Democrats and the Populists in the matter of congressional and legislative candidates are entitled to and should receive the immediate and earnest attention, not only of Republicans, but of every respectable Democrat as well. Decent Democrats cannot afford to have it said they have contributed toward putting the State in the pitiable position of being represented by a Cator. The Senatorial contest is narrowed down to Mr. Perkins or Cator, surprising as it may seem. California must not disgrace herself; she must not fall in line with the middle western States that acknowledge Peffer and Mary Lease as political deities; she must not become the laughing stock of the nation. Her citizens should not be made to feel a shame at being called Californians. With Cator, Monteith, McGlashen, and the like of them, standing sponsors for this great State in the national legislative halls, there will come to us disgrace so deep that years of repentance will not obliterate the shame. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. McKinley will be the next President of the United States. California may not have the felicity of sharing in the honor of assisting him to that exalted office, but she must not disgrace herself entirely at the polls. The next legislature will elect a United States Senator, and it is most important that his politics should be harmonious with that of the incoming administration. Certainly, the communities of this State interested in Protection, for which Mr. McKinley stands sponsor, are not to permit the election to Congress of men who stand upon a platform diametrically opposed to their interests. The raisin-growers of Fresno and of the great San Joaquin Valley, the sheep-herders and wool men scattered through almost every county in this State, should not need instruction as to where their interests lie. The borax and quicksilver industries, and the thousands of men to whom they give employment, owe the present prosperity of their several industries to the work of a Republican Senator from this State. A Democratic Congress had placed these products on the free list. Senator Perkins, after a hard struggle, succeeded in having the duty restored and the industries saved from certain destruction. The farmers of Santa Cruz, San Benito, Monterey, San Bernardino and Alameda, who have found profit in the sugar beet industry, are all vitally interested in the complexion of the next Senate and House of Representatives, and should need no instruction or advice as to what their course should be. The Democrat who takes any pride in Democracy, or has any love for his State or respect for its honor, should resent the imputation cast upon his party, that it must needs embrace a Cator to defeat a Perkins. The political scheme now being hatched by Mr. Cator and some renegade Democrats is this: By some arrangement, apparently with Senator White, or some other ambitious truant, it has been agreed that the Populist and Democratic parties shall fuse on legislative offices. In the matter of State Senators, Mr. White selects the nominees, and in the matter of Assemblymen, Mr. Cator assumes the role of dictator. The Populist party endorses Mr. White's Senatorial selection, and the Democrats of the several Assembly districts endorse Mr. Cator's Assembly selection. This programme contemplates that the endorsed Populistic Assemblymen shall vote for Mr. Cator for United States Senator in January next, and as many Senators as Mr. White can control shall follow suit. The twenty State Senators elected this year will two years hence have a vote in selecting Mr. White's successor. That gentleman is apparently willing to use the Democratic party this year on behalf of the Populistic Cator, if it will but serve to assist him two years hence. How does this pitiful performance strike the "Examiner" and Messrs. Foote, Maguire and other aspiring Democrats? Under this arrangement, the next legislature cannot by any possibility be Democratic, and it is possible the selection of a United States Senator will fail altogether and California be deprived of its quota of Senatorial representatives. There are twenty hold-over Senators to-day, only three of whom are Democrats. Conceding that all the Senators nominated by the Democracy and endorsed by the Populists are elected, still Cator, who has the naming of the fusion Assemblymen, of whom there are eighty to elect, need only seat thirty-eight of his henchmen to block all efforts at a senatorial selection unless he be chosen. This itinerant politician will have it in his power to declare that California shall not have two Senators at Washington unless he be selected as one. An examination of the figures of two years ago, printed in another column, will demonstrate how dangerously close we are to the unfortunate situation here outlined.

DANGER OF A POPULIST SENATOR.

An examination of the vote cast two years ago in the various Assembly Districts develops a dangerous and threatening condition of affairs, a condition that makes it possible for Thomas V. Cator to disgrace California in the United States Senate for six years. The figures are dry but they are eloquent as well.

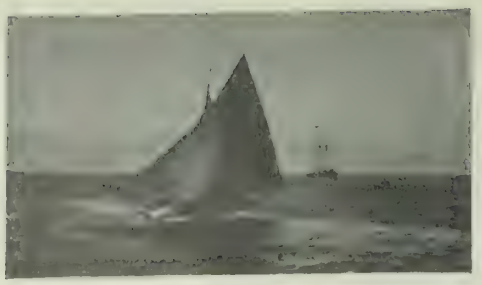
Two years ago the Republicans were successful in 63 Assembly Districts, the Democrats in 14, the Populists in 1, and the Independents in 2. In the districts comprising the counties of Alpine, Eldorado, Inyo, Lassen, Mono, Plumas, San Mateo and Sierra there were but two tickets in the field, no Populist nominations having then been made. In Mariposa and Tuolomne the Republicans made no contest, and in Orange, Riverside and Ventura, and in the Eightieth District in San Diego, the contest was between the Populists and the Republicans. In the Seventy-fifth District of Los Angeles, and in Santa Barbara, the Populists and Democrats also fused. In all the remaining Districts of the State three tickets, Republican, Democratic and Populist, were nominated, and in but fifteen of those districts did the Republican nominee receive a clear majority over his two opponents.

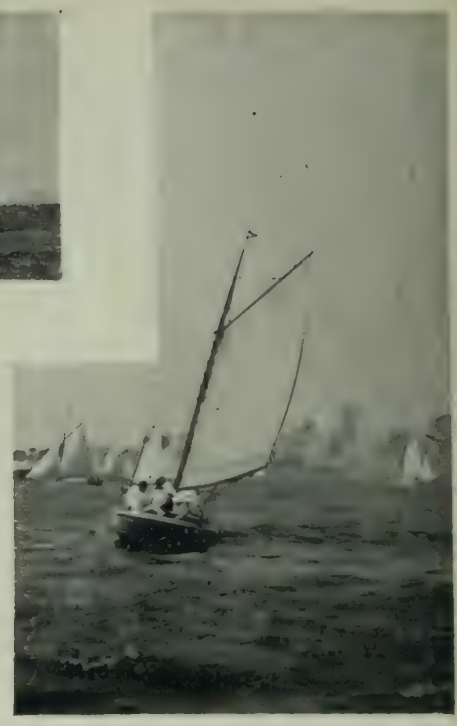
Here are the figures by counties, showing to what extent the combined Democratic and Populist vote exceeded that polled by the Republican party.

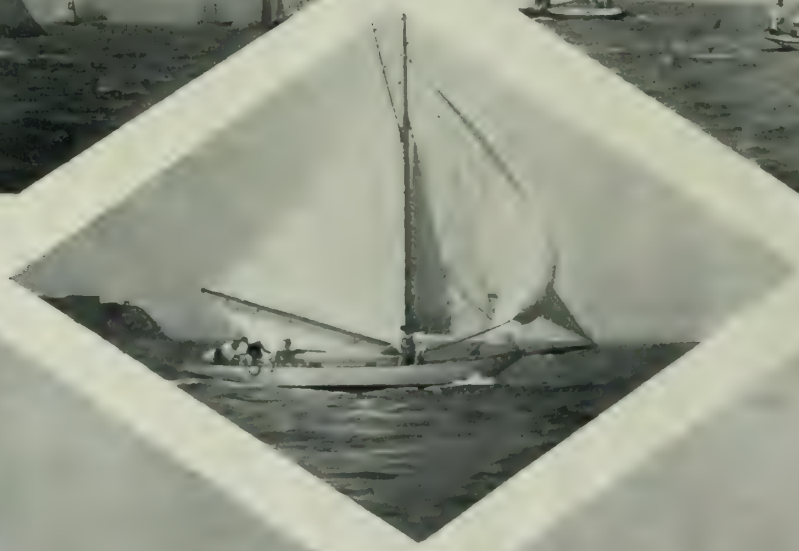
In Alameda, the banner Republican county, the combined votes of the Democrats, Populists and Independents in the six Districts was 12,661, while the Repblican vote was 7,975, and not a single District gave a clear majority to the Republicans.

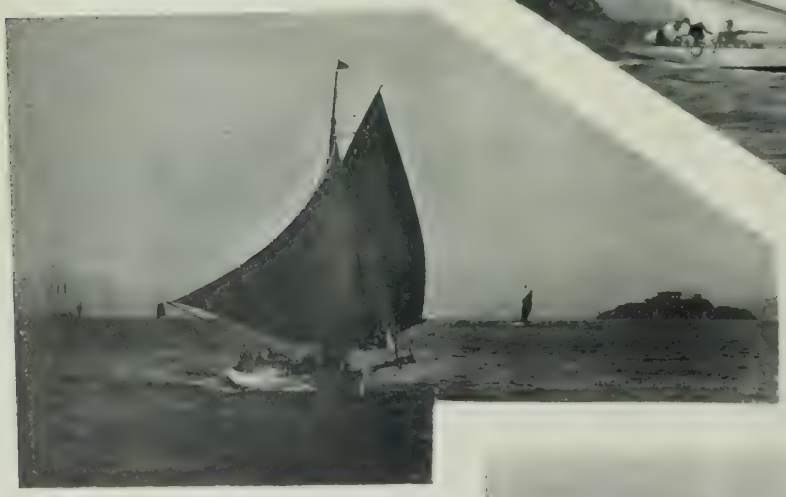
In Amador the vote was, Democratic and Populist, 1,311; Republican, 1,242. Butte, Democratic and Populist, 2,333; Republican, 1,989. Colusa, Democratic and Populist, 1,155; Republican, 828. Contra Costa, Democratic and Populist, 1,785; Republican, 480. Del Norte, Democratic and Populist, 455; Republican, 214. Fresno, Sixty-second District, Democratic and Populist, 2,212; Republican, 1,546. Sixty-third District, Democratic and Populist, 1,826; Republican, 849. Glenn, Democratic and Populist, 872; Republican, 559. Humboldt, Second District, Democratic, Populist and Independent, 2,226; Republican, 1,456. Third District, Democratic and Populist, 1,098; Republican, 865. Kern, Democratic and Populist, 2,012; Republican, 1,233. Kings, Democratic and Populist, 1,016; Republican, 673. Lake, Democratic and Populist, 1,003; Republican, 449. Los Angeles, Seventy-second District, Democratic and Populist, 1,909; Republican, 1,425. Seventy-third District, Democratic and Populist, 1,969; Republican, 1,800. Madera, Sixty-second District, Democratic and Populist, 443; Republican, 320. Sixty-third District, Democratic and Populist, 513; Republican, 236. Marin, Democratic and Populist, 1,298; Republican, 891. Mendocino, Democratic and Populist, 2,506; Republican, 1,344. Merced, Democratic and Populist, 1,212; Republican, 660. Modoc, Democratic and Populist, 706; Republican, 375. Monterey, Democratic and Populist, 2,079; Republican, 1,706. Nevada, Democratic and Populist, 2,506; Republican, 1,726. Placer, Democratic and Populist, 1,900; Republican, 1,539. Sacramento, Twentieth District, Democratic and Populist, 1,576; Republican, 1,307. Twenty-first District, Democratic and Populist, 1,821; Republican, 1,463. Twenty-second District, Democratic and Populist, 1,401; Republican, 1,137. San Benito, Democratic and Populist, 1,001; Republican, 770. San Bernardino, Democratic and Populist, 2,726; Republican, 2,538. San Diego, Seventy-ninth District, Democratic and Populist, 1,819; Republican, 1,441. San Francisco, sixteen Districts, gave the Democratic and Populist and Independent candidates 30,819, and the Republican, 18,449. San Joaquin, Twenty-fifth District, Democratic and Populist, 1,779; Republican, 1,592. Twenty-sixth District, Democratic and Populist, 1,777; Republican, 1,573. San Louis Obispo, Democratic and Populist, 2,226; Republican, 1,575. Santa Clara, Fifty-fourth District, Democratic and Populist, 1,940; Republican, 1,753. Fifty-fifth District, Democratic and Populist, 2,081; Republican, 1,396. Fifty-sixth District, Democratic and Populist, 1,856; Republican, 1,645. Santa Cruz, Democratic and Independent, 2,174; Republican, 2,025. Shasta, Democratic and Populist, 1,821; Republican, 1,050; Siskiyou, Democratic and Populist, 1,581; Republican, 1,354. Solano, Democratic and Populist, 2,510; Republican, 2,330. Sonoma, Sixteenth District, Democratic and Populist, 2,119; Republican, 1,745. Seventeenth District, Democratic and Populist, 1,887; Republican, 1,411. Stanislaus, Democratic and Populist, 1,381; Republican, 1,042. Sutter, Democratic and Populist, 887; Republican, 778. Tehama, Democratic and Populist, 1,315; Republican, 883. Trinity, Democratic and Populist, 596; Republican, 359. Tulare, Democratic and Populist, 2,325; Republican, 803. Yolo, Democratic and Populist, 1,866; Republican, 1,407; and Yuba, Democratic and Populist, 1,254; Republican, 981.

While in the following counties the Republican candidate has a majority over the Democratic and Populist candidates together: El Dorado, Republican, 1,179; Democratic, 1,114. Inyo, Republican, 530; Democratic and Populist, 290. Mono, Republican, 361; Democratic and Populist, 134. Lassen, Republican, 604; Democratic, 369. Los Angeles, Republican, 2,535; Democratic and Populist, 1,726. Seventy-first District, Republican, 1,706; Democratic and Populist, 1,578. Seventy-fourth District, Republican, 2,405; Democratic and Populist, 1,975. Seventy-fifth District, Republican, 2,202; Democratic and Populist, 1,468. Plumas, Republican, 596; Democratic, 528. Sierra, Republican, 646; Democratic, 603. Napa, Republican, 1,796; Democratic and Populist, 1,651. Orange, Republican, 1,765; Populist, 1,182. Riverside, Republican, 1,942; Democratic, 1,527. San Francisco, Thirty-ninth District, Republican, 1,929; Democratic and Populist, 1,706. Forty-third District, Republican, 1,420; Democratic and Populist, 1,281. San Diego, Eightieth District, Republican, 1,682; Populist, 1,590. San Mateo, Republican, 1,224; Democratic, 1,134; and Ventura, Republican, 1,498; Populist, 1,080.









THE INTER-CLUB REGATTA

ADMISSION DAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1896

WEIGHING IN

THE START OF THE CUP RACE

THE HUNT CLUB'S MEET AT SAN CLEMENTE

HEROES AND SEVERAL HORSES

The San Rafael Hunt Club Meet, and the Joys and Sorrows Thereof.

The girls whose noses did not turn red, Mr. Hobart and the man who sold gin, etc., doubtless consider the Race Meet of the San Rafael Hunt Club a great success. But the rest, the pink-nosed, the defeated, the horseless, the ginless and the unimportant can hardly have enjoyed the afternoon—unless to be in the midst of a fashionable crowd constitutes happiness—for the day was chilly, the little "grand stand" was swept by a cold wind, and the time between each race unheard of—they broke the record.

Personally, I was much disappointed to see so few of San Francisco's carpet knights on the race course. The Horse Show and the paper chases seem, after all, to have done but little towards developing the true appreciation in them, that spirit which makes a man long, first, to be on the back of any fine animal he sees, and, next, to race him against another horse if possible, if not against a bicycle, a steam-car or, nothing better being at hand, a cyclone. Probably this spirit, which must eventually develope horsemanship, is born, not made, and must pass through several generations of equine lovers to reach its ripe perfection. If so, it is evident that a man had better race and fall off—like the club's vice-president—than not race at all, for then even if he himself never learns to ride straight his children may. It is, of course, quite impossible to suspect the aforesaid vice-president of any consideration for posterity in his efforts Saturday, and it is equally impossible to praise either his horsemanship or the wisdom of his attempt to ride in a race when one of his legs was injured, but, nevertheless, I cannot help feeling a twinge of respect for the courage, or rather recklessness, which prompted him to mount and try. Discretion so often goes hand in hand with cowardice that we look askance at the old dame, set Folly on high and find her more attractive—particularly when on horseback. For my own part, anything is interesting when on a horse, and the man who sits one well is charming—so long as he stays there.

From a spectacular point of view the day was not a great success, as the horses were poor in sires and grandsires and the sane women enveloped in capes, coats and even carriage-robes. It is not well at races to have all the blue blood on the grand stand and none on the track, particularly if this blue blood is muffled in unbecoming wraps. The little fresh wooden structure set in the midst of low hills would have been pleasing on a warm day, crowded as it was with young women in pretty summer frocks, but a pique skirt and shirt-waist looses all its charm when shrouded about the shoulders in a dark cape, and a grass linen or a lawn makes us shiver when we are thinking tenderly of buffalo robes and a fur store. Moreover our San Francisco women are rather weak as a rule in wraps and in theatre, racing and house dresses. The California girl has always been resplendent at balls, and recently she has become quite correct on the street, but she still shows the cloven foot in her demi-toilettes—the truest test of the wardrobe.

The first race was very unsatisfactory, as it was but for a quarter, and the bunching of the horses was very bad. Mr. Hobart's "Lady Greensleeves" started a length ahead, and came in first, with Mr. Carolan's "Juicy Peach" (ridden by Mr. Farnsworth) second, and "Mollihini," one of the Spreckels' gray mares, third. The second event was more interesting, as it was for a mile, and there was a pretty finish between "Irma" and "Burt." The little bay mare won, however, with "Burt" second (he was almost left at the post) and "Johnny Payne" third. In the next race "Maurice D.," owned by Mrs. Johnson, ridden by Mr. Hobart, and "Cricket," the property of Miss Thomas, had it all to themselves at the finish. "Cricket" was tolerably well handled by Mr. de Long, who, I hear, rode her for the first time, but "Maurice D." won cleverly without the whip. It was easy for even the most casual observer to see that Mr. Hobart deserves his splendid stable and no horse-lover can begrudge it to so good and judicious a rider.

After this came the most exciting finish of the day, with "Brandy," ridden by Hobart first, Mr. Archibald's "Sugar Cane" second and "Bay Rum" third. Almost all of the ingredients of this race were something to eat or drink; let us hope that this signifies nothing as to the condition of our young men when they named their horses, for it is dreadful to picture the tastes of an individual who would sober up on bay rum, and I don't think much of ginger ale. In the fifth race, Mr. Farnsworth distinguished himself by showing his ignorance of how many half-miles there are in a whole. Mr. Ackley's "Antrim" carried him around the first half in fine style, and wanted to keep it up for the second, but Mr. Farnsworth wouldn't have it that way, until the crowd assured him that one and one make two, then he gave "Antrim" his head, but it was too late for the gallant little horse to win more than the third place, with "Billy Robertson" first and "St. Brandon" second.

The last race was a half-mile dash for the Hotel Rafael cup and $100. Hobart had both "Ginger Ale" and "Gold Coin" in, and won on "Ginger Ale" amid the noise of departing crowds and the snapping and squeaking of the camp chairs which were being packed up.

On the whole the instigators of the affair may consider that they met with encouragement if not with enthusiasm, for the mere fact that the major part of the crowd stayed through it all in that bitter wind showed interest and approval.

P. W.

THE UNFOLDING OF LOBANOFF

A Dilettante Nobleman Whose Statescraft Nearly Altered the Map of Europe.

Lobanoff is dead. Therefore a British fleet is steaming for Stamboul; the grand Turk sees midnight visions of daggers and the poisoned cup, and all Europe trembles as it knows not what is to come.

Possibly you have never heard of Lobanoff. When a great man arises in Europe, we who sit here on the outer edge of civilization only realize him dimly until, perhaps, he has grown old. Yet Lobanoff was the White Czar, and his death leaves an interregnum. When the Mikado stopped making war and gave up control of Corea, which he had conquered, and almost all the advantages Japan had won in the war with China, people wondered how it was done. That was the work of Lobanoff, foreign minister of Russia. It was a magnificent triumph of diplomacy, a great victory won without striking a blow, and the advantage all on Russia's side. In his short eighteen months of power, ended by his sudden and untimely death two weeks ago, he had completed his plans to push England off the board of European diplomacy, and proceed to dismember Turkey without reference to the island bully. England would have been quietly shouldered out of the way, given a parting kick in the rear and told to mind her own business.

For the time is ripe to do something with the Sublime Porte. It has been the custom, when his predecessors got too troublesome to tie them up in a sack and drop them in the Bosphorus in a quiet way or, in fact, to put them out of the way in the most comfortable and convenient manner. Abdul Hamid understands perfectly that his time has come, and he is now pleading insanity like a common American murderer. What they will do with him is unimportant. It is what they will do with Turkey and Asia Minor and Crete that interests. The train for all this was laid by Lobanoff, but the partition, if there is a partition, will be made without him, and there is left upon the European board no man to take his place. The old sea pirate that sits on the white cliffs of Albion, forever looking for new worlds to steal—England is glad that Lobanoff is dead. She had no man fit to cope with him while he lived. Now that he is dead, she has mustered up courage to make one of her time-dishonored bluffs. The big Mediterranean fleet is speeding hotfoot for the Golden Horn. Russia's fleet at Cronstadt is hurrying after as fast as it can get around the ugly corners of the Baltic, and the pillars of Hercules, Italy and France, will be there. The dogs of war are gathering. Even Uncle Sam is sending a couple of husky cruisers to the Bosphorus, as a measure of safety for the universal and all pervasive American who may be found doing business anywhere from the Golden Gate to the Golden Horn.

An inimitable combination it was the clever Russian had engineered. He had so maneuvred the European chess board that Austria alone dared interfere between the eagle and his prey. So he placated Francis Joseph with the promise of a slice of the Albanian seacoast. Having arranged a marriage between the beauteous Helma of Montenegro—the handsomest princess in Europe—and the Prince of Naples, he had assimilated the interests of Italy and the little Kingdom of Prince Nicholas, whose sway was to have been extended over leagues of the Sublime Porte's territory. He suggested also the possibility of extending to Italy the markets of France and the assistance of the latter power in Abyssinia. All this to check the friendship of the Southern Kingdom for the British Lion, which had aided the supremacy of Queen Victoria in the Mediterranean. But Lobanoff is dead, and there is no one powerful enough or sufficiently astute to take up the strings of his policy, unless indeed it be Aginor Golochowski, the Austrian foreign minister, who is the one Continental figure of magnitude left on the board.

It cannot truly be said Lobanoff was a saint. It lay within his power to have stopped the terrible massacres in Armenia at any moment in the past eighteen months, by lifting his finger, but, in fact, the slaughter was part of his plan and he encouraged it. He was preparing the way for a complete and convincing demonstration of the Porte's unfitness to govern, and a few thousand Armenians made no particular difference, except in the way of assisting the manifest destiny of empires. The strange thing is that he contrived to keep secret from the young Czar the frightful condition of things in Armenia, and Nicholas would have known nothing about it had not his English relatives recently apprised him of the massacres. He was so greatly horrified at the discovery that he almost broke with Lobanoff, and the minister was in disgrace for a time—only for a time, because Nicholas found he had no other staff on which to lean.

Now the Czar has lost his mainstay. Not much is known of Nicholas. He is a young man, puny of physique, nervous, diffident and deeply superstitious. The awful calamity that attended his coronation when thousands of his subjects were crushed to death on the plains of Moscow, has always seemed to him an evil omen. Lately he has seen the one man on whom he could rely die unexpectedly before his eyes. He sent for Shouvaloff to take his place, and Shouvaloff was there and then stricken with paralysis. No wonder the mind of the young monarch is oppressed with deep forebodings and the dread responsibility placed upon his shoulders.

It is altogether uncertain whom the Czar will call to his side in Lobanoff's place. Nelidoff, the Russian ambassador at Stamboul, is next in line, but he is what diplomats call a negligeable quantity. He only exists in virtue of his wife and his complaisance as a husband. Shishkine is the ablest of Lobanoff's lieutenants, but it is doubtful if he is big enough for the place. There remains M. De Witte, the present Minister of Finance. A few years ago he was a village station-master on the railraod from Kieff to Odessa. He made a reputation by disobeying orders at a critical time and being able to prove later that he was right. Two years ago he was ennobled, and his general appearance is that of a man who has slept in his clothes.

Lobanoff was "grand seigneur." Possessed of an enormous fortune he kept up a style of oriental and barbaric splendor in his establishment. His pages were the sons of Caucasian chiefs; the horses he rode were shod with silver. His lineage was not inferior to the Romanoffs themselves, and his position as well assured. He knew it and was independent accordingly. Once when he was ambassador at Vienna, the Grand Duke Vladimir telegraphed him, "I arrive to-morrow night. Prepare apartments for me at the embassy." Lobanoff telegraphed back, "Your Imperial Highness must go to a hotel. Cannot place rooms at your disposal." The Grand Duke arrived and went to his hotel and Lobanoff purposely neglected to meet him at the railroad station or at the hotel. His life was that of a sybarite. He cared for nothing but luxury and ease, apparently. His distinctions he owed to rank and family rather than diplomatic triumph, though in the maneuvres of Europe in his embassadorial capacity he had ever shown skill and astuteness. But, being appointed Foreign Minister, his manner changed. The sybarite became a demon of industry. He slaved day and night manifesting an enormous capacity for work. The development of Cromwell from a country squire into a great general and ruler, was not more sudden than the sudden alteration of this dilettante embassador into a great statesman and a great statesman he was, as England would have learned to her cost but for the sudden illness that carried him into oblivion, his life work planned but unachieved.

Something Lobanoff did in literature, and his "History of Paul I." is well known. He never married and was not known to have ever admired a woman, save Mary, Queen of Scots, who has been dead some time.

His name he took from one of his ancestors, Loban, which is the High Forehead.

In Paris the first woman's club in France "Le Ladies' Club," has just been organized. Married women may become members if they have their husband's written consent, but widows are preferred. Political and religious discussions are forbidden. Sixty members have already joined, and the club is organizing entertainments to which men will be invited.

The Baltimore Race Standard says that a new thing under the sun has just happened in that city, when Charles Lee, a Chinaman, was defended in a criminal action by William H. Daniels, "one of our brightest and most aggressive colored lawyers," and was acquitted.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Fred Yates, on returning from London to San Francisco, his old home, offered to paint for the Bohemian Club, the portrait of any one of its members the directors should designate. They selected for this honor General Lieutenant Harwood Foote, and the picture is reproduced in this issue. The canvas is something of a tour de force, being admirably handled, a successful likeness, and executed at a sitting. General Foote is one of California's most distinguished citizens. He graduated from law into politics, and thence into diplomacy, having been a judge and then Collector of the Port of Sacramento,—this in the early sixties—later Adjutant-General of California, subsequently United States Consul at Valparaiso, and, in the early eighties, Minister to Korea, where he rendered brilliant services. Otherwise, General Foote is a poet of some genius and great cultivation, and an accomplished and scholarly writer. His personality is admirably expressed in the sonnet which follows, addressed to the portait by Louis A. Robertson:

When Art's apt fingers almost show the mind,
And Genius doth unto the canvas lend
The look of life, the colors thus combined,
In an immortal masterpiece do blend;
Though skillfully and well, hereon are laid
The magic pigments, yet when Time shall stain,
And dust bedim, a voice from out the shade,
Shall echo on in an undying strain.
We know, white-souled and loyal-hearted man,
That unto them, who shall this picture scan,
Though it should be in some far distant year,
Thy face will be familiar, for the fame
Which now thy modest heart bids thee disclaim,
Shall still endure, and ever bright appear.

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The coinage question leads in the most trivial conversations. Sixteen-to-one is a colloquilism of the clubs, the ferry-boats and the corner groceries. It is not a cheering, a humorous or an interesting topic, however important, and whatever gleam of fun it is possible to shed on its solemnity, is welcome. Here is one coinage story which seems new and is good. Two Gas Company Irishmen, seated on a length of pipe eating lunch, are discussing silver.

"Till me, Pat, fwhat do they mane by this 'sixteen to wan?' " asked the first.

"Shure sixteen to wan is the free coinage of silver, Moike," responded his friend.

"An' fwhat does that mane?" pursued the other.

"Why, free silver, me boy; it manes that silver will be free and we'll all get rich."

"Free silver, yez say?" grunted the first. He ruminated a while.

"Do they bring it to us, or do we have to go and get it?"

***

The capture and conviction of Oliver Winthrop is the consummation of an extremely clever piece of detective work. So adroit and suspicious a scoundrel as the ex-cemetery superintendent does not succumb to the ordinary devices of thief-taking. He must be stalked with other quarries, and there must be brains in the scheme of seizure. Of the guilt of the ruffian Captain Lees made no doubt when he heard the story of Millionaire Campbell. That was a step in itself. There comes, then, the question of discovery. In the capable brain of the Chief of Detectives a subtle scheme was conceived and put into execution with the assistance of a clever young woman who had never previously been employed by the department. The day after the abduction a pleasant but business-like young lady called on Mrs. Winthrop and asked for a private interview. She explained that Mr. Campbell had sent her to say that he cherished no ill-feeling against Winthrop, and had only disclosed what the papers had told to avoid scandal. All he desired was to hear no more on the subject, and to the speaker he had given a thousand dollars to assist Winthrop's flight—would she communicate, and if the husband was willing to fly, the gold would at once be forthcoming. Mrs. Winthrop said she knew nothing of his whereabouts, but sent the visitor to a mutual friend—a widow — who demanded, on the message being told her, to see the color of the Campbell coin. At the next call the diplomatic maiden was properly provided with a store of twenty dollar pieces, at the sight of which there was at once a change of demeanor. She left her address, and was assured, though Winthrop's whereabouts were uncertain, communication would be established and she notified as soon as possible.

There is the plot. The next step was to watch the brother-in-law of the suspect—a postoffice clerk, F. Craumer by name, whom Lees shrewdly imagined would be the medium of communication between his quarry and Mrs. Winthrop. A few days later, Craumer received a letter and summoned a messenger boy to carry it to his sister-in-law. The youngster was hardly round the corner when the myrmidon swooped down on him, confiscated the epistle, brought it and the bearer to the District Telegraph office, appropriated the contents and sent the missive on in the hands of another bearer, whose smartness could be depended upon. The letter did not disclose the whereabouts of Winthrop, though it was from him. He asked his wife to restrict her intercourse to the personal columns of the "Chronicle," and that she sign certain initials which he prescribed. Next day there appeared a line, with the specified initials, asking for a meeting, as she had some money. He responded through the same medium, suggesting Oakland, a certain corner and the time. There were other details consummating the scheme which succeeded beautifully, for instead of his wife and the money two officers were there with handcuffs, and the scoundrel nabbed like a rat in a trap, disguised beyond possibility of recognition. Altogether it was a cleverly worked scheme and its success is decidedly a feather in the cap of Captain Lees.

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How the Captain has scored these latter months. Consider the Durrant case; it was admirably worked up. Not a thread missing nor a clue neglected. The conviction of the murderer was a carefully calculated climax. More noticeable even was the capture of Becker and Creegan, the most daring forgers in the country, who after plying undetected their nefarious schemes for years, shifted the field of their operations to San Francisco, and fell into the clutches of Lees. Winthrop, a careful and subtle villain, imagined himself safe from the police, but he too had to succumb. All this is excellent work that Captain Lees has done and reflects undoubted credit on his judgment and ability.

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It is customary to attribute the saving of California to the Union to Thomas Starr King. The eloquent oratory of that patriotic divine undoubtedly contributed materially to the cause, but there are other observers who contend that his honors ought to be divided with the minstrel, Ben Cotton, who was at that time singing at Platt's Hall. A staunch Union man, Ben chose for his solo every night some national melody, "The Star Spangled Banner" or "Columbia." These were received with shouts of delight. Every night the audience, which grew larger as the excitement and feeling waxed more profound, thundered out the choruses and it became the proper thing among men and women, wrought up by the events of the hour, to flock at night to Platt's Hall and participate in the patriotism current there. I am sure that these swelling choruses and the strong enthusiasm they engendered decided many a waverer and made public opinion for Lincoln and the North in a way and degree no oratory could. I was reminded of this condition by the reception recently accorded a performer at the Orpheum, whose imitations of the Presidential candidates evoked outbursts of feeling apparently frank and sincere. In the range of his characters he came finally to Sewall and Hobart, who were very quietly received. He followed with Bryan whose appearance was greeted with an outpouring of cheers mingled with hisses. At the next appearance the artist is McKinley, and then the house comes down. Wild, tumultuous and rapturous applause greets him. If such an outburst may be regarded as signifying anything, surely it must mean the popularity of McKinley is greater here than anyone supposed. It is certainly a showing of strength that cannot but determine waverers. I believe this man during his visit made thousands of sound-money votes, just as he would have strengthened the cause of Bryan had the trend of feeling taken the other direction.

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Now that the Supreme Court has decided that the County Government Act applies to San Francisco as well as to the State in general the municipal elections are shorn of much of their glory. There are offices to fill, it is true, but minor ones only. The exclusion of the county clerk, assessor and sheriff removes from the control of the nominators the patronage departments, so there are few rewards to offer the faithful. Some months ago when the question of application was first mooted certain of the officials met in conclave and devoted to the solution of the question some 5 per cent of their salaries. The resolution of assessment was generally acquiesced in, but several of the most prominent bureaucrats declined to put up. Curious to say, most of those who contributed are left out in the decision and the men who had laughed at the proceeding and refused contributions are benefited.

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County Clerk Curry has aspirations. He feels himself a politician of consequence and proposes to utilize the unexpected two years of sway, which the Supreme Court has granted, to convert himself from an office-holder into a boss. The assumption that Curry is absolutely bound to the Spreckels chariot, so generally taken for granted, is without basis. It seems he is a party to the general disaffection which pervades Republican ranks, and it would surprise me not at all if the henchmen of the Sugar Boss were in the course of the next few months discharged from office. Curry would then devote himself to the acquirement of power, making his office force the nucleus of a political organization. It is not impossible that he will associate Phil Crimmins with his aspirations, and the twain together would certainly make themselves felt in Republican politics. Considering his wealth and standing it is peculiar so slight a degree of success and so little favor should have rewarded Mr. Spreckels' participation in politics. He is certainly not popular with his allies. It is doubtful if he really enjoys their loyalty, and no one would be surprised if his adversaries wrested from him the control of his Convention. I believe Mr. Spreckels to be an excellent friend and true to his own convictions, but it is certain he does not evoke loyalty in his followers.

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The ascendancy of the Bimetallic League in the counsels of the Democracy is an achievement which rivals the Creation. This was the signal occasion of the conversion of an idea into a universe. The leaders of the League have followed suit in transmuting their ambitions into a party. The League is founded on expectations connected with the discovery of Charles D. Lane of the Utica mine. It inspired him with designs on the senatorship and anticipated the political assimilation of his dividends. With memories of the late Senator Hearst in the minds of its projectors it proposed incorporating the "good thing" to keep it in the family, but they found it more profitable finally to let out an interest in their expectations to the Democracy in return for a voice in the management of the party. Thus far no one has observed the dividends of the Utica swerving in their allegiance to Mr. Lane. Nor has he contributed his or any other mine-owners' money to the Democracy. In fact, the followers of Chairman Alford have had nothing for their submission to the League save the pleasure of unrestricted intercourse with the Calaveras Croesus who has proved the most moderate and conservative "good thing" ever issued to an unsuspecting party. Apropos of the League and its pretensions a prominent politician has drawn attention to the futility of its title. "Bimetallic, indeed," he said, "why, those fellows only represent brass."

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In the good old days when George Hearst descended with his sack into the political arena no erudite, subtle or complicated plots were necessary to divert the flow of his simoleons. Indeed, he divided without loss of time or unnecessary ceremony and thought nothing of giving $25,000 to a campaign fund. But Uncle George had a princely generosity. His was a character beyond the scope or comprehension of this generation. His political operations were conducted on as broad a scale as his mining enterprises, and no one ever accused him of being "penny wise and pound foolish." The attempted raid on Lane reminds one, by way of antithesis, of the manner in which a former Democratic committee persuaded George Hearst into animating a procession. It was in the second Cleveland campaign and the Republican committee, plentifully supplied with protective funds, had organized and brought off with flying colors and an abundance of music a great parade. It was a tremendous affair and the Democracy gazed at the unrolling of its legions green with envy. Nothing availed but its duplication under more gorgeous auspices, and Bill English, who was then at the head of affairs, undertook to consummate the patriotic project. A pageant on the grandest scale was arranged—floats, bands, uniformed guards, banners and transparencies galore. All these cost money, and George Hearst was elected marshall in the hope that he would foot the bills. He did, but the time and manner of his settlement proved a serious embarrassment to all concerned. The day prior to the event, a Machiavellian Republican circulated among the bands and float-makers a rumor that the Democracy had not money enough to liquidate its liabilities. Considerable money was already owing instrumentalists for past services, and the leaders were persuaded to refuse to participate unless paid in advance. This ghastly suggestion created so much trembling among the musicians that when aligned ready to march a delegation was sent to English at the Palace

LI HUNG CHANG
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH PRESENTED BY THE CHINESE STATESMAN TO
[illegible] BROUGHT BY M. TIENTSIN

Hotel with an ultimatum. It announced briefly, "No money, no music." Attempts to prevail on the good nature of the committee were unavailing. The pageant trembled in the balance. At the last moment they thought of Uncle George, who had just sauntered in, in battle array, to know what the delay was. It required $6000 to liquidate that procession, but Hearst was equal to the occasion. An hour was lost gathering in the gold, but it was the grandest, most enthusiastic political pageant ever witnessed, though it was noticed that Uncle George's head hung rather heavily as he rode in the van, and he was singularly deaf to the flattering congratulations which subsequently poured in upon him. It is said the night cost Hearst, all told, the sum of $12,000. He could have been an Italian Duke for half the sum.

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Though the Exploration Company is diverting to California a certain per cent of the British capital frightened out of South Africa, I fear most of it is directed British Columbiawards. In the Rossland and Trail Creek countries, in which such rich discoveries of precious metal have recently been made, there is a veritable boom and much gold from London is arriving. A similar condition exists in the Kootinay district, already exploited, where some excellent dividend paying mines have already been developed. At the headwaters of the Frazer River, where Prentiss Maslin, well known in San Francisco, has located himself, there has been opened a splendid territory for placer mining, and the several men who have gone there from California are already wealthy. It is but natural that the Londoners should prefer to invest in their own colonies rather than build up regions in which sooner or later they may find themselves at a disadvantage. One never knows in California what new raid on exterior capital a hungry legislature may make, a condition which the shrewdest Englishmen have had good reason to realize already.

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California is becoming the happy hunting ground of conventions. We have had Knights Templars, Hotel Men, Dentists, Doctors and Veterans. It is proposed now to persuade the Photographers to visit the Coast. Possibly the fact is not generally known, but there is a national organization of portrait makers, which meets annually at various Eastern cities. As they have never been to California, it would not be difficult to persuade them to visit us, and I think they would be generously welcomed. Louis Thors has the project in hand, and he will summon the local organization to participate. The gathering means an interesting exhibition of photographs.

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An amusing predicament is that in which the Tulare county Republicans find themselves. Having gathered for the County Convention it was proper to go through the usual rigmarole of resolutions and endorsements. It seems, however, that the members were much pushed for time, and in order to accelerate things decided to endorse the platform which had been adopted two years before. The wiseacres in charge of the organization did not take the trouble to read its various clauses through to the bitter end—hence the story. The consequence is that the McKinleyites of Tulare county are positively pledged to free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, for it seems the platform in question was put through when the State thought it wanted that metal at any price. The rest of the valley is laughing at these remarkable politicians and demanding they announce where they are at.

ROSETTE

AFTER BERANGER

In this, the heyday of your youth,
How can you sit and prate, my dear,
Of love and faith to one, forsooth,
Whose forty years are in the sear?
Time was, when my fond heart could pay
Its vows to one obscure grisette;
Ah, me! if only I, to-day,
Could love you as I loved Rosette.

Your grand equipage serves to show
The silks and diamonds which you wear;
Rosette, Rosette, her cheeks aglow,
Tripped by with roses in her hair;
Her eyes, despite my jealous "Nay,"
Provoked a word from all we met;
Ah, me! if only I, today,
Could love you as I loved Rosette.

In your boudoir, with satin lined,
The mirrors show your smiling face;
In her wee glass, I used to find
The image of a new-born Grace.
No curtains barred the morning ray,
And stars peeped in when sun had set;
Ah, me! if only I, today,
Could love you as I loved Rosette.

Your wit and fancy flash, until
The poet's heart is somehow stirred;
I do not blush to own it, still,
Rosette could scarcely read a word.
Her simple speech sufficed, alway,
To tell her love, and yet, and yet,
Ah, me! if only I, today,
Could love you as I loved Rosette.

Her charms were less than yours, God wot,
She may have loved me more, although,
I must confess her eyes had not
The fire of passion yours can show;
But then she had, I fain must say,
My youth, which I perhaps regret;
Ah, me! if only I, today,
Could love you as I loved Rosette.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

THE CALIFORNIA YACHTSMAN

Wind and Weather Conditions That Rule in San Francisco Bay.

A yacht race is generally a success in San Francisco Bay, when sailed in the summer months. In the channel a calm is almost an unknown quantity, and it is seldom that the boats do not finish within the time limit. There are none of those disheartening drifting matches so common in Eastern waters, for a twenty-mile breeze is the average, and thirty-mile zephyrs are not at all unusual. Our yachts are built and sparred for just these conditions. Even the little twenty-footers can go to windward under full sail in weather that would compel the Eastern crack forty-footers to double reef or run for it. The truth of these observations is proved by the fact that certain small Eastern yachts brought to this coast around Cape Horn on the deck of sailing ships have proved useless in California waters until their spars were cut down and their sail area reduced nearly a half. As for the big racing "single-stickers," with main booms a hundred feet long, we have no use for them. All of our yachts are of moderate size, singly sparred and rigged. It is not customary either to employ hired crews—not to any extent, at least. Our yachtsmen sail their own craft, generally cook their own meals and are their own captains, pilots, stewards and crew.

The yawl is the distinctive California rig. Although of late years many sloops and schooners have been built, nothing compares with the yawl for comfort, safety and ease in handling. Yachting, however, will never be the sport on this coast that it is on the Atlantic. The reason is the circumscribed area available for cruising. However extensive the San Francisco Bay one gets tired of sailing round and round its inlets and outlets, and few care to venture outside the Golden Gate. Generally the conditions prevailing there are rough and uncomfortable, and the harbors are few and far between. Here is where the Eastern yachtsman has the advantage. On the Atlantic one can cruise all summer and anchor each night in a different port. The prevailing summer winds, both here and there, are westerly, which makes an off-shore wind for the Atlantic and an on-shore wind for the Pacific. That this makes all the difference in the comfort of yachting any expert will tell you. It is an ideally luxurious and delightful sport there, and the New Yorkers know how to obtain out of it the highest degree of luxury and comfort. When it comes to seamanship, however, give the palm to California, for the wind and weather have made sailors of our young men.

The page of illustrations are all from snap shots made during the Inter-club Regatta on Admission Day. Possibly there are reasons, but it is curious that so few of the yachts used their gaff-topsails, even when going to leeward. Seldom, it is true, it is that a big club gaff-topsail is seen on any of our boats. In fact our yacht races are never so picturesque as in the East, when the prevailing light winds allow a huge cloud of light canvas to be carried.

Commodore Pero carried off the honors with his sloop Triumph. She was well sailed and owes her victory to speed and good seamanship. She rounded the windward stake-boat and broke out her spinnaker in excellent style. The Catherine got away with the Fawn, which was a surprise, as the latter had defeated the Catherine in the race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup, but I heard afterwards that the Fawn had strained herself and was leaking badly. She seemed out of form and loggy. It will be in order now to match the Catherine and Fawn over the Channel course. The Encinal course is not at all satisfactory. The element of luck enters too largely into conditions, and the wind is never steady.

There were the usual number of casualties. For instance, the Harpoon carried away her balloon jib sheet. The Aeolus, which had been carefully made ready for the race, black-leaded to the rails, and in perfect trim, lost her topmast. This put her out of the race, and she hove away for her moorings to make repairs. I remember one race some years ago, when General Payne, in the schooner Halcyon, in a contest off Marblehead, carried away both topmasts at the beginning of a race and yet came out a winner. There were no fouls or protests, and, after all is said, the race was one of the prettiest ever witnessed on the bay.

It is curious there has been so little yacht racing this summer. There are several new boats that have as yet had little chance to show what they can do. The new Pappoose, for instance, looks like a goer. She went over the course, but was not entered in the race, and as she has not yet been measured, it is impossible to give her corrected time. None of the larger schooners turned out. In fact, the larger boats, with the exception of the Chispa, have done little racing or cruising this summer, and the Corinthians with their little twenty and thirty-footers have had most of the sport to themselves.

The recent Inter-club race ends the regular season. Most of the yachts will now go into winter quarters. Sailing on San Francisco Bay is not either safe or enjoyable after October is out of its teens.

W. B. TYLER.

MRS. THORNDYKE-BOUCICAULT
FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY THORS

1. Washing the fruit. 2. Packing peaches. 3. The drying yard. 4. Gatering prunes. 5. Peeling peaches. 6. Splitting peaches. 7. Ovens for cooking fruit in glass. 8. Dipping prunes.

VIEWS OF THE FLICKINGER COMPANY'S CANNERY AND ORCHARD

AN ORCHARD CANNERY

Facts and Details of Fruit-Packing in a San Jose Establishment.

Tons of fresh fruit spoil every week on the wharves of San Francisco at this season of the year. Tons lie and rot in the orchards. From all over the State comes the wail of the producer that he cannot harvest his crop at a profit, that with the cost of cultivation, picking, packing, boxing, freight, hauling and commission, he is out of pocket at the end of the autumn. This is doubtless true in many cases, for with present transportation facilities and other existing conditions, the fresh fruit market is almost sure to be congested just at the height of the season when the crop must be marketed or lost.

There is, however, a steady and increasing demand for canned and dried fruit of all kinds, and the fruit grower awake to his interests will see to it that he is prepared for the market that is least likely to be overstocked, and where his goods find ready sale at all times and months. Herein, I believe, lies the remedy for many of the ills of the fruit-grower. But the work of canning is not all that it should be, and in this, as in all other branches of the business, success or failure is attained through the minor things—constant care and attention to every detail, above all to cleanliness.

In my visits to certain of the large canneries of San Francisco, I have often been impressed and oppressed by the foul odors and unkempt fly-flavored surroundings, by the poor condition of much of the fruit, leaving with my appetite for canned peaches and pears fully appeased for that day at least, wondering, at the same time, if these are necessary accompaniments of the industry. It had occurred to me that the city is not the place for a fruit cannery; that if the grower could but arrange to can his own cherries and apricots, paying special attention to the quality of each package, he must command higher prices, and at the same time escape the consequences of a glutted market. This method would not only result in immediate profit, but would tend to raises the standard of the industry.

It was with much interest that, on a recent tour of the Santa Clara Valley, I saw my Orchard Cannery idea practically demonstrated, and that with most satisfactory results. It was in the establishment of the Flickinger Orchard and Canning Company, located three miles northeast of San Jose. Here is freshly packed fruit in abundance and an atmosphere of wholesome cleanliness, in striking contrast to the city institutions. A force of bright-faced girls were working on Lemon Cling Peaches, and it was most interesting to watch the process of transforming the luscious, ripe fruit just from the orchard into a table delicacy, and that with but slight loss of its original flavor. It is the rule here to can fruit on the same day it is picked, except Bartlett pears which improve by ripening off the tree. The main buildings are of two stories, 90 by 160 feet, and so arranged that the freshly gathered fruits pass in at one end and come out at the other packed ready for market. The peaches are hand-graded, according to size and quality. It is the rule to can only the "extra dessert" sizes, measuring two and a half inches in diameter. The smaller sizes are reserved for drying. Those selected are split in halves, pits and all, by a little machine carrying two circular knives, and are peeled by nimble-fingered girls. It is surprising to see how quickly and neatly the rich yellow fruit is denuded of its velvety coat. The best peaches are canned in "halves," while others are sliced. The next step is the packing, which is performed by another force of girls, each of whom is provided with a scale to determine quantities. Thence the cans pass on to the washer—a contrivance invented by Mr. Flickinger, which, it seems, is the best appliance yet invented for this purpose. A syrup made from fine white granulated sugar is added and the tops are set on. The cans are now ready for soldering, and are placed on revolving discs. Solder of approved quality is quickly applied. Boiling next. The tins are immersed in iron baskets in huge vats of boiling water, where they remain a varying length of time, carefully calculated according to the kind and character of the contents. A tiny vent hole is then made in each can; they pass back into the vats for a second, are quickly removed and the vent holes soldered up. This completes the process except labelling and packing, the tins being put up in cases holding twenty-four. The product is then ready for shipment.

About one million cans of the finest fruit is thus prepared each year. The Flickingers also put up a portion of their finest fruit in glass. This, that I have described, is but a section of the establishment. The drying is an important department, for there are dried in the orchard some fifteen hundred tons of fruit, for the most part prunes, peaches and apricots. It is interesting to learn that the care and attention lavished on the product is not wasted, as the fruit, both canned and dried, has gained first prizes and gold medals wherever exhibited. It has had awards at the World's Fair in Chicago and the Midwinter Exposition in San Francisco, among other honors. It is marketed in Europe, especially in England, where the brand is highly appreciated.

From the cannery I made a tour of the orchard, which embraces about 600 acres and contains some 50,000 trees, including Yellow Crawford and Lemon Cling peaches, Moorpark and Hamskirk apricots, Royal Ann and Black Tartarian cherries, Bartlett pears, Gages and French prunes. Some forty hands are employed throughout the year. In the harvest season there is a force of 500 at work—girls for the most part—from San Jose and the environment. When the fruit is thoroughly set on the trees in the spring, the thinning process begins. This means the removal of as much as 75 per cent of the green crop, leaving only the most promising specimens to mature. On an average upwards of $150,000 worth of canned and dried fruit is produced annually. No irrigation is necessary, a deep and constant cultivation being deemed sufficient, with the utmost care in spraying, grafting and pruning.

While this establishment may be on too large a scale to serve as a model for the ordinary Orchard Cannery, the process and the methods employed are worthy of study and of imitation. If every large orchard had its cannery, governed by the same methods, it would be an excellent thing both for the grower and the State.

THE HUNT LOOM

A California Invention Which Simplifies the Weaver's Art.

The importance of the Hunt Loom invention has at last obtained general recognition. The San Francisco dailies have described the device at length, and attention has been called to its valuable characteristics. Certain modifications in the machine made recently, have added to its value, and justify a more extended illustration of its merits.

With all the improvements that have been made in the weaving of cloth, one little point has till now successfully baffled every inventor, a little point which has cost the weaving industry of the world millions of dollars a day, and whose solution has taken almost as much time and money as would be needed to build a city. The difficulty lay in the method of placing in the filling or cross threads of the web. The old method of shuttle and bobbin involved an enormous loss of time and material, for whenever the bobbin became empty a certain amount of material was wasted, and its refilling meant stopping the loom hundreds of times every day. In this way three to four hours were lost out of every ten.

CARRIER

The great necessity, as every weaver in the world knows, has been for some method of obtaining a continuous supply of filling thread, and this is what the Hunt Loom and Fabric Company of San Francisco has just perfected. By means of their new attachment, all the filling thread is placed in the web, so there are no ends to waste, and no stoppages to lose time. The thread-carrier crosses the loom three and a half times a second, and will run without stopping. The invention has been thoroughly tested, and has proved that it can run constantly day and night, with one man to do the work which formerly required the services of at least ten. The reduction it insures in the cost of weaving makes its universal adoption a certainty.

It is hard to realize of what vast importance the weaving industry is to the world. Millions of tons of wool and silk and cotton are annually turned into cloth, involving millions of men and looms. For several hundred years, men have made every effort to find the cheapest and best methods. One hundred and ten years ago M. Joseph Marie Jaquard invented an appliance which disposed of the warp threads of the web so that figures and patterns could be formed. Paris recognized the importance of this by erecting a statue to his memory. Among all the improvements, however, the old shuttle and bobbin have until now remained unchanged.

BACK VIEW OF ATTACHMENT

The Hunt invention promises to be a source of enormous profit to the company, for the mechanism is so simple that the attachment can be placed on any loom at an outlay of less than ten dollars. There are not less than a million fabric looms in the United States, and some fourteen millions in Europe, and competition will eventually compel every one to adopt this device or go out of business. The company has received many bids for the construction of the loom from various machine shops throughout the country. The Bigelow Works of San Francisco proposes to construct the attachment by the thousand at $5 each, which enables the sale of the device at such a price as will command a profit of from $15 to $30 each. Already orders from Eastern factories for the attachment are being received. The attachment will soon be taken to George Draper & Sons, in Hopedale, Massachusetts, and as fast as possible introduced into all the weaving countries of the world.

Herewith is presented a photograph of the carrier, and a front and rear view of the attachment. When it is desired to set it on an old loom, the crossbeam of the lay (just under the reed) is taken out, and a new beam, to which the several parts of the device have been attached, is substituted. This operation can be performed in the space of a few minutes.

FRONT VIEW OF ATTACHMENT

Apropos of the company (a San Francisco corporation, by the way, with offices at 24 Montgomery street), it is interesting to learn that it has sold sufficient stock to form a working capital. The prospects certainly offer generous returns to the investors, which should ensure thousands for their small outlay. It is promised that there shall be no assessments, and also that the headquarters will remain in San Francisco.

AT A BABY SHOW

The Melancholy Misadventures of a Good-Natured Young Man.

"Madam," I observed, courteously, "your boy's ribbon is coming off."

"The child's a gurrul, sorr," was the indignant response, "the boys are a-wearin' pink, but mebbe yer culur bloind."

I stammered out an apology and backed away from the irate mother of a native daughter, in the direction of the weighing scales. A howl of distress at my shoulder caused my heart to leap up a couple of inches, and an icy voice broke on my ear:

"Only cripples and dudes carry canes, an' most of them knows enough to keep 'em out of folks' eyes. Or maybe you're an oculist working up a practice."

A hasty glance sufficed to show the lady's babe more scared than hurt, and I marched off as mad as a March hare. A bout of repartee with this female meant billingsgate, so with burning cheeks I beat a hasty retreat.

"Huch-a-bye, huch-a—Now, Voorsanger Levi you jusd quid your sneezin', don'd you see dad your clo'ses vill be ruined?"

I trembled. Hadn't I escaped the babies after all! Surely not! A watery-eyed infant of marked Hebraic features was busily engaged in catching a cold, while its keeper remonstrated. I inquired:

"What children are these, madam?"

"Dese vas the poys, de liddle gals vas on the oder side of de stand."

A spruce young man, wearing a look of fatherly solicitude was busily engaged in weighing tots of all sizes, colors and ages.

"Twinty-three pounds is it, ye sneak; don't yer dare lie to me. Wasn't it meself that weighed him at the fruit store on Folsom street five minutes before I come here—and nary a pound has it lost since then; yer can't fool me, young fellar."

The young man looked tired and bit his lip. His adversary was a swarthy Amazonian Hibernian, with eyes that glittered like steel.

"The scales don't lie, madam," he quietly rejoined. "See for yourself. Will I fill out the card?"

"Naw, yer fool; me husband was a stroiker, and the rascally railroad is runnin' this loike it runs iverythin' else," and snatching up her pride and joy she elbowed her way out of the crowd, pouring down maledictions on the unfortunate weigh r's head.

"A pretty boy, Miss," said I, pleasantly, as a rosy-cheeked infant very sociably stuck a greasy finger in my eye.

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, "and oh, soo good. Won't petzie kiss oo gentleman?" she added to the rosy-cheeked babe. It happened, and after successfully removing a few stray golden locks from my mouth, I continued, "Pray what is his name?"

"Martin Luther Clancy, and his little twin sister's name is Princess Louise Clancy. They're nineteen months old, and I'll have me wages raised if they get prizes."

"Indeed! And where is their mother?"

"Well, sir, herself and their papa and Danny, that's the eldest son, went to Stockton, and I was told to bring the children out here. They're awful good, and never cry; does oo tootsy?"

"His face would be prettier were it washed," I ventured to suggest.

"Sure it would, sir. Would you mind holdin' him while I wet me handkerchief?"

I had just noticed two most estimable girl friends of mine eyeing me quite suspiciously, and I was preparing to withdraw, but ere I could collect my senses I had a burden of nineteen pounds of native son in my arms, and my friends had passed on without bowing.

"Won't you take the child up to the platform before the rush commences?" said a pleasant male voice beside me.

"Not mine," I managed to gasp out.

"No matter, as long as you have brought him here—"

"I didn't bring him here—I'm only holding—" but the man had escaped. Then a new danger threatened me. A certain youth whom I knew to be connected with one of the dailies was coming toward me with a something that looked like a kodak. I was penned in on every side by mothers and babies—click! It's over.

"I hope I haven't been long, sir, but I couldn't find no water. Oh, sir, what's the matter? Please don't swear—Martin Luther cryin', too—mean thing to hurt the poor little fell—"

But I heard no more, and if I did drink more than I usually do that night, who that has the least bit of sympathy will wonder. I'm keeping in doors to-day, in my present state of mind, for I'm sure the sight of a baby would set me insane.

D. C.

Frenchmen consume more alcohol than other Europeans, according to figures put before the Basel Congress for Alcoholism. In the computation the amount of alcohol in light wines and beer is included. The average annual consumption of alcohol per head of population is 13 quarts in France, 10 in Switzerland, Belgium and Italy, 9 in Germany and England, 4 in Sweden, 3 in Norway, and 2 in Canada.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese statesman, is of humble origin. His father was an ignorant woodchopper, and his mother spent her girlhood as a servant.

A French author, M. G. Deschamps, is trying to find out how far the character of modern fiction has affected the marriage rate.

An epilogue to the sensational trial of the Marquis de Nayve, who was accused of doing away with the legitimate son of his wife by throwing him from the cliffs near Castellamare, is the decree of judicial separation between him and the Marquise pronounced by a French civil court.

Lord Salisbury hates traveling and abhors the jolting of a carriage. For that reason he proposes to spend his vacation at Dover, in Walmer Castle, of which he has recently been appointed warden. He refuses all invitations which necessitate a trip, and though he spends his leisure studying electricity, he has never ridden in a motor-car.

"Coin" Harvey drew $2,500 out of the Metropolitan National bank of Chicago the other day, and insisted on receiving gold. After he had deposited the gold in a strong box in the safe deposit department he went home, feeling that at least some of the money he had made by his free silver book was secure in case the free silver ticket won.

The stories which have made Luciena Premelie Hirsch, the Baron's adopted daughter, the richest heiress in the world, are authoritatively denied. She was left but $200,000, and the Baron's executors control the capital. Her guardians being Hebrews, she will doubtless grow up a Jewess, though directions were given by her adopted father that his daughter should be allowed to follow the dictates of her own conscience.

The late Sir John Millais was a graceful speaker, but his speeches cost him a great deal of time and labor. A dinner was given at the Arts Club on Leighton's appointment as President, and Millais was in the chair. He made an admirable speech—so frank, so sympathetic, so eloquent, so unstudied. They congratulated him on it, saying they had no idea he had that gift of oratory, or could speak so well and so spontaneously. "Spontaneous," he said, "why, that wretched speech has kept me awake for the last five weeks!"

M. Thome, a millionaire, who began life as a journeyman stone mason, has just died in Paris, leaving a fortune of fifty million francs. He became intimate with Baron Haussman when he was reconstructing Paris, obtained large sums of money by giving information to speculators as to how the streets were to be laid out, and employed the money in buying up land along the line of the coming improvements, especially in the Marbeuf and Trocadero districts. His granddaughter married President Carnot's son, Ernest, two years ago.

Mrs. Zola, wife of the novelist, is a tall, dark, stately woman, who is devoted to her gifted husband. They have no children, and this has been advanced as the chief explanation of Zola's extravagances in money matters. His house at Midan cost a million francs, and the objects of art which it contains are worth three million more. One table in his drawing room cost two thousand dollars. Zola rises at 6, and spends all the morning at his desk, often writing six thousand words a day. After luncheon, he goes for a walk, and enjoys himself in the evening.

The new Shah of Persia, Mazaffar-ed-din, is most highly educated. He knows most of the Oriental languages, and is deeply read in the classical literature of the East. Besides, he is a great theologian, has studied Aristotle and Plato, knows French well, has a big telescope set up in his palace, is an excellent shot, and defers to the opinion of his wife — a princess of the royal blood of the Kadjars, who is all-powerful at the capital. On ascending the throne, Mazaffar-ed-din's first step was to abolish the taxes on bread, meat and other necessities of life.

There is but one monarch in Europe who can show the scar of a wound received in war. It is King Humbert. The latter, at the Battle of Custozza, which resulted so disastrously for the Italians, endeavored in vain to stem the tide of defeat, throwing himself repeatedly into the thick of it, and giving evidence of a courage that can only be described as heroic. Bleeding from a severe sabre cut, he was at length literally swept off the field of battle by his father's officers and by his own friends, who fully realized the irreparable injury that would be sustained by Italy in the event of the popular heir to the throne (as he was then) being either killed or captured.

Booker T. Washington, the colored principal of the Tuskegee Normal Institute, on whom Harvard University recently conferred a degree, lectured about the race question before a fashionable audience at the Channing Memorial Church in Newport. He was subsequently tendered a tea by Mr. Richard White, ex-Secretary of the Legation at London, where he met any number of prominent people — ex-Secretary Whitney, Senator Calvin S. Brice, Mrs. E. J. Phelps, and many more. To keep his school going Mr. Washington has to raise $100,000 per annum. Upwards of one thousand students are educated at Tuskegee.

Prince K. S. Ramjitsinji, the Indian cricketer, who heads the list of batters in England this season, both in the number of runs made and in his average, recently made one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five runs in the two innings of the match between Sussex and Yorkshire in one day. He has now made ten centuries in first class cricket in one season, a feat that only Dr. W. G. Grace had accomplished before him. Up to 1892 two separate hundreds in one match had only been made by Dr. Grace, in three different seasons; since then the feat has been performed once each by Mr. Brann, Mr. Stoddart, and by Storer, a professional, this year.

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

With the exit of September the summer season may be said to end, and it were well, perhaps, to consider its success and incidentally to reflect upon what constitutes the harvest of a summer campaign. Is it the triumph of bud, belle, matron or modiste, and who may be said to reap the benefit?

Matrimonially speaking, which to the majority means winning one's spurs, the season may be accounted a failure of the direst nature, for not only are there no engagements to record, but if rumor boasts any truth, two have been ruptured. To the bud who flits on the wings of pleasure with few thoughts other than the enjoyment of the moment, the season has brought much bliss. The prizes of the paper chase, the triumphs of tennis have been hers, but the belle who regards her prospects seriously must groan over the inefficacy of her efforts, while the society matron sighs over the frustration of her dearest hopes. In the long run I fancy the modiste holds the trump card, for pretty gowns will always charm the eye of the beholder, even if the wearer receive but a scant measure of attention and are the one necessary adjuncht to the least fruitful season.

An interesting possibility is mooted. Certain Country Club men having given way to the pony races at Del Monte, talk of bringing off their annual "Shoot" at San Rafael. This would add much to the gaiety prevailing there this season. The question, I am told, is not settled, but it has been suggested and seriously entertained. Should it occur, there will be the usual pigeon shoot, together with horse races on the San Clemente track and the other familiar features, terminating with a ball in the evening. Should arrangements be entered into, undoubtedly the affair will take place before the end of September.

It is asserted that ,until the results of the elections be announced, there will merely be a feint at entertainment, for no one actually knows what the outcome may be. The Friday night parties are all to be cotillions this year, the assembly balls of a year ago being neither so popular nor so successful as the germans. This week has, if possible, been more utterly lacking in incident than its predecessor. At least there was the circus then, and the Eyres, Louis Parrotts and Goads gave box parties and the younger set were greatly in evidence. I noticed the Howard boys, Miss Blakeman, Miss Mamie Polhemus, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood and Miss Cathro Burton in a party one evening, chaperoned by Mrs. C. Jouett, displaying the deepest interest in the antics of the various freaks. On Saturday the Misses Helen, Edna and Georgie Hopkins gave a jolly yachting party to Benicia. There were twelve young people invited, among them Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Crockett, Messrs. Howard, Macondray and Jack O'Sullivan. They lunched on board, and as the afternoon progressed the wind sprang up, causing the girls to contemplate upon the story of Jonah and the whale and decry the pleasures of the briny.

Another affair for sweet charity is the Poster Show at Mrs. Duprey's, corner Laurel and Clay streets, on Saturday next. The exhibition is well worth a visit, as several of the local artists have sent originals, and there are some excellent productions by Eastern and foreign men. The entrance fee is very reasonable—ten cents only.

Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair have gone out but little since their arrival here. It is easily seen their hearts are now in Newport, and that California to them is purely business, and disagreeable business at that. They were over with the O'Connors at San Rafael before the Hunt Club races, and have gone round a little among some of their old friends.

Another annual election at Burlingame. In spite of the maleficent predictions of disaster under the regime of the new board, the twelve months of its management have passed without injury to the institution. Instead of administering its affairs at a loss they have steered the institution safely through the rapids and currents and have brought it out with a profit of some $1,500—and that in the face of some sixty-five resignations. Considering the situation and various other things, it is an achievement to be proud of. It is the result, of course, of strict attention to economy. Nowadays at Burlingame there are no loose ends, no horses eating their heads off, no wild extravagances in any department, save, perhaps, the restaurant, in which the only serious loss was made. This department ran behind $3,500, and it now behooves the new board to devise means for ending the waste and converting this outgo into a surplus. The new board differs from its predecessor in that it includes F. S. Douty, A. B. Ford and Henry Scott. Joe Tobin and Will Crocker were re-elected, and the rest are holdovers. The new directors are decidedly acquisitions, having that business ability which is so valuable a factor in club management.

Polo is being persistently played at Burlingame these days, and preserves its pristine popularity. The heroes of the field are experiencing the effect of com-

MISS EFF HOYER

Who has won three times in succession the annual tennis meets the handsome trophy awarded the winner of the Ladies' Singles.

petition in that quite a number of the younger men have begun to play, notably certain young Howards, Tobins and Brewers, all of whom show considerable promise, and have all the requisite daring.

The retirement to England of Talbot Clifton has made rather a change in conditions at the club house at Burlingame. The bachelor atmosphere which then pervaded the place has been dissipated, and it seems now as though the pretty rustic mansion on the hill would be allowed to subserve its original purpose. There is no reason why the comfortable rooms connected with it should not be used by the lady members as well as by the gentlemen. Just at present Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crockett and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan are installed there, and their leading will doubtless be followed by other people next season. There is no reason why the club should not be as free as a hotel, and why all the rules governing such an institution should not be enforced there.

If Frank Newlands could be persuaded to remain long enough in California a number of improvements would doubtless be carried out at Burlingame. His latest idea is the construction of a number of cottages along the boulevard, between the station and the club house. Here are some delightful sites for small villas, which could be erected at a minor cost and rented at low figures, and they would undoubtedly be tenanted the summer through. He has about decided, I believe, to erect a series of rustic bungalows, framed on artistic lines, comfortable but simple, and Willis Polk has furnished a design to meet these exigencies. They will cost but little, and cannot fail to prove an excellent investment.

Among the events in anticipation is an informal tea to be given on Saturday by Miss Mabel Reed. Miss Reed is to leave for the East in about a month, and expects to spend the winter with relatives there.

Mr. Ernest Peixotto also announces his intention of wintering in New York. Before leaving, however, he will have an exhibition and sale of black and white studies at Vickery's, and canvases at his studio on Sacramento street.

Another of the peregrinators is Mr. Everett N. Bee, who leaves next week for Guatemala, where he will remain until the spring.

Major Hooper, who went south to recuperate after his severe attack of pneumonia, has been seriously ill in Los Angeles. He had been feeling in excellent health, and had sent for Mrs. Hooper to join him and Miss Hooper in Los Angeles. The weather suddenly changed, however, becoming exceedingly hot, which completely prostrated the Major and brought on an attack of enteritis. He is now convalescent and will return probably to town next week.

There is more or less of a glamour around an artist's life, but seldom in these fin de siecle days does one have an opportunity of coming across a veritable romance. Miss Jane Houston has, however, saved the Sketch Club from the annals of the commonplace and been married in most romantic fashion.

Some few years ago while studying in Europe she met a very talented architect who hailed from Boston, Mr. Kilham by name, who took prizes and distinguished himself in various ways. He fell in love, proposed, and was accepted conditionally, and a year passed by. He again urged Miss Houston to name a day, but she said perhaps in another year or so, and he was again put off. Last year she returned from abroad, exhibited some of her sketches at Vickery's, and later at the Fall Exhibition in the Hopkins Academy of Art, and received much praise, her Holland sketches being especially commended. Later she gave a most original luncheon, to which none but red-haired maidens were invited. Miss Houston has hair like burnished copper and dresses daringly in curious combinations of salmons, corals and all shades avoided by the ordinary red-haired damsel—but then Miss Houston has not the every-day complexion associated with red hair, and can afford to dress accordingly. But to return to the marriage. Some few weeks ago Mr. Kilham came out from Boston and insisted on being wedded immediately. As of yore Miss Houston persisted in postponing the day. At last he was obliged to return to the East, and said he would not go alone. The day came; he urged her to marry him. She consented; her mother went out and bought a wedding cake; she invited a few of her friends to lunch; the ceremony was performed, and they left by the evening train for Boston.

Talking of matrimony, the great event in Oakland is the Requa-Long wedding, which is to be a most elaborate affair, and to take place in St. Paul's Church. It is to be a regulation army wedding, with gaily colored uniforms, gold lace epaulettes and swords in abundance. The wedding dress is a gorgeous confection, the bridesmaids' gowns things of beauty, the trousseau, chosen by Mrs. Mackay in Paris, an exquisite affair.

I hear that the Deux Temps Club is to be reorganized and combined with the younger class, known a year ago as the "Little Ducks." It is to be hoped that there will be more discrimination shown with regard to admitting members than there was last season, when a rather mixed element was introduced, much to the disgust of the original members. Mrs. McElrath, the president, has plenty of executive ability and the enthusiasm necessary to make a successful club. Of the original Deux Temps Club, the girls are gradually being married. A few months ago Miss Claire Tucker became a bride; next month Miss Amy Requa, and a little later Miss Myra Prather will join the benedicts.

The Rosenstirn garden party at Berkeley was a jolly affair, about fifty young people being invited. The programme was especially interesting. Messrs. Beel and Bendix played, first the Kreutzer Sonata, then Mr. Bendix gave the Schubert-Liszt "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and "Margareth at the Spinning Wheel," and was greeted enthusiastically. Mr. Thomas Rickard sang Massenet's "Visions Fair." The most enjoyable number was Mr. Beel's solo, one of Liszt's Rhapsodies, which was played superbly. Afterwards the guests went into the grounds and refreshments were served beneath the trees. Mrs. Rosenstirn was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. Ben Morgan, Mrs. von Ettlinger, Misses Edna and Ida Robinson, Miss Fox, Miss Delaney, Misses Emily and Francis Rosenstirn and Miss Carroll Day.

There is great excitement in Berkeley at present over Mrs. Morgan's German Fete which is to take place on Saturday, the 26th inst. The girls who are to assist are to wear German peasant costumes. There is to be a play, and altogether the event should prove interesting to a degree.

The new regime at the Hotel Rafael is highly successful. There is much rejoicing over the success of the Hunt races, and I am told another week is promised in the future. Contrary to the rule at such gatherings, there are no regrets. It is admitted that though Hobart preempted most of the prizes, there were other reasons for his success than the possession of the best horses. Rudolph Spreckels announces himself an active opponent of Prince Fortunatus, and will henceforth contest equine honors with him seriously. I am inclined to think that his Mohini would have given a better account of herself but for the unfortunate mishap of Mr. Archibald. He has purchased Gold Coin, and announces himself on the lookout for rapid ponies. Mrs. Spreckels is very comfortably installed at San Rafael, and will probably remain there until after the Horse Show. This week she has Miss McKinstry as her guest. I don't believe from all accounts that the kangaroo hunt will occur. For the success of this form of sport there must be open country. Of grounds of that nature there is nothing any nearer than Santa Rosa Valley, and there fences and ploughed fields would interrupt the chase. There is another hunt on the tapis for this afternoon.

A Teutonic dairyman delivering the morning's milk to a Washington lady remarked as he ladled out the fluid: "Dere vas anoder man shot last night." In what part of the city?" questioned the lady as she handed him a milk ticket. "I shust heard a doctor tell der policeman it vas between der duodenum und dot ilium—up in der northwest, I subbose. Vat kveer names der Commissioners are giving dose new streets up dere, ain'd it?"

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

When the Eastern visitor reaches San Jose he is often at a loss to know where to go for a team. He will make no mistake, however, if he directs his steps to the Hotel Vendome Stables, headquarters of the Mount Hamilton Stage Company. From here the stage coach for the Lick Observatory sets out every morning, and there, too, you can find on call the fastest horses, the neatest and trimmest rigs and the tidiest equipments. F. H. Ross & Sons are proprietors.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

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Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.

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THE THEATRES

The Frawleys in "A Matrimonial Maze" at the Columbia.

"A Matrimonial Maze' is an uncommonly amusing little farce. There is just enough of it, and the spectator is left feeling pleasantly human and virtuous, for he is, or ought to be, flooded with gratitude to the author, as the matter which generally makes the fourth act (that tiresome and affronting appendage) is tucked away so deftly in the end of the third and last that one does not even notice it. In addition to this, the action of the play is rapid and continuous, the events fairly tumble over one another in their efforts to get out, and nobody is permitted to speak who cannot do so briefly and to the point.

The story is that of two young men, their tutor and other encumbrances in the shape of fathers, wives and would-be mothers-in-law. These two boys, "Dick Raddleston" and "Percy Tyndal," were left in New York under the care of a "Mr. Muggeridge" (full brother to "The Private Secretary," I fancy), who was to instruct them in most things except girls —they were to remain as unknown to his charges as Sanskrit. How clever Mr. Muggeridge was as instructor I can't say, but as a "sheep-dog" he was not what even the most charitable could call a great success. In fact, both of the boys took unto themselves wives, and brought them to the flat which parental affection and coin had provided for their monastery. In order to secure the continuance of their allowance, their wedding ceremonies were performed quietly, not to say secretly, and there were no cards. There were, however, numerous little things which men and the vulgar call lies. Mr. Muggeridge was lodged across the street where he drew his salary just as well as ever and enjoyed life much better. In the flat, you know, he was liable to fall over a bride and a neglected duty at any moment.

All went well until one day a letter arrived announcing that the old gentlemen intended to visit their dutiful celibates, and then Muggeridge's troubles began. He was warned that all feminine appurtenances were to be laid to his door, particularly hair-pins. "Gentlemen," he protested, "I will not have my reputation punctured by hair-pins." Poor man, he little knew his precious reputation was to be disfigured by an unmistakably feminine laundry-list and then utterly obliterated by two pretty wives. For, as luck would have it, Mrs. Dick Raddleston, encountered Papa Raddleston in the celibates' flat, and was necessarily introduced to him as Mrs. Muggeridge. Ten minutes after this painful deception, Mrs. Percy Tyndal bowed before her father-in-law as the same mythical Muggeridge.

Quite astonished at Muggeridge's luck the two old fellows leave with the sons for their villas in Yonkers full of a very natural admiration for Mrs. Muggeridge —blonde and brunette—and a strange desire to marry their children to their housekeepers' daughters, Ethel and Polly. The housekeepers were bribed (quite unnecessarily) to consent by offers of marriage from the old gentlemen themselves. For a time young Tyndal's and Raddleston's paths were strewn with girls and kisses, which they found very agreeable, in spite of the superior articles they had left in New York. The arrangement perhaps had a peculiar charm from the fact that the girls wanted to marry two unseen rivals, and walked in the primrose path of dalliance only temporarily and to deceive. Finally the two elder men grew tired of waiting for "Old Mugg's" pretty wife (blonde and brunette) to accept their invitation to visit them, so they went to New York separately, secretly and in great glee, returning to their respective villas with a Mrs. Muggeridge apiece. "So it fell on a day, on a bonny summer day" that "Mrs. Raddleston-Muggeridge" beheld her adaptable husband kissing Polly, the fiance so kindly provided for him by Providence and a thoughtful father, while "Mrs. Tyndal-Muggeridge" discovered her other half embracing Ethel. Of course the versatile young men declare that stern parents and not inclination are at the root of the matter, and Tyndal is rash enough to say there was nothing between him and Ethel. "No," replied Mrs. Tyndal-Muggeridge, "No, not even daylight."

This little difficulty is hardly adjusted before Messrs. Tyndal and Raddleston Sr., meet and confide to one another the object and result of their visits to New York. Each claims the pleasure of having escorted Mrs. Muggeridge to Yonkers with the persistency and choler characteristic of stage country gentlemen, the color of her hair nearly bringing them to blows. At last each produces his Mrs. Muggeridge and poor "Old Muggs" flies, coatless and forlorn, at the sight of the bigamy about to be thrust upon him. When asked later on why he ran away like that, he replied with a discreetness worthy of a pencil-will witness, "I was in a hurry." The "Matrimonial Maze" which ensues is not disentangled by the housekeepers' unaccountable desire to marry the old boys. I say unaccountable, for one is a "mush of concession" and the other an old autocrat.

The play is judiciously cast, with Clarke, Arbuckle and Worthing in the principal roles. At last Clarke has ceased to imitate himself. He may be imitating someone else, but that isn't so bad. To tell the truth, his Muggeridge is very funny, but suggests Gillette's Private Secretary. However, that fault lies quite as much with the playwright as with him. Perhaps no one else in the company could have made the monosyllabic elder Tyndal so natural as Power does. To walk about on a stage for two hours, say nothing but "Yes, Bob" and "No, Bob," and not look like a supe isn't as easy as it looks.

The boyish, immaculate Wingate was back again, enlivening the stage with his freshness and enthusiasm and doing very fair work. Mr. Arbuckle as "Bob Raddleston" had his usual role, that of a boisterous, apoplectic old chap with his heart in the right place and his brains in the wrong one. Blanche Bates had a small part with a fainting fit, and made the most of them both, but why did she wear a shirt-waist with a silk skirt? It is an incongruous combination and makes a woman look as if she were in a divided frame of mind as to her day's occupation. The black silk skirt is a bad idea with anything, but with the shirt-waist—the shirt-waist which shrieks for serge duck, mohair or cloth—it is dreadful. Hope Ross was as dainty and big bonneted as usual, with only Alice Pixley's muslin to rival her.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

dams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

DRAMATIC NOTES

Charles Walcot comes with "The Prisoner of Zenda" Company to the Baldwin, as do also Howard Gould, Walter S. Hale and others.

The Holland brothers will begin their tour of the coast next month. They have decided to produce "A Social Highwayman," among their other plays.

The financial success of the engagement of "Madame Sans Gene" has been far above the average of any attraction now playing in the East, West, South or North.

"On the Bowery" at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night for the last time. Steve Brodie and his play have been better received than either deserved.

The "Trilby" Company is expected to arrive here on the 24th inst. from Australia. The entire scenery arrived on the last steamer and is now stored at the Columbia Theatre.

Commencing with the engagement of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Baldwin the regular prices will prevail at the evening performances, while the afternoon presentations will be given at popular matinee prices.

Quite a number of pupils have made application to enter the new operatic department of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art. The first class will be limited to thirty members so as to make a complete chorus.

In order to play "Rosemary," John Drew has had his moustache shaved off, and the Rialto wonders if it will alter his popularity with the matinee girl. Rosemary is pronounced by Alan Dale a charming play and well worth seeing.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" is being burlesqued in London, and Christian, the hero, figures as a spry bachelor, and the progress is to be properly illustrated with modern temptations. Miss Grace Hawthorne, not unknown here, is to do Christian in tights. Surely, this is a sign of moral decadence.

The Frawley Company produce "In Spite of All" at the Columbia Theatre next week. It is an adaptation of Sardou's "Agnes" by the late Steele Mackaye. The motive is the effort of a wife to retain the love of her husband who is infatuated with a prominent dancer. There is a happy ending, though much in the way of trial and tribulation between.

The subscription lists for the Hinrichs-Beel symphony concerts are now open at Sherman & Clay's, Pacific Coast Music Co.'s and the Baldwin Theatre. The musical world is greatly interested and it looks as if the season is to be a great success. The idea of giving the concerts at a first-class theatre was a very happy one. Great care is being taken in the selection of the performers, and it is promised we shall have a better orchestra than has ever before been gathered together here.

A revival of Augustin Daly's comedy, "Divorce," with correct scenery and details is promised at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night next. The cast is an excellent one and includes Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff as Mrs. Ten Eyck, Beatrice Lieb (her first appearance with the Alcazar stock company) as Fanny Ten Eyck, Amy Lee as Lu Ten Eyck, May Buckley as Flora Penfield, Mrs. F. M. Bates as Mrs. Kemp, Anita Bridger as Grace, and John T. Sullivan as Alfred Adriance. "Divorce," while affording much and hearty laughter, tells a story, and tells it well and carries a moral.

Some excellent specialties are promised at the Orpheum next week. Among them is Walter Leon, who though only nine years of age is as an actor the rival of the best of them. The Carpos brothers do some very clever acrobatic work, both on the stage and on pedestals. Riley and Hughes will be the new comedy feature. Many of the best acts from this week's bill are retained. Bellman and Moore, and Filson and Errol remain for next week, together with Abdullah, whose thrilling work on the high wire attracted so much attention, Ferguson and Mack, and Marguerite Ferguson and others.

Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, whose name has long been connected with the operatic history of the United States, has opened a studio in the Emporium Building, for the cultivation of voices, and for the finish of advanced vocalists. Mr. Hinrichs' career has been most successful, he having been for many years the leading vocal teacher in Philadelphia. In New York he was principal of the opera class at the National Conservatory of Music, of which Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber was president and Anton Dvorak was director. The efficiency and thoroughness of his method is shown by the number of the most celebrated operatic singers on the American stage who were his pupils. The voice trial will be three dollars, which will be refunded when lessons are engaged. Mr. Hinrichs can always be seen at room 441, Emporium Building, on Mondays and Thursdays, between ten and twelve.

The supplementary and final week of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House will be devoted to a presentation of Verdi's "Aida," commencing on Wednesday evening, Monday being devoted to a revival of "The Huguenots." Tuesday "The Bohemian Girl," with a grand double company. It will be the occasion of the first appearance of the celebrated young tenor, Mr. Rhys Thomas, late of the Carl Rosa and Mapleson opera companies. Mr. Thomas is a man of fine presence and possesses a splendid voice of excellent quality, range and cultivation. This is not the first presentation of "Aida" at the Tivoli. It was produced there as a Christmas performance in 1889, and had a run of twenty-one nights. Aida, the Ethiopian princess, will be sung alternately by Mme. Natali and Mlle. Ida Valerga; Ameris, the Egyptian princess, by Miss Bernice Holmes; Radames, the young soldier, by Sig. Fernando Michelena and Rhys Thomas alternately; Amonasro, the King of Ethiopia, Aida's father, by Sig. De Vries and John J. Raffael; Ramfis, the high priest, by Sig. Abramhoff. An enlarged chorus, orchestra and ballet will assist. Following "Aida," Balfe's "Satenella," with the talented soubrette, Elvira Croix Seabrooke, will make her first appearance, to be followed by Ferris Hartman's new burburlesque, "The Babes in the Woods."

Opening Day at Adcock's, the milliner of 10 Kearny street, partakes of the character of a social event. You see there any number of fashionable people in their newest gowns, and the deepest interest is evinced in the superb display of new hats. This year the gathering was very swell. The store has just been renovated and the taste shown in the selection of the decorations is characteristic of Mrs. Adcock. The ceilings are in white and gold; in the walls are set large French plate glass mirrors, and the general effect is brilliant.

The hats shown on Opening Day were very stylish and handsome. They are the newest Parisian models, chosen with the greatest care and indexing the excellent taste which Mrs. Adcock always displays. Those who were not fortunate enough to be present Opening Day should make an opportunity of visiting this charming and beautiful establishment, if it only be to see the decorations, which are superb.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The distinguished English actress, whose representation of Paula in "Mrs. Tanqueray" made her a reputation. She is a woman of unusual fascination and personal charm.

Photo by Alfred Ellis, London

All we know about tea is in Schilling's Best Blend — a union of a few picked gardens from various parts of the world. It is roasted here in San Francisco.

$1.25 a pound — other flavors cost less. All flavors at grocers'.

THE MAHATMA AND THE PRINCESS,

Or the Modern Palace of Aladdin.

The thousand years had elapsed and the Princess Fatima was turning uneasily on her pillow, for the time during which the spell cast over her by the wondrous magic of the sage Mahatma was well nigh drawing to its close. And the sage Mahatma himself, according to the conditions imposed upon him by the casting of the spell, sat there silently awaiting the moment of her awakening.

It was a weird and wonderful story that of the Princess Fatima. Sprung from the royal race of the Caliphs of Bagdad, the blood both of the Abbasides and the Omayades coursed through her veins. She was in fact the direct descendant of the great Harona Alraschild, who had built the very palace in which she was lying scarce a hundred years before; for the thousand years during which the fair Fatima had been doomed to an enchanted sleep, measured from the spring of the year 896.

And it was on this wise that the spell had fallen. The Princess had been reared to a life of luxury and pomp. Each whim that she expressed, even her almost unuttered thoughts, had been ministered to by her attendants since the days of childhood. She had only to utter a wish, no matter how extravagant or impossible it might seem, but it was responded to by willing hands, no matter at what pains or at what expense. Lands and seas were ransacked and scoured, the air itself was called into requisition to minister to her wants, which grew ever more exacting day by day.

THIRTY MUSICIANS PLAYING SWEETEST MELODIES

But notwithstanding the care and anxiety of her ministers to do her bidding, there were certain demands that she gave voice to that could not be compassed by mere mortal means. She longed for the power to evoke the assistance of the genie, whose services were at the command of the possessor of the wonderful lamp of Aladdin, so that her behests of whatever nature might be instantly obeyed.

In an evil hour one of the palace courtiers, an old man, who had traveled much, spoke thus:

"Lady, in a distant land, many days journey to the North and East, there stands mountains of snow which no man had scaled. Hard by these mountains there dwell a strange community of men, who bend the forces of nature to their will, and who accomplish the marvels accredited to the possessor of the wonderful lamp. Mayhap if thou canst obtain the aid of one of these mystic dwellers on the mount, thy wishes may be fulfilled. But I warn thee a dread penalty attaches to him who invokes the aid of these strange people. There be ruthless conditions imposed upon those who seek the help of the Mystic brethren."

"I care not what the conditions be," replied the Princess Fatima. "Bring unto me one of the Mystic beings—what call you them? Speed to that far land—I perish while I wait!"

"Lady," responded the aged courtier, "they are nearer than you wot. It needs not to go to them, they come to you."

With that he commanded all the other attendants to leave the chamber, and when they had done so he cast a portion of incense upon a brazier which stood by, and therefrom arose a whitish smoke wherein, after he had muttered some strange words, there appeared the form of an ancient man of venerable aspect.

"Daughter, what wouldst thou with me?" inquired the strange visitor.

"I would have," replied the Princess, "in one palace and under one roof all that the heart can desire, the eye be satiated with, and the senses pleased. I would have textures from the looms of all countries upon earth, curtains and carpets, tapestries and cunningly devised upholsterings. I would have porcelain from the sunny Orient and vases and upholstered utensils from the cunning folks that have their workshops in the West. I would have rich viands, rare flowers, choice sweetmeats and delicious strains of music to cheer the heart withal. I would have the splendor of myriads of lamps to cast their glamour over me."

"And suppose I said," responded the sage, "that all this can be thine. Hast thou no distant friends?"

"I would annihilate space," replied the Princess imperiously, "and converse with my distant friends as though they were by my side."

"This and more shalt thou have, O daughter," answered the Mahatma impressively. "But by the rules under which I work there is one condition I must impose on thee, and if thou agreest thereto, then thou hast also one more wish to make."

"I agree!" exclaimed the Princess impetuously.

"The condition is that thou must wait a thousand years," replied the sage—"And thy wish?"

"Is that I may sleep sweetly till it come to pass."

The Mahatma waved his hand and and straightway sleep fell upon the Princess, and she and the chamber where she was reposing vanished from the ken of men. The palaces and the gardens of Bagdad likewise mouldered and faded during the centuries that slowly passed. Only the Princess and the Mahatma survived, the one in unconscious slumber, the other in ceaseless thought and vigil upon the Himalaya Mount.

At length the period arrived when it become incumbent on the Mahatma to redeem his promise, toward the accomplishment of which he had been bending his energies during the time the Princess slept. And this is how it came about that he was sitting by her side awaiting her awakening.

The Princess turned again uneasily upon her pillow and opened her eyes. The chamber was empty save for the presence of the white bearded sage who sat near.

"Azesba! Zelica! Zara! Where are my handmaids?" she exclaimed.

"Thou wilt not need them, Daughter," the old man replied. "Dost thou remember thy wish?"

"My wish of yesterday about the Palace that should contain all that heart can desire or senses crave? Aye, verily, do I," returned the Princess.

"Thy wish of a thousand years ago," replied the Mahatma, gravely. "It has needed the thousand years during which thou hast been slumbering, together with the deep thought and earnest labor of many men to accomplish thy desires. Come and see. We have far to travel, but what matters it when we travel with the speed of thought."

Then it seemed to the Princess Fatima that she rose into the air, with the Mahatma by her side, up through the Palace roof, and the white streets of Bagdad gleamed beneath her for a moment in the gaslight and were then left far behind them in the distance. And passing swiftly over land and sea and snowy mountain tops, she saw at length a great city beneath her, and together they descended in its midst, finding themselves upon a fair broad street, lined with stately buildings and thronged with a great concourse of people, clad in strange raiment, and on the further side of the street there stood a fair white building, fairer and noble and more beautifully fashioned than any that were around it. Then said the Princess:

"What is that great white building with the spacious windows and the vast entrances, towards which all these people dressed in holiday attire are flocking?"

And the Mahatma made answer:

"That is thy Palace, O Fatima, which contains all the marvels that thou speakest about and desired to possess. Let us enter in and view them."

So they straightway joined the throng, and Fatima perceived that she was now attired in raiment which pleased her much; the Mahatma too had strangely altered his appearance, and scarce would she have known him but for his flowing white beard. And together they passed through the spacious doorway and entered the vestibule of the palace.

Then did the Princess clasp her hands in glee, for stretching far away in front of her were fair rows of tall pillars, snowy white, while on either side, far as the eye could reach, there extended vast apartments filled with long counters, before which stood and walked groups of men and women, admiring the rich and beautiful wares that were spread before them by smiling and polite attendants. Then said the Mahatma:

"Herein thou seest the realization of thy wish, O Fatima! Name what thy heart desires, either of apparel for the head or for the feet, or whatsoever portion of thy person thou desirest to adorn, and in one or other of these apartments thou canst compass thy desire. Dost thou crave gloves for the hands, or shoes for the feet, silks from the looms of the Orient, splendid with Izrian dyes, jewels for thy neck, or for thy arms or for thy fingers; thou hast but to say and I will conduct thee thither."

And so they wandered on, moving from one vast hall into another, and much the Princess marvelled, and great was her delight to see the throngs of people who stood at the counters and bought goods for pieces of gold and silver money, some small some great, for it mattered not whether the article was great or small, it was supplied to the purchaser with equal ease and facility, each at its own price. And they went to and fro together, the Mahatma and the Princess, passing leisurely up and down the long apartments, and going from side to side viewing the wares upon the counters, till they reached the center of the building, which was fashioned in the form of a great white dome, having a cupola of crystal glass, through which the blue sky and bright sunlight shone, the dome being a hundred feet high and a hundred feet in diameter. And in the center of the dome stood a great circular structure, fashioned of costly and beautifullly polished wood, and decorated with cunningly designed railings and ornaments of bronze. And on a raised platform in the center of the structure sat thirty musicians playing sweet melodies on all kinds of instruments, and around it on the pavement were counters whereat were sold flowers and sweatmeats and cooling beverages for the women and cunningly devised preparations of fragrant tobacco for the men. And in a separate place wherein were tables and seats so that whosoever was weary might regale himself and be refreshed with an aromatic infusion of the berry of Arabia, or the leaf of China along with such light viants as his stomach craved.

"Art thou hungry, O Princess?"

"Not so, O Sage," she made answer, "but much traveling and sight-seeing of new things have made me somewhat weary and I fain would rest."

"'Tis well said," returned the Mahatma "for of a sooth we have covered much space already in our travels. Wottest thou that the halls through which we have passed cover eight acres of ground? Prithee ascend with me these marble stairs and I will conduct thee to some pleasant chambers, where thine eyes may begladdened with the sight of beautiful things, while thy limbs enjoy repose."

With that the Sage led the way to the upper region of the building, where were separate but open apartments, devoted to the exposition of all and sundry, the diverse articles of household use. One of these apartments was fitted up as a reception chamber, wherein were displayed tapestries and hangings of the rarest beauty and excellence. Another was in the similitude of a dining-room, the polished tables of which shone resplendent with cunningly wrought silverware and crystal goblets and glasses of most fine and delicate workmanship, representing the quality and beauty of the articles that could be obtained in the departments. Stil another was appointed as a library and reading room, where whoso listed might improve the mind with various forms of literature.

But the apartment in which the Princess Fatima took most delight and wherein she lingered longest, consisted of five chambers wherein were model figures of ladies arrayed in every style and fashion that the most experienced artists of the world have produced in these later days, and of these the chamber containing the silken fabrics of apparel was especially to her liking.

And so the hours passed on, and the Princess Fatima was so engrossed in the beauty and novelty of the sights that on all sides met her gaze, that she wot not that the shades of darkness were stealing over the Palace.

"Fear not," said the Mahatma, divining her thoughts, "neither be in haste to go. Presently thou wilt see a marvelous thing."

And lo! Even while he yet spake, the whole interior of the Palace was lit up with a radiance as bright and dazzling as the day. The dome alone, with its four thousand lights, was a veritable blaze of glory.

"In this Palace," explained the Sage, "there is no such thing as night. But methinks we should hearken to the calls of appetite."

"I would have thee know, O Princess, that the culinary department of the Palace cannot be excelled in any of the great cities of the world. And if thou desirest to make thy toilet first, lo! here is a handmaiden who will do thy bidding and assist thee thereto. I myself will also perform my customary eventide ablutions in the sanctuary set apart therefor, and we will meet anon."

When the repast was completed, greatly to the satisfaction of the Princess and her guide, they again listened to the entrancing strains of melody that filled the dome and watched the mirthful groups or sentimental couples who promenaded up and down the building.

"Much, verily, hast thou seen to-day of the marvels and splendors of the Palace, and yet thou hast not seen one tithe of the wonders it contains."

Full well has it been named EMPORIUM, for it is the repository, not only of all the good and necessary things which our nature craves, but of all the marvelous intentions and scientific appliances which this advanced age produces. Hereafter I will show thee where thou canst converse, with what men call the telephone, to all the quarters of the land. I will show thee the powerful engines which drive the machinery that supplies the tens of thousands of lights with which the Palace is lighted and explain to you the uses of the many miles of wire which are necessary to the proper performance of its functions. I will show the manner in which all moneys that pass across the counters are shot instantly through pneumatic tubes to a common receptacle, where each amount is automatically registered and stored. I will show thee where the army of eight hundred clerks and employees have all their daily wants attended to in the most attentive fashion. But the evening wears apace and we must return to Bagdad."

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Once when Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, the writer, was staying with the Carlyles at Chelsea, a caller inquired for her. "Miss Jewsbury is here," said Mrs. Carlyle, "but she is in her room with a bad cold, and is reviewing a novel." Then she added, "I am sorry for the novel that is reviewed by Geraldine when she has a bad cold."

General Harrison's views on gold are so vigorous that Chairman Mark Hanna is afraid to entrust to him the answering of Bryan's speech. The ex-President will not be dictated to, though there is no question of his intention to take the stump for McKinley.

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"MARCH HARES"

A Strange Story of Life in London Town.

The heroine of "March Hares" (D. Appleton & Co.) appears to the hero as he sits idly on the parapet of Westminster Bridge contemplating suicide. It is his thirtieth birthday; he is the victim of a thirst for liquor, and he contemplates the years of an ill-spent life. At the crucial moment she is revealed—tall, with "much yellow hair of a noticeable sort, pale flaxen in bulk, but picked with lemon in its lights, about her brow. He mastered the effect of her fine face, with its regular contour, its self-conscious eyes, its dainty rose-leaf of a chin thrust reliantly forth above a broad, white throat." It is the heroine, of course.

Mosscrop recognizes her as a young woman he has seen in the reading-room of the British Museum, and he salutes her without the formality of an introduction. They converse, and the story that ensues reveals the career of both, with side developments of great interest, and a climax.

The story is an inspiration—at least the delightful first half of it, up to the return of the Earl of Drumpipes. This conclusion is obviously fitted to the events of the prefatory scenes which have the charm of a real spontaneity. One cannot imagine Harold Frederic spending years in the compilation of the episode of the meeting, as we are told he did in the construction of "Theron Ware." Surely it drifted into his mind, this story, or re-incarnated itself, out of some early memory of his own. However, the flavor and the essence of the story are in the manner of telling. The art of it may be gathered from a few extracts. It must be explained that Vestalia, the yellow-haired maiden, when she encounters the hero, Mosscrop, on the bridge, is destitute and almost hopeless. She has failed to find employment, and expelled from her lodgings, vainly searches for a place to rest. He notices the condition of her shoes, and invites her to breakfast.

"I tell you what we'll do," he broke forth. "We'll decree that it's your birthday, too, so that we can celebrate them together. That will be much more fun. And before we go into breakfast, I must get you a little present of some sort, just to mark the occasion. Come, you haven't anything to say about it at all. It's my affair, entirely."

He led the way along past several shops, and halted in front of a narrow window in which a small collection of women's boots was displayed. A man in shirt-sleeves and apron had just taken down the shutter, and stood now in the doorway, regarding them with a mercantile yet kindly smile.

"It is the best Parisian of make," the shoeman affirmed, to help forward Mosscrop's decision.

"You can see how different they are from ordinary English things," said David, argumentatively. "The leather is like a glove, and the workmanship—observe that! I don't believe any lady could have a more unique present than a pair of real French boots."

The girl had come up, and stood close beside him, almost nestling against his shoulder. He saw in the glass the dim reflection of her pleased face, and moved toward the door as if it were all settled. Then, as he stepped on the threshold, she called to him.

"No—please!" she urged. "I think we won't, if you don't mind."

"Of course we will?" he insisted, turning in the doorway. "Why on earth shouldn't we? It's your birthday, you know. Come child, you mustn't be obstinate; you must be nice, and do what you're told."

As she still hung back, shaking her head, he went out to her. "What's the matter? You liked the idea well enough a minute ago. I saw you smiling in the window there. Come! don't let a mere trifle like this spoil the beginning of our great joint-birthday. It's too bad of you! Won't you really have the boots—from me?"

"Well," she made answer, falteringly, "it's very kind—but if I do, I'd rather you didn't come into the shop—that is, that you went out while I was trying them on—because—well, it is my birthday, you know, and I must have my own way—a little. You will stop outside, won't you?"

This struck him as perhaps an excess of maidenly reserve. He smiled impatiently. "By all means, if it is your whim. But—but I'm bound to say—I suppose different people draw the lines at different places, but feet always seemed to me to be relatively blameless things, as things go. Still, of course, if it's your idea."

"No, if you take it that way," she said, "we'll go and get our breakfast, and say no more about it." She found the fortitude to turn away from the window as she spoke.

"If I take it that way!" The perverseness of this trivial tangle annoyed him. "Why, I consented to stop outside, didn't I? What more is demanded? Do you want me to pass a vote of confidence, or shall I whistle during the performance, so that you may know I am cheerful, or what? Suppose I told you that I had been a salesman in a bootshop myself, and had measured literally thousands of pretty little feet—would that reassure you? I might come in then, mightn't I?"

"No, you never were that—you are a gentleman." She stole a perplexed glance up at him, and sighed. "I should dearly love the boots; but you won't understand. I don't know how to make you." Looking into his face, and catching there a reflection of her own dubiety, she burst suddenly in laughter. "You are a gentleman, but you are a goose, too. My stockings are too mournful a patchwork of holes and darning to invite inspection—if you will have it."

"Poor child!" He breathed relief, as if a profoundly menacing misunderstanding had been cleared up. "Here, take this and run across to that fat Jewess in the doorway there. She will fit you out."

Presently she returned, with beaming eyes, and an air of shyness linked with complacent self-approbation which he found delightful.

"Oh, I should simply insist on your coming in now," she cried gaily, at the door of the boot-shop, in answer to his mock look of deferential inquiry.

After this episode the oddly-met twain go to breakfast together in an out-of-the-way Italian restaurant. Later on lunch follows. As they are subtle meals, and fitting so idyllic an occasion, this reproduction is most excusable:

"There surely was never such another breakfast in the world?"

She spoke with frank sincerity. Upon afterthought she added: "I don't believe any woman could order a meal like that. You men always know so much about eating."

Mosscrop leant back in his chair, crossed his knees, and took a cigar from his pocket. His mind ran in pleasurable retrospect over the dishes—a fragrant omelette with mushrooms, a sole Marguerite, a delicate little steak that had been steeped in oil over night, a pulpy Italian cheese which he never got elsewhere than here. The tall-shouldered, urn-shaped green bottle on the table still held a little Capri, and he poured it into her glass.

"Yes," he assented, "I find myself paying more attention to food as I get older. It is the badge of advancing years. It is a good little restaurant, isn't it? I come here a great deal."

"And that is how you are able to order such wonderful breakfasts for hungry young ladies. It comes of practice. Do they all enjoy it as much as I have?"

Luncheon hour came, and presented itself to Mosscrop as a welcome pretext to take a hansom. A certain formless apprehension of meeting some one he knew, though why this should be dreaded he could not for the life of him have told, had alloyed the pleasure of his ramble. They drove to another restaurant, this time a larger place in a more pretentious quarter, and though they had a little table to themselves, the room was full of others.

David knew about luncheons as well as breakfasts. He gave the waiter very minute instructions about having a grouse split and grilled, and he ran his eye over the list of champagnes with the confident discrimination of an expert. "I will give that number 34A one more trial," he said to the butler. "Cool it to 48, and we will see what it is like then."

Vestalia noted that he spoke to waiters in a soft, grave tone, with shades of gentle melancholy and of affectionate authority subtly blended in it, which he used to no one else. He produced the impression upon her of being at his very best at a table. She particularly liked him when he took the cork from the butler, and tenderly pinched with thumb and finger as he scrutinized it, and then smiled courteous approbation to the servant. This person wore a chain round his neck, and the bottle he brought was swathed in starched napery, and the girl observed both with the interest that attaches to novelty. But it was even more interesting to see how perfectly her companion presided over everything.

Next to the happy twain, who are, of course, merrier in the climax, the most interesting personage in the book is the Earl of Drumpipes, an economical and eccentric Scotch nobleman, who has a habit of wandering round the world in search of adventures, and returning after an absence of eigteen months, thus recounts to his friend Mosscrop the story of his travels:

"Where have you been the long year-and-a-half, Archie?"

"Just looking about me," replied the other, with nonchalance. "Bechuanaland for a time, but it's sore overrated. Then I had a shy at the Gaboon country, but there's a conspiracy among the niggers to protect the gorilla—I think he's a sort of uncle of theirs—and a white man can do no good by himself. I thought there might be some decent sport over in Brazil, where they advertised a revolution on, and I tried to travel around with the rebels for a while, but it wasn't up to much. You brought down an occasional half-breed Portugueser with epaulettes on, but you couldn't eat 'em, and you didn't want 'em stuffed at any price; and besides, when you came to find out, the whole war was merely a fight between two firms of coffee-traders in New York, and that wasn't good enough. I tell you what, though," he went on, with more animation, "Arizona is damned good fun. I haven't seen anything better anywhere than a good square cattle-lifter hunt. They got up three or four, just on my account, I imagine, after they found I could ride, and shoot at a gallop. The charm of the thing is that there's no close season for cattle-thieves, and they're game to the death, I tell you. I got potted twice, and once they let daylight straight through me. I had to lie up for repairs for nearly three weeks. They went and hung the fellow while I was in bed. We had words about that. I insisted it wasn't sportsmanlike, and that they ought to have given him a horse, and then sprung him out of a trap or something of that sort, and let him have a run for his money, the same as we do with rabbits that the ferrets bring up. But they couldn't see it, and so I turned it up and came north. They'll ruin the whole thing, though, if they don't chuck that foolish hanging business. The first thing they know, everybody'll stop running off cattle, just as a protest, and then their place won't be worth living in. It'll be a pity, because a cowboy gone wrong is really the best thing there is. He's as good as a Bengal tiger and a Russian wolf together, with a grizzly bear thrown in. You may quote me as saying so."

"I shall not fail to do so," said David. "And are the Americans so daft about lords and titles as they're made out?" he asked. "Did they humble themselves before the handle to your name?"

Drumpipes sat up. "Do you suppose I'm such an abandoned ass as to travel with a title?" he demanded. "Man, if you knew what it cost me, even without it, it would turn your hair grey. Ten dollars here, twenty dollars there, seven and a half somewhere else—one steady and endless drain on the purse, till the marvel is I was able to get out at al! And there's no third class on the railways whatever. It's just terrible, Davie! And as ill-luck would have it, I couldn't even come home steerage on the steamer. There were passengers that I knew in the first cabin, and so I had to throw away more money there."

Of course, from an orthodox, matrimonial point of view, one does not entirely approve of Mosscrop. He had been very drunk the night before, and though he seems to have given it up under Vestalia's influence, worldly wisdom teaches us that he is very likely to be so again. And she, poor little innocent outcast with the fairy-tale ancestry, might not be altogether welcome as a daughter-in-law. But why reduce it to real life? Why bother about the commonplace, unlovely future that might have resulted if it had not been a story? In real life Jack the Giant Killer would have had to stand a trial, and possibly a hanging, and Cinderella's lack of chaperonage would have been severely criticized. "March Hares" is a fairy tale with youth and love for the good fairies, and idleness and temptation for the bad, and poverty for the old witch that turns the princess into a waif of the streets. Of course the good ones triumphed, and the prince and princess lived happily ever after.

(For sale by William Doxey.)

LITERARY NOTES

It seems that the sole monument to Stevenson will be the fountain in the Plaza of this city. Lord Rosebery's movement for a Scotch Memorial meets considerable opposition. Andrew Lang objects because he alleges Stevenson is rather the idol of literary men than of the public, and besides, that, his gaunt figure offers no inspiration to sculpture. Robert Wallace of Edinburgh urges that Stevenson deserves not well of Scotchmen since he attacked Burns; besides, he urges that literary monuments should be postponed until posterity appraises the real worth of the artist.

Mrs. Craigie, whose new novel, "The Hunt Moon," has just been published, obtained the erudition with which her tales are so plentifully sprinkled at the London University. She explained recently to an interviewer that her nom de plume, by its plainness and crudity were intended as a sort of blow to my supposed sentimentality. "It has always been rather a joke," she added.

Thomas Hardy indicates an intention of converting "The Pursuit of the Well Beloved" into a full-sized novel. However risky this might prove for some authors it is no experiment for "the master," whose volumes have ere this appeared in sections.

A change in the management of that eminent publication, the "North American Review," is announced. David A. Maurs, who has so long been associated with General Lloyd Bruer, has become chief owner and editor, the latter having sold his stock to a company.

The heroine of "The Martian," Du Maurier's new novel, does not appear in the novel though she plays the leading role. There are other women, however, and the hero is introduced to the reader as a boy whose story is told by a friend and edited by Du Maurier.

George W. Smalley has gone to Europe to gather material for a short series of articles for "The Ladies' Home Journal." He will spend the two months' holiday granted him for the purpose by the "London Times" in England and Germany. Ian Maclaren's new short story, "The Minister of St. Bede's," the last he will write until after his American visit, will be published in the October and November numbers of that magazine.

Mother (to her boy sliding down the banisters)—Fritz, what are you doing there?

Fritz—Making trousers for orphan boys.—Fliegende Blatter.

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MATRIMONIAL TALES

The Question Solved.

They were coming away from the theatre, and they fell to discussing the young couple who sat in front of them.

"They are evidently married," said the girl in the Persian waist. "I noticed that they didn't exchange a word while the curtain was down."

"Nonsense; they are merely engaged," said the girl in the black gown. "I heard him tell her that he did not consider the leading lady even pretty."

"Perhaps they are merely brother and sister," suggested the young man of the party.

"No, they weren't," said the girl in the Persian waist; 'he'd have gone out between the acts if he was only her brother, while an engaged man wouldn't want to leave her, and——"

"And a newly married man would not dare to," broke in the black gown.

"She took off her hat as soon as she came in," remarked the young man. "That looks as if she was married and in the habit of consulting the feelings of some one else."

"Or that they were not really engaged yet and she wanted to show him how considerate she could be," said the girl in the black gown.

"Or that she was merely conscious of having pretty hair," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Will you wager a box of chocolates that they are not married?"

"I—I'd rather you ladies would settle it between you," said the young man hastily. "You have so much more insight in such matters, you know."

"There they come now," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Let us notice what they do, and perhaps we can decide. If they are merely friends, they will stop for cream, soda and——"

"If they are engaged, she will tell him how hungry she is, and they will stop for supper," said the young man bitterly.

"While if they are married," went on the girl in the Persian waist, "he—there, what did I tell you?"

The couple paused before a cigar shop, and he went in, while she waited at the door.

"You were right," said the girl in the black gown; "they are married."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Cincinnati "Enquirer" reporter was sitting in a cable car behind two colored women. "Why, Sal," said one of them, "whar has you been dis long time? How is the old man?"

"Didn't you hear de news?" was the answer. "I's done leave my ole man. He and me am part and dat settles de matter. I's going to get a divorce."

"How you do talk, Sal. Bill was de third husband you left. What's de matter wid you, anyhow?"

"Well, you see," answered the injured wife, "I might want to marry again. I's tried three. Bill was good before we married, but you can never tell how dem men will act after dey get you. But I's agoing to try once more."

The last the reporter saw of the two was their entrance into an office building whose occupants were largely lawyers.

Mr. Kuhe, the eminent pianist, tells in his "Musical Recollections" of being asked to play at a large London "squash," in the mansion of a duchess, at which the talking entirely drowned the music. He proceeded to amuse himself by practicing three times over a work he was to play at a concert the following day. No one was any the wiser, and the hostess made the most complimentary and "discriminating" remarks to the artist in drawing distinctions between his various "pieces."

Ill-Tempered Babies

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

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"The Overland Limited," via Union Pacific, takes only three and a half days to Chicago, and only four and a half days to New York.

The Union Pacific is the only line running Pullman double drawing-room sleepers and dining cars, San Francisco to Chicago, daily, without change, and composite buffet smoking and library cars between Salt Lake City, Ogden and Chicago. Only one change of sleepers to New York; dining car service the entire distance.

Upholstered Pullman tourist sleepers San Francisco to Chicago daily without change. Personally conducted tourist excursions to St. Paul and Chicago every Friday.

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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .
W. L. GREENBAUM,
of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at
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THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
510 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.,
Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

PUTNAM'S POEMS

There is announced a volume of poems by Frank Putnam, a Chicago poet, whose verse as originally published in the Chicago "Times-Herald" has been extensively copied through the country. There is feeling and strength of expression in the following extracts from the advance sheets:

The End of It All.

Ah! the end of it all—
Of this life that we live;
Of the blows that we get
And the blows that we give;
Of the joys and the griefs
That to each of us fall—
Blind humanity dreams
Of the end of it all.

The lover who yearns
For affection denied;
The prince in his hall
And the pauper outside;
The parent whose darling
Lies under the pall—
Each mournfully dreams
Of the end of it all.

Since God in his love
For his children denies
This glimpse of the end
To humanity's eyes,
Let each bravely answer
Life's manifest call,
And rely on the Lord
For the end of it all.

The Coward Kings.

A sultan sat on a crumbling throne—
And the Christian kings took stock of his lands.

The sultan's troops slashed right and left
With sword and dagger. A Christian fell
At every sweep of a pagan blade.

Old England's long, slim fingers curled
Lovingly over the sultan's gold.

The sultan's soldiers snatched wee babes
From mothers' breasts and dashed their brains
Ferociously out on the frozen earth.

Austria, Germany, Italy, France,
Saw and were silent. The sultan sneered.

Where maids and matrons shrieking ran,
The sultan's hirelings struck them down
And ravished and slew them where they lay.

The word passed over the shuddering earth,
But never a nation raised its hand.

God! for a year of the brave old days
When Christian sword smote pagan lance,
Swung by the knight of the snow-white cross!

The Rich and the Poor.

The room was narrow and mean and bare
Where the baby gasped for breath;
The mother murmured a hopeless prayer
That died in the hell of the blazing air
For the fields of her girlhood, cool and fair,
While the infant fought with Death.
A wee form lay on the ragged sheet
That was wet with a mother's tears;
But its white soul rose through the blinding heat
That sank like a pall on the squalid street—
Ah! Death took all that her heart held sweet
And left her the lonely years.

O, you that in purple and silks abide,
Had the babe no claim on you?
Had the mother's prayer at her darling's side
No power to pierce through the walls of pride?
Do you owe no debt to the Man that died?
Did He leave you naught to do?
Add not God's wrath to the human hates
That fester in garrets dim;
I tell you the rage of the ages waits
And crouches low at your mansion gates;
God's brotherhood only its thirst abates—
Go forth in the name of Him!

Old Journeyman Days.

Those days were the days when a cooper knew
He was more than a cog in a wheel;
Then he merrily traveled the country through,
And he flaunted the rose but never the rue,
As the shops had plenty for all to do
Wherever we made appeal.
His wage was good and his arm was strong,
And his soul was free from care;
So he sang at his toil the whole day long,
The happiest heart in a rollicking throng,
Doing nor thinking no mortal a wrong,
And finding the whole world fair.

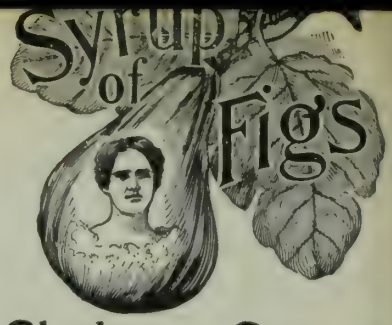
And on Saturday night,
With the lasses bright,
And the glasses clinking gay,
The hours sped by
Till the dawn drew nigh,
Ere he sought the homeward way—
The dawn drew nigh
In the eastern sky
Ere he homeward bent his way.

He had no wife and he had no child,
Nor never a home for long;
And the parson told him his course was wild—
That his age would taste like a stream defiled,
If he wandered on like a fool beguiled
By the voices of drink and song.
But his years were few and his blood was hot,
And the lasses were fair and kind;
So he heard the parson but heeded him not,
And I venture to say that he clean forgot
The good man's praise of the pious lot
And the joys of a holy mind.

For on Saturday night,
With the lasses bright,
And the glasses clinking gay,
The hours sped by
Till the dawn drew nigh
Ere he sought the homeward way—
The dawn drew nigh
In the eastern sky,
Ere he homeward bent his way.

—Frank Putnam.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)
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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . .

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

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Season 1896

Reduced Rates for Campers' Excursion Tickets

To the following Resorts, situated on the lines of the Southern Pacific Co.

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For information as to Ticket Rates, Routes of Travel, etc., address or call at any Ticket Office of Southern Pacific Company, or at

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska 9 a.m. July 3, 13, 18, 28, August 2, 12, 27.
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For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo -- Los Angeles -- and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz Altata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th of each month thereafter.
Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

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Lowest Rates to CAPE TOWN
S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only,** Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1896, at 10 a.m.
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Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
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The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1895	30,727,586 59
Reserve Fund	750,000 00
Guaranteed Capital	1,200,000 00

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532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits June 30, 1896 - $23,657,219
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Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
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Capital, $2,250,000.00
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VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

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place your valuables in the

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK
CORNER OF BUSH AND SANSOME STREETS
Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

BIDS

FOR

Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF OSCAR J. PETERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Oscar J. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm'r of the Estate of Oscar Peterson, deceased.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 12, 1896.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO

THREE WEEKS.
SEPT. 1ST TO 19TH
GRAND PAVILION DISPLAY.
ELECTRIC MOTIVE POWER TRANSMITTED FROM FOLSOM
SEVENTEEN DAYS RACING
CASSASA'S EXPOSITION BAND.
DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT TO ATTEND
EXCURSION RATES.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 53
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 7, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 12, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Nov. 2, 1896

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

Assessment No 79
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied September 1, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 5, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.

Assessment No. 24
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 2, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 8, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 29, 1895

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

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Telephone 1780 **No. 9 Lick Place, San Francisco**

GEO. E. MOORE, Proprietor

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated . . . . . .

Peruvian Bitters

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COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

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It Makes the Hair Grow

Canadian Vegetable Tonic

MRS. E. E. McLEAN, Physician for the Hair

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COMET OOLONG

The oldest and most reliable brand of Tea on the market. Sold only in ½ lb papers at 20 cts. per paper.

ALL GROCERS KEEP IT

Removal Sale

The whole of my stock at 1212-18 Market Street is now for sale at an immense reduction from the usual prices, before removal to

New Store, 721 Market Street
in the Bancroft Building

Suits to Order from $10 Trousers to Order from $3

CHAS. LYONS, London Tailor

STORIES OF THE DAY

The late Mr. Allingham used to walk with Carlyle in the evening, when Carlyle would "rave at everything and propose nothing." One evening, on returning to the gate, Mr. Allingham ventured to say, "I have listened to you with great pleasure, Mr. Carlyle, but I do not entirely agree with you." "Allingham! Allingham!" returned the injured sage, "you always will have the last word!"

An aged man sauntering across a Cleveland street was rudely jostled by a youthful wheelman. The collision tumbled the rider off and the old gentleman promptly grabbed him by the ear. "Durn you," he said with considerable asperity. "I've a great mind to take you across my knee and spank you good." But he did not do it. He just held the young fellow a minute and then let him go. "Why didn't you spank him, uncle?" said a bystander. "Well," replied the old man, "I certainly would, if I hadn't been a leetle afraid that mebby it was a girl."

* * *

In his "Travel and Talk," Rev. H. R. Haweis tells a story about the levees held at Government House, Adelaide, in the early days of South Australian prosperity. "The Adelaide nob of the period—a very early one—regulated that all those who presented themselves at his 'Court' should wear a dress coat. The number who aspired to the honor of presentation was small in those days, and only one possessed a tail-coat. So, after he went in, made his bow, and came out, it was arranged that he should hang the coat on a tree for the next one, and so on. But this took time. The Governor got impatient, and, on inquiring the cause of delay, it is said he burst out laughing, and suspended the oppressive regulation until such time as the colony advanced to live more generally up to tail-coats.

* * *

A story is told by "Le Figaro" of the first performance in Rome of Offenbach's "Orphei au Enferno." It was in 1868 and all plays had to be inspected at the dress rehearsal by an ecclesiastical commission presided over by Monsignor Randi. The well-developed actress who took the part of Venus had begun her first song when she noticed the censors whispering and expressing disapproval. She stopped, asking what was wrong, and was informed that her dress was cut too low in the neck. She was confused, and at once threw a shawl over her shoulders, when Monsignor Randi called out in French, "Oh, not now, Mademoiselle; you need cover them only at the public performance."

* * *

A numoer of clergymen gathered to hear testimony to the life and influence of a departed colleague. One after the other they rose in their places to tell what they owed to his genius, his high spirit, unswerving loyalty to duty, splendid courage, rare scholarship, and philosophic insight. At the door listening stood a slender woman, who had been during his life nearest to him of whom they spoke. They were all silent. She looked at them, her face full of pathetic regret, and her voice trembling with reproach, and said: "Oh! if you loved Edward so, why didn't you tell him of it while he lived?"

* * *

Sargent S. Prentiss, the lawyer and orator, while on the stump was engaged in a political discussion with an opponent who was dull and spoke "against time" so that Prentiss might be at a disadvantage. It was late when he desisted, and as Prentiss rose, a jackass in a neighboring pound began to bray. When the animal grew tired and ceased, Prentiss, casting a comical look at his unfair opponent, said: "I did not come here to-day to reply to two equally eloquent speeches." Then he sat down amid the cheers of his friends.

* * *

While making a stump speech in favor of Henry Clay's election to the presidency, says the "Youth's Companion," Mr. Prentiss was interrupted by a rude fellow's advance toward the stand with a banner, on which was inscribed, "Hurrah for Polk." No sooner did the orator see the motto than with a comical smile he exclaimed: "Fellow-citizens, you have now before you the sum and substance of all the arguments of the opposite party—'Hurrah for Polk!'"

* * *

An American lady had secured Italo Campanini, the Italian tenor's, signature for her birthday-book, and wrote under it, "First tenor in the world." Later on she met Ravelli, another Italian tenor, and begged for his, which he gave to her; but he was so wounded at the unqualified eulogy of his rival that he wrote, "Luigi Ravelli. Me too," under Campanini's name.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

A SAVING OF ONE-HALF

Baggage transferred to trains or steamers and return. Trunks, 50c each for the round trip. Morton Special Delivery, 650 Market street and 408 Taylor street.

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FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

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—OF THE—
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Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as - - - - -

"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

Health Seekers are Byron Seekers

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Seven springs—seven different kinds of mineral water—cure seven times seven different diseases. Ho! ye rheumatic and dyspeptics!

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A MODERN FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

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Occupies the block bounded by Montgomery, Post and Sutter Streets

IT IS—
——scrupulously clean;
——accessible to all street car lines and places of amusement;
——conveniently situated for business men;
——a quiet, model place for a family to spend the winter;
——moderate in price, yet first-class in every particular.

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CRESTA BLANCA WINES

AWARDED
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THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

OF SIX MEDALS
AWARDED TO CALIFORNIA

Cresta Blanca Wines

OBTAINED THREE

WETMORE-BOWEN CO.

140 Montgomery Street
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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 39 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

JAMES D. PHELAN

NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATIC MUNICIPAL CONVENTION AS ITS CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

FROM A FLASHLIGHT PHOTO BY B. C. TOWNE

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"THE SHRINKAGE IN GOLD."

A friend of silver told us early in the campaign that our arguments were "all right," except in so far as we lost sight of the fact that "silver will go up to a parity with gold." This theory having received such an unmerciful pounding he now tells us that "gold will go down ad silver will go up until they reach a ratio of 16 to 1," just as though this alleged shrinkage in gold made the matter any easier of performance. The ratio of 16 to 1 having been reached, both silver and gold, according to our friend's theory, will cease to fluctuate and will remain fixed and immovable. A belief in this theory involves a rare degree of credulity and bespeaks for its authors a wonderful power of prescience. Why 16 to 1? Why not 15 to 1, or 17 to 1, or 20 to 1? The commercial ratio today is 32 to 1. Why should the advocates of silver select 16 to 1 as the future ratio and stick to that as though it had been ordained by some mysterious power that 16 to 1 should ever remain the ratio between these two metals? True, that is the present coinage ratio in America, but it is an artificial and fictitious ratio, which it would be impossible to maintain, without the gold support of the Government and the exercise of extreme care and caution on its part. A silver dollar is worth to-day but 53 cents. The remaining 47 cents is fiat money. When the bullion in the silver dollar which is in your pocket was purchased by the Government it was paid for at its bullion value, which at the time amounted probably to about 75 cents. When it was coined by the Government at 100 cents it was coined on Government account, and when it was paid out by the Government it was paid out on Government account for 100 cents in service or goods, and the Government is therefore bound in honor to maintain it. Under free coinage the Government will not buy the bullion. The Government will not make any profit on its coinage as it has since 1878. The profit, if any, will go exclusively to the owner of bullion. Some silver noisemakers claim that the honor and credit of the Government will be behind the silver dollar of free coinage, just as well as the dollar of to-day. That would be a pretty hard proceeding on the Government and on the people. It is the ability to redeem with gold that gives the Government credit value to-day and nothing else. There seems to be an idea abroad that the Government has the ability to disregard the law of values in coinage matters, and by some superhuman power suspend the ordinary laws of trade and of values. According to this theory, it is only necessary for a Government to say that this or that thing shall be full legal tender money and thereupon the matter is definitely settled. This is a very sad mistake. If the reader will admit that he would not favor free coinage of leather, and accept a piece of stamped leather, which bore the imprint of a dollar, at 100 cents, he admits the principle that is involved here, and confesses that it is impossible for the Government to coin freely and at the same time sustain the value of a disc of metal containing 53 cents worth of silver and make it pass current for 100 cents. The Government might coin leather or paper or anything else for that matter, but to sustain its value there must be something besides the Government stamp and its legal tender qualities to maintain it above its intrinsic worth. Our dollar being a good dollar at the present ratio of 16 to 1 does not prove that the dollar of free coinage would be likewise a good dollar. We have been astounded to ascertain how necessary it is to get down to first principles in the discussion of the silver question. Let us compare the conditions of to-day with the conditions that will exist under free coinage.

The silver bullion now in the possession of the Government and the silver which is in the dollar of present circulation was purchased under acts of Congress which directed the Secretary of the Treasury "to purchase from time to time silver bullion at the market price thereof * * * and cause the same to be coined * * * as fast as purchased." Under that act the Government purchased silver at bullion values and obtained whatever benefit there might be in the low state of the silver market by saving the difference between bullion and coinage values. To-day if the Government should authorize its Secretary of the Treasury "to purchase silver bullion at the market price thereof, and cause the same to be coined" he would be able to obtain 32 ounces of silver for one ounce of gold, and when this bullion was sent to the mint for coinage the amount of silver in a dollar of 100 cents would have cost the Government but 53 cents. The Government would have a balance of 47 cents in hand and to its credit so that it would be measurably protected. In paying out this dollar the Government would receive in return a full 100 cents in service or in goods or what ever it might purchase, so it is bound in honor not to permit the value of that dollar to diminish. It is bound to redeem that dollar with gold and not to treat that dollar as being of less value than a gold dollar, and it is bound to accept that dollar at a full 100 cents if brought to it in the course of business. The Government is amply protected under our present system, but the free coinage plan does not contemplate any such protection to the Government. The plan proposed by free coinage is that the owner of 32 ounces of silver, worth one dollar, may take the same to the mint and, without cost to himself, have it coined into two silver dollars of 100 cents. The Government is to have nothing to do with the operation except in so far as it permits its employees in the mint to place the stamp upon it. The bullion-owner then takes the place of the Government. He takes the place of the Government in making a profit on the coinage, receiving more money than is justified by the value of his silver, and he is also given the privilege of paying out that dollar at a full 100 cents. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the Government would support that dollar to the slightest extent. It could not do so and remain solvent.. If there is a moral obligation anywhere to maintain the value of that silver dollar it rests with the silver miner, under this condition of affairs, and a merry time of it we would have in making him do so even if we had the ability.

We have never heard any advocate of silver state whether or not the increase in the value of sliver and the decrease in the value of gold would take place at once, or whether it would be a matter of slow growth and slow shrinkage. One may be pardoned for expressing some curiosity as to the hour when this most wonderful change in values will be consummated. It is beyond argument that a $20 gold piece will not under free coinage be used to pay a $20 debt when silver dollars worth intrinsically $10.60 will pay the same debt. The two moneys cannot circulate concurrently as equal in value.

Suppose for a moment that free coinage went into effect to-morrow ; the withdrawal of gold from general circulation would be the immediate and inevitable result. The banks would no longer exchange silver for gold, nor would the Government do so. Gold and silver would be primary moneys. Gold would cease to be the coin of ultimate redemption, and the value of the gold coin would be determined by its bullion value in the markets of the world. We would not be able to dictate and set values for other countries to follow.

Suppose we had free coinage to-morrow and you had 50 ounces of gold and 50 ounces of silver. Would you take them both to the mint for coinage, and afterwards pay out the gold and silver indiscriminately? There would be a profit of nearly 100 per cent in having your silver coined, but if your gold coin does not pass current at any higher valuation than your silver money, it would profit you more to have it remain bullion and send it to the market where it would be best appreciated.

Professor Laughlin in the "Review of Reviews" plainly sets forth the conditions that will follow free coinage, and explodes the "shrinkage in gold" proposition completely.

If butter in tubs brings 25 cents a pound, and the same butter in stamped pats brings 50 cents a pound, what will happen? Of course the butter will all be stamped to be sold at the higher price. So, also, with silver. If the same silver, when stamped at the mint, will exchange for twice as much gold, to the stamp it will go. All silver will rush to the mint, so long as it can exchange for twice the gold it can buy as bullian. But how about gold? The situation is just reversed for gold. As ordinary bullion without a stamp, one grain of gold buys thirty-two grains of silver; as coined gold, one grain of gold buys only sixteen coined grains of silver. What will happen to gold? Just as the owner of silver sold his silver where he could get the most gold, so the owner of gold will sell his gold where he can get the most silver. By melting his gold coins, or selling them by weight, the owner of gold can buy 32 grains of silver in the open market. He would certainly be a fool to keep his gold in coins and let them pass for only sixteen grains of silver coin. Then what is the result? There is an enormous profit on rushing silver to the mint to be coined and exchanged for gold, as long as any gold coins circulate; and likewise an enormous profit on withdrawing gold coins from circulation to be sold by weight for silver, or else exported. But mark this further result: The profit of coining silver ceases the moment no gold coins can be found in circulation to be exchanged for silver coins. Just that moment the silver will have no value beyond its own intrinsic value. But the owners of gold will be quick as a flash to see a profit in withdrawing gold, therefore there will be absolutely no chance to get the profit on coining silver and exchanging it for gold. Will silver coins keep the value of 16:1? That will, of course, be impossible. For, since there are no gold coins in circulation, how can sixteen grains of silver buy one grain of gold? The only place to buy gold with silver is in the bullion market, and there it takes thirty-two grains to buy one grain of gold. So long as the silver coins are kept in circulation at par with gold coins (as is the case now), the silver is kept up in value by being exchanged readily for gold in all dealings. But with the unlimited free coinage of silver, when its market value is one-half its coin value, the silver dollar will inevitably be valued at one-half its present purchasing power. About this there cannot be a shadow of a doubt. Such results have happened again and again in monetary history.

The trouble is that the gold we drive away from us by free coinage would be rapidly absorbed by the Russians and Austrians who are now preparing to go to a gold standard. It would not be surprising, indeed, if, after we have driven gold from us, Mexico entered the ranks of the gold countries. Then our humiliation would be most complete. The American dollar with our eagle and goddess of liberty emblazoned upon its face would then be the depreciated money, and the Mexican dollar would be the thing for which we would grasp with greedy eagerness, where now it is despised. The great volume of European gold which has gone so far and done so much toward the development of the interior resources of America would then be diverted to the development of our sister republic, and she would prosper and outstrip us while the shambles of silver would retard our progress in the race of nations and bring us down to the financial level of Mexico.

"THE CRIME OF '73."

If you have never attempted to discover the awful effects that have been brought about by the infamous "Crime of '73," it is worth investigating. Of course, the basis of the silver man's arguments must be that the "Crime of '73" has resulted in a diminution of the circulating medium, but the facts refuse to bear out this contention. If it can be demonstrated, and the advocates of silver do show it, that during the twenty years just preceding 1873, this country was blessed with an era of unexampled prosperity because of free coinage and a plentitude of silver money, then, by the same rule, a showing that our silver circulation per capita has doubled, tripled and quadrupled, since the "Crime of '73 ' ought likewise to prove that our prosperity is similarly affected. If the silver man's theory is good, then we stand ready to prove by his theory that we are having good times now, and that we are five times more prosperous than were our forefathers, who lived too soon to secure all the advantages of the "Crime of '73."

If the "Crime of '73" did not have the effect of lessening the amount of silver coined as compared with the years preceding the "Crime," then, manifestly, we have nothing to complain about, for it has wrought no contraction of the currency. In 1878 the silver circulation per capita was $1.38. It steadily grew, until in June, 1896, the silver circulation per capita reached $6.21.

The mere fact that the mine-owner can only convert his silver into coin by selling it to the Government or to individuals at its bullion value is a pretty good thing for the Government, and the people, too, for that matter. Indeed, the "Crime" was a much wiser piece of legislation than Congress in those days imagined it to be, for they never dreamed of the great over-production and diminishing values to follow. By the operation of the "Crime" the Government and the people are permitted to make a profit on silver bullion equal to the difference between the coinage stamp and the actual commercial value. Just now, the difference between the values in favor of the Government and the people is 47 cents on the dollar. It is a wide margin, and one may hardly blame the mine-owner for making a struggle to secure it to himself.

Under the Bland-Allison Act of 1878 and the Sherman Act of 1890, the Government purchased about 460,000,000 ounces of silver, for which it paid $463,000,000. This amount of bullion will coin into $593,000,000. So, apparently, by this transaction, the people of the United States made a profit of $130,000,000. Under free coinage and Mr. Bryan's theory of finance, this profit would have gone to the bullion speculator and the silver-mine owner, and they would have been $130,00,000 richer by the tran-

saction. We would, under Mr. Bryan's plan, have turned over to the bullion-owner 593,000,000 of silver dollars. In point of fact, this profit would have been completely lost to the people. They would have paid the difference to the mine-owner. Now, Mr. Bryan tells us if we forego the privilege of making this profit and let the mine-owner make it, everybody will grow rich and prosperity follow.

Since the Government's purchase of this bullion, its value as bullion has depreciated nearly $140,000,000. The Government paid for this silver at about 75 cents on the dollar; but it could purchase the same amount of bullion to-day for 53 cents; so that without the Government's support behind the present dollar the people would have had to suffer a still further loss of nearly $140,000,000. The value of their dollars would have shrunk while in their possession to 53 cents.

We will not insult your intelligence by pointing out the idiocies of this kind of a performance. The mere statement of the case is sufficient. One of Mr. Bryan's noisiest protests is levelled again "class legislation." He announces that he is unalterably opposed to legislation calculated to enrich the "classes" and favor "individuals." It would seem pertinent to inquire if anyone, anywhere, at any time in all the world, ever proposed any legislation that could better be indelibly stamped "class legislation" than the unfortunate and unhappy silver policy that Mr. Bryan proposes to inflict upon us.

MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

The Australian ballot has worked a revolution in municipal politics. It is now recognized universally by men acquainted with political affairs that a party nomination for a municipal office is worth little more than an independent nomination. The man whom the people want can triumph over any party machine, and no party machine can compel the support of a man whom the people do not want. San Francisco is now in the midst of political conventions, two Democratic, two Republican, a Populist and a non-partisan, and yet on all sides it is recognized that under our present system of voting a partisan nomination carries with it little more than would a set of resolutions indorsing a candidate's fitness and integrity.

Where a Boss cannot elect, he finds it of litte benefit to nominate. Under our old ballot law, it was possible to vote men in blocks, and to see that they stayed bought until their ballots were put into the boxes. But now no guarantee can be given that a man will vote the way he is told to, and the only reliance the Bosses have is on a fictitious and fraudulent count. As soon as we adopt the automatic voting machine, by which votes are registered without the interposition of any human agency other than the voter himself, we will have a voting system that will defy the political manipulator and tend still further toward the extinction of the Boss.

The regular Democratic organiaziton, made up of the anti-Buckley forces, has nominated Mr. James D. Phelan for mayor; while the so-called regular Republican organization, that which is led by Kelly, Spear and Ruef, has placed Mr. Horace Davis at the head of its ticket. Two better men have never run against each other in this city. Whichever one wins, the city will know that it has a gentleman as its chief magistrate. But to discuss their relative merits is not our intention at this time. We call attention to these nominations made by political conventions controlled by practical politicians to show the wisdom of that provision of the New Charter which centers in the mayor a great part of the responsibility for the government of the city. We can always get a good man for mayor; even the worst of Bosses feel compelled by the exigencies of their situation to name such men. It would be running no risk to give such extended power as the New Charter gives into the hands of either of the two gentlemen we have named; for neither could be controlled, bullyragged or bamboozled into the appointment of incompetent or dishonest men, knowing as they would that the eyes of the city were upon them and that they would be held to strict accountability for the character of the city's administration. It is not to be supposed that of their own motion the gentlemen controlling the Republican convention and the Democratic convention would have named either of these candidates for mayor, for they are both representative of the cleaner, more respectable and dignifid, non-political portion of the community, and they were nominated only out of necessity. No municipal ticket could hope for success which had at its head a candidate for mayor only up to the level of a nominating convention, which is almost universally without moral character or intelligence.

The anti-Spreckels leaders have been attempting to show by means of detectives that the Spreckels primaries were dishonest, in that more ballots were found in the ballot boxes than there had appeared voters at the polling places. It was useless for Mr. Burns or Mr. Kelly, or whoever the gentleman may have been who hired these detectives, to prove that a primary in this city was not a square thing. No intelligent politician who has the slightest regard for the value of his own word, pretends that primaries are held to do anything else than register the will of whichever faction or Boss may be in control of the party organization at that time. Under our present law holding primaries is a farce. Spreckels primaries are bad; Kelly primaries are bad; Buckley primaries are bad; all kinds of primaries are bad, as they have been conducted in this city from time immemorial. Even when managed by the most intelligent and honorable men within the party organizations, time and again in both parties the Bosses have been overthrown in triumph by the medium of corrupt primaries. There was probably never a better instance of how evil could be done that good might follow than that furnished by the reorganized Democrats when they overthrew Buckley; and it seems to us that no matter how strict the law which pertains to primaries they must be either corrupt or useless. Business men, conservative citizens, will not attend primaries. Not once in a decade can 50 per cent of the voters of this city be brought to a primary. The club organizations, through which the parties are supposed to speak, are mere paper; the club rolls are all stuffed; the men who manage clubs are placed in control to do what they are told, not to further good government. A successful political Boss needs less than twenty-five hundred men to control the organization of a party containing twenty times as many voters. Perhaps the idea of the non-partisans in this city is the correct one after all—a select body of respectable men who choose from year to year their associates and leave successors to continue the organization, a local party without clubs, without primaries, without ward meetings, and representative, not of party districts, but of the whole city. This is all the organization that is necessary to get a place on the printed ballot for its candidates, and that after all is about the only thing that any kind of political convention or organization can do for a candidate.

As between two eqally good men the duty of the non-partisan convention seems clear; they should declare that between these two there was no choice, and should decline to indorse either, or should indorse both. This is true non-partisanship. The object of a non-partisan convention is to insure good municipal government. If our regular parties nominated clean, capable men, there would be no necessity for such a movement, and it is to insure to the people the opportunity of voting for such men that the non-partisan convention holds over the heads of all political parties the threat that they will nominate independently if the regular parties do not make proper nominations. When both of the old parties have named eqally representative men for the offices, it is certainly unfair for a body of citizens whose only aim is good government to choose as between these party nominations. Therefore, we urge that in such cases, when there is no choice between the regular nominees, both should receive the indorsement of the non-partisan convention. If this policy is not followed, a non-partisan convention easily degenerates into an assistant to one of the old parties and loses its distinguishing characteristic, that of non-partisanship. When a community is aware that two men equally good are running for an official post, and one of these men receives the non-partisan indorsement because he happens to have more friends in that convention or more influence with the delegates to it, or because more of its members are also members of his regular party, the non-partisan convention becomes discredited in the eyes of the people and its influence is very seriously diminished. The people at once realize that its action in choosing between the two was unfair, unmanly and really dishonest, because it did an injury to an equally good man. It is therefore for the best interest of the movement itself, as well as for the best interest of the people, that it should follow the plan here laid down and indorse both or all equally good men who have been nominated, and not discriminate except as between good and bad.

JAMES D. PHELAN'S CAREER.

It may be interesting for the public to know something about the gentleman who has been nominated by the Democratic and the non-partisan parties for the mayoralty.

To begin with, he was born in San Francisco, is thirty-five years of age, and has therefore arrived at the time of life when one ceases to be guilty of "the atrocious crime of being a young man." Thirty-five is the youth of old age, and also the old age of youth. He descends from a worthy sire, who came to this country from Ireland when he was but six years old, and arriving in California, as a Pioneer, established one of the largest mercantile houses of the period as early as 1849. When he wound up his commercial career he entered upon one of finance, establishing the First National Bank of San Francisco, of which he was its first president. His wealth was all honorably acquired without any of the taint which sometimes attaches to its acquisition in these modern days, and the legacy of character which he left his family was not less large than his ample estate. In 1882 Mr. Phelan graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Saint Ignatius College in this city, and then turned to the study of law at the University of California. Then he traveled in Europe for a year and a half, writing home letters which were published in the "Examiner," and contributing one or two valuable articles to the "Overland Monthly." Returning to San Francisco, Mr. Phelan soon became interested in public affairs, and took a prominent part in the movement in California for the establishment of the Australian ballot system, which was adopted. He is now making an equally strong plea for civil service reform, believing that these two great measures will eliminate most of the corrupt practices from political life.

Concurrently with all this he was given charge of his father's estate, representing that interest in many commercial enterprises, and finally rounded an active career of finance as President of the Mutual Savings Bank, succeeding to that office on the death of the late James G. Fair. He was an intimate friend of the late Governor Washington Bartlett, and served on his staff. When the Columbian Exposition was projected he was again drawn into public service by being appointed World's Fair Commissioner for California from the Fifth Congressional district, and was elected Vice-President of the body, performing ably its important functions. This commission, it may be remembered, did what is most remarkable in the history of public concerns—it returned twenty thousand dollars and more of the appropriation to the State treasury.

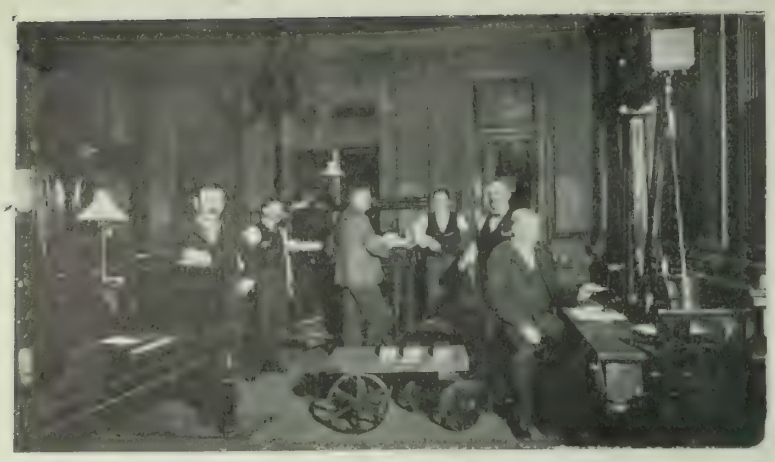
In these times when public officials are not what they should be, there have sprung up in all parts of the city organizations called Improvement Clubs and Defence Associations, to worthily guide the minds and influence the actions of public bodies, and to stamp out corruption where it exists. At the great public meeting at Metropolitan Hall, called after the Wallace Grand Jury had been declared illegal by the Supreme Court, Mr. Phelan was called upon to preside ;and the originators of that movement declared that they had previously appealed in vain to half a dozen prominent citizens to take the stand. The Citizens' Defence Association sprang from the loins of that monster demonstration. Joseph Brittan and John P. Young were President and Secretary of the body, and Mr. Phelan himself was an active member. It accomplished wonderful results, engrafting on the law of the State wise measures, not the least of which was the Purity of Election Law. It offered rewards for the apprehension of all offenders against the election laws, and succeeded in terrifying malefactors into passive decency.

The Improvement Clubs, which represent every district of the city, last year consolidated, making the Association of San Francisco Improvement Clubs, and they came to Mr. Phelan with a tender of the Presidency of that body, which seems to be wisely guided, and out of which has come much in the way of street improvement and reform in the public service.

When the Native Sons wanted to erect a hall to house the numerous orders in this city, Mr. Phelan was chosen to lead them in that enterprise, and as the result of the confidence, perhaps, which he inspired, and his own activity, they have their finished building now on Mason street. It is well known that he is a Trustee of the Valley Road, a body created by the subscribers to act for them, so that when the road is constructed it may be kept sacred for the purpose for which it was built—to be a competing road, in fact, as well as promise. This promise has been quickly followed by the performance of its projectors.

On all questions affecting the public interest Mr. Phelan has expressed himself from time to time, and in a letter to the Board of Supervisors in August, 1894, published in all the city papers at the time, he gave some valuable hints based upon his study and observations abroad, and which if elected, he will have an opportunity of carrying into effect. He dwelt upon the necessity of a sewer system, and how to obtain it; upon the pavement of streets, and how to do it; upon the removal of telegraph wires and other offensive obstructions, and where to put them; upon the desirability of fine streets and roads for wagon and bicycle, and where to establish them and how to maintain them. And only a few weeks since in his oration upon the opening of the Mechanics' Institute Fair, entitled "The New San Francisco," he gave the secret of a city's prosperity as a manufacturing and trade center, which is to be found in artistic environment and the technical education of the people. Though we have technical schools, the value of this form of education is not realized by our citizens. In the European centers technical teaching is recognized as playing the most important part in the economy of a nation. It is because of Germany's inimitable educational system that her merchants are invading the markets of the world. It is because of technical training that the manufacturers of France crowd out the products of domestic looms. He spoke of the power of beauty in the education of a people, and in the attractiveness of a city. And then he dwelt upon the necessity of an organic law which would fix responsibility and promote efficiency, while it granted power. The nomination of Mr. Phelan for Mayor seems to be the logical culmination of a career devoted to the public interest. If elected he will be in a position to carry out his well matured views. He has served in many capacities—as President, for instance, of the Bohemian Club, and of the San Francisco Art Association. As President of the latter organization he certainly put new life into the dry bones of art in this city, and the men of the brush are his best friends. The great picture of Arthur Matthews, which illustrates so faithfully the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco, was produced under the stimulus of the prize he offered. Only the other day we noticed that he contributed towards the Chair of Argumentation in the University of California, a favorite study of his.

And yet the story is but half told. It seems to be beyond question that the election of James D. Phelan as Mayor will mean more than the political regeneration of San Francisco. It will set the citizens thinking on the possibilities of making San Francisco, whose imperial position by the Golden Gate and under the bright skies of California has attracted already universal attention, the seat of the highest civilization, with theaters, parks and universities, to which will flock the brightest minds and the gayest spirits of the world. San Francisco has in her the germs of a great metropolis, and it is only for her citizens by sedulous care to her interests, to see that she blossoms forth as a flower.



The Silver Arrives

Here alloy is added and the silver cast into ingots

Annealing

Its first melting

Hardening the blanks

The ingots are rolled

The Great Scales

Milling and Stamping

A supplementary process

Every new dollar is weighed here

Silver bricks

Ready for delivery

THE MAKING OF A DOLLAR

VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE U. S. BRANCH MINT, SAN FRANCISCO

FROM FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY B. C. TOWNE

SWIMMING THE GOLDEN GATE
SNAP SHOTS AT CHARLES CAVILL ON HIS JOURNEY FROM LIME POINT TO FORT POINT

A SPORTING LEANDER

The Career of Charles Cavill, who Swam Across the Golden Gate.

For a great many years Englishmen have been claiming in song, and everywhere else, that the sea is their own. We must admit that they have a right to the major part of it, for certainly no other nation has sent so many fine ships and gallant men out on its waters or used the ocean so freely as a burial-ground. But now there comes here a young English-Australian who seems to be trying to prove that he is more at home in our own bay of San Francisco than are any of the men who live on its shores. Last Sunday at half-past three he sprang from the rocks above Lime Point into the cold, dark flood which was rushing to the sea, and fought his way across the Golden Gate to Fort Point.

This has never been done before, that is, to the knowledge of civilized man, for the currents are icy and innumerable. At times they run out like a millrace. It took Cavill just an hour and twenty minutes to cover the mile and a half of water which lies between the two points, and he swam about six miles in doing it. The struggle at first was terrible. He swam (the tide drifting him out) about a mile and one-half, was caught in a current and swept almost back to the shore, fighting undaunted every inch of the way. Then, still drifting out to sea, he struck a favorable bit of water and made considerable headway. By this time he had swum nearly five miles and was about half across. For a time he stuck midway in the channel, swimming steadily, but making no perceptible headway. Then gradually he crept nearer and nearer the shore. When Fort Point was about three hundred yards away his trainer plunged from the accompanying boat into the water. Cavill made a spurt, and they reached the beach at the same instant. The swimmer did not vary his stroke at any time, nor did he rest. The crowd on the beach rushed forward to shake hands, but the Sausalito impatiently tooted her whistle, and the men quickly swam out to the small boat and were taken aboard the steamer.

Cavill now announces he will swim any one, any distance, any where—from the Farallones here or from here to the Farallones, just as we please, but so far nobody pleases; so he goes about San Francisco with a big man with a big neck to the right of him, a little man with a big neck to the left of him, a trail of big-necked admirers in the rear and is cock of the walk. Strange to say, his head is quite a modest size—all things considered.

When I first saw Charles Cavill he was flanked on one side by his trainer, Adolph Kahn—the man who does the high diving at Sutro's baths—and on the other by Charles King, the president of the California Swimming Club, of which Cavill is an honorary member. They all have rather a nautical twist to them, but the champion looks like something between a sailor and a sublimated prize-fighter. He has the broad, strong neck and the pronounced jaw of a pugilist, but the ocean seems to have washed away the bestiality which pervades most ringmen, and left there something sounder, simpler and more austere.

Cavill is a young man—only twenty-five—is five feet ten inches in height, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, is erect, sinewy, active-looking, with clouded gray eyes, a salt-water complexion and a chest expansion of nine and three-quarter inches. Mr. Kahn says Cavill is a "human fish," and owes his prowess to heredity. He referred not to our far-away finny ancestors, but to Fred Cavill, who swam the English Channel in eleven hours and is the father of our visitor. Mr. Cavill, however, remarked that a "good teacher and hard work" had more to do with it though heredity was well enough in its way, as it indirectly provided a boy with the above good things in the shape of a father to keep up with and watch. His theory put in America would be something like this, plenty of work, water and "sand" is what makes a champion swimmer. He himself, as he was born in Brighton (England), had as much af the last two commodities as the heart of a swimmer boy could wish, and his brothers gave him the stimulus of competition, as they are acquatic wonders. His sister, too, is a very bold and powerful swimmer for a woman. Cavill is married and has a little girl two and a half years old, who can already swim about a block. "She is the only child I have—alive," he said with a shadow in his voice and an unseeing gaze out the window at the chimney pots.

"I don't do much of what is called training," he said, presently. "I have been swimming all my life nearly and have learned about all that I ever will, so now I simply try to keep in good condition. No, I don't take long swims. I'm in the water every day at the baths, and I never get in a street car except when I come in from the cliff. I walk everywhere I go."

"He doesn't train any," interjected Kahn, "and he's a heavy cigarette smoker."

Cavill didn't seem particularly pleased at this remark, so I asked him what he ate when preparing for a trip like that of Sunday.

"Oh," he said, "I had soup, roast beef and stout about three hours before I started.

"Don't you ask him what he had afterwards," said Kahn.

"A man needed something after that trip," muttered the C. S. C. president.

"Yes," said Cavill, "for my feet were blue just like a dead man's when I came out, and my right elbow was almost paralyzed. No, I didn't change my stroke. I used the overhand side stroke (left hand over) all the way across without any change and without floating an inch, and I had nothing on but an ordinary sized bathing suit of silk—unless the mixture of alcohol, whisky, rum and vita oil which I sponged off with before dipping in can be called clothing."

"It's a great deal better," said Kahn.

The New York Supreme Court has decided that a Board of Health is a final authority in certain instances, says "The Youth's Companion," regarding the fitness of dwellings for occupancy. The soundness of this decision seems apparent in the face of the fact that in crowded parts of great cities the public safety depends often upon immediate action. It is better that real estate owners should obtain compensation through the slow process of the law, than that the health or lives of the occupants of houses should be endangered through lack of legal authority to act quickly and with effect.

Of the seventeen Trans-Atlantic cables only seven are in use, the others having given out from various causes. The total cost of the cables which are now useless was £6,000,000.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Two of the richest spinsters in the United States are Southern women. The richest, Miss Garrett, plain, sixty, and unassuming, is a Baltimorean. The second richest, Miss Caldwell, has about twelve millions, and the bad taste to eschew her old Kentucky home.

Augy Belmont pays more for his trainer and jockey than any other man in America. Although he has won something like $60,000 this year it will not cover his expenses. It is stated that every year he puts aside $100,000 for his stables, and thinks he is doing well if that proves sufficient.

Most people have some characteristic gesture. The Prince of Wales, when annoyed, winks his left eye rapidly: the Emperor of Austria puffs out his cheeks: the Czar lays his hand flat on the top of his head: Mr. Gladstone turns swiftly on his heels, as if executing a volte face, and the Sultan of Turkey grasps his throat tightly with his hand.

Cardinal Ricard has forbidden the priests of the diocese of Paris to ride bicycles. The reason is because priests in France wear cassocks reaching to their heels, and the Cardinal regards the spectacle of a man in such a costume mounted on a lady's wheel as undignified, not to say ridiculous.

It is said that Lord James of Hereford once presented a very fine set of diamonds, which had caught his eye in a shop window, to the late Sir John Millais' eldest daughter, on the occasion of her marriage. When the bill was sent in it came to thousands of pounds, and on hearing of this Millais insisted on painting the portrait of the then Sir Henry James for nothing.

Queen Henriette, of Belgium, born an Austrian Archduchess, and a horsewoman, still continues her wonderful performances in spite of her age and station. The latest story is that Her Majesty jumped her pet horse over a dinner-table covered with flowers and lighted candelabra. She has often leaped through burning hoops and flaming hedges, and driven a twenty-in-hand.

Counts are costly creatures. When Anna Gould became the Countess Castellane she had twelve million dollars; to-day she has five millions less, as two millions went to the Count on her wedding day, a million and a half in his horse and stock speculations during the past year, and one and a half million in buying property, at fancy prices, on the Bois de Boulogne and the Avenue de Maiakoff, for the purpose, it is said, of reproducing the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon, and ultimately conquering fashionable Paris by their magnificence.

Czar Nicholas probably didn't "mean anything" when he said that he wanted to "see a little of Paris life," but 'tis said this speech made the Czarina reflect on what used to happen in the days of Napoleon III., when a director of "Petits Plaisirs" was a recognized official, and assisted her to decide for one day in Paris instead of five. However autocratic this young woman may be in her conjugal relations, her political tendencies are rather democratic. She hopes that Russia will soon have a constitution, and that Siberian horrors will be abolished.

First a model, next a living picture and finally a drunkard — this is the career of Caroline Louise Beach, the woman who posed for the figure (the face is Ada Rehan's) of the silver statue sent by Montana to the World's Fair. She was selected from a vast number of applicants by Sculptor Park. Mrs. Beach's figure was Grecian in its proportions. In size she was almost heroic, for she was five feet nine and a half inches high, and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. Grace and strength were as happily combined in her as in the Venus de Milo.

On her recent visit to Austria, Russia's young and handsome Czarina made an interesting contrast to the well-known form of the Empress Elizabeth. The height of the two august ladies, when they stood together, appeared nearly the same. The youthful freshness and charming way of speaking and amiable smile of the Russian Empress, who, by the way, looks far more English than German, were as much admired as the unconventional modesty of her whole bearing, by which, it was easy to observe, the Czarina at once won the heart of the Austrian Empress, and, indeed, of all who saw her. The young Czar, who has not been in Vienna since the autumn of 1892, it was generally noticed, has since grown in manly physique, but he still retains his earnest demeanor and benignant look.

CHARLES CAVILL

THINGS AND PEOPLE

There is little to choose between the oratory of the Republicans and of the Democrats in municipal convention gathered. In the latter convention I heard but one speech worthy the name. It was that delivered by James D. Phelan thanking the delegates for nominating him. This was neither a brilliant nor an eloquent effort, but it had significance and point and was imbued with tact and humor. Indeed, the future mayor has a real capacity in the direction of talking on his feet, which time and opportunity ought to develop into oratory. His successors and predecessors, however, offered excellent examples of the things one would wish left unsaid. Charles Wesley Reed, from whom great things were expected, almost set the crowd by its ears through alluding to "certain influences" and "previous errors," which referred, of course, to the selection by the Raineyites of young Reynolds as temporary chairman. Reynolds, who is a pleasant young man, with a deep-toned, important voice, had some two years before obtained a Populist nomination for Justice of the Peace, and his name figured also on the "A. P. A." ticket. The "Monitor," which cut an important figure at the second meeting, demanded an explanation, suggested conspiracy, and so frightened the Rainey contingent that they abated their controlling hand and were content to leave the gathering to its own devices. It is interesting to note, however, that it was Reynolds and the outcry the papers made over him which made Phelan the nominee. Colin M. Boyd would otherwise have headed the ticket.

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It is unfair to select Mr. Reed as the shining example of oratorical inadequacy. Alexander Voglesang, who seconded the nomination of Phelan, did not relieve the situation, though the subject was by no means exhausted. Neither alluded to the peculiar fitness of the candidate for the place, nor touched on the capacity he had demonstrated. Neither was familiar with his career, and both were awkward in statement. Nor were the frequent addresses of Mr. Deuprey, who was one of the most conspicuous figures of the convention, by any means spellbinding. His voice rang out, it is true. A young lawyer named O'Donnell had a dozen chances to win clients, but his periods halted and of ideas his sentences were barren. Osgood Putnam arose with several points of order and a nomination or two, and though he was to the point, he was also both cold and dry. An Assemblyman named Mulgrevy, who had been nominated by the Buckley forces, made a better talk the second night than any of the men who could have excelled him. So of oratory the convention was barren. A similar condition existed in the Republican gathering, though there was a show of enthusiasm for the national ticket, which was lacking in the Democratic body. Indeed, I have rarely seen a less enthusiastic body. It had cheers neither for men nor causes.

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Of the old time Bohemians whose exploits made the gossip of journalism Robert Duncan Milne is the sole survivor. He is before the public again after a long eclipse, and though still engaged in the manufacture of weird stories he preserves that characteristic thirst which, if it keeps him poor, preserves his happiness. It is not indelicate to comment on the superiority of Milne's alcoholism, for the indulgence of that thirst is the object of his existence. He writes for its gratification; it inspires his muse and his moods, for sober he is duller than darkness and as melancholy as an owl. Innumerable yarns are still current of his peculiarities. Some newspaper men discussing him in the Grill Room told two which are worth reproducing. "On an important anniversary of the Caledonia Club I met Milne looking more disconsolate than usual," said one of the group, "and asked him what the trouble was. 'Some Scotchmen have commissioned me to write a poem to the memory of Bobbie Burns for to-night,' he said, 'and it happens that I have not had a drink for two days. Strange as it may seem, I cannot think of a line. Will you lend me a dollar?' I knew better than to do that, so I told him I had no money. 'Then get me a drink somehow,' he stammered. So I led him into a neighboring saloon and ordered liquor. 'It's all I want' my boy—just a little lubrication,' he said, 'then I scribble you off the best ode you ever heard.' Well, we sat down, and Milne, under the influence of two stiff whiskies, on some paper borrowed from the saloon keeper, set to work. Four verses tripped easily off. He threw himself back contentedly, and asked for more whisky, which I refused. 'Not another drop, Bob,' I said, 'till you finish some more poetry.' But he had evidently drained his inspiration, as well as his glass, for not another line could he produce.

" 'Come down town with me to Pixley's office,' he said at last, 'I want to consult his copy of Burns, as there are certain lines about which I find my memory needs refreshment.'

"So down town we went, and I left Milne at the 'Argonaut' office. What happened there I learned later. The poem was finished, however, and was a great hit, and Milne was several days recovering. When he emerged I asked how he had finished the verses.

" 'Take my word for it, my boy, there's precious little gratitude in the world,' he continued in his sententious way. 'You know what I've done for Pixley—how I've written for his paper. Yet, will you believe it, sir, when on that occasion I demanded the loan of two beggarly dollars, the brute refused me. I demeaned myself to explain the circumstances and my necessity, but he was obdurate. Then I borrowed from the library a copy of Burns to finish my verses. Reluctantly he consented. It was a fine leather-bound volume, and at the moment I felt myself commissioned to avenge his ingratitude, so I carefully read over the lines I wanted, and then I took the volume to a certain vender of second-hand literature, sir, and with the dollar it yielded me I finished my ode. It took me exactly eight whiskies to finish four verses, my boy, but they were well worth doing.

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When the branch Keeley Institute was established at Los Gatos, the "Examiner," to test the value of the gold cure, decided to subject certain illustrious drunks to its process. This was one of Willie Hearst's grim jokes, for he has a curious and profound sense of humor under his quiet exterior. Milne, as the most conspicuous example of alcoholism in town, was selected as the first test. He was dispatched under proper chaperonage to the little town in the Santa Cruz mountains, and tells his experiences somewhat after this fashion: "I have nothing to say against Mr. Keeley. He treated me with proper and even tender consideration. There was whisky whenever I wanted it, which for the first day or two was pretty often, my boy. Then, as the week advanced, I found my thirst was diminishing. The beverage seemed to have lost its finer flavor. Then, strange to say, I began to dislike it, and when my term was up I did not care if all the stills in the world went out of action. To whisky I was as indifferent as I am to champagne. I returned to town sober. Yes, absolutely sober, sir. Certain of my friends wanted me to drink, but I had no inclination. For two weeks not a drop of alcohol passed my lips. I wrote some stories, but they were no good; they had no ginger or flash to them. I wrote poems that were flat as photographs. But early one morning I woke from what had been a profound sleep, with the impression of an idyllic dream in my mind. It seemed to me I had been drinking steam beer. From that moment, sir, the idea of steam beer haunted me. Every sentence I constructed ended in steam beer. I tried to dismiss the subject, believing that steam beer was impossible for me; but late that night, with some learned, intelligent and distinguished gentlemen, who were discussing with me the latest theory of flying machines, I dropped into a certain nameless saloon on Market street, and there the legend 'Steam Beer' caught my eye. Forthwith I ordered a glass and drank it. It rolled down my throat like oil, producing a delicious sensation. Then I ordered a schooner, and it went the same way, then a third. I will spare you a further recital of my happiness in finding myself unimpaired. Then I realized that Mr. Keeley had only cured my thirst for whisky; he had forgotten about the steam beer, my boy. If Keeley had only known that I liked steam beer as well and even better than whisky, there is no doubt that he would have cured me of steam beer. But he did not, sir, thank the Lord.' "

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Editor Bunker of the "Report" rather carried off the oratorical honors at the banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution the other night. It was quite an important gathering of prominent citizens. Judge McKinstry presided; a variety of speeches were made, including Mr. Bunker's reply to the toast "The Spirit of the Times." We all know that post prandial oratory is an art, that it is not necessary to say much, but the little must be neatly phrased, amusing and pointed. It was a bright and telling little speech, in which there was an appropriate mingling of gravity and gaiety, a story or two, an allusion or so, a quotation and a bit of sentiment to close with. Mr. Bunker is to be congratulated.

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As an orator, Judge Campbell makes no pretensions. His delivery is forcible rather than graceful. It seems he went to Stockton on Admission Day with the boys, and wandered into a big gathering of Natives that night. As soon as his presence was known around there instantly arose shouts of "A speech, Campbell! A speech!" to which the Judge failed to respond. Finally, however, some of the daring spirits gathered around him and carried him, body and whiskers, to the platform. The old gentleman shook his head at the audience.

"Boys," he responded, "you know I can't make a speech. None of you have ever heard me, and if I can help it you never will. Now that I'm up here before you, however, I want you to answer me a question, boys. Will you tell me the truth if I ask it?"

He leaned forward confidentially.

There were shouts of "Yes, yes, we'll tell you true, Judge."

"Listen, now," he continued. The audience was silent in expecation.

"Have you ever, ever seen my Angeline?" he sang, and in the confusion and laughter than ensued, he retired.

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The vicissitudes of politics are curious. It is amusing to hear of the nomination of ex-Congressman Caminetti as Assemblyman from Amador County. Having failed of a nomination and yet yearning for political distinction, he entered the fight and has won. The social and political gap which divides the House at Washington and the House at Sacramento requires an effort of the imagination to bridge, but it seems there is rather more in Caminetti's mind than he has yet disclosed. He does not propose his degradation shall be without solace, for he is slated to be the next Speaker of the Assembly. This is a post of some distinction, and Mr. Caminetti's Congressional experience ought to enable him to fill it with power and pathos. Another legislator of distinction is E. W. Chapman, who has been nominated for Senator in the district which includes Placer and El Dorado counties. He is the owner of the Fancraft and Taylor mines, which yield him a splendid income. Indeed, he is one of the many successful miners of the State to-day.

In olden days it was proper to select for schoolmaster some unfortunate, who had failed in all lines of endeavor. It was assumed he could teach the young idea, if only by force of his failures. The Populists seem to find their candidates on the same basis. I was told recently of a certain gentleman, whom the Cator party has nominated for the Assembly from a country district. But a few years ago he was a lawyer in good practice in the same county. Unfortunately for the continuation of his prosperity he accepted two fees in one case $50 from the plaintiff and $100 from the defendant. His duplicity was discovered. He was tried and disbarred. Deprived of a means of livelihood he proceeded to take the episode as a warning from Providence; he had himself converted, became a Methodist exhorter, developed into a Populist, and quite recently was nominated by that body in his district as candidate for the Assembly. In due course the Democrats indorsed his aspirations, and doubtless he will figure among Cator's supporters when they gather at Sacramento in January. Of such material, alas, are our legislators too often made.

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In Bohemia there is talk of an autumn Jinks to be given over to the army and navy. The 31st proximo has been selected as the date, and Lieutenants E. Runcie and T. F. Ruhm will officiate as Sire of the High and Low Jinks respectively. An amusing and instructive entertainment is promised. Some good talking should be evoked on so patriotic a theme, and Mr. Ruhm should have no trouble in finding talent among his compatriots to befit the occasion.

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The importance of being properly nominated was emphasized at the recent Democratic municipal convention. Several promising aspirations were nearly nipped in the bud by misguided oratory. A well known delegate told an amusing instance of an unfortunate nomination which occurred years ago at the State convention over which Governor Downey presided. John Finlay, a prominent and capable Democrat, was the leading candidate for Governor. William Irwin was opposed to him. It was a splendid gathering of able and clever men, and in his opening speech Governor Downey alluded particularly to the distinguished character of the assemblage, and to the number of brilliant orators within its ranks. He prophesied memorable and historical speeches, and sat down after announcing that nominations for Governor were in order. A certain eminent lawyer known throughout the State had arranged to nominate John Finlay, but ere he could rise Michael Joseph Kelly was up, bobbing his head, and obtained recognition. He began in the way sacred to nominations, the world through. "I rise to place before you a man who," he commenced, and in his droll and peculiar way proceeded to recite a list of virtues, winding up finally with the name of John Finlay. The astonished audience had listened silently through this curious rhodomontade, but as Kelly concluded a groan went up from the candidate's supporters. The other orators attempted to save the situation, but to no avail. An hour later Irwin was put in nomination, and was elected by a large majority, and Finlay ever afterwards attributed his defeat to the wicked mischance of his nomination.

MADAME LE VANWAY
A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MARCEAU

THE INGOT AND THE DOLLAR

Impressions of a Progress Through the Mint with Reflections on Gold.

It is the largest Mint in the world. That the guides tell you. Certainly it is a huge structure, of the Grecian temple order, with the regulation "public building" facade, thick Ionic columns, granite steps and a ribbon of greensward between it and the pavement of Fifth street. It exudes permanence and ponderosity. It is as respectable as a monument; prosperous as the tomb of a millionaire. Indeed, it actually succeeds in looking conscious of the fifty-five millions of gold and silver dollars in its vaults, and seems to defy you to capture a dime of it.

Time out of mind my way has taken me past the Mint. I have speculated about its treasure vaults, richer than the precious stores of the Arabian Nights. I have pondered over the process of coin-making—the conversion of common-looking and dirty bricks of gold and silver into shining dollars and "halves," into glittering "twenties" and "tens" and "fives," each round disc representing I know not what of attainment, of gratified desire, of opportunity and ambition. The appeal of the ponderous portals to enter and gaze on the riches within I resisted. After all, one paints better with one's imagination than with one's eyes, and what is the use of dissipating an aureate dream with realities. But a country cousin bent on sight-seeing set my renunciations at naught, and together we ascended into the bare stone hall and were confided to the tender mercies of the guide.

If you have never been in the mint it is impossible to realize the character and importance of the several aged, reverened and tremendously well-informed gentlemen who perform the service of conductors to sightseers. The one who piloted us — we had also three men and a small boy, making quite a party—possessed a fraternal and commanding manner and a wealth of statistics which tripped off his tongue in a manner to embarass the memory of a phonograph. He gently patted the red cheeks of my cousin, reminded us all of the great importance of the institution, of its functions, of the occasion, and of himself. He admonished us of his responsibilities, and talked of the "Governor," that is Superintendent John Daggett, as though he were the Pope or the Shah of Persia. I am sure there is no better guide anywhere than the "Colonel," as it is proper to call him; his voice and manner are a respectful tribute to the precious metals, the distinction of which you begin to realize after a few moments in his company.

Along the bare, resounding hallway you go down an iron stairs into the furnace room, which, I hesitate to say, though it be the truth, is not any different from other apartments of its kind, with grimy stokers and a coal-dust atmosphere. Next a small, dusky apartment in which the dust and sweepings of the great institution are melted, washed and treated with quicksilver and acids to gather the gold they contain. Yes, the process in this little room is similar to that in a gold mine and it recovers for the establishment some five thousand per annum,—quite a little sum to begin housekeeping on,—as the "Colonel" explained to the small boy, lookingly knowingly at my cousin and winking at me. I did not reciprocate, however. From here we ascended a staircase and were ushered into the melting-room, where the gold and silver are turned into ingots. Each individual deposit, be it the white metal or the yellow, is set in in its own crucible and subjected to the fervid heat which loosens and liquifies its molecules so they glow and run in a glistening and fiery stream into the mould from which it emerges, a chunky symmetrical mass, and passes into the assaying department, where the fineness of the metal and its exact value are determined. All this so that the man with ten ounces or a thousand ounces of gold can have next day the equivalent in eagles and double eagles of the bullion he has deposited the previous morning. What happens in the assaying room is a secret. You should have seen the "Colonel's" face as he informed us the "public" were denied the privilege of admission. I felt like Vanderbilt for a moment, but not for thousands would I have shocked our guide with an expression so disrespectful.

From here we followed our leader into the alloy department, full of moulds and ingots of gold and silver, and a picturesque array of workmen in blouses leaning over the furnaces or lounging in the windows. A pile of thin ribands of orange metal piled carelessly on a table, was pointed to by the "Colonel." "Gold," he said, with an indescribable inflexion. In order to better lecture the party he stepped inside the iron chain, which through the various rooms regulate the pathway of the visitor, inviting my cousin to stand beside him. The small boy attempted to follow, but this he prevented, peremptorily but courteously. "No, no, young man," he insisted, "against rules—can't allow that." So the youngster, a bit shame-faced, stepped out again, and we were told of the difference in value between gold bricks and silver bricks, of the precautions taken to recover the infinitesimal small shreds of precious dust which the impact of ingot on ingot scatters. As for me, I gazed at the force of men, big, strapping fellows, who hung around so carelessly, not a bit impressed with their importance as manufacturers of coin. Then I listened to the "Colonel" discriminating subtly between slabs of gold and of silver. I know I missed much of what he said, but I was duly impressed by the big nickle-plated engine in the next department—its huge fly-wheel weighs nine tons, made in two castings. An aristocratic engine of the old school this, with a walking beam attachment, admirably preserved like an old beau and polished until you could see your face in its mouldings. Annealing next; thence to the rolling department, where the ingots are flattened into ribbons under an enormous pressure. That was an operation we were permitted to witness at closer range, and my cousin, as a great concession, was allowed to finger the gold bars as they fell from the mighty rollers. Perhaps I looked a bit alarmed as she gaily slipped under the chains, but the old gentleman reassured me.

"They're hot," he whispered; "she cannot pick' em up."

Indeed they were hot and looked pale and dirty and as much as possible like brass. The fact is, alas, that gold en masse, when it is not for you, when it is a mere commodity like flour or sugar arouses in you only the same feelings which might be suggested by the view of a peach orchard, whose trees are bent under a rosy and glowing burden of ripened fruit. You eat one peach, perhaps two, and the rest are as nothing in your eyes. So it is with the gold and silver strewn around here. It arouses no longings, nor desires; its potentiality is veiled; it is but the marble ere the sculptor's chisel has fashioned it—mere yellow dross on its way to annealing in the next room, where it is softened in copper tubes; next dipped in water; then handed over to a new set of operators. Here the slender strips of metal, after undergoing finishing touches in a species of planer, are slipped under a machine which stamps out discs or "blanks," as they are professionally termed, and these, in their turn, are heaped into trucks and wheeled across the hall to the coining room, where the lady and the eagle are stamped on their smooth flat surfaces.

It was in this room our guide became most impressive. He prescribed the precise number of coins the discs could stamp in a minute, and really was a bit disappointed because our faces expressed no new shade of wonderment. We saw, too, the device which smooths the edges of the newly-milled dollars, and then emerging into the cold, barren corridor, the jingle of silver and gold in our ears, he told us of the other courses to which the beautiful shining coins are subjected ere they are ready to graduate. Each individual disc must be weighed, a service the ladies perform in a great long room upstairs. There are sixty weighers who do nothing the day through, but test the virtue and standard of these millions of dollars and eagles and dimes. I have not time to transcribe all the "Colonel" told us of the precautions for the safety of every dollar. Each disc is guarded as carefully as a crown jewel and every grain of it is computed and accounted for. My cousin listened, open-mouthed, to the recital and told the old gentleman she would not work in a place in which they suspected everyone of being after their money. He laughed good humoredly at her scruples, remarked he knew many maids just like her, who would give their eyes—pretty blue eyes like hers—to be up dollar-weighing every day at $2.65 per diem.

"Much better, Miss, than being supported by your father or your brother or knitting or even storywriting for a living. Isn't it?" he nodded the question to me, and of course I nodded back an affirmative head-shake.

No, the "Colonel" would not usher us into the presence of the Superintendent. That great man, he gave us to understand, was much too important and awful to be stared at by ordinary visitors at the Mint. You must have political influence ere being admitted into the Superintendent's sanctum. But if you penetrated the anterooms you would meet the most interesting and most potent man under the roof-tree—a man of some distinction of aspect and manner, bearded, strong featured, unpretentious of manner, a man who has known the vicissitudes of fortune and has had most of the honors of politics. Perhaps there is no quality so fascinating as steadfastness and will power, and these John Daggett possesses in a marked degree. Read out of the Democratic party in the Stockton Convention, he has seen the men who had scorned him, rise to petty elevations, then drop back and disappear, others develop into demagogues, more go under the political surface unwept and unhonored. He has moved quietly onwards, dealing a blow whenever the chance has offered, manipulating his revenges cautiously, elaborately and effectively.

I was thinking of all this and more when the "Colonel" interrupted the train of my thoughts with a tap on the shoulder.

"Here we're back again, sir. You've been through the mint and I've discharged my duty. A pleasant duty it has been," the old gentleman added, gazing approvingly at my cousin. "Young man"—this to the small boy—"never forget you have seen the vaults where fifty-five millions of Government money is lodged, which you own just as much as Governor Daggett or even the President—just as much, indeed."

Then the party of us flitter down the granite steps back again into the unpretending atmosphere of Fifth street.

"O'BRYAN, O'KAGEN, OKIMM!"

A Nebraskan's Reminescences of Candidate Bryan, with Some Dialect Verses.

Six years ago, when William J. Bryan closed his first Congressional campaign, an obscure country rhymer wrote a few stanzas of him and his political colleagues, which were then intended as burlesque, but might now, so far as the hero of the hour is concerned, be considered a sort of dialectic prophecy. I lived in Nebraska at the time, and clipped the verses from the Lincoln "Daily Call."

Although the politics of Mr. Bryan differed widely from that of many of us who admired his ability, the people, almost as a unit, believed in his capacity and sincerity, and have expected to hear of him in the high councils of the nation, but perhaps not so soon as this year of grace, 1896.

With the exception of McShane's one term, Nebraska had been represented in Congress by Republicans for a quarter of a century. In 1890 the organization of the Farmers' Alliance throughout Nebraska was most thorough. Hard times and threatened failure of crops menaced Republican victory. The time was ripe for a change. Jerry Simpson, the "sockless Socrates," had made his debut in Kansas politics, and was sure of election. By fusion with the Farmers' Alliance, the Democracy foresaw success. This oft-times difficult feat was happily accomplished by giving the Farmers' Alliance one candidate for Congress, the Democrats retaining two. (The State sent but three representatives to the lower house at that time.) Mr. Kem of Broken Bow was the member of the Alliance upon whom the honors fell. Mr. McKeighan, Democrat, was nominated in the other western district. The election of those two was virtually conceded, as their districts embraced the rural communities where the Farmers' Alliance dominated in local politics, and where the long-continued drouth of that summer added to the people's dissatisfaction with existing political conditions. But in the district that embraced the cities of Omaha and Lincoln, as well as prosperous rural communities, who should be the fusionist Moses? Had they not heard young Bryan at Omaha, two years before, and had he not swayed a convention of Bourbon Democrats with his eloquence? Was he not a brainy, clear-headed and energetic young lawyer? But, said many, he is only thirty years old, and has been in the State but three years; what do the people know of him? Trust him to put himself in touch with the people, said Bryan's friends. And so they did. And so he did. Mr. Bryan made a personal canvass of every nook and cranny of his district, attended Farmers' Alliance picnics far and near, —often speaking at several different places in one day. He entered into and enjoyed the amusements of the country people, and proved himself as much a champion on the ball ground as in the field of oratory.

The result of this campaign has become history. Mr. Bryan kept still in Congress until he had something to say and found a time favorable for saying it. His first effort earned for him the sobriquet "The Boy Orator of the Platte." He proved himself a ready debater, quick at repartee, and his fund of fact and circumstance seemed limitless. There was but one man in Congress anywhere near his equal, who could fight him with his own weapons, and whom Mr. Bryan might have feared. That man is John P. Dolliver of Iowa, a man about Mr. Bryan's age, who had served one term in Congress when the Nebraska statesman took his seat,—a Republican and a pronounced Protectionist and gold money advocate. And, by the way, Mr. Dolliver rose from the people in much the same way as did Mr. Bryan. There is this difference, however, Mr. Dolliver is not a classical scholar. He received a common school education, studied law and became famous in the town, where as a youth he had carried a hod,—Fort Dodge, Iowa.

But if Mr. Bryan feared Dolliver, the latter apparently reciprocated the feeling. We who had read Dolliver's brilliant speeches in campaign and on the floor of the House, knowing well their diametrical opposition to the views of our idol Nebraskan, expected daily to read of a clash between these two young intellectual giants. Only once they appeared to feel each other, and both seemed willing to quit. I imagine a debate between them would remind one of the fight between the two rams that had long striven for mastery. The farmer set them fighting at sunset, and at sunrise, on going to the scene of the encounter, found nothing but two tails and they butting away at each other.

Just after the election in 1890, J. W. Johnson wrote the verses referred to, and they were first published in the Sutton, Neb., "Advertiser." To make the names of the successful candidates accord with the dialect, a slight change was necessary in their orthography. I have thought these verses might be the authority of some misguided people, who insist that Mr. Bryan's original family name was O'Brien. I know of no other or better authority for such a statement. Everybody ought to know that Bryan is Scotch, while O'Brien is Irish as is the shamrock.

But here are the verses:

O'Bryan, O'Kagen, O'Kimm,
Bedad, will you now look at thim?
A 'atin' an' dhrinkin' an' dhrawin' their pay,
An' wearin' biled shirruts an' foine clothes ivery day,
An' a shlingin' on stoile in a new-fashioned way.
Be gorry, the 'lection was lucky for thim—
O'Bryan, O'Kagen, O'Kimm.

There's Misther Mike Agen, the chice o' the lot,
He was fifty years livin' on mush from the pot,
But now he's a Congressman, lives at hotels,
Ates wid the nabobs, an' dhrinks wid the swells,
He's now growin' fat where he used to be slim,
Be jabers, the 'lection was lucky for him.

The servant girrul raises the windies up high,
For a sight o' Mike Agen as he passes by.
An' phwen young Mishter Bryan do walk on the strate,
His smoile is so plazin', his manners so nate,
For a squint at him Zachias would shtraddle a limb,
Be jabers, the 'lection was lucky for him.

An' the mild Misther Kimm,
Wit' his elderly face
A gazin' so innicent-loike into space,
He's aten shtuff now that will shtick to the ribs,
To say that he's dacent is tellin' no fibs;
Be the powers the lection wor lucky for thim,
O'Bryan, O'Kagen, O'Kimm.

J. S. M'GINNIS.

German anti-Semitic students at Vienna, having declared that they would refuse all challenges from corps students who are Jews, the Jewish students appealed to the rector of the university to interfere, and allow them to have their faces slashed like Christians. He refused, but has been forced by the Minister of Public Instruction to punish the students who presided at the meeting where the declaration was made. The Jews are all taking fencing lessons.

A railway improvement is reported from Germany which would be very much appreciated in this country, especially by the traveling journalist. It is in the shape of a swinging writing desk, which is fastened to the roof of a carriage by elastic bands. Those who have tried to write in a train during even a normally rapid journey will recognize at once the advantage of such a contrivance.

A doctor in the highlands of Scotland, whose patients are scattered over a wide district, takes carrier pigeons with him on his rounds, and sends his prescriptions by them to the apothecary. He leaves pigeons, too, with distant families, to be let loose when his services are needed.

Ireland has had a year of unexampled prosperity, if the deposits in banks are any indication, the increase in those in joint stock banks being over six million dollars and in saving banks also over six million dollars. The traffic receipts on the Irish railroads, too, were the largest on record.

THE TWIN FALLS OF SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO

YELLOWSTONE FALLS

YOSEMITE FALLS

A TRIO OF WESTERN WATERFALLS

IN AN APPLE ORCHARD

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

"The wall isn't so very high," suggested the Tempter.

"No," assented Betty, measuring it with her eye.

"And it isn't stealing to take fruit," the Tempter went on. "Everybody does it."

"Y-e-s," more doubtfully, "only Aunt Selina might not like my doing it the second day of my visit. She'd feel uncomfortable if I got arrested."

"She wouldn't mind; she'd think it was funny. If you had been here longer, it would be different, but of course a stranger can't be expected to know which is private property and which public!"

"But the wall—" Betty put in rather faintly.

"Oh, there are walls and fences everywhere. They don't mean anything," said the Tempter, reassuringly. "Did you ever see such glorious apples—I beg pardon, I mean peaches. What a stupid mistake! When you are warm and thirsty, there is nothing like a great, cool Crawford."

"I'd give my eye teeth for one!" said Betty out loud.

"Better keep them for one," whispered the Tempter. "Here, let me help you. Now jump down. No, there isn't a soul in sight. There you are."

"I suppose it is wrong," said Betty, peeling off the furry skin in long strips. "Why do they have to be so wet! Oh, how good! Oh, my goodness!" The peach dropped from her fingers and she jumped back, though there wasn't even one policeman in sight; only an unofficial young man, seated rather uncomfortably on one of the branches above her.

"I beg your pardon for startling you," he said, lifting his hand to his head and looking vaguely surprised, as he found nothing removable there. "I didn't know you were coming, you see!"

"Neither did I," said Betty apologetically. "It really wasn't my fault. I mean the peaches looked so good I simply couldn't get by, and I am a stranger here, so, of course, I did not know whether this was private property or not." The young man grinned a little.

"They're apt to be, peach orchards," he said reflectively. Betty turned red.

"I only took one, and I didn't eat all of that," she stammered. "It's down here in the grass somewhere."

"Don't bother to look for it," he said kindly. "They are not much good for market after they have been peeled and bitten into, and I dare say one won't make much difference in our returns."

"Oh! You send them to market!" murmured Betty, wondering if she ought to offer to pay for it, and what she should do if her offer were accepted, not having a cent in her pocket.

"Yes, we market them," said the young man, swinging himself down to the grass beside her, and picking up his cap. "There have to be just so many, to pack the boxes exactly even. They wouldn't take a box that was one short, of course, so we have to be rather particular." Betty cast down her eyes, and saw some fresh-looking stones near the trunk of the tree.

"Some one else has been eating them, too," she said, pointing to the stones.

"Yes," he answered composedly. "I saw there would be several left over, so I ate them myself. If I had only left one, it would have been all right."

"Do you really count them beforehand?"

"Oh, no, that isn't necessary. A person who has been in the business as long as I have can tell just by looking at a tree how many it holds."

"I am dreadfully sorry," said poor Betty.

"It is not a very prosperous year for us farmers," he went on. "Woolly aphis got into the sheep, and there was an epidemic of pip among the oranges last winter; but we have lost more money by having our fruit stolen than in any other way. You have no idea how unscrupulous people are about fruit! People that wouldn't steal your chickens for anything will walk off with your fruit by the basketful." Betty was on the verge of tears.

"I haven't any money with me," she faltered, "but if you will give me your address, I'll send a check or a money order as soon as I get back to my aunt's." The young man looked a little abashed.

"I didn't mean you for a moment," he explained. "One peach won't amount to anything. I only wish I might offer you another. I was thinking of boy thieves when I spoke. The neighborhood is full of them."

"I am not in the habit of being called a thief!" Betty's spunk was rising a little.

"I dare say you never were one before," he answered soothingly. "It is so easy to slip into wrong doing without noticing it. Often a kind word of warning at the time will save one from years of regret. I am glad for your sake that I happened to be here this morning. Was that the gate clicking? Good heavens, there he comes!"

"Who?" demanded Betty.

"My—uncle. He owns part of this orchard, you know; he and I own it together. I think, if you don't mind, we had better get up into this tree."

"Can't I climb over the wall?"

"No, he is coming that way. Quick!"

"You might introduce me as a friend."

"He would see right through it, and, besides—here, let me help you up—he is a peculiar old duffer, and he doesn't like women. He might be rude to you. Are you comfortable? I'll sit here and keep a lookout."

"I'm dreadfully frightened. Why don't you go and make him walk in the other direction? Then I could slip away."

"Well, to tell the truth, we are not on very friendly terms just at present. We had a little tiff yesterday—relatives do, you know—and we aren't speaking to-day. I didn't want him to prosecute a fellow who had helped himself to some peaches; not more than half a dozen, and he really wasn't a bad sort of a fellow. It seemed a pity to arrest him, but my uncle was determined, so we nearly came to blows."

"Oh!" gasped Betty.

"If I were to try and turn him the other way, like as not he'd insist on coming to this very tree, he is so pig-headed. Sh! Here he is. Are you sure your gown doesn't show from below?" Betty gathered up her skirts in nervous haste, displaying two well-shaped little tan shoes and—but you can't stop to be prudish when your life is in danger, and they were silk, anyway.

"If I had only known it was going to happen," she whispered, "I'd have worn a green gown instead of this pink and white dimity. It wouldn't have been half so noticeable."

"With pink polka dots to represent peaches, and brown ribbons for stems," he added cautiously. "Then no one would have known you were not a tree. I could have got myself up like a bluejay to escape notice."

"Or a scarecrow," murmured Betty. "Sh! Here he is."

The part owner of the orchard paced slowly along, scowling up at the trees, and paused, leaning on his stick, not thirty feet away from them. It was a terrible moment. He looked around suspiciously, as though saying, "Fe, fi, fo, fum!" to himself.

"Be him in skirts or be him in breeches, I'll have his bones for stealing my peaches," murmured the young man in Betty's ear. She sent him a warning look, then they both gave way to noiseless laughter. The old man went slowly on his way and his nephew drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Is the worst over?" said Betty.

"We must stay up here till he gets to the end of the row."

"Won't he come back this way?"

"No; he always goes all around the orchard in his tours of inspection. I know, because I've often—" he paused abruptly.

"Often what?"

"Accompanied him, of course."

"Oh!"

"Yes, we have very pleasant strolls, my uncle and I!"

"He looks rather cross and disagreeable. Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't think about your being related. It was very rude of me."

"You musn't misjudge him. Really, there is only one thing in the world that puts him out of temper, and that is having his fruit stolen. I think he is a little unreasonable about that."

"I am sure it is very natural, when they have to pack the boxes so exactly. If you put a sign up explaining that to people, I know they wouldn't take it any more."

"Some rows of barbed wire above the wall would be equally effective, I imagine. I'm glad it wasn't up this morning, though."

"I ought to be going. Do you suppose he is out of the way yet? My aunt will wonder what has become of me."

"Wait till I look. Yes, the coast is clear. Let me take you down; it is too far to jump." Betty shook out her crumpled skirts and repinned her hat.

"I'm very grateful to you, I'm sure," she said, holding out her hand. "I didn't deserve your kindness. I wish you would let me make it up to—your uncle some way for the peach I took. I shall feel uncomfortable about it if you won't."

"Really, it is no matter," he protested. "Don't think about it again." He swung himself to the top of the wall and held down both his hands to her. "Use the crevices as steps. Now, when I say three! One, two—" But the young man never said three.

"At it again, are you?" growled a surly voice alarmingly near them. "I thought I'd catch you. You may think that bringing your girl will save you from arrest, but, by Golly, it won't! I'll run you both in for stealing my peaches. Just you wait—" But they were not waiting. With a quick movement the young man had jerked Betty up beside him and let her down on the other side, and by the time the old man had reached the wall they had both vanished around a bend in the lane.

"You were making it all up!" said Betty indignantly, when she got her breath. "You were stealing fruit yourself, and making fun of me! I knew it all the time, any way."

"It's a pity we couldn't have brought a few peaches with us," said the young man composedly. "Running always gives one such a thirst."

And the Tempter smiled and curled himself up for a nap, feeling that he had done a good morning's work.—

WESTERN CATARACTS

A description of our own Yosemite Falls,—the greatest in the world, almost half a mile high, and described and pictured times innumerable, is certainly superflous, but the other Western waterfalls are not so well known.

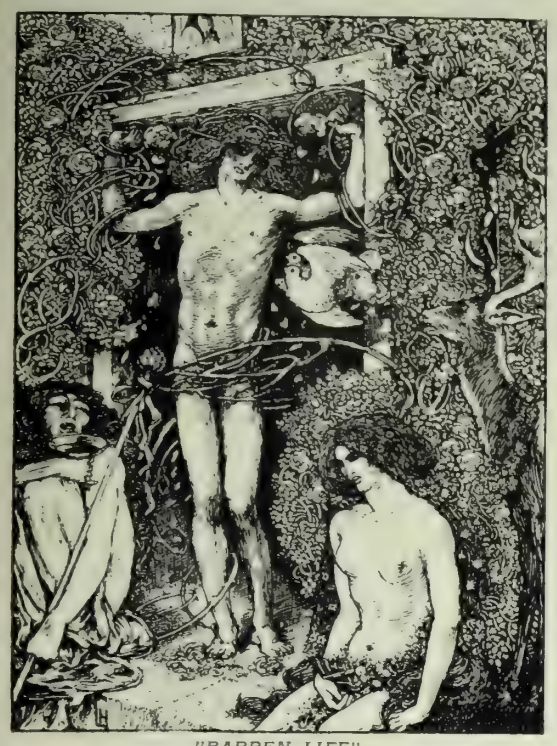
The Twin Falls on the Snake river in Northern Idaho are visited by few tourists, as a twenty-mile stage ride over a hot alkali desert is necessary to reach them. These falls are some miles above the main Shoshone Falls, but are more picturesque. They are about 175 feet in height, and separated only by a huge mass of volcanic rock which looks as if it might have fallen bodily from the cliffs above. The whole canyon of the Snake River is of volcanic origin, and abounds in huge obsidian cliffs and black and yellow rocks. It is nearly perpendicular, and is entirely destitute of vegetation.

The Grand canyon of the Yellowstone has two water falls; the Upper Falls at the head of the canyon and the Grand Falls, about three miles below. The Grand Falls are 260 feet in height, and are the more noticeable by reason of their surroundings. Just here are the most gorgeous cliffs, the steepest precipices and the most stupendous gorges of the canyon. No painter can, or, if he could, would dare give a truthful picture of this wonderful spot. Even the untrammeled Hills' strange paintings look faded and tame beside the vivid hues of the original.

"YELLOW BOOK" PICTURES

New Expressions of the Beardsley Cult in "The Savoy."

Since the "Yellow Book" is in its tenth volume and there have been five "Savoys," it is safe to regard both periodicals as past the transitory and experimental stages. Both have created their own public, which insures to each a circulation, if not extensive, at least discriminating. Now that the "Yellow Book" has eschewed Beardsley, the "Savoy" presents itself as the expression



"BARREN LIFE"
BY LAWRENCE HOUSMAN
From "The Yellow Book"

of his theory of black and white effects. The earlier issues of the orange quarterly were filled with the strangest effects by the clever young Englishman. But now it has grown dignified; it has Henry Harland for editor, and is full of photographs illustrating schools of art, which, if new, are not abnormal, and are certainly respectable. It retains an important distinction, however. Its stories are more gracefully phrased and constructed than those you find in any of the other London periodicals, except perhaps "The English Illustrated," which in its latest developments gives us George Gissing and Hubert Crackenthorpe as often as possible, and these, as the average reader knows, are the leaders among the younger generation of novelists.

In the current volume there is little to suggest decadence. More excellent typography you will find nowhere out of editions de luxe, with fine hand-made paper and a pleasing excellence of press work. Here are the usual features, the names now grown agreeably familiar. There are some new people in this volume, but the old writers are not omitted. Among the younger generation of writers who entered literature in the first "Yellow Book" is Ellen D'Arcy, whose claims to distinction rest on a volume of short stories, "Monochromes," which displayed a first-rate talent and an unusual capacity at expressing feelings and effects. In the current number are "The Death Mask" and "The Villa Lucienne," rather studies than stories. The first is a remarkable piece of work. Presumably it is Verlaine's mask that is so strikingly described and used to illustrate the strange character contrasts the French poet offered the world. There are two masterly pages, which actually project both the mask and the man before the eye and into the brain of the reader with a strength that reminds one of Balzac. The second is a species of ghost study done with the dexterity of a real talent, attaining the cold, weird and uncanny effect which is the impression Miss D'Arcy aims at.

After recovering from the depression which these admirable but morbid studies had planted in me, I turned to the "Invisible Prince," Henry Harland's contribution to the number. It is a fascinating and delightfully written story, inimitably graceful, full of esprit and delicate charm, light and airy, but as unsatisfactory in its termination as "The Lady and the Tiger." It tells the story of a prince who had resigned his privileges and become a poet, and a lady presumably noble, who has penetrated his disguise and his identity. They meet first at a ball in the castle of an Australian princess, the dialogue that ensues has a delicious spontaniety and breathes the atmosphere of dainty frivolity. Tney are separated, but meet again on a London street. I cannot refrain from transcribing this clever passage:

"Castle Ennui is the Bastille of modern life. It is built of prunes and prisms. It has its outer court of Convention, and its inner court of Propriety; it is moated around by Respectability; and the shackles its inmates wear are forged of dull little duties and arbitrary little rules. You can only escape from it at the risk of breaking your social neck, or remaining a fugitive from social justice to the end of your days."

As the hero remarks, it is a decent little image, but it does not compensate for the uncertainty the climax leaves one in. Indeed, it is the unknown that has most fascination for all of us. However, successful conclusions are not the order of this latest "Yellow Book." There is not a happiness in the set.

The drawing reproduced here is by Lawrence Housman, who has been in several of the periodicals and is well known for his artistic book plates. It is called "Barren Life," but wherefore the writer declines to explain. That is a task for the reader's imagination.

The illness of Aubrey Beardsley accounts, doubtless, for the absence of his signature from the latest "Savoy." The frontispiece is an excellent imitation of his curious Japanesque effects by Guilio Floriana, and, inside, there is a drawing by A. Kay Womrath, which the apostle of pen and ink art might himself have composed, and certainly would not have scorned to sign. "Le Chanson," reproduced below, is the first appearance in the decadent magazines of Mr. Womrath, who has certainly unusual dexterity and a fine sense of artistic effect, as the composition with its graceful lines and excellent decorative quality, proves. What is portrayed makes little matter, as long as the effect is clever and startling, and a certain sensationalism of effect is obtainable by the bold and curious contrast of this picture. I presume that is the "Savoy's" gospel and precept. The third picture, "A Dryad," by M. Dearmir, is open to being termed strangely graceful. The editor, Arthur Symons, may cavil at the definition, being a purist, but one must be of the "illuminati" to understand decadent art. Otherwise the number is interesting and undoubtedly clever, though the stories are not as satifactory as the verse. The most valuable feature of the number artistically is the is the reproduction of a wash-drawing by Beardsley, "The Woman in White," the original of which must be a treasure.

"LE CHANSON"
BY A. KAY WOMRATH
From "The Savoy"

Paris, which has already witnessed bicycle wedding processions, was recently the scene of the first bicycle duel. A party of young men had been out on the wheel all day, and had been drinking too much, when two of them quarreled. A companion suggested that they fight it out with sword bayonets; the weapons were procured, and they charged on each other on their bicycles. The result was four wrecked machines, the principals coming together with great force, while the seconds, who were following close behind, fell over them. One man was wounded in the groin by tumbling on his own sword in the smashup.

The drought under which New South Wales languished in 1895, as measured by the official tables, may be said to have cost the Colony two million bushels of wheat, eighteen thousand horses, nearly four hundred thousand cattle of various kinds, more than ten million sheep, and five million lambs. If to these figures be added the natural increase which, under ordinary conditions, the flocks and herds and wheat lands of the Colony would have known, the mischiefs of the drought take still more tragical dimensions.

SERENADE

BY LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE

From the French of Theophile Gautier

To the casement where she stands,
I would mount and kiss her lips;
But alas, my outstretched hands
Cannot touch her finger tips.

Bid thy old duenna leave,
Drop thy silken girdle, sweet;
Or a ladder deftly weave
From thy lute-strings, for my feet.

Loose thy comb, discard the rose,
Lean, until the tawny hair,
Which around about thee flows,
Makes for me a magic stair.

Quickly then to thee above,
Will thy lover lightly rise;
He, though not an angel, love,
Knows the way to paradise.

"A DRYAD"
BY M. DEARMER
From "The Savoy"

THE STREET SINGER

From what province far away
In the land of dreams and day,
Contadina hast thou come?
Was it Venice in the sea,
Or the fair land Tuscany,
Where the vines hang in the sun?
Was it Capri's rock-wrought spell
Where the blue waves sing and swell
With the winds in ecstacy,
Or adown where olive trees
Rustle in the sighing breeze
In the groves of Sicily?

O, it must have been somewhere,
In some garden wondrous fair,
Filled with blossoms and the sun,
In some land of fairy dreams,
In some land where singing streams
Ripple sweetly as they run.
O, it was somewhere away,
In the realm of perfect day.
Maiden thou wert meant to be,
Carolling a sylvan air,
Plaiting jasmine in thy hair,
In the vales of Arcady.

Bella, with the eyes so brown,
Dreams that might the stars call down,
Why those traces of a tear.
Is that longing in thine eye,
Is that saddened wistful sigh,
All since thou art exiled here?
O, then may some fortune kind
Bear thee back on wings of wind
Where thy heart is, cross the sea,
To the land of cloudless skies
Where the sunlight never dies,
In thine own loved Italy.

HENRY SEBASTIAN KIRK.

APART.

I.

While sunset burns and stars are few,
And roses scent the fading light,
And like a slim urn, dripping dew,
A spirit carries through the night,
The pearl-pale moon hangs new—
I think of you, of you.

II.

While waters flow, and soft winds woo
The golden hearted bud with sighs ;
And, like a flower an angel threw,
Out of the momentary skies
A star falls burning blue—
I dream of you, of you.

—Madison Cawein.

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

October with its falling leaf and fading tree, its brilliancy of coloring and its [illegible] vies with June as to popularity for weddings. No less than four important ceremonies are set for October. Unlike the spring or summer wedding, which suggests fairy-like fabrics, "dreams of dimity, fresh as dawn," one associates gorgeous brocades, luxuriant flowers and rich colorings with the sere and yellow leaf. Filmy fluffiness is inappropriate at fall weddings, for primroses and apple blossoms are gone, and a setting of gorgeous chrysanthemums (or other late flowers) demands magnificent figures in the foreground. Autumn's bride should be clothed in the heaviest of satins and laces. She should be a woman rather than a girl, stately rather than sportive, dignified rather than demure. As for the bridesmaids—well, a wise virgin will select becoming contemporaries for her wedding train, for her wedding day is the day of days for a woman, and she owes it to herself to look her best.

Of the recently announced weddings, Miss Mercado's is among the most important. She is small and dark, with slightly Spanish eyes (her father's people were of the old aristocrats of Mexico), a very sweet low voice and a face which is a faithful index of her gentle and generous heart. Miss Margaret Salisbury is to be her very charming maid of honor and her bridesmaids are chosen from her numerous cousins (Miss Scott and Miss Kate Salisbury being two) and from Mr. Boardman's family. Only the intimate friends of the family are to be invited to the wedding breakfast.

Miss Jennie Catherwood, the attractive daughter of the more attractive mother, is to be married in her country home—the best of all places, according to Southern notions, to be married in, as well as the prettiest.

Miss Requa will have an army wedding, and Miss Myra Prather will be married at home with only her most intimate friends about her. She will undoubtedly make a very handsome bride with her brilliant eyes and complexion and her black, black hair. Of the other entertainments society has merely roused itself momentarily to bid a farewell to Justice and Mrs. Field, who left for Washington on Thursday. On Saturday last Mrs. Homer King gave a big reception in their honor, and on Tuesday Mrs. Alvord entertained Mrs. Field at a married ladies' luncheon. Of the teas, Miss Mabel Reed's farewell tea was a jolly gathering, informal and enjoyable. Miss Foulkes is to give a farewell tea to Miss Reed next Saturday. Apropos of teas, young Mr. Louis Bruguiere has instituted the "Brownie" tea, and is "at home" every Tuesday to his girl friends. His entertainments are highly popular among the buds, for besides having the charm of novelty Mr. Bruguiere is an artist at the tea table and brews a capital brand of "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate." It is a pleasing occupation for the youthful Brownie, who hitherto has been unable to find a suitable field for his abilities, which are largely of the social order.

There was considerable excitement at Burlingame last Sunday. In the morning Mr. Joe Tobin and Mr. Taylor played a tennis match with the Whitney brethren. The game was very closely contested, and some very good plays were made. Mr. Tobin's service was especially sharp, and although the Whitneys carried off the honors they had to work hard for their victory. What I noted about their game was the smoothness, the uniform evenness of their play. There is no fluke work; every stroke is calculated; every ball reaches its mark. In the afternoon a gay crowd witnessed the polo. The Tobins were accompanied by Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair; the Hobarts, Baldwins, Henry Crockers and the Henry Scotts were all enjoying the game which was an unusually good one. Mr. Walter Hobart and Mr. Joe Tobin were the more fortunate and won the laurels of this occasion.

Very sad, indeed, was the sudden death of young Henry Sharon, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, who died of membraneous croup recently in Paris. He was a bright little chap, only eleven years of age.

The invitations to the Friday-night cotillions are out. The first is to be led by Miss Kate Salisbury and Mr. Ed. Greenway; the second, a fancy dress affair, by Miss Alice Hager. The list of the Friday Fortnightly is also completed, and no further additions will be made. Owing to the inadequacy of Lunt's Hall, which was frequently crowded to an extent that made dancing an impossibility, last year, Mrs. Blanding and Mr. Monroe Salisbury decided to limit the number of invitations.

The newest addition to the list of debutantes is Miss Laura Scott, one of the prettiest of Mrs. Monroe's Salisbury's nieces. Miss Scott is a dainty little brunette with exceedingly delicate coloring and bright, laughing brown eyes—she rather resembles her sister, Miss Mamie Scott, whose engagement to Mr. Neville Castle was announced some months ago. Miss Scott has been quite delicate for some time past, but is now restored to health.

The topic of conversation over in Oakland at present is the Requa-Long nuptials. The wedding is to be quite the swellest event of its kind ever given there. Three hundred invitations have been issued to the breakfast and still a larger number to the church. The breakfast is to be given in a huge marquee, which will be erected in the grounds at "Highlands," Piedmont. Miss Requa's trousseau is indeed a thing of beauty, and already several of the wedding gifts have arrived. The house at the Presidio, to be occupied by Captain and Mrs. Long, is being most luxuriously fitted up by Mrs. Requa. Miss Lucy King, who is a cousin of the bride, will be maid of honor. She is a very young girl, just passed her sixteenth birthday. The bridesmaids are Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Lulita Booth and Miss Ella Morgan.

Invitations to the Deux Temps Club are out. The organization is to meet once a month, instead of every second week, as has been the custom. The character of the club has changed somewhat. There has been an infusion of new blood, and the lady patronesses have chosen Tuesday instead of Saturday night for their meets. Among the directors are Mrs. Prentiss Selby, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. George Wheaton, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Dunham. Contrary to all anticipations, the Friday Fortnightly or "Little Ducks" is being reorganized. A meeting was held during the week at Mrs. Belden's, when it was decided to admit merely boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one.

One of the jolliest entertainments of the autumn was the card party given by Miss Mona Crellin to Miss Smith last week. The young people, some forty in number, played six-handed euchre, and afterwards the refreshments, all representing cards, were served. The ices were in hearts, diamonds, spades and clubs, the sandwiches cut in similar fashion. Among the prettiest of the girls I noted Miss Marietta Havens and Miss Coralie Selby. After supper guessing games were played; pictures of celebrities, advertisements, were handed round, and the solver of the greatest number won the prize.

A delightful little dinner was given by Mr. Fred Magee at the Beta fraternity house on Wednesday evening. Among the girls, who were chaperoned by Mrs. Prentiss Salisbury, were Miss Kate Salisbury, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Jessie Glascock and the Misses Selby. Afterwards they all went to Shattuck Hall to see "Brick" Morse's minstrel show.

Berkeley is all agog preparing for Mrs. Ben Morgan's German Fete, which takes place this afternoon. The girls have been busy evolving piquant peasant costumes and making fancy work for the booths. Several members of the Sketch Club, under the direction of Mr. Hausman, have decorated the grounds and house in most artistic fashion. The programme is full of interest; the play, the music and, above all, the German luncheon, with its varied menu. Outside of the Fete and the minstrel show the college town has been rather dull of late. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg gave a large reception to a hundred and fifty students last week, which I hear was rather enjoyable.

Miss Bessie Wall announces a concert for the evening of October 8th at Hamilton Hall. She is to make her debut as a vocalist on this occasion. Her voice is a rich, sweet contralto, and she uses it charmingly. Mr. Sigmund Beel is to assist Miss Wall.

There has been quite an exodus of prominent Oaklanders in the past few weeks. Mrs. Knowles and her family went to New York last week. Mrs. Knowles anticipates placing the two youngest children in Miss Eely's school. Miss Anita Whitney left for Washington with Justice and Mrs. Field on Thursday, where she will remain during the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard will also winter in Boston with their daughter, Mrs. Swan, and Mrs. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman go to Philadelphia early in October.

MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS
WHOM THE FAIR WILL HAS BROUGHT BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO
Photo by Taber

A member of our bar who is as stout as he is prominent, tells a good story of a footpad. "Last month," says he, "when the city was economizing in gas I was stopped by a man who demanded my purse. I did not strike him; I did not call for the police; I simply fell upon him. I never saw that man again. I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds."

When the Poor Law was first introduced, a Dublin beggar woman, whom a gentleman referred to the poorhouse, said: "This Poor Law's a grand thing for the sowls of the gintlemen." "Why so?" "Bekaise now when we axes for alms they only say go to the poorhouse, but before there was a poorhouse they used to say, 'Go to the divil!'"

When the Eastern visitor reaches San Jose he is often at a loss to know where to go for a team. He will make no mistake, however, if he directs his steps to the Hotel Vendome Stables, headquarters of the Mount Hamilton Stage Company. From here the stage coach for the Lick Observatory sets out every morning, and there, too, you can find on call the fastest horses, the neatest and trimmest rigs and the tidiest equipments. F. H. Ross & Sons are proprietors.

That air of elegance and harmony which characterizes the home of refinement depends largely upon the selection of furniture. Tinsel and glitter are not sufficient; a certain modest richness is necessary, and nothing lends more to this effect than articles of rare design in pure antique. The dealer realizes this and hence the plaster imitations which alas so soon tarnish. I spent a delightful hour recently inspecting the exquisite workmanship displayed by the P. Rossi Co., who have enlarged their business and located at 117 Sutter street. This establishment with branches in Paris and Venice, makes a specialty of designing and manufacturing the finest antique furniture. Mr. Rossi is himself a sculptor of talent and does the designing while the work is executed by the firm's artisans either here or abroad.

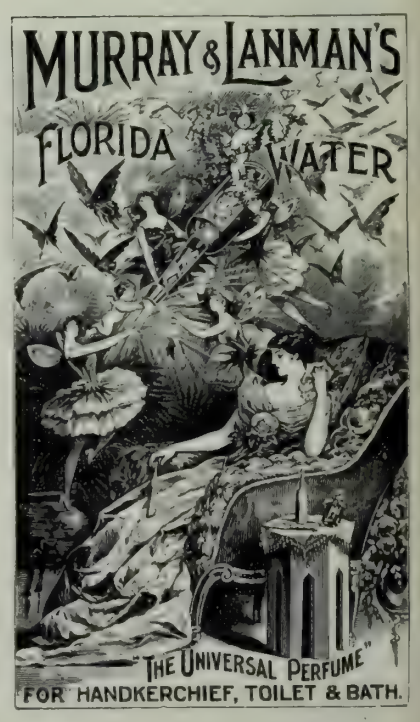
An elaborate Roccoco mantle and frame and a Renaissance mantle designed by Mr. Rossi and hand carved—the latter made to order for a lady in this city—attracted my special attention. Several hand-carved arm chairs of original shape and pattern, daintily upholstered, are displayed, also cabinets, sideboards, etc. Parlor suites are executed to order in pure antique style. Goods of this class are sure to be much sought after by those of refinement and artistic taste and are the more desirable since they never go out of style and take on an added beauty with age.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cts. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion



DRAMATIC NOTES

Beginning with next Monday there will be a matinee every day at the Orpheum for that week at least. The special attraction will be the Famous Royal Hawaiian Band and Glee Club. It is an unique combination of clever musicians and enjoys an excellent reputation. The leader, Professor J. S. Libornio, is perhaps the greatest saxophone soloist in the world. The band and glee club perform every afternoon and evening in addition to the regular vaudeville show, which includes Annie Suits in her songs and dances, and many other clever people.

Edward Rose's dramatization of "The Prisoner of Zenda" will be seen here for the first time on Oct. 5th at the Baldwin. The company is headed by James Hackett, who has been well spoken of by the critics in New York and is considered very promising. His father was the famous Falstaff of his time. The advance notices state that the stage settings are "rich and tasteful and require two cars to transport them," so we may expect something very fine, indeed.

"Divorce" has been capitally staged and capitally played at the Alcazar this week. The capable stock company has buckled down to business and is doing very creditable work. There will be a "rose matinee" this afternoon, when every lady will be presented with a beautiful La France rose. On Monday evening "School" will be produced on an elaborate scale, and with a competent cast. Ten pretty young ladies from Belasco's school of acting will help to make the piece attractive, and a number of catchy songs will be introduced.

Monday ushers in the farewell week of the Frawley company. They go from here to Los Angeles, then to Honolulu to open the new opera house, returning here for the holidays. They will give "The Lost Paradise" next week, one of their old plays, which deals with the labor question and is chiefly remarkable for the huge wheel—which is the piece de resistance of the factory scene—and for Blanche Bates Cinders.

Things are humming out at the Chutes. This evening the grounds will be turned over to the Plumed Knights, who give an exhibition drill. To-morrow afternoon there will be a baloon ascension and parachute drop, the first in some weeks, by C. W. Vosmer, an aeronaut who has just arrived from the east. Antonio Pirri continues to make his thrilling rides down the Chutes and into the lake on his bicycle.

Opera at the Metropolitan in New York will be much the same as usual next winter. Mr. Grau has secured the prime favorites—Melba, Calve, Eames, Nordica, Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Plancon, with Seidl, Mancinelli and Bevignani as conductors. The season will open November 16, and continue through thirteen weeks.

Society will be out in force at the Hinrichs-Beel Symphony concerts ,to be given at the Baldwin. Among the long list of subscribers we noticed the W. Mayo Newhalls, Hoffmans, James D. Phelan, Lilienthals, Gerstles, John Parrot, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. L. L. Baker and many others.

"In Spite of All" does not suit the Frawley Company. The cast is a short one, having but nine people in it. Frank Worthing was good as a bad man of the world; Hope Ross was an admirable waiting maid; Miss Bates had Minnie Maddern Fiske's old part, and Lansing Rowan was a ballet-dancer.

There is already a demand for seats to see "Trilby," which is the next attraction, when the Frawley Company close their season at the Columbia Theatre. The play will be produced here by A. M. Palmer's Company, direct from Australia.

Julia Marlowe commences her tour in the latter part of this month, and will play towards the Coast direct. Her engagement at the Baldwin follows "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The sale of seats for "The Prisoner of Zenda" will begin on Wednesday morning, instead of the usual Thursday, so as to accommodate the patrons of the Baldwin.

Marie Wainwright will play the leading role in Wilton Lackaye's production of "Dr. Bellgraff."

Fall Styles Neckwear and Hosiery at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street

THE LORING CLUB CONCERT

Always the same, those Loring Club concerts; and always in the same sweltering, out-of-the-way hall. Never would the Loring people change anything—even the musical director—for the world. Under Mr. Hughes the works of all composers sound alike. Choppy little notes, spasmodic accents and mistaken tempi are wearing, as well as unmusical. These qualities seem to be Mr. Hughes' unvarying stock in trade. His beat, moreover, is neither decisive nor inspiring. In short, the elements that make a musical director are wanting in Mr. Hughes. The voices in the club are mostly fine, and excellent results might be obtained, all things being equal.

Miss M. Adelia Brown, soprano, was the singer at the first concert of the season, and Mr. John Marquardt the violinist. Miss Brown has an unusually mellow, musical voice and she knows how to use it. While there is room for improvement in her interpretations, Miss Brown's singing is, on the whole, very enjoyable. Her first number, the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet," was very prettily sung. It is doubtful if Mr. John Marquardt has ever played better in San Francisco than on this occasion. The difficult "Faust" fantasie was extremely well rendered technically, and was given with far greater spirit than this artist usually displays in his solo performances. He was deservedly recalled.

Mr. Bretherick's accompaniments might have been better. He spoiled Miss Brown's first solo and played too loud for Mr. Marquardt. Mr. Bretherick was better in the numbers with the club.

P. C. ALLEN.

MISS MAUDE MILLET

A FAVORITE LONDON ACTRESS, WHOSE ROLE AS COMEDIENNE DOES NOT BAR AN OCCASIONAL EXCURSION INTO THE REALMS OF SENTIMENT

Photo by Barrauds, London

STAGE STORIES

The late James Lewis of the Daly Company used to say that he "stubbed his toe and fell on the stage." He was a very young man and he lived in Troy. It happened that an actor in a theatre there took it into his head to visit New York without his manager's permission, but he did not have quite the heart to go without leaving a substitute behind him. He applied to a friend of his who was not an actor to be the substitute. The friend refused. It happened that Lewis was present and the actor then asked him to take his place. Lewis suddenly took it into his head to try. He took the part and studied it and the actor played truant, according to the programme. When the time came for beginning the play, Lewis was the only person present to play the part, and it mattered not how little the manager liked it, there was nothing else to be done. The actor stayed in New York longer than he had expected, and when he came back he found himself discharged and Lewis hired in his place. The other members of his family did not know that Lewis was an actor till some time later, and it was found out at last only by his sister's visiting the theatre and seeing him on the stage. In the barnstorming days that fell to his lot Lewis had a few adventures. Once he asked the landlord of a country hotel to direct him to the theatre. "Waal," the landlord replied, "we ain't ezactly got no theatre, but there's a buildin' up yonder where they give performances. It used to be Temperance Hall, but they call it Grand Opera House now."

Presently the actor came to a marble yard and asked a man who was cutting stone to direct him to the Grand Opera House. "Right back of the marble yard," the man said.

"Where is the stage door?"

"You'll find it just behind the third tombstone to your left."

When the actor found the stage door and the carpenter, and had attracted the attention of that tradesman by throwing a tenpeny nail at him, the carpenter said: "Is your name Lewis?"

He admitted it, and the carpenter said: "Oh, yes, I've been warned about you."

"Why so?" the actor asked.

"Why," said the carpenter, "they tell me you're first rate."

In a certain scene in "Moths," the hero strikes the heroine with his gloves. One night when Macklyn Arbuckle was playing the part, a German, who had perhaps been indulging a little, leaped up in the audience with a shout of "Shame! Shame!" and wanted to fight the brutal wielder of the gloves on the spot. With some difficulty he was quieted, but after the play he grimly lay for the actor. "There comes Arbuckle now," said a bystander. The German squared himself, but after one look at the actor's good-tempered, open countenance, he dropped his fists again. "No, no, that isn't the one," he said regretfully. "That man's got a good face. He couldn't strike a woman." And Arbuckle passed on unchallenged.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

When Lackaye was performing in an Examiner benefit last winter, a certain actress of Hebrew lineage, for whom he had a profound dislike, was making herself very conspicuous in one of the boxes. In the course of a small speech he was called on to make, Lackaye spoke of "a little boy who went to Sunday school on Sunday." This was more or less of a break, and there was a sudden laugh, led by an exasperating giggle from his black-haired enemy. "Of course everybody goes to Sunday school on Sunday," he floundered on. Again the laughter. The Jewish actress leaned over the edge of her box, conspicuously convulsed. Lackaye eyed her squarely. "Except those who go on Saturday," he finished.

LIBRARY NOTES

In a recent "Critic," Frederick Kippel offers for the use of translators a list of words which are identical, or nearly so, in French and English, but have different meanings. It often happens that a term identical in the two languages is rendered with its English equivalent and in consequence curious errors are made. For instance, "agrement" means pleasure and enjoyment, not an agreement, "amusant" is interesting not funny; "carcasse" the framework of any construction and not a dead body; "figure" is face, not the form of the body; "lecture" is the act of reading. A lecture in the English sense would be "une conference." The list is valuable and worth the attention of those who speak as well as those who try reproducing French in English.

Herbert Spencer, who is now living at Wantage, England, is completing for autumn publication, says the London "Daily Chronicle," the third volume of "The Principles of Sociology," which, we hear, is to include "Progressive Institutions," "Industrial Institutions" and "Ecclesiastical Institutions." The last-mentioned has already been issued in "part" form. In the first volume of this great work are included "The Data of Sociology," "The Inductions of Sociology" and "Domestic Institutions," and in the second, "Ceremonial Institutions" and "Political Institutions." Mr. Spencer in the winter proposes to revise "The Principles of Biology."

Jimmy Whistler has taken to designing artistic book covers and has made a beauty for a "Book of Scoundrels," by Charles A. Whiteley. A gallows is delicately outlined, around which the letters of the title are grouped in idealized type, while underneath is a minute seal showing a skull and crossbones. The design reveals the power of the artist in making a repellant subject attractive.

The increasing influence of George Meredith is shown by the fact that three-fourths of the new collected edition of his works has been bought in advance of its publication, the demand from America being large. It is a good sign of improved literary taste. Sir Richard Temple's autobiography will soon appear in two volumes.

The "Daily Chronicle" is the daily of the literary set in London. Its proprietor, Mr. Lloyd, who is also the owner of "Lloyd's Newspaper," has just purchased one hundred square miles of forest in Norway to convert into paper for his various publications.

The Mira Valle Vineyard is situated on high altitude. It lies between the ocean on one side, about eighteen miles distant, and the bay waters on the other. Its soil is silica, gravelous, partly calcarious. Both location and soil compare favorably with that which produces the famous wines from the Medoc district of France. Depot, 604½ Geary street.

Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, whose name has long been connected with the operatic history of the United States, has opened a studio in the Emporium Building, for the cultivation of voices, and for the finish of advanced vocalists. Mr. Hinrichs' career has been most successful, he having been for many years the leading vocal teacher in Philadelphia. In New York he was principal of the opera class at the National Conservatory of Music, of which Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber was president and Anton Dvorak was director. The efficiency and thoroughness of his method is shown by the number of the most celebrated operatic singers on the American stage who were his pupils. The voice-trial will be three dollars, which will be refunded when lessons are engaged. Mr. Hinrichs can always be seen at room 441, Emporium Building, on Mondays and Thursdays, between ten and twelve.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

Good tea is tea that you like; best tea is the tea you will like best.

It is probably Schilling's Best. If you don't like it your grocer returns your money.

BOURGET'S NEW BOOK

Love versus Friendship in "A Tragic Idyll."

There are several stories interwoven in the latest novel which Paul Bourget has given us. "A Tragic Idyll" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers) is a thick volume devoted to the exposition of love in several of its phases, friendship in an original aspect, and intrigue by which the divers issues are joined and blended into situations or coerced into climaxes. The scene is the Riviera Cannes, Monte Carlo. The main plot concerns Baroness Ely de Carlsberg, the morganatic wife of an Austrian Arch-duke, and Pierre Hautefenille, whom she has fascinated to revenge herself on a former lover, Olivier du Prat. This du Prat, a strange character, whose mistress she had been, deserts her and marries, but she knows he can be wounded through the deep affection he bears Hautefenille. This scheme miscarries because she herself falls in love with Pierre, yet the revenge is accomplished, for at the inevitable encounter between the Baroness and du Prat, the latter discovers that love had changed her into the ideal of all his desires, and against his will the old infatuation is renewed.

That is the first complication. The Arch-duke, who, though separated from his wife, is insanely jealous and subjects her to a system of espionage, affords a second. Du Prat's bride reveals to Pierre the unsuspected secret of the old affair; the Arch-duke's desire for revenge over the loss of his wife is stimulated by Baroness Ely, who deprives him of the cherished services of his friend and assistant, Marcel Verdier, by arranging his marriage with Miss Florence Marsh, an American heiress. This introduces Richard Marsh, the American millionaire, a composite of Pullman, Phil Armour and other Yankee plutocrats, who performs the functions of a deus ex machina in assisting the sub-plots to conclusions, his steam yacht furnishing background for several of the situations. In addition to these we have also Corancez, whose secret marriage to the Marquise de Andryana Bonnacorsi, and the anger thereat of her brother, Count Navagero, gives the touch of comedy. Together with these are much of observation, description and scenery. The key of the central situation is the contrast between the love of a friend for his friend and that of man for woman. The triumph is divided, for though Pierre violates a vow to renounce the Baroness, which he has sworn to du Prat, the latter loses his life to save that of his friend. Between the lovers then this tragic incident is interposed and they are separated for ever.

The appearance of Olivier du Prat on the scene is the signal for the action of the story to begin. To her dearest friend, Madame de Brion, the Baroness thus describes the strange character of this former lover and also gives the key to the story.

"His name is Olivier du Prat. I met him at Rome two years ago when I was spending the winter there. This man was the secretary of one of the two French embassies. He was much lionized because of the passion he had inspired in two Roman ladies, who almost openly disputed his favors. It is very ignoble, what am I am going to tell you, but such was the truth. It amused me to win him from them both. I know now," and her voice became graver, "that I never loved Olivier, but that I so persisted in this liaison that he would have the right to say that I wished him to love me, that I wished to be his mistress, and that I did all I could to retain him. He was a singular character, very different from those professional lovers, who are for the most part frightfully vulgar. He was so changeable, so protean, so full of contrasts, so intangible, that to this day I cannot tell whether he loved me or not. I have never met a being so disconcerting, so irritating, from the endless uncertainty he kept you in, no matter what you did. One day he would be emotional, tremulous, passionate even to frenzy, and on the morrow, sometimes the same day, he would recoil within himself from confidence to suspicion, from tenderness to persiflage, from abandonment to irony, from love to cruelty, without it being possible either to doubt his sincerity or to discover the cause of this incredible alteration.

"But he had touched me in an irritable spot; I wished to control him, to master him, and I used a terrible weapon. I made him jealous. All that is a bitter story, and I spare you the details. It would be painful to recall it, and it does not matter. You will know enough when I say that after a day of intimacy, when he had been more tender than ever before, Olivier left Rome suddenly without an explanation, without a word of adieu, without even writing a letter. I have never seen him again. I have never heard of him, except in a chance conversation this winter, when I learned that he was married. This man who despised his family, who never spoke of his country without bitterness, who attributed the worst motive to every action, even his own, who denied the existence of God, of virtue, of love, this moral nihilist, in short, in so many ways like the Archduke, had one faith, one cult, one religion. He believed in friendship, that of man for man, denying that one woman could be the friend of another. He told me that this sentiment was the only one he respected, the only one that time and change could not prevail against. He acknowledged that this friendship was rare; yet he declared that he had met with it several times, and that he himself had experienced one in his life. It was then that he evoked the image of Pierre Hautefeuille. His accent, his look, his whole being changed while he lingered over the memory of his absent friend.

"No sooner," Madame de Carlsberg continued, "had Chesy pronounced the name of Pierre Hautefeuille than I was possessed by an idea which you will think abominable. I shall pay for it, perhaps, dearly enough. Olivier's departure and then his marriage had stirred in me that hate of which I spoke. I could not bear to think that this man had left me as he did, and was now happy, contented, indifferent that he had gained his serenity without my being revenged. One acquires these base passions by living as I have so long, unhappy and desperate, surrounded by pleasure and luxury. Too much moral distress is depraving. When I knew that I was to meet the intimate friend of Olivier, a possible vengeance offered itself to me, a refined, atrocious, and certain vengeance. My life was forever separated from that of Du Prat. He had probably forgotten me. I was sure that if I won the affections of his friend, and he knew it, it would strike the deepest and most sensitive place in his heart; and that is why I permitted Chesy to present Hautefeuille, and why I indulged in these coquetries for which you blamed me.

The most striking and important scene in the tale is that which describes the meeting of Du Prat and Baroness Ely, he angry and aggressive, determined to call her to account for captivating his friend de Hautefenille, and she defending herself, her actions, and confessing both the guile of her motives and the love that had followed.

"Do you remember about two years ago in Rome, at the Palazzo Savorelli—you see I am being exact—a young man being presented to you, a young man who did not even think about you, and with whom you were—How can I describe it without wounding you?"

"Say at once that I coquetted with him," Ely again interrupted, "and that I tried to make him love me. It is the truth."

"Since you have such a good memory," went on Olivier, "you surely recollect that these coquetries went so far that the young man became your lover. You remember also that this love was a very miserable one. The man was sensitive, suspicious, jealous. He had suffered very much in his life. A woman who loved him truly would have had but one thought—to lull to slumber the horrible malady of distrust that raged in him.

"You admit it," went on Du Prat, "and you will also admit that the young man with whom you played so cruelly had the right to judge you as he did, because when near you he felt all his worst impulses rise to the surface, because you made him evil, cruel, through his suffering. Is that also the truth? And is it not also true that your pride was wounded by his desertion, and that you determined to be revenged? Will you deny that, having encountered later the most intimate, the dearest friend of that man, the deepest and most complete affection that had ever entered his life, you conceived a horrible idea? Will you deny that you determined to make his friend love you with the hope, the certainty, that he would learn, sooner or later, and would suffer horribly from the knowledge that his former mistress had become the mistress of his best, his only friend! Do you deny it?"

"No; it is true," she replied.

"And you admit it!" he cried; "calmly, frankly, you admit it? You do not see how infamous, how abominable, monstrous, your vengeance is? Think of it; you take a being such as he is, pure, youthful, delicate, one incapable of distrust, one all simplicity, all innocence, and you make him love you at the risk of destroying him, of ruining his soul forever. Knowing as you did the friendship that bound him to me, if there had been a spark of—I will not say nobility—a spark of humanity in your heart, you must have recoiled from this crime, from the loathsome infamy of soiling, of ravishing him from his noble, beautiful affection, to give him in exchange a frivolous liaison of a few days, just long enough for you to find amusement in the vileness of your caprice!"

Ely sprang to her feet as her implacable enemy flung the insulting words in her face. And she began to reply to him in a tone of voice that he did not recognize. The soul that he saw shining through her tender, sad eyes, the passionate, shy, ardent soul, capable of the greatest, the most complete, sacrifice to love, was what he had divined to exist in her, what he had pursued without ever capturing, what he had longed for and had never possessed in spite of all their caresses, of all the violence and brutality of his jealousy! Her real nature had been awakened by another! And that other was his dearest friend!

"You are unjust, Olivier," she said, "very unjust. But you do not know all—you cannot know. When I told you that I at first thought only of making him love me to avenge myself upon you, I told you the truth. You ought to believe me when I tell you that the mere idea now fills me with the same horror that you feel. When I got to know him, when I realized the beauty, the nobility, the purity of his nature, all the virtues that you have just been speaking of, I awoke to the sense of the infamy I was going to commit. I loved him, and he was your friend, your brother. I had been your mistress, and I knew that a time must come when you would meet again, when he would speak to you of me — a time when he would perhaps know all. Do you think I did not dread that a time would come when I should see you again and you would speak to me as you have just been speaking? Oh, it is horrible, agonizing! Pierre loves me as I love him, with an absolute, unique, passionate love. And now, if you choose, go and tell him that I was once your mistress. I will not defend myself any more than I did a few minutes ago. I have not strength enough to lie to him. The day he asks me, 'Is it true that Olivier has been your lover?' I shall reply, 'It is true!' But it is not I alone whom you will have killed?"

"You love him?" he said at last. "You love him? But why do I ask? I know you love him. I feel it, I see it. It is only love that could have prompted such words—could have imprinted such an accent, such truth upon them. Oh!" he went on, bitterly, "if you had only been, when we were in Rome, what you are now; if only once I had felt that you vibrated with genuine emotion! But you did not love me, and you love him." He repeated, "You love him! I thought we had inflicted upon each other all the pain that is in a human being's power, and that I could never suffer any more than I did in Rome, than I have done during these past days when I felt that you were his mistress.

Then, with a moan as of some sticken animal, he cried:

"No! I cannot support it. I suffer too much, I suffer too much!"

And words of grief, mingled with words of rage, poured forth in a wild stream.

"Since you hate me enough to have thought of such a vengeance," he cried cruelly, savagely, "since you longed to make me jealous of him through you, enjoy your work. Look at it! You have succeeded."

"Spare me, spare me!" cried Ely. "Oh, God! do not talk like that!"

His sudden outburst, the strange betrayal of his feelings, even in her suffering, made her shudder. She saw it now. And she also saw that a deep, true passion had always lived, palpitated, germinated under his sensuality, under his hate. His passion had never developed, grown, put forth his blossom, because she had never been the woman he sought, the woman he yearned for, the woman he felt was in her.

"And now, as I bid you farewell forever, I still ask you that. You love Pierre, he loves you; promise me that you will never use his love against our friendship, to respect that feeling in his heart."

There was a supplicating humility in Olivier's voice. All the religious sentiment of his friendship, which Ely knew filled him, betrayed itself in his tone, sadly, almost solemnly. And with a solemn emotion she replied:

"I promise you."

"Thank you again," he said, "and farewell."

"Farewell," she replied.

He took a few steps towards the door. Then he turned and approached her. This time she read in his eyes all the maddening vertigo of love and desire. She was seized with such a terror that she could not move. When he arrived at her chair, he took her head between his hands and frantically, passionately pressed it to his heart. He covered her brow, her hair, her eyes, with kisses, and strove to kiss her lips with a mad frenzy that restored the woman all her strength. Thrusting him from her with all the vigor that her indignation gave her, she rose and took refuge in the corner of the salon, crying, as though appealing for help to the being who had the right to defend her:

"Pierre! Pierre! Pierre!"

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

A Home for Divorced Women — Miss Atherton on the English Female.

Here is a little story for divorcees to ponder over. Once upon a time, in the City of Boston, there lived a certain Mr. and Mrs. A., who found marriage "a field of battle and not a bed of roses," so they agreed to separate, and called in the law to assist them, but Providence, in the shape of a trolley, interfered, and translated Mr. A. (doubtless delighted), to a sphere where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. Two or three years after Mrs. A. took to herself another husband, another name—that of Blake—and did her duty to her country to the extent of three little Blakes, all of whom bore a striking resemblance to Mr. A., long since (fortunately) dead. Suppose he had been alive! Suppose Mr. Blake believed not in man—no, nor in woman either! What do you think would have happened to Mrs. Blake, nee A.?

* * *

It is possible that some such thought suggested the idea of a home for divorced women, which, it is said, can be found in Paris. This home, though technically known as a convent, is something quite different. The project was started by a woman who had just secured a divorce from a man she loved, but could not live with. The idea of marriage was repugnant to her (I wonder if she had heard of Mrs. Blake?); she did not fancy convents, but she wanted solitude, and above all, to be eccentric, so she founded a convent for divorcees. So now, in a handsome house near the Parc Monceau there live in more or less (generally less) harmony, twenty divorced women. Some of them are handsome, but more are not, and two or three are young. They have "vows"—lots of them. They vow to have all luxuries except men, to never return to their former life, and to love one another. They may receive and return visits. They may even go to the theatre, but they must be as carefully chaperoned as a fashionable girl, and as escortless as a new woman, for the managers of this institution are learned in human nature, and know the tendency of womankind to relapse into the arms of man, particularly when propinquity has done its deadly work for two or three hours.

* * *

"I think it is so vulgar to come out!" said a coming debutante to her mother, half crying as she spoke. "Why, my dear!" exclaimed the latter, astonished. "What reason have you to say such an absurd thing as that?" "But I do," persisted the girl. "Boys never come out! What is the reason of it all, I should like to know! It is really to announce to the world that we are of a marriageable age, and that we are upon the market. And then the way people have of discussing us and our chances, and whether we are 'a success' or not. It is perfectly intolerable. I think we are like victims decked for sacrifice. Do you for one instant suppose that papa would pay the enormous bills from the dressmaker and milliner, and allow you to give a series of expensive dinners, if it were not for that? He does not say so, and you do not say so, but you both know it is true. Of course, if I am not a success—that is, if I do not have attention and marry off—you will both be kind to me, and resign yourself to circumstances, but I know you will consider me a failure all the same. Then the criticism a girl is exposed to is almost as bad—her looks, her dress, her manners, her powers of conversation, are all discussed and decided upon. Altogether, it's a horrid ordeal, and I wish you would give me the money it will cost and let me start in business," concluded this new young woman, to the undissembled horror of mamma.

* * *

In this country, perhaps more than any other, accent and voice may be taken as criterions of refinement, for although many Americans of good social position have loud and perhaps inharmonius voices, people of breeding rarely have an uncultured accent, and there is a subtle something that classifies them at once when traveling. Just what that something consists in it is almost impossible to say, for nowadays there is no English imitation, Anglomania having disappeared and fashionable women being frankly and entirely American. Moreover, it is now considered vulgar to be affected, and any mannerisms are tabooed at once. But that there is an intangible distinction in voice and accent no one who has traveled among all sorts and conditions of men and women will deny.

* * *

Mrs. Atherton has taken another tack. Having failed to create a sensation by exalting the fascination of Englishmen, she has turned now to discovering the inferiority of English women to the American female product. The latter are prettier, cleverer, more vivacious, more natural than their British sisters, have a born and acute understanding of men, less religion and above all more money. Even the much despised American voice has its virtues, for all English women talk as though they had studied elocution, whereas the United States accent has spontaneity, even if trained.

These bold and patriotic assertions—for Mrs. Atherton can be patriotic if it is the proper pose—have aroused a storm, according to the New York "Sun." An avalanche of correspondence has been inaugurated, and we find the American maiden thus uncompromisingly and ungraciously portrayed:

"We will admit that the fair American is charming, but this need not blind us to her shortcomings and faults. Now these defects, in the eyes of a great number of unprejudiced persons, detract from her qualities. She may have spontaneousness, but her spontaneousness is apt to run into artificiality; and herein seems to lie her danger, for then will come the return of favor and hour of triumph for the at present neglected English sister. Granted that the English woman is more inclined to mannerisms and affectations, which spoil her native charm, than the American. Admitted that she is less flexible, less adaptable, more embued with ingrained traditional prejudices, yet on the other hand she has a strong fund of native good sense and good feeling underlying the crust of conventionalism. This, in the long run, will probably be found to wear better than the showy tricks and quaint conceits of Miss Columbia. As for her intellect, has America ever produced such women as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Somerville, the Bronte sisters, 'George Eliot'? It is not for the American woman's intellect that the Englishman marries her, but for her money."

* * *

Another envious sister thus disparages our damsels:

"When I meet one, with her golden hair, her fresh expressions, and perfect self-possession, I always look at her and say to myself, 'You are an interesting creature.' But she does not marry a duke; she does not, in fact, marry an Englishman at all remarkable—unless she has the irresistible gold-dollar mounting. That is droll. For she is immensely attractive. She will talk to any man who is decent looking, whether she knows him or not. That in itself makes a woman adorable—to talk with. But she certainly does not 'own' London yet, neither does she set the fashions, however many admirers she may have, and Mrs. Atherton is pretty correct in saying she—I mean the American—has about five to an Englishwoman's one. For the English woman does not go so very many miles out of her way to get a husband; she does not hunt for admirers, nor flatter them, nor set herself to study their wonderful and complicated natures, tastes and vanities—and that is the finish of every American woman's education.

* * *

Miss Burke, the female Jim Corbett, is not a woman of unusual height—she measures five feet and one inch from the tip of her shapely head to the sole of her foot—nor is her weight—one hundred and sixty pounds—a remarkable one. Her forearm is ten inches, her biceps twelve and one-half inches, and her thigh twenty-two and one-half inches in circumference. She measures forty inches around the chest, and has an expansion of two and three-quarter inches. Her neck is fourteen and one-half inches around, and the calf of her leg half an inch larger. Her waist measures twenty-six inches and her wrist six and a quarter. She has a No. 4 foot and No. 8 ankle. Her age is just twenty-four, and she has outraged all the traditions of her native State, Kentucky—by challenging Rolla White to meet her in the ring with gloves of ordinary size.

* * *

For once science and fashion agree. It is on the subject of early marriages. The books on criminology state that the children of very young parents (persons under twenty-two or three) generally make as undesirable citizens as the children of old parents; that our prisons are filled by the progeny of the ancient and the immature. The fashionable girl seldom marries before she is well on in her early twenties, so she touches hands with dull wisdom in spite of her late hours and other small iniquities. Everybody has noticed the fancy that old fogies and elderly men in general have for very young girls and wondered at their foolishness, but, know, oh ye scoffers, that it is an effort of nature's, and is to be respected as such. All unknown to himself, that old fellow you have been laughing at is bending to a wise law; he is following the thread of instinct which draws him towards a maid whose years added to his and divided by two would make one of the golden matrimonial numbers which lie between twenty-five and thirty. If he married a woman of his own age the result might be a subject for San Quentin. A scientist would say, however, that it would have been better for themselves and posterity if these old chappies had mated in their late twenties with a woman in "the green middle May time of her life."

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Since I Took Up the Verse of Crane.

The sky is green, the grass is pink,
Nature stands on her head awry,
The sun is made of purple zinc,
The earth looks like a pumpkin pie;
The silly pines scream at the sky,
And wheels run riot in the brain,
All things of beauty make me sigh,
Since I took up the verse of Crane!

I write my odes in yellow ink,
My themes are empty nuts, and dry!
Rank heresy it is to think,
All thoughts are scattered low and high;
And though I cannot tell just why,
All common sense gives me a pain,
And friends give me the glassy eye,
Since I took up the verse of Crane!

Of sleep I cannot get a wink,
It doesn't matter how I try,
And so I drink, and drink, and drink,
To drown my woes in pink-blue lye!
Insanity I'll not deny,
Since all the world seems gone insane;
And craziest of all am I,
Since I took up the verse of Crane!

L'ENVOY.

Prince, take 'em away, or else I die
A large drab death in a whisky rain;
I weep, and rage, and rave, and cry
Since I took up the verse of Crane!
—New York World.

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THE GAINSBOROUGH

The above is taken at random from the endless variety of styles and shapes on display in the millinery department of The Emporium. It is of large black velvet, with a straight wide brim and a bell crown effect. Three velvet bands around the crown are fastened with handsome cut steel and pearl centered ornaments. It is trimmed on the side with nine large real ostrich plumes, and a band underneath which is also finished with beautiful steel and pearl ornaments.

THE CZARINA

This beautiful creation is from the millinery department of Mme. A. M. Nelson, located in the Phelan Building, rooms 107 and 109. The trimming, of navy blue, is broad in effect, with navy blue ribbon, accordeon pleated around the crown, changeable blue wings turned directly up at the back ,and pink roses banked underneath the rim. It is a very admirable hat this, and the model promises to find much favor throughout the winter.

THE MADAME SANS GENE

This is the "Madame Sans-Gene." It is from the stock of Miss Addie Kreiger, 1010 Market street, just opposite Fifth. It is of black felt with a rolling brim and a band of black velvet around the crown; trimmed at the left side with a beautiful weeping willow plume and large bunches of aigrettes and crushed rosettes. Five beautiful tips fall gracefully over the right side. There is a twist of green velvet under the left side, and it is finished with a rich rhinestone buckle. Any number of equally beautiful hats may be seen in Miss Kreiger's well-stocked store.

His One Accomplishment.

Tom, my heart's consumed with anguish,
And my spirit writhes with pain;
Flora Stanley just has asked me
To a canter in the lane.
She is worth a hundred thousand,
She would make a charming bride;
I could have her for the asking,
But I don't know how to ride.

Gussie Wabash, t'other evening,
Smiled upon me like a witch;
She's got lots of golden dollars,
She's as pretty as she's rich.
But to all my heartfelt longings
Fate compelled me to be false;
'Twas a chance in twenty thousand,
But, alas! I didn't waltz.

Fate beheld me yester morning
As the honored cavalier
Of that fairest flower of fashion—
And I'm dead in love with her—
For her pocketbook's as bulky
As her waist and ankle slim;
And I'd captured charming Katie,
But, alas! I didn't swim.

They'd take me out to tennis
If I but knew how to play;
With polo, golf and wheeling
They would while the hours away.
I fear me much each pretty flower
Must wither on the stalk,
Unless some girl will stroll with me,
For I do know how to walk.
—Chicago Dispatch.

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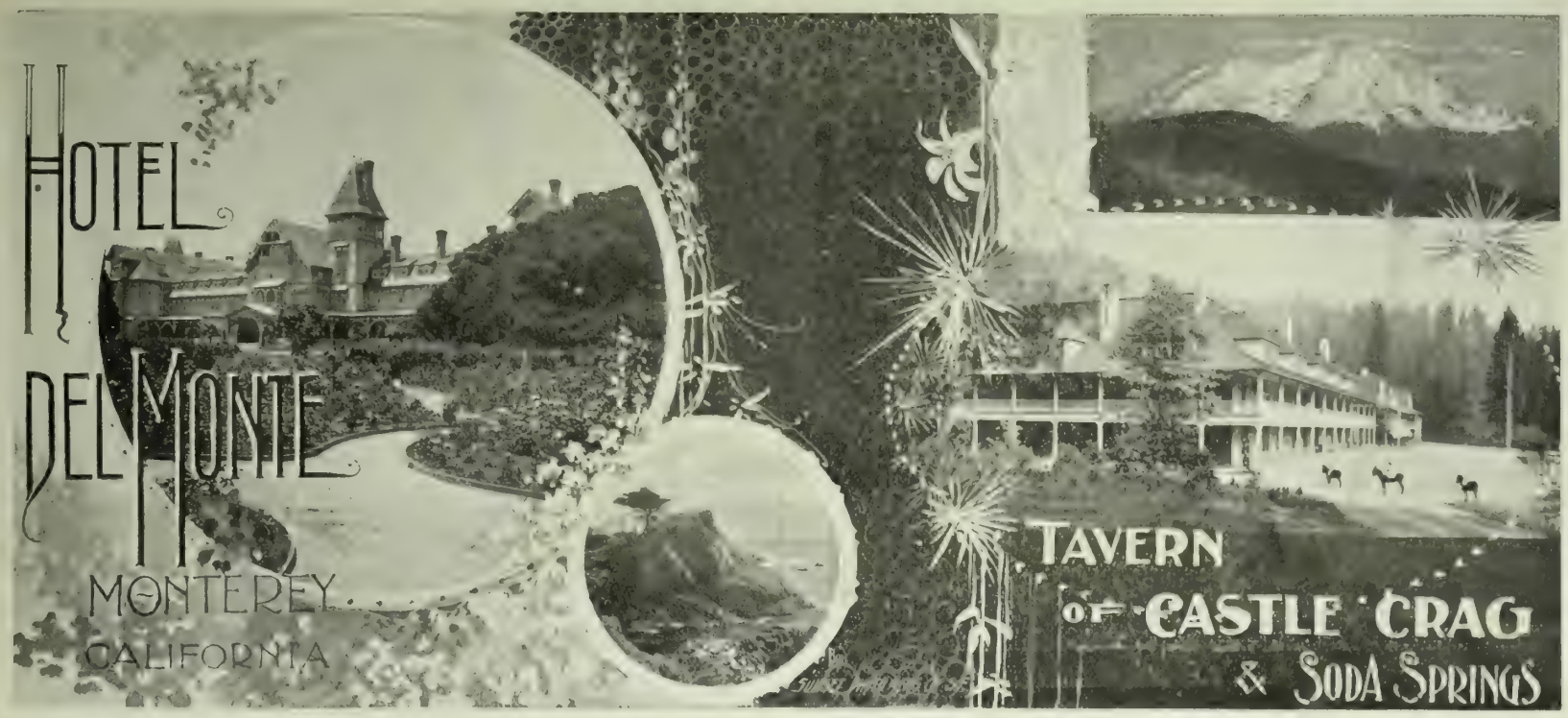

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

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BIDS

FOR

Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF OSCAR J. PETERSON, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Oscar J. Peterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm'r of the Estate of Oscar Peterson, deceased.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 12, 1896.

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Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 53
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 7, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 12, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Nov. 2, 1896

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 79
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied September 1, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 5, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.

Assessment No. 24
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 2, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 8, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 29, 1895

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
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FOR 1896

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" " DAILY JOURNAL	5 00
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" " ILLUS. AMERICAN	5 75

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Even the idlest of us often find it necessary to speed the parting bore. Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle tells how an extremely eminent man in the Angelican hierarchy used to do. Getting upon his feet and affectionately taking the visitor's hand in both of his, he said, in a tremulous voice: "And must you go away?" Then the Bishop of Carlisle (it was at Bishop Wordsworth's table) arose, warmly grasped my right hand, and went through the entire proceeding with a saddened face. I could not but say that had the great man so addressed my lowly self I should have hastened to reply: "I was just going; but as you seem so anxious I should stay with you; I can wait a little longer." The sentimental expression passed from Bishop Goodwin's strong face, and he rejoined with firmness: "You couldn't say that if you saw the way in which the ex-Arch did it all."

* * *

The late Sir Michael Costa, the great English musical conductor, on one occasion was compelled to wait half an hour for the second oboe, and finally to begin without him. A quarter of an hour later, when the orchestra was at work, the absentee appeared, breathless, panting, and sheepish. His explanation was that "a domestic event had just occurred in his family, and that he did not like to leave until he was assured that everything had passed off satisfactorily." Sir Michael, hearing the explanation, relaxed his indignation, and, turning to the late oboe player, said: "That is a different thing. You may take your place; but, mind, don't let it occur again."

* * *

Long ago, in the days of big families, a widow and a widower with ten children apiece were married. In the course of time they had ten more. Their little army was as a rule orderly and harmonious, but one day the spirit of war descended upon them, and the head of the family was disturbed in his study by a wild-eyed wife, who shrieked "John! John! for heaven's sake come quickly. The children have got to fightin' an' your children an' my children are killin' our children."

* * *

A certain man, says the "Spectator," arrived at Johannesburg in the early days of the mining boom, with no assets save a tin of condensed milk and a needle. He spread a report that small-pox was on its way through the country, gave out that he was a surgeon, and vaccinated the whole community, with his needle and condensed milk, at five shillings per operation. When last heard of he was a wealthy capitalist, enjoying the monopoly of selling liquors within the precincts of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange.

* * *

A rural Georgia preacher, finding the weather too warm, pulled off his coat and preached in his shirt sleeves. After the sermon a good brother, thinking an editor who was present would make a sensation of the incident, said to the parson: "I don't suppose you knew, when you pulled off your coat to-day, that one of them newspaper fellers was in meetin'?" "Yes, I did," replied the preacher. "But I had my eye on it all the time!"

* * *

Monckton Milnes, in his "Here and There Memories," tells a story of Alboni, the portly contralto, who, while singing in Dublin, won the hearts of the Irish: "At that time the chief carpenter was Maguire. She sang as Amina in 'La Somnambula,' the score being arranged to suit her voice. In the bed scene a fellow in the gallery cried out, 'If they haven't strengthened that bed for you, honey, I'll murther Maguire!'"

* * *

A lawyer defending a man accused of stealing a pig did not combat the fact, as the evidence of the theft was conclusive, but wasted much time proving the prisoner's good character. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, in summing up, "I think that the only conclusion you can arrive at is that the pig was stolen by the prisoner, and that he is the most amiable man in the country."

* * *

Sir Michael Costa, when at Naples, wishing to pay Rossini some little attention, sent him a box of macaroni and the score of an oratorio by himself. A month passed, and then he received this note: "My Dear Costa, —Thanks for the oratorio and the mararoni. The latter was excellent. G. Rossini."

* * *

Senator Elkins of West Virginia, who has recently made some strong gold speeches, is being confronted by a silver oration made two years ago in which he alleged the country suffered from a lack of money.

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VOL XV. No. 40 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 3, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCEAU

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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THE WAVE is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address THE WAVE, 24 Montgomery Street. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 230-235 Temple Court, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 3, 1896

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PERKINS OR CATOR, WHICH?

The press of the interior of the State that is not tied down in the expression of its opinions to "special interests" is not slow in discovering that the legislative fight in this campaign is of great importance. The contest for United States Senator has narrowed down to George C. Perkins and a noisy follower of Populism named Cator. Only by the jugglery of politics could Mr. Cator ever hope to misrepresent this State in Washington. He would not be the selection of the people nor would he represent their interests. If our United States Senators were elected by popular vote, and it is the possibility of Cator's slipping into office that argues strongly against the present system, he would be ingloriously defeated. Mr. Cator could never walk into a Senatorial seat; he might sneak in on all fours, but not otherwise. The very danger of a Senator Cator lies in the direction of trickery and secrecy. Once let it be understood by the people of this State that Cator is really a Senatorial possibility through the fusion of Populism and Democracy, and the respectable element of this commonwealth will rise in protest upon election day. The issue is squarely presented to the people of Cator or Perkins, and it is to be hoped that the honest press of the interior both Democratic and Republican will not fail in giving the people notice as to what is the real issue.

THE REAL MONEY OF BUSINESS.

A gentleman who has followed our financial articles suggests that we exploit the subject of credits, bills of exchange and the like, and demonstrate the broad influence exercised by that form of paper credit money in the expansion of the currency, and the creation of purchasing power in excess of the actual amount of coin money in the world. He believes that such an article would tend to correct the impression that we need "lots of money" to transact business.

One must start close down to the foundation in this discussion, and ascertain first what is the meaning of money, and what are its uses, so as to demonstrate as we proceed the imperative necessity of maintaing its standard and showing due observance to the financial policies of the greatest civilized nations of the world.

You would experience no difficulty in explaining the uses or, if you please, the "basic functions" of the yardstick. It is the standard of measurement of lineal quantity, just as ounces and pounds are the standard measures of quantity by weight. Every schoolboy knows, and, with easy fluency could accurately state the number of feet and inches necessary to constitute the standard yard. If you by legislation should attempt to reduce its length, every young American would understand that you were tampering with the standard of measurement. Money occupies a somewhat, though not by any means precisely, similar position with regard to values. It performs the functions of a standard. It is a standard in itself, and it is the thing by which we measure values.

The value of a pound of pork cannot be measured by the value of a yard of silk. The only means of determining how near the one is the equivalent of the other is to measure each by some given, fixed and common denominator of values. Money is that denominator, and money is the measure employed among the civilized peoples of the world to determine and fix values. If a yard of silk is worth 100 cents and a pound of pork is worth 8 cents, we may, by the use of money, measure their relative values, and based upon that measurement we may barter silk for pork.

Money is also a medium of exchange; but this is by no means its principal function. Indeed, its use as a medium of exchange is the lesser use to which money is put. Not two per cent of the commercial transactions of the world are accomplished through the medium of money. We are conscious that this statement, so simply put without the reinforcement of tables of statistics and columns of figures, must fail to carry to the mind a proper conception of the enormous power of credit paper money. It means that ninety-eight per cent of the commercial transactions of the world are accomplished through bills of exchange, bank checks, and other forms of credit paper money. The standard by which all values in these transactions are measured, is money; but in such transactions money is employed only in the liquidation of balances between individuals and nations. If Green takes from Jones 4 dozen of eggs at 25 cents per dozen, and gives in exchange a sack of flour worth $1.25, the value of the goods in this transaction is measured by money. Money does not constitute the medium of exchange, but it does constitute the measure of values in this transaction. Jones' eggs represent $1.00 and Green's flour represents $1.25. There is a manifest balance of 25 cents in favor of Green, and to that extent, and to that extent alone, if the transaction be immediately closed, does money constitute the medium of exchange.

Transactions running into untold millions between nations are consummated upon the same principle that governed Jones and Green in this homely illustration. Balances between the nations and peoples of the world are adjusted in the same manner.

The primary function of money is to establish a standard of values, a standard that will give birth to confidence and credit. Its secondary and lesser function is to operate as a medium of exchange.

The old circus story that is told in this campaign will bear repetition. Congressman McCleary of Minnesota has related it so well that we reproduce it here in his own words:

"When I was a small boy I saw something that I shall never forget. It was at a circus. The clowns and some other employes arranged themselves in a circle. Let us say that there were twenty of them in all. Number 1 said to number 2, 'I owe you two dollars: I'll pay up as soon as I can.' Number 2 made this statement to number 3, number 3 to number 4, and so on around the circle, number 20 saying it to number 1. Number 1 shoved his hands into his pockets, and with a look of pleased surprise pulled out a dollar. Turning to number 2, he said: 'I didn't know that I had that dollar; here's so much on account.' Number 2 took the dollar, and with similar language passed it on to number 3, and so it went around the ring. Number 20 passed it to number 1, who received it with a smile and started to put it into his pocket, but instead he turned to number 2 and said: 'I didn't expect to be able to pay you the balance so soon, but here it is.' And so it went around the ring, finally came back to number 1, who with a satisfied smile put it into his pocket. To the little boy who looked as I did thirty-odd years ago, this was simply the funny work of clowns, to be laughed at and forgotten. It was not forgotten, however; and to the man older grown and charged with the serious consideration of the affairs of a great nation, it illustrates the profoundest truth in finance. What is that truth? It is this: Under proper conditions, the working power of each dollar is beyond all human computation."

"The dollar in the circus did the work of forty dollars in five minutes, and was just as capable of accomplishing as much more in the succeeding five minutes," said the relator of this story. "It accomplished this much because it moved promptly, and it moved promptly because each had confidence in the other." Each knew the dollar was a good dollar; each knew that it was not to be tampered with; and each knew that it was standard money. There was no distrust, no suspicion, no fear of a Bryan, in this transaction. Confidence lived with that little group of clowns and circus men. Had suspicion or distrust entered there, the dollar would have ceased circulating. It never would have started on its round. "In other words," says Mr. McCleary, "with good money and mutual trust, one dollar did the work of forty; while with questionable money and distrust, twenty dollars could have accomplished nothing. In other words, the quality of money is immensely more important than its quantity."

Unless we have confidence, we have no credit; and unless we have credit, Fear and Suspicion stalk abroad in the land, and the purse-strings of Capital are drawn tight and industry is paralyzed.

John Stuart Mill, the political economist, says that, "In a state of commerce in which credit is habitually given, general prices at any moment depend much more upon the state of credit than upon the quantity of money."

The class of credit, however, which serves to create purchasing power and increase the volume of the circulating medium is something distinct and stands apart from ordinary credit. Its foundation must rest, however, upon a common confidence and a common standard. By the power of this credit, in which money need not, and more than often does not, change hands at all, ninety-eight per cent of the commercial transactions of the world take place.

It is claimed by the silver man that a larger quantity of money is absolutely necessary to beget prosperity, and he will quote to you statistics to illustrate the enormous proportions of our commercial transactions, and setting them beside the volume of money in circulation, argue from that that we need more money as a medium of exchange to fill the commercial wants of the markets of the world. This, like most of the claims made by the advocates of silver, is shallow pretense. The exports from America since January 1st, 1896, have amounted to $580,982,000, and imports of merchandise have amounted to $471,222,000. These transactions in money aggregate $1,052,204,000. The silver man would make us believe that money constituted the medium of exchange in these transactions, and created a demand for something over one and a half billion dollars. The truth probably is that only the balance, something less than one-tenth of the whole amount, was represented in money itself.

Laughlin, in his edition of Mill, from which we have before quoted, explains the operation of a Clearing House, and makes the astounding statement that the total amount of the exchanges made through the New York Clearing House in 1883 was $40,293,165,258, about 25 times the total of our national debt in that year, and the balances paid in money amounted to only three and nine-tenths per cent of this amount.

A San Francisco banker a few days ago informed the writer that the transactions in his bank for the day previous had been as follows:

There had been deposited with his institution $110,000 in checks drawn in favor of his customers. In the afternoon, when these checks were taken to the Clearing House, it was ascertained that other banks and bankers had checks drawn upon his depositors amounting to $109,000. The aggregate of these transactions was $219,000, and yet the only money that changed hands was the balance of $1,000. The silver man answers this, perhaps, by declaring "that after all the basis of all this credit paper money was coined money." The standard and measure of values in the transaction was coined money, we admit; but it does not necessarily follow, indeed, it does not follow at all, that there must have been $219,000 of actual coin back of the checks to sustain them. There need to have been but $5,000, we will say, in actual coined money, to have justified this volume of business and formed a basis for transactions of this magnitude. As in the case of the circus dollar, if money moves rapidly enough, if there is a confidence that will give it rapid circulation, it needs but a small fraction of actual money to consummate transactions within a working-day that will run up into the millions.

If A buys of B and gives his check for $1,000; and B buys of C and D, and gives his check for $500 to each; and C and D buy of E and F and G and H, and give their checks for $250 to each, it is easily discoverable that $3,000 worth of business has been done in a short while upon the basis of $1,000 in coined money; and it is not difficult to imagine that this amount of credit paper money might circulate the entire globe, purchasing commodities to the extent of millions of dollars, and finally find its way back to the original A, who may have dug it from the face of nature.

It may be repeated, and it cannot be repeated too often, that America needs confidence more than it needs an enormous volume of money, and that we need quality rather than quantity.

OUR PARK COMMISSIONERS.

A gentleman from the East not enamored of our city recently stated to the writer that San Francisco was a woefully mismanaged and misgoverned municipality. He declared that our Park was the only really well conducted municipal institution that had come under his observation. Speaking of our public buildings and commencing with the ancient postoffice, he denounces the frightful appraiser's building, the rambling City Hall, hedged in with miserable structures, and finally declared the new Park lodge to be the only public building within our boundaries worthy of the name or worthy of the city. The San Franciscan who will be honest to himself must confess there is much of truth in the criticism of our eastern friend. He must admit as well that if any set of public officers should be exempt from hasty and unjust criticism, it is our Park Commissioners. Recently, however, the friends of the new charter considered it necessary to attack the Park management, so that an argument might be manufactured in favor of that measure.

"The Wave" favors the adoption of the New Charter, but it does not consider the cause of that instrument so weak as to necessitate an attack upon the integrity of our public officers. Our Board of Park Commissioners consists of Joseph Austin, Irving M. Scott and John M. Rosenfeld, all three of whom are gentlemen of the highest integrity. The first named, Mr. Austin, is the eldest member of the Board. He has been appointed and re-

appointed to office by both Democratic and Republican Governors simply because his devotion to the Park has been a matter of common public knowledge. He has never stinted his time or his personal attention in the administration of his trust. His work has been a labor of love, performed gratuitously and cheerfully without hope or reward. He became a member of the Commission at a time when the people's pleasure ground was nothing but an expansive waste of drifting and uninviting sand dunes. Experts then declared that plant life could not be made to exist within our park. During his administration Mr. Austin has seen acre after acre reclaimed and transformed into broad sweeps of lawn and fragrant garden spots. This work has to a great extent been accomplished under his eye. It has made demands upon his time that few men would care to yield up to gratuitous public service. Hardly a day passes that he is not at his post in the park. He speaks of it affectionately as a father does of his child, and the youngsters about the children's playground have come to know him as their friend and one who has a deep interest in contributing to their welfare. Newspaper attacks upon the Commission do not solve the question of waste or improvidence, but they do wound and perhaps injure the gentlemen who are freely giving their time to the public service, and who are entitled to our gratitude. Our park will bear comparison with any in America. It is a standing marvel to foreign visitors that so much has been accomplished in a field that was so unpromising.

Superintendent McLaren is not merely a machine gardener who pushes a lawn mower and prunes trees. He is a thoroughly practical man and is at once a surveyor, a botanist and a landscape gardener of the highest ability. His knowledge of plant life and its adaptability to our park is invaluable and could hardly be duplicated. His methods are for permanency; he demands that a thing shall be well done at first. There is no saving in making a temporary showing at the expense of true economical management. The work accomplished by Mr. McLaren has been done "on honor" and needs no going over at additional cost after it leaves his hands. That such a man is appreciated and well paid in the public service speaks hopefully for us. It is seldom that genuine worth finds due appreciation in public life, and it should not cause us pain to learn that there has been an exception to this rule.

THE BOSSES AND THE VOTERS.

The time has come when respectable Republicans of San Francisco should take a hand in the local fight, and settle it in the interest of the party. Perhaps this State can be carried for McKinley under present conditions, but victory would be made more certain if the present warring factions were put under and a new organization established. We say this not in the interest of any Republican municipal ticket and without expressing any choice as to municipal officers; for municipal government after all is not dependent upon State or national issues. It is a disgrace to the city of San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and one of the three leading cities of the American continent, that our daily papers should be filled with humiliating revelations as to the character of men who are at the head of opposing Republican factions. Who are Mahoney, Kelly, Spreckels and Shortridge, that they should imperil the national success of their party? Why should the personal ambitions, the vanity, the greed for power, and the desire for pull, of these men, be made to disgrace this city? Are there no other men here capable of conducting a municipal campaign? Is the Republican party so lacking in material that it must surrender to either one side or the other, or to this quartette, the control of its organization? Are these men indispensible to the management of Republican affairs? Is there any assurance that with these men in control, better city government will be obtained than under many other of our citizens? Will some one come forward who will show us good reason why the Republicans of this city should submit to the leadership of any one or two of these masters of political enterprise, these self-constituted, self-supported directors of the Republican machine? If there is any reason why there should be a Republican municipal ticket, there is equally good reason why that ticket should be representative of the best element in the Republican party. Crimmins, the saloon keeper, and Curry, a county official, have been recognized by the registrar as the Republican party of this city. Mahoney and Kelly, Kowalsky and Reuf, will now go before the Supreme Court and try to convince that body that they are the party's real owners and proprietors, and should be allowed to say who shall have the title "Republican" placed after his name on the electoral ballot.

Ordinary business men take no interest in factional political fights. They have no time for politics, and they are willing that men who make it their business should mix up in the dirty mess, should handle stuffers, fix primaries, fake returns, and do all the rest of the nasty business by which success in politics is achieved. Clean, home-abiding, respectable men avoid politics as they would a plague, and leave the business of politics to those who have no other business. But there come times when it is the patriotic duty of the citizen, no matter what his indifference, his disinclination or his private affairs, to tell the bosses that they do not own his party. Such a time as that has arrived in this city now. The two disreputable gangs should be drowned in a great uprising of the Republican voters; they should be squelched, cast down, overcome, trodden under foot. These men have shown their lack of patriotism, their total lack of regard for the welfare of their party; they have proved themselves altogether selfish, and utterly unworthy of public confidence. The people are losing faith in the Republican party, because there seems to be no Republicanism in this city, but that which is represented by these disreputables.

Major McLaughlin has been trying single-handed to affect a reconciliation between these opposing forces, but has found that both sides are equally hungry, and equally indisposed to be bought for any smaller price than the entire control of the party organization. He should give over such attempts at purchase, and address the Republican voters of San Francisco, calling upon them to represent their party without regard to any other consideration than the party's good. He should negotiate no further. He has proved already the inability and the inadequacy of diplomacy. He should now appeal to the people. Let him do this by calling a convention of Republicans who are unidentified with factions, or whose character is so well known as to place them above all suspicion of having any connection with such degraded politics. A convention of two hundred and fifty of the strongest and cleanest Republicans in this city, named by Major McLaughlin himself as Chairman of the State Committee, or chosen by the leading Republican organizations, would settle this question as to who owns the Republican party of San Francisco. They should act entirely without consideration for what has been done by the two Republican factions, and should proceed as if there were no bosses to be considered. They should be men so well known as to put their Republicanism beyond all question; for instance, such as Irving M. Scott, W. W. Montague, Horace Davis, H. J. Crocker, A. G. Booth, W. H. L. Barnes, W. E. Dean, Louis Sloss, Wakefield Baker, Van R. Paterson, Reuben Lloyd and S. C. Houghton. A convention made up of men of this quality, recognizing no other convention as representative of the Republican party, claiming alone to speak for the great body of Republican voters, and presenting a ticket of superior character, would be recognized and welcomed by the people—except those who take profit out of the muck and slush of precinct politics. This is the only way by which the Republican situation in this city can be met. The bosses should be ignored and the people should assert themselves.

When the history of this campaign shall have been written the Bulletin, among the great dailies of the city, must be credited with having made the most consistent and intelligent fight on behalf of the Republican party. Its editorials have been the most readable, intelligent and convincing that have appeared in the daily press. The leaders and thoughtful minds of the Republican party are coming to regard that journal as the most thorough-going Republican spokesman of the State, and it is the one great daily whose advocacy and defense of Republican principles is not circumscribed by small personal interests. The Bulletin under its new management has made itself felt in this campaign, and has given itself a high place that will be envied by its contemporaries.

A GARBLED QUOTATION.

The press that stands for Bryanism has been guilty repeatedly of quoting from a certain speech made in Congress by James G. Blaine in 1878. They suppress all of the speech but a short paragraph which they quote to sustain the cause of Bryanism. If this method of procedure indicates anything, it demonstrates that the silver man is hard pushed for arguments to sustain his cause and must needs garble the statements made by Republican leaders to sustain his position. It may be interesting to these journals to know that the Republican National Committee has ordered printed one million copies of this speech for circulation during the coming campaign, and if any Democratic journal hereafter quotes a portion of Mr. Blaine's speech of 1878 it may also advise its readers that a copy of the entire document may be obtained by writing to the Republican State Central Committee. Mr. Blaine vigorously opposed, in 1878, a dollar which would have been worth intrinsically 92 cents. His expressions of scorn and indignation of a party that would endorse a dollar worth 53 cents would only have been limited by the vocabulary at his command.

That the issues of this campaign are so serious as to break down party lines and force men of patriotic impulse to sever life-long political relations for the sake of their country, is locally evidenced by the position which we see taken by such men as T. B. Bishop, an eminent attorney; E. B. Pond, merchant and banker, and other men of equal character.

PERKINS OR CATOR, WHICH?

The Alameda Argus says:

"Now that Waymire is nominated he must be elected. There is not much danger that he will not be, but eternal vigilance is the price of success. This is the year of fallacies and fusion. Let no man under-estimate the enemy. Let us fully understand the necessity of electing a Republican United States Senator, and the awfulness of electing the fusion aspirant, who is setting stakes. We can imagine no greater punishment for the good citizen of California who is anxious to be proud of his State than to read at frequent intervals in the newspaper dispatches about 'Senator Cator,' what Senator Cator thinks, says, does and how he votes. Caesar's ghost!"

The Redding Free Press is another independent journal that does not hesitate to speak. It has this to say:

"Cator, by every means in his power and by promises of reward, is working hard for the election of a sufficient number of Populists to the Legislature to insure his own election to the United States Senate as a successor to George C. Perkins. In all the fusion schemes Cator has had his eye on the Senatorial office, and his satellites have traded everything for legislative candidates. The Populist newspaper man of this county is doing what he can to assist Cator, doubtless with a promise of reward. We do not believe, however, that Cator will accomplish his object. Populists, as a rule, do not want him, and for a legislative candidate to admit that he is a Cator man will be of itself sufficient to ensure defeat."

The Watsonville Pajaronian understands the situation and graphically sets it forth:

"The people do not yet vote directly for United States Senators, but in this county they will practically do so. The Populist convention nominated Frank Aldridge for Assemblyman, and he pledged himself to the convention that he would vote for Hon. Thomas V. Cator for United States Senator. The Republicans renominated Hon. B. A. Osborn, and he was pledged to vote for Hon. George C. Perkins for United States Senator. In voting for Assemblyman from this county the voter will show a preference for either Cator or Perkins for United States Senator. They are the candidates in this county, and each voter can make his selection by his vote for Assemblyman.

There are scores of men in the Populist party of California better equipped than Cator to serve in the United States Senate and who would be more representative of California. He has been a persistent office seeker since he arrived in this State. By profession he is a lawyer, but his practice is almost exclusively confined to politics. As a lawyer he is without prominence, as a citizen he is best known as a perpetual candidate, and his interests in California are inventoried by his ambition. He is a Populist because he saw no room at the head of either of the old parties.

On one side is Senator Perkins, a man whose home and interests are in California, and who has done his State honorable service; on the other side is Thomas V. Cator and his ambition, and whose interest in California is confined to the possibility of a Senatorship. Voters who have their own and the State's good at heart will vote for legislators who are favorable to Senator Perkins."

The Bakersfield Echo does not hesitate to show Mr. Cator up in his true light, and demand that Democrats do their duty. It says:

"The Democrats of Kern find themselves in an anomalous position this year. Ordinarily in voting for a member of the Legislature they express some preference for a United States Senator. Thus years ago they swallowed J. Marion Brooks in this Assembly district because he was to help elect Hearst to the Senate. At a later date they took the Pueschel pill because that was to help elect White. But this year they are left out entirely, and must vote indirectly for either Perkins or Cator.

It is no longer a secret that the Populists are about done with Cator. Their State convention indorsed him for the Senatorship and pledged the party nominees to support him. But his subsequent conduct has proven so distasteful, he has been so "bossy," that a large per cent. of the party would be glad to be released from its obligation. But they are now bound to him, and in several districts where fusion has been effected, as in Kern county, the Democratic organization has tacitly indorsed him also. If we may believe Democratic assertions, Mr. Cator is not a high-minded gentleman, such as ought to be selected to represent a great State in the United States Senate.

It may now be asked if the Democrats of Ventura as well as of Kern and other counties will lend a hand toward lifting such a man into such a seat by the side of Steve White. Their choice, of course, must be between Cator and some Republican, for their party machinery has decreed that they can have no Democrat to vote for."

The Ventura Democrat is above party trickery, and speaks of Cator in no uncertain tone:

"It is a pity that the geneltmen representing what they allege to be a great reform party will permit the records of this great State to be blackened by the name of such a character as T. V. Cator. If it is designed to pay the party's compliments to some one in the Senatorial contest, why not select a representative man of the commonwealth; one who would bring strength and credit to the new movement—not to a renegade Republican, a traitor Democrat, a hypocritical Prohibitionist and an anything else wherein there is a possibility of personal gain. It is generally known that Cator came to California from New Jersey as a Prohibitionist missionary; that he subsequently became a Democrat (in name only), and assisted in defeating the Democratic Congressional nominee two years ago. It is also generally known that he deserted his wife and children in New Jersey, and with the vile unction of the hypocrite that he is, sought a separation from the mother of his children by virtue of our facile divorce courts; and within a very short time afterwards took a gushing bride to his new home. This is the character of the man representative of the People's Party, whom you propose to honor, and disgrace the State by giving him the complimentary nomination for United States Senator. Can you afford to do it? Will your State pride and party principles permit you to do it?"

Sorting oysters

Loading the schooners

Cleaning oysters

The Belmont camp

Assorting shoalwaters

Gum-boot rack

A barge-load

Ready for the market

Floats containing stock for market

Tonging oysters

THE MORGAN OYSTER BEDS

THE BIVALVE AT HOME

A Visit to the Oyster Beds of San Francisco Bay.

Did you ever visit an oyster bed? I never did until the other day. How many people have ever seen an oyster camp in full operation—probably not one in a hundred. You see your oysters on your plate or on the shell in the windows of restaurants, where they are weighted down by a cube of ice with a bouquet inside of it, and that's about as far as your acquaintance goes. Just where they come from, how they are cultured, raised and brought to market and all that sort of thing you know nothing about.

And amongst other things of which you will know nothing until the day you pay your first visit to an oyster camp is the experience of eating an oyster alive just as he comes from the bottom of the sea with the fresh, clean savor of the salt sea in him and the weeds and barnacles sticking to his shell.

An oyster eaten in this fashion, sitting on the string piece of the wharf, you understand, with the wind in your face, and prying the wet shell open with your knife, is quite a different oyster from the one you eat, let us say, in a restaurant after the theater in a hot, gas-heated room (let us not say a private room), with all the delicate flavor blunted by highly seasoned sauces. And then how do you know what kind of oyster you are getting? If the restaurateur chooses, you may be getting a Texas oyster a week or so out of its native water and that looks like the transplanted article, but that is shipped across the scorching Arizona desert.

It's worth the trip to an oyster camp—one of the Morgan oyster camps, off Belmont, for instance—just to eat an absolutely fresh oyster.

An oyster camp is a thing unique. It has its own particular local features, distinct and individual, just as a sardine village has, or a mining camp.

You go down a sandy road across the flats (fine, breezy flats they are, where all distant objects look half-buried in the ground), to where a very self-important little gasoline launch is snubbed up to the bank of a salt water creek, an inlet from the bay. You might be in Holland or in a New England "dyke." Everything is green and flat. The ground—some two feet above the water's level—is covered with reeds that go bellowing and rippling seaward under the wind, wave-like, as if in anticipation of the ocean. There is a big desolateness about the whole thing that is almost inspiring. Somehow you walk with a larger stride and take deeper breaths and swing your arms, feeling very free and as restive of all control as the wind about you. No wonder the Hollanders fought for their liberty, if they lived in this sort of a land.

The gasoline launch takes possession of you, and you begin winding in and out in the most bewildering fashion. You are told that your objective point is a group of white buildings miles away beyond the flats, buildings that somehow look like a stranded excursion steamer. You spend most of the time in apparently going away from this stranded steamer. Sometimes it is on your right, sometimes on your left, oftenest it is dead astern. Then it disappears entirely, only to come in sight again, all of a sudden, ahead this time and close at hand.

The "camp" is some half dozen white buildings, built, so it would seem, on piles and surrounded by a broad wharf. The moment you arrive you recognize a familiar smell. Where have you met with that smell before? It suggests sanded floors and damp, thick table cloths and gorham ware and other things. Then you remember it all at once. It's the smell of raw oysters. But hereafter whenever I meet with that smell I shall see those white buildings that look like a stranded excursion steamer and the blue-white sky and the pale green water and the distant rim of the low flats.

Seaward (of course it's the bay, not the sea, but then it looks like the sea), seaward the view is cut in two by an infinite line of bare, straight twigs growing out of the water, and marching along in single file away and away till they resolve themselves into a fine dark line. It makes one think of the pine swamps of Louisiana. These twigs are the stakes that bound the oyster beds; miles and miles and miles of them, and they are driven there to keep out the "stingerees" that will break you an oyster shell and grind it to fragments as handily as any vice. The "stingeree" is the sworn and natural enemy of the transplanted oyster, and to keep him off, the Morgan company must go to the expense of—well, four miles of stakes at 10 cents a stake—you may figure it out for yourself. And that's only in one camp.

Oyster culture in California is a far different affair from what it is in the East. Off New York the oysters lie in from two to ten fathoms of water, and must be dredged up, whereas the Belmont beds are nowhere more than fourteen feet below the surface, and may be gathered by the hand "tongs." The Eastern beds are naturally conducive to the growth and breeding of oysters. With us the beds must be prepared; and carefully, for your oyster is a delicate, sensitive little mollucsa, and will none of mud and slime. Then again, as you remember, no one eats oysters in the East during the summer season, whereas for the more favored Californian every month of the year contains an R.

But the spawn of the Eastern oyster, the transplanted kind, will not thrive in California waters, will not live at all, for the matter of that. So twice a year, once in the spring and once in the fall, carloads of tiny oysters must be shipped from the Atlantic beds, brought across the continent in refrigerator cars and planted up at the company's camp at Dunbarton. Here they remain for a year or so, when they are once more "tonged up" and brought down to the lower camps. For another year they are allowed to grow, are again "tonged," "broken up" and replanted. A year later, when the oyster is three years old—it's at its prime then—it is marketed.

The "breaking apart" would appear to be quite a feature in oyster culture. Oysters are gregarious; they want the companionship of their fellows; they grow, oftentimes, in bunches and clusters, and have a way of attaching themselves to any object on the bottom, a boat, a bit of iron, an old shovel or tin can. Every now and then they are "tonged" up on to the barges, broken apart with sharp-pointed hammers, and thrown back.

One thing that surprises you at the oyster camp is the huge size that the oysters attain. Some shells I saw were nearly a foot in length (though these longer ones were, to be sure, rather thin, "pinched," is the technical word.) Others, when left to themselves, grow in thickness rather than in length, taking on layer after layer of shell, just as a tree takes on bark. An oyster will live for eighteen or twenty years, and the shell grow to tremendous size, though the oyster itself will be but little larger. He gets tough, however, and loses his flavor. Half the oysters that taste bad and seem to be spoiled are merely old.

The principal cause of the impossibility of raising the spawn of the transplanted oyster is a little shell insect called a "drill." The "drill" is the worst kind of pest. He thrives in precisely the same conditions as do the oysters, only in countless numbers. There is absolutely no means of getting rid of him. He's a tiny little beast, and can work between the most closely planted stakes. He fastens to the young oyster, whose shell is not hard enough to resist, and in a few minutes has drilled a pin hole into his very vitals, and of course the oyster dies at once.

SCENE ON THE OCEAN BEACH IMMEDIATELY AFTER CHARLES CAVILL STARTED TO SWIM AROUND THE SEAL ROCKS LAST SUNDAY

In the morning I saw the men at work replanting and "tonging." A barge load of oysters that had been broken apart was poled out to a certain spot in the beds, where their particular variety was sown, and shoveled back into the water, so many shovelfuls to so many square feet of bed. It's surprising to see what rough handling the shells can stand, when you consider how delicate after all is the "bill" of the oyster (that part of the shell at which it is opened). But the barge was laden down with oysters as though with so much coal, and the men with the shovels attacked the pile with as little compunction as coal heavers. Throwing them back into the bed, however, is quite a knack, for one oyster must not lay above another. The men swing the shovels in a most peculiar fashion, turning them flat down just at the end of the throw; the oysters scatter like so much shot, one shovelful dropping over nearly ten feet of the surface of the water.

"Tonging" is the act of bringing up the oysters from the beds. Some half dozen scows go out every morning, two men to each scow. The "tongs" are for all the world like two garden rakes joined scissor-fashion very near the "tong" end. You plunge these to the bottom wide open, and gather anywhere from twenty to fifty oysters at a single scoop.

Oysters are best just after a rain — why it is not exactly known — a little fresh water fattening them and improving their taste.

Whenever you see a transplanted oyster of very unusual size you are at liberty to entertain suspicions. Either he is old and therefore tasteless or has been doctored and again therefore tasteless. You may fatten a turkey by blowing him up with a quill, and you may fatten an oyster by chopping off the end of his shell and forcing him to drink fresh water for an hour or so.

Popular prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, an oyster must not be large, the larger he is the older he is, and the older he is the tougher he becomes and the more he loses his flavor. At three years old he is in his prime, he's fat then, and about as large as a silver dollar, and if he is a point—an oyster fit for the table of a gourmet—he is tipped with black about the edges.

These are the kind that grow rather close to the shore, where they obtain a richer and more generous nourishment. Be assured that more labor has been expended upon that oyster to bring him to this condition than you can have any idea of. Think of his long westward journey in refrigerator cars, think of the three years of constant planting and replanting and the army of abominable little drills that have been kept away from him, and the miles and miles of stakes—at 10 cents a stake—and the "breaking up" and the "tonging" and all that. Once I read about a Roman emperor warring in Palestine, who had oysters brought him fresh from Ostia, near Rome, by relays of runners. Surely an equal amount of labor has been spent over that oyster you will eat to-night after the theater (not in a private room), an equal amount of labor, surely, only, to really enjoy him, you should eat him sitting on the string piece of the wharf at the Belmont camp, prying open the wet shell with your penknife, the wind in your face and the smell of salt in your nostrils.

FRANK NORRIS.

THE MAN IS NOTHING, THE WORK IS ALL

A DOUBLE BALLADE, BY L. R. ROBERTSON

This world is but a noisy show,
  A mighty, motley masquerade,
Where countless actors come and go,
  A tragedy and gasconade,
  Where many puzzling parts are played;
Till curtained with Death's dusty pall,
  And in Time's testing balance weighed,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Forward they press, both high and low,
  And rich and poor, and gay and staid;
Some climb where Fame's fair mountains glow,
  While others grovel in the glade;
  But when, at last, the sexton's spade
Hath built the bed to which they crawl,
  When requiems roll, and prayers are prayed,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Though rivers red as crimson flow
  Beneath the shot-torn barricade;
Though on the clay of fallen foe,
  Thrones have been reared with reeking blade;
  Still war is but a sorry trade,
And often but a murderous brawl,
  And even Glory's gleam will fade;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Fate's shuttle flashes to and fro,
  And many curious webs are made;
For Fortune may her smile bestow,
  And light some dullard through the shade,
  To where Fame's glittering prize is paid;
While Genius labors like a thrall,
  And lifts the world without her aid;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

In vilest soil the seed may grow,
  And many a living germ hath strayed
To where the sower meant not to sow;
  The heart of wretched renegade,
  Ere this, hath been a shrine, where swayed
Truth's sacred censers, letting fall
  The spark, unknown, and yet obeyed;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

To some misleading guides we owe
  Lights that have made us retrograde;
While others from Time's ramparts throw
  To us a shining escalade,
  By which we shall, at last, invade
Truth's glorious and eternal hall;
  Or fair, or foul, in Life's crusade,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

ENVOY.

Whene'er we glory or upbraid
  The good or bad, the great or small,
Time laughs at our rodomontade;
  The man is nothing; the work is all.

There is plenty of evidence that the British government has been expecting the gravest events in Europe ever since the beginning of the year. Nothing less would explain the fact that the dockyards and arsenals have been working at the highest pressure for eight months past, with the result that already the whole amount authorized by Parliament to be spent for the year ending on March 31st next has been expended. The Treasury is now advancing money illegally, but Lord Salisbury knows there will be little difficulty in getting an indemnity when Parliament meets in February or earlier. The result of this feverish activity is seen in the advanced state of many ironclads which otherwise would not be much more than on the stocks by now, and in the completion and rearming of the horse and field artillery. The former, which is said to be the finest artillery force in the world, is now at its war strength of ten batteries of six guns each, with a reserve of eight guns, while three army corps have been provided with forty-five batteries of six guns each, with large reserves. It is said also that the Woolwich arsenal at present is turning out a certain new and powerful shell at the rate of 3,000 or 4,000 a week.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The unfortunate habit of the best laid plans to gang aglee was recently exhibited at the Pacific-Union Club in an amusing if particularly aggravating way. For many months the institution has procrastinated over the problem of a new building. Separate boards have brought in cherished plans, and have witnessed their defeat. Innumerable projects for the rehousing of the club have been hung out on the bulletin board with a wealth of detail and seeming to add to their effect. But the stolid and old-fashioned members have calmly gone their way, ruthlessly demolishing all these conceptions, until confronted with the alternative of erection or a new lease. According to precedent Mr. E. W. Hopkins, who was last elected

PARK COMMISSIONER JOSEPH AUSTIN

Photo by Taber

to guide the destinies of the Pacific-Union, contrived a building project and selected for a site the property on the southwest corner of Geary and Powell streets, now sacred to wooden shanties, doctors, dentists and the shadow of Calvary Church. Boldly they plunged into the project, obtained estimates, made calculations at a great rate, were quite uncommunicative and insensible to suggestion, and took for granted that the club itself was willing to be guided by their judgment and good taste. Unfortunately this proved an assumption rather than fact. Several of the goats, as the outsiders call themselves, determined to have fun. They waited until the Board was ready to spring its plans, and when the call for the general meeting went out they, too, circulated a call, vehemently discussed the situation over lunches and in the bay window, canvassed carefully the general opinion, and then abided results.

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On the eventful night, determined to leave nothing to chance, these unrepentant goats sent round a second call. Hacks were sent to the homes of the unpunctual, dinner parties were arranged to keep the domestic husbands from their firesides, and when President Ed Hopkins arose to make known his will the gathering he faced was the largest in the history of the institution. Quite unconscious of any opposition he announced the scheme, detailed the steps already taken, proclaimed the arduous labors of his colleagues and himself, and sat down, expecting a vote of thanks. A roll call was demanded and taken at once. Imagine the consternation of the committee when the vote was declared—against, one hundred and sixty-four; in favor, twenty four. That settled Powell street. Thereupon Charles Page presented the project which the goats had developed in many mysterious conclaves.

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It was nothing less than a proposition to purchase Colonel Crocker's lot on the corner of Van Ness avenue and Sutter street, and erect there a palatial structure on modern lines—a building fit to be the home of the premier club of the city. Then followed tumultous applause. The property would cost $135,000; his idea was that bonds be issued for $450,000 to meet the cost of construction and furnishing; that the structure be a double one, the sleeping rooms being in a building by themselves, connected with the club house proper by means of covered passageways, similar to that which links the Palace and the Grand Hotels; that there be bowling alleys, a cyclery, a ladies' cafe and every other convenience and luxury. He wound up with the pleasing intelligence that the money could be obtained without difficulty, as soon as the institution was ready to authorize the issuance of bonds. A new committee was then selected to put the opposition plan in shape for formal adoption, and last night the subject was settled. I am inclined to think Claus Spreckels will take the bonds himself. He has more coin than he can find investment for, and a Pacific-Union security, backed, as it would be, should be worth several degrees above par at the date of issuance.

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It is interesting to note this sudden manifestation of activity in an institution which was declared decrepit. Now that the P.-U. has begun to move I venture the prophecy that it will cast all its rivals into the shade. It certainly has prestige and capital, and all the other advantages to aid it.

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The important event in the military world is the transfer of the Fifth Artillery to New York. We have had General Graham and Major Darling, together with their array of captains and lieutenants, so many years that it is hard to realize they are to leave us to the tender mercies of another array of soldiers. Change is always a source of interest, and doubtless the community will soon reconcile itself to their successors. In the meantime the identity of the next commandant of the Presidio is an interesting topic to think of, while passing in review the characteristics of the men we are losing. During his residence here, General Graham has been much in the public eye. He is a stern and self-centered man, with a Spartan sense of duty, a determined and unbending will and a strong consciousness of his own dignity and station. As a disciplinarian he is severe, but he is scrupulously just and impartial in the administration of the responsibilities of his command. There are no favorites, nor elastic rules, at the Presidio. Orders must be obeyed by officers as well as privates, and there are no exceptions to penalties. A man of such caliber as this wins honors in war, but in times of peace forces the distant admiration rather than the affection of his subordinates. It cannot be truly said that General Graham is popular, but he is respected, and, as he showed by the handling of the railroad riots at Sacramento, is the man for an emergency. Considering these characteristics, the complications that have brought his name into the papers are comprehensible. The current of opinion among the thoughtless has generally set contrary to General Graham on these occasions, for the oi polloi is ever ready to hurrah a defiance of authority. The War Department, however, has invariably supported his positions, which, to a man of his caliber, is a justification to be preferred to the applause of press and public.

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The Fifth regiment goes on to New York, and is divided between Fort Hamilton, Fort Wordsworth and David's Island. To the first go General Graham, Major Kinsey and Captains Hill, Roberts, Crabbe and Thorpe. At Fort Wordsworth Lieut.-Colonel St. Clair will be in command, with Major Darling and Captains McLellan, Morris and Vogdies. At David's Island Colonel Tully McCrae will have Captains Danes and Lomeo. Just now the Presidio resounds with the din of preparation. Early in October the regiment must start, and it is no easy matter transporting a great armed force from one end of America to the other. Doubtless there will be some appropriate parting celebration, but then the army generally moves itself with as little display as possible.

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From all appearances the gold Democrats will be able to make an appearance on the national ticket. Thus far six thousand names have been signed to their petition, and I am inclined to think they will gather the remaining seven thousand necessary to recognition before it is too late. This is a crushing answer to the assertion of the "Examiner," which scouted the pretensions of the ticket, and a proclamation to the party that a saving remnant is left to rally round when the rank and file tires of its Populist alliance and anarchistic tendencies. It is amusing to learn that Collector Wise and his son have carefully straddled the situation, and are well established on both sides of the fence, ready for the success of either candidate.

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It is a fact that should be borne in mind by the gentlemen of the Mint who are doing politics in the Democratic and other conventions, that though they be under the Civil Service, there is such a crime as offensive partisanship. The penalty thereof is dismissal, and quite a number of Mr. Daggett's officials have laid themselves open to charges that a Commission of Inquiry intent on discovering offices for Republicans could easily prove. This is not only the case at the Mint, but in the domain of Collector Wise also. It is not proper for civil servants to mix up in the business of politics, and someone in authority aware of the regulations of the service should call their attention to the specific dictates of the law.

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What will the Park do in the absence of Joseph Austin? The veteran Commissioner is preparing for a trip to Scotland, to be absent six months at least, and must say farewell for the time being to the beloved lawns and parterres to whose creation he has devoted so much of his leisure for twenty years past. He has watched and assisted at the conversion of the bare and bleak sand dues of the peninsula into the beautiful garden which ranks to-day as the finest park in America. If ever a desert was made to bloom as the rose, it is this of ours, and much of the credit it all is due to Mr. Austin, whose time and thought have so long been liberally expended in the cause. Mr. Aus in intends, during his absence, to visit all the parks of Great Britain, and especially Edinburgh and Glasgow.

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To describe the condition of politics as mixed does scant justice to the situation. During the week events have moved forward with irresistable force, and consequences matured which were long ago foresnadowed. That Mr. Spreckels has suffered the penalty of his associations is the culmination of the expected. What could we hope of loyalty from his coterie of Currys, Crimminses and Chretiens? He allied himself with a set of parasites and sycophants, and is surprised and disgusted that they have been true to themselves and have denied his authority. He supplied them with funds, created an organization for his own purposes, which they have appropriated to their own base uses. He was entitled to their loyalty, truly, but it was preposterous of him to expect the redemption of their obligations. It has been a costly and mortifying experience, but it should teach Mr. Spreckels that an honorable man can only do politics with men of his own caliber. If he permits himself to consort with the base, he must expect turpitude and ingratitude, of which he has now his fill. It was in the power of Mr. Spreckels to do great things for us in San Francisco. He is, and will always be, a power, but only so as long as he remains in his own caste and uses his money for the advancement not of his authority, but of right and justice. Let him start again, make allies among men whose interest in good government is as great as his own. Let him let the Chretiens and the Crimminses alone, and he can rule San Francisco as long as he pleases.

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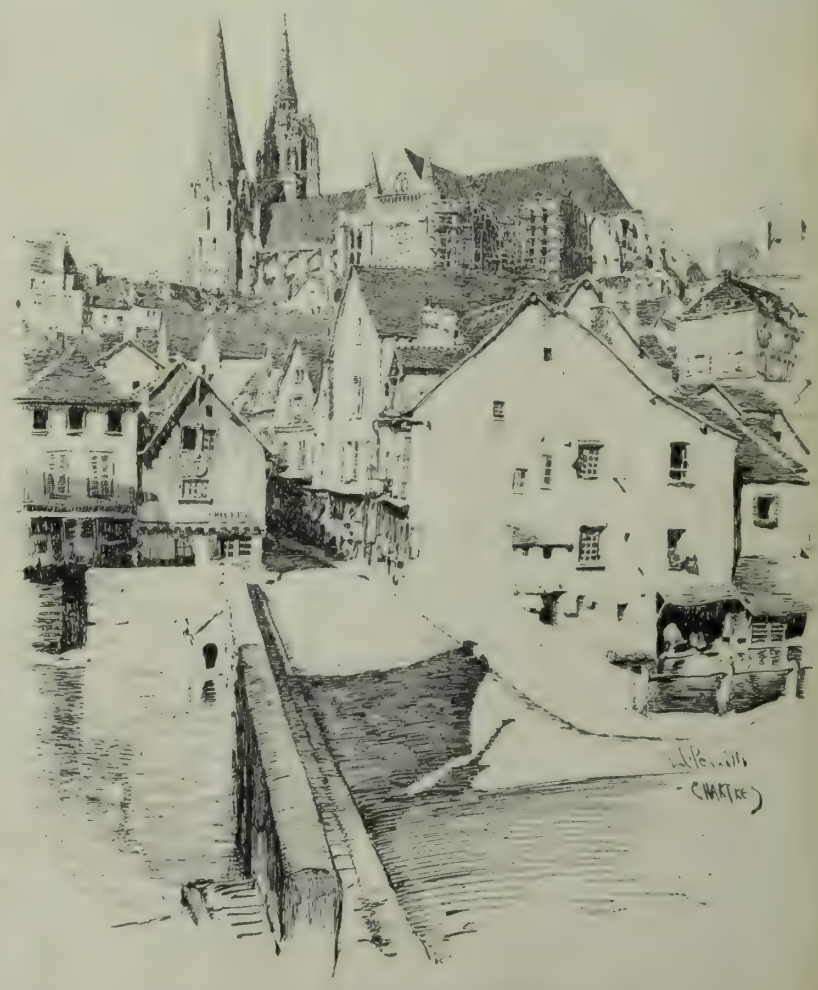
The Blythe estate is still undivided, for a branch of it is in the hands of the Federal judiciary pending the expected final knockout. The hungry and thirsty who have so long awaited the conclusion of this arduous and tiresome litigation are still hungry and poor, but heaven is at hand. As soon as the litigation is over money will at once be gathered to pay the claims against the estate; lawyers will get the thousands that are coming to them, and many an old account will undergo the settling process. I have it on good authority that Mrs. Hinckley has no desire to do violence to her contracts, but will carry them out to the letter.

The most important personage in Europe to-day is the young Czar of Russia. The nihilists believe they have frightened him already out of his mind, and are rejoicing thereat, claiming that he suffers from loss of memory. It is said Professor Mandel, the famous Berlin alienist, was sent for some time ago to see him, and that great secrecy attended his movements. However, he is now at the royal house party at Balmoral, having come there from Denmark. An observer at Copenhagen thus describes his habits and manners: "The Emperor has not been here long, but it is already easy for us to see that his habits are totally different from those of his father. Alexander III. loved hunting, riding and walking. His successor scarcely ever walks or hunts or rides. In fact, he eschews almost entirely everything demanding physical exertion. Of medium height and delicate constitution, Nicholas II. will never be chief of an army or master of any sport. He delights to shut himself up in his study to read, to write, to think over state affairs, and to attend promptly to matters brought him by the daily couriers from St. Petersburg. After dinner he smokes a few cigarettes, and then generally plays billiards for an hour. At 11 o'clock he retires for the night, and sleeps as peacefully as a child until 8 or 8:30 A. M."



A STREET IN CHARTRES

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF ERNEST PEIXOTTO'S DRAWINGS AT VICKERY'S

CONVICTS VS. CHILDREN

With Remarks About Women and Work and Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Which are the more deserving of attention, men who have committed one or all of the crimes in the catalouge, or children who have only been born? The spectacle of a pretty young woman—with a face like a madonna and a voice as sweet as honey—who believes that her mission

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH AND HER CHILDREN

in life is to practically desert her children and her hearthstone and devote her days to addressing criminals, suggested this question. It answered it also, for me, but not, perhaps, for others.

There may be, in fact, there must be people who think this estimable woman is entirely right, since she receives so much encouragement, pecuniary and otherwise, in her career. Doubtless there is much to be said on her side. Doubtless she does much good, and her Hope Hall will be an infinite comfort to the poor wretches who come out of jail friendless and forlorn. But, query, is it not unwise to mitigate in any way the punishment of crime? Does not the fact that to be imprisoned means to be ostracized keep many men in the straight and narrow path of duty? If "the public were to be educated"—to use Mrs. Booth's words—"into receiving criminals with open arms, would not half the salutary effect of imprisonment be undone? The terrors of a penitentiary are not only the garb, the restraint and the life, but the disgrace, and any step towards lessening that is not altogether wise. Of course, there are some worthy men in jail, who deserve assistance, but the major part should reap as they have sown for the good of the community. If it is admitted that a real good to the world is done by succoring its moral cripples (assisting them to live uprightly by the aid of props), it may be said that two or three children had better lack a mother's care if thereby many men are benefited. But the wisdom of preserving moral and mental weaklings is doubtful, and the wisdom of taking care of ones own children is very plain. Moreover, if such missionary work is done it should be done among the males by men and among the females by women. It is impossible to eliminate the feeling of sex, it forces itself into every relation between normal men and women, and it should do so. It is not, however, a good thing upon which to build reformations.

Mrs. Booth is a very able, charming woman of unmistakable purity, and an equally unmistakable faith in God and man. It is impossible for any decent human being to look into her beautiful, candid brown eyes and not sympathize with her and believe more or less in her schemes—even in her chief one of the reconstruction of hardened criminals. At the same time I regret that so much loveliness should be wasted upon a class of men three-fourths of whom are not fit to touch even the hem of her gown, and I believe that she had much better be in her little home in Montclair, N. J., with her two pretty children. The life she leads is an exhausting one, utterly unfit for a woman.

"Women," says Sir James Brown, "owe their comparative imunity from organic nervous diseases to their anabolic habit and to the comparative tranquil and sheltered lives which they have led. But, if all this is to be altered, if women are to be made as katabolic as possible and are to take part in the struggle for life on equal terms with men, then it follows that they will have to sacrifice to a great extent the immunity from organic nervous disaese, which they have enjoyed."

"Women were made," he adds, "for sheltered, quiet lives, and mental tension is infinitely worse for them than for men," and he deplores the new woman movement, the over-education and over-exertion of women. "There is a growing tendency around us to ignore intellectual distinctions between the sexes. The bodily differences between men and women are universal and intimate, and involve every organ and tissue." And he goes on to state that as the blood supply to a woman's brain is larger than that of a man but of a poorer quality, she is less able to bear a continuous mental strain, though her mind is apt to be quicker than his. He believes that when women force their minds into an unnatural activity other organs suffer. There can be little doubt that he is right. Look at the women who use their minds (this includes only a small number of those who write), and compare them with those who don't. The brain worker will invariably have lines and shadows in her face which indicate a very undesirable physical condition. These same lines and shadows will also be found in the face of a woman who has been overworked physically.

The normal woman's aversion to entering into the arena with men supplements these evidences that either great mental or physical activity is bad for females. Woman is nature's store-house. She perpetuates qualities which lie dormant and undeveloped in herself. Of course there are many, many women who are forced into the struggle, but their evident sufferings and difficulties make it still more marvelous that any female should follow in their footsteps unless compelled—which brings us once more around to the picture I began with—that of a pretty wife and mother spending her life on the public platform and in the very promiscuous prison, when she might, but for a perverted sense of duty, pass it in her happy home, the center of a circle which would be quite as much benefited by her spirituality and intelligence as the people she now exhorts. The situation is explained somewhat by the fact that she is an optimist.

I am half inclined to think she is a believer in miracles, too, but of that I'm not quite sure. I only know she intends to receive into her "Hope Hall" a man who has a criminal record of thirty years (if I remember correctly), and help him to keep straight for three, so he may regain his citizenship.

I called upon Mrs. Booth with very hazy notions of her work, without a single conviction on the subject, and behold—I come away with a distinct one. Yet her influence was so great that I feel like one of her criminals myself for expressing my views. As I entered her room a small, plump figure, clothed in blue, rose before me. I felt the grasp of a firm, supple hand and a pair of dark eyes met mine kindly, earnestly, inquiringly. My first thought was of their placid beauty; my next, that a man in trouble would find them very nice eyes, indeed, to look into. Then I became conscious of a low, full voice chanting softly about the Volunteers of America, their infancy, their growth, the coldness of capital cities, the enthusiasm of New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and San Jose. Then we talked of her prison work, and she told me of the great desire she had to help the inmates and give them some place of refuge when they are released.

"That is the idea of Hope Hall, you know," said Mrs. Booth. "It is not an institute but a home for men who want to regain their place in the world. No, it is not really in New York, but between the Hudson and Harlem. It can accommodate at present only forty men, but we will do better in time."

"Where do the funds come from, Mrs. Booth?" I asked.

"Oh, there will be no difficulty about that. People have been very generous, and on my return to New York I expect to have a meeting and raise at least a thousand dollars. I furnished the kitchen just before I left by celebrating my tin wedding."

"You have been married ten years, then?"

"Yes, and almost all of my married life has been spent in America. You are sorry I am not an American? Oh, but I am. I never felt a particle of patriotism for England, though I was born there—in Lempsfield. I was educated partly in Switzerland, but I have been nearly ten years here, and the stars and stripes are mine because I love them—and because I have taken out papers. I am now throwing all my energies," she continued, presently, "into my prison work. If you only knew (with a steady look at me) how full of hope and aspirations some of the poor fellows are when they come out, and how hard the world is to them, you would understand my interest."

"It is a very noble work"—I thought so while she was looking at me—"but do you think many of these men can be reclaimed? Durrant, for instance?"

"I had rather not express my opinion of Durrant," she replied with an air of gentle refroof. "You are wrong to suppose they are hopeless cases. Any man who repents and confesses may be saved, and many of them are very worthy men. One of the most spiritual men in Sing Sing is a murderer, and the warden says that those who give the least trouble are generally murderers."

Mrs. Booth then showed me several letters from "her boys," as she calls them, all breathing devotion, admiration, respect. She also showed me one from her little girl, written after she left for San Francisco. "Dear Mamma," it began, "I am loving you very much. I want to come to you on the engine. Willie says I did not cry, but I did. I cried inside. I am cleaning my nails and teeth—" and so on in dear childish fashion.

"This does not sound as if you were often separated from them, Mrs. Booth."

"I used not to be, but now it is a little different. I used to see them almost every night (they sleep one in my room and the other in the next), and on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays." People who think that busy women can't bring up children should see mine," she said in effect as I rose to go. "They are docile, though regular tomboys."

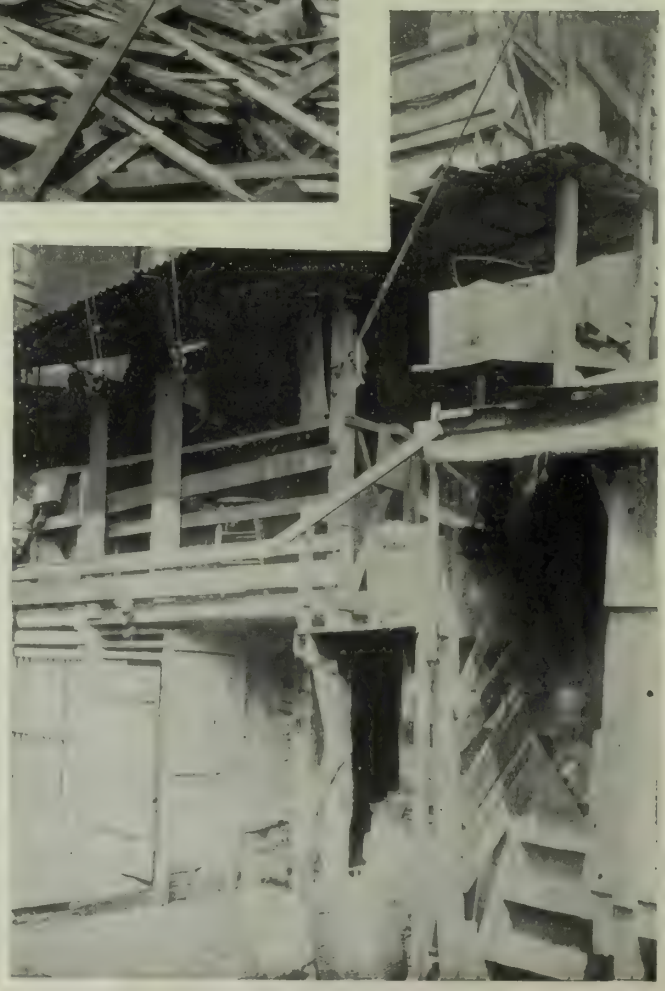
P. W.

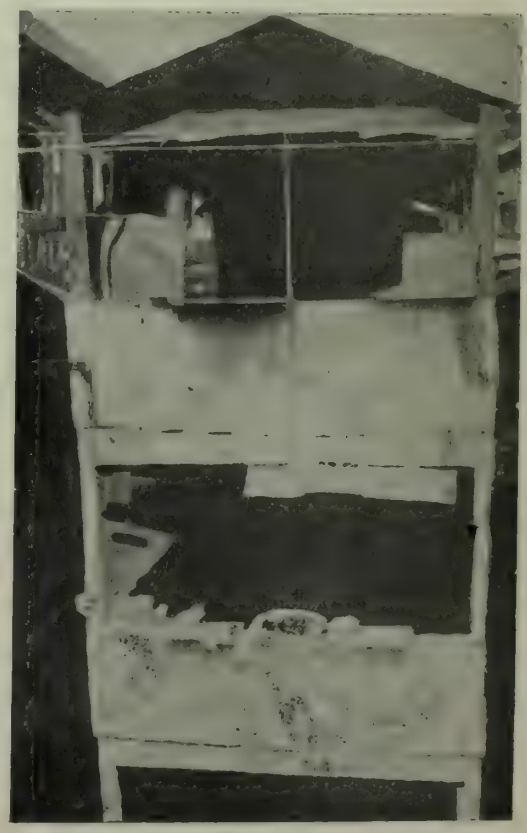
BISHOP BARKER OF WASHINGTON — BISHOP JOHNSON OF LOS ANGELES
BISHOP KENDRICK OF NEVADA — BISHOP NICHOLS OF CALIFORNIA — BISHOP LEONARD OF NEVADA

A CONFERENCE OF BISHOPS

Dignitaries of the Western Episcopal Church now visiting San Francisco to discuss with Bishop Nichols the affairs of the Divinity School at San Mateo

Taken by flashlight in the Vestry Room of the Church of the Advent, by B. C. Towne





SOME CHINATOWN ROOKERIES

ANCIENT AND DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS DEMOLISHED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH

SEE PAGE 9

PHOTOS BY R. J. WATERS

CHAPERONES AND BETROTHALS

The Ethics of Courtship in a "Silly Season" Debate.

The "silly season" in London has been enlivened by a discussion of love-making evoked by the question of a "Daily Telegraph" correspondent, whether a young woman is justified in breaking an engagement of marriage because of a change of feelings towards her fiancé. This phrased so interesting a complication that it has elicited all sorts and conditions of opinion — from distinguished writers as well as from innumerable Pro-bono-publicos and paterfamilases. From a consideration of the ethics of betrothal the controversy has passed into a discussion of courtship in all classes and countries, and is illustrated and enriched by innumerable bits of experience naively related. French women and American girls are defining and defending the attitudes of their respective countries in the matter of marrying and giving in marriage; English women justify the system of "paying attention" which obtains in the realm of Queen Victoria, and a German lady has elaborately set forth the impressive and solemn ceremonial of entering into an engagement in the Teutonic Empire — the land where breach of promise and freedom of speech are unknown.

The treatment of the theme has not developed any remarkable or startling theories. But one daring innovation has been put forth — by George R. Sims, the well-known writer, whose solution is rather more objectionable than the malady. He says:

If the subject of "Engagements" were to be discussed not only during the autumn but during the whole year, from now until the close of the century, the arguments advanced would not, I am afraid, do very much to make marriage any less of a lottery than it is at present. "A Period of Probation" sounds well, but unfortunately the real period of probation comes after marriage and not before it. You might as well set two partially blind people to study each other's physical defects as two lovers to study each other's moral shortcomings. Love is blind until it has crossed the Rubicon. It is only when it stands on the other side and the boats have been burned that it opens its eyes. Many a couple who are admirably suited to each other as lovers find themselves utterly unable to get on comfortably as husband and wife.

It is not probationary courtship that is needed to remedy the evils of which the Daily Telegraph's correspondents complain, but probationary marriage. This great sexual problem will never be satisfactorily settled for the victims of Western civilization until we have a form of marriage which can be dissolved by mutual consent, with every legal safeguard for the welfare and status of the children born of the union. At present there is possible freedom for the guilty victims of ill-assorted marriages, but only life-long slavery for those who, though utterly wretched together, still keep the vows they made upon their wedding day.

The assumption among English women that the chaperone is unknown in America is so general that some particularly vigorous form of contradiction should be devised for it. It is true her sway is not so absolute as in Spain or France or England, but her shadow is dark over society and her absence a reflection on any gathering of young people. In the free-and-easy days of the good old early times, the instinctive power of every woman to look out for and after herself was taken for granted. Great incomes were rare then: the race of millionaires undreampt of, luxurious living a suspicious condition, and chaperonage a form of unnecessary interference. It is a far cry from London to San Francisco, but if it were possible for Miss Marryatt, whose impressions I quote below, to attend the opening performance of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night, she would find in the audience but few Jacks and Jills unaccompanied by matronly escorts. He would indeed be a daring and presumptuous youth, no matter how eligible, who should ask or expect Miss Belleman of Pacific Avenue to accompany him alone to the play. In the select circles which they ornament, it would be considered tantamount to an announcement of their engagement. This rule is not without exceptions, however. For instance, it is not improper in San Francisco and other western cities for two girls to accompany a man to the theatre, though they would seriously infringe the conventionalities should they accompany him afterwards to supper. On the contrary, in New York, in Boston, and in Philadelphia, where etiquette is a more serious matter, this is not considered good form. In certain of the Southern cities, the customs of the better class are French rather than English in character. Here, however, is Miss Florence Marryatt, who is a well-known novelist, on her own behalf:

Why do they manage these things so much better in America than in England? Simply because the boys and girls are brought up and educated together, and learn to regard each other as good companions and chums, and not as inevitable husbands or wives. The idea that a girl cannot be trusted anywhere with a male companion without being guarded by a dragon of a chaperon is a degrading one, and an insult to the girls themselves. They have no chaperons in America; there the unmarried girls go to the theaters or dances or concerts with their bachelor friends, and the result is that there are fewer cases of seduction and fewer unhappy marriages there than in our country. Simply because the young women have learned to look after themselves, they have learned the consequences of unguarded actions, and the young men have been put on their mettle to protect and defend their charges. How much more and better opportunities this custom gives a young woman of judging a man's character and capability of proving a good companion through life. I hope the time is coming (if it has not already come) for our English girls also, when they will prove themselves as discreet and fit to be trusted alone as their American sisters have done.

It would be difficult to imagine a sharper contrast than that between the policy just described and the French custom defended in the following narration from the pen of Mme. de Liguerolles:

On leaving the convent, irreverently called "Les Oiseaux," where I had spent a year, I was sent to England in order to complete my education and to perfect my knowledge of your tongue, which I had already known fairly well. My father insisted on this, as he is a philologist, and he wanted me to aid him in his literary work. On returning to Paris, I spent a year in our chateau near town, and met there several elderly men whom my father and mother regarded as eligible partis. I also met a young officer, with whom I fell madly, desperately in love. He was from the cavalry barracks at Versailles, and I knew his sister. They were poor, however, compared to us, and my mother, noticing that I was in love with the dragoon, said:

"Malheureuse, he has no money, and you must not compromise yourself by speaking to him any more."

This was the maternal order, and I had to obey. My father then took me into Paris, and I was informed that I was to be married within six weeks' time. I thought it horrible, and was more horrified still when I was told that my suitor was M. ———, an elderly manufacturer who used to pay special attention to me, but whom I persistently avoided. He was rough, unlettered, and seemed almost repulsive. He could not waltz like the dragoon, nor even like my cousin, a young hobereau, or country squire, who often came to see us. He was as awkward as a bear—in fact, I often called him sub rosa, "un ours mal leche." He knew nothing about music, and was never able to turn over my Wagner books while I was at the piano—a movement in which the adorably-mustachioed dragoon excelled.

Well, sir, I had to marry that man, my parents arranging the engagement and the wedding in the usual legal and social manner. What is the consequence: I am a perfectly happy matron with three lovely children to-day. My husband is rich and powerful, and surrounds me with every luxury. My children, on whom I dote, will be well provided for. Had I married the officer it would be otherwise, and I feel and see clearly that this would have been the case, for his pay and my dowry would not have been sufficient for thorough family comfort. I see him sometimes, and without a pang.

This assumption of Miss Marryatt is doubtless responsible for such effusions as that of the American girl who, in a gushy epistle, tells of her attempt at introducing the free and easy manners of second-rate provincial society into an English tennis club. This gay and confident young creature (from Lincoln, Nebraska, doubtless) is established in London at the home of her aunt—a proper personage with regulation instincts as to the proprieties. These are overborne by this quixotic maid, who thus details her experiences:

Well, I joined a tennis club, and my first endeavor was to make friends with all the young men worth knowing. I left the girls alone, for the time being; in fact, I was awfully scared at first by English girls; they are so fearfully artificial. I like Scotch girls much better; they are not so affected. As time went on I became fast friends with my former acquaintances, even going walks with one or another after tennis. At first the girls were madly jealous, then they began to regard me as a harmless individual, and, finally, one day two girls came and spoke to me. We had a long conversation, in the course of which they asked me how all the men seemed to prefer my company. I said:

"I thought it was because I treated them more as brothers than possible lovers."

Since then we three have been firm friends. My conduct reached a climax when I accompanied one of my male friends to the theater. In the end those girls who shunned us became as bad (or as good) as we were. We enjoy unaffected intercourse with all men of our acquaintance. We go to theaters and dances with them, we ride our cycles with them, we exchange books with them, to say nothing of our impressions and experiences. In short, we are friends with them.

ET CETERA.

Zangwill says that the poet is often more licentious in his verse than in his life.

We hear the truth with the utmost complaisance, when it is told about the man across the way.

If the egotist could forget himself, he might recognize his Maker, and wonder at his own insignificance.

If a man is jealous of you, it adds to your market value; if he decries you, it advertises his own inferiority.

Noblesse oblige is a simple creed, but men and women have trusted it, when there was neither law nor sanctuary.

It is well perhaps for the perpetuity of society that a gentleman is judged by his manners, and not by his morals.

A secret is an unfortunate inheritance; if you keep it, you are an object of fear; if you tell it, you are an object of hate.

The man who makes a business of treading on dogs' tails and men's toes should have the seat of his trousers half-soled.

A cynic remarks that the friendships between men and women result either in love or hate, and both are to be deprecated.

Some mortals sin and suffer, others suffer and do not sin, others sin and do not suffer; is it education, or is it conscience?

You cannot prove a man's character by his epitaph. It often happens that a man's body lies below, and his tombstone lies above.

I know a vulgar critic who always condemns; because, as he says, it would stultify his vocation and detract from his importance to praise.

Even sorrow has its compensations. Many a woman wonders how she would look in weeds; and after the sackcloth and ashes of lent, the Easter bonnet bursts into bloom.

If you observe the proprieties, society does not care for your principles. Lift your hat to the world, and stare at the demi-world; frown on the nude, and smile at the semi-nude, and you will be in good form. PHUT.

THE PASSING OF CHINATOWN

Picturesque Old Shanties Destroyed in the Interests of Cleanliness.

Chinatown as a picturesque quarter of San Francisco is doomed. Yet a few more years and the lanes, the alleys and cul de sacs lined with rookeries and tan-shops and opium joints will vanish before the inroads of the Board of Health officers. The destruction of the older rows and blocks has been begun, is even now being carried on, and will probably be prosecuted in the future until San Francisco's Chinatown, the delight of Eastern tourists, the inspiration of the local painter and the inexhaustible material of the sensational story writer, will have become prosaic, uninteresting, commonplace—but clean.

The campaign against the rookeries was opened on the 15th of July of this year by Health Officer A. S. Lovelace, who called upon the Chief of Police, the Chief of the Fire Department and the Chinese Consul to meet and confer with him upon the advisability of cleaning and renovating the Chinese quarter.

A few days later the Chinese Consul replied to Mr. Lovelace's letter, stating that he would heartily co-operate in any effort to better the sanitary conditions of the quarter in question, being assured in the committee's letter that that body in no way intended to discriminate against the Chinese residents. On the 4th of August the conference was held, the Chinese Consul being absent. Dr. Morse at once stated that his force of inspectors (six in number) was totally inadequate for a house to house inspection, and that in fact many of the nuisances in Chinatown were so great that nothing less than the pulling down of the houses would abate them. This statement, however, was met by Chief Crowley's objection, who doubted the authority of the Board of Health to abate the nuisances complained of by a destruction of property, and declined to take the responsibility of any action in the matter. Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department upheld Chief Crowley in his objection.

In the meanwhile the inspectors had been investigating certain of the smaller alleys and lanes of the quarter, and had submitted a list of the places condemned. This first list included 8½ Brooklyn place, 719 Jackson street, 1104½ Stockton street, 10 Brooklyn place, 710 Pacific street, 708 Pacific street, 832 Jackson, 741 Pacific, 743 Pacific.

The action of the board involved an immense amount of labor. The sewerage commission had to be consulted, and its advice noted. The Spring Valley Water Company had to be induced to allow a free supply of water for the cleansing of the streets (on one occasion water was flowing throughout the entire day from 240 hydrants). It was necessary to notify owners to forwarn tenants, to organize a wrecking and finally to convince Chiefs Sullivan and Crowley of the legality of the undertaking.

As the work of inspection progressed it was found necessary to condemn an incredible number of buildings, from the crazy shanties and dens around the theater, to the huge Globe Hotel, once a landmark of the city and a famous hostelry in the mining days. Whole rows on Dupont street, Vallejo street and Pacific street were condemned, to say nothing of isolated buildings on Clay and Sacramento streets and in Card alley.

The directions to the wrecking party were most minute, and give evidence of a scrupulous regard for the rights and personal property of those individuals who might still be found in the rookeries. In many cases the wreckers helped the Chinese to move out, in others, furniture—such as it was—had been left in the rooms. These articles of furniture were preserved with the utmost precaution, no matter how valueless they appeared to American eyes. The wrecking party worked under the direct personal supervision of a health officer and of the plumbing inspector. Little order was observed in the method of attack upon the smaller buildings. First the owner was notified of the intended action on the part of the health board, and the tenant given notice to vacate the premises. A few mornings later the wreckers appeared upon the scene and assailed the condemned house, ax in hand; supports were cut away, foundations—if any existed—were undermined, and at length (if the building were not too large), a line was made fast to the eaves of one of the walls. The wreckers, assisted by the crowd, grasped the free end, there was "Yo-heave-ho," a straining of rotten timbers and the whole side of the house came away with a clatter of disintegrating joists and beams. Each wall was pulled down in this simple and direct fashion, and so frail, so rotten for the most part were the condemned places that the interiors collapsed with the exterior walls. The whole building flattened itself in the street.

Only in two cases did the owners of the doomed property tear down the buildings themselves. Some have gone so far as to enjoin the Board from further action, which is not surprising when you consider that not only do the owners of condemned property receive no compensation for their loss, but are even obliged to pay for the time and labor of the wreckers.

Besides this the care of the debris of his wrecked building belongs to the owner. It is for him to see that the rotten, empested heap is carted away. However, this labor is generally spared him. I was told by the secretary of the health office that this debris disappeared as if by magic under the raids of the wood-gathering gamins of the street, melting away in a single night, vanishing, Heaven knows where. The wrecking party no longer concern themselves with the ruin they leave behind them. The collapsed shanty is left exactly where it is. Two days later the ground is picked clean.

This year, as far as it has gone, has been exceptionally prosperous for the English brewers. The number of barrels on which duty was paid was 14,456,501, an increase of over 1,000,000 as compared with the same period last year. The United States has not been taking as much as formerly, but Egypt is rapidly developing a taste for English beers. In South Africa the same growth is noticeable, and the export of ales to Australia is augmenting.

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

It is difficult to imagine anything more monotonous than the condition of society these final days of September. It is true calling has begun, but there is not even a tea to furnish an incident to the past week. Of gossip there is more or less, especially of engagements, dancing classes, etc. One learns of disagreements among the lady patronesses, divergences of opinion among the maidens. A topic of considerable interest is an engagement which is being strenuously denied by those most interested, and yet which some time ago was considered a fait accompli by their relatives.

Invitations to the Saturday Evening Dancing Class are out. Miss Gertrude Bates, Miss Edna Dickins, Miss Mollie Hind and Miss Belle Van Vlack are the organizers, and as they are exceedingly popular among the young set the success of the club is assured. Last season this dancing class was attended more assiduously than any other, and the demand for invitations far in excess of the supply. The members belong to the jolliest set, and all dance exceedingly well.

There is much regret in the older set over the departure of the Fifth Artillery, and several minor festivities are being held in their honor. A very successful hop was given as a farewell by the younger officers on Tuesday evening. About twenty couples participated. Owing to the departure of Major and Mrs. Darling on the 10th of October, the marriage of Miss Catherwood and Dr. Grinnell is to take place in the Assembly Hall at the Presidio next Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock. At 2 that afternoon the happy pair start off on their honeymoon, which is to be spent at Madrone Villa, where the wedding was to have been celebrated.

The younger set looks forward with the keenest interest to the arrival of the Third Artillery, as there are a large number of young officers in the troop, and several West Point graduates awaiting commissions will be temporarily stationed here. Much to the regret of the army people, Captain Long and his bride will not live at the Presidio, as the Captain's duties lie primarily in the city. He has not as yet definitely decided whether to make his home in Oakland or in San Francisco. There is much curiosity at the Presidio to know where the happy pair intend to spend the weeks immediately following their marriage. One inquisitive dowager approached the Captain.

"Where are you going, Captain dear, for your honeymoon?"

"To Paradise, madame," he gallantly replied.

A jolly little dinner was given last week by Mrs. Alexander Center to some of the younger set in honor of her daughter. Miss Center is a very bright, sprightly girl, and will come out next season, I believe.

The Barbers have had an especially jolly season at San Rafael in spite of the fact that their house was burned down. Since then they have been camping, and propose remaining in their tents until the cold weather sets in. They have had any number of house, or rather tent, parties, and enjoy the freeness and unconventionality of camp life. They will occupy the Thomas cottage during the winter and anticipate building next spring. Mr. Goad, Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad and Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have deserted Sausalito and are back in town again. Miss Goad is briskly preparing for her wedding, which is to take place early next year.

At Burlingame the polo game was well attended on Sunday last. Messrs. Hobart, Dick Tobin and John Lawson carried off the honors against Mr. Francis Francis, Mr. Harry Howard and Captain Wainwright. There was also a stringed orchestra, and all Burlingame turned out in their drags. Mrs. Oelrichs, Miss Fair, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Greenwood and several others had a jolly luncheon at the club house, and afterwards watched the game. Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair have been so busily employed with their legal affairs that they have been unable to accept any invitations, I am told. However, they will probably remain here during the most of October.

The society of the Colonial Dames is to meet next Tuesday at Mrs. Moody's. This is to be the first meeting of the season of '96, and I hear there are to be a few additions to the list of members. The invitations are very quaint affairs, being inscribed in old English on old-fashioned paper.

The sad news of the death of Miss Ruth Clark, niece of Mrs. H. L. Dodge, has reached us from Carlsbad. Miss Clark was to have made her debut this season, and was an unusually handsome girl, with bright black eyes and hair and brilliant coloring. She had a tall, well-rounded figure, and was a perfect picture of health. She graduated last year from Miss West's school and was traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Dodge when she was seized with typhoid fever at Carlsbad, and in spite of all that medical skill could do, succumbed. A great favorite among the younger set, she will be deeply mourned.

Poor little Henry Sharon, too, is much regretted, he was such a bright little chap, plucky, jolly and full of life. During the summer at Dieppe one day on the sands, his father and mother noticed him thrashing a small French boy, and rebuked him for so doing. "I don't care," said the little fellow, "and I shall do it again. He called me a 'cochon,' and I shan't allow and French beggar to call me an American pig."

Considerable interest is being evinced in Oakland over the new cotillion club started by the younger married set. The club is called "The Wednesday Nights," and the first of a series of three cotillions will be given on December 2d. The organization is somewhat similar to the San Francisco Monday Night Club, and is to be exceedingly smart and quite exclusive. The list of invitations has been limited, and, I understand, there will be no additions. The dances will be given in Ebell Hall; the first cotillion is to be a Leap Year affair. Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Tom Magee, Mrs. Will Magee, Mrs. Edson Adams, Miss Mhoon and Mrs. Watkinson are among the patronesses. There is to be no regular supper, but refreshments served at a buffet during the evening.

The list of debutantes in Oakland is smaller than it has been for many years. Thus far, only four names have been announced—Miss Jean Hush, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Sanborn and Miss Viva Nicholson. Miss Florence Hush is the prettiest of the four sisters. She resembles Mrs. Tom Magee, but has more regular features. Miss Jean Hush is fair, fresh and plump. They are both great athletes and sprightly, jolly girls and bound to be successful. Miss Nicholson is a sister of Mrs. Metcalf, and is a bright, pretty girl.

The marriage of Dr. Murray L. Johnson and Miss Grace Plater is to take place early next month. It is to be a home wedding and rather a quiet one. Miss Plater is well known in Oakland. She is tall, slight, a decided brunette and quite an heiress, I understand.

A jolly dance is to be given by Miss Violet Albright in Fruitvale in honor of the Curtis boys, who leave shortly for Japan, where they are to join their father.

Miss Bessie Wall's song and piano recital, which is to take place next Thursday, should be a most enjoyable affair. The programme is quite interesting. Miss Wall will play selections from Grieg and Schumann. Mr. Beel is to play several of his best morceaux, and altogether the concert should prove a success. It is to be given in Hamilton Hall.

Mrs. Morgan's German garden fete was a great success and realized every anticipation. The weather was perfection and the grounds were a charming spectacle, with the multitudes of pretty girls in their gay attire wandering amid the trees or grouped picturesquely on the lawns. The stage was erected in the shade of a grove of trees, and the programme was excellent. Miss Head's girls won encomiums by the manner in which they performed their German play. The University Glee Club, the Huss Trio and the Withrow Quartette were especially enjoyable. The girls in their quaint German peasant costume looked charming, especially Miss Florence Greentree, the Misses Rosenstern, Mrs. Robert Bray and Mrs. Frank Wilson. Financially the affair was a tremendous success. Mrs. Wilson literally coined money at her wheel of fortune. Of the girls who were not in costume I noticed some who were exquisitely gowned—Miss Florrie Brown, Miss Marie Rose Deane and Miss Robinson, who wore light organdies much beruffled.

Of the pleasures to come Mrs. Alfred Cohen is to give a reception this afternoon to Mrs. Augustus Bray in Fruitvale. The Ebell Society announces a big reception and housewarming in their new rooms and the Deux Temps gives its first dance on October 27th at Ebell Hall.

In aid of the Children's Hospital, a performance of the operetta "The Rival Queen" will be given by a number of clever Alameda children at the California Theatre on the afternoon of October 10th. It was originally produced in Alameda, and proved so great a success that the managers of the hospital prevailed on the parents of the youngsters that they repeat the performance for the benefit of the institution.

A concert for the benefit of the campaign fund is to be given by the young ladies of the Suffrage Association on Tuesday evening, October 6th, at 8 o'clock, at Metropolitan Temple. The native sons and daughters are to furnish the music, and a good programme is promised.

Miss Kathryn Burdette handsomely entertained a party of young people at her home on Van Ness Avenue one day during the week.

A FRAULEIN FOR THE MOMENT
A VIEW AT MRS. MORGAN'S GERMAN FETE AT BERKELEY

Delilah.

What have I done? What care I for their gold?
He who was king of all men now is dead—
By what mad dream of kinship was I led,
Which, to my people, my sweet Lord I sold?
Nerveless his arms, no more shall they enfold
This supple body on its perfumed bed;
Across my sleepless eyes the mist floats red—
The mist that rises where the dead lie cold.
Cursed be those that took thee, O my lover!
And doubly cursed be her that gave thee o'er.
Stoop, Horned Queen, from where thine orb doth hover—
I, who have served thee, this last boon implore;
That thou some strange, fierce anguish will discover,
To be with these and me for evermore.
—Duffield Osborne, in the "Chap Book."

The Right Place.

"The place for kisses," the poet said,
"Is under the twinkling stars,
When the day with its worry and noise is dead,
And nothing the stillness mars."

"The place for kisses," the maiden said,
"Is under the summer moon,
When the sun is set and the night is fed
With the odors of roses in June."

The poet, perhaps, was not far amiss,
And the maiden was right, I suppose;
But, after all, the best place for a kiss
Is under my sweetheart's nose.
—Up-to-Date.

The Fog.

The fog went down to the sea,
And what did the fog behold?
A purple mystery
And a dawn of dazzling gold;
And over against the dawn
A shallop rode the crest,
And the soft slow fog stole on
And gathered it to his breast.

The fog went up to the land,
And what did the fog behold?
One weeping on the strand
In the twilight drear and cold.
A broken shallop lay
Against the dull sands pressed—
And the slow fog stole away
With his secret in his breast.
—Ida Whipple Benham, in "Youth's Companion."

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1341 Polk street.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, whose name has long been connected with the operatic history of the United States, has opened a studio in the Emporium Building, for the cultivation of voices, and for the finish of advanced vocalists. Mr. Hinrichs' career has been most successful, he having been for many years the leading vocal teacher in Philadelphia. In New York he was principal of the opera class at the National Conservatory of Music, of which Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber was president and Anton Dvorak was director. The efficiency and thoroughness of his method is shown by the number of the most celebrated operatic singers on the American stage who were his pupils. The voice-trial will be three dollars, which will be refunded when lessons are engaged. Mr. Hinrichs can always be seen at room 441, Emporium Building, on Mondays and Thursdays, between ten and twelve.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cts. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

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Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

A CHILD PRODIGY

Master Walter Leon From Three Points of View.

The Interviewer's View.

The sex of Master Walter Leon (the little chap who does "a turn" at the Orpheum this week) is a problem to the uninitiated. He looks like a girl, particularly when he has on trousers, but he says he is a boy, and it must be admitted that he ought to know.

Girl or boy, however, he is certainly not a "sissy," but a lusty, unaffected child, who refuses to take either himself or his talents seriously and gives one the impression of extreme youth and simplicity.

This is rather remarkable in a child who has passed most of his life on the stage and is endowed with unusual mimetic ability and musical talent. He is a healthy, handsome little fellow, docile and well bred, too, for when I asked him to recite he assented quietly, and rising trudged off immediately to the other end of the room—on his dear little fat, patient looking legs—and gave me, without any fuss or nonsense, a sample of his best. And very good it was, too, from his burlesque of Bernhardt and a Vassar "precieuse ridicule" to his Italian tenor, who sang:

"Li Hung Chang he acta vera queer zust now;
You see, he go ahoma by way of ze Vancouva.
He keepa way from San Francisco,
For he afraid that ze highbinder
Will steal his yellow jacket and his peacock fezza."

What Papa Leon Said.

When Walter was only three he recited the address of Sparticus to the gladiators, the thing Forrest and McCullough made hits in. At four and a half he took part in a benefit given by star children at Palmer's Theatre, New York, and made a great hit as Agesamot, the slave of Chrysos. Little Tommy Russell was Pygmalion. He has played in London, the provinces and New York. He is only ten years old, and went on the stage before he knew enough to be frightened. His mother is not with us on this trip. She generally goes with him to the theatres and brings him away as soon as his turn is over. Both my wife and I are Americans, but my father was Holland Dutch and my mother English. I was on the stage at one time, but I do not attribute Walter's abilities to that. He has an excellent memory and is very quick to catch an idea and develop it. We take him off the stage next year so he can have time to study. After his education is attended to, his health established and his musical talent somewhat developed, we will decide about his profession. I don't want him to be a musician unless he can be a first-class one, but we are full of hope for him.

Master Walter Speaks.

I have been interviewed once before. It was by a woman, too. I did not like it, but she was thin, you aren't. She kissed me. I don't like being kissed— except by Buster. She's my littlest sister. I've three and a brother. Sometimes I have to protect them an' I get licked—if the boy is bigger than me. I have lots of fights cause I have long hair, and the boys they say, "See the girl," or "Look at de kid." I had a fight once with a tough who hit me with a whip. I hit him back. Anywhere I could. On the nose some. Then Emerson (he's my brother) got me a strap and I thumped him.

Sometimes I have fights with boys who are too little to lick. They are the worst kind.

They hit you in the stomach.

We were going out to the baths to-day, but my father got cold feet when your paper telephoned. He said we had better come here and not bathe to-day, so we didn't. I did not like London, it's too dark. I like San Francisco pretty well, but it isn't as nice as New York. There isn't any place as nice as New York.

Sometimes I go to the play. I don't remember how I felt the first time I did a turn on the stage except that I wished I was out of it.

No, I don't love Buster any better than the rest. You see Puffie—that's Phyllis, we call her Puffie 'cause she is so fat—Puffie would do anything for me, and Emerson—well, he brought me that strap. I love Edith, too. I want to go on board the Oregon. I like ships and dogs and a tabble dote dinner—whatever you call it—with lots of courses. Did you ever have a dog? What kind was he? Bulldogs are great. Was yours brindle or spotted? How old was he when you got him? Only a minute! How was that? Oh—his mother brought him to you. Well, I guess my father is tired of waiting. Good-bye." PEG WOFFINGTON.

Fall Styles Neckwear and Hosiery at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

The quality and characteristics of "The Prisoner of Zenda" are thus summed up by the critic of the Chicago "Times-Herald": "Zenda" is purely a fad play, precisely as "Trilby" was, but, unlike Du Maurier's creation, it makes no effort whatever to keep within the bounds of reason, either in character or general treatment. In "Trilby" the Svengali motive and its incidents constitute the one element that we cannot square by the rule of probability. The remainder of the play is entirely within bounds. The characters are possible and most of the incidents might easily occur in modern Paris.

Turning to "Zenda" we find an entirely different condition. The story is a fantastic romance with no element of probability in any part of it. The characters are unreal and impossible by turns, and in the entire composition no note of sincerity is struck. Such romance as this might almost be classified in the school of extravaganza. It bears the same relation to genuine emotional romance that extravaganza sustains to what might be called legitimate burlesque. In other words, it is not at all the legitimate romantic play that it pretends to be, and therefore must rapidly cross the dramatic horizon only to disappear forever.

There is no permanent value in any fad characters, plays or novels. Rider Haggard's "She," a most powerful grotesque romance, barely survived two seasons. "Trilby" rushed into obscurity so speedily that its lamenting proprietors had scarcely time to climb out of the way. "Zenda" will meet with the same fate.

The romance that is not realistic and sincere is hopeless.

MUSIC.

The first of a series of chamber concerts given by Miss Alice Bacon and Mr. Guilio Minetti opened with the Bazzini E flat string quartet. The performance of this, a novelty to San Francisco, was in all respects the best of the afternoon. Especially well played were the minuet and andante quasi allegretto. The executants, Messrs. Minetti, Josephs, Verona and Von der Mehden, deserve praise for their conscientious work. Mr. Stark and his selections were out of place. While the cantor of Emanu-El Tabernacle has a good voice, he knows little or nothing about singing.

Selections from Meyerbeer's operas and the like for concert purposes show a want of good taste. Miss Alice Bacon, pianist, has good fingers but no temperament. The performance of the little Schumann-Kirchner song was heavy and uninteresting. Nor, indeed, can much be said in praise of Miss Bacon's interpretation of the Chopin C minor Polonaise. Without a doubt Miss Bacon would play infinitely better were she to do some good hard thinking—in other words, forget herself and give the composer full benefit of her mental capabilities.

The Dvorak quintet for piano and strings was not particularly well played. In the scherzo and finale was not a little clashing, despite the efforts of Mr. Minetti, ably seconded by the reliable Mr. Josephs, to keep things together. Decidedly, the pleasant recollections of this concert will be the artistic performance of the by no means great Bazzini string quartet. P. C. ALLEN.

MASTER WALTER LEON

SNAPSHOTS AT THE GIFTED BOY WHOSE PERFORMANCE AT THE ORPHEUM HAS ATTRACTED SO MUCH ATTENTION

Photos by Marceau

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

DRAMATIC NOTES

Delmar, the "Man-Frog," is the latest novelty out at the Chutes, and his act of hopping down the long slide and into a floating island must be seen to be appreciated. An open air performance, also given every evening and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, is proving very popular. To-morrow afternoon C. M. Vosmer, who made such a clever sky trip last Sunday, will make another balloon ascension and parachute drop at half past four.

"Trilby" at the Columbia Monday night. We are sorry to lose the Frawleys, of course, but they have been with us many moons and change is near and dear to the hearts of Californians. It is an excellent company that will present the play, with Edith Crane as the Latin Quarter heroine and Charles Kent as Svengali. The latter is said to have better conception of the great hypnot. role than Wilton Lackaye, whose place he took in the company. Through Australia Reuben Fax was Svengali.

In the paragraph in the "Herald" making mention of the arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Lewis was spoken of thrice and Mr. Augustin Daly six times. Mr. Lewis was, under the circumstances, the more important person, although there is a proverb as to the comparative value of live stock and departed worth, and the "Herald" reporter may have been mindful of its homely truth. It is of Rossini that the story is told that, being asked for an opinion on a dead march written by a mediocre composer in memory of Meyerbeer, the wit of Pesaro observed that he was sorry the composer had not died, and that Meyerbeer had not set down the memorial music.

The Orpheum has had crowded houses this week. The Hawaiian Band has proved a great attraction. There have been crowded houses at both the matinees and at the evening performances, and Manager Walter is being generally congratulated on his latest coup. The band and glee club perform for one more week, and then go south. In addition, we are to hear the child wonder, Gertie Cochran, who is veritably a mental prodigy. C. H. Unthan, the armless wonder, the Carpos Brothers, and Anna Suits, will also appear in new specialties.

"School" is being more prettily staged at the Alcazar this week than ever before in the city, and the business is correspondingly good. On Monday it will make way for Buckstone's farcically funny comedy, "Married Life." It has not been seen here for many a day, and there is a good honest laugh in every line. All the favorite comedians will be in the cast, and that the stage setting will be above the ordinary goes without saying.

So "The Prisoner of Zenda" has arrived at last. Not before it was time, indeed, for we are all impatient for a new theatrical performance. The show comes to us in the hands of an interesting company. James K. Hackett, who has the dual role of the Rossendyls, is supported by Miss Isabel Irving, Maude Odell, Charles Walcot, Howard Gould, Walter S. Hale, Arthur Elliot, John Findlay, Marvyn Dallas, R. J. Dustan, Albert Grau and others.

On account of the length of the performance of "The Prisoner of Zenda," the management announces that the curtain will rise promptly at 8:10. So much of the interest of the play lies in the prologue that it would be advisable for patrons of the Baldwin to be in their seats at the rise of the curtain.

Ellen Terry has purchased of Mrs. Gerberding, the wife of the well-known Bohemian, a curtain raiser entitled, "A Champagne Cork," which was submitted during her recent visit to the coast. The play is said to be original in conception, and offers excellent opportunity for the English actress.

The Mapleson Opera Company opens at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 26th inst. An engagement of four weeks will be played, after which the organization is to make a limited tour of this country, appearing in San Francisco just after the New Year.

The next public entertainment to be given by the Columbia Theater School of Dramatic Art wil take place at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, October 29th.

For the engagement of "Trilby" at the Columbia theater, popular prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1, wil prevail for the choice of reserved seats.

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"ARTIE"

He is Funnier than "Chimmie Fadden" and Hails from Chicago.

A successor to "Chimmie Fadden" has entered the field. He is not a gamin nor does he hail from the Bowery or Tar Flat. This time he is a Chicago product—clerk in a big mercantile concern—young, smart and tough, who affects an argot full of strange terms and turns, drawn from latest popular songs, vaudeville repartee, poker allusions, baseball and racing slang—a mysterious vernacular, incomprehensible to those who are not versed in the idiom of the moment. "Artie" (Herbert S. Stone & Co., publishers) is an amusing manly and strongly individualized youngster, who has prototypes in innumerable families not in Chicago alone, but in San Francisco, New Orleans and Boston. He does the town, has his love affairs, his sprees, his adventures, and tells them next morning to his friend Miller, who acts through the book as confidant and interlocutor. To Artie a pretty girl is a "queen," another fellow is a "guy," an introduction is a "knock-down," "nit" is not, a "skin" means a thief, a "farmer" is a simple-minded fellow, "lull con" is smooth talk. We are told of some one "four-flushin'"; a "push of ringers" is a phrase that explains itself to the initiated.

Artie describes the relations of his sweetheart and himself, called into question by a companion, thus;

"I come purt' near knowin' how strong I am with her. There ain't nobody else one-two-seven. They ain't even in the 'also rans.'"

One of the most amusing passages in the book is that in which Artie describes the occasion of his first meeting with Mamie, whose relationship to himself he significantly expresses: "If I ever rent a flat she's the party that picks out the furniture." It is too long to quote in full, but it abounds in deliciously abstruse terms of admiration and abuse. It seems the two had gone to a second-rate dance over on the North Side and there saw Mamie sitting in a corner. He continues:

"I could see a Johnny-on-the-shot, with a big badge marked 'committee,' was tryin' to keep cases on her. He waltzed with her once or twice, but most o' the time he had to be out on the floor yellin' 'Two more couple wanted,' and all that business. He was makin' himself the whole thing. Well I got friendly with a guy that was standin' around, the same as myself, tryin' to break in, an' I says to him: 'I want you to do me a favor. Take me over and gi' me a knock-down to the queen over in the corner.' He said he didn't know her. 'What's the diff?' I says. 'Ain't you got your nerve with you?' Well, he was all right. He took me over and says: 'Miss Lum-Yum and So-and-So,' fakin' it as he went, 'I want you to shake hands with my friend, Mr. Ta-ra-m-m-m,' and then he ducked. I asked her if the boy with the badge owned her, and she laughed. I see that he didn't have no cinch on it, so I just started in. I put up the tall talk, jollied her along, danced with her three times—well, of course, you couldn't blame me. I sprung them West Side manners o' mine on her and I had her won. Finally his rabs with the banner on his coat comes around and begins to roast her. Sore? You never see a man so sore."

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"Oh, I didn't stop him, did I? Mebbe I let him go right ahead and have his own way. You ought o' seen me. I put on a bluff that'd curl your hair. I went up to him and I breathed it right in his ear. I leaned against him. 'Look here,' I says, 'you screw right away from here,' We don't like your style. If you open your face to this lady again to-night I'll separate you from your breath!' Did he go? Well, I should say yes. He didn't want none o' my game."

"Didn't she get mad?"

"What, after he weakened that way? His name was pants, then and there. I says to her, 'That fellow's got a horrible rind to think he can set on the same side o' the room with you."

I should like to quote also the dialogue between Artie and the messenger boy, but space forbids. Here, however, is the initial chapter of the volume which describes the hero's experiences at a church social. It affords an excellent idea of the character of a volume of which we are certain to hear much between now and Christmas. The book is clever and amusing, and is certain of a popular success.

One day Mrs. Morton, wife of the city manager, came to the offices and in polite brigandage compelled each man in the room to pay fifty cents for a ticket to the charity entertainment. This entertainment was to be given at a South Side church on the following Wednesday evening. Artie bought a ticket with apparent willingness.

"I don't want you young men to think that I'm robbing you of this money," said Mrs. Morton. "I want you to come to the entertainment. You'll enjoy it, really."

"Blanchard can go all right," suggested Miller, with a wink at young Mr. Hall. "He lives within a few blocks of your church."

"Then he must come," said Mrs. Morton, decisively. "Won't you, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Sure," replied Artie, blushing deeply.

"Why, Mrs. Morton, he hasn't been in a church for three years," said Miller.

"I don't believe it," and she turned to Artie, who was shaking his fist at Miller. "Now, Mr. Blanchard, I want you to promise me faithfully that you'll come."

"I'll be there all right," said he, smiling feebly.

"Remember, you've promised," and as she went out she shook her finger at him as a final reminder.

"Well, are you going?" asked Miller.

Artie put on his lofty manner and gazed at his office companions with seeming coldness.

"What's it to you whether I do or not? Didn't you hear what I said to her? Sure I'm goin'. I've got as much right to go out and do the heavy as any o' you pin-heads. If I like their show I'll help 'em out next time; get a couple o' handy boys and put on a six-round go for a finish. Them people never saw anything good."

"I'll bet you don't go," spoke up young Mr. Hall.

Artie laughed dryly. "You guys must think I'm a quitter, to be scared out by any little old church show," said he.

That was the last said of the charity entertainment until Thursday morning, when Artie, after dusting off his desk, strolled up to Miller and gave him a friendly blow, known to ringside patrons as a "kidney-punch."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Miller.

"Well, I goes," said Artie.

"Where?" asked Miller, who had forgotten.

"Where? Well, that's a good thing. To the church show—the charity graft. I didn't do a thing but push my face in there about eight o'clock last night, and I was 'it' from the start. Say, I like that church, and if they'll put in a punchin'-bag and a plunge they can have my game, I'll tell you those."

"Did you see Mrs. Morton?"

"How's that, boy? Did I see her? Say, she treated me out o' sight. She meets me at the door, puts out the glad hand and says: 'Hang up your lid and come into the game.'"

"I never heard her talk like that," suggested Miller.

"Well, that's what she meant. She's all right, too, and the only wonder to me is how she ever happened to tie herself up to that slob. It's like hitchin' up a four-time winner 'longside of a pelter. He ain't in her class, not for a minute, or a part of a minute. What kills me off is how all these dubs make their star winnin's. W'y, out there last night I see the measliest lot o' jays—regular Charley-boys — floatin' around with queens. I wish somebody'd tell me how they cop 'em out. Don't it kill you dead to see a swell girl — you know, a regular peach — holdin' on to some freak with side whiskers and thinking she's got a good thing? That's right. She thinks he's all right. Anyway, she acts the part. And say, you know Percival, that works over in the bank — little Percy, the perfect lady. There's a guy I've known for five years, and so help me, if he gets on a streetcar where I am, I get off and walk. That ain't no lie. I pass him up. I say, 'You're all right, Percy, and you can take the car to yourself,' and then I duck."

"Was he there?"

"The whole thing! That ain't no kid. He was the real papa — the hit o' the piece. One on each arm, see? — and puttin' up the large, juicy con talk. They was beauts, too; you couldn't beat 'em, not in a thousand years. There they was, holdin' to this wart. Up goes my hands in the air, and I says to myself, 'Percy, you're all right. I wouldn't live on the same street with you, but you're all right at that.' But he couldn't see me."

"Couldn't see you?"

"No, he lost his eyesight. He looked at me, but he was too busy to see me. No, he had on his saucy coat and that touch-me-not necktie, and oh, he was busy! He wasn't doin' a thing. I think I'll give the bank a line on Percy. Any man that wears that kind of a necktie hadn't ought to handle money. But you ought to seen the two he had. I'd like to know how he does it. I had a notion to go up to one o' the girls and say: 'What's the matter? Ain't you ever seen any others?'"

"Did you like the show?" asked Miller.

"It's this way. They liked it, and so"—with a wave of the hand —"let 'em have it. If they put the same turns on at any variety house the people'd tear down the buildin', tryin' to get their coin back. Mrs. Morton got me a good seat and then backcapped the show a little before it started up, so I didn't expect to be pulled out o' my chair — and I wasn't. If I'd been near the door I'd 'a' sneaked early in the game, but, like a farmer, I let her put me way up in front. I saw I was up against it, so I lasted the best way I could. Two or three o' the songs was purty fair, but the woman that trifled with the piano for about a half an hour was very much on the bummy bum. Then there was a guy called an entertainer, that told some o' the gags that I used to hear when my brother took me to the old Academy and held me on his lap. But he got 'em goin', just the same. 'Well, I says to myself,' 'what'd a couple o' hot knockabouts do to this push?' On the dead, I don't believe any o' them people out there ever saw a good show. It just goes to prove that there's lots of people with stuff that think they know what's goin' on in town, but they don't. I ain't got no kick coming, only it was a yellow show, and I'm waitin' for forty-five cents change."

"I should think you would have got the worth of your money simply by seeing so many good-looking gorls," said Miller.

"The girls are all right, only I think they're a little slow on picking the right kind. If I had time I'd go over to that church and make a lot o' them Rubes look like thirty-cent pieces. Not that I'm strong on the con talk, but I know I'd be in it with them fellows. I think it must be a case of nerve. That's all there is to 'em—is nerve. But the girls — wow!"

"Beauties, eh?"

"Lollypaloozers!"

THE MARTIANS

Initial Chapters of Du Maurier's New Novel.

The literary topic of the moment is "The Martians," Du Maurier's new novel. In the October "Harper's" the first installment is given, and the very first lines betray the author of "Trilby." The same power, charm and exaggeration are there. The reader has that sense of sincerity and sweetness, of wholehearted tenderness which pervaded that idyll of the Quartier Latin. The delicate flavor, so incommunicable, so mysterious, is caught again in the description of Barty Josselin, who is evidently the hero. The writer begins at the beginning. We are told of Barty's immediate ancestry, of how his father, Lord Runswick, married his mother, "the famous Antoinette Josselin," of the "Bouffes," of how the lad was left an orphan, and of how he was brought to Monsieur Brossard's school. There he throws his spell upon the other pupils instantaneously, and there the reader watches him wooing the masters, dancing jigs and singing songs for the women in the "lingerie," or, in less happy moments, "defending himself with his two British fists against Dugit, a big boy with whiskers, who had him by the collar and was kicking him to rights." Josselin was perpetually being kicked to rights, but apparently it was most often in an encounter of his own seeking. Whether this was the case or not, meant little to Barty and less to the boys. They adored him either way; when Jolivet blacked his eye he seemed sorry for it with more genuineness in his sorrow than is customary with schoolboys. Everybody at the Institution F. Brossard adored Josselin, and they had the same reason that must be given after a perusal of the first chapters of his history. It is impossible to help it. To be sure, he wrote "Sardonyx" and "Motes in a Moonbeam," and other masterpieces over which, Mr. Du Maurier assures us, the world has gone quite mad. Besides, he was beautiful as Apollo, strong, clever, amusing—a thousand things. What do they all amount to in comparison with the mere fact that he was adorable?

In the course of the succeeding chapters Barty develops into a great writer and a great man. But here he is from the pen of the creator:

"In the first place, his beauty was absolutely angelic, as will be readily believed by all who have known him since. The mere sight of him as a boy made people pity his father and mother for being dead!

"Then he had a charming gift of singing little French and English ditties, comic or touching, with his delightful fresh young pipe, and accompanying himself quite nicely on either piano or guitar without really knowing a note of music. Then he could draw caricatures that we boys thought inimitable, much funnier than Cham's or Bertall's or Gavarni's, and collected and treasured up. I have dozens of them now. They make me laugh still, and bring back memories of which the charm is indescribable; and their pathos, to me!"

The engraving of Du Maurier which prefaces the October "Harper's" is an admirable piece of work, as fine a woodcut as the magazine has ever had. The execution of the author's drawings are reproduced with a care and fineness of effect which are the perfection of mechanical execution.

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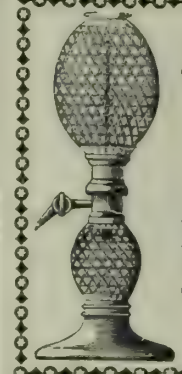

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The San Francisco Chronicle says:—There is no doubt that the favorite dictionary in the United States is Webster's International. It has many competitors but it is generally accepted as the best dictionary for Americans to use. It seems to be equally esteemed in other English-speaking countries.—Dec. 11, 1895.

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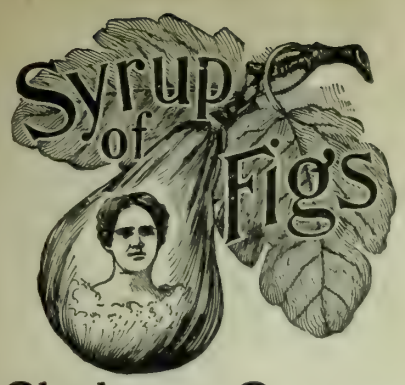

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

Johnstone Bennett's Man "Maid"—The Influence of Colors.

Women who try to be proud of their own sex have always resented the fact that the best cooks, dressmakers and milliners, are male ones, and now—oh, agony! there comes a clever creature of their own sex (Johnstone Bennett by name) with the paradoxical assertion that the best maids are men also. "Female maids," she asserts, "are more trouble than they are worth; they are just so much extra baggage. I do not see anything eccentric in a woman having a valet. She has bags, umbrellas and wraps to be carried. A maid has her hands full to transport her precious self. A maid is no good in a crowd. You have to spend most of your time finding her. She can't make a way for you in a crush. She can't attend to getting seats, checking baggage, and a thousand of the things that have to be done in travel. She does not know how. The extra help a woman has actually to hire costs more than the maid's salary. A maid is, in most cases, dressy, pompous, and has affairs. My valet has none of these faults. He is alert, clever, well-trained, and not afraid of work." He certainly is discreet, this valet, for the only statement the newspapers can get out of him is that he "thinks it is not usual" for a lady to have a valet, "even in France." "The only parallel to this case," says the New York Journal, and, of course, the Examiner, "is that of a once well-known actor, who for several years kept a maid — a tall, angular, harsh-visaged person, with a jaw like Sullivan, and shoulders like those of a hotel porter."

* * *

English five-o'clock teas are growing more substantial. Light wines and a delicate vegetable salad, with mayonnaise, are now frequently served at them. This is possibly because bicyclists often drop in, and it is hungry work pedaling, as everybody knows. Some new sandwiches evolved for the function, when it really becomes a bicycle tea, are mushrooms, daintily cooked and pressed between thin slices of white or brown bread and butter. Sometimes a salad of tomatoes, cucumbers and bananas, sliced and dressed with cream and lemon juice, is also seen on the "tea" buffet.

* * *

Who will persuade the short, stout woman that the bolero and Eton jackets, with the clasping ceintures or girdles which accompany them, and are now so much worn, are not for her? It is pathetic the way women make themselves unattractive by studying other women's clothes instead of their own. Every woman who has reached the age of twenty-five has achieved by accident or intention some time in her life a becoming toilet. It may have been piecemeal — a hat that specially suited her, a gown that her friends spoke of, a jacket or mantle that she knew she looked well in — let her remember the combination and forever dress on that model. It must be modified and adapted to the prevailing style, but a little care will do this, and in these days of infinite variety of fabric and garniture it is easy to avoid monotony.

* * *

It is claimed that color exercises a potent influence over the human race. The mystics believe that every person is surrounded by an aureole of a color pertaining to his or her nature. We are told that blue, the color of heaven, indicates the purest soul; purple also ranks high in the scale; and pink and red indicate grossness, immorality, materiality. Balzac seems to have held certain ideas as to the influence of color upon human beings, and averred that he could tell the disposition of a woman by the colors she affected. Thus, he declared that a fondness for white marked the coquette; that romantic and amiable women affected pink, and that the woman with a predilection for green and orange was sure to have a quarrelsome disposition; that beauties who had passed their first youth were inclined to lilac and purple; that those of a melancholy disposition were disposed to wear gray, and that the persons who always wore black, unless they were in mourning, were sure to be of a suspicious and quarrelsome nature. According to this theory, red and yellow are excitants; green and blue, bilious; orange, fiery; gray, melancholy; and lilac, quiet and unostentatious.

* * *

Time was when the few women who attended a Doncaster race meeting attempted to make their garments and appearance as thoroughly masculine as possible. The long, tight "Newmarket" coat, with a glimpse of shirt collar and "sporting" necktie beneath, the hard hat, the broad-striped gloves and a big field glass slung across the shoulders were considered the correct style for the September race meeting. This year all this is changed, and the feminine contingent has broken out in all the glorious gew-gaws, the fluffy furbelows and the bewildering beauties of up-to-date womankind.

* * *

The Marchioness of Waterford recently gave out invitations for a garden party, and put a notice in a local paper to the effect that gentlemen need not wear high hats unless they so desired. Now this is being grand dame and considerate hostess all at the same time. Only a grand dame would have dared to fly in the face of Mrs. Grundy, and only a considerate hostess would have noticed the needless misery inflicted on the male animal when he has to take care of a high hat and essay to be interesting to the sex at one and the same time.

* * *

Sir Guy Campbell's sister has started a new profession for ladies — that of present-choosing. She has set up a dainty house, where she is at home three afternoons a week, and keeps a selection of dainty treasures. She also purchases for country clients, and is an expert in antiques. She prides herself on taking as much trouble over choosing a small gift as a costly one.

* * *

Several of our leading manufacturers are planning to push their wheels in England next season. Most of the American bicycles sold in England this season were bought by the class of people who in a measure set the fashion. While good wheels are made in England, one becomes prejudiced against them if he rents one for use in a little town. Most of the rented wheels are of Elizabethan vintage, and a rider is likely to feel as if he were mounted on a threshing machine, and to remember with regret his light-running American roadster far, far away. I once rode into Oxford on the wheel which William the Conqueror rode. I found his initials on the handle-bar. The honor and distinction were not appreciated.

* * *

Subjects for gossip in London are rather scarce just now, which is perhaps the reason why the matrimonial prospects of Mr. Astor and Sir Robert Peel are being so vigorously discussed. Several people have tried to "draw" the Prince of Wales, whose free-and-easy life at Homburg made him more accessible than when here; but he only twinkles his eye, jokes now and then, but commits himself in no way. However, it is pretty freely said that the reason why the German Emperor did not come to Cowes after all — though a meeting with his uncle in August had been arranged many months ago — was on account of his autocratic majesty's wrath at the proposed marriage of Princess Victoria. Whether the alliance actually comes off or not, it is certain that the Prince favors it. The young lady, as I have before told you, had a romance years ago, and may not consent to part with it, hopeless though it be. Of the "affaire Peel" you have probably heard the latest. Despite Lord Ashton's indignant denial, the fair Geraldine was on the eve of consenting to an engagement, when a letter — supposed to be written by Mrs. Langtry — upset her equanimity very considerably. It was probably a hoax, but she showed it to papa, hence the tears. Sir Robert's fate is almost enough to be a warning to gilded youths with a penchant for actresses, since to be made utterly ridiculous is a nemesis which they are capable of appreciating.

"And do you love me as well as ever, John?" the wife asked of her somewhat testy husband, after they had made up, subsequent to what is usually termed "a little tiff."

"Why, of course I do, and better."

"Are you sure, darling?"

"Sure? Of course I am. Hang it, don't I tell you so?"

"Yes, but you are not deceiving me?"

"Certainly not. What do you want to aggravate a man for?"

"I am not aggravating you."

"Yes you are, and I tell you plainly that I love you madly, and if you ask me that question again, I'm blessed if I don't go out and stay out altogether. I love you dearly, and now shut up, or it will be worse for you. Asking me if I love you, when I do to distraction! Get out, you idiot!"

Wife subsides, highly delighted.

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Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
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Removal Sale
The whole of my stock at 1212-18 Market Street is now for sale at an immense reduction from the usual prices, before removal to
New Store, 721 Market Street
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Suits to Order from $10 Trousers to Order from $3
CHAS. LYONS, London Tailor

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Stationery, Printing, Bookbinding
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WORKS, LINCOLN CAL.

A NEGRO POET

The latest of W. D. Howells' literary discoveries is a negro poet. It is Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing a volume of his verse. In the introduction Mr. Howells says that Dunbar is the only "man of pure African blood and American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically." He adds: "It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness."

Ere Sleep Comes Down to Soothe the Weary Eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
Which all the day with ceaseless care have sought
The magic gold which from the seeker flies;
Ere dreams put on the gown and cap of thought,
And make the waking world a world of lies—
Of lies most palpable, uncouth, forlorn,
That say life full of aches and tears and sighs.
Oh, how with more than dreams the soul is torn
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
How all the griefs and heartaches we have known
Come up like pois'nous vapors that arise
From some base witch's cauldron, when the crone
To work some potent spell, her magic plies.
The past which held its share of bitter pain,
Whose ghost we prayed that Time might exorcise,
Comes up, is lived and suffered o'er again,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
What phantoms fill the dimly lighted room;
What ghostly shades in awe-creating guise
Are bodied forth within the teeming gloom.
What echoes faint of sad and soul-sick cries,
And pangs of vague indefinable pain
That pay the spirit's ceaseless enterprise,
Come thronging thro' the chambers of the brain,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Accountability.

Folks ain't got no right to censuah uthar folks about dey habits;
Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fu' de rabbits.
Him dat built de grea' big mountains hollered out de little valleys,
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't 'shamed to make de alleys.

We is all constructed diff'rent, d'aint no two of us de same;
We can't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes, ef we'se bad we didn't to blame.
Ef we'se good, we needn't show off, case you bet it ain't ouah doin',
We gets into su'ttain channels dat we jes' caint he'p pu'suin'.

But we all fits into places dat no othar ones end fill,
An' we does the things we has to, big er little, good or ill.
John cain't tek de place o' Henry, Su an' Sally ain't alike;
Bass ain't nuthin' like a suckah, chub ain't nuthin' like a pike.

When you come to think about it, how it's all planned out it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, 'dout hit's somefin' dat's intended;
Don't keer whut you does, you has to, an' hit sholy beats de dickens—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah's chickens.

A Creed and Not a Creed.

I am no priest of crooks nor creeds,
For human wants and human needs
Are more to me than prophets' deeds;
And human tears and human cares
Affect me more than human prayers.

Go, cease your wail, lugubrious saint!
You fret high Heaven with your plaint.
Is this the "Christian's joy" you paint?
Is this the Christian's boasted bliss?
Avails your faith no more than this?

Take up your arms, come out with me,
Let Heav'n alone; humanity
Needs more and Heaven less from thee.
With pity for mankind look 'round;
Help them to rise—and Heaven is found.

A Colorado belle, who was taking the waters at Kissingen when Bismarck was there, one day walked straight up to him, as American girls will when they have made up their mind to do a thing, and said: "I am going home to-day; may I shake hands with you?" She took his offered hand, and attempted to kiss it, but he promptly withdrew it, saying, "In Kissingen we do not kiss hands," and the scarcely displeased damsel received a chaste salute upon her lips.

If one drinks beer it is important to select the very best that can be had, and this can be found only in the brews of the famous Bartholomay Brewery Company of Rochester. The Knickerbocker Brand possesses exquisite properties and is the favorite among connoisseurs. Purity and healthfulness have ever been the aim of these manufacturers, and they have succeeded in making this brew the favorite among first-class consumers, and have supplanted the popular brews of a few years ago. Messrs. William Wolff & Co. are selling it as fast as it can be supplied from the great establishment in the East, and its fine properties are a revelation to the people of California.

MATRIMONIAL TALES

The Usual Result.

"I found myself dead broke at home one evening and I needed a little change," explained the lawyer. "I asked my wife for $5 and she immediately wanted to know what she got out of it."

"Good business instinct," commented the banker. "She realized that she had the money market temporarily cornered. Very clever indeed—for a woman."

"I told her I'd bring her home $25 the following night if she'd let me have $5 that evening," continued the lawyer, "and she was delighted."

"Naturally," returned the banker. "The rate was usurious."

"'I need $25 so much,' she exclaimed, 'and I've been wondering how I was going to get it. Be sure you don't forget to bring it home.'

"'I won't,' I said. 'Where's the V?'

"'The V!' she exclaimed. 'Oh, I'll give that to you out of the $25, if you're mean enough to take it. I haven't a cent now.'"

"Well?" said the banker inquiringly.

"Oh, you're married and don't need to have the story finished," returned the lawyer. "You know very well that she got the $25 and I got eternally and everlastingly left in the transaction, as a man almost invariably does when he enters into financial negotiations with his wife."—Chicago Times-Herald.

It Worked.

The young man was bringing to bear all his limited attainments as a contortionist in his efforts to see around the tall, wide hat worn by the sweet girl in front of him.

The young woman whom he was accompanying saw him and pitied him.

Then a knowing smile passed over her face and she leaned over and whispered loudly enough for the girl with the big hat to hear:

"What a lovely hat that girl in front of us has on!"

He looked fierce, but said nothing, and the owner of the hat stared straight ahead with a pleased expression.

"What a pity it is," the young woman resumed, with a knowing look, "that she doesn't know it isn't on straight."

The girl in front made a convulsive grab and shifted the hat on one side. Then it didn't feel right and she shoved it away over the other side, only to hear in a commiserating stage whisper behind her:

"Poor thing! She'll never get it straight now."

It was too much. The girl in front reached up with a resolute hand, took off the hat and laid it in her lap, while the young man cast a glance at his companion which was eloquent with undying admiration and eternal gratitude.—N. Y. Times.

Received His Blessing.

Good Minister (a married man)—Do you wish to marry this woman?
Man—I do.
Minister—Do you wish to marry this man?
Woman—I do.
Minister—Do you like the city as a place of residence?
Man—No, I prefer the suburbs.
Minister—Do you like the suburbs?
Woman—No, indeed; I prefer the city.
Minister—Are you a vegetarian in diet?
Man—No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef.
Woman—I can't bear meat. I am a vegetarian.
Minister—Do you like a sleeping room well ventilated?
Man—Yes; I want the window down summer and winter.
Minister—Do you like so much fresh air?
Woman—No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed.
Minister—Do you like a light in the room?
Man—No; can't sleep with a light; want the room dark.
Minister—Are you afraid in the dark?
Woman—Indeed, I am. I have always had a bright light in my room.
Minister—Do you like many bed clothes?
Man—All I can pile on.
Minister—Do you?
Woman—No; they suffocate me.
Minister—I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may every blessing and happiness in life be yours.

No Wonder.

"You look thin and careworn, Tadley," said the man in the russet shoes.

"Insomnia!" replied Tadley, with a groan.

"Insomnia?" repeated the man in the russest shoes. Oh! come now, a man with no more than you have to worry him doesn't get insomnia."

"It's the baby that's got it," explained Tadley, as he stepped off the ferryboat and resumed his struggle with life.—World.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

"The Overland Limited," via Union Pacific, takes only three and a half days to Chicago, and only four and a half days to New York.

The Union Pacific is the only line running Pullman double drawing-room sleepers and dining cars, San Francisco to Chicago, daily, without change, and composite buffet smoking and library cars between Salt Lake City, Ogden and Chicago. Only one change of sleepers to New York; dining car service the entire distance.

Upholstered Pullman tourist sleepers San Francisco to Chicago daily without change. Personally conducted tourist excursions to St. Paul and Chicago every Friday.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at general office, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Reservations secured in advance by all Trans-Atlantic steamship lines. Tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, San Francisco.

FINEST ON THE MARKET

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
EEL RIVER CREAMERY
SEE THAT THIS STAMP IS ON END OF SQUARE

A FINE GRAIN DELICIOUS FLAVORED BUTTER
If you appreciate a DELICACY
Ask your Dealer for the BRAND

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.
Monday, October 5th, Mr. Daniel Frohman Presents His Latest Novelty
The Prisoner of Zenda
Direct from the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with the Lyceum cast, scenery, accessories, etc.
The company includes Jas. K. Hackett, Isabel Irving and others
The most brilliant romantic play that has been seen in years!

Columbia Theatre.
CRIDDLE AND GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
For a Limited Engagement of Two Weeks, commencing Monday Evening, October 5th
Wm. A. Brady and A. M. Palmer's Company
In the Greatest Dramatic Triumph of the Age, the Magnificent, Deeply-absorbing and World-famous
TRILBY
Play in four acts, by Paul M. Potter
Based on George DuMaurier's Novel
By arrangement with Harper & Bros.
As produced at Mr. Palmer's Garden Theatre, New York
Reserved Seats, 25, 50, 75c. and $1.
October 19th, TOWN TOPICS

Orpheum
O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL
Week Commencing Monday, Oct. 5
A Great Musical and Vaudeville Treat. Re-engagement for One Week Only of the Famous
Royal Hawaiian Band and Glee Club
under the Leadership of PROF. J. S. LIBORNIO, the Greatest Saxophone Soloist in the World
Gertie Cochran, the Child Memory Wonder
C. H. Unthan, the Armless Celebrity
Richard Pitrot, in New Local Impersonations
Reserved seats 25c, balcony 10c; box seats and opera chairs 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday
Special Matinee Labor Day, Monday Oct. 5: The regular Vaudeville Show and the Hawaiian Band.

Alcazar Theatre
O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL
BELASCO, DOANE & JORDAN, Lessees and Mgrs.
LAST PERFORMANCES OF "SCHOOL"
Rose Matinee To-day at 2 p.m.
Monday Evening, October 5th, the Funniest of Farcical Comedies
MARRIED LIFE
Cast includes all our Best Comedians
Preceded by Sydney Grundy's One-Act Comeditta
IN HONOR BOUND
Prices: 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday: 15c, 25c and 35c.
Telephone Black 991. Secure seats in advance

THE : CHUTES, : CASINO
And Greatest Scenic Railway on Earth
Open Daily from 1 to 11 p.m.
The funniest sight ever seen is Delmar, the Man Frog Hopping Down the Chutes. Evenings at 10 o'clock
In the open air, MULLEN SISTERS, Cornetists; the AMMATOSCOPE, and a THREE MILE BICYCLE RACE
Special! Sunday Afternoon: Baloon Ascension and Parachute Drop by C. A. Vosmer
ADMISSION 10 CTS.
Children, including Merry-Go-Round Ride, Five Cents

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M. M. ADLER, Prop.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . .

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

Sunset Limited

will be

Resumed in November

Tuesdays and Saturdays
From San Francisco
Initial Trip Nov. **7**

Mondays and Thursdays
From New Orleans
Initial Trip Nov. **9**

Residents of California and elsewhere in the West, who have planned for Eastern tours previous to the date named, should keep in mind the important fact that the return trip can be arranged for the SUNSET LIMITED without additional cost. A trip across the continent via the popular Sunset Route, in a Pullman vestibuled train of palatial elegance, provided with every comfort and luxury that can be suggested for the inner as well as the outer man, is a good fortune that falls but rarely to the average lot. Don't forget this when purchasing your ticket.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska 9 a.m. July 3, 13, 18, 28, August 2, 12, 27.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S. S. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz Altata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th of each month thereafter.
Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

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6 DAYS TO HONOLULU BY S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, Oct. 20 1896, at 10 a.m.
S. S. "Mariposa," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, October 15, 1896 at 2 p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in cash - -	$1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1895 - -	30,727,586 59
Reserve Fund - - - - - -	750,000 00
Guaranteed Capital - - - - -	1,200,000 00

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San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits June 30, 1896 -	$23,657,219
Paid Up Capital and Surplus -	1,594,085

ALBERT MILLER, Pres. E. B. POND, Vice-Pres.
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Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

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Fire Insurance Co.
of Aix La Chapelle, Germany
Capital, $2,250,000.00
Total Assets, $6,854,683.65
United States Department
204 Sansome Street

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

BIDS

FOR

Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 11, 1896.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite Grant for the year beginning November 1, 1896, and ending October 1, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coach house on Georgia Avenue for stage headquarters.

Third—For rental of hotel, outbuildings and grounds at Glacier Point and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before

Monday, October 12, 1896

at 12 o'clock M., at office of Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF FRED LARSEN, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of FRED LARSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 21, 1896.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

510 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.,

Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 53
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 7, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 12, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Nov. 2, 1896

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 79
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied September 1, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 5, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.

Assessment No. 24
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 2, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 8, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 29, 1895

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

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323-325 Market St., S. F.

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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,

of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

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For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

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Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated . . . . . .

Peruvian Bitters

THE WAVE CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1896

By special arrangement with the Publishers, THE WAVE is prepared to offer the following list

SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE

THE WAVE and	CENTURY	$6 00
" "	ARENA	5 00
" "	LITTELL'S LIVING AGE	7 75
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" "	SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE	5 00
" "	REVIEW OF REVIEWS	4 50
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" "	FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE	4 90
" "	PUCK	6 50
" "	JUDGE	6 50
" "	LIFE	7 00
" "	LIFE'S COMEDY	3 50
" "	LESLIE'S WEEKLY	5 70
" "	DEMOREST MAGAZINE	4 00
" "	SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN	5 00
" "	SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN SUPPLEM'T	6 50
" "	N. Y. DAILY SUN	8 00
" "	" SUNDAY "	4 50
" "	CASSELL MAGAZINE	3 75
" "	ARGOSY	3 50
" "	PUBLIC OPINION	4 50
" "	SUNDAY WORLD	4 75
" "	CRITIC	5 50
" "	FORUM	5 00
"	NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW	6 50
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" "	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	6 25
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" "	BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE	6 25
" "	TRUTH	6 25
" "	DELINEATOR	3 50
" "	VOGUE	5 50
" "	TOWN TOPICS	7 50
" "	DAILY JOURNAL	5 00
" "	SUNDAY JOURNAL	3 75
" "	ILLUS. AMERICAN	5 75

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

O'Neill Danut in his journal of "Irish Life" tells this tale of a contested election in the Green Isle: When Mr. Hemphill was canvassing Cashel he found that a party of electors, known as "commoners," numbering some thirteen or fourteen, were notoriously corrupt and always sold their vote to the highest bidder. Their usual price was $100 per vote. Hemphill requested the priest to preach on the sin of trafficking on the franchise, and the priest complied and denounced corrupt trafficking in votes as a mortal sin. The next day Hemphill met one of the commoners, and, anxious to learn what effect the sermon had produced on these venal gentlemen, he asked the man whether he had been at mass on the previous day. "I was, your Honor." "Was not that sermon on bribery excellent?" "It was an elegant sermon, your Honor." "Will it do good, do you think?" "I think it will make the election run very close, your Honor." "How so?" "Why, we always got $100 for a vote before we knew it was a sin; but, as his reverence says we'll be damned for selling our votes, we can't for the future take less than $200."

A strange recontre was that which occurred recently at the meeting of the Bimetallic League at McMinnville, eastern Oregon. It is the custom there for the delegates to mingle freely with one another, whether previously acquainted or not, just to promote cordiality. Among the guests of honor was a handsome man of forty, whom the chairman was introducing as Mr. Booth of McMinnville, who was made known as "Mr. Booth, the son of the Sheriff who hanged John Brown, of Ossawatomie, at Harper's Ferry." All of which caused people to take more than a common interest in Mr. Booth. Finally Mr. Booth was introduced to a man of excellent appearance, whose name was Solomon Brown. After the introduction, Mr. Booth and Mr. Brown chatted very pleasantly for a minute or two. "Mr. Booth," said Mr. Brown, "was it your father who hanged John Brown at Harper's Ferry?" "Yes," said Mr. Booth. "He was Sheriff at that time, and it was his duty to officiate at the execution. No relative of yours, I hope?" "Only my father," was the quiet reply.

General Thiebault in his memoirs tells this story of Junot, afterwards Marshall, then a gunner at Toulouse. He was supping with some comrades near the batteries, in a tent which I think they shared, when a shell from the fort fell in the middle of the tent and was about to burst in the hole which it had made in the ground. By the gun's red glare and Was running away. When Junot, seizing a glass, exclaimed, "To the memory of those of us who are going to perish!" How far the wine had any influence on the effect his words produced I know not; but all stopped, took up their glasses and remained motionless till the shell exploded. One fell dead, and the others tossing off their bumpers cried: "To the memory of a hero!"

A Nonconformist minister, who had given evidence in a case before the court, and had from time to time kept interjecting casual observations, to which the judge would pay no attention, happened to come across one of the judges at the hotel where he was staying. Stalking up to him he said, "Now, sir, as you have left the bench, you can talk to me." "I beg your pardon," replied the judge courteously, "but now that I have left the bench I absolutely decline to talk to you." Which was nasty for the minister.

It is a good, if oft-told tale, that of Montalembert, the devout Catholic, and of Sainte-Beuve, the uncompromising unbeliever, who met at a Paris garden party, both doubled up, literally, with the acute pain resulting from a chronic malady. "Pray, what is your complaint?" asked Montalembert of Sainte-Beuve. "The same as yours," was Sainte-Beuve's answer. And the writer added: "It was inflicted upon me as a punishment for my sins, and bestowed upon you in reward of your virtues."

One of Lincoln's stories, says the "Youth's Companion," quoted by Noah Brooks, tells of a soldier who, at the close of a severe engagement, being badly wounded, was being carried to the rear, when he espied a sutler woman hawking some very tough-looking pies. "I say, old lady," called the soldier, who may have come from a Massachusetts "shoe town," "are those pies sewed or pegged?"

Sergeant Arabin, renowned in the London Criminal Courts for his "bulls," once told a prisoner before him at the Central Criminal Court that "if there was a clearer case of a man robbing his master, that case was this case." After passing sentence on this man the Sergeant said to him, "I therefore give you the opportunity of redeeming a character irredeemably lost!"

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THE WAVE

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A DIVINE HEALER

BROTHER SCHRADER BLESSING THE MULTITUDE See page 7

From a Flashlight Photograph by B. C. Towne

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LABOR AND FREE SILVER.

"Did you ever hear of an employer who objected to a reduction of wages?" shouts the demagogic noise-maker, who insults the cause of silver. "Do you suppose the owners of railroads and large factories would be against free silver if they thought it was true that wages would go down? Not much. They know wages will go up, and that is what worries them." This is about the style of "give him the devil" argument that the advocates of free silver are employing with labor, and doubtless it carries great weight with small and disgruntled minds; but any man who reads and understands the English language must also understand that this kind of argument is the cheapest character of claptrap. The fellow who gives voice to utterances such as these must hold the intelligence of labor in very light esteem. He must know, and labor must understand, there can be no financial policy adopted by this Government that can benefit him, and not at the same time benefit his employer and all the rest of America. He must know that no disastrous and ruinous policy can be adopted by the Government to the injury and perhaps ruin of his employer that will not also similarly injure and ruin labor.

Let us admit that the great employers of men would welcome a reduction of wages. Then you must also admit these same employers would not welcome a reduction of earnings. They may be willing enough to obtain cheaper labor, but they would not be anxious to secure it at the expense of their own incomes, profits and dividends. This free silver movement affects the rich employer and the manager whose mind directs quite as disastrously as it affects the man with brawny arm and skilled hand who executes. They are in the same boat. The manufacturer and employer—and we do no violence to imagination to presume that he is a man of education and some understanding—has studied this question for himself and decided against it. He has concluded—and, strange to say, men of brains who have concluded otherwise are rare—that silver will not rise to a parity with gold under free coinage. He understands that if it does not rise to a parity with gold, gold will go out of circulation, and our money will be silver money and silver money only. He knows that no man but a congenital idiot would dream of paying him in gold, and to the extent that silver fails to increase in value so will his income diminish.

As he will receive depreciated dollars for his goods, his wares and his merchandise, he must pay labor in the same depreciated money for its services. In this way labor must suffer with him. He does not gain anything by a reduction of wages if his diminished income comes concurrently with it. Although he will receive from his patrons the same number of dollars and the same weight of money, and will pay to his employees just as much per day or per week as he does to-day, the dollar that he will receive and the dollar that he will then pay will not be as good a dollar as the dollar of to-day. He is alarmed at the outlook, and well he may be.

In figuring out results, he finds this condition of affairs: His monthly labor account amounts to $25,000. His personal monthly profit is $2,000. If we have free coinage he still pays out $25,000 monthly, and he still receives $2,000 profit. But the dollar he then receives and the dollar he then pays for labor has shrunk in value in the markets of the world. If bullion values remain as they are to-day, his income will be shrunk one-half, and the wages of his laborers will have shrunk in like proportion and to the same extent.

The chairman of the Free Silver party of California recognizes this condition. He says that the American manufacturer cannot compete with cheap Japanese labor because Japanese labor is paid in a dollar that has depreciated 50 per cent. in the markets of the world. Heretofore in the history of American affairs, to meet the cheap labor competition of foreign countries, it has been the custom to place a high tariff upon the handiwork of the cheap and underpaid foreign craftsman. But the chairman of the Silver Convention of California does not believe in protective tariffs. He says: "The remedy will not be found in tariff schedules," and suggests that we scale down the purchasing power of our dollar to the level of the Japanese dollar. Manifestly, this is a cunningly devised means of reducing American wages and increasing Japanese wages to a point where competition will be possible. Labor, however jealous of his rights, is to be affected in this transaction quite as much as the manufacturer. The manufacturer, recognizing this, turns to labor and attempts to explain the situation. The opening lines of this article fairly sets forth the manner in which his arguments in this behalf are met.

The silver man, however, has a remedy for this condition of affairs. He declares that prices "will go up" under free coinage. Then let us regard for the moment the situation from that point of view. If prices do "go up" it will be because the merchant and the manufacturer will be unwilling to take the dollar of free coinage for a thing he is now willing to part with for a standard dollar of to-day. So, in lowering the standard of our money, in scaling down its value, we will obtain for a given commodity more of the things we will then call dollars than we do now of the things we now call dollars. The dollar of that day will not be worth as much as the dollar of to-day. The silver men admit that. They say the present dollar is an inflated, a gold, a 200-cent dollar. So, manifestly, we will not have increased the value of our commodities or added anything to wages, but will simply have readjusted the values of wages and commodities to the new standard of measurement. We might, by a somewhat similar process, increase the value of textile fabrics. Should we by legislation say that hereafter a yard should contain four and one-half feet, we might say that silk and cotton goods had gone up in value, because no man would sell a yard of goods containing four and one-half feet for as low a price as he will now sell us a yard containing only three feet. So prices would go up.

Conceding, for the purpose of this argument, that the laborer should secure more of these free coinage dollars for his services, and the manufacturer would charge more of these dollars for his goods;—how would labor be benefited? The history of silver shows that it is a fluctuating metal. How are you to adjust wages to its varying values? The manufacturer and merchant may mark up their goods at a moment's notice; but how about labor? Labor will declare, in fact it has already declared, that we may not base our prophecies as to the future condition of American labor under free coinage on conditions known to exist in other silver countries; because American labor is thoroughly organized for self-protection, which is not the case in Mexico, Japan or elsewhere. Conceding this to be true, labor unions must have a financial knowledge vouchsafed to a few men if they would fully protect their followers under free coinage. The value of the silver dollar will fluctuate from day to day, and from week to week. There can be no measure by which one may set the value upon wages except gold, and you come back finally to the gold basis without (mark you, without) any assurance that the dollar will remain at the value at which it is received. Labor might regulate the schedule of its wages on a sliding scale to correspond with the rise and fall of silver, but even if it could accomplish this it would not be insured against the shrinkage in value after the wages came into its possessoin. The rise and fall of silver under our present scheme of coinage does not affect our coined silver dollar, but it does affect the value of money in every free silver country in the world. The owner of bullion is to-day the only man in America who is affected by the fluctuations of silver values. Free coinage will shift the burden of these fluctuations to money itself and the losses will fall upon the man who has the coin. How, then, will labor gain by this transaction? He will lose by it just as his employer loses, more so, in fact, and will besides be confronted with a long list of vexatious and irritating problems looking to the adjustment of wages to the new and varying conditions. Certainly, no reasonable man can regard such a prospect with favor. None but a contentious man would seek such an era of unrest. If there is any one thing labor wants it is a fixed and permanent standard by which it may measure the value of its services, and the laborer should be as determined to secure this standard as is his employer, indeed, even more so.

But there is still another shot in the silver locker to delude labor.

Mary Lease and Mr. Bryan and some other good people who are deeply versed in the science of money insist that silver under free coinage will go to a parity with gold. They do not, and they cannot, point to a historical fact or illustration to justify this very serious and happy conclusion; but they can and they do repeat it very loudly and very often. But this alone, even the silver noise-maker must admit cannot make it so.

But suppose this condition does come about—and a greater absurdity never received consideration at the hands of an intelligent people—how is it going to benefit labor? To attain this parity these people propose to take one metal, silver, and lift it up in value to an extent greater than our entire national debt; and they propose to take another metal, gold, and pull it down, diminishing its value all over the world until a present convenient ratio of 32 to 1 shall become a world-wide ratio of 16 to 1. All this is to be accomplished by permitting the bullion owner to take to the mints 53 cents' worth of silver and have it coined into a dollar and stamped one hundred cents. Added to this the bullion owner is to have the further privilege of compelling us to accept as 100 cents the dollar which has cost him but 53 cents. *Will* some laboring man tell us where in all this unhappy transaction, he is to receive a particle of benefit, or where in all this performance there is created a demand for the silver dollar sufficient to cause it to practically double in intrinsic value?

BRYAN AND THE FACTS.

There is one phase of Orator Bryan's character coming well to the front in this campaign. It is a trick, characteristic of a cheap intellect attempting to bolster up a weak cause. He is given very largely to interspersing his speeches with quotations from the utterances of prominent Americans now dead, in the hope that he may create the impression that these men, who are held in high esteem, agreed, when living, with the wild doctrines of free silver which he is now advocating. Nothing is further from the truth. Of course there is, and can be, no objection to Mr. Bryan's citing speeches of America's great statesmen to support his contentions if the facts justified him in doing so; but the trouble with quotations which he cites is that they are all in favor of points which no one disputes and which really have no bearing upon the present financial issue. Of course to a man not fully informed in such matters this trick must carry some weight, but it cannot fail to disgust a thinking man, who has some knowledge of the facts to discover that a candidate for the Presidency of the United States should resort to such a cheap subterfuge to secure votes. We are indebted to the "Pittsburg Dispatch" for the careful collating of these little peculiarities of Mr. Bryan. It says:

"Mr. Bryan is especially fond of quoting Jefferson, and Jefferson declared that the ratio between gold and silver was a mercantile problem only to be determined by the commercial value of the two metals throughout the world, with a preference for gold; and finally Jefferson suspended the coinage of the silver dollar.

He frequently refers to Jackson, and Jackson, besides favoring the coinage act that put the country on a gold basis, set forth in his annual message, as quoted the other day in "The Dispatch," that a depreciation of the currency always inflicts the greatest loss on the laboring masses.

He has quoted from Lincoln several times, and Lincoln's administration set the example of sustaining the credit of the United States by paying the interest on their bonds in gold while the people, by stress of war, were forced to use a depreciated paper currency. Moreover, as these particular quotations are made with especial reference to the use of Federal power to maintain the authority of the United States and suppress interference with interstate commerce and the transmission of the mails, it is pertinent that Lincoln sent over a million United States troops into certain States, without the consent of those States, to re-establish the authority of the United States Government over them.

He has quoted from Blaine and Sherman on the silver question, and has suppressed the fact that the very speeches from which he quoted contained convincing proof that free coinage would put the country on the single silver basis. The attempt is to create the impression that these statesmen once favored free coinage, which is the exact opposite of the truth.

But the climax of this shallow assertion was reached in Mr Bryan's Brooklyn speech, when he made the assertion with language that permitted him to dodge, if confronted with proof to the contrary, that if Henry Ward Beecher were alive he would have championed the silver cause. The fact is, that Beecher was alive when the silver movement was only one-sixth as flagrant an effort for partial repudiation as at present, and all his sympathies and efforts were on the side of sound money."

BRYAN AND BEECHER.

The particular crime of which Mr. Bryan stands guilty in Brooklyn is typical of the man and is an index to his character and his methods. He said in his Brooklyn speech delivered September 23d, in speaking of Henry Ward Beecher:

"I only wish that this distinguished divine whose name

has added to the great fame of your great city were with us to-night that he might again champion the cause of the people in their great fight of to-day."

Doubtless many admirers of Mr. Beecher who are ignorant as to what that gentleman's financial views might have been, were impressed with these apparently sincere utterances. Unfortunately for Mr. Bryan two days later there appeared another speaker in Brooklyn who had some knowledge of Mr. Beecher's financial views, and quoted from a famous sermon delivered by that gentleman on Thanksgiving Day, 1877, which pointed out the perils of fiat money and unlimited paper currency. What Mr Beecher then had to say is worth reading if anyone is curious to know what his attitude would be to-day were he alive:

"Whenever in any nation there is such an attempt to tamper with standards that the moral sense of man is bewildered and liberty is given to unprincipled men at large to cheat, to be unfaithful to obligations, to refuse the payment of honest debts—whenever that takes place it is all the worse if done with the permission of the law! I hate the devil riding on a law worse than I do the devil riding without a law under him. Whoever tampers with established standards tampers with the very marrow and vitality of public faith. * * * The danger into which we are running is hidden under the mystery of finance and the currency. All money is but a representative of property. As now, by facility of intercourse, all the world is one open market, the need of one and the same standard of money, uniform, universal and unalterable becomes imperious! Gold is the world's standard. Gold is the universal measure of value. Other kinds of money there are—silver, copper, paper—but they all must conform to gold and be measured by it, and be interchangeable with it, in fixed and definite proportions. Gold is king in commerce. All other money must represent gold. No vote of Legislature can change the nature of commerce, the nature of property, the nature of its representative in money, or the relative superiority or inferiority of different currencies. Gold came to its supremacy as a representative of property by the long-established consent of mankind. Congress cannot change it for the world, nor even for this nation, except upon past transactions. It may give impunity to men to cheat confiding creditors, but it cannot rule the value of currency in all future transactions. The crime of paying a debt in a currency inferior in value to that in which it was contracted, base at all times and anywhere, has a deeper guilt and a baser infamy in our case. When in our mortal struggle capitalists were solicited to lend their money, to us on the faith of the nation, we were too glad, most grateful for their aid. Then they were not grasping and swollen usurers. Oh, no; they were benefactors! We rejoiced in their bounty and gave thanks for their confiding faith in our national honesty. Now, our dangers past, we revile them, finding no epithets too violent, and strive to pay them, not gold for the gold they lent our misery, but in a dishonest measure of an inferior metal. In the court of the comercial world's conscience we shall be convicted of endeavoring to cheat the men who came to our rescue in the dark day. This Congress would not have existed, nor any Government of the United States, but for the strength given to our armies by foreign capitalists; and now to return their aid by a base treachery is to deserve an infamy as deep as the lowest depths of hell. But woe to those men, bull-headed, without eyes, who are attempting to undermine the integrity and simplicity of the nation."

PROPOSED LABOR LAWS.

Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald has proved one of the few official successes of the Budd administration. He has put life, purpose and energy into the position, and made it what it never has been before—of real value to the laboring men of this State. His organization of a free employment bureau perceptibly decreased the pressure of the unemployed in this city, and his policy has been such as to make his bureau a more popular institution than it has been since its establishment. But Mr. Fitzgerald, we regret to say, is a Socialist. He has a notion that it is the Government's business to regulate all sorts and conditions of things and of men. If the State has a police regulation and has the means of overcoming the evils now existing and sees fit to establish an employment bureau, Mr. Fitzgerald would have it extend its activities in many different directions, interfering with the rights of individuals and setting at naught the value of the contract between employer and employe. He has presented to Governor Budd a budget of bills which he proposes to have introduced at the next legislature. "For the purpose," he says, "of regulating and abolishing many of the evils to which labor has been subjected in the past." There are eighteen of these bills, and all of them are based upon the theory that the State should stand over the employer like some giant with a club, dictating, directing and terrorizing him into obeying the regulations of the State placed upon his business. The individual is the naughty child; the State is the all-wise parent—this is the theory of paternal Government, upon which such labor agitations as Mr. Fitzgerald advocates are based. He would, in this country of freedom, establish a system of State control, a regulation which obtains in Germany, where the Emperor is determined that men shall hold themselves not as independent individuals, but as dependents, dependent upon the great organism the state, at the head of which is the Emperor. From this idea follow State insurance companies, pensions for aged or injured workingmen—an intricate system, from which State ownership must ultimately follow.

We have too many laws upon our statute books now. Our trouble is not lack of legislation, but a superabundance of it. It would be better for this State if the Legislature met but once in four years instead of every two years. It was never intended or expected by the founders of this Government that the State could become the power it is to-day, that our Federal Government, for instance, would be expending over half a billion dollars every year.

The first of Mr. Fitzgerald's bills takes from any municipal corporation in the State the right to command the labor of its employes for more than eight hours in a day. The second bill provides that whenever a labor commissioner may deem it necessary he shall have constructed an impermeable floor of cement in every room used for the manufacture of bread, and that the walls and ceilings shall be whitewashed every three months. The third bill makes it unlawful for any board or commission of the State, or Board of Supervisors, or City Council to award a contract for the performance of public work to any person or corporation who shall have standing against him any unsatisfied judgment for wages due for labor performed. Then Mr. Fitzgerald has a bill providing for the extension of his labor bureau system throughout the various cities of the State.

Number seven is entitled "An Act Fixing the Minimum Rate of Compensation for Labor on Public Work," and that rate is two dollars per day. Another act provides that ten hours' labor shall constitute a day for any person working in a bakery. "An Act to Enforce the Prompt Payment of the Wages of Laborers in Lawful Money of the United States of America," is one which should receive the serious consideration of laboring men touched with the fiat money heresy. It shall be unlawful under this act "for any person, corporation or firm engaged in manufacturing, mining, operating or constructing railroads, or in any other business or enterprise of whatsoever kind in this State, to issue, pay out, or circulate for payment of wages, any order, check, memorandum, token or evidence of indebtedness, unless the same is negotiable and redeemable at its face value, without discount, in cash on demand, at the store or other place of business of such firm, person or corporation where the same was issued; and any such person, corporation or firm which may hereafter issue any such order, check, memorandum, token or other evidence of indebtedness, shall, upon the presentation thereof and demand, redeem the same in lawful money of the United States." This act is intended to strike at what is known as the check system, where employes are paid in labor checks which are good for merchandise at company stores. But if the laboring man who advocates this measure will apply its principles to the money question as it is now agitated, he will find that they are themselves now advocating a currency system which is as dishonest and as full of danger to their interests as the labor check scheme. Another bill provides for the "Remission of Costs in Justices' Courts in Actions to Recover for Personal Services."

Number ten is entitled "An Act to Provide for the Branding of All Articles Manufactured in Prisons," presumably so that laborers on the outside may establish an effectual boycott against the goods made by the State. And the people are asked to make a law providing that every employer shall designate a period of time during each week day for a lunch hour for employes, which shall not be less than forty-five minutes for each meal. And so on through the list. Some of the bills if put into law and enforced might work a benefit to some class or branch of the community. All are based upon the theory that it is the business of the State to regulate the actions of individuals. This is nothing but socialism. We can pass from the bakers to the harnessmakers, and from the harnessmakers to the doctors, and from the doctors to the lawyers; there is no kind of industry which is not susceptible of regulation by the State, possibly with some benefit to the employes or to the community immediately; but it should be clearly understood by those advocating the passage of such measures by the Legislature, that they would commit us to a policy which is anti-American and undemocratic.

SPAIN'S EMBARRASSMENT.

It is with satisfaction that Americans view Spain's present embarrassment, both at home and abroad. The good promise is that Cuba will be free, for both in men and money Spain is poorer to-day than ever in the long centuries of history since she fell away from the Roman Empire. Having sent her young men to die in Cuba from the fever or by the machettes of the Cuban patriots, until the productiveness of the home country has been reduced nearly one-half; having borrowed in large sums from every banker in Europe who would make a loan to them, until now she has been refused further credit; having cut off all revenue from her greatest colony, and estranged the Christian world by her barbarous method of conducting warfare; Spain finds herself, at the close of the nineteenth century, poorer in lands, in resources, in capital and in power, than she has been since the daring Columbus put foot on America four centuries ago. Four centuries of stupidity have reduced her to what she is. Her bourbon masters will not learn, and the prospect is that all her colonies will fall from her, and she will continue to grow smaller and smaller, in territory in wealth and in consequence, until she becomes taken by France, as Napoleon proposed, or is divided among the nations of Europe as one of the prizes of war. Internally she is in a wretched state; a cabinet crisis is threatened at any time, and the feeling of hatred toward the Government, especially among the common people, is intense. In her one great colony, the only one left out of all these two great continents which were hers by right of discovery, the people have been in open revolution for two years; and while no revolutionary seat of government has been established, and no recognition of the revolutionary movement has been given by foreign nations, Spain is no nearer conquering to-day than she was thirty days after the revolution broke out. She has sent her ablest generals, most bloody and ferocious officers, her bravest soldiers, warships of the most improved pattern, money, supplies, ammunition, and has had the moral support of all the monarchies of the earth; and yet she has been unable to starve out or kill off what General Weyler has termed a handful of miscreants. And now there has broken out in her other colony, the Phillipine Islands, an insurrection which threatens the loss of that colony. These islands number something over four hundred, and lie in a northerly direction from Formosa. The natives, chiefly Malays, raise tobacco and sugar, out of which the Government obtains a revenue of eleven million dollars annually. This insurrection was organized, and is being carried on, under the cover of a secret society, and its only purpose is to overthrow the oppressive, selfish and one-sided rule of bourbon Spain.

THE SILVER SIREN.

One of the most remarkable features of the silver movement is the almost irresistible force with which it attracts the neophite in finance into its fold. The hypnotic suggestion as illustrated in the cartoons of the day carry more of truth, possibly, than is intended by their designers. Given twenty intelligent men, not students or experts in finance, who have neither discussed nor read the financial issues of this campaign, and state to them the contentions of the silver advocate, and they will to a man agree that free coinage should be adopted by all means. Furnish them with silver literature exclusively, and they will develop into radical adherents to that cause. But at this point in the process of education give to these same men arguments controverting the position of the silver advocate and pointing out the dangers and fallacies of free coinage, and one by one they will forsake Bryanism and come over to the other side never to return. Mark you! never to return! On every side we hear of converts to the financial policy advocated by Mr. McKinley, but since the discussion of the silver question began you have never heard of an intelligent advocate of sound money being converted to the heresies of free silver. The free silver doctrine is at first almost irresistable, but the wayfarer soon learns that like the songs of the sirens of mythology, it would lure him on to certain destruction.

United States Minister Baker makes a strong point against free silver in a recent message of his to the Secretary of State. He says that some five years ago a citizen of the United States, an invalid soldier who had a short time before secured back pensions amounting to some $4,000 in United States money, came to Mexico for the benefit of his health. At the time of his arrival gold commanded a premium in that country of about 35 per cent. After concluding to remain there, he arranged with a banking institution to deposit a sufficient amount of his gold to net him $4,000 in the currency of that country, the basis of which is silver. His certificate of deposit for $4,000 had cost him a little less than $3,800 and brought him 8 per cent. interest. Presently the premium on gold advanced to a point where it was worth nearly double as much as silver, making his deposit but a trifle over half its face value. The bank notified him that it could no longer pay interest to depositors. The old soldier called upon the American consul for advice, and he suggested that he leave the money for safe keeping, and trust to the operations of commerce to bring more favorable conditions. A year later the old soldier drew his $4,000 in silver with which he was able to purchase $1,731 in gold. The American who has any idea of voting for Mr. Bryan and his free silver heresies should study this little transaction, and decide for himself whether or not he wants to put this country on the same uncertain basis, with a standard changing in value from day to day, and the constant necessity of paying insurance on every transaction to cover the depreciation that may take place even while the money is changing hands.

General Fitzhugh Lee, now Consul General at Havana, is in favor of sound money, and there have been some rumors that he wanted to come home to Virginia during the hot season in Cuba. It is expected he will be a candidate for Governor of his native State next year.

Cigars are given to soldiers in the Italian army as part of their daily rations.

PROFESSOR McEWEN AT THE COOPER MEDICAL COLLEGE

Dr. Hirshfelder Dr. Barkan
Dr. Levi P. Lane Prof. McEwen Dr. Stillman

CHIEF AMONG BRAIN SURGEONS

The Personality of Professor McEwen, who is Lecturing at Cooper Medical College.

An impression prevalent among people who have acquired notions of the medical profession by paying the bills of foreign doctors, is that great surgeons occur only in Paris and Berlin. Some of them have heard of Sir Morrell Mackenzie, who got into the papers by virtue of the ear of the late Emperor of Germany, but that he practiced in London is explained as a happy accident, which, by the laws of the game, should have happened in Germany. It would be hard to persuade the patients of certain of our local great men whose dicta are delivered in Teutonic or Gallic dialect, that out of England, Scotland or Ireland ever came aught of surgical importance. That there are colleges and hospitals in Great Britain is true, they admit, but imply that clever Britishers invariably gather their knowledge on the Continent. Such statements, compounded of ignorance and impudence, are charactersitic of the class which these savants represent. They become worthy of contradiction only because repeated so often and so emphatically.

In San Francisco, at the moment, we are entertaining Professor McEwen of Glasgow. As he practices in Scotland rather than in London or Berlin, he has not been called upon to attend either the Czar of Russia or the King of Italy. In consequence of this neglect the correspondents have failed to herald his name and fame as the greatest brain specialist in Europe. Yet that is his rank. He is really an important and conspicuous man, not a mere fashionable physician, as Sir Morrell Mackenzie was, but an able and brilliant surgeon, who has told the world more of nerve centers than any of his predecessors or contemporaries. Indeed, it is said on good testimony, that his book, "Pyogenic Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," is not only the authority on the subject, but is ten years in advance of the times. Next to Sir Joseph Lister, Professor McEwen figures as the greatest surgeon in the United Kingdom, and he is in San Francisco on the invitation of Dr. Lane of the Cooper Medical College, delivering a course of lectures on his specialty. It is certainly a privilege, this opportunity of hearing so eminent a man, whose career has certainly attracted the attention and admiration of his profession.

Dr. McEwen is a Glasgow man, self-made, the creation of a fine brain and unflagging application. The position he holds in the scientific world he conquered by sheer force of intrinsic ability. He boasts neither aristocratic connection nor a newspaper claque. In his specialty he has only one rival—Victor Horsley of London—but in original research, diagnostic and surgical skill he is facile princeps. Indeed, he has made Glasgow headquarters for brain energy the world over. Though the fame of Dr. McEwen is most conspicuously associated with the surgery of the brain, in which he is virtually the pioneer, he has won triumphs in other branches of practice. McEwen's operations for hernia and for knock-knees, and his recent treatment of aneurism of the aorta would in themselves have sufficed to win him name and fame. His most notable work has been done in localizing the nerve and motive centers of the brain and the cerebral cortex. His atlas of the brain is the best medical science possesses, and he was the first to operate successfully for brain tumor. He is but fifty years old, and in the prime of life, and we may presume he will yet achieve discoveries sufficiently sensational to be noticed by those popular educators, the Sunday newspapers.

The series of lectures which Professor McEwen delivered at Cooper Medical College were notable as being the simplest exposition of an intricate subject the writer has ever heard. It requires profound knowledge to be lucid in describing the brain, but the Professor is a born teacher and made himself thoroughly comprehensible. His manner of address is marked by a perfect assurance, and there are occasional lapses into quiet sarcasm which contribute to keep the attention of his assistants who are aiding in the demonstration on the qui vive. In comparison with his younger days the Professor is mild in his criticism. He was once notable among his students for the merciless reproof he dealt out to blunderers. Then dark and swarthy, he looked like a storm cloud when angry. Now, his hair has grown gray and his disposition milder, though he cannot repress a tendency to ironic comment. This cropped out many times, the most conspicuous instance being at the first lecture, when Dr. Lane, who presided, announced:

"Operations for students are now in order."

Considering the audience was half composed of physicians who desired especially to see the great surgeon operate this was embarrassing, but Professor McEwen stepped forward and remarked in his dry way:

"That means for the doctors who are here, too, for we are all students."

During his stay in San Francisco Dr. McEwen has been called into consultation in several interesting cases, and, besides, has had quite a number of patients. He has also performed several operations, with what degree of success remains to be seen. As an operator he is finicky to a degree, but also bold and supremely skillful. Doubtless it is to this finickiness that he owes his success, for brain surgery demands extreme delicacy; the mere tremor of the lancet may mean death or madness. He discounts chance, however, and each cut is as full of purpose and interest as his phrases. Another experience Dr. McEwen has had here—he has been photographed. It is said there is not a picture of him in Glasgow, as he has an intense antipathy to the camera. In the accompanying picture he is surrounded by certain members of the faculty of Cooper Medical College, of which Dr. Lane is both founder and president. This institution, now firmly established, is one of the leading colleges of America. Its degrees and those of the University of California are now recognized through the States and on the Continent as indexing a real proficiency. Next year Professor Christopher Heath, ex-president of the Royal College of Surgeons, has been retained to deliver a series of lectures on surgry—which promises another important incident in the history of the Cooper College.

It is curious, says the "Saturday Review," how language is apt to fail upon a sudden emergency or at a supreme moment. Jackson comes up with a black and greasy stranger upon an ice floe in the Polar region, whom he takes to be Nansen, and all he can find to say is, "I'm awfully glad to see you," to which the blood-besmeared and smoke-begrimed man replies, "So am I to see you." After looking steadily into the strange face, Jackson continues: "Aren't you Nansen?" "Yes, I am Nansen." "By Jove!" said Jackson. "I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Thank you very much," said Nansen, "very kind of you." The two men might have been meeting at Hyde Park corner instead of on the pack-ice to the southeast of Cape Flora—and yet what else was there to be said?

Heine relates how he managed to get an interview with Goethe. The young poet felt that the supreme hour of his life had arrived, and yet they only talked about the plums that grew around Heidelberg.

Arctic voyages appear to be better organized under the auspices of Mr. Harmsworth than they used to by the Admiralty. Sir John Franklin and his friends fed on rotten deer-bones, shoe leather and moss. When Nansen and his companions arrived at Elmwood they had hot baths, had their hair cut and were shaved by the photographer, and dined on roast lamb, green peas, vegetables, jam tart, cheese and preserved fruits, "all washed down by port, sherry and whisky."

Miss Mona Sheldon of Friendship, N. J., has started a frog farm upon a twenty-acre patch of swamp. Her frogs are, of course, of the edible variety, whose hind legs are beloved of the gourmet, and they find, in cosmopolitan America, a ready sale. Indeed, Miss Sheldon is said to make a clear $2,500 a year out of her reptilian stock-in-trade.

The oldest love letter in the world is in the British Museum. It is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess, and it was made 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick, and is, therefore, not only the oldest but the most substantial love letter in existence.

No kissing ever occurs in Japan except between husband and wife, not even between a mother and child; no shaking of hands in salutation. If one were to offer a kiss to a Japanese maiden she would probably think she were going to be bitten.

THE MAKING OF A CAMPAIGN

How State Central Committees are Organized and Voters Educated.

The two principal foci around which revolve all the various interests of a campaign are the two committees known as the State Committee and the Executive Committee.

The very first step in the work of the campaign is the formation of the State Committee, and in California this is done by the State convention, which elects one member from each assembly district in the State. The Executive Committee is not chosen by vote, but is appointed by the chairman of the State convention. In gubernatorial years, however—that is to say, in those years wherein a Governor is elected—the power of appointing this committee is withdrawn from the chairman of the State convention and is vested in the party's candidate for Governor. This committee consists generally of twenty-one members. The two committees at once begin their work. Headquarters are chosen, and fitted up with offices, anterooms and lobbies; clerks, stenographers and typewriters are engaged, sub-committees appointed, street demonstrations are organized and papers subsidized; a world of conflicting interests at once springs into prominence to absorb the committee's attention.

The real labor of organizing and furthering the campaign rests upon the shoulders of the members of the Executive Committee, assisted by the officers of the State Committee. The principal sub-committees appointed are three in number, one on finance, one on campaign and one on campaign literature. The most important of these sub-committees, and perhaps the most important and influential body of the whole campaign, is the Campaign Committee. This is made up from five or six—sometimes seven—of the most active and prominent members of the Executive Committee, and in its number are usually included the chairman and secretary of the Executive Committee. The first and one of the most absorbing duties of the body is the registration of its voters; the party workers all over the State are strictly enjoined to drum up every voter in the district over which they have control, and see that he properly inscribes his name upon the registration rolls.

The writing, publication and distribution of political posters, tracts and essays bearing upon the issues of the campaign is taken charge of by the sub-committee of literature. Much of the matter is furnished by the National Congressional Committee. But by far the largest percentage of this literature is of local origin. The committee engages the services of some clever writer, who becomes the literary editor of the campaign. He acts under the direction and supervision of the officers and party chiefs, taking their ideas and putting them into concise and readable form. Once these documents are prepared they are distributed in various ways. Some are sent through the county committeemen, others through the State Central Committeemen, others again through the precinct distributors, whose duty it is to see that every voter in all the precincts receives the documents; and lastly, others are sent through the mail to every voter throughout the State.

The next most important work is that of campaign speakers. These form a veritable army, and at the opening of the campaign besiege the State Central officers to place themselves at the disposal of the party leaders. It devolves upon the committee to select the most able and persuasive of this multitude, to give them instructions and to lay out for them a route throughout the State over which they are to travel, delivering speeches in all the more important towns—or for the matter of that, in every town that registers more than fifty voters. It is in this matter of laying out the routes and stations of the party speakers that the committee must exercise the greatest possible care and discrimination. It must look to it that every county gets the speaker it wants, that every speaker gets the exact place to which he is sent, and that no two speakers are ever billed to speak in the same town at the same time.

The Finance Committee looks after and provides for the funds necessary to carry on the campaign. These funds are raised from two sources—subscriptions by citizens and contributions of office-holders. Each county is supposed to take care of its own expenses, so that the contributions of the first two classes are spent in the distribution of literature, the payment of speakers, hotel bills and traveling expenses, etc., etc. In this State the contributions on the part of office-holders are purely voluntary, but since the new civil service rules have been enforced the amount raised in this fashion has dwindled considerably. The citizens of the State are generally solicited to contribute funds by a committee of business men acting for the Executive Committee.

Meanwhile similar committees and sub-commitees are striving in the vortex of the campaign in every State in the Union. The great national leaders, who hold the strings and work the springs are no less busy; the country is in a ferment from ocean to ocean. The stir of the moment is felt from the White House to the Consul Hall. The newspaper cartoonist is in clover. The great work goes on. Somehow the candidate is chosen. There is rhetoric and base drums and fireworks, and the voice of the people is the voice of God.

The French government does not grant pensions to its vivandieres, one of them being forced in her extreme old age to make a scanty living by selling flowers. Another, Madame Louise de Beaulieu, sells toys on the boulevard, but has nevertheless the cross of the Legion of Honor, the military medal, and eight medals granted for saving other lives at the risk of her own. Probably the oldest of the vivandieres was Madame Ibrahim, who died recently at Vichy, and was buried with full military honors. She was seventy-two years old, had served as vivandiere in the Crimea, where she lost her husband and son, in the Italian campaign, in the Franco-Prussian war, and in Tonquin. In each of the last three campaigns she was seriously wounded. She stayed with the army until four years ago. She, too, wore the cross of the Legion of Honor.

THE ROSE OF ALL THE WORLD.

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World,
The tall thought-woven sails that flap unfurled,
Above the tide of hours, rise on the air,
And God's bell buoyed to be the waters' care,
And pressing on or lingering slow with fear,
The throngs with blown wet hair are gathering near.
"Turn if ye may," I call out to each one,
"From the gray ships and battles never won.
Danger no refuge holds, and war no peace,
For him who hears Love sing and never cease
Beside her clean-swept hearth, her quiet shade;
But gather all for whom no love hath made
A woven silence, or but came to cast
A son into the air, and singing past
To smile upon her stars: and gather you,
Who have sought more than is in rain or dew,
Or in the sun or moon, or on the earth,
Or sighs amid the wandering, starry mirth,
Or comes in laughter from the sea's sad lips,
And wage God's battles in the long gray ships.
The sad, the lonely, the insatiable,
To these Old Night shall all her mystery tell,
God's bell has claimed them by the little cry
Of their sad hearts that may not live or die."

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World,
You, too, have come where the dim tides are hurled
Upon the wharves of sorrow, and heard ring
The bell that calls us on—the sweet far thing.
Beauty grown sad with its eternity,
Made you of us and of the dim gray sea.
Our long ships loose thought-woven sails and wait,
For God has bid them share an equal fate;
And when at last defeated in His wars,
They have gone down under the same white stars,
We shall no longer hear the little cry
Of our sad hearts that may not live nor die.

—W. B. Yeats.

Between the mountains of India and Persia is a powerful tribe, among whom an extraordinary custom prevails. Women's rights apparently have received full recognition, for the ladies of the tribe can choose their own husbands. All a single woman has to do when she wishes to change her state is to send a servant to pin a handkerchief to the hat of the man on whom her fancy lights, and he is obliged to marry her, unless he can show he is too poor to purchase her at the price her father requires.

Two masked railroad robbers got into the pay compartment of the Paris and Toulouse express the other day, held the paymaster at bay with revolvers, helped themselves to $8,000 in cash and jumped off the train while it was in motion. One was found badly hurt on the track, and the other was arrested as he was leaving a later train.

REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS

Chairman Major McLaughlin in the center, with his chief aids, Secretaries M. R. Higgins and Jake Steppacher

DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS

Chairman Alford surrounded by his advisers, Gavin McNaab, Wm. J. McGee, Secretary McCabe and M. F. Tarpey

From Flashlight Photographs, by B. C. Towne

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Literary talent crops out in unexpected places. The latest candidate for typographical honors is no other than Charles Rollo Peters, the well known artist, who has just finished a book of Latin Quarter sketches which the Harpers have accepted. Several moons ago, when Peters was in London, he was at a Savage Club dinner. Stories were in order with the coffee and the artists' yarns were the success of the evening. They were capital episodes, and were given with much effect. Indeed, the auditors declared them ahead of Chambers' work in the "King in Yellow." Among the listeners was young Mr. Harper, of Harper & Brothers, who obtained an introduction to the raconteur, and assured him if he could write out the tales so they would read half as well as they sounded, his firm would be glad of a chance to publish them. Peters promised to try, but he postponed dabbling in the new medium until he got to Monterey. There are long evenings in that region with little to do, and after painting all day Peters took to the pen at night. He has worked in an impressionist way, and has accomplished some excellent sketches with catchy captions, which were at ance accepted by the Harpers, who will publish the volume next year. This success has emboldened the artist, and he is at work on a second series of yarns. Considering his old-time skill at yarn-spinning in the palmy days of the Roseleaf Club, this departure of Peters' is not so astonishing. He has a repertoire of capital stories, many of them of Bohemian days in San Francisco, and if he gets into circulation there will be no lack of material for several other series.

MISS SADIE HECHT
Who was married to Mr. William Gerstle last Tuesday
Photo by Taber

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It seems the Press Club is determined the community shall help to pay its expenses. It is now out with an advertising souvenir scheme by which it nopes to net money enough to pay some of its bills. If there are any reasons why the community should pay the Press Club's expenses I fail to recognize them. In the hands of an unscrupulous set of solicitors this scheme presents innumerable opportunities for blackmail, and one can readily foresee the character of arguments which will be advanced to persuade trades people to purchase space in it. As a business proposition the project has no attractions, and those who advertised would do so under the impression of obtaining press favors to which they are not entitled. The institution should have more self-respect than thus to go out collecting. Why, if its debts are pressing, does it not resort to an assessment of its members? That is more legitimate than assessing the public.

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So the Pacific-Union has definitely decided to go uptown. If the Crocker lot is not chosen a site near by will be selected. It seems there has entered the lists another owner who offers the club a property of equal dimensions situated on a corner of the avenue and Bush street. As his price is considerably below that of the Crocker property, being but $85,000, as against $135,000, it is not impossible the structure may have a different location to that originally selected. To Van Ness it goes, however, and in the meantime there is the necessity of raising the requisite coin. A committee has this task in hand, and if Mr. Spreckels will come to time, as is anticipated, the P.-U. will be out of its present quarters a twelvemonth hence. In the course of time the Bohemian will be the only down-town club, and will not, on that account, I think, lose any of its popularity.

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There has been a tremendous falling off of late in the consumption of champagne. Certain club men whose rule it was to drink nothing else have quit the wine, and will henceforth confine themselves to the more subtle pleasures of Bordeaux vintages. No longer is the champagne cocktail the current afternoon pick-me-up. Indeed, I witnessed a strange spectacle in a club bay window recently. It was a certain well-known member of the smart set, who was actually imbibing Napa Soda lemonade through a straw. The latest drinks are light and airy and safe. This proscription of champagne will undoubtedly cause a decline in club revenues. At the Pacific-Union the consumption amounted to thousands of cases per annum, and up at the 'Varsity the demand was steady and remunerative. However, economy is much more the rule among the gilded than ever before, and there has been a general taking in of sail even amid the younger set.

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No one can blame a clever artist for shaking the dust of San Francisco from his feet. It is a poor livelihood the town has for him. There is no market for the canvases of our best men, who, for the most part, are compelled to make a living teaching rather than painting. That section of the community which has money enough to buy pictures prefers the work of foreign celebrities. This is an unfortunate condition, but cannot be gainsaid. It is not an artistic community, and wont be for a generation or more. Nor is it a community with any tendency to local patriotism. That is why so many clever people despairing of success here go elsewhere and win honors. The last to say farewell is Ernest Peixotto, who has finally decided to settle in New York. Such excellent inducements were offered him by the Harpers that he succumbed to their temptation, though preferring San Francisco as a place of residence. Peixotto attracted the attention of the magazines by some capital drawings he did for Scribner's illustrating an article descriptive of the Boston Public Library. The editor was surprised at the quality of the work, which he graciously compared with Pennel's, and wanted Peixotto to accept other engagements. Subsequently he received flattering offers from Harpers, but has declined them until recently. During his stay in San Francisco Mr. Peixotto has painted some portraits, and has recently made a series of charming illustrations for "Tales of Languedoc," a book which Mr. William Doxey is shortly to publish. There are some very delicate and graceful compositions among these, and they will certainly go far towards establishing the reputation of Mr. Peixotto in the East. A series of his drawings are now on exhibition at Vickery's, and have attracted there a good deal of attention.

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The speech which Colonel H. I. Kowalsky delivered at the Auditorium recently, has had a signal honor done it. It has been converted into a campaign document. The State Central Committee is distributing it and making votes with it. Though I feel called on to question its potency in the latter capacity, there is no denying that it will make laughter. The speech was not great, as Sam Shortridge's are. It was really a series of extremely clever stories, told in inimitable style, bearing each on some weak point of the enemy's platform. There were statistics and arguments between, but the stories won the audience. As a raconteur the Colonel is a master, and on this occasion he ran through a gamut of dialects, from Hebraic to Hibernian, including Dago, Celestial, Dutch and French.

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It is good to know that the judicial nominations offered by the several conventions are far above the average. Already the election of Judge Hebbard is conceded by those opponents whose foolish and futile tactics to prevent his nomination have surely earned him the vote of the city. The Democrats have on their ticket at least two excellent men — Rhodes Borden and Judge Sanderson — of whose ability and fitness for the ermine there can be no question. The latter has proved his capacity, and in the years of his administration has won the respect and admiration both of his colleagues and of the bar. Mr. Borden has a judicial mind; for four years past he has handled the legal affairs of the City and County Attorney's office, is an excellent lawyer, and is peculiarly fitted for a bench which is so often called on to decide those complications which the infinite interests and relationship of the city inevitably provoke. He is a connection of Judge Garber, and is a man of similar rectitude of character and purpose. The Non-Partisan convention endorsed the candidacies of Hebbard, Hunt, Finn and Borden — the latter after a bitter fight with Mr. Dunne, who has the "Examiner" and innumerable Native Sons behind him. Judge Hunt has so many friends that his defeat seems impossible. His only danger is from his own party, whose unfortunate internecine warfare imperils the success of its nominees. C. K. Bonestell is also a man whom it would be safe to elect, being a competent and highly educated lawyer, and a citizen of probity and character. Mr. Murasky is a clever young man, who recently declared himself a believer in the doctrines of socialism. Mr. Leggett is honest and able; ex-Judge Ferrall is a competent lawyer and a brilliant advocate, who suffers because of his connection with Buckley. Judge Finn's administration was a safe and honorable one. However the degrees of ability and fitness vary, there is nothing to be said against the characters of any of these gentlemen.

MISS JENNIE CATHERWOOD
Who was married to Dr. Grinnell at the Presidio on Monday last
Photo by Marceau

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Nowadays one talks politics or nothing, so it is unnecessary to apologize for dwelling on the subject. The only stories in circulation are political; the current jokes are the epigrams of campaign notions, the moving topic the progress of the mayoralty fight, and the strained relations between Major McLaughlin and the Sound Money Republicans, and between Colonel Alford of the regular machine and the silver and gold Democrats, who are arrayed in opposition to his eminence. There are bickerings innumerable, fine exchanges of repartee, but in the latter contest the advantage is not with the chairman of the State Central Committee, for his rivals have money and he not a cent. The story goes that Charles R. Lane, who is the financial factor of the silver campaign here, has by pure force of eloquence, prevailed on the laborers in the Utica gold mine, of which he and Alvinza Hayward own two-thirds, to yield up to his committee, two days' pay each. It is possible other mine owners have followed this illustrious example. In consequence the

MISS MABEL WENTWORTH
A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MARCEAU

State is being flooded with white metal literature of a lusty character, to which the Republicans are administering anecdotes in the form of gold pamphlets in which the anomalies and the contradictions of the silver situation are relentlessly exposed.

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Among the amusing episodes of the campaign is the story of J. D. Mitchell's assault on Santa Rosa. He is a Los Angeles spell-binder, noted for laborious periods and unique staying powers, and he would reform the world with free silver. This is one of the men who can show you facts and figures to prove the ills and ailments of humanity, the depression of business, the fall of prices proceed from the demonetization of silver, and he promises with gestures and affirmations prosperity and wealth, joy and happiness, if the country but elects Bryan. Unfortunately, the impression which Mitchell conceives of his own eloquence is not shared by those who have sat under his periods. The story goes that Santa Rosa had demanded campaign oratory, and the State Central Committee billed the town with promises of an eloquent speaker. The placards were lavish of adjective, but mentioned no name, and created so much expectation that the local committee demanded that the identity of this brilliant genius be revealed at once. Imagine the outcry on learning it was the Southern Whitemetalist who was to conjure for them. Though the Sonoma County Democracy is seamed with political hatreds, it united at once in opposition to Mr. Mitchell. The leaders telegraphed they would not have him; they tore down the placards and made other demonstrations which were delicately communicated to the Los Angeles spellbinder. Being a person of strong convictions and slight sensitiveness, he laughed their objections to scorn, saying he'd be blowed if any country politicians could pull him down off a platform he desired to mount. So at his own risk he embarked for Santa Rosa, announcing his advent with a new set of bulletins, promising a real oration on 16 to 1 that same evening. He arrived, but, alas, the enemy had forestalled him. Tom Geary hired the hall and went out of town with the key in his pocket, and Mitchell wandered around disconsolate, with no place to air his voice. It often happens that such an episode, which sets people laughing in common, has an effect entirely out of proportion to its cause. Who knows but that the Santa Rosans, having for once found a subject of harmony, won't try to discover the secret of living together in peace!

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An open air horse show is decidedly an innovation, yet that is no reason why the exhibition which is being arranged by the Burlingame Club for Saturday, the 17th inst., should not be a great success. Entries are invited in twenty-three classes, comprising all sorts and conditions of roadsters, stallions, hackneys, horses in harness and out of harness, four-in-hands and tandems with pole ponies fetching up the rear. Every one in the environment is invited to participate. It is promised that horses from Oakland and San Rafael will be shipped to the grounds free of charge; a table d'hote luncheon will be served at the club house; no entrance fee to the exhibition will be exacted; the judging has been entrusted to able hands, and altogether a very interesting day is promised. The directors have assurances of a number of entries. Walter Hobart, Jack Parrott, the Donahoes, Joe Grant, George Newhall and the Baldwins, together with the members of the Pony and Steeplechase Association will all participate, and there will be riding and driving enough to attract and entertain a large audience, even if it is not specifically interested in fine points or correct equipment.

COMMUNICATION.

October 5, 1896.

To the Editor of "The Wave":

Dear Sir — As I do not think that you would willingly wish to do me a grave injustice, and my work an injury, I ask that this letter may be inserted in your valuable paper, to ward against a grave misapprehension of my life and work which might very naturally be gained concerning me from the article entitled "Convicts versus Children." It is absolutely erroneous to surmise that I in any sense desert or neglect my children on account of my work. I hold that a public woman who proves unfaithful or careless in the discharge of the precious duties of motherhood is unfit for her work, and a reproach to her sex. I give my children far more time and attention than the children of a society woman can receive from their mother. I have absolutely no social life, giving all the time that would be consumed by such "duties" to my little ones. Afternoon teas, dinner parties, the receiving and making of calls, theatre-going, balls, etc., take mothers constantly from their children, and then it is for their own amusement, and not for the bettering and helping of others.

It is true I spend some of my time in work that of necessity separates me from them occasionally, but I never do so at their cost. Many a mother has taken a trip to California for mere enjoyment of much longer duration than my present visit, without being accused of deserting her children. I could never find pleasure or rest apart from them, and have not come with any selfish aim, but with a desire to help and bless others. Such a separation as this (five weeks) only occurs every year or two, and then my husband remains with them.

I think that intense mother-love is perfectly consistent with interest and effort for the benefit of the unloved and forsaken of humanity, but it can very probably be little understood by those whose affections are so narrow that they can but love where they will benefit personally, and be loved in return.

Longing as my heart does to-day for a sight of my darling ones in the East, I can but feel deeply pained at being thus misrepresented to the people of California.

Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,

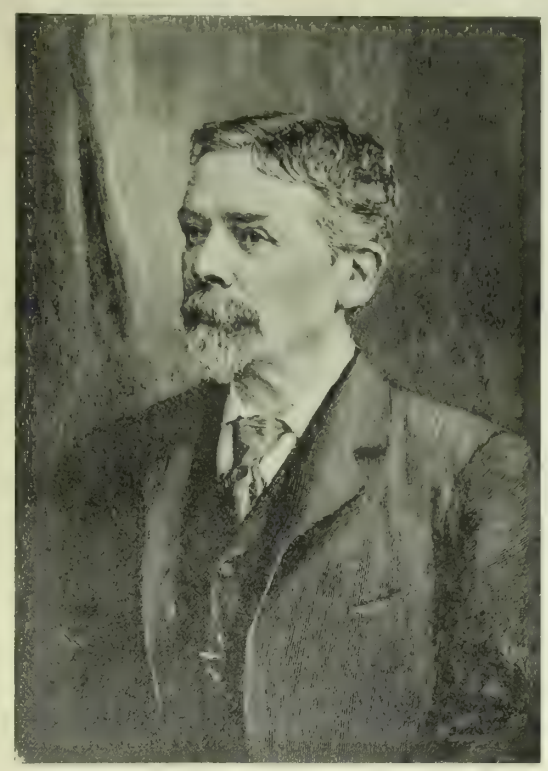
For God and Country,

MAUD B. BOOTH.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has exiled herself from society, and entered into her chosen work, the care of the poor who are afflicted with cancer.

DU MAURIER'S ART

So Du Maurier is dead. The creator of "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson," the most conspicuous of English illustrators, his life has been full of interest and of success. Standing at the top of the ladder in the profession to which he had devoted his life, he achieved greatness, wealth and world-wide prominence in another and most dissimilar line of endeavor. Though it would be daring to claim immortality for his novels, the success of "Trilby" is an interesting incident in literary history. It is safe to believe that if this idyll of the Latin Quarter and its predecessor are ever read by future generations it will be for that indefinable charm of manner and style which are the expression of the personality of their author. It can hardly be claimed that "Trilby" is great literature, however fascinating it has proved for the present generation, but it is full of a sincerity and kindliness and possesses a species of sentimentality rare as it is charming.



GEORGE DU MAURIER
From the engraving by E. Schladitz in Harper's Magazine

As an illustrator Du Maurier has certainly left a mark. He has created a type of woman which passes now the world over as representatively English. She occurs innumerable times in his compositions—a tall, stately creature, whose profile is a modification of Burne Jones' best lines—indeed, a species of aesthetic Philistine with a divine nose, an illumined forehead and a decisive chin. In accordance with her attitude and role, she is stately and fashionable or rouguish and flirtatious, but even when melancholy preys upon her soul she carries her clothes with the air of a goddess.

LORD RUNSWICK AND ANTOINETTE JOSSELIN IN 'THE MARTIANS'

The death of Du Maurier at this time, just as the first chapters of his new novel have been given to the public in "Harpers'" will undoubtedly revive the tremendous interest in him which "Trilby" excited. It is too early in the progress of the tale to announce or discount the characteristics of "The Martians," but the opening pages have all the delightful flavor of his personality. I reproduce from the October "Harpers'" the admirable wood engraving of Du Maurier and the drawing of Antoinette Josselin, the beautiful actress who was the hero, Barty Josselin's, mother. Indeed, one has the impression that into these last drawings the artist put his best work, for they are full of his most characteristic qualities.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Ada Rehan has left London for New York. It is hinted that she has in mind a volume of reminiscences, but this sort of thing she airily remarks is only for actresses who are old or are about to retire.

The mother of Aubrey Beardsley, the artist, is a gentle, old-fashioned Englishwoman, who lives entirely for her son and his pretty young sister. Mrs. Beardsley regards him with reverential admiration.

The Duke of Cumberland, better known as the Crown Prince of Hanover, and who is de jure sovereign Duke of Brunswick, was born without a nose, and the one he wears now is artificial, the creation of his doctors.

James M. Barrie, the novelist, has arrived in New York from England. He brings with him for Charles Frohman a new play, entitled "Two Kinds of Women"—presumably the nice kind and the naughty—and a dramatization of his best story, "The Little Minister." Mr. Barrie is getting rich. He has orders for more work than he can turn out.

In Buda-Pesth a great sensation has been created by the announcement that the three young daughters of Count Vasquez, all of whom are countesses in their own right, have decided to go on the music hall stage. The young ladies are aged 15, 16 and 17 respectively, and are not yet out of the schoolroom. They have already signed articles for several years' training and performances.

Princess Marie of Greece, second daughter of King George, is engaged to be married to the Grand Duke George Michaelovitch of Russia. An Athens journal announced the other day that the match had been broken off, and the unfortunate editor has been arrested on the charge of insulting the King and his family, an offense for which the penalty is imprisonment with hard labor for a term not exceeding seven years.

King Humbert of Italy had a hunchback brother, Prince Ottto, who died a few years ago, and his father had a brother who was not only imbicile, but was born without legs—a monstrosity, in fact. The present Crown Prince of Italy, who is soon to marry Princess Helene of Montenegro, is not only a dwarf, but also misshapen, the length of his body being altogether out of proportion to his abbreviated legs, while his arms hang down below his knees.

There is no truth whatever in the statement that Sir Everett Millais was offered by a trading company $17,000 for an unfinished work by his father, and hence, of course, he did not refuse it. As a matter of fact, the late president of the Royal Academy left no unfinished work of any description, and his son, Sir Everett Millais, wishes this to be known, as he has been inundated with offers by various magazines to reproduce a picture which is non-existent.

Probably the most fastidious woman in Europe about her stockings is the Princess of Wales. She generally chooses lace ones of cobwebby fineness, which cost a great deal. She often wears black or white-ribbed hand-woven silk stockings, however, which are very soft and comfortable. For the country, the young princesses wear those of soft black spun silk, which are delightful to walk in. For more dressy occasions stockings of embroidered silk of various shades are selected.

Mr. G. A. Henty had once a most amusing, if painful, experience of the occasional untrustworthiness of mechanical aids to composition. For two consecutive months he dictated into a phonograph, and when at the end of that time he demanded of the instrument that it should give forth the treasures of narrative that had been confided to its keeping, it positively declined to do so. It was thoroughly out of order, and the too trustful author had to mourn the waste of the entire two months' time and eloquence.

The Dowager Lady Lovelace, Byron's daughter, is the mother of Lady Anne Blunt, wife of that clever but eccentric person, Mr. Wilfred Blunt, the Arab scholar, great traveler and breeder of Arab steeds. His sale of Arabs at Crabbet Park is one of the events of the year; but he spends much time out of England, and his wife—when the fit takes the odd couple—dons "rationals" and joins him in camping out in the wildest deserts, carrying her life fearlessly in her hand. One can trace the Byron breed in this remarkable woman.

At the November Consistory in Rome Archbishop Walsh of Dublin and the Dominican Father Gasquet will be made Cardinals. The latter prelate is one of the best of the English Catholic writers, and his history of the suppression of the monasteries is a really invaluable work. Some years ago Archbishop Walsh was not in favor at Rome, owing to his persistent interference in politics, but latterly, in fact, even since he committed the fatal blunder of assisting Dillon and O'Brien to seize and wreck the Freeman's Journal, Dr. Walsh has been as silent as a mouse in Irish politics.

Francisque Sarcey says that Coquelin is out of favor in Paris, and that Mounet-Sully is in higher favor than ever. One hundred and sixty men recently gave a dinner to Mounet-Sully, and scarcely ten of them all were of unknown names. Most of them were famous fellows in Paris. Sarcey writes the Cosmopolitan: "I was seated between Benjamin Constant, one of our greatest painters, and Nodier, one of the masters of contemporary sculpture. 'What is admirable about Mounet-Sully,' said Nodier to me, 'is that no matter what his part, the pose he takes is always that of the finished statue.'"

King Otto of Bavaria is incurably mad, being afflicted with that form of insanity called "mathesis," and which, like that ascribed in Biblical history to Nebuchadnezzar, takes the form of the victim imagining himself to be either a bird or an animal. Other royal lunatics are the Archduchess Maximilian of Austria, better known as the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico; Emperor William's mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and Archduke Leopold of Austria. The reigning Prince of Lippe is likewise a madman and under restraint, as is also ex-Sultan Murad of Turkey.

TRILBY AND PRINCESS FLAVIA

An Interviewer, Two Actresses, and Several Confidences.

It has been my very good fortune this week to enjoy a half hour's chat with two most delightful women, Edith Crane and Isabel Irving.

For two actresses who are so thoroughly alike in the art of pleasing Miss Crane and Miss Irving are surprisingly dissimilar.

Miss Crane is very tall and fair, Miss Irving rather small and dark; Miss Crane wore a wonderful pink gown, a "creation," of what a female novelist would call "some soft, clinging stuff." Miss Irving was dressed in the most unassuming black. The actress who impersonates Trilby, the poor little grisette of the "Quarter," had encircled her fingers with the most exquisite rings; she who interprets Flavia, the princess of a royal house, wore absolutely no jewelry at all.

While you are talking with Miss Crane you feel that at no instant does she forget herself and the fact that she is a brilliant and successful actress, assured of her position, conscious of her power. Whereas in five minutes Miss Irving has made you forget that she was ever on the stage at all, and you see only a very charming and gracious woman, without the slightest tinge of professionalism about her, straightforward, unaffected, sincere, altogether delightful.

I saw Miss Crane at her rooms in the Baldwin about three o'clock in the afternoon. She is very tall, indeed—that is your very first impression—tall enough to look most men straight in the eyes, her glance on a level with theirs, as tall, in fact, as Mr. Du Maurier intended Trilby should be, as tall as Miss Rehan, he says—just the right height.

I sat down on the sofa opposite Miss Crane, and we began to talk of things theatrical. I believe I commenced by remarking—interrogatively—as to the difficulty of preparing such a role as that of Trilby.

"You can have no idea," said Miss Crane, "how difficult it really was."

"Difficult in just what way?" said I.

MISS EDITH CRANE
OF THE TRILBY COMPANY
Photo by Thors

"Difficult on account of its extreme simplicity."

I confess this had not occurred to me before.

"It's all very well," continued Miss Crane, "when you are preparing a strongly marked emotional part, where you can forget yourself and let yourself go," and she emphasized the last word with such a look and gesture that I know now just exactly how Miss Crane would let herself "go."

"You mean that you must keep yourself in restraint?"

"At every moment, and yet you must be strong and effective. And then the part is difficult in other ways."

"As, for instance?"

"To make Trilby unconstrained and free-mannered yet not hoydenish and vulgar. Trilby is not in the least vulgar, nor is she, on the other hand, in the remotest way conventional. You can have no idea how difficult it was for me to hit upon precisely the right balance between the two extremes."

"And having once hit upon it, to maintain it?" I inquired. Miss Crane did not seem to think this was so hard.

"That all comes with repetition and practice."

"And further. Tell me something else about your preparations and studies for the role—the details, you know."

"Ah, the details, those are the things that count, but as often as not the audience is not apreciative of them—it misses them."

"But if one slurred them over—"

"They would notice the slur at once and condemn you accordingly."

"Can you mention a particular case?"

"Well, Trilby's laugh, for instance. That was the most difficult of all. There is no mirth in that laugh. I found to arrive at that effect the laugh should come from the chest. I practiced that laugh and practiced it until my body was sore, but I finally got it."

We talked of Australia for a few moments after that, and of Honolulu and the enthusiasm of "Trilby's" reception there, and then the conversation came back to the stage again.

I asked Miss Crane about first nights and nervousness and stage frights.

"Oh, I'm always nervous," she answered, "when I'm on the stage. I'm strung so tense at such times that the least little thing, a little noise in the wings or from the front jars inexpressibly. I get angry over trifles, I'm irritable and impatient. Oh," she continued smiling, "I'm quite a different sort of person when I'm on the stage."

"How about the appreciation of an audience," I asked, "and its effect upon your acting?"

"Well, it's not always mere noise that stimulates one to do one's best, not the mere hand clapping and bravos."

"That comes after the effort, of course," I suggested.

"Precisely; I can tell when an audience is sympathetic and appreciative long before they are ready to applaud."

"For instance?"

"In the death scene in "Trilby." It's the silence in the house that counts then. If I feel that the audience is all tense and breathless with interest I can throw myself into the spirit of the lines with ten times the fervor and effect that I can when I hear those little jarring noises I spoke of. The dropping of a fan, the rustling of a program, or the sound of whispering. I know their attention is away then and my own interest wanes. I don't care to please them as soon as they don't care to be pleased."

A little after this, when we were talking of distinctions between tragedy and comedy, Miss Crane observed: "I'm one of those, you know, who believe that comedy is not only a higher form of dramatic art than tragedy, but also more difficult. In tragedy your emotions are strongly marked, sharply defined; you can scarcely go wrong. You require no effort to hold yourself in check; there is little repression. But in comedy, there are the little gradations of emotion, the delicate shades of sentiment, the fine play of light and shadow, all of which must run with the greatest vivacity and rapidity, must appear to be absolutely spontaneous. Oh, yes, comedy is the more difficult of the two."

I have never heard this distinction made before. It strikes me as very true, however.

I saw Isabel Irving in the parlor of her hotel just after she had come in from an afternoon's excursion. As I said before, she is a little woman, who dresses in black and with the least possible ostentation—from her appearance, one of the last women in the world you would take for an actress.

But not only does her appearance and mode of dress contribute to this impression. Miss Irving's conversation is not that of the professional actress. There is not the least pose about Miss Irving in her private life. Her acting ceases the moment she leaves the stage. Once outside the theater she does not seem to care to impress you with the fact that she is a renowned comedienne. In other words, she does not act the role of a celebrity—she prefers, which is far more pleasing, to be herself simply, frankly, without the slightest affectation. At once she evaded the subject of her profession.

"Please don't ask me to talk about that," she said. "One cannot help seeming egotistical when one talks in that strain. It would be I—I—I, to the end of the chapter. I would make myself and my work seem of too great importance."

"And yet I don't doubt," I hazarded, "that you take your chosen profession seriously."

Miss Irving sat up with sudden energy.

"Believe me," she said earnestly, "it is the only way to get on in any profession. The instant you make light of your work you lose your touch. Why, I have been nine years upon the stage, and it seems to me I have but crossed the threshold."

"And after nine more years?" said I.

"There will still be rooms beyond," she answered, smiling. "The further one goes, the further one sees."

For the moment I began to think Miss Irving cared for little beyond her acting—that her whole life and energy were bound up in her profession. Perhaps I hinted at the possibility.

"No," she answered promptly, "I am very fond of my books, and of outdoor exercise. Don't ask me about bicycling—that's one of the stock questions of the interviewers.

I deprecated bicycles upon the instant.

"I prefer a horse myself," said Miss Irving. "I am fond of books and reading, and nothing pleases me better than to spend an afternoon in an old book store, picking

Of the typical note-book reporter Miss Irving has a horror that is almost religious. It is amusing enough to hear her describe her experiences:

"They come to me," she said, "with their pencil and open book, and sit up there and bombard me with questions and—"

"What are some of the questions?" I interrupted, anxious to know what to avoid.

"Well, for instance, they begin this way: 'What are your fads, Miss Irving?' (and I loathe fads), and again: 'Miss Irving, have you got any pets?' 'What do you think of the new woman?' 'Are you for gold or silver?' I just answer them in monosyllables."

"And that discomfits them?"

"Oh, no, indeed; not in the least," she answered.

I found it very hard to interview Miss Irving in the strict sense of the word. In spite of my best resolves our conversation wandered from theatrical matters, and before I knew it we were discussing the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam, and from that went on—I forget how the transition was made—to Justin McCarthy and the simplicity and unaffectedness of great men. Now this was not as it should be, for it was my bounden duty to escertain Miss Irving's views as to what new plays she had in prospect, and what were her favorite roles, etc. Yet I enjoyed this sort of talk much better than the conversation I had anticipated, and after all it was characteristic, and so not out of place.

I think the most lasting impression that one carries away from a meeting with Isabel Irving is her absolute sincerity and conviction, her seriousness and her fine disregard for the smaller things of life. One especially noteworthy point of difference between Miss Irving and Miss Crane is the different standpoints from which each regards the play in which she is now starring.

"When I first played Trilby," Miss Crane had said, "I was delighted with the part. I have been acting it steadily now for nearly five months, and now I loathe it." Doubtless, however, Miss Crane exaggerated her ennui. Miss Irving, on the other hand, is still enthusiastic over "Zenda."

"It seems to me I could never tire of it," she exclaimed. "The more I see of it, the more I am impressed."

You come away from a talk with Edith Crane with the impression that a brilliant and gracious actress has been good enough to grant you a half hour's interview. Isabel Irving makes you feel that you have paid an afternoon call upon some very charming woman of your acquaintance.

F. N.

MISS ISABEL IRVING
AS PRINCESS FLAVIA IN THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
Photo by Thors

AN IMITATION MESSIAH

Being an Exposition of the Personality of Brother Shrader by Interview.

"We call him Brother Shrader, same as his manager," said the clerk at the International Hotel. He referred to the "Divine Healer." The International is on the "Barbary Coast." "Go right upstairs. "He is in '1' on the first floor."

I obeyed. After some delay there came a response to my knock. "I was just going to bed," said a pleasant voice. "I'll be ready to see you in a minute."

The door opened. I was in the presence of August Shrader, "Divine Healer." A black silk robe made after the fashion of a Benedictine's gown covered his tall, robust figure. Suspended round his neck a crucifix such as monks wear. Hair parted in the center flowed over the shoulders, concealing the ears and outlining a small, symmetrical head. An appearance intensely reminiscent of the Christ—the beard, the curved forehead framed by the long, curving locks, the beaming frankness of expression made familiar in innumerable engravings.

"Come right in," he invited. The voice of this man is soft, rich, full, but quite uncultivated. He put forth his hand, a large, coarse hand, the hand of a laborer, which I took and then sat down.

A dingy old room, sparsely furnished, a low bed, a litter of newspapers on the bureau and on the mantelpiece; a pile of photographs on the little marble table. Truly a somber frame for the curious figure swaying to and fro on an ancient rocking chair.

"I had just taken my shoes off," he commenced. "I'm a bit tired—hard day to-day, and I expect to go to San Jose to-morrow." The tone was business-like, unconstrained, with no assumption of superiority. "Have you heard of any cures?" he continued, bringing the conversation at once to himself.

"No," I replied. "But I saw you at work yesterday. On what theory do you proceed?"

"I claim to exercise the same divine gift of healing that Christ did," he explained, proceeding then to enter into particulars. "I am a tool in the hands of God. The power to heal is in me, it is independent of me. I have nothing to do with it, save to exercise it."

"You attempt no scientific causation for your work. It is not magnetism, nor hypnotism, then?"

"No," he returned, "it is only that God has chosen me for a tool to assist in curing the ills of mankind."

As he went on Shrader grew more confident of himself. He told me where he was born—in Minnesota, of German parentage; that he has brothers and sisters; that he is in his twenty-sixth year and has been a divine healer since his thirteenth birthday. No; he had never been to school in his life, knew nothing of medicine or surgery, devoted himself body and soul to his brethren and preached that the kingdom of God was at hand. These particulars I drew out with direct questions. Evidently the man rather prided himself on being ignorant. I was impressed with the idea that he found his pose hard to maintain. There was a tendency to unbend, to be familiar, which he checked by an obvious effort and apparent bursts of religious fervor. There was something naive about his egotism. He plumed himself on the number of those who came to him for treatment.

"Do you ask that your patients must have faith in

CALIFORNIA'S BALL· RANSOME KICKS OFF

RELIANCE BLOCKING

your ability to cure them, as the Christian scientists do?" I asked.

"No, it is not needful. My work is not faith cure. The only belief necessary is the act of coming to me. I don't say to a man, 'You have no pain,' and ask that he make up his mind he has no pain, when he is suffering torture. I bless him, lay my hands on him as Christ did. Mine is the direct influence of God. I know it is. Else how could I, a plain man, make the blind to see by the mere touch of my fingers?"

"You have done that?"

"Yes, sir, I have." Shrader's face lighted up with the memory of this triumph, though he seemed piqued that I compared him, a "Divine Healer," with a mere Christian science operator. The assertion was made with an air of such profound certainty that it would have been awkward to question it. I commented on the rapidity of his work, and asked if he felt no fatigue after his labors.

He brightened visibly. "Yes," he went on, with an air of great self-satisfaction. I don't take long. I have handled as many as seven thousand men, women and children in a day. No one has ever equaled that."

"How about Schlatter, the Denver Messiah?" I interrupted, being struck by the idea of obtaining a side light on divine healing.

"Schlatter was very slow," Brother Shrader commented. "He could only treat forty people a day. That is why he kept his crowds so long around him. Sometimes he would kneel for an hour beside a patient, work over him with his hand, and then, maybe, do him no good.." The superiority of the Shrader method was indubitable.

"Do you know," continued the Healer in a burst of confidence, "lots of people tell me the sight of my face makes them well. They say it reminds them of Christ."

"So did Schlatter's," I suggested.

"No," said Shrader decisively, "not nearly so like the Mesiah as I am. A curious fact about Schlatter, though. In Arkansas, recently, I met an editor who was the first to discover his powers. Schlatter's feet, this man said, were the biggest he had ever seen. He had to have his shoes made. Now my shoes are small." He pointed to an ugly pair of brogans. "Number sevens. I've done a good deal of walking in them," he continued apologetically.

"Maybe there was some strange virtue in his feet," I suggested timidly.

"I think the seat of my power is in my hands," continued Shrader. He held towards me too huge, heavy hands—the coarse, fleshy, strong hands of a laborer, yet soft and rather fine of texture. "You never saw hands like those before," he went on, eyeing them with approval. "They are the only ones of their kind in the world." The sleeves of his robe fell back, disclosing thick, hairy arms, brawny and muscular, which were strangely out of keeping with the air and manner of the man.

"You would have no trouble in taking care of yourself," I commented at the aspect of these very robust members.

"I am very strong," the "Divine Healer" assented. "It was my custom until recently to travel from village to village on foot—barefooted at that. The cowboys would accost and interfere with me, and I was unwillingly compelled to push them aside. Indeed, I have held two men out at arm's length."

We talked politics for a time, it being rather a novel experience to discuss the chances of Bryan and McKinley with so picturesque a character. Then, in spite of my efforts, Shrader drifted back to theology. He began to tell me the formula of his belief.

"I preach the Kingdom of God is at hand—repentance—just as Christ did," he said. "No, I don't speak much, but many people have assured me I could be a great orator if I put myself to it.

I began to intimate how difficult it was for some people to believe and to have the faith he possessed so abundantly, and evoked the statement that he considered all who did not accept Christ bound for destruction, admitting, however, that an exception might be made in favor of those to whom the Gospel had never been preached. It was a simple creed, devoid of formulas, ceremonials and canonicals, and he expounded his notions of it with extended forearm and awkward gestures.

As his great hands sawed towards me I had an impression he was trying hypnotic passes on my unsuspecting nerves, but now I am sure the idea never entered his mind. Indeed, Shrader is obviously simple. A designing villain with so meek, so benign a face is incredible. Possibly the "Divine Healer" is a monomaniac; certainly an egotist; but it is amusing, absurd egotism, so naive, so transparent

As I rose to leave I asked Shrader—our conversation having turned on physical peculiarities—as to the mould of his head.

"It's not large, but there is not in the world another like it," he pronounced seriously, lifting with clumsy fingers the thick locks of hair that hung so straight from the crown to his shoulders. He flung back the strands, exposing the full extent of a narrow forehead, and small ears set close to the skull. It was absolute disillusion. At once the suggestion of sanctity disappeared. The robe was but a disguise. The face became ignoble: its benignity faded into servility. It was the mien of an obedient groom. Then the concealing hair fell into place again, as he stood up to bless me. Yes, as I rose to say good-bye, he invoked a veritable blessing in orthodox fashion. Had I refused, it is certain he would have felt dreadfully disappointed. The appearance of that figure, with uplifted hands and eyes turned heavenward at the dingy ceiling of the room in the International Hotel, against all the squalor of background, made a picture impressive for the memories it evoked. It mattered little, the absurdity of the man's pretension – his pose was poetic. It unfettered a chain of precious and pious recollections—of Gethsemane and Calvary and the Mount of Olives.

C.

FOOTBALL IN TOWN

The First Match of the Season at Central Park.

The California football season of '96 was opened last Saturday by a match game between Reliance and California. The line-up was as follows: Reliance—Burnette, center; Wells, right guard; Oliver, left guard; Sexton, left tackle; Middlemas, right tackle; Langan, left end; Racine, right end; Nahl, quarterback; Walton (captain), right halfback; Carter, left halfback; Arlett, fullback.

BEN BUTTERWORTH

WHO IS COACHING THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA FOOTBALL TEAM

Wilcox, photo

California—Birdsall, center; Griesberg, right guard; Ludlow, left guard; Julian, left tackle; Castletun, right tackle; Craig, left end; Hopper, right end; Kennedy, quarterback; Hall, right halfback; Whipple, left halfback; Ransome (captain), full back.

Frankenheimer, umpire. Natt, referee.

It is too early in the season to criticise the work of either team except in the most general terms. Reliance had the heavier eleven, and choose to adopt a system of line bucking and mass plays that in the end netted two touchdowns. By the end of the first half Walton had about sized up the California eleven, and finding the weak points in its line between Ludlow and Julian and between Griesberg and Castletun, sent his halves against them all through the second half. It was the weakness of California rather than the strength of Reliance that was responsible for the gains of the last named eleven. Walton and Carter should easily have been stopped in their attacks upon the California line. The ball was snapped and passed slowly, and as often as not the runner was far ahead of his interference by the time he struck the line. The insistent hammering at guard and tackle by the Reliance halves made the game a dull one. On the side of the Athletic Club but few end plays were attempted. Hopper gave good account of himself in his position on California's right end, and like Ransome or Kennedy stopped the runner when the play was around the left. On the defensive the Reliance was weak. Neither their ends nor backs could stop Ransome short of a ten or fifteen yard gain; nor could their line hold well against the rare wedge plays of the California team. If the collegians had chosen to play a running instead of a kicking game they would undoubtedly have scored during the first half.

Ransome played his team considerably in accordance with the new rules, which tend to bar mass plays. All through the first half California played a kicking game—often kicking upon the first down and played it admirably, though Ransome had the wind directly against him. His center and guards were hardly able to hold the Reliance line long enough for a good punt, but his ends, Hopper and Craig, supported him well, Hopper getting down the field almost as rapidly as the ball. During the game on several occasions Ransome punted from a kick-off in a new and peculiar fashion, sending the ball along the ground instead of over the heads of the opposing team. This is a very clever tactic, as an oblong ball rolling along the surface of the ground is far more difficult to catch than the same ball when falling through the air. Besides this a ball kicked in this fashion is very apt to touch a player on the other side, after which the runners of the kicking side are at liberty to fall on it or even—if possible—to pick it up and run with it.

It would not be surprising to see this method of punting from a kick-off—first introduced by the Harvard team of '94—very largely adopted during the coming season. When successful it offers the advantage of a long gain acquired by little effort, while at the same time allowing the kicking side to retain possession of the ball. Even if it fails—that is, if the ends do not succeed in dropping on the ball—there is no more loss than that sustained by an overhead punt.

Ransome is far from 'varsity form as yet. In fact, the California fullback rarely is at his best until toward the close of the season. In Saturday's game his overhead punting—even making allowance for the weakness of the forwards—was unsatisfactory, and at the end of the first half he missed a very easy try for a field goal, and that at a moment when he was allowed plenty of time. In his running with the ball, especially in the round-the-end plays, it is apparent, even from Saturday's game, that he has improved. He is probably one of the hardest runners in the West, and one of the most difficult men to tackle, using, as he does, the straight-arm guard with more effect than any other runner yet seen on the coast.

Hopper (R. E.) is a promising end, getting into every play and rarely failing to break through the interference when the play is around his end. His best characteristic is the quickness with which he gets away after the ball is snapped. Under Butterworth's coaching he should make the 'varsity team this year.

For Reliance, Walton, Racine and Carter played the best game. Oliver, at left guard, was something of a disappointment. He seems to have gone back from his form of two years ago, and Ludlow of California had little difficulty in holding him. Speaking generally, the game was hardly more than a trying out; neither eleven put their best men into the field. California played but three of her 'varsity men, and in the second the whole eleven were green hands.

California showed to far better advantage in the practice with the Olympic team on Monday. Sherman, Kennedy and Ransome went in at end, quarter and fullback, while Selfridge was moved out to tackle to make room for Birdsall at center. Selfridge can do himself better justice nearer the center of the line. At tackle he is slow.

Another point that California should and doubtless will improve is the slowness of putting the ball into play. The signal should be given to the team before the line-up, as soon as the scrimmage begins to break up. The other side should not be allowed an instant in which to guess at the next play. This improvement, no doubt, will come in time, however. The next Reliance game will doubtless show some sharp and aggressive work on the part of the Blue and Gold eleven.

Frank Butterworth, the California's coach, arrived from the East two days before the Reliance game. Butterworth is a graduate of Yale, class of '95. He made the 'varsity team in his first year at college, an achievement rarely attained by a Freshman. Though not especially athletic in appearance, Butterworth is accounted the greatest fullback who ever played upon a college team. He was one of the members of Caspar Whitney's all-America team. His tackling and running are beyond criticism, though it is to his method of punting that Mr. Butterworth owes most of his success upon the gridiron.

TAKING OUT TIME: GRIESBERG HURT

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The temple of Hymen has been literally besieged with worshipers this week and Society is completely absorbed in that most interesting of topics—marrying and giving in marriage. It is not often that we have the opportunity of so closely comparing the quiet dignity of the home wedding and the gorgeous resplendence of the military church ceremonial. In

MISS RUTH CLARK
A handsome California girl who died of pneumonia at Carlsbad recently. She was travelling with her aunt, Mrs. H. L. Dodge

fact, it rarely falls to our lot to have two army weddings in one week—and one celebrated at the Presidio has, to some of us at least, the charm of novelty.

The nuptials of Miss Catherwood and Dr. Grinnell proved very brilliant. Although the original invitations had been recalled and the affair reset for an earlier date, the arrangements proved perfect. Major and Mrs. Darling sent out three sets of invitations, one to the wedding, a second to the breakfast, and a third to the reception. The ceremony took place in the Assembly Hall of the Presidio, which was decorated with flags and crysanthemums. Miss Catherwood made a charming bride, and her gown was really magnificent—a very heavy sateen, trimmed with point applique lace. The bridesmaids, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Emma Spreckels, Miss May Kip, Miss Marjorie Young, Miss Alice Rutherford, and Miss Fanny Loughborough, looked very smart in frocks made of pale blue moire antique, the waists covered with chiffon. Little Miss Azalea Keyes, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor, in a pretty pale blue frock draped with white organdie. The breakfast, served in the Darling villa, in the Presidio, proved a jolly affair. There were toasts and healths galore, some of the speeches being decidedly witty. The reception followed in the afternoon, after which Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell left for Madrone Villa, where they are to spend their honeymoon. Mrs. Grinnell is a very sweet looking girl and does not in the least resemble the pictures that have appeared in the dailies. She is of medium height, with large blue eyes, a clear, fair complexion, and a nicely rounded figure.

A simple but decidedly pretty home wedding was that of Miss Sadie Hecht and Mr. William Gerstle, which was celebrated on Monday afternoon at the Hecht house on Washington street. Miss Hecht is an unusually pretty girl, small, piquant, with bright brown eyes and hair a tone darker than her eyes. She has been one of the most popular girls in society, and is as accomplished and vivacious as she is pretty. She looked exquisite in her soft satin gown, completely covered with tulle and trimmed with point lace. There were no bridesmaids, and only the immediate relatives were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Gerstle have gone East for their wedding journey.

It would indeed be difficult to find a more agreeable environment for a wedding ceremonial than St. Luke's Church. Not too large, it lends itself readily to decoration. Its stained glass windows give a divine religious light that casts a glamour on the scene. On the occasion of Miss Mary Mercardo's marriage with Mr. Chauncey Boardman, which took place at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the chancel was decked in white and yellow cosmos, ferns and smilac. The bride looked very pretty in her gown of moire silk, trimmed with tulle and orange blossoms. Miss Margaret Salisbury made a striking and handsome maid of honor, in white taffeta, with a white fichu hat and arms filled with crysanthemums. The bridesmaids wore deep yellow taffeta silk gowns, black hats with yellow plumes and rosettes, and carried great bunches of yellow crysanthemums. Afterwards a breakfast was served by Mrs. Sanchez, a cousin of the bride, and the young people left for Los Angeles by the evening train.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marion Louderback, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Louderback, and Mr. Arthur Power Lord of New York. Miss Louderback is at present in Paris, where she went to pursue her studies after graduating from the Academy of the Sacred Heart. She is a stunning looking girl, tall and rather of the Spanish type. She plays the piano well and has shown decided ability at both drawing and painting. The date of the wedding has not yet been set.

The Saturday Night Cotillion Club gave its first party on October 3d at Lunt's Hall. This club meets on alternate Saturdays and is somewhat similar to the Saturday Fortnightly Dancing Class. Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are the patronesses. The last german was led by Miss Georgette Smith and Mr. Howard Adams. The figures were all on the marching order. Among the prettiest of the girls I noted Miss Eva Moody, Miss Mollie Hind and Miss Helen Wagner. The girls were all rather simply gowned, chiefly in organdies and dotted swisses.

The Fortnightly Dancing Class, under the management of Miss Gertie Bates, meets this evening at Lunt's Hall, and is, I hear, to be largely attended.

A married ladies' luncheon was given on Thursday of last week by Mrs. Orestes Pierce to Mrs. Norman Lang, who was down in Oakland for a week on a visit to her mother, Mrs. McKee. The table was decked in Portia pinks and looked charming. Among those invited were Mrs. Mhoon, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Wm. Henshaw, Mrs. Watkinson, Mrs. Tom Prather, Mrs. J. R. Glascock and Mrs. Lang.

The reception given by Mrs. Alfred Cohen to Mrs. Augustus Bray last Saturday afternoon was quite the prettiest on the record of Fruitvale this season. The house is rambling and old fashioned, the rooms quaintly arranged, and the girls in their light fluffy frocks all made a charming scene. Mrs. Olive Reed sang several songs and Misses Florence and Jean Hush played. Mrs. Cohen was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Coon, Mrs. Bray, Misses Cassey, Miss Sarah Drum, Miss Ethel Cohen and Mrs. Frank Wilson of Berkeley.

Teas appear to have already attained a vogue in Oakland, while here we are putting off the evil day as long as possible. We dread the advent of the "Tea" season, the eternal and interminable sameness of this much denounced but still popular form of entertainment. In Oakland they understand the art of giving an informal tea and come nearer the English conception of the term than we do on this side of the bay. There is no elaborate preparation, no decoration, merely a call, a few words, a cup of tea and a sandwich.

A jolly little affair at which the younger set turned out in full force was given after the Requa wedding on Wednesday by Miss Violet Whitney. The wedding of course formed the topic under discussion, and needless to say was entertaining.

Of anticipated events the most interesting are the Goodall musicale and monologue entertainment on Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Frank Lincoln, and a tea to be given on Saturday, October 17, by Mrs. Willard Barton at the Hotel Metropole.

The enthusiasm among the suffragists in Oakland waxeth to an extraordinary degree, and the meeting at Mrs. Wellman's rather resembled a fashionable function than a political assemblage. Dr. McLean welcomed the guests and speeches were made by Mrs. Tupper Galpin of Los Angeles, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Susan B. Anthony. The Magees, the Hushes, the Moores and a number of prominent East Oakland people have become interested.

Two jolly house parties went to Mission San Jose, near to which the Moore and Pringle ranches are situated, on Friday last. Arrived there, they joined forces and had a splendid time. In Miss Carmen Moore's party were Miss Florence Green and Miss Annie Voorhies; while the Hutchinson girls accompanied Miss Nina Pringle and her brothers.

Mrs. Frank Smith returned from the East last week. She has been spending the summer on Shelter Island. Miss Ethel Moore and Miss Violet Ransome spent some time with her. Miss Moore anticipates arriving in Oakland about the beginning of next month.

All Oakland turned out in gala array to witness the nuptials of Miss Amy Requa and Captain Oscar Fitz Alan Long, celebrated in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Oakland, on Wednesday last. The church was exquisitely decorated. Over the chancel were draped large American flags which were semi-concealed beneath a curtain of smilax. Right in the center hung a wedding bell of white crysanthemums, and underneath this Miss Requa and Captain Long were wedded. The windows of the church were latticed with greens, the arches covered in smilax, and from each arch hung a wedding bell of pink crysanthemums trimmed with La France roses.

Just before the entrance of the bride, Mr. Donald de V. Graham sang "The Holy City," and was in excellent voice. The church was literally packed with gaily dressed people. I noticed two of Miss Claire Ralston's bridesmaids in their costumes of nile green and leghorn picture hats. Miss Ella Goodall made a pleasing picture in a stunning gown of Dresden silk in autumn shades and a velvet hat of hunter's green. Mrs. Tom Magee was prettily robed in black and peacock blue; Miss Edith Liliencrantz was daintily dressed in pink. Of the bridal party Mrs. Requa wore a gorgeous costume of pale heliotrope brocade, and a fetching bonnet trimmed with Prince of Wales plumes in white and lavendar, and Mrs. Mark Requa wore a pretty pink flowered silk. Miss Amy Requa never looked as handsome as she did in her wedding gown of heavy moire antique trimmed with point lace. She seemed radiantly happy and bowed to all her friends as she walked down the aisle. Miss Lucy King was charmingly fresh looking in a frock of nile green taffeta covered with mousseline de soie. She wore no hat.

The six bridesmaids were dressed in bright pink taffeta silk covered with white pineapple cloth; the waists were trimmed with spangles in opaline tints. They wore large pink felt hats trimmed with immense pink plumes. One hardly wonders at the attractiveness of the military when one sees them in their regimentals, and Captain Long certainly showed discretion in his choice of ushers, as they all looked stunning marching three abreast up the aisle. The Right Rev. Bishop Nichols, assisted by Rev. Mr. Ritchie, performed the ceremony, which was very short. Afterwards special cars were chartered for the guests to convey them to Piedmont, and they were met at the station by carriages which took them to the house. The wedding breakfast was given in a huge marquee at about half past 3 o'clock. The tent was decorated with La France roses, which were massed everywhere. Right in the center was the bride's table, a large round one.

MISS AMY REQUA
WHO WAS MARRIED TO CAPTAIN OSCAR FITZ ALAN LONG
Photo by Taber

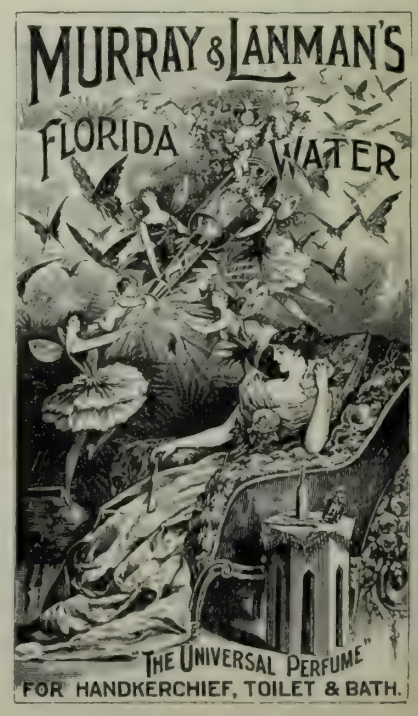
MISS MARY MERCARDO
Who was married to Mr. Chauncey Boardman
Photo by Marceau

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cts. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste



THE THEATRES

Distinctions Between Hope's Story and the Zenda Play.

However much some persons may like Edward Rose's dramatization of "The Prisoner of Zenda"—and many persons do—it cannot be justly claimed that the play, taken as a whole, equals or even approaches the book, for the best parts of the story are (necessarily, no doubt) omitted or—mangled. Dissatisfaction begins even with the prologue, for there, nailed hard and fast, are the unpleasant facts which Hope tossed airily before us in his first chapter, and there is a spade not only called a spade, but proved to be one "in language that's plain and familiar.

Of the four fine chapters of adventure in the book, the chapters which stir your blood and set your pulses thumping, two are omitted and two murdered. The first crime can be overlooked, since 'twas necessary, but the second is not so easy to forgive, while both or either cause one to ask why Mr. Rose choose to make a play out of an improbable story which derives its charm chiefly from adventures which cannot be staged. Not once during the play did I feel a tithe of the interest which held me as I read in the book's sixth chapter of Sapt's and the "play actor's" long ride through the moonlight from Streslau to the deserted hunting lodge, where they had left the King. Never once did I feel during the play the dread which clutched me as they rushed down the passage toward the cellars and the door swung open.

"'Give me a light,' said I (the play actor), but Sapt still leaned against the wall.

"He was, of course, more moved than I, for he loved his master. Afraid for himself he was not—no man ever saw him that; but to think what might lie in that dark cellar was enough to turn any man's face pale. I went myself and took a silver candlestick from the dining table and struck a light, and as I returned I felt the hot wax drip on my naked hand as the candle swayed to and fro; so that I cannot afford to despise Colonel Sapt for his agitation. I came to the door of the cellar. The red stain, turning more and more to a dull brown, stretched inside. I walked two yards into the cellar and held the candle high above my head. I saw the full bins of wine; I saw spiders crawling on the walls; I saw, too, a couple of empty bottles lying on the floor; and then away in the corner, I saw the body of a man lying flat on his back, with his arms stretched wide and a crimson gash across his throat. I walked to him and knelt down beside him and commended to God the soul of a faithful man. For it was the body of Joseph, the little servant, slain in guarding the King.

"I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning saw Sapt's eyes, glaring and terror-struck, beside me. 'The King! My God! the King!' he whispered hoarsely.

"I threw the candle's gleam over every inch of the cellar. 'The King is not here,' said I."

No; there is nothing in the play to equal this or in the book, for the matter of that, except parts of the eighteenth chapter—notably the bit where Rudolph Rassendyll kills De Gautet and searches for the keys; the page is tense with excitement, impatience, desperation. The last act, which represents the rescue of the King, follows the book very distantly, comes perilously near the ludicrous, and is melodramatic in the extreme.

Throughout Rose has used every inch of Hope's dialogue, but the incidents are changed or huddled together in order to meet the requirements of the stage. This makes Rudolph's love-making somewhat rapid and Flavia's deathless love somewhat premature. One of the many weak points of this delightful book and this less delightful play is Flavia's deep, deathless but easily controlled love. One cannot help admiring the "play actor's" confidence in her affection, but one also wonders at it, for her love was born with his crown and (a suspicious person would say) was lost with it.

In order to make Flavia at all comprehensible her impersonator's face should suggest race, pride and nobility. It is impossible for a little bit of Dresden china like Isabel Irving, with her tip-tilted nose and kittenish face to fill the role well. She looked enchantingly pretty and dainty in the palace scene in her white dress and long yellow train, but not like a princess or a woman who would sacrifice herself for her country. In fact, she suggested nothing so much as a little white kitten with a swollen yellow tail. Her little soft purry voice helped out the illusion. As for the handsome Hackett, I like him not when he is flippant, but he can be royally in earnest. He was almost superb when he urged old Sapt to attack Zenda and try to free the King quickly. "I could marry the Princess and send Michael and the King together to ——" he said. "I'm not denying it, lad," returned Sapt.

"Then in God's name!" he said, "let us go to Zenda and crush this Michael and bring the King back to his own again."

"And the Princess?" said Sapt.

It was a very good scene, and very well done by both of them. In fact, Charles Walcot's Sapt was second to none. Hackett is a handsome fellow and winning, too. There is something about him which reminds one of Kathryn Kidder. It is not so much his face as his manner and methods. It was particularly noticeable in the second act when he strode on the stage and stood, a dashing, glittering figure, with his face towards the house and his back to the stage. I don't approve of the position, but without doubt he made a gorgeous picture. He can also say the word "sweetheart" with the best of men and lovers. Maude Odell was cast for the part of the irrational, ranting French woman, and played the role very well in addition to looking picturesque. John Findlay was rather

MISS ROSE ADLER
Photo by Marceau

amusing as the old chap who couldn't remember that his friend's frau wasn't as faithful as his own.

The Alcazar is looking up in the world. Last week during the performance of "School" I saw several pretty faces on the stage. One of these belonged to the charming black-haired, blue-robed little creature who passed almost all of the third act in a swing, and another to a girl in a big hat, who looked something like Ethel Barrymore. They had very little to say, these two young people, and nothing to do but look pretty, and they did.

May Buckley was cast for the leading female part—that of Cinderella "Bella"—and played it fairly. She is rather pretty and has the great merit of simplicity. This cannot be said, however, of the Alcazar's leading man. He spoiled what might possibly have been a pretty love scene by a total lack of ingenuousness and feeling. To be sure, it must be rather hard to sidle, like a crab, up and down in the moonlight, glancing behind you—like a strutting turkey cock at his tail—and not look like a donkey, but there are more kinds of donkeys than one; there are several lovable kinds, and if an actor can throw into his voice the ring of genuine feeling he may be sure (no matter how preposterous his attitude) of the sympathy and attention of the discriminating.

"Trilby" is here again. Edith Crane has improved somewhat, and Jennie Reiffarth (Madame Vinard) is as good as ever. Hers is the only really good work done by the company, though both Zou Zou and Gecko were fairly well played.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Fall Styles man ar and Hosiery at John W. Ca Necks 25 Kearny Street.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

MUSIC

MISS ADLER'S CONCERT.

Miss Adler is one of the most promising of young singers yet heard in San Francisco. She has a most flexible voice of lovely quality, and a thoroughly musical nature. At her farewell concert Miss Adler amply demonstrated her ability to sing the works of Gounod, Bizet, and others. Whether she can act them remains to be seen. Undoubtedly, with proper training, Miss Adler has a future. The singing of Mrs. Cecelia A. Keesing, as well as that of Mr. Donald de V. Graham, was pleasing—hardly more. Mrs. Keesing is not a dramatic soprano, despite the program's assurance to the contrary. Mr. Nathan Landsberger's performance on the violin was technically clean and his intonation good. Mr. Landsberger had the good taste to select two little numbers a "Chanson d'Amour" and a Spanish Dance by Fabian Behfeld — which he really played quite charmingly. The accompanists, Miss Mooney and Messrs. Fleishman and Fiskenscher, were satisfactory.

The newly organized symphony orchestra makes its first appearance on Friday evening next at the Baldwin Theater in a most interesting program. These concerts are to be given afternoons instead of evenings, that the very best performers, many of whom play in the theaters, may be secured. The strings, led by that able musician and excellent violinist, Mr. Sigmund Bell, wil be strengthened by several recent arrivals from Europe.

Mr. Gustav Hinrichs requires no introduction, either in San Francisco or elsewhere, since he is a conductor of national repute. His affiliations with the National Opera Company, the Philadelphia Opera and the National Conservatory of New York stamp Mr. Hinrichs one of the few musicians of high rank in America. Naturally a great deal is expected of the new symphony orchestra, and doubtless expectations will be realized.

M. Maurice de Vries, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, is to be the singer at the first concert. Mr. de Vries is a sterling artist; he is not alone a great singer, but a fine musician as well. His solo wil be an aria from "The Flying Dutchman" with orchestra.

There is already a large sale of seats, and the subscription list is rapidly growing.

The Baldwin will doubtless be crowded, as it certainly should.

P. C. ALLEN.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The "Trilby" is again with us, this time at the Columbia, and the audiences are as demonstrative in their approbation as they are large. The company has established itself in the favor of San Francisco and should crowd the theatre for the final week, which commences on Monday night. This is the last time "Trilby" will ever be seen in San Francisco.

Next week the Alcazar company will present a piece entirely new to most of our theatre-goers, entitled, "The Wife's Peril." It is a comedy in four acts by that well-known English author, Horace Wigan, and is the piece in which the Jersey Lily, supported by Charles Coglan, achieved her first success in this country.

The last performance of "The Prisoner of Zenda" will positively be given Saturday evening next, October 17. The demand for seats is so heavy that it looks as though the engagement would be entirely too short to allow to all who wish to see this magnificent production the opportunity of doing so.

The Hawaiian Band and Glee Club remain and the new people at the Orpheum for next week include the Hengles Sisters, who have only played one engagement in this country, and come direct to the Orpheum circuit. As dancers and singers they are said to have no superiors on the vaudeville stage.

The entertaining farce-comedy, "Town Topics," which will be presented at the Columbia Theatre after "Trilby" by the Broadway Comedians, has scored success everywhere. The play is in three acts, interspersed with clever specialties introduced by a clever lot of farce-comedy people.

Two new plays will be presented by the students of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art upon the occasion of their next public performance on Thursday afternoon, October 29th.

Fanny Davenport commences her season on November 2d. After this tour Miss Davenport intends to give up her Sardou repertoire. She will be in San Francisco early in '97.

The sale of seats for Julia Marlowe-Taber's engagement commences Thursday morning. The new play, "Romola," is to be the opening production of the engagement.

The German Dramatic Company that the Columbia Theatre management have secured for a season come direct from Berlin to this country.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

A Beautiful Life.

My sister's wedding occurs this week,
And all the fuss and trouble they're at
I'd say were wasted, if I might speak
On such an empty romance as that.
They love each other, indeed; but pshaw!
He had no rival, and none had she;
They'll settle down like pa and ma;
I hope there's better in store for me.

I want a lover like those in tales;
I'll scorn his suit till he's quite enraged;
And then, the day when his father fails
I'll send for him, and we'll get engaged.
And how my parents will storm and scold!
My lover's pleadings with sneers deride.
And say he's marrying me for gold.
Then he, in noble and lofty pride,

Will go away. Another then,
A handsome foreigner, so polite,
Will nearly capture my promise, when
My first returns, and they wage a fight
And in the duel my lover brave
Is nearly killed and had died but for
The tender nursing his sweetheart gave;
And then: the nations will go to war.

I'll cry and suffer, but he shall go;
In all the papers his deeds be read.
And last, one morning there falls the blow;
My hero lover's among the dead!
Against my sorrows in vain is strife,
And when my lingering death occurs,
The lovely tale of my tearful life
Will make my sister ashamed of hers.

—Puck.

The San Francisco and North Pacific Coast Railroad offers more attractions for pleasure than any other road in the State. Its ferry boats are large and roomy, and the trains are so arranged that all excursionists are assured a seat. The road for the most part is through the very heart of the California redwoods, and the scenery is unsurpassed. The rates are especially low, enabling everybody who so desires to leave San Francisco and spend a delightful Sunday in that beautiful country through which the road passes.

So you think that "delicious," "dainty," "inspiring," when said about tea, are hifalutin?

You don't know tea. Schillings's best justifies every word of it.

At grocers' in packages.

QUEEN LILY SOAP

BEST ON EARTH
FOR LAUNDRY USE

Patronize Home Industry

MORE OF MARCELLA

In "Sir George Tressady" She Figures as a Political Grande Dame.

Most of us knew Marcella Boyce. She is now Marcella Lady Maxwell by the grace of Mrs. Humphry Ward, self-constituted fountain of honor. Nay, she has gone into politics after the manner of the British grande dame and across her path came "Sir George Tressady" (Macmillan & Co., publishers) whereby there hangs the tale. It seems natural that her politics are those of her husband, Lord Maxwell, who is a Liberal, but Tressady, o'er whose life she was to lay the spell of her influence, is a Tory. A striking portrait is drawn by Mrs. Ward of Lord Fontenoy, the leader of the Tory party in Parliament, an example of the noble Britisher who had sowed his wild oats broadcast and left the crop for others to gather. So:

"You forget," the speaker resumed, "that I learnt nothing either at school or college, and that a man who wants to lead a party must, some time or other, pay for that precious privilege. When you left England, the only financial statement I could understand was a betting-book. I knew no history except what one gets from living among people who have been making it, and even that I was too lazy to profit by. I couldn't understand the simplest economical argument, and I hated trouble of all kinds. Nothing but the toil of a galley-slave could enable me to do what I have done. You would be astonished sometimes if you could look in upon me at night and see what I am doing—what I am obliged to do to keep up the most elementary appearances."

George shut the door upon him, and came back to the fire to ponder this odd quarter of an hour. His experience certainly contained no more extraordinary fact than this conversation of a gambler and a spendthrift into the passionate leader of an arduous cause. Only one quality linked the man he remembered with the politician he had now pledged himself to follow—the quality of intensity. Dicky Fontenoy in his follies had been neither gay nor lovable, but his fierce will, his extravagant and reckless force, had given him the command of men softer than himself. That will and that force were still there, steeled and concentrated. But George Tressady was sometimes recklessly doubtful as to how far he himself was prepared to submit to them.

Sir George being elected to Parliament is constituted Lord Fontenoy's first lieutenant. He is rather inclined to resent in the person of Lady Maxwell that which stout old John Knox was wont to call "the monstrous regiment of women," which, in his somewhat limited view he regarded as "against the laws of nature, contumely to God and subversive of good order." In fact, Tressady looks on Marcella with suspicion as a woman in politics. There was a certain bill before Parliament in which Marcella and her husband were greatly interested, and its object was the amelioration of the condition of workmen in specified industries. Marcella is discussing the bill with a parliamentary representative of the working classes when Sir George joins them, and this is the way Mrs. Ward gives us to know that people talk politics in what Jeames de la Pluche delighted to call the "hupper suckles":

"Do you gather that Lord Fontenoy's speech on Friday has been much taken up in the country?" said Bennett, leaning forward and addressing Lady Maxwell. Tressady, who was observing him, noticed that his dress was precisely the "Sunday best" of the respectable workman, and was, moreover, reminded by the expression of the eyes and brow that Bennett was said to have been a well-known "local preacher" in his north country youth.

Lady Maxwell smiled, and pointed to Tressady.

"Here," she said, "is Lord Fontenoy's first lieutenant."

Bennett looked at George.

"I should be glad," he said, "to know what Sir George thinks?"

"Why, certainly—we think it has been very warmly taken up," said George promptly—"to judge from the newspapers, the letters that have been pouring in, and the petitions that seem to be preparing."

Lady Maxwell's eyes gleamed. She looked at Bennett silently a moment, then she said: "Isn't it amazing to you how strong an impossible case can be made to look?"

"It is inevitable," said Bennett, with a little shrug, "quite inevitable. These social experiments of ours are so young—there is always a strong case to be made out against any of them, and there will be for years to come."

"Well and good," said George; "then we cavillers are inevitable, too. Don't attack us—praise us rather; by your own confession, we are as much a part of the game as you are."

Bennett smiled slightly, but did not in reality quite follow. Lady Maxwell bent forward:

"Do you know whether Lord Fontenoy has any personal knowledge of the trades he was speaking about?" she said, in her rich, eager voice; "that is what I want so much to find out."

George was nettled by both the question and the manner.

"I regard Fontenoy as a very competent person," he said dryly. "I imagine he did his best to inform himself. But there was not much need; the persons concerned—whom you think you are protecting—were so very eager to inform us!"

Lady Maxwell flushed.

"And do you think that settles it—the eagerness of the cheap life to be allowed to maim and waste itself? But again and again English law has stepped in to prevent it—and again and again everybody has been thankful."

"It is all a question of balance, of course," said George. "Must a few unwise people be allowed to kill themselves—or thousands lose their liberty?"

His blue eyes scanned her beautiful, impetuous face with a certain cool hardness. Internally he was more and more in revolt against a "monstrous regiment of women" and the influence upon the most complex economic problems of such a personality as that before him.

But his word "liberty" pricked her. The look of feeling passed away. Her eyes kindled as sharply and dryly as his own.

"Freedom!—let me quote you Cromwell! 'Every sectary saith, "O give me liberty!" But give it him, and to the best of his power he will yield it to no one else.' So with your careless or brutal employer—give him liberty, and no one else shall get it."

"Only by metaphor—not legally," said George stubbornly. "So long as men are not slaves by law, there is always a chance for freedom. Any way, we stand for freedom—as an end, not a means. It is not the business of the State to make people happy—not at all!—at least that is our view—but it is the business of the State to keep them free."

"Ah!" said Bennett, with a long breath, "there you've hit the nail—the whole difference between you and us."

George nodded. Lady Maxwell did not speak immediately. But George was conscious that he was being observed, closely considered. Their glances crossed an instant, in antagonism certainly, if not in dislike.

"How long is it since you came home from India?" she asked him suddenly.

"About six months."

"And you were, I think, a long time abroad?"

"Nearly four years. Does that make you think I have not had much time to get up the things I am going to vote about?" said the young man laughing.

"I don't know. On the broadest issues of politics, one makes up one's mind as well in Asia as in Europe—better, perhaps."

"On the empire, I suppose—and England's place in the world? That's a side which—I know—I remember much too little. You think our life depends on a governing class—and that we and democracy are weakening that class too much?"

"That's about it. And for democracy, it is all right. But you—you are the traitors!"

Sir George marries Letty Sewell, a fashionable fubble, who seemed to fulfill his ideal of what a woman should be before marriage. Mrs. Ward gives a chart of his feelings on the subject of what a woman should be with some of his awakening doubts whether Lady Tressady after marriage is all his fancy painted:

It is not long before he finds her out for "the hard little thing" that she is, and of course as this is a novel he falls in love with Marcella. But he goes on cutting bread and butter—that is politics—notwithstanding the harrowing situation of being officially opposed to the position of the woman he loves. The strain becomes too great, and the force of Marcella's personality triumphs. He throws over his leader in a magnificent speech in the House, creating a tremendous sensation. Very soon the situation becomes impossible, as it necessarily must the moment it took an articulate shape. Thus it comes:

"I don't know what to say," she began, stopping suddenly beside him, and leaning her hand for support on a table while her head drooped. "I have been very selfish—very blind. But—mayn't it be the beginning—of something quite—quite—different? I was thinking only of Maxwell—or myself. But I ought to have thought of you—of my friend. I ought to have seen—but, oh! how could I?" she broke off, wrestling with this amazing difficulty of choosing, amid all the thoughts that thronged to her lips, something that might be said—and if said, might heal. But before he could interrupt her, she went on: "The harm was, in acting all through, by myself, as if only you and I, and Maxwell's work, were concerned. If I had made you known to him—if I had remembered—had thought——"

But she stopped again in a kind of bewilderment. In truth she did not yet understand what had happened to her—how it could have happened to her—to her, whose life, soul, and body, to the red ripe of its inmost heart, was all Maxwell's, his possession, his chattel.

Tressady looked at her with a little sad smile.

"It was your unconsciousness," he said, in a low, trembling voice, "of what you are—and have—that was so beautiful."

Somehow the words recalled her natural dignity, her noble pride as Maxwell's wife. She stood erect, composure and self-command returning. She was not her own, to humble herself as she pleased.

"We must never talk to each other like this again," she said gently, after a little pause. "We must try and understand each other—the real things in each other's lives. Don't lay a great remorse on me, Sir George! Don't spoil your future and your wife's! Don't give up Parliament! You have great, great gifts! All this will seem just a passing misunderstanding—both to you—and me—by and by. We shall learn to be—real friends—you and we—together!"

After this there is but one thing left, and that is to get rid of Sir George. He meets death bravely in the attempt to rescue miners in a coal pit. He is caught in an explosion of firedamp, but before he dies Marcella comes to him. "Then light—blinding featureless light—poured over the vision, and George Tressady had ceased to live."

OCTOBER PERIODICALS

A Brief Review of the Current Magazines.

The "Atlantic" is full of good stuff this month—instructive, valuable and nourishing in an intellectual way. Perhaps the most important paper is that of Charles W. Eliot and his exposition of five American contributions to civilization. America has taught the nations how to keep the peace without wasting energy on a monstrous army; it has taught the lesson of a full religious toleration; it has developed manhood suffrage to the highest power; it has assimilated a tremendous volume of heterogenous immigration, and the country is more noted than any other for the diffusion of well-being and a high standard of comfort and living among the people. The paper is full of suggestion.

"At the Registrar's like a pair of low atheists."

There is a tragedy in a line expressive of the blighting scorn of good society for a marriage without bell, book and cradle. It is one of those touches that illuminate the work of Henry James, who concludes his story, "The Old Things," so far as he ever deigns to conclude without gathering up the loose ends.

"The professors of literature in our colleges are usually persons who have made no additions to literature, and the professors of rhetoric seem ordinarily to have been selected to teach students how to write for the reason that they themselves have never written anything that anyone has read."

Thus Edward Everett Hale quotes Professor Beers in his article on the Harvard of sixty years ago. Things are changed since that time, when it was true of most universities that "a person who is called a teacher is a person who hears you recite a lesson which somebhdy else has taught you."

"Did you not express your opinion that sewage could be treated economically by electricity?"

"I did; if "

"Excuse me; no 'ifs,' if you please."

One would not expect to get much humor out of an exposition of the functions of experts in patent-law cases, but John Trowbridge has contrived to present an instructive picture of a scietific cross-examination of the usual sort that is quite as amusing as that of Mr. Pickwick by Buzbuzz.

"Harpers" opens with a paper by Frederick Remington describing his experiences among the blue quail—our own hard-flying bird. One might envy Remington. He writes so well, and draws better than anybody.

Brander Mathews has a slight sketch, but very well done, of a young Californian stranded in New York without a cent, and his meeting with a couple of crushed tragedians.

"Did you ever see me play Laertes? I did it first in 'Frisco in '72, when Larry Barrett came out there. While I was on the stage with him Hamlet didn't get a hand. I've got a notice here now that says I'm the Greatest Living Laertes."

The opening chapters of DuMaurier's story are not striking.

The leading story in "Lippincott's," "The Crown Prince of Rexicana," by Edward Van Zile, is evidently the work of a newspaper man—probably the society editor. There are princes and conspirators, lords and ladies, and American millionaires, dynamite and pistols, and everything on the keen jump, rattle and bang from the word go.

"Thus muttering to himself, Ludovico began to climb the post at the southern end of the balcony, his teeth gleaming in the half light as he grinned maliciously, while his eye glanced with feverish eagerness at a ray of light that flared from a window above him."

It may be explained that Ludovico is a conspirator who is going to give the Crown Prince a pill as soon as he has committed the burglary of a country villa near New York, where the prince is staying incog. That is why Mr. Ludovico's teeth gleamed.

"The glare in Ludovico's eyes faded slowly as he looked upon the pale, strong, beautiful face of the youth who had assumed in his wild fancy the figure of a tyrant who held wild revelry at the expense of the people."

After the glare had faded Ludovico proceeds to shoot himself instead of the tyrant—that is, he "sent a bullet crashing through his brain," in the dear old familiar phrase of the morgue reporter. Then the prince tells the American girl that he loves her.

"Her hand was like ice in his, and she spoke not, but he knew that she wept softly."

Somehow they could not fix it up, although it is not made very clear why the girl should be left weeping softly, while the prince goes home to be a king by himself.

The "Century" winds up Sloane's life of Napoleon. The story of the battle of Waterloo should be an epic, but it is not, as told by Sloane. The illustrations are sumptuous, magnificent, vivid. It might seem as if the "Century" lives by its pictures, for another example of what newspaper men call "writing around cuts" is found in the stuff "About French Children," written to carry the exquisite drawings of Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

That feature of the "Review of Reviews" which gathers the cartoons of the month shows what a hit Homer Davenport has made in New York. There are about three of his pictures in the bunch for one by any other man. A man can get a better grasp of the condition of politics from the "Review" than from any other source. It is impartial and enlightened.

The illustrations in the "Cosmopolitan" are better than the letterpress this month, always excepting the department "In the World of Art and Letters," in which one invariably finds some good work by Sarcey, Zangwill and others. There are sketches by Van Schaick that are full of action and spirit. The Colorado desert is always interesting, and with the help of some good pictures Captain Gaillard of the regular army, manages to give a very vivid idea of that strange region.

The man who cannot find what he wants outside of politics in "Current Literature" must be hard to please. There are some verses by Gelett Burgess of this city in the present number.

Stephen Crane's new book, "The Little Regiment," will soon be published. It will contain four stories, which, I believe, have all been published in magazines or newspapers. After this Mr. Crane says he is not going to write anything more about soldiers. It is very hard to get him to write anything at all. His publishers have no more difficult task than to get him to deliver copy up to time. It is said that his failure to produce a certain story at the time agreed upon was the reason for the publication of "George's Mother," a flimsy and crude bit of work that did not fulfill the promise held out by "The Red Badge of Courage."

Marion Crawford has written a new story specially for "The Century." It is called "A Rose of Yesterday," and it will begin in the November number and run for six months. The story opens in Lucerne, and while it is entirely separate in interest, some of the personages that appear in it will be familiar to readers of "Don Orsino." It is wholly romantic in character.

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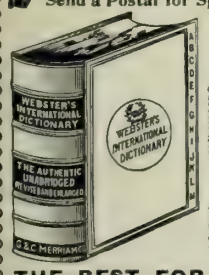

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

The Czar's New Yacht—The Oelrichs Mansion in New York.

"The Standard," the royal yacht of the Czar of Russia, which is to bring him to England, looks like a trans-Atlantic liner, by reason of its great bulk, its three huge masts, and its two immense smokestacks. She is four hundred and twenty-five feet long, with fifty feet beam, and carries an energy of fifteen thousand horse-power, which is able to push her at the rate of twenty-one knots an hour. Her crew consists of a captain, twenty officers and three hundred and fifty men. The rooms to be used by the Czar and his wife are splendidly decorated and appointed. The grand saloon is eighty feet long, twenty feet wide and fourteen feet high, and its walls are coated with blue-gray morocco, to match the upholstering of the furniture. The Czar, the Czarina, and the Czar's mother have each of them a bedroom, bathroom, and boudoir, which are said to be chastely and yet most sumptuously appointed. Two apartments each are set apart for every one of the grand dukes and grand duchesses, and a private diningroom for the imperial folks connects with these elegant suites. There is a spacious drawing room on board, decorated with marqueterie work, and containing a piano, library and lounges and padded chairs. The vessel even has its chapel, which, I learn, is enriched with pictures in mosaic work. Eleven hundred incandescent lamps light the ship, which is heated by hot water tubes.

* * *

At the settling up of the Paran Stevens estate, Herman Oelrichs purchased the historic Stevens mansion on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh street. It is opposite the town house of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Diagonally opposite dwells William C. Whitney, and C. P. Huntington's greystone chateau has the fourth corner. Though not so spacious as the others, the Oelrichs house has always been regarded as one of the most beautiful private residences in New York. It is built of big blocks of white marble, tastefully decorated with carvings, is four stories in height, the upper portion being set off with a graceful tower, and occupies three full city lots. The handsomest apartments in the mansion are the ballroom and the drawing room, both of which are on the second floor. The ballroom is the largest and most elaborately decorated apartment in the house. The ceiling, which is over twenty feet high, is frescoed in fanciful designs and in the softest shades. The walls are creamy white, and this absence of decided color is only broken by the frostlike ornamental work and an occasional gleam of gold. At the back of the room is a wide platform, and just above this is the musicians' gallery, which is hidden from the dancers by palms and other floral products of the tropics. What will probably be considered the most attractive apartment in the mansion is the drawing room, which takes up the whole Fifth Avenue side of the second story. Its decorations, which are Grecian in their severity, are brought out with great distinctness by the light from six great windows, which extend from the polished parquet floor almost to the ceiling. An immense pier glass stands opposite the wide arched doorway leading from the hall. While the walls of Mrs. Oelrichs' bedroom, which overlooks the Avenue, on the third floor, are of creamy white, they are covered with silk drapery of the most delicate shades. These hangings may be changed, of course, at the pleasure of the occupant, and thus an entirely different effect may be gained with little effort. Around the walls and on the ceiling are groups of dancing, laughing cherubs, joined by lace-like scarfs in a graceful, unbroken chain, giving to the apartment an atmosphere at once artistic and dainty. The bathroom of the mistress of the mansion adjoins her boudoir, and is lined entirely with white marble. The bathtub is porcelain-lined, and the washstand is of amber-colored onyx. Miss Fair's rooms are in the eastern wing of the building, over the ballroom. The walls are paneled with old gold silk, and the Louis XVI furniture is of pea green, set off with narrow bands of gilt. The bathroom adjoining is furnished like her sister's, and contains, as they all do, shower, spray, and needle baths. All the wallpaper used in the house was imported from England.

* * *

Perhaps the strangest, maddest revel of the whole world is the costume ball given every year by the students of the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. The following letter gives a personal view of it, being written by one of this year's students:

"The men of our atelier went as Bacchi, with tunics gathered at the waist by a cord and reaching to the knees, bare arms and legs, a leopard skin thrown roughly over one shoulder, a crown of vine leaves on the head and sandals on the feet. I rubbed some tan on so as not to look quite so white, and was ready for the ball. About 11 we three Americans drove in a cab to the Moulin Rouge, a hall nearly the size of the Mechanics' Pavilion, and beautifully decorated. At 12:30 the grand march began. You can imagine the sight of over a thousand people in costumes of every imaginable character, from the Turk with turbaned head and blackened face to the artist's model with little more than shoes and a smile. The cavalcade was made up entirely of students of the Beaux Arts, each atelier having a float followed by a procession of its members. First came the torch-bearer, then the insignia of our atelier, then Bacchus riding a white donkey and leaning on the two Greek maids who walked beside him, and lastly the float, the most beautiful feature of all. It consisted of an elevated rustic throne covered by arches of grapevine in which were brilliant clusters of incandescent lights. On the throne Bacchus was seated with a girl in Greek costume standing beside him, while below were grouped men and girls in tunics and leopard skins, holding goblets made to imitate goats' heads. The last time around the hall the girl standing by the throne dropped her gown and stood totally nude, and being one of the finest models in Paris, made as beautiful a picture as I ever saw. Our atelier won the first prize, which consisted of two parts, the ideal and the material—the former being a large imitation gold medal, the latter a champagne supper, less lasting but quite as satisfactory. We kept it up till 7 in the morning, when we all left together, still in costume but further set off by overcoats and trousers, and marched toward the Beaux Arts, dancing around the Opera and the Place de la Carrousel, and finally dispersing from the court yard of the school. I suppose there are many people who would have been utterly horrified at all this, but then, you know, they would be equally shocked at the sight of an innocent small boy in swimming without his bathing suit. The rest of us know that there is nothing purer, more delicate, or more beautiful, than a perfect human form. It all depends on the character of the man who passes judgment."

All this is just a little startling to sober-minded Americans, whose lives have been spent at home, and whose conception of fancy dress is bounded by the lace ruffles of a cavalier and the velvet bodice of a Normandy peasant. Yet it is trying to be accused of the prudishness that shrinks from the sight of a small swimmer in a state of nature. Surely a medium attitude of mind can be struck, in which beauty of the human form can be reverenced and enjoyed without being made the subject of an orgie. A slight fusion of the French spirit with the American might make just the right combination. Paris should spend a decade over here, while America needs—well, a month or two in Paris.

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A MODEL SANITARIUM

Sickness Made a Luxury at the Waldeck.

One can hardly call the Waldeck a hospital, however. It is rather a private hotel where invalids may have the advantages of modern aid, and of the most improved appliances of medicine and surgery, provided their especial trouble is of a non-contagious character.

There are such grim associations connected with a hospital, or with even a sanitarium—the smell of disinfectants, of drugs, and of anæsthetics; the stifled sounds of suffering; the ghastly rows of sick beds in the wards—that in nine cases out of ten the patient is overwhelmed with a sense of discouragement and despair as soon as he enters the walls. It is as if the *ogni lascate esperanza* had been written above the door. With the Waldeck, however, all is different. The patient is afforded treatment such as never could be administered in his private house, while at the same time he is domiciled in a sunny and luxurious apartment, waited upon by an admirably drilled corps of nurses, and—best of all—attended, if he so chooses, by his own family physician.

I believe there is no other hospital in the country where this privilege is granted. Certainly, it speaks volumes for the magnanimity of the managers of the Waldeck.

The especial features of the Waldeck are the cheerfulness of its interiors and the completeness of its personnel.

The rooms are furnished like those of a fashionable hotel—with airy, sunny chambers, pictures, bric-a-brac, pianos, etc.—while, in addition, there is a delightful roof-garden, a charming promenade, most like the main deck of an ocean greyhound.

The Waldeck, besides, is unequaled in one respect, that of the number of its trained nurses. No other hospital in the world can boast so large a number. So many of these deft fingered, soft-footed ministrants, all graduates from medical institutions, all thoroughly equipped for their calling, afford one—better than any other testimonial—the assurance of how far-reaching and comprehensive is the care that is taken of the Waldeck's inmates.

The operating-rooms are a marvel of cleanliness and completeness. No detail of appointment has been overlooked—at least, such is the beholder's impression. The tables and fixtures are in white enamel, brass and plate glass. There is every apparatus known to science for the equipment of the operator; contrivances for sterilizing instruments and dressings, and for supplying light, and heat, and proper ventilation.

The bath department is as perfect as could be desired by the most exacting physician, furnished as it is with every means necessary for the administrating of medicated baths of every nature. Here, at a moment's notice, you may be given a bath of salt, of vapor, of mud, of sulphur, or of mercury, either singly or in courses. In the solarium you may even enjoy a sun bath.

The method of ventilation strikes one as very ingenious. The air is drawn from the roof, is filtered—like so much water—till not a contagious germ remains in it; is then warmed to just the right temperature by contact with steam pipes, and then is driven by electric motor fans to each room independently (for in the Waldeck the ward-room system is done away, and each patient given his individual chamber); an exhaust system draws off the air almost as soon as it has become vitiated.

The Waldeck is something new; a unique development along untried lines. After a visit through all its departments one is tempted to exclaim: "It is sickness made easy."

F. R. PRESTON.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ALMSHOUSE

Superintendent Reddy's Clean Management

The present administration of the Almshouse is showing what might have been done by former superintendents for the betterment of the condition of our City's poor, if political work had not been considered of more value in the past than the study of the welfare and improvement of the inmates.

Captain E. A. Reddy is now building with inmate labor a new and modern laundry, the dimensions of which are thirty by ninety-six feet. The machinery required will cost about thirteen hundred dollars, but the entire outlay for building, machinery, etc., will not exceed thirty-five hundred dollars. It will take about four months to finish, and over fifteen hundred dollars will be saved to the City on the item of labor alone. The old laundry is now located under the windows of the women's hospital, and is a constant source of danger to the sick patients from fire, as well as unhealthy odors and seepage. Indeed, the clothes that have been ruthlessly destroyed by the antiquated machinery during its existence would, in value, go a long way toward paying for the new structure.

Different Boards of Health have condemned the old laundry but until the present no change has been attempted.

The new edifice will be located back of main building, No. 1, opposite the stable, and will be finished in the latter part of December. Captain Reddy, to protect the inmates from the dangers of a conflagration as far as possible, has lately placed one hundred and eighty water buckets in front of their sleeping apartments, and also on the roof of each building. These buckets are so located in the halls that in case of fire in any bedroom the old people can run out and extinguish the blaze in its incipiency.

Another cause of congratulation in the change of administration, at least to bicycle men and those using the County road in front of the Almshouse, is the removal of the tall eucalyptus trees bordering on the road, which every winter so shaded the ground from the sun as to result in the existence of a perfect quagmire there for a distance of half a mile, during the entire rainy season. Captain Reddy, feeling that the life of an Almshouse patient is dreary enough even under the most favorable conditions, has inaugurated a series of monthly concerts with the assistance, and under the direction of, the Rev. Dr. Tubbs and friends, and expects, shortly, to secure the gratuitous services of the Rev. Dr. Kelley, who will alternate with the Rev. Dr. Tubbs every two weeks, thus making the concerts semi-monthly.

Among other changes now taking place, building No. 2 is being renovated and a new floor laid, which will result in giving quarters for fifty new beds, as well as furnishing a large reading-room, fifty by fifty feet in size, where the inmates can gather in stormy weather, an accommodation that has been sadly needed in the past.

At present there are over nine hundred inmates at the Almshouse, ninety more than at this time last year, and, while Captain Reddy appears to enforce strict obedience to the rules and regulations, they all seem as well contented with their lot as could be expected.

JOHN INKERSLEY.

The Return of Nansen.

And Nansen's returned from the pole—
(Bless his soul!)
From the nethermost, weathermost pole,
Where the ice is packed high
As the Boreal sky
And the walrus goes out for a stroll.

But why did he come from the pole—
(Bless his soul!)
From the frigidy, rigidy pole,
To this Hadean spot,
Where the weather's so hot,
And the thunders incessantly roll?

(Bless his soul!)
From the palaces chill of the pole—
From the ice lawns and groves of the pole,
Where there's never a price
On broad acres of ice—
To the skies that are crisped like a scroll.

Oh, why did he come from the pole—
('Shrew his soul!)
From the blizzardy, frizzardy pole—
Where the hot sun will pelt him,
And roast him and melt him?
Oh, why did he come from the pole?
—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE MADAME SANS GENE

This is the "Madame Sans Gene." It is from the stock of Miss Addie Krieger, 1010 Market street, just opposite Fifth. It is of black felt with a rolling brim, and a band of black velvet around the crown, trimmed at the left side with a beautiful weeping willow plume and large bunches of aigrettes and crushed rosettes. Five beautiful tips fall gracefully over the right side. There is a twist of green velvet under the left side, and it is finished with a rich rhinestone buckle. Any number of equally beautiful hats may be seen in Miss Kreiger's well-stocked store.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

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Daniel Frohman's Greatest Lyceum Success
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Last performance Saturday night, Oct. 17
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Week Commencing Monday, Oct. 12th
Positively the last week of the Famous Hawaiian Band and Glee Club! 40 Skilled Musician and Vocalists in connection with a Great New Vaudeville Bill:
The Hengler Sisters, direct from the Alhambra, London
The Lucieers, Acrabatic Comedians
Ando Omne and Little Allright, the Wonderful Juggling Japs
Positively last chance to hear the Hawaiian Band
Reserved seats 25c; balcony 10c; box seats and opera chairs 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . .

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

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Resumed in November

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From San Francisco
Initial Trip Nov. **7**

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Residents of California and elsewhere in the West, who have planned for Eastern tours previous to the date named, should keep in mind the important fact that the return trip can be arranged for the SUNSET LIMITED without additional cost. A trip across the continent via the popular Sunset Route, in a Pullman vestibuled train of palatial elegance, provided with every comfort and luxury that can be suggested for the inner as well as the outer man, is a good fortune that falls but rarely to the average lot. Don't forget this when purchasing your ticket.

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—S. S. "Mariposa," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, October 15, 1896 at 2 p.m.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF FRED LARSEN, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of FRED LARSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of Califofnia.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Fred Larsen, deceased.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for the Administrator.
Dated at San Francisco, August 21, 1896.

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Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 53
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 7, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 12, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Nov. 2, 1896

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary
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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

In the campaign of 1876, when General George A. Sheridan was speaking in an Ohio town, a long-haired greenback man asked him the following question: "If the Government of the United States takes a piece of paper and prints on one side of it the words, 'This is one dollar,' and under it that it is a legal tender for all debts, customs and public dues, and on the back of it prints the words, 'This is one dollar'—do you mean to say that it does not make it a good dollar, and as good for use as any gold or silver coin in the United States?" Quick as a flash came the response: "My friend, I will answer your question by asking another. Suppose the Government of the United States should take you up and stamp on your forehead the words 'Daniel Webster.' Suppose they should pick you up and run you through one of the Government printing offices and stamp on your back in letters a foot long 'Daniel Webster.' Now, would that make you a United States Senator?" The audience roared and laughed, and the long-hairde man sat down.

A regulation of the Congressional Library in Washington forbids visitors carrying parcels into the building. One day a robust-looking young woman arrived at the door, a neat package in her hand. "You must leave that here until you come out," said the attendant. The young woman objected. The man said it was the rule. The young woman said it was absurd. The man was firm. He must obey orders. The young woman hesitated; then she undid the parcel, hung several pairs of black hose over her arm, handed the man the paper, and said: "There, you may keep that till I come out."

Among the hibernicisms perpetrated in Congress an assertion of a member from Colorado ranks supreme. In a speech in the House in which he assailed hotly a gentleman on the other side of the House, who disdained to reply to him, he concluded as follows, pointing his finger at his victim: "There he sits, Mr. Speaker—there he sits, mute, silent and dumb. "Yes, Mr. Speaker," interrupted a member on the other side, "and he isn't saying a word!"

At a session of the Kentucky Legislature an effort to repeal the law which offered a bounty on foxes' scalps was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely populated region. "Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tone and overspreading his rugged countenance. "We are all Methodists by my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens, I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure; and there ain't anybody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it." This reasoning was too much for the Legislature, and for the time being the law was not repealed.

During the Cleveland-Harison campaign, General Russel A. Alger, who was out on the stump, had to make an important speech which required special preparation. "I went," he explained, "to the stenographer at my hotel and asked her to take my dictation. She asked whether I wanted it taken direct on the machine. I thought that way would be as good as any other, and began dictating. She went right ahead, but, as I was in the midst of my peroration, she burst into tears. I wondered why my eloquence had been so melting, and asked what was the matter. 'Would you mind speaking that all over again?' she said, with eyes full of tears. 'I forgot to put any paper in the machine.'"

Albert Chevalier of costermonger fame went to the Lyceum Theatre one night to see Sir Henry Irving, but his attention was rather distracted by the remarks of two well-dressed women occupying adjoining stalls. At last in the course of their conversation one of them said: "Quite too nice, isn't it?" "Oh, quite more than too nice!" answered her companion. "Only doesn't it strike you—a little weakness in the knees?" "Weakness!" retorted her friend. "My dear girl, that's his pathos!"

An English traveler who was received by the Prince of Montenegro, whose daughter is to marry the Crown Prince of Italy, at Cettinje, complimented him on the beauty of the country, but expressed regret that it was so unfruitful and destitute of articles of export. "I beg your pardon," exclaimed the Prince, "we have some very valuable articles of export." "Indeed," replied the Englishman, "surely not cereals?" "No," was the Prince's prompt response, "daughters, my daughters."

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NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

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Sanitary Plumbing. Cuisine Perfect

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Someone has called dyspepsia our "national disease" due in a great measure to our American rush and hurry. We neither confirm nor contradict the statement; but we can, through the medium of the wonderful springs at Byron, offer a cure that, a little more widely known, might become

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 42 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 17, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

A GROUP OF NEW NURSES

EIGHTEEN GRADUATES OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

WHO RECEIVED THEIR DIPLOMAS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1896

Photo by Boye & Habenicht

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 17, 1896

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THE SILVER "CURE."

A correspondent inquires, with some effort at sarcasm, why we are so violently opposed to conceding the silver mine-owner the same privileges that pass without question and are freely granted by the Government to the gold mine-owner. He asks, "Why do you object to the Government's treating the silver miner the same as it treats the gold miner?"

The answer to this is—We don't object. "The Wave" has never contained a line that denied to the silver miner all the rights accorded to the gold miner. What we do object to is the proposed discrimination in favor of silver to the disadvantage of the Government, the ruin of our neighbors and the destruction of our industries. That is all. We do object to giving all the advantage to the white metal. We do object to the astounding and inexplicable piece of idiocy which declares that one dollar's worth of silver bullion can be made equal to two gold dollars by simple legislation. We do object to the species of financial lunacy that declares it possible to improve the quality of our money by increasing its quantity. We do not object to treating silver in all respects as we treat gold, but if we were called upon to decide between free coinage of silver upon the same, but no better, basis than we coin gold, and the demonetization of both, we would declare in favor of the demonetization of gold, and have the Government purchase its gold bullion and its silver bullion in the open market, at market rates, and coin the bullion so purchased, on its own account, as the necessities of trade and the prudential management of our financial policy might dictate.

The silver man is not asking the Government to treat silver as well as it treats gold. Nothing so modest ever entered his mind. He wants us to treat it better; to be exact, to treat it twice as well as we do gold. An owner of gold bullion takes one thousand dollars' worth of that metal to the mint and receives in return one thousand dollars in coin. The silver mine-owner does not ask this privilege; he demands that we permit him to take one thousand dollars worth of silver bullion to the mint, and receive in return two thousand dollars in coin. He has the effrontery to tell us that this will be a good thing for the country. He tells us that if we make for him two thousand dollars out of his one thousand dollar bar of bullion, Prosperity will awaken from her slumber and spill the contents of her cornucopia out upon our country; and if by law we compel the citizen to take this money at is inflated value, why then, naturally, says he, such will be its value. It is not astonishing that the dazzling possibilities promised to the silver mine-owner under his scheme of free coinage should blind him to every consequence but his own profit. Yet we do marvel much that anyone not having silver bullion for sale can discover any advantage to himself or to his country in the proposed scheme. The silver mine-owner tells us that under this beautiful arrangement, which he has so cunningly devised, money will be plentiful and everything will increase in value.

At the risk of repetition we want to impress one thing upon our correspondent's mind, and incidentally upon the mind of any other reader who believes in this extraordinary increase in values. Neither wages nor goods nor farm products will increase in value. Neither wages nor goods nor commodities will rise a fraction of a cent. The only change that will take place will be a change in the standard of our money. Our dollar will be a cheaper dollar. It will be a dollar scaled down in purchasing power. Our dollar now is a gold standard dollar; our dollar then will be a silver standard dollar. Our gold standard dollar is the best dollar in the world; our silver standard dollar will be the worst dollar in the world.

The list of objections made by the silver man to our present money are all based upon the assumption that our dollar is too good, that it is too dear and will buy too much. Their plan is (and if our correspondent does not know it he is hopelessly ignorant on the financial question) to scale down the value of our dollar and diminish its purchasing power. In other words to make our dollar such a cheap dollar that no man will take it at the same value that he takes our present dollar. The man who has goods to sell will want more of these dollars for his goods, and so they tell you prices will go up. Why? Because our money will go down. A surgical operation should not be necessary to demonstrate that there is nothing about free coinage per se that can affect the value of any commodity in the world. It does tax one's patience to stumble at this late day upon an intelligent American who cannot understand that this "rise" in prices does not mean a rise in value. That the receipt of an increased number of free coinage dollars for a given commodity will be necessary, not because the value of the commodity has risen, but because the value of the dollar has been scaled down.

Continuing, our correspondent declares that "the American people are entitled to have the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver because it is 'the money of the Constitution.'" This catch phrase, "the money of the Constitution," which has been going the rounds of this campaign, is pure and unadulterated drivel, unworthy of discussion. Silver is mentioned in but one place in the Constitution, and then in a connection wholly foreign to the meaning which the silver man would attach to its use.

Article I, Section 10, of the Constitution, provides that: "No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, or ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility."

The object and purpose of this declaration of the Constitution was to limit the powers of the several States, and deny to them certain prerogatives that go with independent government. So far as the section relates to gold and silver, it prevents the several States from declaring anything but these metals legal tender, and so removes all possibility of interference with the financial system outlined by Congress. The Colonies had for a long time used various and sundry things for money. In Colonial Virginia, warehouse receipts based upon deposits of tobacco were used as currency. In Colonial Massachusetts, wampum was currency, and beaver skins the money of ultimate redemption. In Colonial South Carolina, warehouse receipts based upon deposits of rice passed current as money. And it was to prevent the Colonies that had just budded into statehood from tampering with the general financial system of the nation that the founders of our republic were moved to place this inhibition upon the powers of the States. It would be just as reasonable for the followers of Herr Most to demand Congressional legislation to "impair the obligation of a contract" and point to that sacred document to sustain him in his violent demands.

"The money of the Constitution" is a mythical nothing. The party using this cheap appeal to the patriotism of the American people, is, strange to say, the very party that is most violently assailing the integrity of our Constitution. It is the party that threatens with vandal hand to violate its spirit, impair its efficacy and set upon its sacred pages strange heresies and dangerous amendments that make toward the destruction of our Government.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S LETTER.

The most important incident of this latter end of the presidential campaign is the letter of Archbishop Ireland. The venerable archbishop addressed the people of the United States as a patriotic citizen, not as a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church. He appealed to the good sense, the reason, the conscience of the American voters, not to their personal, class or religious prejudices, nor to their faith in him as a leader. He sought to make no impression by the exercise of authority, declaring that he spoke for himself alone and as a sovereign American citizen. He did not command in the name of his church, nor suggest that any other influences than those of logic and good morals should influence the voter. It can surely cause no good citizen aught but pride and gratification to have it manifested that in this land the voter, whether priest, preacher or layman, may speak his mind. And the reception given the archbishop's utterances by press and orators—by Mr. Bryan himself, in fact—demonstrates that the time has not yet come when a man need seek to hide his opinion because he is a member of any religious organization. Men who speak out of the full mind and ripe experience of Archbishop Ireland are too few to have their mouths locked tightly in times of serious national peril. There are priests and preachers who do not agree with the venerable archbishop of Minnesota. These have the right to their opinion and its expression, and between the two the people must judge as to which speaks truest.

No other man of the great Northwest has the personal following of Archbishop Ireland. Not as a religious teacher does his strength come to him, for there are, we believe, many other archepiscopal dioceses which are stronger in numbers and vastly richer in wealth than Minnesota. But Ireland gets his power as he would have got it had he been a lawyer or a newspaper man. He is personally a strong man, a natural leader, a man of power, of straight, quick mind, and of splendid courage. He knows the people—not his people alone, but those whom we call the masses. He has the art of gaining their confidence, which with big men is the art of speaking the truth frankly, and with small men is the art of appearing to speak it. The people of Minnesota, regardless of creed, believe that Ireland is a man whose judgment is worth taking. The people of Brooklyn followed with admiration and confidence the speech of Henry Ward Beecher; so do the people of St. Paul and Minnesota follow the words of this Western preacher, who, by the way, was Beecher's personal friend.

There are too many clergymen, be it said with all respect to their calling, who think with their hearts; too many in whom sentiment governs judgment. They are in all churches, and are both famous and obscure. They often charm, for many of them are poets. Too often, perhaps, they live in the rare atmosphere of higher thought far above that common air that sustains the practical man in his struggle for material things. But the great preachers have been those who were universal in their genius, and of these there have been few. Certainly, the Christian churches of the modern day have not asked that their preachers be their guides in other than spiritual fields. The spirit of the time resents interference in politics which comes from the pulpit. We go to church not to be taught [illegible] but principle—good morals and faith, not good Democracy and Bryanism, or good Republicanism and McKinleyism. Nevertheless, the preacher should be a man so broad of mind, and so liberal in education, as to be able to see the difference between an honest and a dishonest dollar, a patriotic platform and an anarchistic platform; and there should be none who would deny him the right, out of the pulpit, of expressing his political opinions. If preachers are to be denied the right to talk politics on the street corners or in the papers they should be disfranchised altogether. The right to vote without the right to discuss is practically worthless—in fact, the two must go together to be effective. Democratic government is based on both equally.

Bishop Wigger of Newark thinks that Archbishop Ireland is all wrong in his opposition to Bryan's anti-Supreme Court platform. Bishop Wigger is a good man, and, we believe, also a good churchman. He leads the German side of the church, and is believed to have more sympathy with Altgeidism and Debsism than his Minnesota brother. Such differences of opinion prove that men think for themselves, and the country is safe, no matter which party wins, as long as men do their own thinking. We may expect fire-eating spellbinders to criticise Archbishop Ireland for being a party to a political scheme, but the man's words need no excuse or defense. He felt that some of his neighbors and his friends had not thought seriously enough on the issues of the campaign, and before it was too late he determined to speak the true gospel, and give all financial sinners a chance for repentence. October converts are as acceptable in politics as eleventh hour converts are, we suppose, in the church.

SHALL WORDEN HANG?

If the law takes its course—and misplaced sympathy, coupled with executive cowardice, is all that will prevent it from doing so—S. D. Worden will hang at State's prison just one week before Christmas Day. The crime of which he stands charged and convicted is excusable on none of the grounds that usually move mercy to stay the hand of justice. It was a crime of exceptional atrocity, and posterity is deeply interested that punishment should follow. If Worden is pardoned California will so serve notice to the world that its laws are impotent to punish the man who deliberately conspires to take the life of his fellow man during a strike.

Worden was a railroad striker, who, two years ago, when his employer sought to resume railroad operations

between San Francisco and Sacramento, took an active part in an infernal plot which had train wrecking for its purpose and wanton wholesale murder as its consequence. Before the train began its journey the strikers proudly boasted, and the boast appeared in the daily prints of the time, that the train would never reach its destination. One man noisily declared that "it would not get two miles out of Sacramento." Crossing a trestle not far away from the capital city, the engine suddenly pitched over into the mud and muck below, killing four Federal soldiers and burying the body of the engineer beneath the debris. The crime was most revolting, and brought forth a storm of indignation. Investigation revealed the fact that the timbers had been weakened, and the wreck of the thain deliberately planned. That murder was contemplated was plainly in evidence. If the sole purpose in view had been merely to circumvent the railway company and prevent the operation of the train this might have been accomplished in such a manner as to put the engineer on his guard, and at least avoid the sacrifice of human life. But no such kindly motive prompted the wretch who planned and executed the deed. The work of weakening the bridge was hidden and concealed. Upon its surface there was not the slightest evidence that it had been tampered with. That a dozen or more lives were not sacrificed to this infernal piece of deviltry was due to nothing but sheer luck. Several of the strikers were arrested for this crime. Among them was S. D. Worden. The press of California, even that portion of it that upheld the strikers, was almost a unit in condemning the perpetrators of the outrage. Even labor itself denounced its authors. Mr. H. A. Knox, the leader of the strikers at Sacramento, issued a pronunciamento to the public in behalf of the American Railway Union, which read as follows:

"I desire to state in behalf of the American Railway Union that this order had not the remotest connection with the ditching of the train between Sacramento and Davisville this afternoon, by which several people lost their lives. We condemn this act as outrageous and barbarous, and entirely contrary to the spirit of the American Railway Union, which is engaged in an honorable struggle in the interests of labor, and is opposed to violence or the sacrifice of human life. If this act was done by sympathizers we regret it the more, as it is calculated to injure rather than help us. We sincerely trust that this first act of violence will be the last.

"H. A. KNOX."

Mr. Knox did not at that time hesitate to denounce the act as outrageous and barbarous and contrary to the spirit of his labor organization. On every side a pretense was made that no striker had a hand in the affair. The San Francisco "Examiner," which had employed every means within its editorial power to incite the strikers to acts of violence, said, "Every miscreant who had a hand in Wedesday's train wreck should be brought to the gallows." There was no question then as to the punishment that should be meted out to the man guilty of this crime. He had earned the hatred and contempt of every honest man in the community. Worden was tried by a fair and impartial jury, convicted of the crime and sentenced to be hanged. The other strikers arrested and subsequently tried for the same crime, and against whom practically the same evidence was introduced, were acquitted. This is a condition often found in criminal proceedings, but the acquittal of two of the three men equally implicated in a crime is not accepted as evidence of the innocence of the convicted defendant. Upon this contrary verdict, however, is to be based an appeal to the Governor for executive clemency, and if we are to believe the news reports a petition loking to that end is now being circulated with success. If the question of commuting Worden's sentence was merely a matter of saving the life of a hotheaded and irresponsible young man, who had been guilty of a crime in a moment of passion, or while under the influence of liquor, one might give reasons for favoring such a petition. But this is not the case here. Nor do the friends who are moving heaven and earth to secure a commutation of his sentence pretend that it is the case. The San Francisco Labor Council has issued a pronunciamento declaring the man innocent, and seriously announces that its present efforts to secure commutation of sentence merely represent its temporary spirit, and that finally they will seek his complete pardon. They propose now to save his life by appealing to the sympathies of mankind, and finally to secure his liberation by another petition addressed to some weak and cowardly executive, who may desire to secure the labor vote through his misplaced clemency.

Labor organizations are certainly most curiously constituted bodies. They denounce in set terms acts such as Worden stands convicted of at the time they are committed, but finally in the end, somehow and by some means, after public indignation has to some extent cooled down, they come out boldly to the defense and support of the very man who stands convicted of the crime which they had before so bitterly denounced.

It is a matter of some consolation to know that the unions do not speak for labor. The writer recently took occasion to question a number of railway employes engaged in the shops at Sacramento to ascertain their sentiments with respect to Worden. To a man they declared that he should hang, and although these men had, with the rest of the railway employes, gone out upon the strike when Debs gave orders, they denounced Mr. Debs most bitterly and only deplored the fact that Worden must hang alone.

While the fate of this young man is hanging in the balance we cannot resist reproducing our editorial which directly followed the wreck.

The "Examiner" says:

"Every miscreant who had a hand in Wednesday's train wrecking should be brought to the gallows."

Then the editor of the "Examiner" should hang, for he is the meanest miscreant of the lot. From the beginning he incited the strikers to riot and murder. If the laws of California were enforced he would now be in jail charged with train wrecking, as an accessory before the fact, and therefore the principle, and on trial would be convicted, and end his distinctly vile and reprehensible career by having his neck broken or his breath cut off on the gallows at San Quentin. The poor devils whom he urged to crime are far less guilty than he, for they had the courage to execute what he, like a coward, advised. As a coward and a murderer he will go branded henceforward in the estimation of every man who can appreciate the value of evidence, and judge justly of the conduct of another. It surely becomes him finely to join the law in pursuit of men whom he lured and incited, inflamed and advised into a path that ends on the trap of a scaffold. But, when they die, their blood will be on his head, like that of their victims, and the innocent wives and children whom they leave to sorrow and disgrace can look upon him as the wretch who led their dishonored dead into crime, deserted them like a coward, and applauded the executioner as they expiated their mistake and his crime."

Labor must learn some time that there is danger in the advice of the man who urges it on to violence, danger in the espousal of the wild theories of the professional agitator, and that in the end it encompasses its own undoing by forsaking the broad and well defined path of principle and honor. Just when this knowledge may come to it, one cannot say; just who it may select to lead it out of the wilderness is to be determined hereafter, but there must be in its ranks men of the type to perceive the error of its ways, who have the strength of mind to guide it out into the highway of wisdom and to the judicious use of its great power to achieve noble ends.

EASTERN POLITICAL TALK.

The New York "Sun" (McKinley Dem.) wants to know who will be benefited by free silver, and takes as its text an editorial from a Memphis paper which thus enumerates and describes "a few of the classes in the United States," against which, it says, "the masses" are arrayed in this campaign:

"The Federal pensioners.
"The ministers of the Gospel.
"The capitalists.
"The bankers.
"The salaried men.
"The rich.
"The brokers.
"The protected manufacturers."

"This list practically includes every man in the American republic, and therefore affords convincing evidence that there is no such distinction of "classes and masses" as this incendiary Tennessee paper intends to make. This country is made up of a mass of people with equal rights under the law, no one having the advantage over any other, except so far as he gets it from God Himself, in his possession of superior natural abilities and opportunities.

"The rich?" Who is rich? What are riches? How much must a man have to be rich, and how little must he have to be poor? The truest riches are health and vigor, a sound body and a contented spirit. The prayer for the British Queen is for health, wealth, long life. That is the order, health first. Why does not this repudiation newspaper kick against the order of nature, of God Himself, and cry out against the inequality which makes one man strong and another weak, one feeble in mind and body and another enduring and masterful? Why does it not rebel because pestilence attacks one household and leaves another unharmed? Because drought parches the fields in one region, while rains make fertility in another? Because the cyclone's path is through one man's property and not another's? Because an epidemic destroys the cattle in one district, and leaves those in another untouched? Because one man's child dies in the bloom of youth and hopefulness and another's lives to be the support of the parent's old age?

There is inequality for you; terrible, inexplicable inequality. But it is in the order of nature, and wild rebellion against it is wicked folly. The only way is to set to work patiently to avoid the causes which lead to the deplorable results; and, in due time, with the spread of intelligence and the understanding of natural laws, men will make them serve their welfare instead of working to their destruction. Mankind will have long to wait for the complete victory, but we are getting nearer to it every day; and never in the history of the world was this progress as rapid as it is now. Life is longer, disease is less deadly, the forces of nature are more under the control of human intelligence, the diffusion of the blessings of existence by means of wider science is advancing with rapid pace."

The New York "Post" (National Dem.) has hope that Tammany will break up the free silver issue, as all its leaders have bolted Bryan. It says:

"Sheehan's good work as the destroyer of Tammany Hall goes forward magnificently. In fact, it has assumed the proportions of a boom. Hughey Grant is out in a statement denying Sheehan's right to brand him traitor because he will not support Bryan and decla that Sheehan cannot deprive him of his title to be called a Tammany Hall Democrat. 'I have proved my title in the past,' says Grant, and we agree with him. His appointments as Mayor can be adduced as unanswerable testimony on this point. Purroy is also fighting Sheehan, for he has started a separate Bryan and Sewall association of his own inside Tammany Hall and has had himself elected president of it. He thus takes charge of a Tammany campaign of his own, in defiance of Sheehan's leadership. Sheehan is going to make a fresh display of his contempt for the decent and orderly elements of the population by bringing Altgeld here to speak for Tammany and Bryan. He is going to show us what he thinks of respectability, and he is doing "great work." There is no sign yet that he can get his friend Senator Hill to speak, and Danforth, the illegal-election-return-counter, says he can never do it. The great question, What will Hill do? has not yet been answered by Hill, but a shrewd and sagacious political thinker who knows him well makes answer that 'Hill will straddle his own coffin.'"

The "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" of New York (Ind. Rep.) prophesies a future an.. a great one for the National Democracy. It makes an elaborate review of historical precedents, and concludes that McKinley's election is made certain by the Palmer-Buckner ticket. This paragraph points out the many unique features of the Indianapolis movement:

"No incident in the history of this year's remarkable political campaign has been more dramatic than the birth of the third party at Indianapolis. We describe this event as the birth of a third party, in spite of the very general contention that the Indianapolis gathering was nothing more than the reunion of one section of the Democratic party to protest against the seizure of its name and partisan machinery by the organization at Chicago. It may readily be maintained that the spirit, the principles and the intellect which guided the Indianapolis convention were those which have done most to bring distinction to the regular Democratic party of the past. But this was equally true of the Republican party when it rose in 1854 out of the defeat in the presidential election of 1852 and subsequent wreck of the old Whig organization. It was in a measure true of the Whig party itself, which was created from the Federalist party ruins, though by a much slower process of evolution. In such cases the name of the new political organism is a matter of small concern. The historical fact is, that the framework of the old party has collapsed and that its place in opposition or in control of Federal policy is taken by another. The rise of this new party in 1896 is in some respects unique in American history. The two political parties just referred to came into being after a crushing political defeat of the organizations to which they were legitimate successors. Not only had the Federalists been utterly overwhelmed in 1801 but their candidates had thereafter uniformly failed of election, and their party machinery had been steadily decaying during subsequent decades, before the Whig party took the field. The Republican party came into formidable existence only after the failure of the Whig presidential candidate in the election of 1852 to carry more than four States of the Union. The extraordinary part of the rise of the new Democratic party in 1896 is that it follows a national election in which the party which it may possibly replace was carried into power by one of the most sweeping presidential majorities in our history. Partly connected with this phenomenon is another extraordinary fact. The Whig party and the Republican party were organized chiefly by the younger men of the parties which they succeeded. The old leaders had done their part in making history, but had failed to keep step with the movement of events and the needs of a new generation. In 1830 Henry Clay was fifty-three years of age and Daniel Webster was only forty-eight. In 1860 Lincoln and Chase had little more than completed their fiftieth years, while Fremont in 1856 was only forty-three. The two nominees of the Indianapolis convention are respectively seventy-nine and seventy-three years of age. Many of the oldest and most distinguished members of the Democratic party took part in the convention. Yet, strangely enough, in the way of historical comparison, the convention was by common agreement characterized by the buoyancy, the hopefulness and the resolute confidence in their organization's future which are looked for ordinarily when the younger spirit of reform comes to a party's leadership. The contrast becomes even more singular when it is noticed that the guiding spirits in the convention which at Chicago placed upon its ticket the youngest nominee in the history of presidential canvasses, were for the most part politicians whose political career in many cases dated back as far as the Civil War, or further. The wholly unique character of the Indianapolis movement appears still more impressive from the fact that for the first time in the political history of the United States an opposition to the regular organization of the party in power at the time has received the open indorsement of the President and his cabinet."

Readers of the "Examiner" may expect to find in its columns some communications like the following before the campaign is over:

Dear "Examiner": Herewith please find $1.75 for the Bryan campaign fund. Don't use my name, as I would lose my job if it was known I favored Bryan. Very truly,
G. W. B.

Editor of the "Examiner": I recognize the noble and honorable work you are doing for the people in the coming great fight between the masses and the classes. I am struck by your manhood, your honor and your tenacity to principles. I wear a McKinley button and belong to a McKinley club, but I am going to vote for Bryan. Inclosed find $1. "WORKINGMAN."

Editor "Examiner": Enclosed find my mite for the good cause. I am a good mechanic, and although promised steady employment at each place, I have been discharged fifteen times during the past two months, and may lose this job if it is found that I support Bryan. Yours, JAGS.

A POLICE BATALLION

The Patrolman as a Soldier, and His Appearance on Parade.

Should a policeman be a soldier?

The answer to that question has been given in the affirmative by the Police Commission of San Francisco, following the example of some of the large cities of the East, and the parade of last week was a report of progress in the direction of militarizing the force. Shortly after the appointment of Mr. Gunst as one of the commissioners, he went East to study the police systems of New York and Chicago. He found a strong tendency in the direction of militarism. The uniforms were accurate and exact to regulation. The men were drilled and trained to the use of weapons which are not those of a policeman. There was strict discipline and officers of all

POLICEMEN MARCHING DOWN VAN NESS AVENUE

the grades of a regimental battalion. For the ordinary purposes of police work so many officers and so many grades are not required, but in a battalion they have their places. For instance, in the parade of last week there was the chief, who acted as colonel. There were two acting majors and a full quota of lieutenants and sergeants.

It occurred to Mr. Gunst that this form of organization and training would be of benefit to the force, and his colleagues, Messrs. Alvord and Tobin, concurred. The orders went out that uniforms must be exact to regulation; that coats must be kept buttoned and belts and gloves worn. A drill master was engaged and rifles provided.

The results were seen in part at the recent parade. It cannot be said that the men looked exactly like soldiers, for, in fact, they did not. The marching was fairly good, although the alignment was wobbly in places. But after all is said they were unmistakably policemen and not soldiers. A policeman in mufti can usually be identified by the size of his feet and his general beefiness. He was at the parade in quantity, fat in the paunch, lumbering, slouchy. None the worse policeman for that, perhaps, but not at all a soldier.

There is no particular reason why a policeman should be a soldier, unless it happens that soldiers are scarce and there is need of a police force which can fulfill a double duty. So far as the work of a policeman goes it will not be done any better because the men are drilled or trained to the use of rifles. In fact, it is a question whether a patrolman should be allowed to carry a revolver. They do carry such weapons, but they are scarcely ever used, and it is almost a confession of inefficiency when the man is driven to the use of his pistol.

Nevertheless there are times when soldiers are sorely needed in the big cities of this country, and they are not always within call. That is the meaning and purpose of this movement to convert the police into regiments of soldiers. The same thing is being done at the East, and San Francisco has fallen into line. It is an extension of the standing army.

Whether drilled policemen could be relied on to behave like soldiers is another question. The habit of implicit obedience and total abstinence from the exercise of private judgment which are the essentials of military discipline are the result of constant and concentrated drilling and training. A soldier is not expected to think. He is a machine. A policeman, on the contrary, has to use his judgment constantly. Now a man who thinks and reasons when he is under fire is more likely to run away than to stand — that is, if he is a man of sense. Nobody but a wooden man or a fool would stand still to be shot at if he could get out of the way. A soldier should be a wooden man as nearly as possible.

It may be doubted, therefore, whether the occasional drilling of the policeman will make them soldiers. Individually the men are brave and splendid fellows. Individually they would fight to the last drop, but that is a wholly different thing from being brave collectively, which only comes from persistent collective training. The militia are not soldiers for the same reason. They will run away if they get the chance, and they will not shoot their friends. A soldier would shoot a friend without any feeling in the matter either of gratification or remorse. All this may be said without casting the slightest reflection on the individual courage of either soldiers or militiamen, but it is a known fact that panic is a disease or an affection, if you will, of crowds, which it is the object of military discipline to prevent.

Nevertheless, when allowance is made for all these considerations, there is no doubt that the modicum of military training which it is possible to give the police would be of value in case of a dangerous and concerted riot. The police, under the circumstances, would be a vast improvement on the nondescript forces which may be described as Pinkertons for want of a better name. It is a contingency which may never arise, but if it should arise a semi-military organization available without recourse to the delay of officialism and red tape would be of infinite value to quell disturbances before they might gain dangerous headway.

There are some 1,200 policemen in San Francisco, and of these nearly 500 were paraded last week. It may be said that they made a fine showing individually rather than collectively, but that is not to their discredit, because a policeman should be an individual trained to independent action rather than a cog on a wheel turned by a higher power.

Sir George Newnes wanted to issue a challenge for the America cup, but the London Yacht Club refused to forward it on the ground that the new deed of gift is inimical to the spirit of yacht racing.

Pierre Loti went to a bull fight at Fuentearabia recently and was made the guest of honor. The chief espada dedicated the death of the bull to him, and after the fight the novelist was obliged to throw his hat and pocketbook into the ring to live up to Spanish etiquette.

While Kaiser Wilhelm was celebrating the birthday of his little daughter Victoria recently by a children's party at Potsdam, the children wanted to dance. It being inconvenient to call in a military band, the Kaiser sent out into the street for an Italian organ grinder, and after the dancing was over gave him 150 marks.

King Leopold of Belgium has one subject who is ready to show his independence. M. Vandendriesche bought a lot in front of the king's villa at Ostend and built a house on it that interfered with the king's view. The king remonstrated, whereupon M. Vandendriesche pulled his house down and built a twelve-story iron hotel on the lot.

Leon Vannier, the publisher of the decadents and of Paul Verlaine, has just died in Paris at the age of 48 years. He kept a little second-hand book store on the Quai St. Michel. At the time of his death he was engaged in editing and bringing out Verlaine's postnumous works, the first of which, a volume of poems entitled, "Invectives," published recently, raised a storm of indignation in Paris.

A mean trick was played on Czar Nicholas by his Danish cousins during his recent stay at Bernstorff. They were bicycling together, the Czar ahead, when the Danish princes, who felt thirsty, turned into a wayside tavern for a drink without calling out to their leader. He went on, lost his way, and was directed to the castle by a Russian detective who was watching for his safety. The Czar was much put out by the adventure.

Russell Sage celebrated his eightieth birthday recently by going down to his office and doing a full day's work. There are no deadheads in Mr. Sage's business, and his three clerks do the work of twenty in other Wall street offices. A rule that he never breaks is that when one o'clock strikes, whatever business may be on hand he drops it and walks down to the Western Union building, where a free lunch is served to the directors. It is not a sumptuous meal, but "the street" says that Mr. Sage goes there to save a quarter. He never rides on a street car except when it rains, and he has money to throw at the birds, but does not throw it.

THE BATALLION ON DRESS PARADE: THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS IN FRONT

Photo by Marceau

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Mrs. Atherton never intends returning to the bosom of her native California. Had she designed to rejoin us, the male end of the community would surely have fared better at her pen. Think of it, Ye Gilded, consider how this person has brazened ye to the London world. She says: "The Western man has bad manners and relatively good morals. The California man, in nine cases out of ten, has neither morals, principle, honor nor manners. But he usually is bright." A verdict so sweepingly condemnatory is like the explosion of a powder magazine—it is murder and sudden death for all of us entitled by climate and boundaries to share it. Now it is unnecessary to put into direct evidence our principle, honor, manners and morals, because no specific instance of any of these would be available evidence or defense. It is fair, however, to call into question the reliability of this witness for our prosecution. Was it not Swift who replied to some one who accosted him with a "Your are no gentleman" by remarking "You are no judge"? It is not impossible that Mrs. Atherton is in a similar predicament. Would she know a gentleman if she came in contact with one? The persons she has given us in her several novels ticketed with that embracing designation are so by label rather than by title. One has not the impression from her characters that she has apreciation of refinement, of delicacy, of that sensibility of mind and sensitiveness of soul which are the essentials of real gentility. Her ideal man is broad-shouldered and heavy set—a leisurely sensualist, who would continue interesting as long as he remained disdainful. She is one of those cold-blooded women whose passions are roused by brute force rather than by dexterious grace. It is Sampson or Sandow for her rather than Adonis or Apollo. In fact, Mrs. Atherton's dicta are the expressions of purely personal proclivities; our type was unacceptable to her tastes. The unfortunate lack of morals, manners, etc., which she ascribes as characteristic of the community are expressions of personal rancor, of disappointed social ambitions. They are really unimportant save that they give the world an unfortunate conception of us.

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Apropos of Mrs. Atherton and her latest prominence, it would be unfair not to reproduce that charming little passage at arms between Ambrose Bierce and herself. It was at Sunol, where the Prattler was then sojourning. With a gay and Bohemian party, she journeyed thither one Sunday morning—it was the favorite pilgrimage of this particular set—and after some delay Bierce appeared. He looked savage, dejected, grim.

"Be careful, all of you," he said. "This morning I hate all men and all women."

"Not any particular woman, I hope, Mr. Bierce?" interrupted Mrs. Atherton.

"You are not a particular woman, Mrs. Atherton," responded Mr. Bierce.

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Among the novelties this campaign has evolved, the most ingenious is a scheme introduced by an individual named Dolan. This man in his own person represents a political organization which he has called the "People's Party." It is only in evidence at election times—then for purely piratical purposes, being merely a plan to extort coin from candidates. Following his usual method of procedure, Dolan applied to Registrar Hinton for recognition this election, backed by a petition with some seven thousand signatures, some of which were not only palpably fictitious, but funny. Among them were such names as "Jimmy the Rat," "Mike Around the Corner," "Billy Fisticuffs," and other strange terms unknown to the Directory. More curious than the petition was the make-up of the "People's Party" ticket. It seems the plan of Mr. Dolan's operations was to assess each candidate a certain percentage of his salary. For instance, Auditor William Broderick was asked one hundred dollars, and Justice Charles A. Low fifty dollars, for indorsement; and, of course, there were threats of reprisal in the event of refusal. The cajoling of Mr. Dolan was not effective with either, and on to the ballot they went as Clarence A. Low and Willard T. Broderick. The intent to deceive was, of course, evident, and would have been effective had Mr. Hinton permitted the scheme to go through. There undoubtedly would have been a splitting of votes and endless confusion. However, this fraudulent petition was denied, and the schemer was out the expenses of his trouble.

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In the Silver Bureau an ardent effort is being made to persuade Mr. Utica Lane into the development of Senatorial aspirations. Thus far he has refused the requests of these ardent friends, who are so solicitous for his advancement. They have not given up hope, however. They are able advocates, and ask only for new opportunities to exhibit their regard. One virtue Mr. Lane undoubtedly has—besides his fortune—he is manifestly sincere. To the Bryan campaign he has been a Godsend. The National Committee evidently found some subtle manner of working on his purse strings, for altogether he has contributed to the cause nearly $54,000. Unfortunately, but little of this fortune has been expended in California, though the operations of the Mills Building white metal bureau have been conducted entirely out of his pocketbook. Demands, accompanied by resolutions and expressions of admiration from all sorts and conditions of Eastern villages have evoked immediate financial response. This unprecedented liberality, which is better testimony to the heart of Mr. Lane than to his head, is reminiscent of the good old days when Senator Hearst was financiering the Democratic party. Can it be to afford wider scope to this admirable philanthropy that there is so much eloquence being aired in persuading him into the Senatorial contest. Thus has the fight lacked a financial aspect. The Utica has had no political outlet, for the operations of Mr. Hayward are always limited by the prospect of strict financial returns. According to political theorists the distribution of wealth is a laudable cause, and I am sure that the act of assisting Mr. Lane through a Senatorial fight will enable some very respectable gentlemen to buy real estate besides contributing to the gaiety of nations.

The prospect of James D. Phelan's election, the opposition of Joseph Dimond, the religious affiliations of C. L. Taylor, the ambition of Mr. Laumeister have furnished conversational material to that portion of the community which has not given its mind to the Castle embroglio. It seems that within the ranks of the Democracy there is opposition to Mr. Phelan. Matt. Sullivan, who was concerned in the Sullivan-Dwyer leadership some years ago, has no liking for him. Sam Rainey, on whom his nomination was forced, is not anxious for his election; the Church is said to desire the success of Mr. Dimond, and the "push" complains that his English is better than they require. Now there are excellent reasons for believing that Matt. Sullivan cannot control the votes of a community that respects Mr. Phelan; there are better reasons for denying the participation of the Church, which has neither right nor reason for interfering in a local political contest. Mr. Sullivan has only a following in his own particular set, which is composed of disgruntled Democrats, who have fallen between the Junta and Buckley. The Church may fight A. P. A.ism, but the suggestion that it would use influence to further the cause of Mr. Dimond against Mr. Phelan is to deny it discretion and attribute to its members a degree of ineptitude which does not characterize them. As for the community's stake, if it is a case of choice between James D. Phelan and Joseph Dimond, its decision can hardly be doubted. However excellent and creditable the reputation of the latter may be, however honorable his career as a Supervisor, it must still be remembered that his livelihood is obtained as drummer for a liquor house and as bookkeeper for Adolph Spreckels' race track. Capacity and integrity are evidenced by the standing which Mr. Dimond enjoys among sporting men, and his active connection with the liquor interests is doubtless as honorable as Mr. Laumeister's production of "Ho," but he will not deny that there is a well defined prejudice against both occupations, and that this prejudice is not unreasonable. The citizens of a great metropolis do not chose their leading officials from either of these interests, and no man, no matter how strong his character, can possibly engage in them without making affiliations which are dangerous to the interests of the community. Mr. Phelan has considerable at stake in this municipality, is a man of high standing, of excellent ability, who will make a capable and distinguished official, and will assist the cause of good government without fear or favor. To my mind there is no question of choice between them, any more than there is between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Laumeister. The latter is a popular, capable and progressive man, and quite as honest as his adversary.

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One of the most interesting and picturesque mansions in California is the Spanish hacienda which Schweinfurth has erected for Mrs. Hearst near Pleasanton. It is patterned after the rambling, one-story adobe structures in which the great Mexican families made their abodes, and is elaborately furnished with the innumerable art treasures which Mrs. Hearst gathered in her wanderings through Europe. The walls are hung with priceless tapestry, which makes an irresistable background for the innumerable fine pictures which are hung through the house. Especial care has been taken to preserve the Mexican characteristics in the furniture but withal comfort and luxury have been obtained at any sacrifice. During her stay here Mrs. Hearst has been entertaining her old friends, whom she has been inviting to the ranch to stay from Saturday to Monday. It is a most interesting and intelligent set she gathers—artists and musicians especially, together with any distinguished Eastern people who may happen to be in California. Her hospitality is very generous and delightful, and she makes an admirable hostess. Among her guests last week was Count De Kergorlay, a member of the distinguished French family, who is in the State as the representative of the Parisian syndicate which recently invested in a group of important mines in the Sierras. Mrs. Hearst, I am told, has recently purchased of William Keith a fine canvass, and proposes henceforth to reside part of the year at least at Pleasanton.

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The great copper mine at Keswick, over which C. W. Fielding, a nephew of the Earl of Denleigh presides in the capacity of superintendent and director, is now one of the great institutions of Northern California. It was projected and achieved by English capitalists, and is officered by Britishers, who have quite a colony of their own there. A magnificent deposit of ore is available, and the daily shipments to the refineries in New York average 500 tons. Mr. Fielding has recently left for England to arrange for the further development of the property.

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The action of the "Examiner" in emitting an "extra" to proclaim the release of the Castles is a curious example of misdirected enterprise. It was also thoroughly undignified. Had an evening paper boomed a first edition with the news its course would have been natural, but in a great morning daily to clip into the evening field over a purely personal affair in which no interest of country or community was at stake was ill-judged, unnecessary and bad form. But for the aspect of persanality and gossip the affair presented the Monarch would never have been guilty. It cannot resist scandal, however. By the way, when will Mr. Hearst grow tired of a freak supplement, and why are we made to suffer out here the worst instead of the best features of the "Journal" Sabbath issue? The quality of "fluff" served out grows poorer rather than better. There was really nothing in last Sunday's paper for a man of any sense or intelligence to read. In this connection it is agreeable to note the improvement of the "Chronicle's" Sabbath paper, which is excellently edited and full of good matter, though its virtues are concealed by the poverty and paucity of its typographical resources. If this issue were only dressed and displayed as it might be, the virtues which are now more apparent to the trained journalist than to the public would obtain the recognition to which they are entitled.

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The subject of kleptomania is too attractive to avoid. It has certainly been the topic of the week. More extraordinary than the unfortunate disability that has caused so much trouble is the remarkable expression of esteem the plight of the Castles has evoked. The cablegrams with which the Embassy in London has been bombarded must represent a fortune. The machinery of both State and Nation has been put into action to assist and protect them. The representatives of mill[illegible] bankers, agents, politicians, Senators, Secretaries, [illegible]lomatists have all rallied to their aid. Indeed, the [illegible]pression of these cablegrams forms an unique testimony to the estimation of a California family, and exhibits in a remarkable way its powerful connections and widespread ramifications.

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Not so many moons ago there lived in Turin a physician noted far and wide as a specialist in brain diseases. Men and women from all ends of the earth came to him with their troubles and ailments, with lost memories, hallucinations and mental vagaries as varied as the Materia Medica or the Penal Code. Uniformly courteous and graceful of manner, he afforded them such assistance or consolation as his skill or sympathy prescribed, and waxed rich and popular as his fame expanded. With the development of fortune—for his fees were in proportion to his prominence—he cultivated a pleasing taste for those precious relics of antiquity, in which millionaires alone are privileged to indulge. He had in his library a collection of costly objets d'art—invaluable coins, rare jewels, costly statuettes, inimitable trifles chased by the chisels of great artisans of antiquity. The fame of his treasures was loud in the world's ears with the note of his skill, and among collections his was as great name to conjure with as among alienists. One day there came to the residence of Dr. A. an American gentleman of dignified address and that portliness of mien which is presumed to reflect lofty position and wealth. Admitted to the great man's office, the visitor introduced himself as a banker who had come all the way from Chicago to consult him about the condition of his wife. At considerable length he explained her misfortune—she was a kleptomaniac. His life was a burden to him following her from store to store, continually guarding her reputation against the encroachments of her fingers. Though it had cost him thousands, his wife knew nothing, suspected nothing of her own weakness. Nor should she ever know if he could prevent it. To consult Dr. A. they had come thousands of miles, and on his skill and learning the hopes of the husband were pinned. The great physician asked a few questions, and expressed deep interest in the case, and demanded that the patient be brought to him.

"But she has no idea of all this," explained the husband passionately. "If I brought her to consult you as a physician, I fear she would suspect something, and it would kill her. If you will permit it I'll take her to call on you as a collector of antiquities. She is deeply interested in ancient jewelry, and the ostensible object of our visit will be to discuss archaeological remains. Do not be disconcerted, however, if during the interview you find her pilfering, slipping your relics and coins into her umbrella or pockets. That is the ailment, and, of course, whatever she takes will be returned to you at once. My references are So and So, bankers." This with much dignity and the production of documents.

Dr. A., much flattered, made the appointment, and bowed his patient to the door.

Next day the unhappy husband and a stylish and handsome young woman presented themselves at the physician's residence. They were formally ushered into the library, where the gems of the great man's collection were enshrined. The conversation was turned at once on the objets d'art, and Dr. A., with wonderful subtlety, conversed on antiquities while obtaining material for his diagnosis. He brought out his treasures—wonderful coins with strange inscriptions, a bracelet of gold curiously wrought and inscribed, a silver statuette modeled by Benvenuto Cellini—historic rarities on which he discanted with much graceful learning. Every now and then the lady sliped into her pocket or dropped into her parasol a coin, a jewel, a vase, and as she did so her husband winked at Dr. A. to draw attention to her theft. When the physician finally gave the signal that he had learnt all he required, she had accumulated the rarest of his possessions, and yet prepared to depart with an inimitable assurance of manner.

"I'll be back within an hour," said the Chicago banker, "with those things my wife has taken. Poor, poor girl," he burst out. "Doctor, my fortune, my life are yours if you can but cure her." He fled after his spouse, handkerchief in hand, and the alienist with prospects of a big fee in mind, returned to his patients.

Two hours passed, then three, then the interval lengthened to five. Dr. A., rather alarmed, sent his servant to the American's hotel to save him the trouble of returning the missing jewels. The servant returned. No persons of the name stopping there. The police were called in, descriptions given, detectives went forth. They identified the culprits, who had time to make their escape. They were London pickpockets, two thieves whose characters and depredations were notorious all over England.

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Mrs. Ballington Booth's objection to "The Wave's" definition of her attitude to the convict world as opposed to that she is forced into towards her children, is natural but unreasonable. Our correspondent, P. W., did not deny the virtue of her mission, but pointed out clearly the consequences it involved. However versatile, Mrs. Booth cannot be both a successful apostle and a competent mother. Both occupations demand imperatively the concentration of time and thought; there can be no divided allegiance. This Salvation lady has a family of little children, and she essays also the leadership of an army and the matronizing of convicts. A laudable ambition truly, but Mrs. Booth will forgive us for pointing out how impracticable it is. The rearing of children, to the mind of the writer, is the most important function of womanhood, combined, of course, with the proper direction of her husband's footsteps. Unless she is gifted far beyond the average of her sex, these duties will exhaust all her thought, vitality and sentiment. That the matronizing of convicts is laudable and charitable is undeniable, but better results could be accomplished by a woman or a man who could give heart and soul to the cause. Mrs. Booth cannot and does not. I fail to see, however, on what ground her accusation of misrepresentation rests. P. W.'s article was merely the exposition of the logic of the lady's position.

Looking Aft

Engine Room

At Quarters

Between Decks

The Fire Room

Group on Superstructure

Looking Forward from Turret of Secondary Battery

Drilling on the Hotchkiss Guns

FORE AND AFT ON THE "OREGON"

Photographed by B. C. Towne

ON A BATTLESHIP

Impressions of a Great War Engine — A Near View of the Oregon.

It seems to me that it is a willful misunderstanding of the nature of things to use the feminine pronoun in speaking of a battleship, or to suggest that the fighting machine in any way belongs to the class of things feminine. When you have visited the Oregon and seen the great ship inside and out, and have felt the vast, colossal forces that are leashed in there between the armored flanks and the protected deck and keelson you come away with an impression as of some tremendous brute, a thing without sex—like a monster of a legend—living a life apart, lonesome, formidable and, if needs be, very terrible.

You crawl about upon the thing like some insignificant parasite upon the back of a mastodon. You descend into the vitals of the monster, down there in the stifling lower levels, where the huge, hot heart beats, and you see and hear the little sights and sounds the great ship makes in its living—even while motionless—the slow inhalation and discharge of its breath of steam, and the persistent mutter of its furnace mouths—ever ravenous—devouring its

THE LAST PARADE—GUN PRACTICE

after ton of coal, always gorged yet always unappeased, the hunger of a glutton that is never satisfied.

Or else you climb to the airy fighting tops, with the cold, clean wind shrilling in your ears (so different from the atmosphere of the engine rooms, hot, thick and still), and look from above at the monster settling down below you, comfortably, vastly, wallowing its prodigious flanks into the muddy, lapping water around it. Just underneath you are the monster's eyes, the two search lights that can stab the darkest night with a long lance of silver light and discover at nearly a mile's distance the approach of the torpedo boats—the one thing of which the big ship is afraid. Or you may go forward, beneath the decks, beneath the water line, even, forward to where the bow narrows and the vessel's sides draw sharply to a point. You are behind the ram now. The brute's most formidable weapon—barring the greater guns, perhaps—the massive prong of steel that projects unicorn-like from the monster's front, the horn that gives the coup de grace to the enemy, goring him to death as the ship rushes on at full speed. What a blow! backed up as it is by all the mighty weight behind, those tons and tons and tons of steel, rushing on there through the water, the engines working under forced draft, the tremendous mass tearing through the waves fast as any railroad train. What Harveyized plate could withstand a charge like that? The vessel is not yet made that could resist the impact of the Oregon's ram. The ordinary cruiser would be cut in two. The heaviest ironed first-class line-of-battle ship that ever flew the Union Jack would be hideously rent open, disembowled in an instant, sent to the bottom handily with all her guns and men and armament. But that is not all. Just behind the ram, the Oregon has, concealed in a tiny, carefully protected chamber, a more deadly weapon still, more deadly, perhaps, than the vast thirteen-inch rifles in the turrets of the primary battery. This is the torpedo. Just at the moment of the charge, a few seconds before the ram strikes home, the port in the prow opens like a mouth, and the great ship spits its torpedo as a reptile spits its venom. If the delivery of the torpedo is successful there is little need of the ram. This handful of gun cotton at the torpedo's tip will do the work of all the guns aboard, will cause the ram to become a superfluity. When it is discharged at the right time and place the commander may give the order to cease firing. There is nothing left to be done then, but to lower the boats to pick up the wounded.

But—(there is always the element of uncertainty in the movement of such vast and complicated machinery as that of the Oregon)—suppose the torpedo's engine is out of order—once shot from the Oregon's bow it moves rather slowly—suppose the tiny triple expansion engine that the torpedo carries stops, and the great ship coming on behind rides it down, or what if the torpedo should for some reason refuse to leave the tube? It is all charged and primed, a shock will explode it. The signal is given, the Oregon "starts in to ram," down she comes through the water, the ram crashes into the enemy's broadside, and the shock of the impact fires her own torpedo still left in her bow.

Beyond all doubt bow torpedoes are dangerous little things as well for your own ship as for that of your enemy. But there is nothing of this in the great thirteen-inch rifles of the deck, no possibility of treachery with them, no dishonesty, no fractious rebellion at the crisis when they are most needed. They are huge, honest beasts of simple, candid character, docile under management, so thoroughly under control that a woman could raise or lower them, but so terrible, so resistless, that steel armor a foot in thickness is perforated by the shell they throw as if it were so much paper.

They live in the revolving turrets—the barbettes, I think, is the technical name—at either end of the ship, and night and day they crane their long gray necks from the ports of these barbettes out over the ship and over the water, on watch always, occasionally moving from side to side with very slow, majestic motions, just as some enormous snake might stretch his neck and balance his head when aroused and ready to strike.

They live in pairs, two to each barbette, grim companions, brothers born in the forge, living their lives together fighting side by side, impassive and silent save at long intervals, when—their flanks all quivering—they speak one savage, terrible word.

FRANK NORRIS.

THE MOVING OF A REGIMENT

What It Means for Corpril Mulvaney and His Superior Officers.

These words, "the moving of a regiment," that stand at the head of this article, probably mean very little to you. No more, perhaps, than the exodus of a considerable body of men, and a day or two—a week at most—spent on the train, or in the steamboats, and a settling in the new quarters provided by the Government—all your expenses paid, your wants foreseen and provided for, the routine of your daily life jogged from its grooves—(and if you happen to be an enlisted man you fancy you would be only too glad to have this happen)—and a sight of new faces and scenes, a change of atmosphere, a voyage into a new country.

It does mean this, but it means a great deal more. You remember Evangeline and the forced debarkation and exile and all the rest—the unhappiness, the partings, the homesickness. It seems to me that there is a good deal of this, as well, implied in the moving of a regiment.

Be pleased for a moment to consider the thing from the point of view of the enlisted man, or the subaltern. The more important officers, the chiefs, can obtain leaves of absence—a year or so, for all I know—and can go where they like and revisit places and see people again. We have nothing to do with them here. We will consider Privates Llearoyd, Mulva-aney an' Orth'ris—or, rather, their prototypes in the army of Uncle Sam. Corpril Mulva-aney—he was a corpril wanst, you rememoer; he was rejuced aftherward, but he was a corpril wanst—has enlisted in the Fifth Artillery, let us say. His home is in California, he is stationed at the Presidio.

Three, five, seven years pass. He finds his niche, he makes many friends, his habits, physical as well as mental and moral, adapt themselves to his environment, he marries a wife—who washes for the officers; once or twice a week he comes into town and visits with his wife's family; his wife's friends are his friends, and his friends are the friends of his wife; a whole circle gradually forms about him. He is at home, he is at ease, he looks forward to spending the rest of his life thus. He has a little house out at the post; his family grows; he smokes his clay contentedly on his porch of warm evenings, sitting in his shirt sleeves.

Then at length one day the Honorable the Secretary of War, for reasons best known to himself, says, "Go to, I will move this Fifth Regiment of Artillery from the Presidio in California to ——" (any station east of the Mississippi). An order is issued to that effect, is transmitted to the general commanding the army, who transmits it to the quartermaster general, who transmits it to the deputy quartermaster general, who transmits it to "such officers of his department as he may in his judgment deem necessary," and the message filters downward to the [illegible] and the morning suddenly appears upon the bulletin board with the orders in the post, [illegible] is made known to the enlisted men and the corpril.

What an upheaval follows! That order, which inaugurates the moving of a regiment, and which has made [illegible] in your civilian ears, means everything to the corpril. It implies the breaking up of his home, an abrupt farewell to all his friends, a dissolution for him—of all that circle of acquaintances and intimates which has grown up around him. His habits of life, formed by long association with a certain environment, are all to be deranged; to a certain extent life must be begun over again, in new and strange places, amidst new and strange people. Besides all this is the expense, for the Government does not sustain the expense of the transportation of any others than himself. He must, out of his own pocket, pay the passage of his family, or leave them behind.

But, on the other hand, think of the magnitude of the undertaking itself from the standpoint of the superior officers who have it in charge. It is not as though the regiment were all out there at the Presidio in one solid lump. Detachments of that Fifth Artillery are scattered here and there, up and down the coast, over an area of hundreds and hundreds of miles. One after another these detachments must be called in, assigned to their various posts, told off in train-loads, brought to the point of embarkation at precisely the right time. For the matter of that the whole regiment must be partitioned into train-loads, so many men to each car, so many cars to each train; the enlisted men in tourist sleepers, the officers in Pullmans. The officers in charge of the movement must carry on negotiations with the railroads for weeks previous, dickering about rates and bids. These bids must be assorted and tabulated, and the route offering the cheapest and most efficient service chosen, though always with a preference for land-grant and bond-aided roads.

There is an almost incalculable amount of work goes on before the actual departure arrives. But somehow as the set day—or, rather, series of days—arrives everything begins to fall into its proper place. The officers and their wives are in the Pullmans, the enlisted men and the corprils, with their Dinah Shadds, are in the tourist sleepers. The "checkable baggage," all properly numbered and lettered, you know, somehow gets into the right baggage cars, those with the corresponding numbers and letters. The horses are housed in the stock cars, the heavier goods, household furniture, munitions, etc., are stored in the freight cars, and one after another the trains roll away, heading towards the new homes, bearing with them all this little world of interests and hopes and fears. It is an exodus, a transplanting of a race almost, a veritable tribal migration.

C. F. T.

An old manuscript of the fourteenth century, containing many Minnesinger songs, with the original music, which makes it one of the most important sources for the study of the music of the middle ages, has just been reproduced by photography and published in Germany. It has been kept in the library of Jena University for over three hundred years, coming there from Wittenberg, when that university was closed.

Drunkards can be cured by eating apples at every meal, says a physician. Apples, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to effect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all desire for alcohol.

Only a few yards of the Blackwall tunnel under the Thames remain to be bored, and this will be done in a few days. The work was begun in March, 1892, and has been one of the most rapid and successful pieces of engineering ever undertaken. It is hoped that the tunnel will be open for traffic within twelve months.

August was the banner month for wheat charters. There were thirty-five charters reported here in that month, aggregating 68,000 tons. Three of these were at Tacoma, and three at Portland, to load at these ports. Deducting these leaves twenty-nine for this port, aggregating 56,526 tons.

Immorality has increased greatly in Liverpool during the last few years. The number of arrests for soliciting rose from 1818 in 1893 to 2806 in 1895, while the number of known disorderly women dealt with for all offenses has increased from 2008 to 3885.

Celery coffee is a new drink. It is said to add renewed strength to the brain and nerve.

FAREWELL OF THE FIFTH: READY FOR THE MARCH

Photos by B. C. Towne

MAUD ODELL AND ZENDA

The Carolina Girl's Interpretation of Antoinette de Mauban.

Miss Odell had just come from the Sutro Baths, so, instead of talking about plays and first nights and experiences and such like, we started in on big baths and the possibility of their being filled with really fresh water. "Let me tell you," said Miss Odell, "I was standing on the float there waiting to go in, and I noticed a man who kept coming up every now and then, and clambering onto the float and diving down again in the greatest hurry. After a while I cried to him, 'For goodness' sake what are you after, you'll get my hair wet,' and what do you suppose he told me?" said Miss Odell. "This: 'There's a man lost three front teeth in here, and I am trying to get 'em out.'"

"Did he get them?" I thought to ask.

"I didn't wait to see," answered Miss Odell. "I went away. I thought I didn't care much about swimming that day."

Miss Odell is Southern, a Carolinian. She's an admirable type of the girl of the South; just the kind of girl the novelists have led you to expect to see when you visit the plantations—(the kind you so rarely do see, by the way). She is very tall and very dark, and her hair is dark brown, and her eyes are black, black as bitumen is black—an artist will understand what I mean at once—I mean black, with a suggestion of brown in certain lights. Also, she strikes one as possessed of tremendous vitality; she grips your hand almost like a man, and she tells you that she can ride her bicycle up the hill that leads to the cliff house, and I'm free to confess that I can't do that. Like Miss Irving, there is no pose to Miss Odell when off the stage. In her rooms she is frank and unaffected and natural. You do not feel that you are an audience to be played to. Deliver me from these actors and these actresses who act even in their private life—seven to the inadequate interviewer—who ("put on side") who strive to impress him, to astonish him, and by making him—poor devil—seem small, to imagine themselves great.

I believe I spoke of the melodrama of the last two acts of "Zenda."

"Oh, its melodramatic enough," admitted Miss Odell, "only—"

"Only what?"

"It's good melodrama, don't you think? I know it's battle and murder and sudden death, and it's so hard not to overdo and yet do for all it's worth, and perhaps it is overstrained on that account, but just the same, there is a fine high-keyed spirit and dash to it all that's very exhilarating. But don't I have a hard time of it in those last two acts?"

I thought this a rather charming admission.

"They are a bit ungentlemanly to you," I concurred.

"It's a disagreeable part, of course," said Miss Odell.

"But then one condones Antoinette's—ah—her—"

"Oh, yes, she's not altogether bad, you know. When we were rehearsing for the piece I suggested to Mr. Frohman that Antoinette might commit suicide at the end of that act. Her death would cover all her failings, you know. But Mr. Frohman said: 'Now, Miss Odell, don't you think we are lurid enough as we are without that suicide,' and then that 'unhandsome corpse'; what could we do with it during the love scene between Flavia and Rudolph?"

"My first appearance? It was in a play called 'Nerves.' I was in a school of dramatic art (you are only supposed to get in if you can pass an examination of 60 per cent, but then everybody gets 60 per cent), and I took the part of a society lady who comes into a candy store and says, 'I take a pound of that, please.'"

"Yes, and then what?"

"Nothing; that was all. 'I'll take a pound of that, please.' I was the most stage-struck girl you ever saw in your life. How I went over that line, trying the accent on every different word. 'I'LL take a pound of that, please,' 'I'll take a POUND of that, please,' 'I'll take a pound of THAT, please,' and so on. I never missed a rehearsal, and was as prompt as the clock, though I didn't come on till the second act."

A SCENE IN ZENDA
Photo by Marceau

"Nervous?"

"Actresses are always nervous."

I shall never ask that question again. They all say the same thing.

MISS MAUD ODELL
OF THE ZENDA COMPANY
Photo by Marceau

"I was supposed to come into the candy store from the matinee. I made it a point to carry an opera glass case, with the glasses inside. I would have sinned against dramatic art if I had left those glasses out. Wasn't I conscientious?"

"After that what happened?"

"Then 'The Wife' happened, with Miss Odell in the title role, and then the 'Amazons' and then all of Georgie Cayvan's roles, and then Antoinette de Mauban."

"And the one you like best?"

Miss Odell thought. "I believe it's Antoinette," she answered. "I've had a fine succes with her. Don't you think now, I've had a pretty good succes?" she said, leaning forward with her elbow on her knee, and nodding her head at me, "and I've only acted for four seasons."

It is fine, when you think of it. I told Miss Odell as much.

It occurred to me to ask her about interviewers—as I had already asked Miss Irving. I took an impersonal point of view.

"What do I think of interviewers generally?" said Miss Odell, gaily. "That depends upon the kind of notice they give me next morning!"

At this I came away. F. N.

The President of the French is fifty-five, but is still le Beau Felix Faure. Though architect of his own fortune, it was luck that enabled him to erect the building. Luck drove him to Amboise and made him an acceptable suitor for his employer's niece, Mlle. Bellnot. Her £4000 dowry enabled the journeyman to set up as a master tanner and launch out in business at Havre. As a franc tireur in 1870 he won popularity; as an agent at Tours of Licesne of Havre, and Remington, he minted money by the sale of arms. What was more important, he made the acquaintance of Gambetta, who ever afterwards pushed him, and got him into Parliament. There Faure's bluff business manners and a business readiness to split the difference stood him in lieu of eloquence. In committee-rooms "il y avait toujours moyen de s'arranger."

THE EVOLUTION OF A NURSE

A Brief Statement of Process, Conditions and Results.

We will suppose—it is the average case—that she comes in the first place from an English, an American or a Canadian family, and that she is obliged—or, perhaps, prefers—to earn her living, but does not wish to do so either by teaching school or by typewriting or even by writing for the papers.

The profession of the trained nurse occurs to her, and if she is sound physically and has a fairly good education she can qualify. However, no domestics need apply. It does seem a little hard, but then a field is open to them from which the trained nurse is barred, by the nature of things. She is not called upon to undergo any preliminary examination other than that necessary to determine her fitness from a physical point of view—a mere assurance as to her nerves, her powers of endurance, etc.—such as a physician could ascertain at a glance. Of course a woman with nerves is out of the question. But it not infrequently happens that the nurse is called upon to serve in a family who can afford a night nurse. Then, if the case becomes bad, she may have to be on duty in the daytime as well—when she should be asleep.

The first thing that occurs after she is adjudged fit is her entrance into a hospital ward. She is what is called a junior nurse now. For two months she is on probation as the assistant of the senior nurse. She helps to change and to make the dressings and bandages; she bathes the patients and makes herself generally useful. Most important of all, perhaps, she accustoms herself to operations; she gets used to the sight of blood and the sounds of suffering. In one way she may be said to harden herself.

It seems rather strange that a girl should be called upon to do this in any profession. Yet think for a moment how her pity and commiseration and tears and all that would interfere with her work, how in the end it would do the patient positive harm. The less she is affected by the sight of pain the better nurse is she adjudged. It would seem that she should regard the patient just as a joiner would regard a broken chair he was given to mend.

She has two months of this. You are told that the first feminine inevitable shrinking wears away with marvelous rapidity. At the end of sixty days the girl who began by turning faint at the sight of a lanced finger will hold and steady an arm or a leg while the surgeon is at work at its amputation with never the quiver of an eyelash.

Meanwhile she has been attending lectures on physiology and hygiene by the visiting physicians, lectures at which she is obliged to take notes, and has joined a class of instruction that meets twice a week, and that is conducted by the superintendent nurse.

At the end of these two probationary months she is told by those in authority whether or no she is suited to become a trained nurse. If she is satisfactory—and nine out of ten usually are—she takes an examination on the lectures and classes she has atended. Every two months these examinations are held. At the end of a year comes a final examination, which, if she pass, entitles her to the distinction of senior nurse. She has a ward of her own then with assistants—the junion nurses—under her, where she takes over the entire responsibility of the care of a certain number of cases, or else she is given a private patient in a separate room of the hospital.

It is in her second year as a senior nurse that she makes the acquaintance of the contagious wards. You ask at this point if she ever flinches before her first experiences with diphtheretic and small pox and cholera cases, and are told—with a little accent of surprise at even the possibility of such a thing—that it never happens. This is even better than the joiner and his broken chair. It's not impassive indifference, after all.

At the end of her second year's hospital work she has become that indispensable ministrant of every sick room, deft of hand, light of touch, of boundless patience and of enduring faithfulness, an admirable product of special education—a trained nurse.

Then she goes to live at the Directory. Some nineteen others are there with her. Their expenses are shared amongst thmselves. Her name is entered on a list, and she takes her turn with her companions in answering calls. When she knows her name is next upon the list she gathers the necessaries of her profession together and holds herself—like a doctor—in instant readiness to respond to a call from whatever direction and of whatever nature. She leaves the Directory to answer it. She may return in two hours—or two years.

However, she does not always have to wait her turn. Perhaps she excels in her chosen work, is defter of hand, lighter of touch, more patient, more faithful than the others. In that case special calls are sent in for her every week, every day; she is known alike of physicians and patients. She is on the road to prosperity, and traveling faster—a great deal faster—than either the school teacher or the female journalist or the typewriter.

Following is the list of graduates who were awarded diplomas at the Occidental Hotel on Friday, October 9th:

Eleanor Williams, Elizabeth Woods, Nancy Place, Edna Shuey, Alice Burrell, Sarah E. Gray, Florence M. Pinninger, May Laughlin, Beatrice Noble, Maud Burnham, Octavine Briggs, Elizabeth Cole, Emma Bennett, Georgiana Flagg, Emily Norris, Helen E. Baker, Eleanor Holden, Eleanor Briggs.

F. N.

The story of Captain Dreyfus' escape has at last brought out the manner of his detection by the Government. It is another waste paper basket story, and shows the dangers that lurk in that receptacle: The janitor at the German Embassy had, contrary to orders, instead of burning the half-destroyed papers, augmented his meager salary by selling them to a chiffonnier. One day at a wine shop he met two other reputed chiffonniers, who claimed that he was underpaid for his waste paper, and offered better terms. Over a bottle of wine a bargain was struck, and it was among the scraps of documents obtained in this manner that the War Department found confirmation of its theory.

THE THEATRES

Ferris Hartman as a Substitute for Rhyme and Reason.

"The Babes in the Wood" is an ingenuous light-hearted swindle. There is not five cents' worth of music or plot in it, but it is so gayly and frankly vacuous, so truly Hartmanesque in its insouciance, its freedom from rhyme, reason and dulness that its numerous deficiencies are forgotten.

Just what it is all about nobody can tell, not even its author, as he confesses, with disarming sincerity, on the second page of the programme. We were hustled from a schoolroom presided over by Lilly Post to the Sharkey-Corbett prize-fight; after this, without any warning whatever, or any opportunity being given us for escape, we were afflicted by the usual Tivoli chorus, made more than ordinarily unattractive by bloomers. When the audience was bored almost to extinction by these parodies on the female form it was partially revived by the "Babes," Maurice Darcy and Elvira Seabrooke, who did quite a fetching song and dance. The little Seabrooke has not much voice, and what she has is rather nasal, but it makes a tolerable accompaniment to the twinkling of her tightly stretched stockings and Darcy's expressive melodious chirping.

Somewhere in this jumble Hartman sang a negro song about his darkie queen—"She's not colored, she was born that way," he shouted with a killing air of righteous indignation and a negro accent second only to May Irwin's. He also gave an amusing imitation of "the way some girls march," and after a couple of dozen gayly dressed, ill-assorted bathers had done their best to refute his unkind remarks the extravaganza came abruptly to an end, leaving the Babes still in the woods and the audience in the dark as to their ultimate fate.

The hat reform is going on, I notice, even at the Tivoli, where every one is permitted to do as he or she likes. To the rear, to the right and to the left of me I noticed uncovered unobtrusive heads, but in front of me it was just as usual. I wonder why it is that big-hatted women always have the front, the best seats. Is it simply a coincidence, or because big hats are becoming and therefore win more than their share of devotion and theatre tickets for their wearers? There is some mystic relation between the two facts I fancy, and one that our bold crusader, Bouvier, will not be able to overcome. I wonder, by the way, if Mr. Bouvier really expects women to leave their cherished hats in the dressing room to be "tried on" by the maid and scrambled for after the play is over? If they did they would return to an irritated escort. I have never yet seen a man (except one or two desperately in love) who could wait with any degree of grace for a woman to put on her bonnet.

The only solution to the hat problem to a woman's mind is a carriage. To remove her hat after she reaches the theatre is a sore trial to any woman who recognizes the value of a well arranged coiffure. In the first place nine hats out of ten require a special (and unbecoming if uncovered) arrangement of the hair. For an instance, very few hats can be worn if the hair is piled on top of the head, particularly if it is placed at the proper angle. In addition to this the hat crown crushes the hair where it rests and heats the head—slightly, to be sure, but enough to take the wave out and make a woman look depressed. Perhaps our crusader thinks we can take an alcohol lamp and a pair of curling tongs along and dress our fore-locks while the orchestra plays and the world looks on; perhaps he thinks we can all wear small hats. But we can't; hats small enough not to interfere are seldom becoming. Moreover, all hats and bonnets have some sort of top—lofty superstructions; they would looked squashed if they hadn't.

So what are women to do? If they take their hats off where are they to put them. Will the men hold them? Can they be hung on the back of the seat in front to be mashed to a pulp by the people who go out between acts, or must they struggle with fan, opera glasses and handkerchief for possession of the female lap? Alan Dale's humerous suggestion could hardly be followed if for no other reason than the fact that no neat woman would care to put her headgear in a darksome public box (underneath her chair) which had been occupied by Mary Jane and Katie's more or less contaminated hats.

A "chute"-like pitch to the theatre floor would be one way out of the difficulty, and hats with a mirror and comb case set inside the crown with a good-natured man attached to hold it would be another, but I don't think that the role of hat rack would suit the average man's idea of comfort. In the meantime I for one object to this wholesale denunciation of my sex, as Alan Dale says:

"Don't blame the women. It would be a ridiculous and thankless thing to do. The woman who goes to the theatre hatless, as she does in London, must go in a cab, and there are no cheap hansoms in this city. The civilization of the twentieth century may give us better pavements, and then—and then we can blame the women who togged up to the theatres with birds and borrowed plumage as their head dress. As long as two sexes exist there will be women who want to please, and men who clamor to be pleased. A woman insists upon looking as well as she can. She follows the god-like commands of Fashion, blindly and reverently. If Fashion decreed that dead babies would be excessively becoming in hats there would be a slaughter of the innocents that would make Herod's little affair appear tame and quite uninteresting. Decoration is one of the laws of feminine nature; the man who blames woman for it is not a man. She does it for him, and not for herself. She craves to appear desirable in his eyes. She appeals to his latent sensuality, and laughs at the emancipation of the blue stocking with gig-lamps and without stays. She is capricious, charming and intelligent. There are scores of women who would sooner sit at home and tat than go to the theatre in frumpy costume. There are scores who would rather go thrice a year and sit in the best places than half a dozen times a year in the cheap seats. The theatre for the women is not merely a place where acting can be enjoyed, and dramatic stories thrill and entertain. It is a public place where she can see swell clothes, get ideas therefrom and flaunt those that she herself wears. Reformers take women too seriously when they appeal blandly to their sense of decorum, and to their unselfishness. They show how little they know of the sex when they ask our gentlewomen to come to the theatre in tiny hats and rudimentary head dress. These may suit some and make frights of others."

PEG WOFFINGTON.

JAMES K. HACKETT
WHO ENACTS THE RUDOLF ROLES IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"
Photo by Marceau

DRAMATIC NOTES

The Berkeley University entertainment this year will be given at the Auditorium, and they are making elaborate preparations for their Thanksgiving entertainment.

As a Christmas spectacle we are to have Palmer Cox's "Brownies." This production will be sent across the continent intact. All the original cast, as well as scenery, costumes, etc., will be brought out here.

The Stanford University students have secured the Columbia Theatre for Thanksgiving night, when they will present an unusualy attractive entertainment, comprising many novelties never before introduced by a student body.

"Tennessee's Pardner," the comedy drama which Mr. Scott Marble has evolved from Bret Harte's romance of the mountains, will be given here for the first time at the Columbia Theatre after "Town Topics." Mr. Marble has been particularly happy in his work, for the play has met with great success for two seasons, and on this its third tour is meeting with even greater praise than ever before.

At the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night Julia Marlowe Taber and Robert Taber begin a three weeks' engagement, opening in "Romola," a new play by Elwyn A. Barron, founded on George Eliot's novel. Much has been written about this production, and it comes heralded as one of the most successful dramas in which the Tabers have yet appeared. It is said to furnish in the character of Romola and Tito two roles in which Mrs. Taber and her husband have made distinct hits.

A new show is announced at the Orpheum for next week. The Brothers Horn, direct from the London Empire, will appear in their clever act, assisted by Miss Amy Clifford. Herr Grais, with his trick donkey and an equestrian baboon, may be looked to to furnish fun. Her, Burke and Belmar will appear in a turn in which they introduce some great acrobatic work. Colby and Way have what is said to be really a novel ventriloquial act. They are very clever and have been very successful since their appearance in this country.

Much interest is being manifested by local wheelmen in the relay race at the Chutes. Considerable rivalry has been aroused between the several clubs competing for the possession of the "Chutes Trophy." The cup will be awarded to the winning club to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at the finish of the race, and the holder of the number drawing the bicycle gate prize will be announced. Professor Frank Miller will make a balloon ascension and parachute drop Sunday afternoon, and Perri will coast the chutes afternoon and evening, to-day and to-morrow.

The Broadway Comedians in "Town Topics," a new farce comedy, interpreted by a number of favorites, is the attraction at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. The comedy is in three acts. In the first there are no specialties; the second act is almost entirely specialties and burlesque; the third act, with the exception of several specialties, is given over to farcical play and the unraveling of the plot. It was written for laughing purposes only. Pretty girls, clever comedians, new music and a bunch of clever ideas have been molded into two and a half hours of pure, invigorating amusement.

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MAGAZINE PROSE

Lofty Language About Lowly Subjects — Crockett's New Book.

There are, it may be, among the living, half a dozen writers of good English prose — picturesque, vivid and not stilted — and one of these is Agnes Repplier. I find a paper in the current "Atlantic" in which she treats of the English drinking songs, which are part of our inheritance from our common ancestor. Major Threebottles and his corpulous kin. It seems a pity to waste so much good work, for in truth the pot songs of our bacchanalian forebears are sorry stuff, unworthy of Miss Repplier's dainty touch. And, of course, the lady is too much of a lady to quote the best of them, the flavor being something too high for a squeamish age, and indeed, one may venture to hope she has not even read those plain-spoken ditties.

It may be remarked in passing that Miss Repplier cherishes that amiable superstition of the literary dabbler that sincerity is a necessary condition precedent to good work. How about Villon then? and Pope, and indeed all Grubb street of that hungry period, not to mention Shakspere on occasion when there was question of "court holy water!" Do some honest thinking for thine own self, sweet Agnes, for so wilt thou come out of bondage.

* * *

Just cast your eye over this:

Her dark beauty was intensified rather than marred by what she had done. Vivid health and the very insolence of prosperity sat visible upon her. Her eye, encountering

MRS. HUMPHREYS WARD

mine with resistant hardihood, swept critically down my length. She could not help that — she was a physical epicure. It was I, care-and-sorrow-worn, lean in my clothes, who winced before her.

Heavings! What's that? Well, that is a nosegay culled from "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood in the "Atlantic." It is hardly respectable for a married woman to go around on stilts like that. Police! In the same exalted story a cyclone is introduced to work off a superfluous character, like this:

We smothered in an icy river of exhausted air, and the wall came on with a million locomotive roars.

Well, dear, you ought to be smothered in exhausted air — whatever that may be — if you write like that. The light that flickered during the cyclone is described as "bird's-egg green." Some years ago there was a weird but fashionable millinery color known as "elephant's breath." It was exquisite on an Easter hat, but in fine the cyclone does not wear a bonnet. Mrs. Catherwood is not trotting in her class. She ought to be doing the waterfront on a great daily.

* * *

Of recent publications, few have had a larger sale than S. R. Crockett's "Sweetheart Travelers," (F. Stokes & Co.) and yet one scarcely knows why. There is a pleasant airiness about the book, yet nevertheless it scarcely seems fresh air. To my mind there is nothing better in the book than the preface, and it is honest comment on the work. The author writes:

I know well that I cannot give these vagrom chronicles their right daintiness. I have grown too far from the grass and the good smell which it used to give when it came well-nigh to my knee. They ought to be full of the glint of spring flowers, when they are wet and the sun shines slantways upon them; full of freshening winds and withdrawing clouds, and, above all, of the unbound gladness of children's laughter. But when I come to look at them, they seem little better than hill flowers in a herbarium, pinched and pulled, posted and ticketed, correctly enough, no doubt, but not the wind flowers and harebells that curtseyed and bent as the breezes blew every way off the sea.

That is far from criticism of the work. The book is made up of the prattle of a wonderful child of four years, with descriptions of what her father saw in the scenes by flood and field through which they journeyed on a tricycle — least poetic of vehicles. In truth, the prattle seems something old-fashioned for the most prodigious of youngsters. As for instance:

"Father, do you know what makes those soldiers walk so smart?"

"Why, no, Sweetheart; what might it be?"

"It's their ossifers that makes them walk so smart."

Again a little pause. Then triumphantly, as though recording the solution of a problem which had long been troublesome:

"And, father, do you know who it is that makes you walk so smart?"

"No, my Sweetheart; who is it?"

"It's mother that makes you walk smart! It's my own dear mother — she's your ossifer!"

And here again:

"But you have not asked about the paper kites, Sweetheart. I am sure Mr. Friend will tell you all about them."

Sweetheart put her hands on her knees, as she does when she plays marbles or sails boats. Then she looked fixedly at Mr. Friend, who was smiling. Finally she decided that he was worthy of her confidence.

"Well," she said, "you don't look as if you would tell improving things. You can go on about the paper kites."

There is a tricksy humor and a pleasant feeling for animals about the book which prepossesses, as in this:

Sweetheart and I sometimes go a-birdnesting. We do this purely from motives of philanthrophy. Sweetheart, you see, wishes to save the poor birds from the hardship of bringing up too large families. So we always take one egg if there are four, but two if the improvident and reckless parents have arranged for more than that number.

Yet Sweetheart and I share the lot of many other more worthy benefactors of the race. We have never yet been thanked as we deserve for our unselfish interest. For instance, no further gone than to-day, a blackbird stood on a bough and used quite improper language to us, when we interfered with his domestic arrangements entirely for his own benefit. He wholly declined to see it, and most obstinately and stupidly continued to assert that a blackbird's nest was his castle — a perfectly absurd contention. Has a blackbird rights? Can he exercise the franchise? Does he get drunk on election day? Go to!

Here again:

Yet it is a pity. A wounded and grateful hare, coming to the back door every morning with a bandaged foot in the air would just fill her cup of joy to the brim. But I remind her that there are two dogs at the back door and that it is possible that they might receive the visitor with another sort of gratitude. Why, oh, why (thinks the little maid) will things turn out so contrary?

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this and more, there is the crackle of the pot-boiler under the pot.

EDWARD F. CAHILL.

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LIBRARY NOTES

Unlike its predecessors from the same important pen, "Sir George Tressady" (Macmillan & Co.) is entertaining from beginning to end. There is none of that tedious and prolix dwelling on social problems which made the reading of "Marcella" a veritable "Pilgrim's Progress." In certain chapters this author exceeds all previous attainments, especially in the passage descriptive of the explosion in the mine, and the heroic death of Sir George Tressady. The characters and their development furnish one source of vital interest; their medium — the pursuit of the higher politics — is most interesting. Although Marcella is still able to give points to perfection, and one feels her lacking in human weaknesses to a discouraging degree, as Lady Maxwell she often lapses into humanity. Those who recall the erudite and self-conscious Miss Boyce may consider this a degradation, but it adds to the value of the book. Though Letty Sewell, Sir George's bride, is a fribble, she has the admirable advantage of Marcella in approaching nearer the feminine type of facts, and is really skillfully drawn.

The best parts of the book are those describing the strike, the incidents of the election, and the meetings in the east end of London. The highest degree of literary merit is exhibited in the scene between Marcella and Sir George Tressady, and her encounter subsequently with Lady Letty. There is the familiar background of picture of English country-house life, as in "Robert Elsmere;" the English gentlewoman is typified by Mrs. Allison; the youthful aristocrat, with his vices, his actress, and his penchant for low life, in her son, the Duke of

When you are selecting a wedding or a birthday present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety, just arrived from Europe, from which to select.

In his latest volume, "The Statement of Stella Maberly," Mr. Anstey attempts a tale on the lines of "Peter Ibbetson." Stella Maberly, the heroine, is a very hot-tempered and impulsive young person, who, finding it impossible to get on with her own people, becomes companion to an heiress, Evelyn Heseltine. This is an amiable creature, possessed of the virtues and beauty which the general rule declares go only with an empty purse. In this role Stella meets a young man, Hugh Dallas, with whom she falls in love. Instead of reciprocating her passion, he actually prefers the heiress, and Stella, mad with jealousy, decides to end her life, and purchases a vial of chloral. She changes her mind, however, and feeds it to Evelyn as a sleeping draught, has remorse, and, finding her victim apparently dead, prays her back to life by invocations of the evil one. In the performance her mind is deranged, she sees in the revived heiress, who subsequently marries Dallas, an incarnation of the Devil, and in a fit of jealousy, strangles her. It must be said, the book has but little literary merit. After "Vice Versa," "A Fallen Idol," and the other bright emanations of Mr. Antsey's pen, "Stella Maberly" is a disappointment.

"The Fearsome Island" is not good adventure nor virile imagination. It is a fairy story in the guise of a narrative of the adventures of an alleged Silas Fordred, who is lost on the ocean and is cast on an island on which there is a Hog of the Turret, who is up to all manner of bedevilments. He is equal to his beguilements, and escapes all manner of enchantments. It is amusing to note that Silas, who blows up the enchanted castle, is privileged by his Creator to hear the sound of an explosion before seeing the flash. There are three detonations, and after the roar the air is lit up with a terrific glare, thereby outraging unnecessarily certain scientific prejudices. (H. S. Stone & Co., publishers, Chicago.)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

Anna Held Tells How to Become Fascinating.

Miss Anna Held, who has been "featured" in New York out of all proportion to ability, is rather a pretty and decidedly chic young woman. That she is also gifted with common sense is evidenced by her impressions on beauty, apropos of her own, by the way. Beauty, she admits, counts for much, "d'etre belle." "Yet I do not know that there is any secret of acquiring beauty. With us it means 'le chich Parisien.' Without it one is nothing. With it one may be everything. And do you know how much it means, le chic? It mean's one's manner of carrying one's self, of wearing one's clothes, of speaking, of arranging one's toilet — oh, mais, cela comprend beaucoup! The Parisians understand so well all the little matters of the toilet. They know perfectly comment soigner le corps. And all this goes to make a woman fascinating." This interesting point disposed of, she proceeded to elaborate on the art of being fascinating: "How to be fascinating? I will tell you. In the first place do not repress yourself too much, as these pretty, proper American girls do. They are so calm, so rigid, when they sing, and the men do not like that, pas du tout. When I sing I do my best to personify the emotions that I sing of. I make men feel that I am alive to the tips of my fingers, yet I have no affectations. I lean forward — I get just the right expression in my eyes, just the right tone to my voice—I move slowly and stealthily, comme le chat — et alors, je suis seduisante! If you hear me at the theatre, if you watch me sing, you understand just what I mean. C'est mon facon d'attirer les hommes.

* * *

"Dr. Lombroso, says Emily Crawford in "Truth," "rides to death in unemotional Turin the Greek notion of hereditary fatality. Fatalism is an awesome power in human affairs. There is, I think, no denying it. But I should be sorry to believe it cannot be averted. There never was and never will be a Rougon-Macquart family overborne in seventy or so branches by a hereditary nevrose. Could a Lombroso of that day, staying at Naples when Lady Hamilton reigned there, have foretold what paragons of perfection Queen Caroline's daughters would grow up to be? They were four, and scandal never touched them. One was second wife of the Emperor Francis II. and mother of the Empress Marie Louise. The other was La Bella, or the Beautiful Queen of Sardinia. She was adroit and politic, but pure as snow. The third, La Dotta, or the learned, was Princess of Austrias, and was said to have been poisoned because her correct life gave umbrage to her parents-in-law and husband. The fourth was Marie Amelie, Queen of the French. If ever there was a domestic saint, perfect in all respects, it was that royal lady. Her three daughters followed her example. Caroline could no more help herself than could Phædra. But by careful education she managed to release her daughters from hereditary fatalities.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

* * *

An English paper suggests as a way to make an income, to attend to and mend gentlemen's underwear. Undoubetdly this is a field if it could be secured. The further suggestion is made that a way to secure it is to write to the heads of large mercantile houses, to lawyers and others who may seem promising, briefly stating the plan, and asking permission to place your circulars before their clerks. Many young men, even those drawing moderate incomes, use expensive underwear, and would gladly pay a small weekly sum to have it regularly looked after. An acquaintance with the landladies of boarding and lodging houses, too, would be most valuable, and once a clientele was established, it would be apt to grow.

A similar field is that of looking after the mending for teachers, artists and other professional women, who have as little time and less strength to spend on repairs of clothing as men, though the requisite knowledge may be theirs. General family mending is already quite extensively done by the visiting seamstress. Several women in Brooklyn, of modest ambition, earn regularly for ten months of the year their six dollars a week, spending a half of each day with one of a dozen families by whom they are employed. Four hours' work a week regularly at the mending basket keeps it under excellent control, and buttonless garments, undarned stocking, and torn underwear, are unknown

MATRIMONIAL TALES

Von Blumer Soon Changed.

"There!"

As the door-bell rang twice in succession, Von Blumer jumped up from his seat with a look of intense annoyance, and turned round swiftly to face his wife.

"Have you been shopping again?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Von Blumer. "I haven't been out of the house to-day."

"Then," said Von Blumer, throwing down his paper with a gesture of impatience, "it's callers. No sooner does a man come home from his work at the office, worn out with the day's struggle, and prepared to settle down to a quiet evening, than his peace is disturbed by some confounded bore. Society is all very well in its way, but what do these people care for us, or we for them? Here I was just congratulating myself that I would be able to get a good night's rest; and now my dream is over. I've to sit up and exert myself to be pleasant to a lot of idiots that I wish were in Halifax. It's just my luck—tired out—all broken—— Halloa! what's this? A note? Umph! Ah, yes, of course! Where are my boots? Not a moment to lose. Show him into the parlor, Dinah. Where ——"

"Who is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Von Blumer.

"Who is it!" repeated her husband, as he rushed by her; "who is it! Hooray! It's Dimpleton, with two tickets for the theatre!"

She had bought some bric-a-brac, and her husband was inspecting her purchases. One of them was a small Asiatic idol, with an especially grotesque figure and an exceptionally hideous leer.

"Is that your idea of beauty?" he said.

"There's no doubt at all that it is very artistic," she answered, with a little indignation.

"Well, if that's what you consider attractive, I can at last understand how you came to want me to wear the necktie you gave me on my birthday."—Washington Star.

On the Quiet.

"Well, you've been married for six months; now—how do you like it?"

"Excellent, my boy, excellent. I wouldn't be single again for the world."

Then the Benedict bent over and whispered to his friend:

"My wife is listening at the door."

So they lit their cigars, sat and smoked, and looked sadly at each other.

But at tea the bachelor wondered how any man could be unhappy with such a gracious and lovely wife.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE WEEK'S FOOTBALL

The Stanford-Reliance Game — A Third Rate Contest.

The Stanford and Reliance elevens lined up against each other last Saturday for the second game of the season.

The game was third rate from the kick off till the call of time; a snappy High School eleven would have stood a good chance of scoring against such teams and such playing. Of course the old cry of "early in the season" might again be raised to justify such listless work, but no one who saw the playing of the California and Olympic teams on the preceeding Saturday—ragged as that playing was—would for a moment doubt that the wearers of the red and white or the blue and gold were a far better trained and more aggressive lot of men than were their rivals of the cardinal and maroon and white.

STANFORD AT PRACTICE

A football game has degenerated pretty far when a center rush can repeatedly down an end-runner, or a guard, tackle, from behind, a right half going around the left end, supposedly with interference. Yet both of these occurrences were to be seen in last Saturday's game.

The playing was of the crudest type, such as used to be seen some five or six years ago when Pacific Coast football was in its infancy. Not more than half a dozen end plays were attempted by either team throughout the entire game, though the Olympic eleven with its fairly good interference and with such a running-half as Stickney should have gained at will around the Stanford flanks. There was an utter lack of cohesion on both sides. Each man played his own game to suit himself, and there was that talking and squabbling in the lines that infallibly betrays the want of discipline and organization. The only men that Captain Smith of the club team could depend upon were Stickney (R. H.) and Robert Porter (L. T.). What gains the red and white made were largely due to the efforts of these two men, though as often as not they cut out their own work, totally independant of any assistance from the quarter or backs. When the run was around the flank, Morse and Harrelson occasionally managed to put the opposing end out of the play, Stickney getting off with a really marvelous rapidity at times. If Stickney's signal for this play had been given oftener, especially toward the middle of the second half, the Olympic team would have scored.

Stanford should have put up a better game, with such men as Fickert, Thomas, Cotton, Dole and Soper on their team. But as in the case of their opponents there was no team-work to second their efforts. McIntosh at quarter was far too slow in getting the ball into play, and in passing it from the center to the runner. Time and again he was responsible for a fumble in delivering the ball to the half—though from the grand stand it always seems as though it is the fault of the half.

The delivery of the ball to the runner is perhaps one of the most difficult things to be learned upon the football field. The ball must not be thrown, even to the full-back for a punt, but must be passed easily and swiftly, and with the greatest accuracy. More than once during last Saturday's game the Stanford quarter flung the ball back in such a fashion that it struck the shoulder or breast of the man who was to receive it, and bounding off was secured by one of the Olympics' guards or tackles. Not infrequently a watchful and active end can secure the ball on such a fumble.

But the most inexcusable failing of both teams—failing for which the quarterbacks were alone responsible—was the slowness of getting the ball into play. Never was the signal given until after the teams were comfortably into line, sometimes even the quarters first made sure of the correct positions of the men before signing to the center to snap the ball. Such sluggishness is absolutely incompatible with good football. A sharp and aggresive rush line can divine the play to be made with the greatest of ease, and nine times out of ten can down the runner almost in his tracks.

Another point which cannot be too severely criticized is the long and intentional wait between the plays to allow the men to rest and breathe. The captains are directly to blame for this. It is a well-known maneuver of the game to "fake time" by a pretense of injury to a player, and while he is being patched up to afford the balance of the eleven a few moments to recuperate. The thing is not only unworthy of gentlemen players, but is a clumsy and short-sighted device as well, since it gives the other side precisely the same advantage.

The game this afternoon between California and the Olympic Club should by all signs go to the college eleven. Ransome should be able to hold the Red and White to at most a single touchdown, while I look to see the Blue and Gold players—that is, if 'Varsity men are played—hammer at least twelve points out of the athletic club's line.

The Olympic halves should not be able to make ground around either of California's ends, while Simpson and Ludlow ought to be able to make it exceedingly interesting for Stickney and Porter when the play is against the line.

FRANK NORRIS.

CROSS, OF YALE '96
THE STANFORD COACH

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

They Wouldn't Hear Him.

Angelica invited her young man to the evening meal. Everything passed off harmoniously until Angelica's seven-year-old brother broke the blissful silence by exclaiming:

"Oh, ma, yer oughter seen Mr. Lighted the other night when he called to take Angie to the drill. He looked so nice sittin' 'longside of her with his arm——"

"Fred!" screamed the maiden, whose face began to assume the color of a well-done crab, quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth.

"Yer oughter seen him," continued the persistent informant, after gaining his breath and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed; "he had his arm——"

"Freddie!" shouted the mother, as, in her frantic attempt to reach the boy's auricular appendage, she upset the contents of the teapot in Mr. Lighted's lap, making numerous Prussian war maps over his new lavender trousers.

"I was just going to say," the half-frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and an injured whine, "he had his arm——"

"You boy," thundered the father, "get out!"

And the boy did so, exclaiming, as he waltzed, "I was only going to say that Mr. Lighted had his army clothes on; and I leave it to him if he didn't."

An eminent English general, who had a great love of amateur gardening, while stationed in India, made the most of the grounds surrounding his villa in the barracks. One morning early the general was taking a stroll when he saw three or four private soldiers raking about the compound. Much pleased, he remarked, "Well, men, nice thing gardening, isn't it? I see you are taking an interest in it." "Do we, indeed!" growled one of them in reply. "That's all you know. We've got an old fool of a general here who is mad on gardening, and we are sent here on fatigue to scrape this gravel about in case he should pass this way."

In the early days of the century, when English politicians were strangely and fearfully confused, the "Morning Post" came out one day with this remarkable assertion: "We cannot disguise our views much on having torn off Corbett's mask and revealed his cloven hoof. It was high time that the hydra head of faction should be soundly rapped over the knuckles."

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

LATE VERSE

November.

"Where is the man who shouted so?"
Said Andrew Jackson's shade.
"He left the place a month ago,"
The press reporter said.
"What made him go so quick, so quick?"
Said Andrew Jackson's shade.
"He made the voters very sick,"
The press reporter said.
"And we bade farewell to Billy, and he started for the Platte,
Ornamenting rear-end coaches, making speeches through his hat;
And he kissed his reputation 'cross the [illegible] and we don't know where he's at.
But he'll give up 'lectioneering in November.

"What caused this beardless boy to run?"
Said Andrew Jackson's shade.
"The magic words, sixteen to one,"
The press reporter said.
"What made them choose so young, so young?"
Said Andrew Jackson's shade.
"They listened to a silver tongue,"
The press reporter said.
"For he came to the Convention and he brought his cross of gold,
And he crowded back all others, both the [illegible] and the old,
But he'll stamp his little Trilbys when he's outside in the cold,
After meeting with McKinley in November."

"My friends were men of high renown,"
Said Andrew Jackson's shade.
"He tore the flag of honor down,"
The press reporter said.
"And do the loyal ones still stand?"
Said Andrew Jackson's shade.
"The East and West are hand in hand,"
The press reporter said.
"For they bolted Billy Bryan with his Anarchistic views,
And they lead the fight together, for they know they cannot lose;
And they'll gather in the Popocrats and measure out their dues,
And they'll lose them in the shuffle in November."

—J. W. K.

The Window Toward the West.

I know a window looking toward the west,
Where through long years on each successive day
Stranger and friend by a sweet face were blessed,
Whose brow serene by snows of age caressed,
Seemed lighted by some tranquil heavenly ray.

O'er the worn sill like restless tongues of flame,
The moted sunshine threw its shafts of gold,
From the high elms the silent shadows came
And cooled the air, until the sweet acclaim
Of evensong, full swelling bird throats told.

Dimly through those small panes at war's shrill cry,
She saw two soldiers' last waved fond farewell—
How soon she listened to the pine's soft sigh,
In yonder vale where low her brave boys lie!
What made her face seraphic, who can tell?

Through conquest of each dire vicissitude,
Slave of infirmity, resigned she sat;
Blessing her household, those without she wooed
With strains of some sweet heavenly interlude,
That hope undaunted and divine begat.

One bleak March eve the wind crept low and sighed,
And sacred shadow deepened through the room,
Save that she smiled they knew not when she died,
But saw the sinking sun had glorified
Her window, as she gained the land of bloom.

—A. H. Hall in New York Observer.

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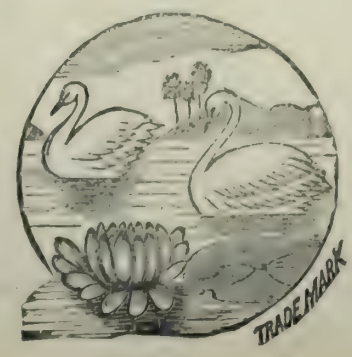

QUEEN LILY SOAP

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IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Society seems to be concentrating all its energies in organizing dancing clubs this season. We have no fewer than five new classes started in San Francisco and in Oakland. Last year we had the "Friday Night Club," the "Monday Evening Dancing Class" and the "Bachelors and Benedicts" for those who had made their entrance into society; the Friday and Saturday "Fortnightlys," the "Deux Temps" and the Oakland "Friday Fortnightly" for the younger set. In addition to these, another "Friday Fortnightly" has been arranged called the "Deux Temps Cotillion Club," which is to meet on the first and third Fridays of each month commencing on November 5th. Mrs. Robert Dickson, Mrs. G. H. Powers and Mrs. Bowers are among the patronesses, and Miss Ethel Dickson, Miss Fay Rambo, Mr. Jack Tweeddale and Mr. Smith compose the invitation committee. The list is limited, and I understand that the members are chiefly girls who will make their debut in 1897.

The first meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly was held in Lunt's Hall on October 10th. It was a jolly affair and decidedly informal. The girls were all simply dressed in dainty dimities or dotted swisses. The cotillion was led by Mr. Webb Jennings and Miss Nettie Black. Although it was Mr. Jennings' maiden effort, he showed himself most efficient, and was complimented by Mr. Greenway. The figures were on the marching order, but a new cross figure, which was exceedingly pretty, was introduced. I was rather amused at one little episode that occurred. It appears the young people have a habit of rising out of turn and "sneaking" into the figures, which puts the leader out and confuses things generally. They attempted this on Saturday evening, but Mr. Jennings very quietly blew his whistle, ordered the interlopers to their seats and started the figure anew. The girls were chiefly from the younger set. I did not see any of the debutantes and only a sparse sprinkling of the older girls.

Miss Nettie Black looked charming in a soft white mull frock. She is a tall brunette with fine eyes and wavy brown hair. Miss Leontine Blakeman wore pink silk covered with organdie, and made a pretty picture. Miss Ethel Keeney was daintily dressed in pale blue. Miss Rose Hooper looked fetching in a Dresden silk frock. Miss Gertie Bates wore a soft looking frock of pale blue dimity. The most popular of the maidens appeared to be Miss Nellie Ord, a cousin of Miss Marie Wells, and a rarely pretty girl.

The principal topic at the tea tables is Miss Lizzie Carroll's engagement to Mr. Whittier. It was announced in a very charming fashion at a luncheon given at the 'Varsity Club. Miss Bates decorated the table with multitudinous ribbons of divers colors. And the flowers were as varied as the ribbons. The name cards were quite a novelty here. I believe Miss Fair brought them from the East to Miss Carroll. They had small pictures from "Life" painted in water colors and with quotations suitable to the maidens for whom they were intended. During the luncheon a box was handed to Miss Carroll with the compliments of Mr. Whittier, and on its being opened proved to be a gorgeous diamond and sapphire brooch. There were fourteen girls at the luncheon, which was chaperoned by Mrs. Carroll.

There are engagements and rumors of engagements to be announced in the near future. The latest that has reached me is that of a wealthy and conspicuous San Jose maiden and the son of a prominent physician from Honolulu, who recently graduated from Stanford University. The fact has not become public property as yet, but is said to be authentic, and the young people are receiving congratulations.

Miss Mamie Polhemus left on Tuesday for Washington, where she has entered Miss Campbell's school. It was her original intention to go to Dobbs' Ferry, but there, I believe, they will not receive pupils after the commencement of the term.

There is considerable anxiety among the patronesses of the "Deux Temps" Club lest the organization fall through this season. I hear that so far only thirty acceptances have been received to the invitations, and a number of the charter members have dropped out and joined the "Wednesday Nights." It really seems as though the raison d'etre of the "Deux Temps" had ceased. It was originaly started for the younger set, who have outgrown it, and the "Friday Fortnightly" appears to have absorbed their successors. Last season there was much discussion as to the advisibility of reorganizing the club, as the old members were rather tired of it, and this year they have simply decided not to belong.

The Friday Fortnightly met for the first time this season at Masonic Hall, and had a most successful evening. There were several debutantes present, among whom I noted Miss Ethel Whitney, who is the prettiest of the Whitney girls. She is tall, chataigne in coloring, slight, and very graceful, with attractive, girlish manners. Miss Marion Smith, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Frank Smith, who has just returned from the East, is a very sweet looking girl, who was charmingly gowned in white. Miss Mary Randall, who is tall and fair, with big blue eyes and exquisite coloring; Miss Marietta Havens, a bewitching little blonde and a very popular girl, wore pink swiss; Miss Ada Brown in yellow organdie and Miss Pauline Fox in white organdie were the most atractive maidens present.

One of the smartest receptions of the season was given on Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall in honor of Mr. Frank Lincoln. About three hundred invitations were issued, and the gowning was gorgeous in the extreme. On arriving, the guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Goodall and Miss Ella Goodall and were presented to Mr. Lincoln in the drawing room, which was decked with greens. Afterwards all repaired to the attic, in which a charming little stage had been arranged, and for about an hour and a half Mr. Lincoln entertained the company with humorous recitations, anecdotes and burlesques on German, French and Italian music. Later refreshments were served. Among the handsome women present I noted Mrs. Norman Lang (nee Nellie McKee), who really looked stunning in a pale pink gown; Miss Amy McKee was prettily dressed in black tulle, cut decollete; Miss Ella Goodall looked very effective in a pale yellow flowered silk, and Miss Alice Grimes wore white satin trimmed with forget-me-nots. Of the younger girls Miss Belle Mhoon looked sweet in a white satin frock trimmed with pink roses, and Miss Coralie Selby made a quaint picture in a gown of old-blue silk with wide lace collar.

An original entertainment was the garden card party given by Mrs. Egbert Stone at her home near San Leandro on Friday. The grounds are charmingly laid out with palms, arbors, etc., and the tables were set out beneath the trees. Whist was played all the afternoon, and then refreshments were served on the same little tables. The day was fine and warm, and some fetching summer toilets were worn. Mrs. George Wheaton and Mrs. Florine Brown carried off the prizes.

Another whist party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hathaway (nee Miss Breck), to twenty young married people including the Fred and Sam Brecks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knight. Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway have moved into their new home on Orchard street. It is a quaint little place, of a rather unusual style of architecture, and is furnished in a cosy and tasteful fashion.

Mrs. Folger is anticipating the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. Le Grand Canon Tibbits, who with her husband intends spending the winter here.

There has been a plentitude of luncheons this week. Mrs. A. B. Brayton gave a married ladies' affair on Thursday. Covers were laid for about a dozen, among whom were Mrs. Ralston, Mrs. Prentice Selby, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Goodall, etc.

A girls' luncheon was given on Tuesday by Miss Annie Miller, who has recently returned from England, where she has spent the last twelve months. Twenty girls were invited, among them Miss Mhoon, Miss McKee, Miss Prather, Miss Bessie Wall and Miss Chabot. On the same day Mrs. Edson Adams entertained the young married set at a luncheon given to Mrs. Norman Lang.

A very enjoyable concert was given on Thursday evening by Miss Bessie Lee Wall, assisted by Mr. Sigmund Beel. Miss Wall made her first appearance as a vocalist and was greeted with much applause. Her voice, though sweet, has a great deal of volume, and she uses it charmingly. The ballads "Douglas Gordon" and the "Land o' the Leal" were delightfully rendered, but Miss Wall surpassed even her friends' most sanguine expectations in Nevin's "Without Thee" and "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." Mr. Beel was also exceedingly happy in his choice of pieces, and was in excellent form. He played Sarasate's "Spanish Dance" especially well, and was encored with enthusiasm. The house was very well filled.

MISS MARJORIE MOORE
AS QUEEN ROSE

MISS HAZEL PHANE
AS QUEEN NIGHTSHADE

THE RIVAL QUEENS

From the fairy operetta to be given by ninety-six children of Alameda at the California Theatre on Saturday, October 17th, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital

For the Sportsmen.

The San Francisco & North Pacific Railway Company has issued a notice to hunters to the effect that commencing Saturday next, those in pursuit of sport can leave San Francisco on the Tiburon ferry at 11:30 P. M., making connection at Tiburon with the train which will take them through to Ignacio, Black Point, Reclamation, Sears' Point, McGill, Novato and Burdell.

This service is afforded in recognition of the desirability of the early morning shoot. Cars will be sidetracked at the above mentioned stations and hunters will be permitted to remain in the cars until it is time to start for the game. On the return to San Francisco the regular Sunday afternoon train will have cars for the accommodation of the hunters.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cts. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

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"STANDARD"
SHIRTS

They're made here and they'll stand comparison with any other shirt under the sun.

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NEUSTADTER BROS., Mfrs.
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THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

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ELECTRICAL WORKS
409 MARKET STREET

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to its natural color by LEE'S HAIR MEDICANT, no dye harmless, pleasant odor, $1 00 a bottle. LEE'S HAIR TONIC removes dandruff, stops hair from falling out and promotes growth $1 00 a bottle. LEE MEDICANT CO 108 Fulton st., N.Y. Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application FREE

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HAY AND GRAIN MERCHANTS
OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST.

Dainty and Refreshing
PAR EXCELLENCE
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.
Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

GROUNDS

A DAY AT LYTTON

The Attractions of a Famous California Health Resort.

California might easily have been nature's apothecary shop, for within her boundaries are chemical ingredients sufficient to fashion a world with an abundance left over to prescribe for all its ailments.

Perhaps no large center of population the world over can boast within so limited a radius such a wealth of natural endowments. California has scenery and sunlight, lakes, rivers and mountains, a stimulating climate, a soil of enviable fertility, together with springs charged with potent gases and resistless salts, with sulphur and acids and other curative elements and compounds. There are health and pleasure resorts galore, each with its own special charm or blessing, or both.

Are you a frost-bitten invalid seeking nature's medicine in climes of kindlier mood? Don't go off to Europe, but come west, be it summer or winter, and after pausing in the metropolis of the Golden Gate to get your bearings, go north—or south, if you prefer it. You will find the climate elastic. It should not be difficult to find comfort, warmth and happiness. Perhaps, indeed, it is a case of being tired, that sad exhaustion of mind and body which follows on want of rest or too great strain. You will be surprised with what little effort or expense you can leave the worries and troubles of the city behind and pass into another world.

Though the conditions of life and climate in California make for health, there is no country so abundantly provided with sanitariums. There are several institutions within our boundaries provided with approved appliances and innumerable devices for the treatment of the sick or for ministering to the luxury of those in search of recreation. In selecting a site for a place of this character there are many important considerations that must be reckoned. Ease of access is important, but the location should be so retired as to insure quiet. Then in our State where so many shades of climate are encountered, isothermal lines must be considered. Besides this, mineral water of superior medical properties is absolutely necessary. All these requisites are to be found in that favored spot, Lytton Springs.

The seltzer and geyser soda from these springs is excellent in character. The resort itself has enjoyed no small popularity in former years, and now, after a somewhat varied history, has been transformed to serve its present purposes.

After a delightful morning's ride through one of California's prettiest valleys one arrives at Lytton Springs. The carriage is in waiting, but the path widening off through a vista of stately oaks offers a more attractive substitute. Passing the tennis courts and croquet grounds one arrives at the hotel. The buildings are grouped in the form of an arch, of which the spacious main building of the hotel itself forms the keystone. There are a dozen or more pretty cottages scattered about, bordering upon a beautiful lawn and a garden of flowers. From the broad veranda a charming panorama opens to the view. The foreground slopes gently to the station, from which the gaze rises to the mountains in the distance and finally rests upon St. Helena.

Lytton Springs is on the line of the North Pacific Railway, seventy miles north of San Francisco. The Sanitarium stands four hundred feet above tide water, among the beautiful rolling hills of Sonoma County. The climate is delightful and health-giving beyond description. The Sanitarium grounds comprise one thousand acres of wooded hills, glens and lawn. The conditions are such as to make this an ideal summer resort, while the winters are very mild, the purity and dryness of the air and the higher temperature being characteristic. For the treatment of chronic diseases the winter months are even more conducive to improvement than the spring and summer. Those living in the warm, relaxing climate of the Sacramento valley will find they cannot endure the rigor and changes incident to the northern and eastern winter season, and are seeking for a more congenial climate, will do well to visit Lytton Springs before going to Florida, Southern California or Europe for the benefit of their health. Those in certain stages of bronchial and lung affections must necessarily seek a warmer climate than the East, and one in which the temperature is more equable than in the region of their own homes. We say to such, try Lytton under its perfect hygienic conditions.

The buildings are heated with steam and lighted with gas, and are all so located as to have the benefit of the morning sun. There are large and pleasant sitting and reading rooms. A veranda with southern exposure, enclosed in glass, heated by steam, makes a delightful sun parlor. Cement walks from the main building to all the cottages, to Seltzer Spring, and to the railroad station, give a charming walk available in the most inclement weather. From the large farm there is always an abundance of fresh milk, cream, butter, eggs and vegetables, with which the table is abundantly supplied.

No special routine line of treatment is followed. All the various forms of treatment in use at sanitariums will be given by skilled assistants. On admission each case is carefully examined and the treatment indicated prescribed. The charges are made according to the room, and include board at the public table, baths and ordinary medical care and treatment. Prices are from $12.50 per week upwards.

The Sanitarium is in charge of John C. Fisher, A. M., M. D., who was for a number of years in the United States medical service, and recently in charge of the Warsaw N. Y. Sanitarium. Dr. Fisher comes with the best of recommendations from prominent physicians for efficient and painstaking management.

Taking into consideration the location, which is intended to meet every need of the health-seeker, and those seeking rest and quiet, the ample grounds and wooded hillsides, the pure spring water, together with mineral waters, the entire freedom from demands of society and fashion, the provision for recreation and amusements, the faithful attendants and care of skilled physicians, and the service of competent and trained helpers—this institution unquestionably offers a combination of sanitary appointments and therapeutic appliances for the restoration of the sick and recuperation of the exhausted unequaled in any part of the country. The city office is at No. 218 McAllister street.

HOTEL

DINING ROOM

SUN PARLOR

LADIES' PARLOR

The late Justice Bowen's definition of a "search for equity" was "a blind man looking in a dark room for a black hat that isn't there."

I Went A-Swimmin' Onct.

Say, I went a-swimmin' onct, when my Pap he said I mus'n.
'N I got my cloze all soppin', 'n' didn' dast g' home;
So I sneaked clear out t' Granny's, 'n' ast her if she wouldn'
Lemme stay 'ith her a spell, till I got me dried off some.

'N' Granny she put on her speers 'n' puckered up her mouth,
Jis' like she was tur'ble cross, 'n' goin' t' lam me good.
'N'en she says, "Ye naughty boy;" n'en I cried, n'en
She hugged me up tight in her arms, jis' like I knowed she would.

'N' she made me strip clean off, 'n' gimme some dry cloze.
What she said uster be my Pap's when he was big as me.
'N'en she'd kep'm ever sence, n'en she rubbed her eyes,
'N' kep' a-rubbin 'n' a-rubbin', jis' like she couldn' see.

Bimeby she took a yellow bowl, 'n' went down to th' cellar,
'N' filled it clean plum full o' milk, jis' like I knowed she would,
'N' gimme two big doughnuts 'n' a whoppin' piece o' pie,
'N' I jis' et 'n' et 'n' et, 'n' Gee! It tasted good!

—William R. Lighton in Truth.

Not for Me.

(After the Japanese of K. Ikadi.)

Beyond the garden wall
A fair rose groweth
Stately and tall.
"Not for thee! Not for thee!"
Whispers the wind that bloweth
Over the garden wall.

Upon the garden wall
A white rose leaneth
Graceful and tall.
Not for me! Not for me!
While love's fond dream I dreameth
Snow-like its petals fall.

GRACE HIBBARD.

Mater Dolorosa.

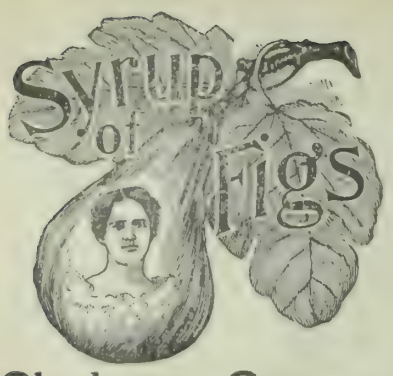
Again maternal Autumn grieves,
As blood-like drip the Autumn leaves
On Nature's Calvary,
And every sap-forsaken limb
Renews the mystery of Him
Who died upon a Tree.

—John B. Tabb, in "Youth's Companion."

He Nodded.

A firm in Aberdeen recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query, "Are you thehe?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone, "Man, a' ye blind? I've been noddin' me heid aff for t' last haur-oor!"

A piece was being played in Boston which dealt with French life under Louis XI, and a certain actor had to come on and say this dramatic line, "Stop the music; the King is dead!" The weather was very warm, and the music of the orchestra was bad. The actor came on, and, in a tone of intense earnestness, said gaspingly, "Stop that music; it has killed the King!"



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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MAY BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A

GAZOGENE

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If you care for Aerated Water, or use Wine on your table. A simple method of making your own Soda Water. See

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FIELD FLOWERS

The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for $7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of $1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

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CAMPAIGN STORIES

Colonel Kowalsky's Budget of Gold and Silver Parables.

The average of campaign oratory this election is higher than usual. The issues are so vital as to call into the field the ablest speakers. It is no longer a question of distinction without difference. For once the parties are separated by issues that mean everything to all of us. On one side is panic, bankruptcy, repudiation; on the other, prosperity smiles. Among the speeches of the campaign the oration of Colonel N. I. Kowalsky was one of the most individual, and certainly figured as most entertaining. As a raconteur he has few equals in the country, and his talk was punctuated with stories which fitted capitally into the context and drove home the logic of his arguments with irresistible force. The Silver

COLONEL H. I. KOWALSKY
Elite, photo

Money Democrats have had the oration printed for general distribution. Here are some of the anecdotes:

"Free and unlimited coinage of silver" strikes the average mind satisfactorily, if it contemplates that it is going to get something for nothing. Some people have the idea that they are going to get sixteen dollars for one. One fellow even disputed that and he said it was "free and unlimited"—you could get all you want of it for nothing. An Irishman, coming up Bleeker street in New York in great haste, was stopped by a friend, who called out to him: "Hold on there, Pat; I want to talk to ye. What in the world is the matter with yer?" Says Pat: "Begad, there's goin' to be free silver on Wall street at sixteen to one; and here's it seven to one and O'im already nine minutes late; so let go o' me!"

I hold in my hands two Mexican dollars that I purchased for $1.05. Each one of them contains six grains more of silver than our silver dollar; and yet, they are only worth $1.05—the two of them. You con't get par for them; you can't get one hundred cents for them. I am reminded of a story I once heard (and the Jews and the Irish furnish all the stories). A very sick Hebrew was accosted by his friend, who said to him: "Aye, Jake, you look very sick!" To which the disconsolate Jake responded: "Aye, I am very sick. I vouldn't lif long; I am going to die." His tones were so pitiful that his friend tried to buoy him up a bit, and said: "Aye, nonsense; vot you talking. You'll lif to be a hundred!" And Jake quickly answered: "Ach, no; you can't make me believe dat God is a fool. You think he will vait until I am at par ven he can get me now mit fifty?"

An old lady who had a few hundred dollars in the bank was told by one of her neighbor friends that the bank in which she had her few dollars was about to crumble. The old lady with bag in one hand and umbrella in the other, ready to pounce upon the head of the fellow behind the counter in case he refused to pay over her money, made all possible haste to reach the bank. Rushing up to the paying teller, she said: "I want my money—and I want it right away, too." The teller looked her book over and found there was about three hundred dollars due her, counted the money out, put it on the counter, saying: "There you are, madam." The old lady threw up both hands and exclaimed: "Why, can I have it?" The clerk said: "Certainly." She said: "Why, I didn't s'pose I could. My gracious, what lies they do tell around! Why," she said, "I s'posed I couldn't get that money, and here it is. Well, if I can get it, I don't want it."

It is only recently that the people have awakened to an idea that the country is bankrupt—that is, that the Government itself seems to be bankrupt, and we are out borrowing from anybody who will lend us money. Of course, the people have not studied the question; they have taken the Democratic say-so for more than it is worth. But they now wake up to the situation with a shock; the veil has been drawn back, and they are asking concerning the Government as the Christianized Chinaman asked concerning Jesus of his Sunday-school teacher, with whom he had attended services regularly on Sundays, when, to his chagrin and surprise, he found a nicely dressed gentleman passing a silver plate under his nose and jingling the money it contained. Mr. Chinaman turned to his teacher and said: "What a matter, what for? He likey money?" And the kind Christian Sunday-school teacher replied: "Yes, Sing. Put a little money in there." Queried Sing: "What for?" Replied she: "For Jesus." "For Jesus?" "Yes," came the reply. "Allight," said Sing, and he put in his ten cents. The next Sunday he went to church just the same and, about the same time, while the choir was singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the same kindly gentleman stuck the plate under Sing's nose, and shook it up a little bit to irritate him into a larger contribution. Sing looked frightened; his Christianity was faltering, and he turned to the Sunday-school teacher and asked: "What a matter now?" She said: "That's all right, Sing, put in a little money." "Who catchee money today?" "Just the same as before, Sing—Jesus." "Jesus?" "Yes." The Chinaman gave a big sigh and dropped in a nickel. He did some thinking all the week, but he turned up for service again on Sunday—not as enthusiastic as heretofore, but he was there just the same; and the plate came down at the appointed time and again was shaken under Sing's nose. Turning to the Sunday-school teacher, he said: "What's a matter now?" To which she replied: "That's all right; put in a little money." "What for?" asked Sing. "For Jesus," came the response. "Ma gracious! What's a matter with Jesus, he bloke all a time?"

THE CZARINA

This beautiful creation is from the millinery department of Mme. A. M. Neilson, located in the Phelan Building, rooms 107 and 109. The trimming of navy blue is broad in effect, with navy blue ribbon, accordeon pleated around the crown, changeable blue wings turned directly up at the back, and pink roses banked underneath the rim. It is a very admirable hat this, and the model promises to find much favor throughout the winter.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

Young Mothers

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years, and its value is recognized.

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TOILET POWDER

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SAMPLE MAILED (Name this paper) **FREE**

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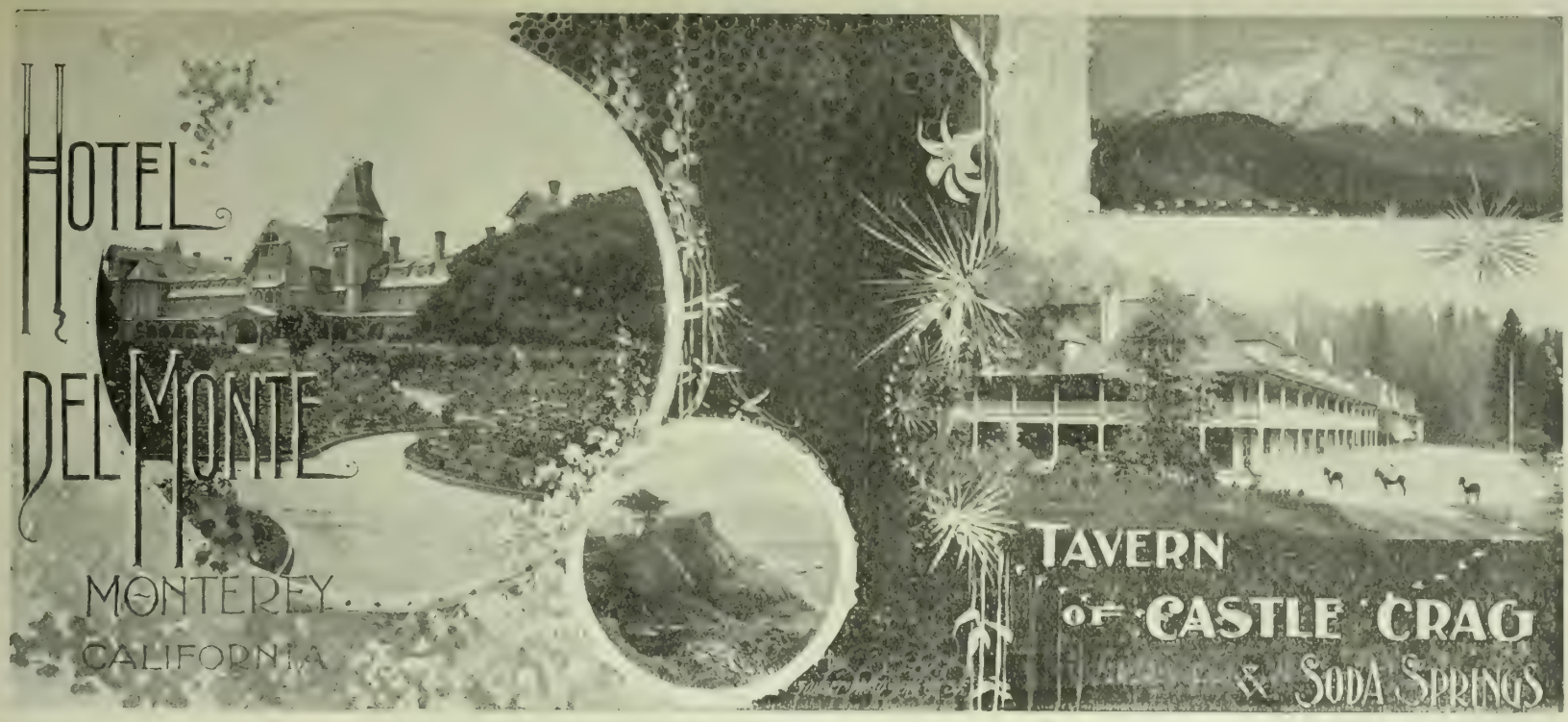

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over . . . . .

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

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Resumed in November

Tuesdays and Saturdays
From San Francisco
Initial Trip Nov. **7**

Mondays and Thursdays
From New Orleans
Initial Trip Nov. **9**

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For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S. S. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo -- Los Angeles -- and Newport, 11 a.m., July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz Altata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th of each month thereafter.
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Reserve Fund - - - - - -	750,000 00
Guaranteed Capital - - - - -	1,200,000 00

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532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits June 30, 1896 - $23,657,219
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Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
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Aachen and Munich Fire Insurance Co.

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Capital, $2,250,000.00
Total Assets, $6,854,683.65

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

When the late Shah of Persia was visiting England he was a guest at a garden party at the seat of Lord Salisbury. The entertainment included a performance by a man who shot corks off a woman's head with a gun. The Shah was delighted. He took a repeating rifle and said, "That looks easy; let me try it." Naturally the woman refused to allow the Shah to shoot at anything on her head. Then the potentate, brandishing the rifle rather recklessly, said to Lord Salisbury: "Then your excellency will surely let me shoot a cork off your head?" It need scarcely be said that Lord Salisbury's refusal was diplomatic but firm.

Dean Stanley was not good at arithmetic, and Frederick Locker Lampson once related to him the process of reasoning which induced the cook to buy a lottery ticket with the number 23. "I had a dream, sir," said the cook, "that made me buy that number. I dreamed the number seven. I dreamed it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-three, I bought that number." When Mr. Locker Lampson had concluded this story, the dean did not laugh, as he was expected to; instead of a laugh a wistful look was observed on his face, as if he would like to know where the joke lay. "Then suddenly, for he was very quick," says the narrator, "his face brightened and he said, but not without a shadow of dejection: 'Ah, yes, I see; yes, I suppose three times seven are not twenty-three!' "

"When Rufus Choate was a young man," says the Greenbag, "he had a still younger man for a client, who had been sued for breach of promise by a rather mature maiden. There was, in fact, not much in the way of defense, but Choate seeing how youthful was his client had him dressed in low shoes, short trousers, jacket and wide rolling chi'dish collar over a black ribbon, and sat him down inconspicuously in the court. The prosecutor had concluded his case, and had produced much evident impression on the jury against the accused, when Choate rose to open, and, beckoning to his client, placed him on a chair and said, "I open with an exhibition of the gay Lothario." That settled it.

An English novelist made a return to the income tax commission, stating his income at a sum less than the price said to have been paid for one of his books published shortly before. The surveyor of taxes wrote for an explanation and the writer answered that the information printed in the newspapers was quite inaccurate. "But the information would be furnished by the publishers, wouldn't it?" said the surveyor. "Well, no—er—the fact is, I wrote the paragraph and sent it to the journal myself," admitted the man of letters. "Ah, then you had made a mistake in the figures?" "Um, quite so. You see, in these cases it is invariably the custom to make a mistake."

The late Sir John Millais was an inveterate joker. When Cardinal Newman went to give the first sitting for his portrait Millais said to him: "Will your Eminence be good enough to place yourself upon that eminence?"—pointing to a platform in the studio. The Cardinal was exceedingly offended for a minute, and whispered to the friend who accompanied him ,"Don't you think I ought to take notice of that?" However, Newman's wrath quickly abated, and he became charmed with Millais before the sittings were finished.

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 43 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

DOUGLAS TILDEN AT WORK ON THE ADMISSION DAY MONUMENT

This is the gift of James D. Phelan to San Francisco, and is dedicated to the Native Sons. The monument is half-completed. It is to be surmounted by the figure of an angel. It is to be erected on the gore at the junction of Mason and Market streets.

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1896

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COERCING EMPLOYEES.

"The Examiner" and other "friends" of labor are endeavoring to make political capital by exaggerating what they are pleased to call "vile atempts at coercing labor into voting for McKinley." Charges to this end run all the gamut of indecency ad nauseum. Of course, every one capable of understanding such weird and subtle politics as this, also understands that in nine cases out of ten the assertion is a lie, pure and simple. It has an effect, however, upon a certain quality of weak mind anxious to demonstrate its independence by vigorously declaring its purpose to do a certain something because it is supposed that some one desires him to do otherwise. A fellow of this character recently told the writer that "He'd be d——d if he'd permit any one to coerce him into voting for McKinley, and that he proposed to vote for Bryan." Being asked who had attempted coercion with him, he was unable to say, but he "knew" his employer was for McKinley, and he "knew" from the "Examiner" that other employers were coercing their men; and therefore he was for Bryan, "because labor must have its rights and not be coerced." It would seem as though such a man could not exist outside of a home for the feeble-minded. He is not one, however; he is a dozen, and it is little wonder that an employer who feels strongly apprehensive that a wrong detrmination of this financial question may also bring his ruin, should also feel strongly inclined to let such a congenital idiot as the man before described go out into the world and starve if he will, or favor a constitutional amendment that would deprive him of the right to vote. The fellow has a right to vote just as his unhappily molded mind may dictate, but it is a matter for some sad reflection that his right to vote is not to some extent modified and restricted by his ability to exercise that right with intelligence.

We have no patience with the contemptible wretch who voluntarily joins a McKinley club and marches in McKinley parades, and secretly boasts that he proposes to vote for Bryan. We have met such men, and they have confessed that their employers have never uttered the slightest word in connection with their vote at the coming election. They only say they "feel" that their positions depend upon their antagonism to Bryan.

The doctrine of free and unlimited coinage of silver is regarded by many large employers of men as being most dangerous and threatening to every material interest of the nation, and its adoption little short of national financial suicide. The question to be settled this campaign is not one of Republicanism or Democracy. Party lines have been pretty generally obliterated, party fences torn down, and lifelong Democrats have deserted their old standard because they shared in the belief that the honor, the integrity and the general welfare of the nation is in jeopardy. The employer of men who feels keenly upon this subject, the employer who believes he can plainly foresee the disaster coming to him and to his through free silver is not to be blamed so much for his concern as is the man of labor who without any thought whatever, but through sheer stubbornness, decides to oppose the wishes of his employer simply because they are his wishes.

The employes of the Southern Pacific company located at Sacramento are indignant over the charge made against not only themselves, but their employers, running to the effect that atempts have been made to coerce them into voting for McKinley. They called an indignation meeting, and denounced the rumor as a slander, and what is more to the point, designated a committee to draft a circular letter to other workingmen indicating the dangers that threatened labor if free silver should carry the day.

We have before now had occasion to treat the silver question with respect to its effect on labor, and other more or less prominent journals have writen to the same purpose; but a well considered letter emanating from a committee of workingmen, will have more effect upon the man of toil than columns of argument from other sources.

It might be well briefly to direct the attention of our silver noise-makers to the fact that wheat is "going up" and silver is "going down." This is all wrong. For it is contrary to their theories. One of the pet arguments used to delude the farmer into embracing Bryanism has been to assert that there is an affinity between the decline of silver and that of wheat. For some inexplicable reason this nonsense has been received with approbation among some farming communities; but facts, and facts are stubborn things to overcome, completely deny the truth of this argument, as our daily market reports will indicate. But perhaps Mark Hanna is "bulling" the wheat market.

The silver man is much given to asserting that silver has not declined in value, but that gold has risen, and they tell you with much concern and some show of frankness that the apparent depreciation of silver is really no depreciation at all, that we are fooling ourselves. For ingenuity of argument, a multitude of resources, the silver advocate is unapproachable. The apparent decline in silver, he states, is really an outrageous and unheard of rise in gold due to the falling off of gold production and its consequent scarcity. Many a silver orator has stood on the verge of an apoplectic stroke as he hotly denounced this rise in gold.

Perhaps a dispassionate contemplation of the facts may be of some service in coming to a proper understanding of the truth, and save from sudden death some indignant Bryanite.

The production of gold reached its maximum in 1853. It was at a minimum in 1883. The decrease in production during that period was forty per cent, and this, we are told, is responsible for silver's apparent downfall. But during the same period the production of silver increased 200 per cent, and again we are told this increased production had no effect on silver. It would be a good deal like the silver advocate to ignore these facts, but if he should, in a moment of indiscretion, take notice of them he would ignore the logic of the case, readily invent a reason for attaching all the blame for silver's downfall to the, comparatively speaking, insignificant falling off of gold production rather than to the enormous increase of 200 per cent in the production of silver. Of course it is unjust to fix the responsibility on gold, but the silver miner is not deeply concerned over such a trifle.

Since 1883 the gold production took another upward turn, until now it is the largest in volume ever known, but silver keeps on downward. The silver yield of the world since 1860 increased from 32 million ounces to 168 million ounces in 1894. In 1877 the production of silver all over the world was not equal to the production in the United States alone for the year 1892. And yet we are told that overproduction has nothing to do with the decline. Since 1878, when the Government commenced the purchase of silver under the Bland-Allison act, the production of that metal has increased nearly 130 per cent, or from about 74 million ounces to 168 million ounces. Silver declined meanwhile 50 per cent.

Of course this will not disturb the silver advocate in the least. He may deny the facts, probably will, for facts and arguments favoring free coinage are like oil and water.

OUR CHINESE MILITARY TACTICS.

One day last week all of our daily contemporaries printed a brief announcement that the First Infantry, for a long time stationed at Angel Island, would be transferred to the Presidio, while the Third Artillery, then en route to this coast, would be assigned to the vacant post at Angel Island. This short item of news probably had no special meaning for the casual reader, and its significance seems to have escaped the notice of the vigilant and intelligent editors of our daily organs, not one of whom has yet seen fit to refer to it. Yet this movement is so astonishing that if it were not already an accomplished fact, nobody possessed of the most ordinary knowledge of the circumstances could believe it to be intended.

The Presidio is the only military post on the Pacific Coast at which a modern piece of artillery can be found. For many years the military authorities lectured us on the subject of the defenseless condition of our magnificent harbor. The Chamber of Commerce and other public bodies repeatedly memorialized Congress on the subject, demanding that steps be taken to provide an armament sufficient to close the Golden Gate to hostile ships of war, and to save our city from the horrors of a bombardment, or the ignominy of a contribution levied by the guns of a hostile fleet. Every peaceful visit of a foreign flagship was made the text from which to preach discourses on our folly in making no preparations to defend the nation's flag, and the city's wealth, from insult and assessment. Imaginative young persons wrote prophetic tales of the capture of San Francisco by a Chinese fleet, and the "Sunday supplements" of our esteemed dailies published them with illustrative half-page cuts, hardly less horrifying than the reality could possibly be. Our local commanding Generals industriously rounded up every stray delegation of visiting Senators or Representatives, and carried them out to the Presidio to show them the junk piles that then constituted our only defenses, the rusty relics of the days of smooth-bores and round shot, and to impress on their legislative minds the crying necessity for defensive works and armament more modern and effective than the brick walls of old Fort Scott and the Rodman guns behind them. At last all the zeal and patience and persistence put into the effort had their effect, and the entrance to San Francisco's harbor was fortified. New works were constructed on the bluff below Fort Point, and in them were mounted great rifled guns, powerful enough to cover the sea for miles beyond the Golden Gate. Rifled mortars of large caliber were placed in carefully constructed pits, so as to supplement the fire of the guns, and a battery of dynamite guns was added to ensure the destruction of any hostile ship that might survive the fire of the guns and mortars and make a dash for the Gate. The city was fortified at last, and the citizens might sleep in peace without fear of being awakened by the thunder of the guns of Chinese or Chilenos. All these defenses are at the Presidio—and now the Presidio is to be turned over to an infantry garrison. The defenses are there, but the defenders are to be sent to Angel Island, where there is not one piece of artillery, unless it be some mouldy relic of the days of Spanish or Mexican dominion in California. So long as there was at the Presidio no equipment for artillery troops an artillery garrison was maintained there; now that that post is probably the most strongly fortified place in the United States, and is supplied with an armament of which the proper care in time of peace and the proper use in time of war call for the exercise of the highest professional skill and knowledge, the officers and men who are supposed to possess the special training needed for just such duty are sent off to an unfortified island some miles away, where there is absolutely no opportunity for artillery drill and practice, while the care of the costly defenses at the entrance to the bay is left to a regiment of infantry! Perhaps it is wisely hoped that by keeping the artillery waiting for another thirty years at Angel Island defenses can be secured for that place also.

The motive and the purpose of such an astounding military arrangement are beyond all reasonable conjecture. If in the opinion of the Secretary of War or of the General who commands the army, Colonel Bainbridge and the officers and men of the Third Artillery are incompetent to discharge the duties of artillerymen in manning the fortifications of the harbor, it is the clear duty of those military authorities to see that an opportunity to learn their duties is given to the delinquents; and if, after fair trial, they cannot demonstrate their efficiency they should be disbanded or mustered out and competent men be put in their places. Coming, as they do, from stations where they have probably had no opportunity to familiarize themselves with the details of the practical workings of modern ordnance, they may very well be in need of instruction. They cannot get it at Angel Island. Are they, then, to be denied all apportunity to learn the duties of their own arm? Or are they to be embarked on a steamboat, now and then, and taken to the Presidio and permitted to look for a few minutes at the guns which they will be expected to serve when the time for action comes?

On the other hand it is possible that the authorities of the army consider that Colonel Shafter and the officers and men of the First Infantry are deserving of a better station and of more commodious and comfortable quarters than the post at Angel Island affords. If this be true, and if it is the intention to reward the infantrymen with creature comforts according to their deserts, it can surely be done without driving the artillerymen from their guns and so destroying the military fitness of things in our harbor garrison. If a civilian opinion may be offered in such a case we submit, with all respect, that it would be much less ludicrous, in the military way, and, perhaps, more economical in the long run, to rent the Palace Hotel for these meritorious infantry soldiers, or to acquire a sufficient number of mansions on Pacific Heights wherein to quarter them, leaving the forts and guns of the Presidio to those whose proper duty it is to care for them.

It will be remembered that some score or more years

ago, the Chinese government, in a brief lucid interval, sent some dozen of bright young Chinese students into the western world to acquire, in the schools of America and Europe, some knowledge of the ways and means of modern civilization. When these young men returned to their native land with their stores of new learning they found that the lucid interval had passed, and that the time-honored official stupidity of China had resumed its sway. So it came to pass that the graduate in medicine was assigned to the command of a battleship, while the student of naval warfare was placed in charge of a hospital. The trained engineer became a Mandarin's secretary, and the student of languages was detailed to build bridges. History, as recently made in the Orient by the Japanese army and navy, shows the result of such disregard of the relation between duty and fitness on the part of those assigned to it. Our military authorities have made a good beginning in imitation of their Mongolian model. They have handed over our artillery defenses to an infantry garrison, and have sent our artillery to vegetate on a remote island, where they can do nothing but the duties of the infantry. It remains only to send a cavalry squadron to hold the rocky island fortress of Alcatraz to perfect an arrangement of our local forces which, no matter how ludicrous it may seem to mere professional soldiers and to civilians of ordinary common sense, will be sure to receive the high approval of the Emperor of China—and of General Boum and the Grand Duchess of Gorolstein.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

The Populists have been agitating for some years the Swiss scheme of initiative and referendum, under which the people would have power not only to initiate legislation, but to pass upon such enactments as may have already received legislative sanction. This system worked well in Switzerland, where the population is small and the legislation simple in character and limited in extent. But only dreamers could urge the adoption of such a plan in a country so vast and given so much to the vices of legislation. Any one who will examine into the cost of our present electoral system with its expensive scheme of registration, of printing of registers, of printing ballots, publishing of tickets, to say nothing of the carrying on of the election proper and the counting of the ballots, will appreciate the unwisdom of further increasing the number of our elections. If the people of San Francisco had the right to demand by petition references to them of all ordinances which our Board of Supervisors might pass, we would probably have an election at least every month, if not every week, at an expense approximately as great as that which the city now has to bear every two years. Ours are a people peculiarly given to exercising the right to petition; no matter in what cause; fakirs, frauds and humbugs seem to have no difficulty whatever in obtaining from five to fifteen thousand signatures to any petition which it may be to their interest to urge. If we had the initiative and referendum in this city, the probability is that before long the mass of voters would wish they might be dispossessed of the franchise, and autocratic power be given to some one man whom petitions could not reach. How little interest the people really take in matters of legislation is shown by the lack of discussilon during this campaign of the six constitutional amendments, which, ten days hence, they are to vote upon. California has the constitutional amendment habit. We have passed more amendments to our constitutional law than any other two States in the Union. This is not due to the inherent defects of the instrument so much as to the desire of a certain element in the commonwealth to be continually tinkering with the laws. We get the instrument, and then amend it out of all shape, and then after years of experience have to re-amend it into shape again. This may be an educational process, but it hardly speaks well for the intelligence of the people. Of the constitutional amendments submitted, five should carry and one should be defeated. The voter can easily remember which ones he should vote for, for the first five are good ones and the last is not.

Amendment number one exempts from taxation mortgages and trust deeds, throwing the burden which now rests upon the mortgagee, upon the mortgagor. Experience has taught men who borrow money that it is more expensive where others pay the tax than where the property owner himself pays the full tax. The loaner of money adds to his rate of interest sufficient to more than cover whatever the tax on the mortgage may be.

Amendment number two allows the use of machines which automatically register the vote cast by the voter, with the working of which machines our readers are doubtless familiar. Instead of placing a cross opposite the names on a ballot the voter on entering the booth will, under the proposed system, find a properly arranged box, there being a key opposite each name. To cast his vote it is but necessary to press the keys beside the names of the chosen candidates. By a more or less intricate contrivance these votes and the total for each candidate are registered so that there can be no identification of ballots, thus further securing the secrecy of the ballot, and avoiding the expense, labor and danger of a mistaken or fraudulent count. Within one hour after the closing of the polls in this city, the result of the election would be announced. Of course the adopting of this amendment will do nothing but allow the use of the voting machines. Their adoption is another question. Though employed at some local elections in New York with great satisfaction, no State has yet put the voting machines into general use. There are various types of machines, and on these the legislature would have to pass.

Amendment number three limits the liability of a stockholder in a corporation to the amount of his unpaid balance on the stock. Although our present law was passed with the notion that we could hold stockholders for a proportionate amount of the indebtedness of an insolvent corporation, this law has been ineffective, and the amendment makes the law to conform with the policy of our law touching corporations, and is expected to promote and increase the investment of foreign capital in this city.

Amendment number four provides that cities are to be subject to the general laws except in municipal affairs. If this amendment had been enforced before the passage of the County Government Act, the chaos in our municipal affairs which has resulted from the passage of that act would have been avoided.

Amendment number five provides that cities may in the ir charters assume control of the police courts, boards of education, boards of police commissioners and boards of election, powers which our legislatures have been taking more and more to themselves and in the doing of which they have been upheld by our Supreme Court.

Amendment number six is the woman's suffrage amendment, by which the word "male" is stricken from that section of our constitution which grants franchises. The position of "The Wave" upon this question of woman's suffrage is by this time, we trust, thoroughly understood by our readers. Until we have educated those now having the right to vote to the sense of responsibility incident to the power given them, the State should not be burdened with an equally great mass of voters deficient in political education. When we have reached the point where the men who now have the privilege of voting show they can exercise that privilege intelligently with a proper regard to the welfare of the State it will be time to consider an extension of the franchise.

THE JUDICIARY.

There are so many municipal candidates this year the voter will have much trouble in making out his ballot. The total number of names on the ticket will, we believe, approximate four hundred. In this long list there are many candidates for whom very few will vote, but, for all the principal offices, it is safe to say there is more than one good man running, and not one ticket has a monopoly of the men who should be elected. It is a safe rule to re-elect a faithful servant. There is no reason why a municipal corporation should not be conducted much upon the same principles as those governing a large business institution, and a man kept in the place which he fills acceptably. To the judiciary this rule applies particularly. For the four positions to be filled upon the Superior bench there are nearly twenty candidates. The terms of Judges Hunt, Hebbard, Sanderson and Murphy expire on the first of January. Judge Murphy retires to practice. The other three gentlemen are candidates for re-election. Judge Hunt has been on the bench for sixteen years, and in that period has built up a large personal following, not only on account of his ability, but because of his genial personality. Judge Hebbard was Justice of the Peace for two years prior to his election six years ago as a Superior Judge. During his term on the bench he has decided several cases which have caught the popular eye. In the course of his duty he was compelled under his reading of the law to determine several of these cases against very powerful interests, some of which are openly antagonizing him at this election. Had he received the regular nomination of his party he would have been much less strong than he now is before the people; but the foolish action of the Republicans in refusing to nominate him because of the open threat of one or more dissatisfied litigants has had the effect of arousing a great popular demonstration on his behalf, which will in all probability give him a re-election. We believe Judge Hebbard to be an honest man and a courageous one, such a man as should be upon our Superior bench, because of his superiority to corrupting influences. We regret, however, that he lacked the courage to strike from the records of his court the very foolish, unwarranted and unjust criticism filed by one of his Grand Juries against the Supreme Court. This, however, is not such a matter as should in any way imperil his election, for it is necessary at this time to show those who would intimidate the bench that our judiciary is not to be awed or terrorized by the influence of any litigant who may come before the bench.

Judge Sanderson was one of two Democrats out of ninety candidates elected six years ago. He was then fresh to the bench, but during his six years of trial has proved himself a man of exceptional courage and capacity. He, too, has been subjected to the personal attacks of those against whom he has decided important cases. Similar influences to those which are antagonizing Hebbard are insidiously endeavoring to defeat Judge Sanderson. In neither case, however, is there any promise of defeat ensuing from any such course. These three gentlemen should be re-elected, and probably will be. As to the fourth man, the result is not so certain, there being in the field several equally strong candidates apparently. Rhodes Borden, who is now Mr. Creswell's first assistant in the City and County Attorney's office, is a careful, conscientious and hard-working member of the bar, who has received the indorsement of most of the eminent lawyers in the city. Mr. C. K. Bonestell once before received the nomination of his party, and was defeated in a close election by a very small vote.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

When the reader of "The Wave" casts his vote upon election day for Superintendent of Public Schools, it is to be hoped that he will bear in mind the fact that Mr. R. H. Webster, a graduate of the University of California, a teacher in the San Francisco school department and for many years head of a department at the Polytechnic High School, is a candidate for the office of Superintendent. Mr. Webster is an ambitious and conscientious man, and possesses a thorough knowledge of school matters. His election would do much to cure the present deplorable methods of administering affairs in the school department. It is almost useless to criticise a body of school directors that is governed by an incompetent Superintendent. An honest and efficient Superintendent may even minimize the power of a weak board to do mischief. School directors, particularly new members, depend very largely upon the Superintendent for a knowledge of details. He is the officer of the department brought into intimate touch with all its details, with a knowledge of the teachers, their needs, and their characters; and he comes to wield a powerful influence for good or for bad.

The present Superintendent, Mr. Babcock, was appointed about a year ago to succeed the late A. J. Moulder. He also is a candidate for re-election. Of the present Board of Education we have had a great deal to say from time to time during its term of office. It is probably the worst that has been known in San Francisco for many years. Surely it is something to have accomplished the distinction of being the worst. Since this Board came into office, there has been comparatively but little increase in the daily attendance of our public schools, yet th expenses of maintaining our educational department have increased $150,000 per year. While the expenditures have been inflated by the election of unnecessary teachers and the almost criminal increase in salaries, school buildings where the comfort, health and, perchance the life of the scholar is involved, have been neglected, and improvements most necessary have been deferred. The Suprintendent of Public Schools is ex officio a member of the Board, although without a vote, but he has almost a controlling influence in the shaping of its policy. No Board would dare to stand out against reforms which are suggested and urged by a good Superintendent. Since Mr. Babcock's superintendency the department has, it is openly charged, been to a large extent run by political influence. Two Grand Juries have severely arraigned the present Board for its methods, but Mr. Babcock came out as a defender of the Board against the Grand Jury, and asserted in print that its standard was much better than that of the last. The whole purpose of the present Board seems to have been centered in an effort to undo every reform measure of the past. The system of the personal appointment of teachers, which has been so prolific of scandal heretofore, and which the last Board discredited, has been revived by the Board in its very worst form. Not a single teacher has been appointed to the grammar or the primary schools except under suspension of the rules, which means that those who had the necessary pull were elected without regard to merit, to the great disadvantage of our public school service. Mr. Babcock has often acted as an impediment to prevent the dismissal of incompetent teachers, and whenever an issue has arisen in the Board he has invariably worked against the administration. Voters should have no hesitation in selecting between Mr. Babcock and Mr. Webster.

The British Antarctic Company has organized with ample capital to develop the guano beds of Victoria Land, which are said to be of equal value with those of Chile.

It is said that the chainless bicycle will be a reality next year. Reverierre, the French crack, recently rode 560 miles in twenty-four hours on one of these wheels.

The British government is preparing to send a scientific expedition headed by Professor Sollas of Dublin University to the South Pacific ocean to bore in the coral reefs in order to determine whether Darwin's theory is true that coral is only formed in shallow waters.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension.

THE HORSE SHOW AT BURLINGAME

1. At the hurdles. 2. The Clubhouse 3. Judging the tandems 4. A saddle-horse competition. 5. At lunch on the porch. 6. Henry Crocker's tandem

MAKING A MONUMENT

The Process of Statue-Building as Seen in Sculptor Tilden's Studio.

The building of a statue involves such infinite pains that a short review of the sculptor's work as it has been employed by Mr. Tilden in modeling the mass that is to compose the fountain presented to the city by James D. Phelan has the double virtue of interest and instruction.

Every one knows that Mr. Phelan conceived the idea of commemorating the admission of the State in a manner worthy of the event, and that he commissioned Douglas Tilden, the well-known sculptor, to execute his design. Mr. Tilden, not the chief of whose distinctions is that of being perhaps the best known deaf mute in the country, had just returned from an extended course of study in Paris, when Mr. Phelan communicated his plan to him—that of erecting in honor of the Native Sons a monumental drinking fountain, to be typical of the hospitality and liberality of the founders of the State and a memento of the sturdy work that the sons of the pioneers are doing to-day to presage the future great destiny of California.

This drinking fountain will stand at the junction of Market, Turk and Mason streets, near the great hall of the Native Sons. At the beginning the sculptor prepared clay sketches of design after design, and submitted them to Mr. Phelan for approval. Finally, having evolved one that agreed with the donor's conception of the idea, serious work upon models in miniature was commenced. Mr. Tilden then associated himself with an architect, Mr. Willis Polk, and together they considered the different aspects of the composition.

It might be said that at its commencement the monument had already had six months devoted to it, for that amount of time had actually been consumed by work upon the preliminary clay sketches. These sketches had assumed many forms and had expressed many ideas. Some were simple in design, and some were complex. Ultimately one embodying a column, supporting a winged figure, standing upon a pedestal in company with a native son, in the guise of a miner, was adopted. It was completely modeled upon a small scale, and the order given for its execution.

Then the work of perfecting a heretofore preparatory design began. The size, composition and proportions of the pedestal and column demanded considerable attention. Small models were made, only to be changed, as may be seen by comparing the miniature figure at the right of the big model as seen in the illustration. The miner, as he appears in the illustration, waving an American flag containing the new star that represents his State, is the product of nine months' continuous work on the part of the sculptor. This figure gradually assumed form by progressing through various stages of construction. It possesses in the first place an iron framework, upon which the clay is modeled. Owing to various changes in the pose the framework had to be altered from time to time. The figure was first modeled in the nude, as is usual in the sculptor's, or even a painter's work. When finally the nude outlines were considered acceptable, and the temptation to make that its permanent form was overcome, the model was permitted to don the miner's garb, and the sculptor proceeded to model the costume over the nude groundwork of clay. It was a sad sight to see the delicate muscles and fascinating natural curves disappear beneath the uncouth but picturesque costume of a Forty-niner, but that is and must always be the fate of naked truth.

It was necessary that conventionality supply a veil, and in this case the veil consisted of a flannel shirt, blue jeans and top boots.

Our illustration, which is the first to be made of the work so far, represents its present state, but there still remains as much more to be done before it can be seen by the public.

The next process through which it will pass will be that of coating in plaster. Using the clay model as a basis, plaster of Paris moulds will be taken, producing a complete cast of the figure, from which in turn the bronze casting will be made. This work is all to be done in San Francisco. After the plaster moulds are made the clay figure will be destroyed, and then just half the work will stand achieved, as Mr. Tilden will then begin the model of the angel that is to surmount the column.

The modeling of this figure will require as much time and labor as that of the miner did.

At any rate, let those who look upon the works of sculptors pause and consider that there are infinite details that do not appear upon even close inspection of the completed bronze or marble.

AN OPEN AIR HORSE SHOW

Contests of Riding, Driving and Hurdling on Burlingame's Polo Field.

There is no finer sight in the world to my mind than a well groomed, spirited thoroughbred. Next to that, some would say, was a beautiful, well dressed woman, and "there are others" who take their keenest enjoyment out of a perfect day of warm sunshine, green fields and blue sky and all that.

But we saw all three in combination at the Country Club of Burlingame last Saturday. Spirited horses, pretty women, green fields and sky and all, brought together and set in one harmonious picture. A picture that was full of movement, tossing manes and streaming ribbons and the twinkling of lacquered spokes—the wheels running so smooth that they seemed to stand still. Such color, too, red and pink sunshades, brilliant silk waists, white ducks and olive green lap robes, and the perfect sheen of chestnut flanks. Such a gay concourse of noises, the cadence of coaching bugles, the whinny of impatient horses, the jingle of carriage chains, the muffled roll of wheels on the turf and the rhythmic jangling of an admirable band.

It was the first annual Horse Show given by the Country Club at Burlingame, and may it not be the last. For California is famous for its horses and its pretty women, and any plan that will tend to bring them together upon one spot is the result of direct inspiration. The programme started in about the middle of the forenoon, and though the last contest was not decided until earliest twilight, yet did we at no time feel bored or impatient for the end.

One of the features of Horse Shows in general and of that of Burlingame in particular that is conducive of interest and mild excitement is due to the fact that his owner cannot always impress the horse with the seriousness of the affair, cannot adequately bring it to the equine understanding that the beast is on exhibition, that he is contesting for points that mean honor and a blue ribbon to his owner and that now if ever he must put his best foot forward. But alas and alas! you may jump a horse over a given hurdle ninety and nine times and yet not be absolutely sure that he will not refuse it at the hundredth trial, or you may drive a coach and four in and out among the obstacles until your arms are sore, and still its on the cards that a restive wheeler or leader may ruin your chances of success at the last and most critical moment.

But after all this is the fairest kind of trial. Is it not right that one should form a judgment upon an average basis, an every-day test? The horses are on trial and don't know it. If they win a prize under these conditions surely they have earned it deservedly. Texas Siftings lost points for his owner, though on the first trial he appeared to be the winning horse. So close was the contest that the judges obliged the contestants to ride a second time, and Texas Siftings dropped back to a third place and a white ribbon at once.

Henry Crocker trifled with his good fortune and lost in the coach-driving contest; twice he led through the obstacles without so much as a graze. On that showing he was a winner, but he dared to try the feat—unnecessarily—a third time, knocked over the obstacles right and left, and was counted out.

The Horse Show was so unqualified a success that it will undoubtedly be repeated next year, and the number of entries largely increased.

The difficulty with the use of Government ciphers for correspondence is to find one which cannot be deciphered. The only system free from this danger is based on the use of dictionaries in which the words are numbered on a certain plan known only to those legitimately using the cipher. Even on this plan there is danger from the fact that the arrangement must be known to a considerable number of people, who may or may not keep the secret.

It is said by those who claim to know that there is no no such thing as pure absinthe to be had in America, but as the adulterants are no worse in their effects than the real thing it is not clear that there is any serious cause for complaint. Londoners have taken very extensively to the use of the stuff, and curiously enough they take their absinthe hot and at a gulp.

MAKING OF A HALF-BACK

The Evolution of a Football Player by Coaching and Training.

'Varsity halfbacks are born and then made. For not only must the successful half fulfill certain rather rigid physical requirements, but he must also undergo a long and most difficult course of training and practice before

TACKLING—CORRECT STYLE

he can be said to understand even the most rudimentary elements of the position he will be called upon to fill.

If he is born with unlimited "sand," with a heavy frame, long muscles that lay close to the bone and that act quickly, and a faculty of rapid and accurate judgment, he can be called good "material."

After this he is "made," made to use his weight and natural agility in the most effective manner, made to exercise his judgment, to use his eyes and hands and wits, made to concentrate every energy of mind and body at a given instant on a given point.

We will take a concrete example.

He is a Sophomore, let us say. He weighs anywhere between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and sixty-five pounds, has no physical defects, and isn't afraid of getting hurt. As a Freshman he saw the 'varsity game of the preceding year, and has become fired with an ambition to "make the team."

One day in the early part of the first term of his Sophomore year he sees a notice on the football bulletin board that candidates for the team of '96 will hand in their names to the captain without delay. He does so, and very shortly afterward receives word to call at the office of the gymnasium. Here he finds some thirty or forty of his fellows waiting their turn to be examined. When his turn arrives he is stripped, weigned and measured, his heart and lungs are sounded, his capacity of wind is tested, and all the results are carefully noted down against his name. He qualifies satisfactorily, and is told to apply to the manager for a suit.

Then comes the first day of practice. On the campus three elevens, roughly speaking, are being worked under the guidance of the coaches, the first eleven consisting of the veteran players, and the best substitutes, who take the places left vacant by the graduations of the previous summer, the second eleven, made up of substitutes largely and of new players—Freshmen for the most part—who have gained reputations on their school elevens, and last of all the "third eleven," who stand along the side lines in their suits, unknown aspirants, waiting for a chance to play.

The days pass. Our Sophomore "shows up" every afternoon, but as yet he is unnoticed. As often as possible one of the coaches gets this third eleven into line and drills them in falling on the ball, in passing and tackling. But the opportunity for which they are longing, the

TACKLING: INCORRECT STYLE

chance of "lining up" against a team, is as yet denied them. It's a trying thing for the Sophomore to stand there on the side lines and watch oportunities given to other players to distinguish themselves, when he knows he can do better.

At length his chance comes. Perhaps the head coach comes down the line one afternoon, calls out his name and adds: "Get the signals from So-and-So (the captain of the second eleven) and go in at right half." The Sophomore does as he is bid, and that afternoon plays on the third eleven in a practice game against the second.

His signal is given for a run. Maybe he fails at first, fumbles the ball, gets into the wrong hole, or runs back and is downed by the opposite ends. But he "stays with it," and is given another chance. This time he keeps his head and feet. He gets by the ends, his interferers block off for him. He makes a run, perhaps even a touchdown. The next day he distinguishes himself again, and the next, and the next also. The following week finds him on the second eleven and playing against the first. Then his troubles begin. He knows what it means to be tackled by a 'varsity end, to be caught between knee and waist when at top speed, jerked off his feet and slammed down upon the ground like a bundle of rags. He finds out what it is to try and stop a 'varsity tackle coming through the line, using his head like a battering ram, and running him down like a locomotive or a charging bull. He is bruised from head to foot, his ankle is twisted, his thumb sprained, his shoulder is lame. Every day the coach abuses him, urges him to harder and more accurate play. Seemingly the coach is never satisfied. The Sophomore is very discouraged, but his good work has made an impression at last, and one day he finds himself scheduled to play in a match, a real game before an audience and against some minor college or athletic club.

In this game he surprises himself, surprises everybody, his real ability becomes suddenly apparent. All those long days of practice have told. In that match game he "shows form," runs low and hard, tackles low, gets into the plays, keeps his head, breaks up interference, in a word, fulfills all the requirements of a good halfback.

At the end of the game, battered and sore and gasping for breath, streaked with dirt and perhaps with blood, the coach himself, the great man, compliments him, tells him he is doing good work. The Sophomore is happy. This is worth all the labor and disappointments of the last six weeks.

Meanwhile he has gone into training, he practices signals and plays, he diets, he rises early and gets to bed by

TYPE OF HALF-BACK: WEIGHT 155 POUNDS

ten, he runs on the cinder path to improve his speed, and does "chest weight" exercises to keep himself in condition, all under the supervision of the coaches.

A little later he has become a fixture on the substitute team. Sometimes he even plays upon the first eleven, and there, behind the superior interference (his efforts, seconded by trained "team work"), distinguishes himself more than ever. Upon the bleachers he begins to be spoken of as likely to make the team.

But he has his competitors. Some three or four others are trying for the coveted position of right half, and perhaps at the middle of the season an old player, a veteran half of a dozen match games, puts in a tardy appearance and plays in his old position for which the Sophomore is striving. These are hard odds against which to contend.

Then, some six weeks before the great game with the rival college, the training quarters are established, where the candidates for the team—sifted down to some sixteen or eighteen by now—live, eat and sleep together. The Sophmore is admitted to the number. This is a great step in advance. He is a 'varsity substitute now, and an injury to that veteran player will surely place him on the team.

Now he is in constant training. Every moment that can be spared from his college work is devoted to football. Light practice at signals, at punting and passing in the morning, practice games on the campus in the afternoon, with the bleachers roaring applause, lectures by the coach with blackboard diagrams in the evening and to bed and asleep by half-past ten at the latest. The great day, the day of "The Game," approaches. The practice becomes lighter and lighter. If the coaches can keep him in his present form it will be all they ask. Then in one of the last practice games, the veteran half, for whom the Sophomore is a "sub," is hurt a little. That same bad knee of his is lamed. A thrill of apprehension goes through the college. Everyone asks, "Will Jones be able to play 'in the big game'?" Perhaps. At any rate Smith, the Sophomore, is almost as good.

Then comes the great day. The sloping bleachers banked with tier after tier of watching faces, the air rent with the slogans of the rival colleges, the flutter of the rival colors everywhere, a whirlwind of excitement centering about the struggling teams out there on the gridiron.

Smith, the substitute Sophomore, at the side lines gnaws his nails in a fury of restrained impatience. He

CATCHING A PUNT

would play the whole game himself. He could only have his chance now!

There is a pause in the play.

"Some one hurt?"

"It's Jones—the old knee again."

Jones can't go on with the game. They help him off. The grimed and gasping captain runs to the side lines, and the coach calls to the Sophomore.

"Go in at half, Smith."

In a tinkling Smith sheds his sweater. He rushes out on the field, his chance has come.

"What's the matter with Smith?" shout the bleachers.

DU MAURIER'S METHODS

In an interesting article on Du Maurier in the "Journal" Julian Ralph says the dead artist spent more months on "The Martian" than he did weeks on "Trilby," because he knew "Trilby" had raised great expectations. Though he wrote "Trilby" in six weeks, he spent more hours on it than Dickens did on his longest novel, for Du Maurier was a prodigious worker. Both in the case of "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson" he wrought a rough draft complete, then doctered the proofs, made innumerable alterations and improvements. But as soon as each was put in type the changes were few and trifling.

It seems, according to his friends, that he got many of his ideas from the tops of omnibuses. He was for ever riding on omnibuses and seeing things which suggested ideas for novels. Then, rushing home, he would write them down. He used to say he expected much from "Trilby," yet never understood why its success was so extraordinary until he wrote "Martian." He thought "Ibbetson" the best, but died hoping most of his last novel.

Of his pictures every line was from life. He had models for every character, actual scenes for every background. Look at his picture in the last number of Harper's, showing the Paris school ground. The trees are copied from those near his dwelling in Oxford square.

Trilby required two models—three, in fact, for he took the body from the statue of the Venus of Milo, the face from one girl and the feet from another, because the girl from whom he took the face had monstrous feet.

Du Maurier made ten thousand pounds from the dramatization of "Trilby" in America, through the generosity of the Harpers, but he grieved over the bad bargain he had personally made in England. This dwelt on his mind, for he imagined himself a good business man. He resolved to do better in putting the new book on the stage, and kept the idea of a drama in every scene in the work. Friends imagined he meant to try and dramatize it himself.

When Du Maurier met a man he thought more of the shape of his nose and the quality of his muscle than of his nature. When he met a woman he was more interested in the shape of her neck and the size of her waist and of her hands and feet than of her soul. He loved huge things—enormous women, big life guardsmen, magnificent dogs. To others than his friends or his family he was singularly cold and reticent, a dreamer and a student. He kept his thoughts much to himself. Like his father, he was passionately fond of music, and he inherited a rich, sympathetic and agreeable voice.

We have been accustomed to speak of the Woman's Congresses, now so common as a feature unexampled in other countries, but the European Woman's Congress held in Berlin some two weeks ago gathered together 12,000 women, who discussed almost every conceivable subject save one. That forbidden subject was politics, and it is said that the restriction in this regard will be removed at the next session of the Congress two years hence in London.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt of Shinnecock, who is but 16 years of age, is the woman golf champion of the United States, and is the winner of the gold medal and cup presented by Robert Cox, M. P., of Scotland. The games for the championship were played on the grounds of the Morristown Club, New York, and the finals were between Miss Hoyt and Mrs. Arthur Turnure.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

It is good news to learn that the London Exploration Company has begun to consider the mining resources of California. This organization is backed by the Rothschilds, the Duke of Fife and the wealthy Scottish banker, Horace Farquhar. It is managed by Maguire, the ex-agitator, who is a man of splendid executive ability, and it ranks as one of the greatest of the world's aggregations of capital. In South Africa it made millions, and its resources may be realized by the fact that in half an hour its members raised eighty million pounds to construct a new underground railway some fourteen miles in length in London. The Fremont grant, on which it has obtained an option, is one of the most promising mineral properties in the State. It belongs now to the Hobart estate, John Mackay, Alvinza Hayward and John P. Jones. Its area is the 22,000 acres originally granted to the explorer Fremont by Governor Alvarado, and the title to it has been the subject of more litigation than any other grant in California. When Mackay and Hayward acquired the property it was presumed that they would exploit its mineral riches, but there existed a difference of opinion about the methods, and the project dropped. The mineral wealth of the Fremont tract is indisputable. Its development by the Rothschilds means the diversion to California of many millions of British capital. Hamilton Fish, the well-known expert, is now engaged in examining the property, and if he reports favorably and McKinley is elected, doubtless the transaction will at once be closed.

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To some men the Lord relinquishes his favors generously. Here is Mr. Lane, for instance. As if a third interest in the Utica were not enough, he now has a second source of income in "La Fortuna," of which I have written before. Last month this mine cleared him $100,000, and he had the keen pleasure of refusing for it an offer of one million dollars, which a New York syndicate made. He asked half a million more, and doubtless will get it.

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There is no denying the generosity of Will Hearst to the men who assist him in his journalistic endeavors. There is no nearer way to his pocket than through a successful cartoon, and this both Davenport and Swinnerton have found to their advantage. Davenport has had an immense success on the "Journal," and now his employer has to pay well for the privilege of his services. In answer to the bids of the "World" and "Herald" the California artist's honorarium has been increased to $1,000 per month with $3,000 per year as a bonus. Jimmy Swinnerton, whose talent has also attracted the attention of Mr. Pulitzer, received recently an offer of $500 per month to go to New York, which Mr. Hearst promptly met. In recognition of Jimmy's hard work through the campaign he presented him also with a check for $1,000 and his choice of a race horse out of the stock on the Hearst rancho in San Luis Obispo. However one may decry sensationalism and deprecate the character of Mr. Hearst's papers, his enterprise and generosity cannot be contradicted. He has a talent for big operations, and doesn't seem to mind cost in attainment.

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On the chance of becoming a Supervisor no man is to be congratulated. It is an invidious position, in which an individual has neither freedom of choice nor of conscience—wherein he is between the Devil, of the press, and the deep sea of his duty. However, Supervisors we must have, and in this campaign there are opportunities offered the public to elect honorable men. The portraits of three candidates who will, if elected, retire from office with much profit to the city and none to themselves, appear on this page. They are General Lucius Harwood Foote, ex-Senator Biggy and Fred Eaton. Mr. Eaton is secretary of the Telephone Company, but prior to entering its service acquired wealth and an honorable reputation in mercantile business. He has been president of the Olympic Club, is a man of strong personality and real integrity, and could be depended on for honesty and impartiality in the execution of his duties. General Foote is secretary and treasurer of the Academy of Science, and, not so many years ago, was Minister to Corea. He is a man of real capacity and possesses a fine executive grasp, which would prove invaluable to the city in the transaction of its business. His character and integrity are indisputable. Mr. Biggy, like General Foote, is a nominee of the Non-partisan convention. He is a self-made man, commenced poor and has been very successful. He offers the community a positive assurance of steadfast integrity by having run the gauntlet of a term in the California Senate, and emerged with honor and distinction. For one who has passed that ordeal unscathed the post of Supervisor offers no unsettling or irresistible temptations. I would mention also in this same connection Colin M. Smith and T. G. Parker, who aspire in the Seventh and Twelfth wards, respectively. Mr. Smith is a nominee of the Non-partisans and Mr. Parker of the Anti-charterists. The former is a capitalist, and ranks as an excellent business man, whose political participation of late has been in managing the affairs of the National Democracy. Mr. Parker has been president of the Confederation of Improvement Clubs, and has devoted himself to the development of the western section of the city. He has been concerned in the upbuilding of Richmond and its environments. The gentlemen mentioned are not on either of the regular tickets, the discussion of which I reserve until next week.

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The Republican meeting at which Congressman Boutelle spoke was the greatest gathering of the campaign. The Maine statesman has an impressive personality, and a fine delivery. His is a different order of eloquence from that of General Barnes, but he is as potent in holding an audience, and his arguments are irresistible. Indeed, he was a great success. Congressman Boutelle is an old-time friend of F. S. Douty, who took the oportunity of his presence here to entertain him at lunch in the Pacific-Union Club. It was an admirably arranged affair, and the Maine orator had the opportunity of meeting three of California's leading citizens in the persons of Claus Spreckels, J. J. Valentine and Irving M. Scott.

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The efforts of Patrick Reddy to decry the new charter must be the expression of pique at the defeat of his candidacy for freeholder. No one would imagine from his glorification of the Consolidation Act that he had himself cherished an ambition to replace it with a better instrument. At least he suffered his name to appear among the Democratic nominees for freeholder, and at the hands of the people his aspirations were cast down. However virulent, the expression of Mr. Reddy's opposition is not of particular importance, though their inconsistency is amusing. For instance, in denying the claims of Mr. Phelan to the mayoralty, as against the candidacy of Mr. Dimond, who has the Buckley nomination, this eminent patriot remarked that the Democratic nominee was a gold bug trying to crawl into office on a silver platter. This, reported to the State Central Committee, evoked the retort that Phelan was the largest individual contributor to the Bryan campaign fund, whereas Patrick Reddy had not contributed a cent.

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Apropos of Mr. Phelan's candidacy, it is evident the fight is now between him and C. S. Laumeister. The rest have dropped out. The Democratic candidate is making a brilliant campaign. His oratory gains facility with experience, and his latest efforts have been both felicitous and witty. He has the knack of saying the right thing, wins his audience by common sense arguments and happy illustrations. His is the best contest we have had this decade, and should the fortunes of war go against him his personality has gained enormously in the estimation of the community.

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An important question has been aroused by the stories of Utica Lane's rich contributions to the silver fund. It is claimed that the great silver miner has aided the cause of Bryan and 16 to 1 exactly $54,000—a fortune by itself.

MR. ERNEST PEIXOTTO

Yet Chairman Jones told someone that Marcus Daly, the Montana millionaire, had given five times as much as the combined amounts of the five next largest contributors. Mr. Sewall sent the committee a check for $20,000, and other mining millionaires have aided the cause in proportion to their interests. Yet Mr. Daly multiplies these amounts by five and writes a check for it. Can it be he has given half a million, or is it possible the friends of Mr. Utica Lane have exaggerated his generosity? However, it is undeniable the local silver cause owes the force of its urging to his purse.

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In these days the Fitzgerald Democracy controls affairs in Alameda county. The supremacy of the "Ole Bill" contingent has been completely disestablished, and the hatred which divided Guelphs and Ghibelinis is a mild enmity compared with that which burns in the divided factions across the bay. Innumerable expressions of this bitterness are current, but the most convincing was the revenge of Chairman Brosnahan of the Fitzgerald wing for a slight put upon him by Frank Moffat of the other party. The Bimetallic League, of which Mr. Moffat is treasurer, attempted through the Populists in Oakland to arrange a silver meeting. Application should have been made to the regular Democratic organization, but this would have implied recognition. Having no credit, the Populists could neither arrange bonfires nor hire bands, so they were forced to apply to Brosnahan for assistance, and he lent them the proper authority. In due course bills were sent to him and turned over to the League. When Moffatt was arranging payments he recognized the detested identity of Brosnahan, and wrote on the voucher "Make no more checks to these parties." The document was promptly refused, but being official, could not be renewed. So the insulting message was erased and returned. Thereupon Brosnahan indorsed the check over to John Daggett, who in turn made it payable to Robert Fitzgerald, who passed it on; so ere being returned to Moffatt it had the signatures of all the "Ole Bill" enemies, including Cleve Dam, Ed Fitzgerald and Ole Vincent. This constitutes a flaunting of supremacy which undoubtedly will evoke new hostilities in the future.

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The differences which divide the Governor and the Regents are entertaining and sufficiently dramatic for even the histrionic aspirations of Budd. By the way, an amusing story is told of Regent Reinstein's researches after a water meter. In the monthly accounts of the secretary there invariably figured an item of water—some thirty thousand gallons per day. I am not certain of the figure, but it was some such amount, and represented a big total in the settlements. The size of the figure made a deep impression on the mathematical mind of Mr. Reinstein, who failed to see where such an immense body of water went to. He instituted inquiries after the meter. No one knew where it was. A search was inaugurated. After much trouble it was located, and proved an obsolete contrivance years past usefulness. With no word to a soul Reinstein had the instrument removed and replaced it with a new and approved gauge, which told a story of eight or nine hundred gallons per day. Now, the question arises—who is to blame for the overcharge, the water company or the secretary of the Regents? It would be interesting to learn, too, by what method the former computed its charge and how the latter checked it. There will be some figuring and fighting on both sides ere the subject is adjusted, but in the meantime the star of Regent Reinstein is in the ascendant.

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Ex-Senator Grady of Fresno, who is assisting Candidate Joe Kelly in his Congressional fight, is veritably a fire-eater. He has been the hero of several shooting scrapes, has generally contrived to have his own way in both town and county, and is altogether a very interesting personality. Much given to traveling up and down the Valley, he has come to know the porters on the Pullman cars, and as he makes it a rule to enter into conversation with them on political subjects he is called by his friends "Sleeping Car Grady." At a political meeting down Pescadero way recently, Mr. Kelly gathered a fine contingent of Portuguese to listen to his oratory. He exploited the issues of the campaign, and then Grady, taking the floor, eulogized his candidate and denounced Adversary Loud. "Look, here, now," he said, bending confidentially towards his audience, "that man is your enemy. Will you believe it, sirs, when the Chinese Exclusion Bill was up before Congress, Eugene F. Loud tried to change it. Yes, sir; he was not content to keep the coolies out. He offered an amendment excluding Portuguese as well as Chinese, and if his will had prevailed you'd have all been shipped down to Mexico."

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Out at the City Hall there is little expectation entertained that the Supreme Court will reverse its decision in the county government case. However disturbing the conditions which the new regime imposes, it is definitely a law of the land, and the conditions will have to be met. It is only in order now to offset the difficulties of the situation by separate decisions which will set right the positions of county clerks and other officials, who will be insured their usual salaries.

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The best element of the Democracy is that which has its headquarters in the Mills Building. The Palmer and Buckner ticket has attracted the adherence in California of the men who were formerly prominent in the councils of the party, ere its unholy alliance with Populism and anarchy. Foote and Maguire, it is true, have clung to the cause of Bryan, but all the Englishes and their clans have indorsed the Indianapolis ticket. The desertion of W. D. English is the more significant and conspicuous inasmuch as no man is more thoroughly identified than he with the cause of true Democracy in California. It was because he felt that the interests of State and Nation depended on the defeat of the principles which the Chicago convention grafted on to the party that he declared against his old affiliations.

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The observations of a tired reformer made interesting reading. I have seldom seen a more lucid or more reasonable statement of the local political complication than that which Mr. McNab put forth. His suggestions for reform had the merit of being practicable and operative. Indeed, the article is an excellent document, being so very direct and simple that it appeals to every intelligence and requires for its comprehension no erudite acquaintance with political shortcomings.

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I fear Governor Budd's anger at not being called upon by the State Central Committee to preside at campaign meetings was in the nature of a bluff. Our executive is by no means certain of the authenticity or popular virtue of free silver, and is not given to the espousal of lost causes. Of course he wishes to share the laurel; of a white metal victory, but he is not anxious to be overwhelmed in its defeat. It was a bit rash, his prominent participation in the Silver Bureau's gathering at Metropolitan Temple the other night, but he was forced by the journalists to declare himself.

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The opening of the racing season has attracted a number of wealthy New York clubmen to California. The first delegation arrived here by private car this week, all of them millionaires and good sports. They own well-known names, and are under the leadership of Pierpont Duryea, who knows the State and what is to be had here. In the party are Woodbury Cane, Arthur Honeywell and E. H. Buckley, a relative of Prescott Lawrence. They are to be with us for a month or two, will get some duck shooting, make some books on the races, I understand, and will undoubtedly add to the gaiety and life of this environment.

THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS

William Morris, the dead genius—if such a term be not a paradox—should have lived either five centuries ago or five centuries hence. Never was there a man so out of place, never a poet so blindly misinterpretative of his own age, never a theorist whose acts were so little consonant with his ideals. His very successes were perversions of his ambition. He designed furniture, chairs, windowsills even, for the poor which were eagerly bought up by the rich. His works in which he declares against the amassing of wealth attained to such tremendous circulation that he found himself wealthy.

One of his ambitions was to work for the lowly, to bring a sense of beauty into the lives of those who were poor, and yet the Kelmscott editions, which were interrupted by his death are—from the very fact of his demise—doomed to triple in value, to become the property of the Bibliophile, of the chosen few, of the rich.

In his social theories Morris was an out-and-out socialist, bitterly in opposition to capital, which, he claimed, had destroyed and trampled upon all that was beautiful in the nineteenth century. His dream was an equalizing of all classes, a state of society in which there should be neither high nor low, rich nor poor.

He persisted in forcing these theories into his literary productions. "I do not wish art for the few," he said, "any more than I wish education for the few, or liberty for the few." And yet few, indeed, are there who can read his "House of the Wolfing's" without constant recurrence to a glossary of Anglo-Saxon words. Even in his

THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS

other less archaic poems, Morris was not felicitous; he had such a frenzied desire for largeness and simplicity of diction, labored for it so strenuously that his style has become curiously stilted and involved.

Morris' misconception of what was practical and feasible was all the more strange when it is remembered that he came from the people, and that the early years of his life were spent in the practical money-making pursuits of his class. For many years he ran a factory in Suney, where he devoted himself to the designing and manufacturing of artistic wallpaper. Not only this, he also became an expert wood carver, a joiner and an architect of no mean ability. Invariably his efforts were addressed to the common people and invariably the products of his factory, his tools and his pen were absorbed by the rich.

It was, no doubt, largely due to his desire of reaching the masses through so many different media—from windowsills to epic poems—that Morris' failure must be ascribed. His forte was the making of heroic poems, strange, wierd cantos of the doings of the heroes of legend and of mythology, conceived in almost contemporaneous language. Here, no doubt, William Morris was without equal. None dared follow him into his chosen field, and those who did he left far behind. His imagination was as vivid and dramatic as that of any English poet of the last two centuries, and the strange, quaint diction of his rhymed tales and the curious construction of his line and verse, succeeded in throwing about his subject an atmosphere of romance and of legend that carried with it an irresistable charm.

Had William Morris lived in touch with his century, had he rightly interpreted the meaning of the life he saw around him instead of flippantly characterizing it as "an empty day," he would have been less the "idle singer" which he calls himself, and more of the true poet, the seer, the exponent and interpreter of a great epoch, of an entire world.

It may be said—with reservation, perhaps—that Morris was the last of his kind. The last of the race of the poets of the long hair and velvet jacket, who lived apart from the world, who affected unbounded scorn for what was present, for what was at their doors, scorn for the commonplace, the sordid, choosing rather to lose themselves in rose-colored dreams of past splendors and future glories, and in so doing missed all the charm and beauty of their contemporary life, the true interpretation of which is the appointed task of every really great poet.

ROMOLA BETWEEN ACTS

Julia Marlowe - Tabor's Dual Personality While Acting.

It was hardly more than a glimpse I had of Mrs. Taber—a glimpse caught, as it were, flying, between the second and third acts of "Romola," an instantaneous photograph, let us say, a little blurred and indistinct, but charming for all that, as suggestive of what the picture would have been under longer exposure.

My recollections of my meeting with the actress are mixed up with other things, impressions received at the same time, stage carpenters and scene shifters running about on tiptoe or struggling with huge wavering flats—a tremendous shelf full of wooden gilt goblets and plaster of paris fruit, and marvelous pitchers of papier mache, a sudden apparition of Baldassare promenading gravely between two flats, the distant, faint sound of the orchestra playing Handel's Largo on the other side of the curtain—the smell of stale gas—rope in coils—a supernumerary dressed as a Florentine citizen and wearing a derby hat, and then the dressing room with a great deal of white in it, white walls, white table covers, white rugs on the floor, and the figure of Julia Marlowe Taber in black—the black gown of the second act—detaching itself strongly against all this background of white.

Mrs. Taber looks, somehow, taller in her dressing room than she does on the stage, taller and perhaps prettier She has a very sweet speaking voice. The r's slighted a bit, as is the custom of Bostonians, not at all disagreeable or affected.

"I am so sorry," she began, "I can only give you a few minutes."

I felt intrusive.

"Turn me out whenever you are ready," said I.

"One spends so much time in dressing."

It was a cue. I began to talk costumes.

"Mr. Taber and I spent weeks in Florence," said Mrs. Taber, "studying the archaeology of the fifteenth century, working on details."

"It is the details that count," I hazarded.

"That is not always true. Some actors go upon that principle, but I don't believe it is invariably effective."

"As how?"

"Well, in some scenes, detail would be admirable, would have its place, would be as interpretive as a line of the actor's part, but in others it would be absolutely superfluous; you understand?"

"You mean it would detract the audience's attention from the actor—the main figure?"

"Yes, of course. Detail for detail's sake—as well visit a museum of archaeology."

I remember I said something here about the different theories of acting, as held by the two opposite "schools," schools of which Irving and Jefferson are the heads.

"Do you believe, Mrs. Taber, that an actor or actress should lose himself or herself in a role, become absolutely identified with it, be 'carried away' and all that sort of thing, or whether they should never relax their grip upon themselves, should be, as some say, 'superior to the part'?"

"Oh, one mustn't forget one's self," said Mrs. Taber, with great conviction. "That way madness lies, I am sure."

"Then how—" I began.

"Mrs. Taber interrupted me:

"And yet there is a part of you that does enter entirely into the role. Now listen." Mrs. Taber surprised me. I have never heard a more admirable and plausible exposition as to the attitude of an actor towards the personages he (or she) is representing.

"It is like when you are reading a novel," said Julia Marlowe-Taber. "There is you, you understand — your own individual self — the part of you tnat reads, then there is the other self, the part of you that lives the character of the story. That enters into the tale and identifies itself with the people and the incidents."

"Precisely; and in acting?"

"In acting it is the same thing. When I am on the stage there is really two of me. There is Romola and Mrs. Taber, quite separate and distinct. Romola may be all emotion and sensibility, and yet Mrs. Taber at the same time be quite unmoved—may even be thinking of something else."

"You surprise me. It's curious enough."

"It is curious. I remember one instance especially. It happened as I was acting Romola. I was so moved that my voice choked, real tears were in my eyes, and yet what do you think that I—that is, the other part of me that was not Romola — was thinking of?"

"I haven't a guess."

"My comb had dropped from my hair—a shell comb—I kept thinking of that. Between my lines — those lines that were almost inarticulate with feeling — I was actually telling the other actor to be careful not to step on it."

"Third act," shouted the call boy.

C. F. T.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

In a "confession-book" the Princess of Wales has stated that her favorite art is millinery, and her favorite occupation "minding her own business."

Czar Nicholas has presented to the Magyar National Museum at Budapest the sword of George Rakoczy I., Prince of Transylvania, whom they have made one of their national heroes.

Edison manages to spare time to attend to his hobby of fowl-rearing. His stock of fowls is said to number between two and three hundred, and the prices of these valuable birds range from $20 to $125 and $150.

Louise Michel, the French anarchist, is coming to this country next month. There is a certain exquisite simplicity in a current description of her, which says: "Her youth was spent in seclusion; at an early age she showed anarchistic propensities, and tried in vain to assassinate Napoleon III."

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, in the prosecution of her crusade against the bicycle, has organized in New York a wheel brigade to act as a patrol and watch the maidens who are supposed to flirt and smoke cigarettes when out riding. Just what Mrs. Smith proposes to do about it when the girls are found out is not clear.

Dr. Graeme Hammond of New York says that bicycle riding in moderation is of great benefit in cases of cardiac affection. The heart is strengthened by riding slowly on an approximately flat surface. Wheeling is invaluable in cases of hysteria and neurasthenia, and it is most beneficial in the cure of functional dyspepsia.

Charles Astor Bristed writes to the New York "Sun" commenting on the published statement that Bishop Potter of New York is a Free Mason, and adds the surprising question, "Would the kind Bishop be so good as briefly to explain how he reconciles the tenets of Masonry with the teachings of Jesus Christ?" In explanation he adds, "I refer, of course, to Masonry as its exists and operates at the present day."

Though the vogue of "Sir George Tressady" cannot hope to rival that of its predecessors, the publication of this novel in book form has again attracted attention to Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The set of characters who revolve in the new work are interesting and highly epigrammatic. For those given to identifying the dramatis personae with real personages of the great world there will be interest in the key which "St. Pauls" furnishes. Ancoats is young Lord Carnarvon, and a capital sketch of that eccentric nobleman; Lord Fontenoy is a blend—one-fourth Lord Randolph Churchill, three-fourths Mr. Chamberlain; Sir Tressady himself is a disguised Henry Cust. Sir George has a pointed chin, and therefore naturally comes to a bad end. Apropos of "David Grieve," an earlier novel by the author of "Marcella," in which there was shown a marvelous insight into the psychology of Bohemian life in Paris, a friend asked the gifted authoress how on earth she had acquired so much knowledge of that lurid phase of existence. "Oh!" replied the lady, jokingly, "I just gave Humphrey a £20 note, and told him to run over to Paris for a week's holiday to find out all about it for me."

JULIA MARLOWE-TABER
Photo by Thors

General View of Asti

Grape Crusher

Orange Grove

Hydraulic Presses

Fermenting Room

Headquarters of the President

Unloading Grapes

An Eastern Shipment

VIEWS OF THE ITALIAN-SWISS COLONY AT ASTI, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Photos by Tyler

ITALY IN CALIFORNIA

The Vineyards of the Italian-Swiss Colony at Asti.

Last Friday I went to Italy. I went, I saw, I returned in one day. It cost me three dollars.

Italy in California means Asti, the Italian-Swiss colony at the head of Russian River Valley, not much of a town, as far as one could see, but acres and acres and acres—miles, for all I know—of grape vines inundating low, rolling hills and the lower slopes of little mountains, with here and there a white painted house far away, just a dot, rising out of the rolling sea of green something like a ship under all sail, or clumps of trees, bunched closely together, that can look for all the world like islands, if you put your imagination to it.

The transition from sand-dunes about San Francisco to hillsides in the neighborhood of Sienna is almost too brusque. Two or three hours of the jar and dust of the railroad come between, and then, long before you are prepared for it, a bit of landscape and environment of the Old World is under your eyes, real and vivid and unexpected. It is almost flippant, this rapid change of scene. It is a coup de theatre, a shifting of flat and flies in a comic opera. You miss the stage carpenter's whistle.

This Italian colony planted here in Western America, working at its native industry, with native laborers and native habits, and customs and manners is curious enough. Probably in no other country than the United States could such a thing be witnessed. The best of it is that the colony is not on exhibition. Asti is not acting a part, for the instruction or amusement of the seer of sights, like the traveling colonies—Japanese and otherwise—that one visits at times. There is nothing Midway-Plaisance about Asti. That's what makes it so interesting. There is no artificiality about it, no pose. The colonists do not care whether you are interested and amused or not. There's no effort at imitation. It's the true thing, it's real life, it's business and bread and butter and all that. It's a little piece of Italy, with live Italians on it, cut out of the map, as it were, and taken up and transplanted to a congenial soil.

This sense of reality is keenest when you sit down to dinner for the first time at the colony—lamentable admission, that your most vivid impression should come by means of your stomach. But the "Italian dinner" you will eat at Asti is not that of the Italian restaurants, not even that of Martinelli's or Campi's. Such soup, such bouillaibaise, such macaroni, such salad, all with just a little—oh, a very little—suggestion of garlic. Each dish a course by itself, with the real sour European bread "on the side," and ripe olives and fresh butter. And remember that you do not eat all this delightful stuff in a hot and crowded restaurant, amid the clatter of dishes and the jangle of knives, but out of doors—think of that—on a stone floor, surrounded by a high trellis, where the cats come and rub against your legs and the giant Saint Bernard—straight from Switzerland—too self-respecting to beg, sits at a distance and watches you with grave attention. You weaken your table wine with plenty of water—not seltzer, thank goodness—and you eat bread by the pound, and you finish with cigarettes and bitter black coffee with cognac, and you go back five or ten years, as the case may be, to that never to be forgotten time when you were a rapin in Paris or in Turin or in Rome, or when you were even a simple tourist, inspired of Heaven to live the life of the Frenchman or Italian.

And the wine. (For Asti's raison d'etre is its wine.) I belong to that miserable army of laics whose motto is "I am no critic, but I know what I like." I know that I like the Asti wine, I mean, its clarets. The wine of Asti is the real California wine; not the kind that is crammed down the mouth of the public almost as soon as it is vatted, not the vin ordinaire of the "cheap restaurants"—the vin tres ordinaire—but the proven stuff, guarded and tended three, five and seven years before it is marketed, rich and full of body, and mellow. What a difference between it and that other kind, thin and acrid and vinagered, fuming with alcohol.

At the time of my visit Asti was crushing its second crop of grapes. (I know little about vintages and such like, but it strikes me as extraordinary that there should be a second crop at all.) The atmosphere inside the winery at the time of crushing is heavy with the smell of the crushed grapes. There is something very suggestive about this odor—an odor most like that of the core of an apple just as it begins to turn brown—only intensified a thousand times. It is overpowering, penetrating; it is the reek of the earth's blood squeezed from the harvest, as it is massacred and tortured here in the tremendous hydraulic presses.

About all vineyards, and especially about Asti, there clings a sense of vast richness and vitality—a luxuriousness and bountifulness almost beyond words, a vitality, a feeling of boundless teeming life that can hardly be conveyed through any media other than that of one's own five senses.

You stand in the winery of the Italian-Swiss colony and smell the reek of all this mashed pulp, and hear the dripping juice and the ripple and flow of the streams of fresh vinted new wine in the little sluices, and the squelching of the hydraulic crushers—you see the rows and rows of gigantic casks, high almost as the roof, full to their very heads, drawn up in ranks in the half-light of the cellars like vast pot-bellied gluttons, and you see the tons and tons of "must" simmering and fermenting in the vats, boiling with a hot, fierce energy of its own. Outside there, over those miles of low-rolling hills, stretch the vines themselves, sweltering under the sun, teeming with warm red liquor, loaded with heavy fat bunches, two crops every year, a vast, rich life, renewed with every season, inexhaustible, sucking up the red life-blood of the earth and pouring it out in rivers and rivers of wine.

And this goes on year after year, indefinitely. Think of the amount of wine that will have poured from Asti in twenty years from now! Wine enough to deluge an entire county, to carry away villages, to undermine and wreck churches, a veritable tidal wave. And yet it is consumed little by little the world over, drunk from little glasses, delicately, fastidiously. The torrent that you see at its fountain-head at the Italian colony in the Sonoma Valley, branches and branches, and is subdivided and ramified to infinity, till at length the same wine that taxed the capacity of a vat as high as the roof beams of the Asti cellar is emptied by thimblefuls in glasses that you hold between thumb and finger.

FRANK NORRIS.

A CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATOR

Career of Ernest Peixotto, who Abandons San Francisco for a Wider Field.

Ernest Peixotto is leaving San Francisco for a more inspiring art atmosphere in New York, having long since weighed California in the artistic balance and found it wanting. Mr. Peixotto began to study art in San Francisco in 1887 at the old School of Design over the California Market on Pine street. At that time the school was under the supervision of Virgil Williams, who was the first to break in Peixotto to the harness of the artist.

Peixotto remained a little over a year at the School of Design acquiring the rudiments of his work, drawing from the antique, and later from life models, studying anatomy and composition, and making his first essays in color. A year later, however, found him in Paris at the famous Julian's. It was a radical enough change, surely, from the quiet, decorous atmosphere of San Francisco School of Design to the fervid, riotous air of the worst and best atelier of Paris (the atelier, by the way, which Du Maurier has depicted in the opening chapters of Trilby).

Peixotto was three years at Julian's, working from life

ILLUSTRATION FROM TALES OF LANGUEDOC

models in the winter and spending his summers in sketching at Giverney. The good work he did at this period culminated in his Salon pictures—one in the Salon of '90, the other in that of '91. The first was called "Le Vieux Garde de Chasse," and represented an old man sitting before a fire in a pleasant interior; the second had for title "Dans l'Eglise"—some half dozen peasant women scattered here and there in a great white plastered church.

The year of his last Salon Peixotto came back to San Francisco, but returned again to France at the earliest opportunity. Not to Julian's, however. He took a studio of his own, and began to do out-of-door work, spending the summer months in Holland. Peixotto's very best work in color is from this time. He went in for brilliant sunlight effects, almost dazzing to look at, struck off with an almost unerring precision. At the same time he began to do portrait studies of the Holland peasant women—somber, dark toned pictures, absolutely the reverse of his landscape pictures.

Soon after this he once more returned to San Francisco. On his way home he passed through Boston, and one morning at the St. Botolph's Club picked up a newspaper and saw that his Salon picture of that year—one of the Holland portraits—had received a Mention Honorable. This was success beyond all question, for it must be remembered that but twenty of these mentions are awarded.

Now for the third time Ernest Peixotto is packing his easel and closing his umbrella and preparing for a flitting. He will go only as far as New York this time, but with a pretty good assurance of placing his work with either Scribner's or Harper's magazines.

Peixotto is an illustrator as well as artist (there is a wide difference between the two terms). His best work in the illustrating line has been in pen and ink sketches. Wash drawings he has not as yet attempted to any great extent. His "pen and inks," however, are some of the best in the country, comparable with even those of the incomparable Pennell. His pen drawings are sketches, the effect being attained with the least possible number of lines, but the subject represented fairly glitters with hot sunshine.

Peixotto, however, is not unknown as an illustrator. He has already illustrated his important articles for Scribner's Magazine—one on "Tall Buildings," the other on the Boston Public Library. In both instances he was given the entire commission, no other artist's drawings appearing.

Peixotto has also been known to all readers of that terrifying little brochure, "The Lark." Rarely has the

LA CHAPELLE SUR CRECY

prodigy appeared without one or more of his drawings accompanying the text, while almost every "Lark" cover design has been from his pen.

During the past week some fifty odd of his original drawings have been on exhibition at Vickery's, and now that the exhibition is about over, I understand that very nearly all have been sold. A good showing, surely! There are few artists in California whose works would sell as readily.

RAYMOND RUSH.

The Prince of Naples, who is to marry the Princess of Montenegro, is a tiny tenorino, with in speaking a falsetto voice, and has long delicate hands, with the long nails of an artificial flower-maker. His nice discrimination of hues and shades of color ought to relieve him from the stigma of degeneration. Degenerates are more or less stricken with Daltonism. All the Montenegro Princesses are vigorous beauties. They have their mother's splendid black eyes, that remind one of a smouldering fire ready to blaze out.

General U. S. Grant said that the instant he heard the first hostile gun, when down in Mexico with Taylor as a sub-Lieutenant, he felt sorry he ever enlisted. Shortly afterward he borrowed a horse and rode into the thick of the fight against orders.

There is ground for believing that Marcella Lady Maxwell, nee Boyce, is Mrs. Humphry Ward idealized by herself in the pages of fiction. Both work to the same end in fact and fancy. In conjunction with the Rev. James Martineau, the pastor of intellectual London, and Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Ward has established a college settlement which combines for working people the advantages of university extension and a good social club.

Cardinal Rampolla is "mentioned" as the next Pope. Of him it has been written: "He took no rest and no recreation. At the Vatican he never left his office except to go and pray at St. Agnes, his favorite church. He does not smoke, and does not play cards. He visits no friends, drinks no wine and eats indifferently anything that is served to him. He is an ascetic and a man of convictions and energy." He has charge of the direction of general affairs of the Vatican.

MARKET PLACE, FLORENCE

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

November is nearly here and thus far the social world has refrained from revolving on its axis. There are fewer lunches and less dinners; theatre parties are conspicuous for infrequency, and a football game is an event. Of course we had the Horse Show at Burlingame on Saturday afternoon, but even that aroused only a modicum of the interest it should have called forth. Perhaps our lethargy is owing to sorrow over the departure of the Fifth Artillery, but let us cast off weeds and rejoice, as there are twenty bachelors among the infantry to be stationed at the Presidio.

Contrary to anticipation Mrs. Graham and her daughters accompanied General Graham east last Thursday. Their first intention was to take a house in Berkeley, where young Mr. Graham is attending the University, but at the last moment Mrs. Graham decided to go east. Mrs. Burrage has gone to San Diego with her baby—her husband's ship is stationed in southern waters, I believe.

Among the dinners a pleasant affair was given by Mrs. Loughborough to Dr. and Mrs. Grinnell (nee Catherwood), on Monday evening, and on Wednesday Mrs. George Crocker entertained Captain and Mrs. Long (nee Requa) at a very smart dinner. Doctor and Mrs. Grinnell went east on Thursday last. Captain and Mrs. Long will be the guests of Mrs. T. L. Requa for the present, but will eventually reside either in Oakland or San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa are at present staying at the Palace. Mr. Requa's eyes have been exceedingly troublesome of late, and the trip to and from the city proved too tedious.

The Saturday Night Cotillion Club, the

MISS MINNIE NIGHTINGALE
Taber, Photo

latest addition to the long list of dancing classes, made its debut at Lunt's Hall last week. There were a goodly number of young people present, and if initial appearances carry any way, this organization may confidently greet success. The german was led by Mr. Howard Adams, the director of this class, and Miss Buchanan, a sweet looking girl of medium height, with dark eyes and bright, clear coloring. She was gowned in nile green and black. Nearly all the girls wore organdies, and the older set were not even represented. Of the debutantes, I noticed Miss Florence Stone, a fine, tall, handsome girl, who was simply gowned in white, brightened by green ribbons. The most attractive among the maids were Miss Belle Lathrop, a bewitching little brunette, who looked picturesque in a pretty pink frock; Miss Blanche Norman, a tall, handsome, fair girl, who was daintily dressed in pale green; Miss Margaret Cole, also tall and fair, but on the Gibson order. The figures were chiefly on the "marching" order. There were no decorations nor refreshments.

Even nature smiled upon the efforts of the Burlingame Country Club, which gave its first open-air Horse Show on Saturday last. Mr. Joe Grant as president is receiving congratulations, and avers that this exhibition is merely a promise of future successes. The Crockers, Parrotts and Tobins divided the honors, and Mr. Henry Crocker showed much skill in handling the ribbons. There were comparatively few city people present, but Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo and Redwood City made a gallant showing. Several of the San Mateo people gave luncheons at their homes and drove to the show later in the day. Of these the most elaborate was given by Mrs. Willie Howard. The club house was the scene of much festivity. The exhibitors had each lunch parties. I noted the Crockers, Babcocks, Prestons, Rathbones and a score of others. Mr. Walter Hobart and his pretty bride were much missed by the non-exhibitors, but those who are accustomed to playing second fiddle to Mr. Hobart and his horses enjoyed the pleasure of a contest in which the climax was not a foregone conclusion, had the opportunity of carrying off laurels—in the first rank. The hurdle racing was the most exciting event of the day, and there was lusty cheering when a first favorite cleared a hurdle, consternation when he balked. Mr. Breedon carried off the blue ribbon, and his horse cleared the hurdles most gracefully. Mr. Lawson made a good second.

MISS CHRISSIE SIEBE
Imperial, photo

Mr. Tobin rode well, but his horse, "Galloping Dick," forgot his cunning and proved as obstinate in balking hurdles as she usually is in clearing them.

Two, and only two, theatre parties are recorded. One by the "Prince of Brownies," Mr. Louis Bruguiere, to several of the debutantes; a second, a box party, by Miss Jessie Fillmore at "Romola," on Tuesday evening. Mr. Bruguiere's party was, I believe, a sort of farewell to Miss Leontine Blakeman and Miss Ethel Keeney.

An unusually handsome bride proved Miss Chrissie Siebe, daughter of Mr. John D. Siebe, whose wedding to Dr. Dohrmann took place on Wednesday evening. Miss Siebe was married at home. The house was prettily fixed up, and there were multitudinous presents. Dr. and Mrs. Dohrmann go south for their honeymoon.

Another pretty house wedding was that of Miss Minnie Nightingale and Dr. Lawton, which was celebrated at the bride's home on Wednesday last.

Gossip is rife in Oakland this week over the engagement of Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Harry Knowles. The announcement was not altogether unexpected, as the young people have been devoted to one another for the last year or so, and the sad death of both their fathers added another tie. Miss Coleman is one of the most popular girls on either side of the bay; is tall, good looking and animated, sings charmingly, and is one of those clever young women who have the gift of doing everything well. Mr. Knowles is a capable young man, who has shouldered the many cares imposed on him by the death of his father with real ability. The wedding is to take place next spring.

Another interesting announcement is that of Miss Florence Brackett of Berkeley and Mr. Granville Abbot. Mr. Abbot is well known and much liked in Oakland. He is in the employ of the

MISS HATTIE MAUD CROSS
Thors, photo

railroad. He is tall, dark and is considered very intelligent. The wedding is to take place on December 3d.

Unostentatious and at the same time charming in every detail was the wedding of Miss Grace Playter and Dr. Murray Johnson, which took place at the bride's house on Thursday evening. The house was picturesque in its decoration of yellow and white crysanthemums and palms. Miss Playter looked unusually well in her bridal robes as she came in attended by her little cousin and a nephew of Dr. Johnson, who acted as pages. Only the relatives and intimate friends were invited to the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have gone to Coronado on their honeymoon.

The enthusiasm over the "Wednesday Nights" waxeth hourly, and every day more acceptances come in. There are thirty more men than girls so far, most of whom belong to the older set. The managers are in the greatest glee over the success of their efforts, and have already taken in sufficient money to pro-

DR. DOHRMANN
Bushnell, photo

vide suppers, calcium lights and decorations.

There are very few organizations that have more real enjoyment than the Thirteen Club of Oakland. It is formed of thirteen merry maids, who vie with one another in getting up original entertainments. The last meeting of the club was held at the home of the Misses Crellin, and was a whist party. Among those present were Miss Whitney, Miss Selby, Miss Palmer, Miss Vrosman and Miss Mahoney.

Exceptionally pretty was the married ladies' luncheon given by Mrs. Frank Wilson of Berkeley in honor of her sister, Mrs. Baird, who has recently arrived from Chicago, and purposes spending the winter here. The table was daintily decorated with pink cosmos. Among those invited were Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. Galey, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Spears and Mrs. Metcalf.

There have been several big receptions during the week. Chiefest among them was the tea given on Saturday by Mrs. Willard Barton at the Metropole Hotel. The drawing-rooms were lavishly decorated with La France roses and the hostess wore a pink gown of exactly the same shade. Mrs. Barton was assisted in receiving by Mrs. S. L. Barker, Mrs. Charles Sutton, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. Alfred Eastland and several other ladies. About three hundred guests were invited.

An enjoyable reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg in honor of their son, Mr. Herbert Kellogg, and his bride, formerly Miss Minnie Jeckson of Chicago. The bride, who is a pretty girl, wore her wedding gown, a dainty confection in white swiss, elaborately trimmed with lace.

Mrs. Folger gave an informal reception to her daughter, Mrs. Tibbits, on Wednesday afternoon.

A very smart assemblage filled the Presbyterian Church on Thursday even-

MR. LOUIS MULLER

ing, when the Ladies' Relief Society gave its entertainment. There were candy, ice cream and other refreshment booths in the church presided over by various fashionable maidens—Miss Selby, Miss Pringle, Miss Palmer, Miss Whitney and others. Mr. Frank Lincoln lectured and told stories for about an hour and a half.

California might easily have been nature's apothecary shop, for within her boundaries are chemical ingredients sufficient to fashion a world with an abundance left over to prescribe for all its ailments.

Mrs. W. S. Duval is to have an entertainment in aid of the Pioneer Kindergarten at her residence, 1012 Pine street, on the afternoon of Saturday, October 31st. The rooms are to be arranged as a Japanese tea garden, and the guests are to be amused with music, Halloween games and fortune telling. The entertainment continues both afternoon and evening, commencing at 3 and closing at 12.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cts. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

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DRAMATIC NOTES

The impression that Julia Marlowe has the talent and personality essential to the rendering of the Juliet role is decided among the critics. Next Monday this clever and graceful actress will essay Shakespeare's immortal heroine, with Robert Taber as Romeo. The programme of the week reads: "Romeo and Juliet" for Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights; "Twelfth Night" for Wednesday and Thursday nights. On Friday evening "Much Ado About Nothing" will be produced, and at the Saturday matinee "As You Like It." Though the opening night house was not large, we are inclined to believe the second week of the engagement will be most successful. Miss Marlowe is really one of the most aspiring and deserving actresses on the American stage and it is right that she be supported and appreciated with generous houses in San Francisco.

Gustav Walter has succeeded in getting some foreign attractions for the Orpheum that are indeed novelties. The Horn Brothers and Miss Joe Reeves do one of the funniest acts seen here in a long time. For next week the sensational feature is likely to be the act by Nelson, Ginsereti and Demonio, who, in the characters of a tramp, a Chinaman and a small boy, perform some aerial comedy that is said to be very funny. The Detroit Brothers, hand balancers; Mays and Howard, banjoists; Herr Grais and his trained baboon and trick donkey; Colby and Way; Iler, Burke and Belmar; Eldora and Norine complete one of the best bills that has been seen at the Orpheum for some time.

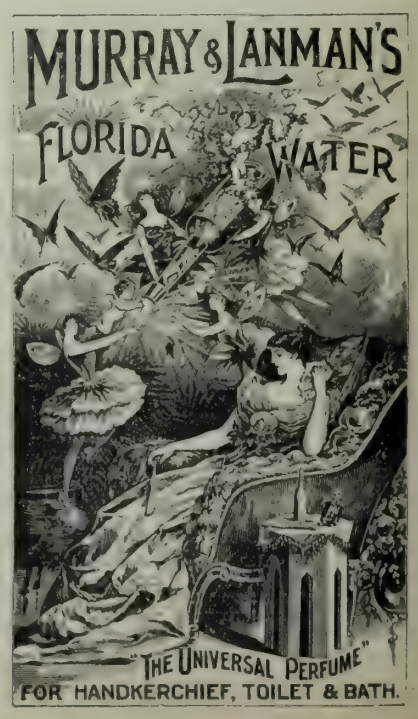
Next week's attraction at the Columbia Theatre is "Tennessee's Pardner." The play is a comedy-drama, telling a charming romance of mining life in the West.

DR. LAWTON
Taber, photo

As the scenes are laid in our own section, and many of the types of character are familiar to us by reason of Bret Harte's charming stories, the initial production in this city should prove of great interest. Harry Mainhall, Chas. B. Hawkins, Oliver H. Barr, Frank Kelly, Fred. Hicks, Leon Parmet, Marion Bohannon, Walter Ryder, Estha Williams, Jane Corcoran and Annie Mortimer are the principal members of the company.

The latest novelty that the Chutes has to offer is "Arion," the "Hero of Niagara." He rides a bicycle over a live trolley wire, sixty feet up in the air, and at night when his wheel and body are covered with incandescent lights the spectacle is said to be a most beautiful one. He will make his first ride to-morrow afternoon, and repeat it every evening until further notice.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street



THE THEATRES

Julia Marlowe-Taber's Rendering of Romola.

When the mind's eye soars over the names of our better novel writers it encounters few authors whose work is less fit for dramatization than that of George Eliot—for this reason; her characters are revealed not by their words and actions, not by themselves, but by her own astute remarks and learned disquisitions on them. Aside from her old women, the chief claim of this writer to greatness lies in these same disquisitions, which, at one and the same time, show her penetrating, analytical mind and her defects as a story-teller.

It is hard to understand why any one should go to George Eliot's novels with a purpose to find meat for a play at this epoch when most of us have revolted and turned surfeited away from sugar-coated treatises to demand stories of adventure and "pictures of the human blood in motion"; but if it must be done, perhaps Mr. Barrow has made as wise a choice as possible in selecting "Romola" for his theme. Certainly the costumes, the settings, the times are full of color and interest—are vastly pleasing to the wearied spectator of the dress coat and the plush-covered furniture of the modern society play; there is, moreover, the excuse of his having found a peerless Romola in Julia Marlowe. She has filled out since we last saw her. As Romola did, so she too has unfolded "like a strong white lily under the genial breath of admiration and homage"; her face is now a trifle too full; there is a heaviness about the jaws—but that is a defect which has its merits and is more than counterbalanced by what the years have given her in warmth and richness. She took the part so well that it seems only natural for her old father to say to her, "Thou wilt be a noble wife—for thou art not like the herd of thy sex; thou art such a woman as the immortal poets had a vision of when they sang the lives of the heroes tender, but strong, like thy voice."

In the first act there is a glimpse given us of Romola; in the second we see her "sitting with a certain grandeur, speaking with gravity, smiling with modesty, casting around, as it were, an odor of queenliness," and assisting Tito in a very pretty love scene. In their effort to make us feel Romola's purity and the fact that "each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered to her," I think Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber subdue this scene too much. At times their demonstrations—particularly Mr. Taber's—suggest tepidity rather than the tense ardor and sweet wondering silence of young love.

In the third act, which contains Baldassane's denunciation of Tito and the latter's confession of the sale of the library, Julia Marlowe leaves nothing to be desired. I doubt, however, if one not familiar with the book would fully understand her bitter scorn and fierce disdain of Tito's conduct in the matter of the library. Her father's strong desire to keep his collection in Florence, under his own name, and Tito's former pretence of aiding him to accomplish this should have been touched on before the storm burst. The effect would have been better. The epilogue afforded me a great surprise, for my readings of "Romola" have always been characterized by an entire willingness to do something else and an utter absence of feeling, and lo! in a public and promiscuous orchestra chair I come very near to crying with this beautiful, sad-eyed woman, who smiled wistfully through her tears at her false husband's nameless child and took him in her arms. It was a brave, miserable little smile, and it went straight to the heart of more than one. There is but one passage in the book which ever stirred me so much—it comes in the chapter which tells of Romola's preparations for her flight; she looked at her wedding clothes and was carried by a sudden wave of memory "back again into the time of perfect trust, and felt again the presence of the husband whose love made the world as fresh and wonderful to her as to a little child that sits in stillness among the flowers; heard the gentle tones and saw the soft eyes without any lie in them, and breathed again that large freedom of the soul which comes from the faith that the being who is nearest to us is greater than ourselves. And in those brief moments the tears always rose; the woman's lovingness felt something akin to what the bereaved mother feels when the tiny fingers seem to lie warm on her bosom and yet are marble to her lips as she bends over the silent bed."

Robert Taber gives an adequate, careful rendering of his role. It is an unenviable task, for Tito is truly, as some one has said, "an improper female in breeches." He has the—in a man—unforgivable crime of cowardice and is far and away the most despicable figure in literature. One can love a ruddy, loyal, vigorous villain and respect a cold, courageous one, but the combination of cat and coward chills both heart and brain; we can have no manner of sympathy for him. Yet Taber has sufficient skill to make us feel something approaching sympathy when, a hunted, crouching figure of terror, he cowers before us and wonders aloud at Bernardo's courage at facing death. "I would," he said in agony, "I would I had something of that sort beneath my skin—not to fear."

One misses in the play that fine mosaic wherein the development of Tito's character is shown and the threads which drew him to Tessa are laid before our eyes: the same threads which have drawn and will continue to draw many Titos Tessawards, the craving which weak, dishonest men mated with honorable women have for a "refuge from a standard disagreeably rigorous—the want of a little ease, a little repose from self-control, to be where they can adjust their minds to the morrow without caring how they behave at the present," the dread which we feel for a mind which penetrates where we would shut out, the longing for that "pretty, ignorant lovingness and trust "which often springs from an incapacity to judge and is so dear to the masculine heart and necessary for a wife's happiness. We also necessarily miss the clever diagnosing of Romola's state of mind, her suspicions and the way she labored, as most loving women do, to subdue her nature to that of her husband; but on the whole I fancy many persons will find the play more amusing than the book. Alice Parks made rather a good Tessa, though it is physically impossible for her to be sufficiently pouting and round, and her baby voice was too evidently assumed.

PEG WOFFINGTON

The California Theatre will reopen in two weeks with an elaborate production of the melodramatic success "Darkest Russia." The play is said to be an exceptionally strong one and has been a reigning hit for some time in the Eastern States.

Fall Styles Neckwear and Hosiery at John W. Carmany's 25 Kearny Street

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

ESTHA WILLIAMS
OF TENNESSEE'S PARDNER COMPANY
Elite, photo

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT

If in the realm of musical composition exists an overture greater than the "Leonora No. 3" (Beethoven) it is the vorspiel to Richard Wagner's immortal opera, "The Meistersingers," which number introduced the Beel-Hinrichs symphony orchestra at the Baldwin Theatre last week. While with so few rehearsals the performance of this stupendous work was naturally not immaculate, it was, nevertheless, surprisingly good. The noble Leonora overture and the dainty Tschaikowsky waltz from "Ballet Dornroeschen" were likewise intelligently and in part finely executed.

It was in the symphony "From the New World," however, that orchestra and conductor rose to really unexpected heights. Mr. Hinrichs' reading of Dvorak's genial score was most poetic and musicianly; and the spirit with which the orchestra entered into the work deserves only the warmest praise. The exquisite shading and phrasing; the precision of attack; the keen rhythmic sense, all evinced painstaking drill of the various sections of the band. The brass and wood-wind, so often the bane of a symphony orchestra, were in this case almost beyond reproach. The strings, on the other hand, might and should be improved, considering the number of really first-class orchestral players resident in San Francisco. Doubtless all these things will come to pass in time. As it is, the performance of the Dvorak symphony was truly admirable and inspiring—a performance of which even the composer might well be proud. This work of the great Bohemian creator, built more or less upon the negro melodies of this country, is essentially a symphony for the people. It fairly bubbles over with charming melody, delightful harmonic combinations and piquant rythms. (An interesting and instructive article on this symphony by Mr. H. J. Stewart appeared in the "Examiner" of Saturday, October —.)

Mons. Maurice de Vries sang the aria from "Flying Dutchman," and the prologue to "Pagliacci." Mons. de Vries was in good voice and sang, as is his wont, conscientiously. The anticipatory applause that greeted the opening strains of the prologue proclaimed the popularity this really fine number enjoys since the handsome barytone's first appearance in the role of Tonio at the Tivoli Opera House.

To Mr. W. L. Greenbaum, originator and successful manager of these orchestral matinees, the sincerest thanks of music lovers are due. Of Concertmaster Sigmund Beel, who will play the Bruch G minor concerto next Friday afternoon, not a little is expected.

The orchestral numbers are: Overture, Scherzo and Finale (Schumann); ballet music, "Henry VIII" (St. Saens); Siegfried Idyll (Wagner). Signor Fernando, the eminent tenor, has been engaged.

P. C. ALLEN.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR NOVEMBER — HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

MEMORIALS OF MUSICIANS

The Terrors of Tausig, Rubinstein's Manner and Joachims' Great Style.

It seems as if letter-writing were a purely feminine accomplishment. Men have never mastered the art, if art it be. The letters of Chesterfield, for instance, survive only as curiosities, and because of a certain historical interest as a record of manners of good society at a period when such manners were mostly sham. So much may be said in prelude of a glance at "The Home Correspondence of Amy Fay" (The Macmillan Co.) which has attained the honor of a sixteenth edition, being originally published in 1880. It presents the experiences of a Boston girl studying music in Berlin during the years from 1869 to 1874. The book has deservedly become a classic, the style is so unconscious, vivid and natural. It does not matter in the least whether you are interested in music or musical people, you are carried along a pleasant road where light and shade struggle for the mastery. Take this portrait of Madame Schumann for example:

She seemed full of fire, and when she played Bach she ought to have been crowned with diamonds! Such noble playing I never heard. In fact, you are all the time impressed with the nobility and breadth of her style, and the comprehensiveness of her treatment, and oh, if you could hear her scales! In short, there is nothing more to be desired in her playing, and she has every quality of a great artist. Many people say that Tausig is far better, but I cannot believe it. He may have more technique and more power, but nothing else I am sure. Everybody raves over his playing, and I am getting quite impatient for his return, which is expected next week. I send you Madame Schumann's photograph, which is exactly like her. She is a large, very German-looking woman, with dark hair and superb neck and arms. At the last concert she was dressed in black velvet, low body and short sleeves, and when she struck powerful chords, those large white arms came down with a certain splendor.

Could anything be more vivid and genuine? To the unmusical Philistine that little touch of fine enthusiasm over the lady's "scales" reminds in a vague sort of way of the national admiration, approaching worship, inspired by the dimple on Katisha's left elbow, which "people traveled miles to see." To be sure, "those large white arms came down with a certain splendor." How much better is that than the homely expression of the unregenerate male who in his hours of ease might speak of a "two-fisted lady."

But the terrible Tausig, who lorded it over a class of girl students in whom he inspired the most abject terror! We are told that when he gets angry he tells them they play "like a rhinocerous." Herr Tausig was very often angry. He gave concerts, of course, and these were musical events, as may be gathered from this exquisite little picture:

The day after Tausig's concert, I went, as usual, to hear him give the lesson to his best class of girls. I got there a little before the hour, and the girls were in the dressing-room waiting for the young men to be through with their lesson. They were talking about the concert. "Was it not beautiful?" said little Timanoff, to me; "I did not sleep the whole night after it!"—a touch of sentiment that quite surprised me in that small personage, and made me feel some compunctions, as I had slept soundly myself.

The reproach of a tender musical conscience housed in a healthy and sleepy body presents a curious artistic inversion of the point of view. Here is a description of the methods of the despotic Tausig, combined with a characteristic portrait of an unusual sort of pupil:

Tausig has one scholar who is a very singular girl — the Fraulein H. I mentioned to you before, who has studied with Bulow. She is half French and half German, and speaks both languages. She is ful. of talent and cannot be over eighteen, but she has the most intense character, and is a perfect child of nature. One can't help smiling at everything she does, because she goes at everything so hard and so unconsciously. When the other girls are playing she folds her arms and plays with her fingers against her sides all the time, and when her turn comes she seizes her music, jumps up, and rushes for the piano just as fast as she can. She hasn't the least timidity, and on Sunday when Tausig called out her name he scarcely got the words out before she said "Ja," to the great amusement of the class (for none of us answered to our names) and ran to the piano.

She sat down with the chair half crooked, and almost on the side of it, but she never stopped to arrange herself, but dashed off a prelude out of her own head and then played her piece. When she got through she never changed countenance, but was back in her seat before you could say "Jack Robinson."

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She is as passionate as Tausig, and so they usually have a scene over her lesson. He is always either half amused at her or very angry, and is terribly severe with her. When he stamps a foot at her she makes up a face, and the blood rushes up into her head, and I believe she would beat him if she dared. She always plays as impetuously as she does everything else, and then he stops his ears and tells her she makes too much "Spectakel" (his favorite expression). Then she begins over again two or three times, but always in the same way. He snatches the music from the piano and tells her that is enough. Then the class bursts out laughing, and she goes to her seat and cries. But she is too proud to let the other girls see her wipe her eyes, and so she sits up straight and tries to look unconcerned, but the tears trickle down her cheeks one after the other, and drop off her chin all the rest of the hour. By the time she has had a piece for two lessons she comes to the third, and at last she has managed to tone down enough, and then she plays it splendidly. She is a savage creature. The girls tell me that one time she sat down to the piano (a concert-grand) with such violence as to push the instrument to one side, and began to play with such vehemence that she burst the sleeve out of her dress behind!

That is a strong picture of a war between a pair of untamed musical savages. Indeed, there is a necessary something of savagery about the highest expression of the artistic temperament. Tolerance goes with mediocrity.

A comparison of Rubinstein and Tausig is very good, as thus:

Since I last wrote I have been to hear Rubinstein again. He is the greatest sensation player I know of, and like Gottschalk, has all sorts of tricks of his own. His grand aim is to produce an effect, so it is dreadfully exciting to hear him, and at his last concert the first piece he played — a terrific composition by Schubert — gave me such a violent headache that I couldn't hear the rest of the performance with any pleasure. He has a gigantic spirit in him, and is extremely poetic and original, but for an entire concert he is too much. Give me Rubinstein for a few pieces, but Tausig for a whole evening. Rubinstein doesn't care how many notes he misses, provided he can bring out his conception and make it vivid enough. Tausig strikes every note with rigid exactness, and perhaps his very perfection makes him at times a little cold. Rubinstein played Schubert's Erl-Konig, arranged by Liszt, gloriously. Where the child is so frightened, his hands flew all over the piano, and absolutely made it shriek with terror. It was enough to freeze you to hear it.

Tausig's favorite pupil was a Swedish girl whom Miss Fay did not like. "She has such frightfully ugly hands and holds them so terribly that when I look at her I cannot enjoy her playing." On the other side, Tausig "has such a little hand," writes Miss Fay, "that I wonder he has been able to acquire his immense virtuosity." "Immense virtuosity" is good but painfully inexact in this regard.

It was one of Miss Fay's experiences to come in close contact with a philosophical agnostic of the German school, of whom we are told "He is a strange man, and you ought to hear his theory of religion. He sets the Bible entirely aside—like most German cultivated men. We were talking of it one night and he said: 'We won't speak of that blockhead Peter, stupid fisherman that he was! but we will pass on to Paul, who was a man of some education.' David he calls 'that rascal David,' etc. Of course I hold to my own belief, but I can't help laughing to hear him." Could anything be more perfect than Miss Fay's unconsciously drawn picture of her own intellectual altitude. That is the charm of the book. It is so genuine, and is for that reason of equal interest to the learned and the lay.

At Potsdam she saw trailing rose vines pinned to the grass with "wooden hairpins" until the ground was "literally carpeted" with them. "It was lovely," she adds. As part of her visit to Potsdam Miss Fay describes with all the enjoyment of a pleasant memory a little feast at which the party drank beer and coffee and ate cake and cherries under the trees, and the only lingering regret inspired by this symposium finds expression in her words to her correspondent, "I've thought of you ever since the cherry season began." Cherries—that's for remembrance!

The round of the palaces is not complete without Babelsburg, and thus inspires a vein of speculation: "There in Babelsburg," she writes, "everything was so lovely that one could scarcely believe that there had ever been a 'Fall.' It seemed as if people must be happy there, and yet I'm told that the queen is very unhappy. I suppose because she has such a faithless old husband."

No "scandal about Queen Elizabeth," my dear.

Then the war with France broke out, and the lady's sympathies were all with Germany, "but," she adds, "it makes one groan for the poor Frenchmen when one sees those terrible great cannon passing by."

When you are selecting a wedding or a birthday present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety, just arrived from Europe, from which to select.

Here is a description of Joachim's method:

I wish you could hear Joachim! I went last night to his third soiree, and he certainly is the wonder of the age. Unless I were to rave I never could express him. One of his pieces was a quartette by Haydn, which was perfectly bewitching. The adagio he played so wonderfully, and drew such a pathetic tone from his violin, that it really went through one like a knife. The third movement was a jig, and just the gayest little piece! It flashed like a humming-bird, and he played every note so distinctly and so fast that people were beside themselves, and it was almost impossible to keep still. It received a tremendous encore.

Of course Miss Fay saw less of Joachim than of the great pianists, and she is less vivid than in her reproduction of Tausig, for instance. "When Tausig used to sit down," she writes, "in his impatient way, and play a few bars, and then tell me to do it just so, I always used to feel as if some one wished me to copy a streak of forked lightning with the end of a wetted match." Indeed, this awful Tausig made her cry, and in the last lesson he gave her he appears to have felt that some atonement was due, and how do you suppose it was made? He played a whole piece for her, introducing a "magnificent trill in double thirds." After that all was forgiven, with the comment, "strange, unscrutable being that he is."

Musical students will find in the book a valuable description of Herr Deppe's piano method.

(For sale by the Emporium Book Department.)

J. R. B.

MATRIMONIAL TALES

Candy and Married Life.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely," said the girl in the pink dress. "I do so dote on candy."

"Especially chocolate nougat," declared the young woman in white. "They are just too sweet for anything."

"Where did you get them? Was it Charley or Bob?"

"It was Charley," replied the girl with the box in her hand. "He always has the nicest candy."

"But you like Bob best."

"Agnes, dear, you are entirely too inquisitive."

"You mustn't get married if you like candy."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the men who buy candy before you get married never buy you any after they are married?"

"Is that so?"

"That's what the papers say."

"Pooh! I don't believe a word of it! But then, that's just like some of the horrid men. I know one who won't do it."

"Oh, I say, girls. What luck! Here comes Maude. We'll ask her about it."

"You'd never dare."

"Wouldn't I, though?"

Maude drew near, and all the girls giggled merrily.

"Oh, Maude, you're married, aren't you?"

"Why, what a silly question! Weren't you one of the bridesmaids?"

"Oh, yes, we all saw her, and she looked just perfectly killing."

"Well, I wanted to ask you a question."

"Certainly, dear. What is it?"

"Well, does Dick buy you any candy, now that you are married? You know he used to buy you lots of it—whole candy stores full—before."

"No, he doesn't."

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the girl in pink. "It is just what I said."

"Well, maybe they are not all like Dick."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Maude. "I never did see such a girl. Why didn't you let me finish saying what I wanted to say? I was going to say something and you broke right in. I was going to say that he doesn't buy any candy because I don't want him to. What's his is mine, and I just take his money and buy it whenever I want it. It is a much better arrangement, too, for I buy the kind I like and he seldom did."

A Bashful Groom.

"I once had a funny experience in marrying a country couple," says a clergyman of this city. "The bridegroom was a decent young farm hand, and happy and bashful to the point of crimson speechlessness. When I came to the point where I asked him, 'Wilt thou have this woman?' etc., he made no reply. The bride whispered something to him, and then he stammered, 'Mister, will you say them words over again?' I'm a little deaf.'

"I repeated the question in stentorian tones, while I was conscious of the poorly suppressed merriment of the bystanders. When the man caught the import of the words he looked at me in surprise, and then blurted out, 'You bet I will; that's what I'm here for!' Under such circumstances, it was hard to preserve my dignity, but I did the best I could, and pronounced them man and wife.

"Then the groom gave me a genuine surprise. Coming up to me he said: 'Mister, what's the damage?' 'Nothing,' I replied. 'I am glad to have been of service to you.' 'But I won't have it that way,' he said. 'I know it's the custom to give the minister somethin', and as you won't name a sum, I'll do it myself.' And he handed me a twenty-dollar bill."

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POLITICAL PERSONAGES

C. K. BONESTELL'S CANDIDACY

The election of honest and capable men to the judiciary is of prime importance to the community. It may be said that the voters are offered the choice among several excellent lawyers this year, but it is not often a man of the professional standing and intellectual capacity of Chesley K. Bonestell comes forward as a candidate for office. The returns of private practice are so far beyond the meager income our municipality allows to judges that it is rare that competent lawyers will vacate the Bar for the Bench. Some men are endowed by nature with the judicial faculty, and it is a satisfaction to them to exercise this gift in preference to that of defense or prosecution. This is the case with Mr. Bonestell. He is a profound lawyer, learned in the technicalities of both civil and criminal jurisprudence, highly educated and possessed of fine judgment. Back in 1888 Mr. Bonestell was nominated for Superior Judge by the Republicans, and received the second highest vote on their ticket. At that time, however, Buckley was in control of municipal politics and his nominees were elected, though Mr. Bonestell was only defeated by a small majority. Another opportunity is now afforded the community of recognizing a man eminently fitted for the judiciary, whose decisions would command the respect and the attention of the Bar.

Mr. Bonestell is so well known to the profession that the details of his career are probably familiar. He is a Native Son—to commence with—a member of Niantic Parlor, N. S. G. W., and is a son of that well-known and highly respected citizen, L. H. Bonestell, of Bonestell & Co., wholesale paper dealers. He was educated in San Francisco, graduated from the University of California in 1875, visited Europe, where he acquired the French and German languages, which he speaks fluently. He then attended the Harvard Law School, from which he graduated in 1878. Since then he has practiced law in this city and has long been in the enjoyment of an excellent and lucrative practice. Mr. Bonestell is the type of man whose ability adorns the Bench, and he should certainly be elected.

GEORGE P. WETMORE

The office of Superintendent of Public Streets is an important one, and its duties should be entrusted only to a man of experience and ability. The Non-Partisan Convention recognized this and selected Geo. P. Wetmore, a man well known to the community and thoroughly versed in street affairs. He is a member of the large contracting firm of Cushing, Wetmore & Co., and is recognized as possessing great business ability. He is a young man, capable, honest and upright, and has but one purpose in entering this contest—to serve the city of San Francisco to the best of his ability. Besides the Non-Partisan Convention, Mr. Wetmore has received the indorsement of the Citizens' Independent and Wheelmen's Municipal League Conventions. If Mr. Wetmore is elected it is beyond all question that he will discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and punctuality. In no department of the city government is there so much opportunity for a man of purpose and integrity to make reforms. Business ability is the last characteristic to be imputed to the ordinary Street Superintendent. He is in office for patronage or salary. Mr. Wetmore is well to do, is in control of a successful business, and is the kind of man the people want at the head of their affairs. This is an instance of the office seeking the man.

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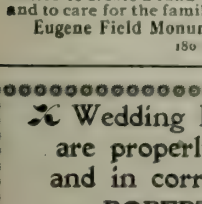

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THE WEEK'S FOOTBALL

Pertinent Comment on the California-Olympic Game.

What a difference in a game of football is made by just moderately good interference, fairly quick passing, and a couple of guards who have been coached to simply play their positions, was seen last Saturday by those who watched the game played by California against the Olympic Athletic Club.

The eulogiums of the enthusiasts to the contrary, there was nothing extraordinary about the college team's playing when judged by 'varsity standards. There was no great brilliancy, no especial dash, or verve — none of that lightning rapidity of attack and machine-like accuracy of mandeuvre (so completely demoralizing to ill-trained opponents) that characterizes a 'varsity eleven when brought to its highest pitch of perfection.

O. A. C. STOPPING A HOLE IN THE LINE RANSOME BREAKING THROUGH

California merely played a somewhat unusually steady, rapid game, and played it as a team, not as eleven different men. That California scored so high is due to the fact that the Olympics were totally unprepared for even this moderately good condition on the part of the collegians, and that their own team showed, not so much a lack of practice and training, as it did a woful lack of sound physical condition.

California is far from 'varsity form as yet. The fact that she won hands down from the same team against which Stanford could not score is not a true index of her strength relative to that of the rival college. Beyond doubt Stanford has improved equally with California during the week, if indeed she has not outstripped her blue and gold competitor. For one thing, I do not believe the cardinal team would have permitted the second Olympic touchdown of last Saturday, and yet would have scored California's twenty-four points more or less.

Unquestionably the Olympic eleven has improved in form and team work since they were last seen on the gridiron against Stanford. Harrelson at quarter, though still handling the ball with exasperating deliberation, does nevertheless get it to the runner with a little more agility than heretofore, but a more noteworthy improvement is his giving the signal before the lineup. Nothing is more bracing and stimulating to a team than this custom when coupled with the snapping of the ball as soon as possible afterward. It breaks up the scrimmage quicker than any command of the umpire, and spurs the men into their places as nothing else can; for the player must and does realize that if the ball is snapped and passed before he is in his position, calamity for his side will follow — calamity for which he is directly responsible. Besides this, it has precisely the same effect upon the players of the defensive side, they likewise foreseeing catastrophe to their team if they are not in their places in time to meet and withstand the play.

It is impossible to lay too much emphasis upon this quality of rapid play as a prerequisite of good football, though it is one of the last qualities to be attained by an eleven. It is, as it were, the hall-mark of a 'varsity team. One is almost tempted to declare that the first requisite of a good team is rapid playing, the second is rapid playing, and the third is again rapid playing.

Olympic started off well in the game, driving through California's weak centre at will for five, ten and twice for twenty-yard gains. As soon, however, as California secured the ball and began running the ends it became apparent the athletic club defensive work was out of all proportion to her offensive play. The Olympic ends, despite Nolan's admirable but unseconded game on the left, could not break through the California interference. Nor, singular though it seem, could Sheehy, Rington and Smith, the Olympic centre, prevent so light a player as Sherman from bucking the line for gains.

ON OLYMPIC'S TEN-YARD LINE LEFT HALF AROUND RIGHT END

California won the game by good interference for fast, clever runners, such as Hall, Ransome and Sherman. The latter-named players came in for all the praise from the grand stand, whereas if their individual efforts had not been made possible by the unseen and therefore unrewarded work of Kennedy, Simpson, Castlehun and others of the interferers, they would not have gained their own length.

On the part of the club team more unqualified praise may be accorded Stickney, Morse and Weldon, since what little was accomplished by them in advancing the ball was done practically without assistance. Stickney is beyond question one of the finest running halves ever seen on the coast. He runs low to the ground and very hard: once in his stride only the most determined and effective tackle can stop him. It is a thousand pities he has not better support to allow him to display his real ability. As it is, Ransome, an inferior half, though running behind better interference, easily outshines him. California is especially fortunate this season in possessing guards who are also tackles. Ludlow (l. g.) and Griesberg (r. g.) in Saturday's game very frequently tackled and brought down the runner. Besides this, Ludlow has already seized the knack of catching the runner of his own team, especially so light a one as Sherman, around the waist, and dragging him through the line.

One feature of the athletic club's game of Saturday which seems to have been generally overlooked was what is known as the "half-back kick." On two occasions Stickney punted without falling back, standing close to the line and punting from his position as half-back. It is the style of kick developed by Wrightington of Harvard and used by the Harvard team, with conspicuous ill-success, against Yale in the '95 game. Its merit consists in the fact that the opposing side, taken by surprise, does not send its halves down to the field to catch it. Its great drawback lies in the risk taken of the guards and tackles of the defensive side breaking through, blocking the kick, and securing the ball.

The Olympic eleven still continues to use foul and unsportsmanlike tactics at times. They still persisted in "faking time" in Saturday's game, and foul tactics by their halves were numerous. Several times the Olympic centre threw dirt and dust into Birdsall's eyes at the moment the latter was snapping the ball.

To-day Stanford and Reliance line up against each other for the last time this season. Stanford should win from the Reliance with even greater ease than did California from the Olympics. The cardinal should make fully as many touchdowns and at the same time keep the maroon and white from scoring a single point. F. N.

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TWO PROMINENT CANDIDATES

Carroll Cook's Aspirations.

Carroll Cook is probably one of the best criminal lawyers west of the Mississippi, both for defense and prosecution. As District Attorney he allowed not more than half a dozen acquittals during the four years that he held office, while as a defender of the accused he is well known as tireless and resourceful in the guardianship of his clients' interests, persistent and energetic and of wonderful ingenuity in applying the law in the manner best calculated to benefit the particular case in hand.

Neither as prosecuting attorney nor as special pleader would Mr. Cook assume every case presented to him, and, indeed, while holding the former office his assumption of semi-judicial functions in deciding as to the merits of a case before allowing it to come to trial often called forth the warmest encomiums of the presiding judge.

As a skillful technical lawyer Cook has a reputation that is hardly excelled throughout the whole west. One of his greatest achievements was saving the life of John McNulty, charged with murder. McNulty had been four times sentenced to death, yet nevertheless Carroll Cook by the masterly handling of his interests and by perseverance secured, after taking the case to the United States Supreme Court, what he sought, and John McNulty yet lives.

It is not generally known that in the Durrant case the services of Mr. Cook were invoked by the prosecution, and that he assisted in obtaining judgment.

Mr. Cook is a graduate of Union University and is one of the few lawyers of California admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court. In the Worden case, at Woodland, in which Judge Armstrong represented the Southern Pacific Railway Company, Mr. Cook was employed by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to represent the prosecution; and tried the case, the trial covering a period of over a month, with such skill and absolute fairness that when subsequently appealed to the Supreme Court, the judgment withstood all attacks and was affirmed.

Ex-Senator Biggy's Honorable Ambition.

The subject of this article is a native of San Francisco, being now 37 years of age. His early education was obtained in the public schools of this city and the colleges of the Christian Brothers. At the age of 16, being thrown upon his own resources, he apprenticed himself as a molder with the California Brass Works, during which time he pursued his studies in the night schools of this city. After learning the trade of a molder he entered the laundry business, and by close atatention to his duty he has become, and is now, vice-president of the United States Laundry Association, the largest concern of its kind on the Coast. As a business man he has been eminently successful, but in this article we desire to refer to him particularly as a representative of San Francisco in the State Senate during the 30th and 31st sessions of the Legislature. He was elected as a Democrat from the Twenty-first Senatorial District to the State Senate in 1892 by a majority of 740 votes, notwithstanding the district was then strongly Republican. His personal popu-

larity, his business standing and irreproachable character were potent features in securing his election. As a representative, by his honest, conscientious and conservative course he won the confidence and esteem of his colleagues in the Senate, as well as the people of the whole State. He was always a zealous friend of the people and an uncompromising foe to corruption. In every contest between the people and the powerful corporations his voice and vote were on the side of the people. Through his untiring efforts the notorious Street Extension Commissions were abolished, useless commissions legislated out of office, and the homes of many saved from confiscation. He led in the opposition to the pet scheme of the Southern Pacific Company, known as the "Anti-Scalpers' Bill," advocated every measure intended for the reduction of railroad freights and fares and for the collection of the back taxes from the railroad company; opposed the outrageous Street Car bill, and was one of the twenty-one Senators who voted in favor of leasing the China Basin to the Valley Railroad, without which this competing railroad could not have secured a terminal point in San Francisco. He introduced one of the anti-funding resolutions, memorializing Congress against the funding of the Pacific Railroad debt. In the matter of purely local legislation he was one of the few representatives from San Francisco who watched with care her every interest. The bill providing for the erection of the Affiliated Colleges Building and appropriating $250,000 therefor, became a law by reason of his earnest endeavors.

A man who can serve four years in the State Senate and come out with a reputation not only undamaged, but enhanced, is one who can be trusted even in the San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

Senator Biggy has resided in the Twelfth ward for thirty-four years, and is thoroughly conversant with the needs of that portion of the city, as well as with every other section. The Non-Partisan Convention honored themselves in honoring him by this nomination, and the people of San Francisco will make no mistake in electing him as a Supervisor.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

The Golf Craze in the East — A Rich Family's Newport Adventures.

In the East golf is epidemic. At luncheons and dinner tables naught else is talked of. The deep interest which its details inspire in the devoted is a mystery to the layman. There is no denying the enthusiasm, however. One of the peculiarities of golf, which makes its great popularity all the more wonderful is its lack of sociability. The good player never converses and rarely interchanges a remark with his opponent, while woe betide the chatty stranger who joins a friend thinking that his company may be welcome. At S. this summer a transient visitor who had not seen an intimate friend for several years espied him on the golf course in the distance, and hastened across the fields to greet him. To his embarrassment, the other merely nodded silently, while the man with whom he was playing glared at him with unconcealed disapprobation. When the golfer finished his game and hastened up to the club house to find his friend and explain to him that his seeming coolness arose from the fact that he was playing with one of the experts, who was a martinet in regard to "silence on the course," he found the visitor gone and offended past reparation.

* * *

The ways and means of social success are not beyond definition. The "Tribune" relates the adventures of a rich family who essayed society at Newport, and in spite of the facts and income in their favor were sadly disappointed. Taught by experience, however, and advised by an astute friend who understood the ways of the world, their next move showed more wisdom. Instead of staying in New York for the winter they took a house in Washington, obtained, as is easy in that city of magnificent distances and constant changes when people are really attractive, an entree into the diplomatic and resident circle, and entertained foreigners and other people of distinction. The girls, who were athletic as well as pretty, took up all kinds of outdoor sports, were very much up-to-date, wore extremely good clothes, and in consequence were greatly admired. The next summer, instead of returning to Newport they chose a smaller place, where people were smart but less exclusive, and where their proficiency in various sports brought them into immediate notice. When autumn came their box at the Horse Show was filled with discrimination, as was their opera box later on; and when they left for their Washington home they had obtained a decided foothold. Finally, the following summer, they again tried Newport, and this time it was easy sailing. Since then their position in Vanity Fair has been assured. "The A.'s have certainly shown a great deal of tact," said a social autocrat. "It is a popular fallacy that rich people can always get into society if they make the effort. I have seen enormously wealthy people struggle for years without any result; and, on the other hand, I have known of others who were only moderately well off who have succeeded in obtaining an excellent position apparently without much effort."

* * *

It is the experience of all makers and producers of plays, and it is the observation of all thoughtful theatre-goers, that there is no character so seldom well represented as the modern gentleman. The remark may apply to his conduct as well as to his personal appearance. A certain actor some time ago, having been occupied for some time with character parts, had occasion to wear evening dress on the stage. The moment he stepped from his dressing-room he was greeted by one of the stage hands, who said to him: "My, don't you look nice in them clothes, Mr. ——! You look like a regular gent!" The actor went back into his dressing-room, stood before the mirror again, pulled at his coat collar, tugged at his cuffs and tried to think what could be the matter. If the stage hand was right—and he probably was—the case was hopeless. The trouble was that he looked like a "gent," and when anybody once looks like a "gent" nothing but a miracle can ever make him look like a gentleman. The usual expression is that an actor wears his evening dress like a waiter instead of like a gentleman. Go to a play which calls for a ball or reception scene, where the stage is filled up with men in evening dress, and probably you will find that nine of the actors out of ten look as if they had borrowed their clothes for the evening. Even if it happens to be in one of the very best theatres the chances are that more than one of the men will show clearly that his collar and his coat and his cuffs make him thoroughly uncomfortable. A woman who knows all about such things said the other day, in a burst of confidence, that the reason why women like certain actors so much, when men could see little or nothing in them, was that they knew how to wear their clothes well. If this is the case, it seems probable that these women are overestimating the value of a mere clothes-horse; but let that pass. It is probable, also, that most men do not appreciate the depth of this feminine devotion to the being who has been contemptuously termed the "matinee actor."

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

There is a flavor of Kipling about this story of Tommy Atkins. "Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer in an English barrack room. "Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed a raw recruit, "the beef an' bacon in this 'ere Irish 'ash ain't fit for the likes of us to eat, an' I wish to report it!" The doctor was sent for to inspect the food. "So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat?" said he. "Allow me to tell you that greater men than ever you will be have eaten it. Even Lord Wolseley, our present Commander-in-Chief, wasn't above eating it in the Crimea, and made many a hearty meal of it." "Oh, did 'e?" said the over-nice recruit. "Yes, he did," replied the surgeon. "Oh, well," retorted the man, "it was all very well for Wolseley, 'cause the meat would be fresh an' good then! You see, it's a long time since that 'ere Crimee job, an' it can't be expected to keep good all these years!"

The late General Sir Henry Ponsonby, for many years Queen Victoria's private secretary, was noted for his politeness, and whenever an artist performed at court he always telegraphed the following day to inquire after the performer's health. If a complete troupe performed, the general employed a formula always the same, which included the various members of the company. Some time ago Rogers Prat was sent for to Court to exhibit his educated geese before Queen Victoria's grandchildren. The day following the artist received the traditional telegram from General Ponsonby, written in the following immutable terms: "Her Gracious Majesty would be delighted to know if the members of your troupe are well, and if they have had an agreeable journey. For my own part, I beg you to convey to them the expression of my esteem."

Sir John Millais was once attending a celebrated case in the London police court, and was given a seat in the press box. In front of him sat a youthful new addition to the staff of a leading London illustrated paper. "Don't you think that would be an improvement?" suggested the great artist mildly, pointing out some technical defect in the sketch the youngster was engaged on. The young fellow was highly indignant at first, but eventually adopted the alteration, which so improved the sketch that he turned round and inquired somewhat patronizingly, "Who may you be, sir, who presume to correct my work?" For answer he received a card, on which was inscribed, "John Millais, R. A.," accompanied by the kindly remark, "We are never too old to learn. Perhaps you may be able to give me a timely wrinkle one of these fine days."

The English coal miner's traditional impulse when he sees a stranger is to "'eave 'arf a brick at 'im," and he would rather fight than eat. One of the tribe who was wandering on some land the property of Earl Derby, chanced to meet the owner face to face. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I've got no land ,mysel'," was the reply, "and I'm forced to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' get it fro'?" "Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors!" "An' wheer did they get it fro'?" queried the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "An' wheer did their ancestors get it fro'?" "They fought for it." "Ah, well," said the collier, squaring up to the earl, "coom, an' I'll fight thee for it!"

A young English barrister traveling in one of the absurd railway carriage compartments of that country was thus addressed by the only other occupant: "I am a lone woman, and you have tried to kiss me. Unless you give me £5 I shall have you arrested at the next station." The barrister came to a swift decision, and drew forth a bank note from his pocket. Pretending to tantalize the highwaywoman, he toyed with it, although at the same time he was learning its number by heart. As the train drew up at the station he handed it to her. The guard opened the door. "I give this woman in charge," said the barrister. "She has stolen a £5 note from me—here is the number on my cuff." The enterprising lady spent a season in jail.

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J. Leask Ross, formerly of Morrison's photographic studio of Chicago, spent yesterday in Salt Lake en route to San Francisco. Mr. Ross has an enviable reputation as one of the finest expert photographic operators in the United States, having had charge of the studio of Dana in New York for an extended period. The services of Mr. Ross have been engaged by Mr. I. W. Taber of San Francisco for a period of two years. The coast profession will receive a valuable acquisition.—From Salt Lake Herald, Oct. 15.

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VOL XV. No. 44 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 31, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

MRS. PHOEBE HEARST

Widow of the late United States Senator George Hearst, who promises rich endowments to the University of California.

Photo by F. Benjamin Johnston

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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THE WAVE is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address THE WAVE, 24 Montgomery Street. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 230-235 Temple Court, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 31, 1896

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A "TUFF" GOVERNOR.

Governor Jim Budd is a "tuff," pure and simple. "The Wave" supported him for the position of Governor with the sole hope of crippling if not killing bossism in California. He was nominated by chance, without the aid of any boss, and therefore was free from boss control. We sought through the election of Governor Budd to deprive the worst elements of local politics of the large share of patronage which would have served to perpetuate the domination of bossism in Republican politics. To some extent his election has accomplished this result, through no virtue of his, however. As a Governor Mr. Budd has simply been a "tuff." Aside from the fact that he has instituted some economical reforms, for which we are inclined to give him due credit, he has been a disappointment and a failure. He has been an ingrate of the most pronounced type. Indeed, his ingratitude has become a matter of such public notoriety that comedians and buffoons in our local theatrical performances elicit great applause by referring to him in comic song and in gag as a typical ingrate. If Governor Budd were only a gentleman, if he were not a "tuff," at least the man's other delinquincies would not be heralded across the borders of the commonwealth over which he is presumed to govern. The man who is only an ingrate breeds a fine disdain and contempt within a comparatively small circle within his own State. But the man who, serving as Governor of the State, besides being an ingrate, mounts the rostrum and gives voice to such incendiary utterances and mischievous sentiments as those "credited" to him by his Bryanistic newespaper friends, not only earns the contempt and disrespect of sober-minded citizens within his own State, but he heralds forth to the world as well a story of shame that works irreparable injury to our commonwealth, and breeds a common disrespect for our people.

The recent speech of Governor Budd delivered at Union Hall was a most shameful and damnable piece of demagogy. It was unworthy of a pound keeper picked from the toughest district of the city, and illy fits the chief magistrate of a great State like ours.

Tillman and Altgeld have been held up to the world as the representatives of anarchy within the Democratic party. Now we link the name of Budd to that of these two men, who have lived to disgrace American politics. Here is a sample statement taken from the Union Hall speech of Governor Budd:

"A vote for McKinley in this State is a vote to dishonor our language and our declarations. I wonder that a man who votes that way doesn't do as Judas Iscariot and hang himself."

His entire speech is filled with just such clotted nonsense as this. He is not a shade better than his Populistic rival, Thomas V. Cator. He is a noisy, insincere, self-seeking rattletrap, who lives in the conceit of his own noise and believes the clamor that he raises breeds personal popularity. If the accident of his nomination had not deprived the bosses of patronage we would be ashamed to have supported this man for the position of Governor. As it was, the political situation two years ago left us no choice.

Addressing himself to the workingmen who were present at the Union Hall meeting, this is what the Governor of this great State said:

"You workingmen, what are you going to do? Employers dare not threaten to discharge you because of the way you vote. That's a felony, and we'd have them breaking stones in Folsom or picking jute in San Quentin. But they can order you to turn out. They don't call you out at night, but they get you out in the daytime, when they can see you and count you. Then after the parade the spotter can say, 'Mr. Scott, Jones did not turn out,' and work will get scarce for Jones. Or a foreman of a packing house will be missed and suddenly that foreman will become incompetent. This noonday parade is outrageous. What is it for? What is it for? Thank God, they can't crawl into the ballot booth and see how you vote. Turn out, all of you. Turn out, I say; the more the merrier. You've got a wife and little ones at home. You must consider them and yourself. This is just like the turnout of men at Sacramento. They were not 'coerced,' just 'requested.' Turn out, all of you, and as you walk think of the aspect of employers marching men through the streets to spot them. I have seen a horse parade at the State Fair, and I have seen a jackass parade, and I've read of a parade of slaves to the block, but never before have I heard of such attempts to intimidate laborers and clerks as at this time. March with them, but when you get into the ballot booth put the holy cross opposite the names of the Bryan electors. They may march you, but you can crucify them with a cross on election day." (Great cheering.)

This is cheap, contemptible and outrageous. It may be these sentiments are on the level with the character of a Budd, but they are beneath the dignity of a Governor of a great State. As a man he is a "tuff," as a Governor he is a failure, as a politician he is a mountebank, as a lawyer he is deemed a pettifogger and as a citizen the deeper he falls into obscurity the quicker will he feel the gratitude of this people that he has retired from the public gaze forever.

But Governor Budd has not a monopoly of this character of incendiarism. His coadjutor, Thomas V. Cator, has given voice to some sentiments which might have most aptly fitted into our "tuff" Governor's wonderful speech. Judge John L. Campbell of the Superior Court of San Bernardino was recently a fellow passenger on the train with this Cator. During the trip Cator took occasion to give voice to some sentiments which so outraged the feelings of the indignant Judge that he communicated them by letter to his home paper. They are worth reproducing, and we submit them to Governor Budd with the suggestion that he embody the sentiments here set forth in his next political oration:

"While on my way from Santa Barbara to San Bernardino Tuesday, October 20, 1896, I ascertained, by declarations and statements of his own, that we had as a fellow-passenger the Hon. T. V. Cator. This gentleman, who, I am informed, is aspiring to the high office of United States Senator, used expressions, loud enough to be heard by me, seated as I was several seats away, and evidently intended to reach the ears of all others in the car, that ought to be repeated so that all the citizens of our State may know the character of the man who poses as one worthy of the trust and confidence of the electors of this great State.

During the course of our journey, shortly after leaving San Fernando, two gentlemen who seemed to have an acquaintance with the honorable gentleman boarded the train. After greeting him they sat down in the adjoining seat, and shortly afterwards the status of the political situation was broached, which resulted in considerable ebullitions of political sentiment from the honorable gentleman, who, by the way, stated that it was questioned, at least by his opponents, whether or not he was deserving of the title of "Honorable."

Among many other things said was language that arrested my attention, for the reason that it did not seem possible that one who was seeking the support of the electors of this State for so distinguished an office could bring himself to make such utterances as those which I then heard, which were: "If Bryan is not elected this will be the last election ever held in the American republic." That resort would be had to the Winchester rifle, and that he, the honorable gentleman, "would take to the saddle." That Cleveland, Quay and other prominent citizens that he named that I cannot recall, "ought to be hung up to lamp posts." Then, after applying various epithets to Hanna, he said: "That any one would be justified in shooting him on sight."

It is possible that one who is capable of such expressions may not, in every sense of the word, be an anarchist, but surely it could only emanate from one who is on the borderland of and squarely and wholly given up to revolutionary ideas and not to be trusted by any patriotic citizen, whether Republican, Democrat or Populist, for the vast majority of all our people, whatever their political affiliations, are willing to abide by the result at the ballot box and thereby establish their adherence to our republican institutions. Respectfully,

JOHN L. CAMPBELL."

This kind of sentiment is growing all too common in America. It is being spread by the Bryans, the Budds, the Altgelds, the Tillmans and the Cators. It falls upon the ears of ignorance and becomes a truth; it is clutched at by vice eager for excuse for immorality; it is printed on the banners of the anarchist whose vandal hand is raised against mankind. It is the language of the demagogue calculated to breed disorder and bid for the votes of ignorance that he may slide into office, and at the expense of the nation sit out a brief term of office. Contempt for such creatures lives in the breast of every honest citizen.

In casting your vote for Superior Judge we recommend John Hunt Jr. (Republican), J. C. B. Hebbard (Nonpartisan) and A. A. Sanderson (Democrat). These three gentlemen have served upon the Superior bench with distinction, have proved themselves honest public officers, and are seeking re-election at the hands of the people whom they have served with faithfulness. In making the fourth selection the voter will not fall into error if he chooses either Rhodes Borden (Democrat) or C. K. Bonestell (Republican). Both are clean, upright men. Among the candidates for Justice of the Peace, Joseph E. Barry is a capable, honest Judge, who is seeking re-election, and he should receive the support of decent men. Judge Barry is capable and honest and should be re-elected.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT POLITICS.

The teachers of the public schools are just now bustling about in political work. School duties are neglected, for a new Board of Education is to be elected and a good strong political "pull" is as necessary in a teacher, more necessary, indeed, than all the qualifications of a preceptor. A teachers' ticket has been prepared, of which a large number have been printed for circulation among the school children and their parents. Naturally enough, teachers are supposed to be interested in good government, to desire to advance the welfare of the children and to labor industriously to that end. And so it has come to pass that this view is generally accepted as the correct view, and consequently the teachers wield an enormous influence for good or for bad in our local politics. With a knowledge of the true inwardness of the present movement among the teachers we respectfully suggest to our readers that when approached upon this subject and requested to vote for certain school directors they propound to the teacher the following series of questions:

Do you know these people personally? Have they pledged themselves to an economical, honest and business-like administration? Will they endeavor to keep the expenditures of the schools within the limits of the appropriations? Will they abolish all useless positions, and pay reasonable and proper salaries to employes who are retained? Will they decline to show favoritism in appointing relatives to positions in the department? Will they abolish the infamous practice of making personal appointments of teachers, and make appointments for merit only, after competitive examinations? Will they agree not to discriminate in favor of their friends, or those having a political pull, in the matter of promotions?

If the teachers answer honestly, each must admit that none of these men have promised one of these things. The object and purpose of a teachers' ticket is to secure directors who, in case any question does arise where the interests of the teachers are involved or where they are contrary to the interests of the taxpayers or the parents of the pupils these directors may be relied upon to stand up for the teachers. Names placed upon what is known as the teachers' ticket are those of men who have been pledged not to reduce salaries, not to rid the department of incompetents, and not to disturb those who have obtained their places through political influence. They are not in favor of retrenchment. On the contrary they are placed upon the teachers' ticket simply because they have declared their intention of administering their trust as though they believed that all the preceding Boards of Education had imposed upon the teachers. We are now, if this ticket is successful, to have a teachers' administration. Their candidates are their candidates only because they will promise anything for the sake of the influence of the teachers in securing votes. Two years ago the teachers made up a ticket, and elected nine school directors; as a consequence, for two years the department has been absolutely without any discipline whatever. School department expenses have been increased $150,000 per year, a sum largely in excess of the sum justified by the increased school attendance. Unnecessary positions have been created, and teachers appointed from purely political and other selfish motives. The deficiency in the school appropriation for next year will amount to at least $100,000. It has grown already in this fiscal year to the enormous sum of $66,000, and is constantly increasing. Salaries must not be reduced, even if the school houses tumble down, and the children remain unhoused.

Voters should avoid every name upon the so-called teachers' ticket. The promises and contract that these candidates have made should legally disqualify them from holding office.

Our school department, we regret to say, has reached a condition where educational work is secondary. "The Wave" recommends its readers to vote for the following list of candidates, and these only. If enough voters "plump" for this list, decency will at least secure an honest working majority in the Board:

216—H. L. Curtis.
226—J. L. Halsted.
232—H. C. Henderson.
237—George A. Kohn.
244—Andrew McElroy.
260—Joseph H. Soper.
203—Wallace Bradford.
235—William T. Kibbler.

The plot to land Thomas V. Cator in the United States Senate to misrepresent the State of California will fail. The press and the people of the interior have been aroused to a full realization of the shame and disgrace that would come to the State if it was represented in Washington by a Cator. If ever a man has received an unmerciful drubbing at the hands of the independent press it is Mr. Cator. From San Diego to Siskiyou his outrageous ambition has been met with a storm of indignation and protest from both Democratic and Republican press.

OUR CHOICE FOR MAYOR.

Outside of its national significance, the coming election is one of the most important ever held in this municipality. A new charter is to be voted on, and perhaps adopted. It is a charter that delegates to the Mayor broad powers and wide authority, too broad, indeed, if the Mayor be a weak or dishonest man, and not half broad enough if he be honest and above the control of party bosses. If ever the San Francisco voter was called upon to exercise rare and discriminating judgment in the selection of a Mayor it is in this election, for if the charter carries and a weak and dishonest man procures the office he can accomplish much harm in setting in motion our new fundamental law.

Out of the numerous candidates for the Mayor's seat James D. Phelan comes nearer to filling all the requirements of the modern chief magistrate. Mr. Phelan is the nominee of the Democratic party. The Non-partisan convention—and every citizen knows the composition of that body—promptly indorsed Mr. Phelan's candidacy, and he appears before the voters as the nominee of these two parties. "The Wave" considers Mr. Phelan the most available and the best equipped candidate before the people seeking their suffrages for this position. He represents the type of man that is growing up in America and to whom we believe the people will come to look for deliverance from municipal bossism. He enters politics not through any mean or sordid motive. Being rich he is beyond the temptation of necessity, and being honest he is above the trickery of ordinary politics. The men of politics in American municipalities have been a low breed of dogs. They have sought position and power for purely mercenary motives, and have succeeded in fastening an odium upon all who engage in politics. They have demeaned into a disreputable trade something that should be dignified into a profession. Municipal politics have been brought to the level of a trade where honor and decency are bought and sold. The politician has become a huckster, a broker who sells on commission the honor of our public offices. For years American municipal politics have been in the hands of this class of disreputables. Latterly there has grown up a class of young men of leisure and some wealth who have given themselves over to seriously considering the condition of the country, and who are fired with the ambition to devote themselves to politics as a profession. Mr. Phelan represents this type of man. And when such a man offers in good faith to serve the municipality in a public capacity it is a grave mistake to ignore the man for party fealty, which has no place in municipal government. We urge our readers to support Mr. Phelan for the good of the community and the purification of politics.

The daylight parade which takes place this Saturday will probably be the greatest political demonstration ever witnessed in California. In its ranks there will be thousands of citizens who have for years voted the Democratic ticket, but who now refuse to acknowledge the Democracy of the men who have usurped the leadership of their party.

As a business man James D. Phelan is peculiarly fitted for the Mayor's chair. As a student of modern municipal government, he would bring to his administration rare and valuable qualities for a chief executive.

COMMUNICATION.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Southern California, the great portion of the State that lies between Tehachapi and the Mexican line, has the general reputation of being the home and breeding place of political heresies at the present crisis. As a general proposition it is not a fact. In certain instances and localities it is. As a whole, Southern California presents an interesting and instructive object lesson in contemporary politics.

To begin with, locality, natural surroundings and the character of immigration form prima facie evidence of the vote that will shortly be cast in that section of the country. In the counties of San Luis Obispo, San Bernardino, San Diego and Santa Barbara are great stretches of apparently barren and hopeless desert, which seem capable of raising nothing but cactus and coyotes. In these sections land is, of course, cheap. Water is dear, and with the present facilities it is extremely difficult to scrape even the most scanty crop from the earth. Experience has shown, however, that the only trouble is the lack of irrigation, for where water has been led upon the land the desert blossoms like the rose, and the virgin soil will produce magnificent crops of anything that the climate will permit to grow. To these sections, poor in the present but hopeful in the future, has streamed a great majority of the less desirable poor and dissatisfied element from other States and other lands. To this portion seems to have been drawn, as by a magnet, the Kansan, the Missourian and the Southwestern ambulatory agriculturists, who, like poor Lo, are forever being moved on by the advance of civilization, the destruction of one frontier after another and the application of modern methods by a permanent population. In earlier days many of these people seem to have passed the rich and well watered orange, lemon, olive and walnut districts, and to have settled with the instinct of the homing pigeon upon the most difficult and least prosperous acres. Later comers of the same class were, perhaps, compelled to pass the fruitful farms and smiling valleys, because there land was valuable and required for its profitable cultivation an intelligent and patient industry, that these people, by training, education and heredity, found impossible to give.

As a consequence this population stagnated, sweating a bare living from the reluctant farms, and living from hand to mouth in the same shiftless and incapable way that had been bred in them by generations of failure and that had forced them and their families from State to State and from border land to border land. Still they were passably satisfied. They were simply repeating in their own lives the lives of their ancestors. They had never known anything different, and the future of hope was far off beyond the horizon. They preferred to wait for what might come under skies where a blanket was a superfluity, where a fire was only necessary for cooking and to gather just enough to live on off their parched lands, than to enter upon hard labor that in the end might enable them to join the more prosperous people, who cultivated the richer lands, built schools and churches, opened banks and started factories.

The unexpected happened. There was a boom in California lands. Everybody was seized with the fever of speculation. Real estate agents invaded the hitherto voiceless desert. Boom cities were staked out on the howling wilderness. The proud possessor of a desert ranch that six months before he could not have given away to any sane man, now found it surveyed into villa lots, and was worth—on paper—practically a fabulous sum. Options were taken by lunatics and some money passed. Brick buildings, great hotels and business blocks were laid out. Graded streets, with cement sidewalks and granite curbings, began in the wilderness, ran a block and ended in the wilderness. There was an influx of a temporary and fevered population. Wine and ice came to places that did not have water enough to wash with. The first families were upon the crest of the wave, and, to use a modern expression, "a great impetus was given to prosperity."

All this time the man in the productive country stuck to his orchard or farm, as the case might be. Oranges, lemons, prunes, walnuts and vines were paying well. The crop meant ready money. An axiom of political economy is that the more prosperous a community the more conservative it is. The ruined man, not the well-to-do one is the desperate gambler, and he who has much to lose will adventure it slowly. This proved true again in Southern California, and therefore the better class of inhabitants, the settled, hard working and saving producers were loth to kill the goose that had laid so many golden eggs for them, and were infinitely less affected than their less happy neighbors. They held on to their groves and let the boom pass on its way. Then came the crash, and with the history of the explosion of the balloon every Californian is familiar. Options fell through, the big buildings were tenantless, the boom population fled, taking their ice and champagne and cigars with them, and once again the desert people were left as they were before, but with the addition of blasted hopes, dashed from a pinnacle to an abyss, the apple of the Hesperides turning under their clutching fingers to an apple of Sodom, hurled in a night from supposedly certain affluence to a deadly certainty of poverty. The farms had never looked so meager, nor their products so wretched. They looked over at their prosperous neighbors ,and the contrast seemed unbearable. They appreciated the effects, but refused to recognize the cause. They were unsettled and unstrung. They felt sure that something was wrong, but they could not see that the poison was in themselves. They continued agriculturists from necessity, but they became politicians from choice. To these people there came like the thunder from Sinai the new propaganda of Populism. Populism that denounced the old order of things under which the nation had grown from a mewling infant into a stalwart giant, by which success and comfort was the result of thrift and labor. Populism that cried out for more money of any kind, redeemable or unredeemable, valuable or valueless, and the equal distribution of this money to the people. They saw another hope, and they became Populists. If a fourth party should spring up even more radical than the People's Party they would join that.

Southern California, above all other things, needs a protective tariff. That is recognized by her inhabitants almost without exception, by Democrats and Republicans alike. The Populistic communities alone have no interest in any protected industry, and only clamor for more money in their pockets, placed there not by their own labor, but by political agitation and legislative enactment. Take a map of Southern California. Where you find water, good soil, productive ranches, and manufacturies you will find the population, without reference to former political affiliations, overwhelmingly for McKinley as the representative of a protective tariff, bounties for infant industries and sound money; where you find desert lands, overbuilt towns, small settlements with big names, silver mines, drought and difficult communication, there the inhabitants are Populists to a man. It is the history of the Jacquerie repeating itself, modified by civilization and environment. It is the world-old story of the genesis of a people now being fought out upon our peaceful fields, and he who can read the lesson of the day and hug it to his bosom will guide his steps aright in the darkness through which we pass to that new dawning that marks another step taken by the Republic upon the highway of the Nations.

WILLIAM HOUSE.

A vote for the Republican legislative candidate is a vote for George C. Perkins for the United States Senate, and a vote for a Democrat-Populist fusion candidate is a vote to send Thomas V. Cator to the United States Senate. Citizens should bear this in mind upon election day.

A vote for R. H. Webster for Superintendent of Public Schools will assist an honorable gentleman and a competent instructor to a position where he will contribute to the welfare and the comfort of our school children.

Party fealty should not prevail in municipal politics. Vote for McKinley electors, but vote for James D. Phelan for Mayor.

COMMUNICATION.

A gentleman of the law with an inclination toward politics and a manifestly resourceful mind sends to The Wave the following communication to demonstrate the fallacy of the assertion that a manipulator may not bargain with a voter and be sure that his man has "stayed bought." Of course, the plan suggested by our correspondent is possible, but the wily politician will discover it to be open to the objection that it would at once excite suspicion among "inspectors" or clerks who are not in the deal, leading perhaps to uncomfortable and unexpected exposure.

Editor Wave: I noted a statement in one of The Wave's editorials of last week that causes me a little smile whenever I read it anywhere. It was to the effect that under the Australian ballot system there is no way of determining with any certainty how any voter has voted. Of course that statement is not of The Wave alone, but is flung about recurrently whenever balloting systems are talked about.

Now let's see if there isn't. Take this little concrete example. Each voting precinct of this city averages about two hundred and twenty-five votes. Say I have done good work in my precinct, or have a number of employes residing there, and want to be absolutely certain how they have voted. Perhaps I may have the cases of twenty or even thirty to inquire into, though usually, of course, the number would be less. I say to each one of these voters: "Go into your booth, in all privacy. Mark your ballot in accordance with my wishes. When you have finished, sign your name in your own handwriting to the ballot!"

But that can't be done; that would be identifying the ballot cast, and is against the law. Is it so? Let me call your attention to the fact that at this elecion—as at all elections—there are a number of unimportant officers to be voted for—school director for the unexpired term, for instance. And I tell you to sign your name, in other words, to vote for yourself for that office. Surely you have a right to vote for yourself for that office. Surely you have a right to vote for whomsoever you please for any office. There is the blank space, as provided by law, upon the ballot for your signature.

My inspector will be in the booth when the ballots are counted. That is his right. The canvass of the ballots is public. Upon his little list of twenty or thirty names your name appears, written there also by your own hand. A ballot is spread out before him. He sees that the person who has cast it has voted his own name for school director for the unexpired term. He knows then absolutely who cast that ballot. And if you have failed to sign your name as directed, no story you can give me after the count is completed will convince me that you have voted as you were told.

And so, in each of the twenty or thirty cases in the precinct. And so, in every precinct. Say, it's too easy!

ROUGH POLITICS.

A good business head upon the shoulders of an honest man is the chief requisite of a Mayor. A vote for James D. Phelan is a vote for such a man.

A few weeks ago The Wave stated that there existed in Antwerp a place where the invalid omnibus horses of London were converted into canned beef and sold with American labels. The American consul at that place has been investigating this charge, which originated in London, and reports that no horse meat is canned in his consullar district. He adds, however, the following: "Old, broken-down, wornout horses do come to this port from England in considerable quantities. They are taken to the public abattoir and examined, and if found safe for food are sold as fresh meat. This meat is also used by some of the butchers for making sausage. This must be a cheerful place for a man whose stomach is at all sensitive.

A vote for James D. Phelan is a vote for decency.

MAKING OF A RACE TRACK

What It Means to Make a Modern Race-course.

On the other side of the bay, near Shell Mound, there is a wonder — a little world that has grown there from out of the salt flats, a world of gray and white buildings with dark green roofs. There are, seemingly, miles of shed, and there are detached houses and offices and paddocks and fences that must have taxed the capacity of small forests and set in the middle one enormous grand stand, dominating all the rest with its rounded roof, supporting a little pagoda-like cupola, like some giant elephant carrying its houdah. One cannot help thinking of the immense labor that has gone before all this, of the armies of men and troops of horses that have been toiling there week in and week out in order to make a great race track out of what was once a little level strip of low salt flat.

Last week I found out how a race track was made (that is, the track itself) — the course, broad and level as a boulevard, built up from the ground with layer after layer of different kinds of earths and loams and broken rock. I found out what a tremendous task it really was and how much money, how much foresight and skill and minute calculation was implied in the construction of a mile course that should be fast.

First of all, as a foundation, comes a lowest stratum of any rough, solid material, dirt and stones—a heterogeneous mass—carted to the chosen site and spread evenly about the ellipse. This foundation is brought up to within two feet of the finished grade. It is rolled and rolled, over and over again, and packed as solid as may be, with an even consistency, so that there shall be no sinking of the surface at spots, no giving way, no holes.

This is the first process. Over this lowest foundation is next spread a foot of broken rock, the sub-stratum. The rock is broken rather small, so as to obviate any irregularity in the surface and like the foundation is steam rolled and packed hard and even and firm.

THE GRAND STAND ON OPENING DAY

Photo by Towne

This sub-stratum of rock, it would appear, is one of the most important features of the construction of the race track, the object of its use being to prevent the soaking up of the water (by capillary attraction) into the layers of earth, disintegrating and loosening them.

Then over this sub-stratum of broken rock is laid a "dressing" of black loam, a foot thick. Of course this "dressing" as well is rolled and planed, until, to the eye, at least, on the stretches, it is as level as a billiard table. It must be packed as closely as is possible, so close and hard, in fact, that the water will not only be unable to soak into it, but will even run from it as from a surface of stone.

Yet this stratum of loam is the surface stratum upon which the horses must run, and while it must be hard enough to shed water it must not be hard enough to hurt the horses' feet. This difficulty is avoided by the "cushing." When the loam has been rolled down sufficiently solid, a harrow is run over it repeatedly, until about one half inch of the surface is loosened and softened. This does not in any way interfere with the springiness of the ground, but acts as a sort of buffer between the hard, unyielding strata of loam and rock and the impact of the horse's hoof.

All this, so far, is but the actual material of the track itself. The grading and drainage questions are equally important.

The grading, especially on the turns, has to be calculated with geometric nicety, and when you recollect that the time to be made over these tracks is taken in fifths of seconds you will see how proper it is that the grades should be constructed in reference to inches and fractions of inches.

A formula for the pitch of curves on a race track has been evolved after I don't know what of experiment and theory and surveying and ciphering. The formula is one inch of pitch on the turns to every foot in width. So the track of the California Jockey Club being sixty-five feet in width the outside edge of the turns is sixty-five inches higher than the inside. Five and a half feet is a big pitch. If you were riding a wheel about a turn like that you would be obliged to go fast or else tip over. Then there is the pitch on the straight—the pitch from the center to the edge of the track, not to aid the horses, but to allow the rain water to run off. This pitch, however, is very slight, the center being only half an inch higher than the edges.

Water is the enemy of any race track, but its action has to be particularly guarded against by the California Jockey Club, since their track is what is known as a winter track, and California winters mean plenty of rain.

The track across the bay has a whole network of

START OF THE INAUGURAL STAKES

THE FORCE THAT BUILT THE TRACK

Photo by A. Milne

VIEWS IN THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS

Photographic studies by Lange

drains. There are drain tiles above the surface and below, some at every thirty-five fength, and some at every ten, to carry off the surface water as well as that which percolates through the dressing and sub-stratum.

A race track is in its best condition just as soon as the earths with which it is built have settled together—a matter of a few weeks. Here and there a soft spot may declare itself at first, but these are easily patched up, and as the rock and loam and all the rest of the material gain greater cohesion the soft places (those little depressions, hardly perceptible to the eye, but which may prevent a world's record) are less and less likely to occur.

As it stands, the race track of the California Jockey Club probably has no superior in the United States. Surely enough labor, enough money, enough thought have been expended upon it. The figures stagger one. Ten thousand dollars spent upon the track itself, and eight hundred men employed steadily for over three months. The not improbable result may be that one of these days you and I may sit in that huge pagoda-like grand stand at a historic "meet," when the crowd goes insane with excitement and enthusiasm, and fortunes are made and marred and another world's record has gone by the board.

RE-CREATING A UNIVERSITY

The Great Project of Reconstructing the College at Berkeley.

If you can imagine thirty-one of the buildings of the World's Fair made over to suit the requirements of a university, and at the same time constructed of enduring marble and stone grouped together upon the wonderful site now occupied by the present college and set in the midst of landscape gardening such as one saw at Chicago in the Columbian year, you will begin to have a faint idea of what is to be done in the near future for the University of California.

The thing is stupendous, almost awe-inspiring. When you listen to the talk of the gentlemen interested in the great undertaking, and when you realize that they are sound, conservative men of affairs—no dreamers of dreams, no seers of visions—when you grasp the fact that five million dollars has been actually pledged for the undertaking, that the money is there, in hand—that work could be begun to-morrow morning after breakfast—you catch your breath for very amazement. You wonder, can such things be; you wonder if California is to have a university that in its material, architectural aspect will outrank—think of it—Harvard or Yale or Princeton. It's hard to believe, isn't it? If you should happen to be a Hollis Holworthy or an Eli or a Tiger you absolutely refuse to believe it. But the thing is as assured as the most hard and fast business proposition. Ideals and ambitions and "dreams of the future" might be put aside, but there's the five million dollars. It's hard to get around them.

And the money is not to stop there. Once started, these wonderful buildings—those that will be constructed next year, to suit the more pressing needs of the U. C.—will be a means of benefiting the University financially, first by securing appropriations from the Legislature and secondly by private endowments. For it requires no argument to show that the representatives of the people in the Legislature will be far more apt to give money for buildings when it can be shown to them exactly the purpose for which it is to be definitely put, and much more apt to give liberally when they can see that the buildings erected will reflect honor and glory not only upon the State, but even upon the nation itself.

Private bequests to the University in its present state have been few and far between. Small wonder. Who would wish to have the buildings which are to bear their name to be hidden among a lot of others of every conceivable variety of insult to beauty and use, making a hodge-podge which only moves the on-looker to contempt and harsh criticism?

The plan is vague as yet. And on the part of the committee in charge will remain so, in order that the architects may be allowed the utmost liberty to do exactly as they please. The main idea, however, is this. The present buildings, the library, old north and south halls, the mechanics' building, the conservatory, even the new electrical building will be considered as non-existent. The U. C. of the future will be laid out in the form of a vast crescent rising by easy degrees up the slope of the foothills to a culminating point, probably the observatory. There will be separate buildings for astronomy, philosophy, pedagogy, languages, physics, fine arts and music, mathematics, military science, civil engineering, a gymnasium—that shall rank with Yale's—an administration building, a library and an auditorium—thirty-one in all. The idea is that the building of a university in haphazard fashion, here a building in one style, there another in another, is all wrong.

Other universities have grown slowly, year by year. The University of California of the twentieth century will be struck off in a single block, a creation sudden and complete, marvelous, a thing unique and beautiful among the architectural efforts of the centuries. Each building shall conform to some one established design, and shall be erected upon the spot selected for it in the design of the whole affair. Should one of the old buildings stand in the way it will be torn down without ceremony. The construction of the new U. C. will be begun within a year—that looks business-like enough—and after this fashion: By the end of a year the final plans will be ready. It will then be considered which building or buildings the U. C. stands most in need of. Say it is the mathematical building and the administration building. These will be erected upon the site designated in the architect's plan. A year or so later another building, the gymnasium, let us say, will be put up, in a different part of the grounds, but always in conformity with the grand plan of the design and in harmony with the established style. So, little by little, year by year, the great institution will begin to take shape. When the freshman class enters in 1905, it is to be hoped that it will be able to see the lines of the new University shaping themselves already.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BERKELEY: THE GOLDEN GATE IN THE DISTANCE

Photo by Waters

The plans of the committee for obtaining the best architects throughout the world, and affording to them every possible facility and latitude seem to be admirable. Certain data will be furnished for the architects, such as topographical maps and casts of the grounds, photographs of the various buildings and surroundings, and then at least six months should be given them for the preliminary drawings, out of which a number of not less than five nor more than fifteen will be selected by an advisory board of five architects selected by the competing architects themselves, the author of each of these selected plans to receive $500, and to come into a second competition, which will require at least three months more, amplifying his plans in considerably greater detail; and from these second plans the same board of expert architects, in conjunction with the Regents, shall select three or five plans, the first of which shall be the accepted plan, and the authors of the remaining two or four to receive proper prizes, aggregating not less than $5,000, the successful plan to carry the erection of all buildings within the next twenty-five years. As it is to be hoped that the competition will be international, it will be seen that no time should be lost.

One of the best features of the plan of the new U. C. is that by it is included the dormitory system, that system for which the undergraduate has been longing for the last fifteen years. The dormitories in all probability will not be located on the campus, but will be erected near by in the town, and will be in the same style of architecture as the lecture and recitation buildings.

It is impossible to predict to what lengths the new U. C. may go. The Chicago University will be its only rival, but questionably so, since the University of Chicago has neither the U. C.'s magnificent site nor its possibility of almost limitless expansion. It is to be, perhaps, the university of the future. Struck off en bloc, complete and trim as a battleship, a wonder, accommodating a thousand and more students, standing there on the foothills and looking out into the Golden Gate, a little marvelous white world of stone and marble, a thing for tourists and guide books, a thing for the entire nation to be proud of, an ideal college.

F. N.

A GENERAL VIEW OF EXISTING BUILDINGS AND SITE OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY

Photo by Taber

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Through the splendid generosity and patriotism of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst the construction of a grand and harmonious group of buildings for the State University—the dream of professor, undergraduate and alumnus—is at last made possible. For twenty years the University of California has been looking for a benefactor. Now such a one has appeared, and with the noble precedent and example of Mrs. Hearst's munificence in the past, the future millionaires of California will count it almost as shame if the State University is not mentioned in their wills. Mrs. Hearst's initial move in the matter will be to contribute the funds necessary to obtain by international competition plans for the fitting architectural improvement of the University grounds at Berkeley. That such plans can be procured only at the expense of $15,000 is sufficient earnest of the magnitude of the work to be accomplished. However, Mrs. Hearst gives assurance that the success of the enterprise shall in no way be hampered by a lack of friends. Mrs. Hearst is even now leaving for the East in order to lend her personal influence in the furthering of the project. Mr. Reinstein, president of the Alumni Association, will follow in a short time, accompanied probably by William Carey Jones, professor of social science of the U. C., and B. R. Maybeck, professor of architecture. These gentlemen and Mrs. Hearst will hold frequent consultations upon the great matter in

JUDGE BARRY

A clever and capable young lawyer who is a candidate for Justice of the Peace

hand, with such authorities on college architecture as William Ware, President Eliot of Harvard, Charles Elliott Norton, also of Harvard, and the famous firm of Olmstead & Olmstead, landscape gardeners of the World's Fair. Across the bay, even football is forgotten temporarily in the stir caused by the great news, and I understand that a special meeting of the associated students has been convened, and a committee of seniors appointed to wait on Mrs. Hearst, before her departure, and tender to her the sincere gratitude and unbounded enthusiasm of the undergraduates.

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Hardly had the fraternity difficulty (which two weeks ago was the subject for gossip in all the club-houses at the State University) subsided when the Skull and Keys, the crack senior society, was, in its turn, the subject of comment and criticism, on account of the reported resignation of three of its members—Fletcher McNutt and Laurence Havens of the Chi Phi fraternity and Dudley Dean of Zeta Psi. The fact that three members should resign from the Skull and Keys—that society to which every undergraduate aspires as the highest social distinction attainable in his little college world—came like a bolt from the blue. The latest word in the affair, however, is to the effect that the trio, satisfied in respect to their real or fancied grievances, have reconsidered their action and have been reinstated on the society's rolls. The iniation of new members into the Skull and Keys takes place in a few days, and it is currently reported that the organization will soon be stronger than ever, despite the action of the three recalcitrants.

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No one is grieved that the campaign is about to terminate. It has been a weary fight against fallacy and foolishness. The apostles of error have battled with the ardor which a lost cause inspires. Their champion has made a campaign notably energetic and extraordinarily industrious. Such oratorical endurance as he has exhibited is rare. His rivals and colleagues have all been exhausted by the tremendous strain, but he has preserved his voice and strength, and apparently is superior to the fatigue of speaking day and night, of forced journeys and hasty meals. Indeed, there was much appositeness about the "Chronicle's" cartoon purporting to show the constitution of the candidate's jaw as disclosed by a Roentgen ray. It exhibited an iron-bound and brass-clamped contrivance fitted into the Bryan face, though I doubt if any mere metallic device would sustain such a strain as the bone and tissues and sinews of that wonderful organ have been subjected to these recent months.

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The question of the moment is as to California. The impression is general that McKinley is safe to be elected. Now, will the Republican candidate carry our State? A month ago there was no question of the result—a Bryan victory seemed inevitable. At this writing, however,

RECITATION TENTS

On the Campus of the University of California

Major McLaughlin, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, claims that McKinley will come to San Francisco with a majority. That San Francisco will go strong for the Ohioan is sure. The local feeling will be shown in the parade this afternoon, which I believe will prove the largest and most enthusiastic demonstration that San Francisco has seen in many years. I think the Major's prophecy optimistic. To carry California a large vote is necessary in the metropolis. If he obtains a majority of from seven to ten thousand here, it will offset the Bryan gains in the interior. Perhaps, however, it is unfair to count the valleys as surely Democratic. It should be remembered that the campaign has been one of education. The silver side is untenable and error yields to logic. The literature that has been so exten-

T. G. PARKER

A strong candidate for Supervisor in the Twelfth Ward

See page 14

sively circulated has gone far to minimize the fallacies of the 16 to 1 argument; the speakers have accomplished the rest. It is not impossible, then, that California may go much more ardently for McKinley than I dare hope.

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The industry of the Wise family this campaign has been exerted in avoiding opportunities of contributing to the Democratic campaign fund. Delegation after delegation has come to them from the State Committee, and in each instance its members have been received with glad but empty hands. The collector has not refused to contribute; he has refused to refuse. In the meantime he has not given a cent to the campaign, but has preferred admirable disquisitions on civil service laws to the visitors. To hear Wise on that law one would imagine it meant penal servitude for a government official to assist with one dollar the great silver battle. However, he must have expended more than his normal contribution telegraphing East to learn about Bryan's chances. Indeed, Mr. Wise's inaction is an excellent basis to think Bryan certain of defeat. The Federal brigade has done but little for the Democratic Committees this election. The Mint has helped somewhat, so, too, has the Internal Revenue, but the other departments have given nil, and are happy over it.

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Someone who has the literary skill and information should attempt a series of monographs of the great men of old-time California. What an interesting series it would make—Baker, Broderick, Ralston, Terry, Coleman, Field, Stanford, Crocker, Huntnigton, Colton—all men of tremendous force individually, whose lives are full of incident, excitement and success. Considering our two universities full of men of learned leisure, it is curious there is yet no historical output from the State. No one attempts to investigate, to gather the material which history requires. There are the Bancroft books, it is true, but are they not mere bricks and stones for some other man's building? Baker's life itself would make a most

C. K. BONESTELL

Republican nominee for Superior Judge

fascinating biography. The man who can set down on paper the story of Ralston's career will have made an inimitable book, which may find readers and buyers the world over. I was reminded of the latter listening to the reminiscences of J. R. Partridge, an old-time Californian, whose mining interests have settled him in London. He comes to us at intervals on the way to and from Mexico, where he now owns vast mineral properties, being of the favored race of millionaires. In the early days Mr. Partridge owned much real estate round and about San Francisco. He had speculated cleverly, and utilized his opportunities with such discretion that there stood in his name on the tax rolls some valuable properties aggregating at least two hundred thousand dollars. Unfortunately all this was not his own to have and hold, for he had borrowed and mortgaged to acquire titles. In order to make a general settlement, however, he announced an auction sale, made all sorts and conditions of preparations, and, according to calculations, stood to clear up

W. J. BIGGY
Bushnell, photo

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE
Marceau, photo

F. W. EATON
Bushnell, photo

THREE STRONG CANDIDATES

Who aspire to be Supervisors from the Twelfth, Tenth and Sixth Wards, respectively. They are men of standing and fidelity, and should be elected.

about $125,000. Indeed, there could be no question of the worth of the holdings. This was in '68—the year of the great earthquake. The date of the sale had been generally advertised, and all other arrangements made, when that terrible event occurred. How it shook and shocked the city is a matter of history. Values fell as though weighted with lead. Confidence was destroyed. For the moment business was paralyzed. It was a perilous moment to sell real estate. Yet Partridge's sale was advertised for a day or so later. He was hesitating about the course to pursue, when Ralston, accompanied by a delegation of bankers and citizens of wealth, came into his office.

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"Your sale must be proceeded with, Partridge," announced the financier authoritatively. "That earthquake is as though it had never happened. It must not be permitted to influence aught in San Francisco. We cannot permit it to destroy our city, and it will if we are not strong and confident."

There was but one answer to this bold and patriotic announcement. Partridge made it.

"The sale shall go on, Mr. Ralston," he answered. "If it break me, it shall be as though the earthquake had never happened."

At the moment Partridge paid bitterly for his temerity.

RHODES BORDEN

Whose candidacy for Superior Judge has been endorsed by the Democratic and Non-Partisan Conventions and by the Bar Association

Only a corporal's guard attended the auction. There was little bidding. One man bought a fine tract of land on Turk street, now worth many hundreds of thousands, and then appraised at about $50,000, for $9,000, and the unfortunate owner had a hard time collecting that. The margins all collapsed, the banks demanded their money, and the result was that a few months later Partridge, with but a few hundreds of dollars left out of his fortune, retired from San Francisco, and went to mining. However, the future rewarded him, as he soon recovered his losses, and is to-day a power in the inner circles of London finance.

DISTRUST AMERICANS

The "Affaire Castle" Leads to Strange Precautions in London Shops.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The affair Castle is really the topic of the moment. It has cast a shadow over the "length of engagements," "decline of marriage" controversies of the great dailies, and has furnished them with a new subject for "silly season" discussion in "Kleptomania." You would never imagine people could develop so much interest in what is, after all, a very trivial episode. Yet the circumstances have attracted so much attention, so many prominent people have manifested interest in the prisoners, there has been such an outcry from over the sea about the unfortunate lady that every one is talking about the Castles. Indeed, I have been asked a hundred times who these Californians are for whom Lord Rothschild has so much solicitude. 'Tis not in everyone the head of the great banking house exhibits interest, and to London this means prominence and great wealth.

Of course it is presumed here that all Americans are rich. They think the States full of Vanderbilts and Astors. Though ready to sell us their goods and chattels, to make our clothes, to fit our matrons with fur capes and our men with the latest in suitings, it must be confessed the English have precious little use for us save as customers. However deferential their clerks and saleslades, there is an inherent dislike that politeness cloaks rather than conceals. You feel this instinctively. You feel yourself marked, an object of suspicion. This condition was sufficiently distinct ere Mrs. Castle's misfortune became known. It was hinted at in endless precautions, suggested by innumerable protective devices. Now, however, the hints are no longer veiled. London openly manifests its mistrust. They actually assume that being an American, you may also be a thief. Think of that, oh my countrymen.

The other day I was in Redfern's looking at mantles The shop people seemed to be making rather a fuss over me. I tried on a score or so of cloaks, and was waited on by two saleslades. Finally I asked them to put a pretty cape aside, and passed on to another department. Much to my surprise one of the young women followed.

"I shan't want you any more, thank you," I said to her. "I know, ma'am," she explained, "but the manager has some one to go round with all our American customers since the Castle affair."

"What," I said to her, "you dare suspect me of trying to steal your things!"

"No offense, Madame, I assure you," she apologized. "No one would suspect you, but our manager says all Americans must be watched, and I know you're an American."

Among these shopkeepers the impresssion is widespread that our country women find temptation difficult to resist, especially the enticements which a dry goods store offers. Though you could not pin them down to stating that Americans are thieves, they will assure you that it is more profitable to watch than to confide. However you may exclaim against the injustice and impertinence of these suspicions, the fact that they are widespread led me to make inquiries which revealed many curious experiences. At the big hotels, for instance, I learned of innumerable precautions against Kleptomania. The manager of a prominent hostelry told me that the rage for souvenirs leads to the confiscation of individual plates, spoons and forks by guests, who glory in exhibiting in their private collections at home articles marked "Hotel Cecil" or "Hotel Savoy." This is especially the case when the articles of service are of value. At the Cecil, on one occasion, a costly porcelain plate of one set was missed. The waiter suspected one of the guests, and reported it to the steward, who informed the manager. The guest was summoned to the office, and indignantly denied the charge. The waiter, who stood behind him, noticed an unusual projection in the small of his back. Very gingerly the servitor put forth his hand. Lo, it was the missing dish. There were no arrests, nor much trouble. Though the man was wealthy and of considerable social prominence in Philadelphia, he had been unable to resist the desire for a souvenir, and in consequence suffered the humiliation of ejectment. I might multiply from my investigations similar instances, but to what avail? Of course they prove nothing, and the losses are petty in comparison with the immense profits the invading army of Americans brings yearly to London. Considering what a source of revenue our country-people are I am surprised at these manifestations of suspicion and hostility. It is impossible to imagine any self-respecting man or woman purchasing in an establishment in which it was taken for granted he or she would prove a shoplifter.

To return to the Castles. There was expressed and felt a great deal of sympathy for the unfortunate pair. As I have said, they were the subject of general commiseration, and the possibilities of Kleptomania in the case were thoroughly canvassed. In some instances I was assured that Kleptomania is but the polite term for petit larceny. "Why," inquired the skeptical, "did not Mr. Castle take measures to protect his wife if her weakness was so well known to him? What prevented him from seeing the abundance of articles she was gathering in her peregrinations?" Is it possible that a woman can prosecute such a series of depredations and her husband be ignorant, though he live in the same room with her? The truth is, Mr. Castle is a deeply adoring husband, who endeavors to realize every caprice of his wife. For many years she has been in wretched health, and he has devoted himself to ministering to her needs and fancies. At times irritable and hysterical, she made him indulge all her whims. For instance, she would never permit him to open a drawer or a bag in which any of her own possessions were stored, and it is really certain he was absolutely ignorant of her proclivities. I do know that if Mr. Castle had informed the police that his wife was a Kleptomaniac they would not have been detained after producing testimony of respectability. It was the unfortunate man's firm and unswerving belief in the innocence of Mrs. Castle that really created all the trouble. There could be no question about the theft, and yet he denied it.

We have little doubt here that the affair will be adjusted very soon. In the face of the evidence of mental unsoundness which will be submitted no jury can possibly convict, and I have no doubt the Castles will return to you ere long. In the meantime the current impression that all Americans have Kleptomaniac tendencies is being exemplified in an amusing if exasperating manner.

LUPTON.

ELECTION DISFIGUREMENTS

The peculiar methods employed by political candidates in San Francisco to bring themselves before the attention of the public is one of the unique features of this city during the weeks just before election. They order this matter better in New York, Chicago and the Eastern cities in general. Nowhere else but in San Francisco will you see these processions of wagons with their painted, wavering signs nor hear the fearful clanging of invisible cracked bells. For the last month the streets of our city have been blocked as well as disfigured by these horrors. The eye has been offended by the staring advertisements of the candidates in red and blue and black letters, and the ear outraged by the dismal rattling of those huge bells, mournful, lugubrious, as if of a passing bell hung over a cemetery gate and tolling the entrance of a funeral.

Why this thing should be is not in the order of phenomena explainable. Noise seems to be an inherent quality of an American campaign, but we question whether these processions of wagons with their flimsy bunting and shrieking letters gain for the candidate any greater degree of popularity, whether a voter would be favorably influenced or otherwise by the tolling of a passing-bell. And the whole system of publicity, for that matter, the election cards that your friends give you and that you give to the little boys on the street, the streamers strung across the thoroughfares, the placards tacked against the telegraph poles, the sign boards with five-foot letters; does it all amount to anything in the end, does it gain the candidate one more vote?

Does it not rather produce the impression of cheapness, of mediocrity, of vulgar, flaunting display? There is the sign of a Mr. Farnsworth, for instance, which pervades our illustration on page 8; will all this indecent flaunting of his unimportant name bring him nearer the goal of his ambitions? Does it inform one voter of his identity, of the basis of his claims for office? It tells nothing save that the man has money, and is making what is called an active fight.

THE BUSINESS-MEN'S CAMPAIGN

How the Sound Money League and the Gold Democrats Fought the Grand Fight.

Locally there has been no shrewder move in the campaign than that inaugurated by the Sound Money League and the Gold Democrats in addressing themselves to the people through the business men of the State. Among the property owners of San Francisco the issues of the campaign have aroused a feeling and an interest commensurate with their consequence. The crisis was one not to be met by ordinary political maneuvers. It was necessary to strain every nerve to support the political organizations with individual labor. The work of the Republican State Central Committee has been most ably seconded by the efforts of the Sound Money League and the Gold Democrats, from whose respective headquarters many millions of pamphlets have been distributed. These organizations have accomplished results impossible of attainment by any body merely political, no matter how strong. If California goes Republican the Sound Money League and the Gold Democrats may congratulate themselves that they have been very largely instrumental in securing that consummation so devoutly to be hoped. At the worst—in the event of the election of Mr. Bryan—the League can at least solace itself with the thought that it has reduced the Democratic majority of the State, and has thereby lessened the ignominy of the result.

LOT D. NORTON

Republican candidate for City and County Surveyor

See page 11 Lanier, photo

The Sound Money League began its work by sending to every merchant and business man in California, as well as to every electric light and power company, street railroad, mine, etc., a personal letter, the envelopes of which were addressed through the courtesy of the leading San Francisco merchants. The replies received were encouraging in the extreme. In nearly every case the most hearty assurance of co-operation was pledged, together with predictions of a noteworthy success. The votes of that class of people most needed to help in the present crisis—the producers of the country districts—were solicited in the following manner: Large quantities of the League's literature, publications, etc., were sent to all the principal merchants of this city, as well as to many of the country towns, who agreed to enclose such literature in their envelopes and distribute it among their customers. In the meanwhile 30,000 large colored posters, vividly picturing the results of low rates of wages paid in free silver countries, were scattered throughout the city and country, and circulars addressed to the "wives and mothers," showing the dire results of Bryan's election, were distributed by hand to every home and place of residence south of Market street.

The immense army of insurance policy holders were reached through the courtesy of the Hartford Fire Co., whose manager obtained the co-operation of all his colleagues. Through their influence the local agents were interested. They generously consented to address stamped evelopes to all their policy holders, with the effect that the League's literature was in the hands of practically every property owner of the Coast. Baker and Hamilton likewise entered the movement, and at the request of the League forwarded to their customers (representing some 20,000 of the responsible farmers of California) the League's publications. It is perhaps not too much to say that the work of the Sound Money League and the Gold Democrats in the present crisis has been almost beyond estimation. If only in this—that the League and the Democrats have put before the voters of the smaller country cities and farming districts as no political body could have done a forcible statement of the tremendous gravity of the present issue, and a clear, truthful, unbiased account of what may be expected from a Bryan success—it has produced an effect that will, perhaps, never be adequately recognized or appreciated, an effect, nevertheless, that may turn the tide of popular prejudice and ignorance next Tuesday, and preserve California from the shame of a free silver majority.

Madame Patti has ordered a jeweled bodice, and it seems the "grande dames" are following her example. One just prepared for a bride of the early autumn will be worn with pompadour silk, flowered over a pale shrimp-colored background, the tiny garlands being woven in opalescent tints, and the costly jewels inserted as if the bodice was one elaborate piece of jewelry.

James D. Phelan is an honest and sincere citizen, who would serve the best interests of the city if elected Mayor.

IN THE HEIGHT OF THE CAMPAIGN

The manner in which candidates for municipal office advertise their pretensions and disfigure the city.

Photos by W. B. Tyler

ROSEBERY THE VERSATILE

An English Statesman Who Was Unable to Live Up to His Reputation.

To be a Knight of the Garter, to be an English Earl, to have been prime minister of England, to have won the Derby twice in succession—all that Lord Rosebery has been and done before he was 50 years of age. He has written books which people read, he married a daughter of the Rothschilds, and he has directed England's foreign policy with credit to himself and profit to the nation.

When Gladstone retired the choice of the Liberal party for their leader fell on Lord Rosebery, notwithstanding the strong claims of Sir William Vernon Harcourt and John Morley, who, in addition to fine abliities and wide experience, had the advantage of being members of the House of Commons. A Peer is at a disadvantage as the leader of a great party in England, because he cannot personally figure in the debates of the body in which the real power is vested. Harcourt and Morley have never forgiven Lord Rosebery.

The truth is that Harcourt's claims were oversloughed by the influence of the Queen and the Court. It is often said that the Crown has been shorn of its power in England, and that is true so far as the law goes, but there is a tremendous social influence attaching to the Court, which makes itself felt in English politics. When Lord Rosebery got the leadership Harcourt swallowed his pride and bided his time.

The Cabinet councils, during Lord Rosebery's short term, were curious gatherings. The Premier never had his way without taking a vote, and very often there was a bitter wrangle before the decision. At the Council Board Harcourt and Morley made no disguise of the bitterness of their feelings toward the Premier.

Lord Rosebery attributed his recent resignation of the

LORD ROSEBERY

leadership to Mr. Gladstone's interference on the Turkish question, but it is reasonably well understood that this is only a pretense. He feels that his position is anomalous. His most important and influential followers are at outs with him. He is an aristocrat, and not a democrat, as a leader of the Liberal party should be. Another reason is given for the resignation, but it rests only on rumor. It is that Lord Rosebery is about to marry the remaining unmarried daughter of the Prince of Wales, the Princess Victoria. This is an old story revived, but in fact gossip has been busy finding wives for Lord Rosebery ever since the death of the Countess.

It was said of Lord Brougham when he was appointed Lord Chancellor that if he knew a little law he would know a little of everything. That was not true of Brougham, nor is it true of Rosebery, but it serves to express the distrust which the solemn Britisher cherishes for the man who does a great many things well. There is besides in Lord Rosebery's career a certain parallelism with that of Disraeli not at all because Rosebery is an adventurer, for the reverse is true, but for the reason that like Disraeli he is something of a mystery man. That is, he is hard to place as to opinions. At no time was this made more apparent than at the time when he first assumed the duties of Premier. The teetotalers were certain that he was one of them; the Liberal brewers were equally convinced that he was their best friend. The Welshmen prophesied that his first act would be to disestablish the Welsh church; the Church of England Whigs felt themselves at liberty to make their minds easy on that point. The Irish Nationalists hailed him as an out-and-out home ruler. The English Liberals—not wholly happy in their alliance with the Irishmen—smiled with superior knowledge at the notion of Lord Rosebery dismembering the empire. The Socialists lit bonfires in honor of "this rising hope of the new democracy;" the solid Whigs asked pertinently whether a land owner in five counties and a resident in three was likely to be driven into "rash" legislation. There was an absolute ignorance concerning Lord Rosebery's real opinions, so that speculation was free and unfettered. The radical London "Chronicle" gave him a fresh certificate every morning of unblemished Radicalism.

Of course that sort of popularity could not last, and the minute he did anything he disappointed whole sections of his admirers. Home rule was thrown down hard, and in a single off-hand sentence. It has never showed its head since. There was no plan for disestablishment. The fact is, Rosebery did not do much of anything, partly because he is gifted with the unhappy faculty of seeing both sides of a question and partly because the political factions temporarily fused under his leadership were little better than a mob, and his cabinet was torn by internal dissension.

Lord Rosebery himself in his monograph on Pitt unconsciously described the situation as regards himself and Harcourt when he wrote: "It does not signify which of the two was to blame for this mutual distrust; that it existed is sufficient. It would be too much to maintain that all the members of a cabinet should feel an implicit confidence in each other; humanity—least of all political humanity—could not stand so severe a test. But between a Prime Minister in the House of Lords and the leader of the House of Commons such a confidence is indispensable. Responsibility rests so largely with the one and articulation so greatly with the other that unity of sentiment is the one necessary link that makes a relation in any case difficult in any way possible. The voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau may effect a successful imposture, but can hardly constitute a durable administration." And so it proved.

In his first speech he absolutely reversed the Gladstonian policy regarding Ireland. A little later he reduced to absurdity the cry for the abolition or reform of the House of Lords. If this reform was to be effected by constitutional methods it must be made by the Lords themselves. The House of Commons could pass a resolution. Only that and nothing more. That was to throw ridicule on a cry which a less honest man would have nursed for the breeding of political capital and sentiment which might have kept him in power.

Here the parallel with Disraeli parts altogether. The astute adventurer, whose pleasure and profit it was to "dish the Whigs," could see all sides of a question, but it was not necessary to tell everything he knew. Gladstone's effectiveness has proceeded from the fact that he is absolutely unable to see at a given time any side but one, and the force of his tremendous personality is concentrated. Rosebery's energy is frittered by too much considering. He asks advice.

At the time when with pitiless logic he demonstrated that the House of Commons is powerless to reform the House of Lords he went on to ask the Liberal constituencies and organized bodies throughout the kingdom for ideas and suggestions relative to the form of the resolution which the House of Commons might frame. That is, he asked the people to constitute themselves a debating society to formulate a resolution which would have no force after it was adopted. No man with the saving sense of humor could have done that. It is, perhaps, to this indecision, to this intellectual humility pushed beyond the verge of absurdity, that we may attribute Rosebery's failure as a leader. Yet there was nothing of that in his conduct of the Foreign office, where he carried out a policy that exacted approval even from his political enemies, and the respect of Europe.

NOTES BY THE ROAD

In San Diego county there is a man who is pointed to with pride or viewed with alarm by local statesmen, as the case may be. He was a Pike county Democrat when, a few years ago, he arrived from some indefinite point beyond the rim of the desert, driving a yellow mule hitched to what had originally been intended for a buckboard, and located on some acres of stony land out toward El Cajou. While waiting for his property to grow something he contracted the habit of attending public meetings and feasting his soul on the imported and native oratory. He is a living example of the effects of missionary work, for now he is a Populist, a Prohibitionist, a member of the Vegetarian Society and a Seventh Day Adventist.

This man must be an own brother to another citizen of the Silver Gate county with whom I had the pleasure of exchanging views. The south-bound train on which I was a passenger developed a hot box, and came to a stand for an hour or so while new brasses were being put in at a wayside station on the desert. The only life about there beside the perspiring train-men and grumpy passengers was furnished by a long-bearded and blue-jeansed individual, who sat on a nearby fence post and solemnly chewed and spat in the sizzling sun. With the idea that a brand might be plucked from the burning, I approached him and inquired how he was going to vote at the coming election. For a good minute he surveyed me in meditative silence, and then responded: "Well, it's about this way. Awhile ago one of them silver fellers came along and he argued it out and satisfied me that I ought to vote for Bryan, and I had made up my mind to that, when a chap they call a Gold Bug he came along, and he knocked that silver man's talk plumb out of me, and showed me my duty plain was to vote for McKinley, and I was mighty glad he'd come. After he'd gone there came a Prohibition man, and he just clean persuaded me that rum caused all the hard times, and now I'll tell you what—there's going to be a Methodist conference in this district next week, and I've made up my mind not to make up my mind until I hear what they've got to say, for like as not the Methodys may have a man runnning for President, and these other fellers may all be wrong."

Local issues seem to cut a large figure even in a national campaign. I met one of the speakers sent out by the Democratic State Central Committee to stump in one

SENDING OUT LITERATURE

Flashlight photo by Towne

of the southern counties, where ground squirrels are so plentiful that they became a very serious matter. In order to ensure their destruction the Board of Supervisors offered a reward for every squirrel scalp brought into the county seat, and the hunting of squirrels became quite a popular and profitable industry. This went on for awhile, and then certain dwellers in the towns of the county who were not directly affected by the pest nominated a reform Board of Supervisors pledged to repeal the squirrel bounty. The farmers rallied around the old Board and the issue was joined. This was the condition of affairs when my Democratic friend addressed the electors of Queagelville on the issues of the day. He told me that he shouted for Bryan, thundered for free silver and denounced the "robber tax" of the tariff for a good two hours, and finally closed with an invocation to the flag delivered in his best style. Then he sat down, but his audience never moved. They seemed to expect something more. Finally rose in the rear of the room an old fellow who had seemed to be a most interested auditor, and said he: "Mr. Blank, that was a very good speech, but we have heard coinage and tariff and McKinley and Bryan discussed before. What we do want to know is how the Democratic party stands on the Squirrel Question!"

There is a young lady at present at the Coronado Hotel who, when she comes this way, will be a reigning queen at Del Monte and elsewhere or all signs fail. She comes from Cincinnati, where her father is a lawyer of prominence and wealth, and her name is Miss Helen Healey. She is one of the beautiful women of America, and that, too, with a beauty so out of the ordinary and so peculiar to herself that she would be marked out in the most crowded ballroom. She is young, not more than twenty, with a striking and well developed figure, showing the splendid physical results of fresh air and exercise, for this young lady is an athlete within feminine bounds, a tennis player of note, a magnificent rider, spoken of with admiration even in a land of horsewomen, a first-class field shot, a bicyclist and by all odds the best swimmer and diver of any, male or female, now at Coronado.

She is slightly over middle height, with a complexion that would drive a Beauty-Doctor to suicide, great, glowing, coal black eyes and a gorgeous crown of the most magnificent "Elphberg red" hair—not flaming or sandy, but the real Titian tint, full of lights and shadows, gleaming with hidden sunbeams and stirred by summer airs. To all this she adds that indefinable and mysterious thing called "a presence," that singles her out in a throng as though she stood on a mountain top alone; a low, clear voice and charming manners. It is no wonder, then, that every man eligible and ineligible at Coronado and San Diego is her devoted slave and humble servant, nor, perhaps, more wonder that she gently but firmly passes them all by. I prophesy that Miss Healey of Cincinnati will be the social sensation of the year in California.

B. B.

A MEETING OF THE SOUND MONEY LEAGUE IN ITS HEADQUARTERS IN THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

Flashlight photo by Towne

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

As the advent of the swallow is the precursor of spring, so the tea may be considered the harbinger of winter. It is the prelude to the more elaborate festivity of the later season, the forerunner of all gaiety. The inaugural tea for season '96 took place on Saturday afternoon, when Miss Miriam Moore invited fifty young people to meet her sister, Miss Frances Moore. Owing to the absence of all elderly people and the presence of numerous young men, the affair was exceedingly jolly. Miss Frances Moore made a delightful hostess. She is a dainty little maiden with exquisite rose-leaf coloring, and wore a pale pink silk gown, semi-concealed by the new white Pingot cloth. Another debutante tea is to be given this afternoon by Mrs. Crockett to introduce her daughter. Miss Carroll Crockett is a decidedly stylish looking girl, tall and of graceful carriage. Although not regularly beautiful she has an effective appearance, possesses excellent manners, and the self-possession that is usually accredited to the belle of twenty-three summers rather than the unsophisticated damsel of nineteen.

There are two other receptions this afternoon—a formal tea to be given by Mrs. Sam Boardman in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, and a studio tea by Miss Eva Withrow.

Miss Rose Hooper had a pink luncheon at the Occidental Hotel in honor of Miss Lizzie Carroll. The decorations were in pink roses, the menu cards, dainty conceits in forget-me-nots, tied with love knots. Eleven young people were invited, among them Miss Carroll, Misses Kip, Miss Williams, etc. Quite an elaborate luncheon was that given by Miss Aileen Goad in honor of Miss Helen Hopkins on Tuesday. Miss Goad looked lovely in her white silk bridesmaid's gown covered in tulle. Among the debutantes present I noted Miss Kate Salisbury, who wore a stunning frock. The date for the Goad-McIntosh wedding has not been set, but I am told that it is not to take place during the winter months. Of the other anticipated weddings I hear that Mr. Peter Martin expects to lead Miss McKenna to the altar early in December.

There is considerable rejoicing among the members of the Saturday Fortnightly over the success of their last meeting. The german was led by Mr. Douglas McBride and Miss Mollie Hind, the handsomest couple in the class. Miss Hind looked unusually well in a gown of soft white organdie. There are in attendance a number of older men this year, which adds in a great measure to the enjoyment. Among the army men I noticed Mr. Kilburn and Mr. Bent. The prettiest girls present were Miss Bates, Miss Blakeman in a pretty white frock with blue stock and ribbons, Miss Helen Wagner and Miss Hind. The figures were on the usual marching order.

A few seasons ago a maiden was not considered properly launched on the social sea until she had made her appearance at a Friday Night Cotillion. Owing doubtless to the innumerable debutantes introduced in the past few years, the club has to a certain extent lost this distinction. A few of the more conservative among the matrons have decided to introduce their daughters under other auspices, and the Friday Fortnightly has been chosen as the most desirable social medium. This institution, under the directorship of Mrs. Munroe Salisbury, has a membership of about one hundred and sixty, and, whereas a year ago it was merely an informal dancing class at which the young people met once a fortnight, to-day it is pre-eminently the ultra-smart club. The first meeting was held last week, and all the debutantes of the season appeared. Mr. Greenway was to have led the german with Miss Kate Salisbury, but being indisposed Mr. Wilton Lathan took his place. The figures were chiefly of the marching and ring order. Of the debutantes present Miss Florence Stone was perhaps the handsomest. Miss Jessie Hobart, too, looked very well. She has gained much during the last year. Of the younger set Miss Alma McClung was the most attractive. There are no wallflowers in the club, owing particularly to the fact that the men predominate, and also to the popularity of all the girl members.

The Concordia Club ushered in the winter season in right royal fashion. The entertainment given on Saturday night last was a pronounced success. The Calliopeans were invited en masse, and about two hundred and fifty sat down to supper. The program was excellent. There were several farces admirably produced. "The Mouse Trap," "My New Maid" and "The Three Miss Biddles," and it would be difficult as well as unwise to discriminate as to the degree of excellence. As young widows Miss Lillian Rothchild and Miss Laszynsky were bewitching. Miss Rose Adler made a fetching maid, and Miss Siessinger, Miss Alice Greenbaum and Miss Jeannie Moore as the "Three Miss Biddles," showed distinct histrionic ability. The ballroom was a really beautiful sight in its decorations of pink and green, which were charmingly arranged. The stage has been enlarged, an immense improvement, by the way, and the settings were admirably placed.

The gowning was gorgeous. Mrs. Sol Erhman was magnificently dressed in green silk; Mrs. Charlie Rosenbaum wore an effective costume of figured silk and lace; Mrs. H. S. G. Dinkelspiel looked very handsome in black satin trimmed with lace, and Mrs. Henry Ahpel was exquisite in a pink silk dress charmingly made. Of the maidens, Miss Rose Sachs, who has just returned from Europe, wore a fetching costume of pink taffeta silk; Miss Alice Greenbaum looked charming in white organdie over green silk; Miss Hilda Levy wore white organdie with yellow. Miss Adelsdorffer looked exceedingly pretty. There were a number of debutantes present. The most attractive among them were Miss Daisy Schweitzer, a tall brunette, who was stunning in a pale ice-cream tinted pink silk; Miss Mattie Ehrmann, daughter of Max Ehrmann, a dainty little blonde, was exquisitely gowned in white silk covered with Valenciennes lace. Miss Rosenberg, an unusually pretty girl, wore pink silk. Miss May Lippit, daughter of Mr. Phil Lippit, is among the tall brunettes, rather distinguished looking and wore an effective gown of figured silk. A bewitching little maiden is Miss Juliet Eppinger, daughter of H. Eppinger, who was sweetly gowned in white organdie over nile green silk.

Omens and predictions to the contrary, the initial meeting of the Deux Temps Cotillion Club was a tremendous success. The hall was crowded, but not to an uncomfortable degree, and the german, admirably engineered by Mr. Ed. Sessions and Miss Florence Selby. There were any number of the older girls present, but I heard they were there merely by invitation, not as members of the club. Among the prettiest of the maids I noted Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Belle Mhoon, who was charmingly gowned in blue silk, covered with mousseline de soie; Miss Idabelle Palmer, who made a pleasing picture in white silk, draped with pale green tulle, and Miss Coralie Selby. The figures were pretty, although no novelties were introduced, and I have rarely seen a gathering of comelier maids.

The craze for engagement cups in Oakland grows apace, though I hear that the San Francisco maidens frown upon the fad. There is quite a rivalry among the girls as to who shall receive the larger number, and they have become a sort of gauge of popularity. Thus far Miss Myra Prather has carried off the laurel. She has now seventy-nine cups. Mrs. Long (nee Requa) is second with seventy-four. Mrs. Lang (nee McKee) received sixty, and Mrs. Adams (nee Wheaton) fifty-six. Some of the cups are beautiful things. Among Mrs. Long's collection I noticed several hall-marked "Royal Sevres," "Crown Dresden," "Belique" and "Crown Derby."

The younger set, or Friday Fortnightly class, have organized a dramatic club known as the "Junior Charity." The first meeting is to take place early in December, when "A Scrap of Paper" is to be produced. Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Florence Shannon, Miss Quinan, Mr. Will Smith, Mr. Joe Rosborough and Mr. Roy MacDonald are in the cast.

Mrs. Davenport gave a big tea in Berkeley on Friday at the Ben Morgan place as a sort of announcement of her return from Denver, where she has spent the last few years. Mrs. Davenport has taken the Morgan place for the winter.

A very smart luncheon was given by Mrs. Peter E. Bowles as a farewell to her mother, Mrs. McNear, who left for the East on Monday. It was a married ladies' affair. Covers were laid for sixteen. The table decorations were particularly pretty, the damask cloth being almost completely concealed beneath a myriad of violets. Among those invited were Mrs. Goodall, Mrs. Requa, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. Watt, etc.

The "Thirteen Club" has issued invitations to a Hallowe'en festival at Miss Rawlings'. The invitations, which are printed by hand on carmine paper, bear the following words: "A welcome comes from the Thirteen to all their friends they hope to meet. In ghost attire of slip and sheet."

A jolly little affair and quite informal was given by Miss Frances Rosenstirn to a number of her classmates at Berkeley on Tuesday evening. Miss Rosenstirn was assisted in receiving by Miss Emily Rosenstirn and Miss Marjorie Irwin.

A large whist party was given last Thursday by Mrs. John S. Howard to a number of married ladies. The house was decorated throughout with palms and greens. The prize winners were Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Boreland.

A "Living Picture" entertainment is being arranged by Mrs. Bromwell, Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Babcock, to be given in the new Ebell rooms. The proceeds are to go towards paying for the Oxford caps and gowns now worn by the ladies' choir of St. Paul's Church.

There is considerable regret over the news that Mrs. Chas. Webb Howard and Miss Maud Howard have decided to spend the winter in Boston. Mr. Karl Howard will return home early in November. He has been exceedingly ill in the east, but has now completely recovered. Miss Ethel Moore, who has spent the last few months in the east, returned on Saturday.

One of the jolliest children's affairs was the party given by Mrs. F. M. Smith of Arbor Villa to the Roseleaf Club on Friday last. About a hundred young people were present, and they danced and played games until midnight. Mrs. Smith was assisted in receiving by her daughters.

MISS JESSIE COLEMAN
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR HARRY KNOWLES WAS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED
Photo by Taber

Little Sandpiper and I.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Across as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong—
The little sandpiper and I.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cts. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

THE THEATRES

Julia Marlowe-Taber in Shaksperean Characters at the Baldwin.

She appeals to the senses, but delicately and ingenuously, and so win the warm-blooded critic to write an appreciation rather than a criticism, for her pictures of limped girlhood soothe the mind and lighten the heart like a cool, clear morning in early spring: a sunny morning and serene, but touched lightly with the chilly freshness of retreating winter rather than suggesting the approach of summer's disturbing voluptuousness.

Of the four roles which Julia Marlowe has so far essayed during this engagement that of Juliet undoubtedly suits her best. In fact, up to and through the scene when her old nurse returns with a message from Romeo she is perfection itself, the very incarnation of youth and girlish love. From there on to the bitter end she lacks a trifle in depth and fire. Some one has said that "it takes two men to make a perfect lover"—it has always seemed to me that it would take two actresses (one youthful and the other mature) to make a perfect Juliet, but as a choice must be made between the two, there can be no hesitation in selecting Julia Marlowe—but I would like the play to end with the balcony scene.

Her Rosalind is charming. A tricksy boy and not a complex girl I'll admit, but bewitching for all that, though it lacks in depth and suggestion, even as her Beatrice does. As for her Romola, I believe that there is not another actress on the American stage who can fill the part so well, if for no other reason than because no one except Julia Marlowe can, to my knowledge, surround herself with such an atmosphere of purity and integrity—Romola's salient characteristics.

Her support has in most instances been fair, Anson, Roe and Mrs. Sol Smith rising more than once to very good indeed, while Robert Taber has been almost invariably satisfactory. As a matter of fact he has a wider range, and is almost, if not quite, as good an actor as Julia Marlowe herself. He has, too, a very good voice, but she is so superior physically that it is hard to realize their equality.

Some criticisms which I've heard in regard to the epilogue in "Romola" have roused feelings of distrust and amazement in me second only to those which rioted within my heart when (as achild of five years) I first saw a nest of neat white eggs gradually transformed into a nest of damp brown chickens. It has always seemed to me that the very apex of unnaturalness and falseness to woman nature was reached when George Eliot made Romola calmly and deliberately take her husband's mistress into her own home. To assist Tessa and the child was natural—for a noble or kind nature—but to deliberately arrange to live under the same roof with the woman who had shared her husband's caresses and borne him a child—impossible. No woman that was ever born of woman could do that deliberately and coldly. Only a sudden wave of pity or temporary insanity could produce such an offer. The fact that Romola had ceased to love or respect Tito would not obliterate this posthumous jealousy. She had loved him. She had loved him when unwittingly she had met this other woman's kisses on his lips and had been held in arms which were warm from this other woman's body. She had been cheated, and here was the poor tool; think you that she could ever look on the instrument of her torture without a flood of bitter memories or forgive its dull, inactive part in her disappointment, except transiently in some moment of great exaltation? No. It is just here that the play can boast one superiority to the book and gets nearer to nature's heart than it does.

In the play—while rapt clean out of herself by the execution of her friends and her god-father—Romola in a moment of exaltation, with Savaronla's death knell ringing in her ears, offers to take poor, weak Tessa under her wing. It is an impulse, and as such is natural. Such magnanimous acts are generally done thus on the spur of the moment before cold reason can get in its chilling work. Such a quixotic act would never (in life) have been born of "deliberation." Romola should have decided after thinking it over that she and Tessa were better apart. (Friends, you know—but apart). And that pecuniary assistance was the best thing she could give to her late husband's peasant wife. That she did not arrive at this conclusion has always been a severe strain on my confidence in George Eliot, and I am very grateful to the playwright for making this part of the story easier to believe by having Romola take Tessa to her heart during a moment when all petty pride and jealousy was cast out of her breast by the terrible presence of death. Mind I don't approve of the epilogue (or, indeed, any part of the play), but I do believe that it is more human and natural than the corresponding part of the book.

There is a more than usually amusing "49" play at the Columbia this week. "Tennessee's Pardner" bears sufficient resemblance to Bret Harte's story of that name to be interesting and somewhat dramatic, and the cast is quite good. It is worth fifty cents just to see Mainhall, Annie Mortimer and Jane Corcoran, while Charles B. Hawkins as "Gee Whilliker Hay," a magnificent liar, is a pearl without price and kept the house in an uproar.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Fall Styles Neckwear and Hosiery at John W. Carmany's 25 Kearny Street

DRAMATIC NOTES

"Darkest Russia" will be seen at the California Theatre, commencing November 9th. It is said to be an interesting play. The tale is told in a pleasing manner, and a bright vein of comedy runs through it.

Della Fox, accompanied by her own comic opera organization, will be the attraction to follow the Tabers at the Baldwin. Miss Fox will present her two great successes, "The Little Trooper" and "Fleur de Lis."

On his way to Australia, John Drew will play an engagement in this city, presenting "Rosemary," in which Maud Adams has made the success of her life. By the way, is not Maude Adams now as much of a star as Drew?

"The Two Little Vagabonds," lately produced in Boston by Charles Frohman, is still running in the Hub to crowded houses, and is meeting with the same kind of success in London and Paris. The play is booked for this city.

Nat C. Goodwin will give but two presentations of "The Rivals" during his engagement at the Baldwin. The remainder of the week will be devoted to his new comedy, "An American Citizen," which was given birth in Australia last week.

From present indications the third and last week of the Marlowe-Taber engagement at the Baldwin Theatre will be the most successful of the season. The sale of seats for the double bill of "Chatterton" and "Love Chase" is extremely heavy.

When Wilton Lackaye is fairly well on with his season he intends to bring out a new play called "Captain Bob," on the order of "Alabama." He will have as a curtain raiser a very strong one-act drama founded upon the death of the great Moliere.

Thanksgiving week at the Baldwin will be devoted to a limited engagement by Nat C. Goodwin, who will present for the first time in this city his conception of "The Rivals," besides which he will give us the first look at a new play entitled "An American Citizen."

Following Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber at the Baldwin, on Monday, November 9th, we are to have Della Fox, who will bring out here two comic opera hits, "The Little Trooper" and "Fleur de Lis." Miss Fox is said to have a competent organization behind her.

"Tennessee's Pardner," the charming comedy-drama that has just completed one big week's business with the opposition of election excitement, the first rain of the season, etc., begins its second week with the good wishes of all theatre goers. It is a jolly play and is presented by a capital company.

The second Hinrichs-Beel matinee orchestral concert at the Baldwin should attract a large audience. The programme is as follows: Overture, Scherzo and Finale (Schumann), and concerto (G minor) for violin (Max Bruch), by Mr. Sigmund Beel; Siegfried Idyll (Wagner), and tenor solo, aria from "Doh Giovani" (Mozart), by Senor Fernando Michelena; and ballet music from "Henry VIII" (St. Saens).

The music season in this city will be opened by the series of concerts to be given by Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler. The first of these will take place November 10th, one week from Tuesday next. After the first performance there is no doubt that the attendance will steadily increase, for such has been the experience in the eastern cities. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler is one of the greatest of pianists. She has enormous technique and a charming manner. She plays with an unusual power of expression, and is certainly as well worth hearing as Paderewski.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

An interesting programme has been prepared for the eighth public performance to be given by the Dramatic School at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, November 5th. Three new one-act plays written especially for the students will be given their initial production. Among the other pieces of the afternoon entertainment will be fancy and character dancing, and the first presentation here of "The Dummie," by Alice Yates Grant. "The Rehearsal," from the French by Emil Lestrato, "Come Here," from the German, and "A Mouse Trap," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.

Gustav Walter has brought from Australia Mlle. Amanda d'Australie, a singer of note from the Antipodes. She will make her American debut at the Orpheum next week. She has always appeared before good audiences, and this is not only her American debut, but her debut in vaudeville as well. The Quaker City Quartette will make their first appearance before a San Francisco audience. Howard and Bland will appear in their funny sketch, "The Rube and the Kid." The bill will also include Herr Grais and his trained donkey and baboon; the Three Horn Brothers; Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper; Mays and Hunter, the great banjo players, and others.

The enterprise of the Chutes' management knows no end. Not satisfied with the large list of attractions on their grounds, one of the largest skating rinks in the United States has just been completed and will be thrown open to-morrow. It was constructed at a cost of $5,000; the floor is made of Michigan maple and the skates used will be the Raymond ball-bearing, the highest priced made. Since its opening, one year ago, the Chutes has been patronized by the best class of people in the city and the skating rink has been built for the same class of custom. "Arion," the wonderful wire walker, rides his bicycle over a live trolley wire, sixty feet above the lake, every evening and Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

The Difference.

When I was younge I saw a Shadowe farre,
And hated him and bade him then bee gone;
For life flowed waveless to its farthest barre,
And alle the lighte was beauty-flushed as dawn,
When I was younge.

When I grow olde the Shadowe nearer seemed,
Nor loomed soe fearful as hee loomed of yore;
And, tired of life that seemed a vision dreamed,
I beckoned where I shunned his sighte before,
When I grow olde.

—Will T. Hale in Nashville American.

What Good are Tears?

If only tears our ills could heal,
If he who wept, no pain could feel,
We would not barter tears for gold;
But grief hath no eyes to behold
Our tears, nor cares for them a jot;
And, whether we do weep or not,
Her selfsame path she will pursue.
What good therefore can weeping do?
No good; but tears from sorrow flow
As fruit upon a tree doth grow.

—From "Songs From the Greek," translated by Jane Minot Sedgwick.

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Lott D. Norton, candidate for City Surveyor on the Republican ticket, is a worthy and capable gentleman, and would make an admirable City and County Surveyor. For twenty-nine years he has followed the occupation of civil engineer, and although he has never held a public office he has been entrusted with the task of plotting and laying out nearly all of the towns in the great San Joaquin Valley. In a growing city like San Francisco, where grades in the outlying districts are at yet unestablished, and where new territory is being brought within our municipal sewer system, it is necessary that our city engineer should be something more than a mere civil engineer. He should have a practical knowledge of the laying out of towns and cities, the establishing of grades, and many other qualifications not ordinarily within the knowledge of the civil engineer. The matter of sewers is one of the highest importance, and the health of the entire community is to a great extent affected harmfully or beneficially by the sanitary condition of its sewer system. Mr. Norton has had a wide experience in this character of work, and that, too, in communities where the sewer problem was a most difficult one to solve. Mr. Norton was born in Indiana. He came to California in 1852, and has held various positions of trust, always with satisfaction to his employer.

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CHATTERTON and THE LOVE CHASE

Tuesday, **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**

Wednesday, **AS YOU LIKE IT**

Friday Night and Saturday Matinee, **ROMEO AND JULIET**

Saturday, **TWELFTH NIGHT**

Monday, November 9th, Della Fox in The Little Trooper

Columbia Theatre.

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Mays & Hunter, 3 Horn Bros., Nelson, Glinsereti & Demoni, Herr Grais, Detroit Bros. Clayton, Jenkins & Jasper

Reserved seats 25c; balcony 10c; box seats and opera chairs 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday

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"SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"

J. M. Barrie's Story of a Thrums Urchin in London Town.

"The celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair, and he was in sexless garments, which were all he had, and he was five, and so though we are looking at him, we must do it sideways, lest he sit down hurriedly to hide them."

That is our introduction to "Sentimental Tommy" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers) Mr. Barrie's new bairn, as they say in Thrums, for although we find him in a London slum, he is a sure-enough Thrummy, ready to defend the home of his forbears at whatever cost of imagination against envious companions like these:

Shovel, a man of seven, had said, "None on your lip. You weren't never at Thrums yourself."

Tommy's reply was, "Ain't my mother a Thrums woman?"

Shovel, who had but one eye, and that bloodshot, fixed it on him threateningly.

"The Thames is in London," he said.

"'Cos they wouldn't not have it in Thrums," replied Tommy.

"'Amstead 'Eath 's in London, I tell yer," Shovel said.

"The cemetery is in Thrums," Tommy said.

"There ain't no queens in Thrums, anyhow."

"There's the auld licht minister."

"Well, then, if you just seed Trafalgar Square!"

"If you just seed the Thrums townhouse!"

"St. Paul's ain't in Thrums."

"It would like to be."

After reflecting, Shovel said in desperation, "Well, then, my father was once at a hanging."

Tommy replied instantly, "It were my father what was hanged."

This is not a book for boys. The humor is too fine, the pathos too tender, to be understood by the immature. As one may easily gather, Tommy, even at the age of five, was a young person of large imagination, a born story-teller, and an admirable liar. There is nothing in the book much better than the story of the impression made by Tommy on the "magnificent lady such as you see in waxworks," whom he so grossly imposed on at the banquet given by the excellent Society for the Reformation of Young Criminals. Into this symposium Tommy and his friend Shovel managed to beat their way under false pretenses, having purchased a ticket for four pence from one who had rightful claims on the society. It was explained to them by the vendor of the ticket that in order to maintain the comedy they must be prepared to recite the catalogue of their misdeeds, and dwell on their repentance. Now this is how they fixed it:

"But what was we copped for Tommy?" entreated humble Shovel.

Tommy asked him if he knew what a butler was, and Shovel remembered, confusedly, that there had been a portrait of a butler in his father's news sheet.

"Well, then," said Tommy, inspired by this same source, "there's a room the butler has, and it is a pantry, so you and me crawled through the winder and we opened the door to the gang. You and me was copped. They catched you below the table and me stabbing the butler."

"It was me what stabbed the butler," Shovel interposed, jealously.

"How could you do it, Shovel?"

"With a knife, I tell yer!"

"Why, you didn't have no knife," said Tommy, impatiently.

This crushed Shovel, but he growled sulkily:

"Well, I bit him in the leg."

"Not you," said selfish Tommy. "You forgets about repenting, and if I let yer bite him, you would brag about it. It's safer without, Shovel."

Perhaps it was. "How long did I get in quod, then, Tommy?"

"Fourteen days."

"So did you," Shovel said, with quick anxiety.

"I got a month," replied Tommy, firmly.

Shovel roared a word that would never have admitted him to the hall. Then, "I'm as game as you, and gamer," he whined.

"But I'm better at repenting. I tell yer, I'll cry when I'm repenting." Tommy's face lit up, and Shovel could not help saying, with a curious look at it:

"You—you ain't like any other cove I knows," to which Tommy replied, also in an awestruck voice:

"I'm so queer, Shovel, that when I thinks 'bout myself I'm — I'm sometimes near feared."

"What makes your face for to shine like that. Is it thinking about the blowout?"

No, it was hardly that, but Tommy could not tell what it was. He and the saying about art for art's sake were in the streets that night, looking for each other.

The manner of the spell which the wicked Tommy laid on the great lady who "looked like waxworks" is thus told:

"Charming!" chirped the lady, and down pleasant-smelling aisles she led him, pausing to drop an observation about Tommy to a clergyman: "So glad I came; I have discovered the most delightful little monster called Tommy." The clergyman looked after her half in sadness, half sarcastically; he was thinking that he had discovered a monster also.

At present the body of the hall was empty, but its sides were lively with gorging boys, among whom ladies moved, carrying platefuls of good things. Most of them were sweet women, fighting bravely for these boys, and not at all like Shovel's patroness, who had come for a sensation. Tommy falling into her hands, she got it.

Tommy, who had a corner to himself, was lolling in it like a little king, and he not only ordered roast beef for the awestruck Shovel, but sent the lady back for salt. Then he whispered, exultantly: "Quick, Shovel, fell my pocket" (it bulged with two oranges) "now the inside pocket" (plum duff), "now my waistcoat pocket" (threepence); "look in my mouth" (chocolates).

When Shovel found speech he began, excitedly: "I love my dear father and my dear——"

"Gach!" said Tommy, interrupting him contemptuously. "Repenting ain't no go, Shovel. Look at them other coves; none of them has got no money, nor full pockets, and I tell you it's 'cos they has repented."

"Gar on!"

"It's true, I tells you. That lady as is my one, she's called her ladyship, and she don't care a cuss for boys as has repented," which of course was a libel, her ladyship being celebrated wherever paragraphs penetrate for having knitted a pair of stockings for the deserving poor.

"When I saw that," Tommy continued, brazenly, "I bragged 'stead of repenting, and the wuss I says I am, she jest says, 'You little monster,' and gives me another orange."

"Then I'm done for," Shovel moaned, "for I rolled off that 'bout loving my dear father and my dear mother, blast 'em, soon as I seen her."

He need not let that depress him. Tommy had told her he would say it, but that it was all flam.

Shovel thought that the ideal arrangement would be for him to eat and leave the torking to Tommy. Tommy nodded. "I'm full, at any rate," he said, struggling with his waistcoat. "Oh, Shovel, I am full!"

Her ladyship returned, and the boys held by their contract, but of the dark character Tommy seems to have been, let not these pages bear the record. Do you wonder that her ladyship believed him? On this point we must fight for our Tommy. You would have believed him. Even Shovel, who knew, between the bites, that it was all whoppers, listened as to his father reading aloud. This was because another boy present half believed it for the moment also. When he described the eerie darkness of the butler's pantry, he shivered involuntarily, and he shut his eyes once—ugh!—that was because he saw the blood spouting out of the butler. He was turning up his trousers to show the mark of the butler's boot on his leg when the lady was called away, and then Shovel shook him, saying: "Darn yer, doesn't yer know as it's all your eye?" which brought Tommy to his senses with a jerk.

"Sure's death, Shovel," he whispered, in awe, "I was thinking I done it, every bit."

The exercises of the evening concluded with religious services, and it is painful to relate that Tommy spoiled the occasion by praying aloud, offensively and abusively, for the repentance of his patroness: "And, oh, the worst sinner is her ladyship, her setting there so brazen in a black frock with yellow stripes, and the worse I said I were the better pleased were she. Oh, make her think shame for tempting a poor boy." Therefore, Tommy was cast forth into outer darkness.

Of course they all get back to Thrums in time, and we are told of the wonderful schools of that famous town. One of these was taught by Miss Ailie Cray.

Last comes the Hanky School, which was for the genteel and for the common who contemplated soaring. You were not admitted to it in corduroys or barefooted, nor did you pay weekly; no, your father called four times a year with the money in an envelope. He was shown into the blue-and-white room, and there, after business had been transacted, very nervously on Miss Ailie's part, she offered him his choice between ginger wine and what she falteringly called wh-wh-whiskey. He partook in the polite national manner, which is thus:

"You will take something, Mr. Cortachy?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am."

"A little ginger wine?"

"It agrees ill with me."

"Then a little wh-wh-whiskey?"

"You are ower kind."

"Then may I?"

"I am not heeding."

"Perhaps, though, you don't take?"

"I can take it or want it."

"Is that enough?"

"It will do perfectly."

"Shall I fill it up?"

"As you please, ma'am."

We are told of Miss Cray's patient labors to improve herself:

A Professor of Memory had appeared at the Muckley, and Miss Ailie admits having given him half-a-crown to explain his system to her. But when he was gone she could not remember whether you multiplied everything by ten before dividing by five and subtracting a hundred, or began by dividing and doing something underhand with the cube root. Then Mr. Dishart, who had a microscope, wanted his boy to be taught science, and several experiments were described at length in the book, one of them dealing with a penny, H, and a piston, X Y, and you do things to the piston, "and then the penny comes to the surface." "But it never does," Miss Ailie wrote sorrowfully; perhaps she was glad when Master Dishart was sent to another school.

So much for the humor of the book, but under it all there is a sorrowful story. The laughter and the tears are very close together. It was Sidney Smith who said that a surgical operation was required to introduce a joke into a Scotchman's skull. They had no idea of wit, but they had a sort of substitute which they described as wut. That old-fashioned fleer has had its wind knocked out, for it is true that the best work in a humorous way is to-day being done by the Scotchmen.

J. R. B.

LITERARY NOTES

One does not need youth to appreciate "St. Nicholas." The November number is full of good features. One of the most interesting is a story by George Kennan, who in 1867 was a superintendent of division on the Russian-American telegraph line. This enterprise was intended to connect America with Europe via Behring Straits, and was conceived with the idea that the Atlantic cable scheme was impracticable. Mr. Kennan tells graphically of the difficulties and dangers of the great undertaking, and then describes the arrival of a whaler two years out and which has on board pictures and papers telling of the successful laying of the cable and the complete success of Professor Morse's great enterprise. Apropos of the same event Mrs. Parker describes the great race between the Western Union and the Overland Company, with the victory of the former.

A "Primer of College Football," by W. H. Lewis, the famous mulatto center of the Harvard eleven, is a timely publication dealing with the technicalities of the game—more from the point of view of the aspirants for positions than from that of the spectator. The reader must know something—even if a very little—of the sport before he can appreciate Mr. Lewis' treatise. It will be easy reading for every college man beyond doubt. Hardly more than essentials are treated of in the primer, but these are handled in a most thorough and scientific fashion. The book is divided into chapters on "Fundamentals," "Position Play," "Team Work," "Offense" and "Defense," with a supplementary chapter on moral, mental and physical training. Mr. Lewis advances some new and very interesting theories as to position in blocking, the body form of a half-back and the work of the captain. The book is provided with diagrams and with admirable instantaneous photographs of plays in which Mr. Lewis himself figures.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"My Lady's Heart," by Ellis Markoe. Roberts Bros., publishers.

"The Metropolitans," by Jeanie Drake. The Century Co., publishers.

"The Duchess of Powysland," by Grant Allen. The United States Book Co., publishers.

"Out of the Woods," by Geo. P. Fisher Jr. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers.

"Dartmoor," by Maurice H. Hervey. F. A. Stokes Co., publishers.

"A Faithful Traitor," by Effie Adelaide Nowlands. The J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.

"The Truth Tellers," by John Strange Winter. J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.

"A Marriage by Capture." J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.

"A Master of Fortune," by Julian Sturgis. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers.

"The Intriguers," by John D. Barry. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

"Amyas Egerton, Cavalier," by Maurice H. Hervey. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"Aspects of Fiction," by Brander Matthews. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"Abraham Lincoln," a poem, by Lyman Whitney Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

"The Idol Maker," by Adeline Sergeant. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

"Denounced," by J. Bloundelle-Burton. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

"Poems," by Emily Dickinson. Roberts Bros., publishers.

"With My Neighbors," by Margaret E. Sangster. Harper & Bros., publishers.

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59—Judge of the Superior Court.....AUSTIN A. SANDERSON
66—Judge of the Police Court.....CHARLES T. CONLAN
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79—Judge of the Police Court.....G. A. PROCTOR
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258—School Director.....DR. WILLIAM H. SIEBERST
264—School Director.....SAMUEL L. WALLER
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284—Superintendent of Schools, Unexpired Term.....JAMES H. SIMMONS
291—School Director, Unexpired Term..DR. P. J. CONRAN
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THE WEEK'S RACING

The Opening Races of the California Jockey Club.

That the San Francisco public has lost none of its interest in the "Sport of Kings" could readily be seen in the immense crowd that thronged to the new track in Oakland last Saturday. The card was a good one, and though the weather was perhaps a bit chilly for good racing, nevertheless the seven thousand spectators seemed well pleased with the result, three favorites, two well played second choices and one rank outsider winning in their events.

The first race went to Mount McGregor, with Jones up. The start was good, but McGregor won easily. Mount McGregor is a Burns & Waterhouse horse, of splendid ability, and it will take an unusually good race horse to beat him.

Jockey Jones made a record for himself in this first day of the races. He won the first race with McGregor, the second with La Fleche and the third with Alma. Alma is another member of the Burns & Waterhouse stable.

The Inaugural handicap proved the event of the afternoon, since it was not only won after a hard drive, but by a rank outsider, Thelma, in a wonderfully close finish. As the horses wired Thelma was but a head in front of Torsina, she a head in front of Chartreuse, and she but a head to the good of Rosebud. Ceasarian, a new horse, was played heavily to win, but finished last. It was his first appearance on the coast. The winner is owned by Naglee Burke and was ridden by the little jockey, Brown. That Thelma should have won the Inaugural against such horses as Torsina and Chartreuse was no little shock for the form followers. Thelma never but once in her whole racing career won two races in succession. She is, however, a high class mare, and that she won the Inaugural is but an instance of an old race horse regaining the form shown as a three-year-old. Such a horse is liable to be erratic. She is just as apt to be distanced in her very next race as she is to win it with ease.

Burns & Waterhouse and Jockey Jones were again fortunate in the fifth race. Joe Terry won from a good start after a hard drive, but had Piggott ridden Little Cripple for what was in him the result might have been different.

Little Butler by a good piece of jockeying landed Ensino first in the sixth race, winning by a short lead from Sea Spray. Sea Spray, however, was coming very fast and would have won at a little longer distance. Butler rode two strong finishes, one on Ensino and the other on Peter II.

The second day's races were not so successful on account of the rain, which kept the public away and prevented good fields.

Midlight, Cody up, was a favorite in the first race and won hands down from a good start.

In the second race one of Charles Fair's cracks carried off the honors, Piggott up. Una Colorado showed admirable form and won handily from a good field. He is a very promising horse, and if he can be kept at his present form should add many a bracket to his name.

In the third and fourth races Alma and McGregor again wired first. Coda, of the same stable as Thelma, also won her race at long odds, beating Joe Terry, who sold at the short odds of 1 to 5.

Warm favorites won the first two races of the third day's sport, Hermanipa and Tea Rose respectively.

Tea Rose (George Rose, owner) is one of the best two-year-olds yet developed, a light bay filly of wonderful form.

The fourth race, a handicap, of seven-eighths of a mile, was contested but by four starters. Butler rode Peter II superbly and won driving. Burns & Waterhouse have a remarkably fine string of horses, with McGregor at their head. Jones is their jockey. He is one of the best on the coast. Out of twelve races he has won six.

Letter from a young lady to her cousin—"We is all well; and mother's got the his Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh; and sister Ann has got a babee; and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your aphectionate kuzzen."

Hotel St. Nicholas. corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

THE WEEK'S FOOTBALL

Stanford - Reliance — A Spectacular Game Full of Ragged Playing.

The Stanford and Reliance elevens lined up against each other last Saturday in a game that was fast and full of spectacular changes for the grand stand but that was in other respects ragged, full of inexcusable errors and far below the standard of what should constitute good football.

The playing was hard in both halves. The guards and tackles on both teams were aggressive, and there was more than one instance of a blocked kick. From the bleachers a game of this sort looks like good football. But Stanford and Reliance have much to learn before they can expect to show championship form.

Last Saturday's game, on the part of both elevens, was what in football language is called "ragged." The gains that were made were oftentimes the result of a happy chance that favored the runner, rather than the consequence of good interference and team play. The punting was wretched — neither Cleamans for Stanford nor Arlett for Reliance seemed to be able to send even a fairly good drive down the field. Oftentimes the punt was so high that the forwards of the punting side were able to secure the ball after a fumble by their antagonists. Fickert (l. g.) of Stanford, by his slowness, lost an admirable chance for a repetition of Lamar's famous run on just such a play. At the close of the first half, with the ball in Reliance territory, Cleamans punted high to Arlett, Fickert broke through and was down the field even ahead of the ends, and close upon Arlett as the latter prepared to catch. Arlett fumbled and the ball bounced off directly into Fickert's hands, who was coming down the field upon the run. Instead of continuing toward the goal with the ball Fickert paused for an instant totally unprepared and at a loss what to do. It was only an instant's hesitation, but long enough, however, for him to be downed where he stood.

Reliance plays a more open game than does Olympic. Their policy of punting whenever an opportunity presents itself, and their preference for running the ends instead of bucking the centre, are highly commendable. It is a pity that they cannot carry out their intentions with better success. Walton (l.h.) is a good running half, and is worthy of better interference. He never attempts to straight-arm a tackler, however, and it does not seem hard to stop him.

Next to Walton, Oliver (l. g.) is probably the strongest player of the maroon and white. Saturday he played his position well and soon tired out James, who was up against him. Oliver plays foul, however, at times, and all through the first half was slugging James whenever chance afforded. Oliver is an admirable man in the interference, and more than once succeeded in making gains for his side by dragging the runner along with him, even after the tackle.

But Reliance does not play well together. Indeed, up to date, California is the only team that at all excels in this essential element of good football. The Reliance line is weak. Strong as they are on the offensive, neither Oliver, Burnett nor Wells can be depended upon to block for a kick nor even to hold their opponents while the ball is being passed. In this matter of passing and snapping both Reliance and Stanford are deplorably slow. It was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Butterworth and his constant reprimands that Saturday's game was not even slower than it was.

Jeffs, Stanford's left end, is probably one of the most promising ends on the coast to-day. His tackling all through Saturday's game was the prettiest exhibition of individual football work that has been seen this season. He is apt, however, to play too far out from his tackle. Eight or ten feet from tackle is the greatest distance allowable, but very often in Saturday's game Jeffs took fully fifteen feet, and in consequence was often cut out of the play. Jeffs is very apt to run behind his own line in a defensive game, which is hazardous in the extreme. More than once Nahl might have taken advantage of this practice of his, and have given the signal for a double pass with results that would have been disastrous for Stanford. It is surprising that none of the captains have used the double pass so far. With unsteady teams early in the season it is almost sure of success.

Notwithstanding California's good showing against Olympic, and the small score which Stanford made against Reliance, I am inclined to believe that there is little difference in the college teams to-day. The best that can be said of California is that she played a steady game against the red and white. But it must be remembered that Reliance won from California a few weeks ago, while Stanford has yet to be even scored against in a match game with her 'varsity players in line.

From all indications the Olympic-Stanford game this afternoon should be very close. Stanford will probably win by a small score (for I look for a vast improvement on the part of Stanford in form and team work this week). It is hardly possible that Olympic will score, but if such should be the case, it will be the result of Olympic's short, heavy rushes on the Stanford tackles and guards.

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Imported Sea Salt for Bathing
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

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ALL GROCERS KEEP IT

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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WARNING

To Supporters of

Bryan and Silver!

Avoid the Mistake of Voting for the Electors headed

"National Democratic Party Electors"

The name of one Clay W. Taylor appears in this group. These electors represent BOLTING DEMOCRATS, who are for the SINGLE GOLD STANDARD and AGAINST SILVER, and a vote for this movement is in effect a vote for McKINLEY.

Vote for either of these groups, BUT NOT FOR BOTH:

Democrat Electors:	People's Party Elctrs:
1—J. W. Martin.	19—J. V. Webster.
2—Jo Hamilton.	20—Daniel McKay.
3—S. I. Allard.	21—J. W. Martin.
4—C. W. Thresher.	22—S. I. Allard.
5—William Craig.	23—Jo. Hamilton.
6—D. T. Fowler.	24—D. T. Fowler.
7—M. R. Merritt.	25—William Craig.
8—J. V. Webster.	26—M. R. Merritt.
9—Daniel McKay.	27—C. W. Thresher.

These Electors are the SAME individuals, and are the ONLY BRYAN Electors.

Vote for these Electors but ONCE, under ONE party heading ONLY.

Owing to a change in the law, your are required to stamp opposite EACH of the NINE Electors voted for.

CONGRESSIONAL UNION NOMINEES:

1st District.....F. A. Cutler
2d District.....Marion De Vries
3d District..Warren B. English
No. 67—4th District..James G. Maguire
S. F. No. 68—5th District.....A. B. Kinne
6th District.....C. A. Barlow
7th District.....C. H. Castle

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OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST.

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE

Democratic and Republican Nominees for Supervisors.

There is opportunity in the material the several conventions have presented to us to exercise considerable judgment in selecting Supervisors. There are good men on all the tickets. For the most part they are out fighting for votes, striving for endorsements which they receive or do not obtain according to the measure of their popularity. The portraits of the Democratic candidates appear on another page. Those who are skilled in physiognomy may learn much from scanning their features. Otherwise they are presentable and sightly looking gentlemen who will make excellent city fathers and help Mr. Phelan to run the city to the best advantage. From the First ward there is Laurence Devany, of Devaney, Hopkins & Co., the well-known bicycle firm, a first rate business man, who has the Non-partisan nomination as well as that of the Democracy. He is sure to represent the city honorably and will make, if elected, a clean record. In the Second ward we have T. H. Haskins, of the firm of Leege & Haskins, a Native Son. P. M. Delaney, who has so long been identified with the firm of J. J. O'Brien & Co., aspires to represent the Third ward. He is identified with the party, is a well-known member of the National Guard and enjoys the confidence of his business associates and the admiration of his friends. In the Fourth ward we find Mr. John H. Sheehan, a great Y. M. I. man and a tailor by occupation.

We come now to Dr. Washington Dodge, whom the Democrats have nominated in the Fifth. He is a leading physician, and a first-class man of undoubted standing and real prestige in his profession. He is a man of family, a property-owner, and the Non-Partisan Convention complimented him with its endorsement. The community wants men of his type in its service and he should be elected. In the Sixth ward we have Mr. John Wolf of 1100 Taylor street, head of the wholesale liquor firm of Wolf, Wreden & Co., 412 Front street. He is a man of considerable commercial standing and excellent character, and has the backing, not only of the merchant class, but also of the numerous fraternal organizations to which he belongs. He is a property owner and may be depended on to look with a favorable eye on improvements. Another physician, Dr. Rottanzi, aspires to represent the city from the Seventh ward. He is young, bright, active and popular, a Native Son, and stands a good chance of election. His friends are numerous and zealous and he will make, if chosen, a first-rate Supervisor to attend to the business of the office in a thoroughly businesslike manner.

Mr. Frank Conklin, who desires to represent the Eighth ward, is the head of Conklin Bros., of the Pacific Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, and has the reputation of being a very competent and successful business man. He enjoys the reputation of being honest and upright, and will, if elected, discharge the duties of the office with fidelity. In the Ninth ward there is James E. Britt, a plumber and gasfitter, in business on Ninth street. In the Tenth ward Charles Gildea is the Democratic candidate. Mr. Gildea has been tried and found true to his party. He is an old-time Democrat and has an excellent character. A strong fight is being made for him by his friends and associates. From the Eleventh ward Dr. Clinton should be elected. He served with credit on the Board of Health, and for four years past has been a member of the School Board. He is an honest, zealous and intelligent official who will, if elected, discharge honorably the duties of the place. In the Twelfth ward Mr. Thomas W. Rivers aspires to represent the city. He has a big grocery business out Hayes Valley way, and enjoys among his friends and neighbors the reputation of being a clear-headed and conscientious business man, who has been successful along honorable lines. He is an old-time Democrat, is a member of many fraternal organizations, and will make a systematic official if the people want him in office.

The Republican Supervisors nominated by the Curry-Crimmins wing of the party are making as strong a fight for public recognition as their rivals. In the dozen are some good men who will doubtless receive the reward of virtue and aspiration by winning in this appeal to the suffrage of the people on Tuesday next. To commence with, in the First ward there is John Hayes, a special policeman in the Harbor Commission service, of Irish descent and possessed of a considerable following. He lives on Montgomery and Pacific streets. We have D. M. Wessenberg in the Second. He is a druggist at 709 Filbert street and it looks as though he had a good show to beat Mr. Haskins. He knows all about North Beach, having lived there many years, has a deep interest in improvements, and seems to be wanted by the residents of the environment. John L. Hanly, the Third ward nominee, resides in a sailor lodging house at 30 Clay street, and his occupation is that of a weigher at the Capitol Flour Mills. In the Fourth ward there is John Steffens, a grocer on the corner of Polk and Pacific streets. Mr. Steffens seems to have many friends in this district, and certainly enjoys the respect of his neighbors. He is a capable, intelligent man, and his chances of election are excellent.

Thomas J. Walkington is the candidate for the Fifth ward. He is a member of the Produce Exchange, is wealthy and very popular. He is an excellent business man, has a large acquaintance and enjoys a first-class reputation and would make a competent Supervisor. He, too, seems to have a good chance of success. John Lackman has both the Republican and Non-partisan nominations for the Sixth ward. He is German by birth, but an American by adoption and a grocer by occupation. He has the friendship of ex-Mayor Ellert, who guarantees his probity. James H. Daly, nominee in the Seventh ward, is an ex-member of the Legislature and made there a good record. He has a saloon at 122 Second street.

In the Eighth ward Thomas Morton, a first-class man, has come forward as a candidate. He is in the coal business and enjoys an honorable reputation. The Citizens' Independent Convention have endorsed Mr. Morton's candidacy. In the Ninth ward we have R. J. Heilman, a soap manufacturer at 708 Brannan street, who seems a worthy and deserving man. Edward J. Smith of the Tenth ward is the proprietor of the Folsom-street Pharmacy and of Smith's Pharmacy, 21 Powell street. He has been very successful in business, has worked his own way up, and he belongs to innumerable social and fraternal organizations. Mr. Smith has many excellent endorsements. C. M. Depew, who is the candidate in the Eleventh ward, is a business man of good standing and bears a first-rate reputation. He is president of the C. M. Depew Planing Mills Company, has resided in the Mission these many years, and if elected cannot fail to prove an excellent administrator. He has been successful in his own line of exertion and can be depended on to serve the city faithfully. In the Twelfth ward the candidate is Edward Aigeltinger, a German by birth and by occupation a coal dealer at 1722 Ellis street. He is a man of good standing in his neighborhood and enjoys the confidence of his associates. The Coal Dealers' Association has endorsed him and he is making a strong fight.

There is the selection. The physiognomies of these gentlemen adorn another page, where they may be inspected at leisure.

T. G. PARKER

An excellent nomination is that of Mr. T. G. Parker, who is a candidate in the Twelfth ward. He is especially identified with the Richmond District, having been president for many years of the Point Lobos Improvement Club and subsequently of the Confederation of Improvement Clubs. It was through his efforts that the Richmond District was sewered and graded and way made for the splendid railroad system which the outside lands now enjoy. Mr. Parker has been a resident of San Francisco for the past twenty-five years, is a man of family and a property owner. He is also a Mason of high rank, a member of the Workmen and of the Knights of Honor. He has strong support, and only went into this fight at the earnest solicitation of his friends and associates on the general improvement clubs, who regard him as a man well acquainted with the requirements of the city. If elected Mr. Parker cannot fail to prove an acquisition to the Board, and will certainly make an honorable public servant. He has the backing of the right class of people and has made one of the best campaigns of the election.

D. L. FARNSWORTH

Of the several candidates for Superintendent of Streets which the conventions have presented the best is D. L. Farnsworth, a competent and respectable business man, who enjoys the respect of the mercantile community and will certainly prove a first-rate administrator if the public has sense enough to elect him instead of Mr. Ambrose. The streets need attention—we all know that—and there is no denying the competence of Mr. Farnsworth. He is a member of the big draying firm of Farnsworth & Ruggles, came here in '58, and ever since has followed that line, with what success is well known. He has repeatedly shown himself capable of handling large affairs, and would make a first-rate Superintendent of Streets.

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"The Overland Limited," via Union Pacific, takes only three and a half days to Chicago, and only four and a half days to New York.

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Citizens' Non-Partisan Party

MUNICIPAL TICKET

Voting No. 6--FOR MAYOR

JAMES D. PHELAN

Voting No.
9—Auditor, WILLIAM BRODERICK.
15—Tax Collector, JAMES N. BLOCK.
24—Treasurer, AUGUSTUS C. WIDBER.
28—Attorney and Counselor, HARRY T. CRESWELL.
34—Surveyor, LOTT D. NORTON.
42—Superintendent of Public Streets, Highways and Squares, GEORGE P. WETMORE.

JUDGES OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
45—RHODES BORDEN.
51—JOHN F. FINN.
52—J. C. B. HEBBARD.
53—JOHN HUNT.

JUDGES OF THE POLICE COURT.
66—CHARLES T. CONLAN.
74—HENRY L. JOACHIMSEN.
76—CHARLES A. LOW.
79—G. A. PROCTOR.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
89—J. E. BARRY.
99—FRANK H. KERRIGAN.
101—ORRIN K. McMURRAY.
102—JOHN O'GARA.
105—WILLIAM E. WHITE.

SUPERVISORS.
111—First Ward, LAWRENCE DEVANY.
124—Second Ward, CHARLES ZEILE.
129—Third Ward, JOHN L. HANLY.
132—Fourth Ward, WILLIAM H. PHELPS.
138—Fifth Ward, WASHINGTON DODGE.
145—Sixth Ward, JOHN LACKMANN.
155—Seventh Ward, PETER VAN PELT.
162—Eighth Ward, COLIN M. SMITH.
168—Ninth Ward, ALBERT HEYER.
174—Tenth Ward, LUCIUS H. FOOTE.
185—Eleventh Ward, I. J. TRUMAN.
188—Twelfth Ward, W. J. BIGGY.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.
200—CHARLES L. BARRINGTON
209—THOMAS R. CAREW.
216—H. L. CURTIS.
224—EDWARD J. GALLAGHER.
226—JAMES L. HALSTED.
232—H. C. HENDERSON.
237—GEORGE A. KOHN.
239—GEORGE H. LENT.
241—C. H. MADDOX.
244—ANDREW McELROY.
260—JOSEPH H. SOPER.
264—SAMUEL L. WALLER.
281—Treasurer, Unexpired Term, ending January 4, 1897, AUGUSTUS C. WIDBER.
286—Superintendent of Public Schools, Unexpired Term, ending January 6, 1899, REGINALD H. WEBSTER.
292—Unexpired Term, ending January 4, 1897, THOMAS R. KNOX.
295—Unexpired Term, ending January 4, 1897, JOSEPH H. SOPER.

GENERAL TICKET.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

STATE SENATORS.
71—17th District, SAMUEL BRAUNHART.
74—19th District, CALVIN EWING.
72—21st District, HUGO K. ASHER.
75—23d District, M. J. WELCH JR.
73—25th District, JOHN FAY.

MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY.
81—28th District, EUGENE F. LACY.
78—29th DISTRICT, JOHN ALLEN.
[illegible]—30th District, EUGENE J. HANNON.
77—31st District, JAMES P. BRADY.
[illegible]—32d District, JOHN POWER.
76—33d District, GEORGE B. GODFREY.
72—34th District, P. D. CODE JR.
75—35th District, JOSEPH W. McTIGUE.
[illegible]—36th District, ———
80—37th District, W. L. WILLIAMSON.
79—38th District, D. J. O'BRIEN.
78—39th District, JOHN R. GLASSFORD.
72—40th District, SIGMUND M. BETTMAN.
73—41st District, B. FEHNEMANN.
72—42d District, LORENZO A. HENRY.
43d District.
77—44th District, JAMES F. MARTINOLI
78—45th District, WILLIAM H. GATELY

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparlleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

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Initial Trip Nov. **7**

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Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 53
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied September 7, 1896
Delinquent in office, October 12, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Nov. 2, 1896

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco

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San Francisco, Oct. 21, 1896.

To the Public:

The undersigned members of the bar of San Francisco hereby vouch for MR. FRANK H. DUNNE, a candidate for the office of Judge of the Superior Court, as a man of unquestioned integrity, a lawyer of ability, and as one thoroughly qualified to discharge the duties of the office in a satisfactory manner.

W. W. Foote	T. I. Bergin
Geo. A. Knight	T. C. Coogan
Philip G. Galpin	Patrick Reddy
A. H. Loughborough	D. M. Delmas
Garrett McEnerney	A. Comte, Jr.
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. . FOR . .

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CORD H. WETJEN

REGULAR

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

There had been a surgical operation in the house, and after the doctor had gone the mistress of the establishment picked up an uncanny-looking thing, which, of course, could be nothing but some surgical instrument of torture. She carefully cleaned the polished steel with a solution of carbolic acid and water, then rubbed it dry with a flannel cloth, wrapped it up, and sent a servant with it to the doctor. With it she sent this note: "Dear Doctor—When you were at the house yesterday you were so unfortunate as to mislay one of your surgical instruments. I have taken good care of it, and return it by the messenger. I am very truly," etc. Before long the messenger came back with the same parcel, a little rumpled by opening, and with it brought this note from the doctor: "Dear Mrs. X.—I thank you for your thoughtfulness, but there is evidently a mistake somewhere. The instrument does not belong to me. I would suggest that you ask your son about it. Very truly yours," etc. Full of astonishment, the lady went to her sixteen-year-old son. "Do you know what this is?" she asked. "Why, yes! That's the pump that I fill my pneumatic tires with!" he said.

The train was about to leave the Third street station; two gentlemen, well known, clearly of the Jewish race, stood upon the platform. Evidently, too, one of them was well known in the neighborhood, for the officials touched their caps to him. "You seem much respected here," said the older man. "Yes," was the reply; "they all know me here. Conductor! Let me see. I haven't given you anything this year—have I?" "No, sir," said the official. "Well"—fumbling in his pocket—"here you are." And the generous Semite produced twenty-five cents and contemplated it. "Look here, conductor," he added thoughtfully, "you will get us a shady seat sure?" "Yes, sir," said the conductor, taking the coin. And he did. The train was moving out of the station, and the conductor's benefactor put his head out of the window. "Conductor," said he, "just get me a "Wave" or "Bulletin" and a "Puck!" The conductor ran after the train with the newspaper. "Thank you!" said the worthy traveler; and, falling back into his seat, he added to his fellow-passenger, "That's good, Samuel; I've saved two bits to-day already!"

In these piping times of politics the husband sometimes finds himself belated, and in such case there is a wife to be reckoned with. This time it was a farmer, and his wife came to the door to meet him. "Did ye have a purty excitin' time?" she asked. "Tremendous!" he answered. "I s'pose ye've got everything settled?" "No. Ter tell the truth, everything's jest ez much in doubt ez ever." "Well, I s'pose 't's yer own lookout; but I must say I kinder hate ter see ye wastin' so much good energy!" "How d'ye mean?" "Pigs is gotter be fed an' wood's got to be chopped, politics er no politics. I don't want ye to neglect yer country when they's anything that re'ly calls fur yer; but I hope ye will bear in mind that every time ye wave yer hat in the air just 'cause ye git a little excited ye're usin' up muscle thet might have done good service choppin' wood; an' that every time ye yell 'Hooray!' 'bout nothin' in particular ye're usin' up good lung power thet'd come in mighty handy ter drive the pigs weth!"

A minister of the kirk traveling in Scotland passed a Sunday in a little country inn, and as the parlor of the house was exceedingly close and stuffy and the day was warm, he began to open one of the windows. "What are ye aboot, mon?" inquired the landlady with much severity, entering the room just in time to prevent the carrying out of the minister's design. He meekly explained that he thought it would be pleasant to have a little fresh air. "Eh, mon," said the landlady, with additional emphasis and severity, "ye can hae no fresh air in this house on the Sawbeth! Six days are enow for that, mon!"

Tennyson visited Italy with Mrs. Tennyson shortly after his marriage. Lord John Russell gave a large reception, at which the Tennysons were present, and during the evening the Prime Minister asked the poet how he had enjoyed his visit to Venice. As Tennyson did not appear communicative, his host pressed him further, when he confessed that he had not liked Venice. "And why not, pray, Mr. Tennyson?" "I couldn't get any English tobacco there for love or money," was the poet's reply.

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE WAVE

San Francisco, October 31, 1896

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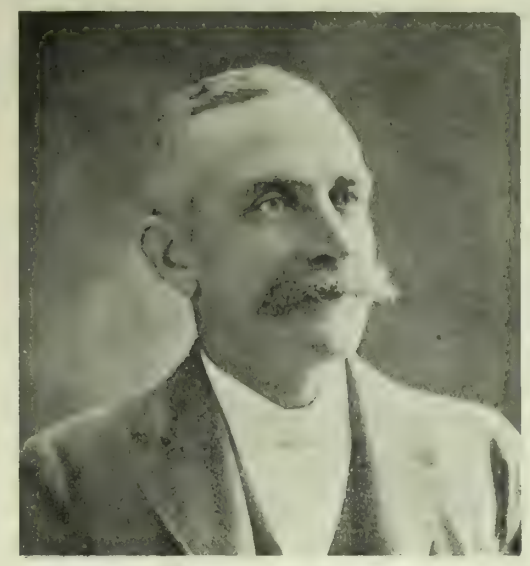


THOMAS G. WALKINGTON, Fifth Ward.

R. J. HEILMAN, Ninth Ward.

D. M. WESSENBERG, Second Ward.

JOHN LACKMAN, Sixth Ward.

EDWARD J. SMITH, Tenth Ward.

JOHN S. HANLY, Third Ward.

JAMES H. DALY, Seventh Ward.

C. M. DEPEW, Eleventh Ward.

JOSEPH STEFFENS, Fourth Ward.

THOMAS MORTON, Eighth Ward.

EDWARD H. AIGELTINGER, Twelfth Ward.

THE REPUBLICAN BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Photos by Marceau and Bushnell

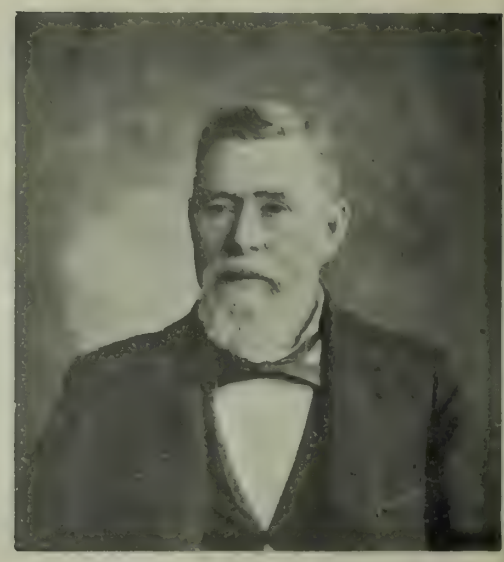
LAURENCE DEVANY, First Ward.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, Fifth Ward.

JAMES E. BRITT, Ninth Ward.

T. H. HASKINS, Second Ward.

JOHN WOLF, Sixth Ward.



CHARLES GILDEA, Tenth Ward.

P. M. DELANEY, Third Ward.

DR. ROTTANZI, Seventh Ward.

DR. CLINTON, Eleventh Ward.

JOHN H. SHEEHAN, Fourth Ward.

FRANK CONKLIN, Eighth Ward.

THOMAS W. RIVERS, Twelfth Ward.

THE DEMOCRATIC BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Photos by Marceau and Bushnell

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 45 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 7, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

AN ELECTION BOOTH IN CHINATOWN

Photo by Tyler

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 7, 1896

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THE ELECTION.

The perambulating transparencies, the clanging bells, the unsightly street banners, the marching crowds, the cheering multitudes, the bray of horns, are all things of the past. The great political battle has been fought and won—and fought and lost. America's seventy odd millions of citizens have settled down for four years of Republican administration, full of confidence, full of hope, and with a renewed faith in the integrity and sound judgment of the American voter. It is idle folly to say the country would have gone along the road to prosperity as well under one administration as the other. It is taking desperate chances to declare that once in office Mr. Bryan would have become conservative. It is putting too great a stake upon the turn of the die to declare our willingness to elect a Bryan and trust to luck. All through this campaign we have been profoundly impressed with the deep gravity of the situation, and the awful consequences which threatened us as a result of Mr. Bryan's election. The campaign is passed now, the heat and struggle of the fray is at an end, and we may calmly look back and review the situation and not be charged with attempting to influence a voter for or against Mr. Bryan or his silver doctrine. We believe, as did the majority of American citizens, as did the sober-minded, conservative, careful, thinking men of America, that in opening the doors of our mints to the free coinage of silver we would have been lifting the cover from a Pandora's box of evils that would have sent forth a trooping brood to breed disorder, financial panic, idleness, and perhaps, eventually, revolution. It is a matter for sincere and earnest thanksgiving that the American people have averted this threatened disaster. The snake has not been killed, but simply scotched. There is need of more and more education. The financial policy advocated by Mr. Bryan is either a good policy or it is a bad policy. If it is a bad policy and threatens all the disasters which we in common with other men foresaw, then it should be possible by careful education to eliminate once and forever the heresy in the minds of reading men, and once and for all put an end to the question as a national issue. Because free silver has failed in this campaign it does not argue that it will of a certainty fail in the next. The platform upon which Mr. Bryan stood was radical in more directions than in the financial issue which it pretended to discuss. It went to great lengths along lines that irritated and repelled many men who might otherwise have stayed by their party. Mr. Bryan was not calculated to appeal to thinking men. He was noisy, verbose, glib of tongue, but did not possess an underlying strength or quality of character sufficient to commend him to thoughtful men. In the ranks of the silver advocates there are dozens of men who would have been more dangerous as presidential candidates than Mr. Bryan, and it is possible, unless a sound and systematic course of education be pursued, four years hence the silver question may be a greater and a more serious matter than it was during this campaign.

The wild proposition that America may legislate silver to $1.29, and increase the value of that metal all over the world to an amount greatly in excess of our entire national debt, by means of a simple act of Congress, is one of the stupidities that has become pretty well lodged in a great many minds. And so four years hence we might drive silver down to perdition and 53 cents by another act of Congress and up again to $1.29 by another act, and so on ad libitum, affecting silver values all over the world to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars by legislative action. Ridiculous as this proposition is, it has adherents, who ought to be educated out of the idea.

The four years now ahead of America with Mr. McKinley as President promise to be the brightest and most prosperous of American history. The four years under Bryan threatened to be the darkest and most disastrous.

DOWNFALL OF DEMAGOGUES.

This should not be a season for "crowing" over the misguided men who were misled into following Bryan with honest zeal and fervor, but it is a season for "crowing" over the Tillmans, the Budds, the "Examiners," the Altgelds and the sinister forces that were moved by disloyalty, governed by hatred and actuated by mean instincts and ignoble purpose. No explanation, no sophistries nor arguments, can palliate or excuse the intemperate utterances of our miserable chief magistrate who shocked decency and violated honor by the incendiary, miserable and outrageous utterances to which he gave voice upon the stump. He seemed to forget that he was Governor, and remembered only that he was Budd. No plea of party fervor can excuse the style and character of the campaign conducted by the "Examiner." It was mean, devilish and depraved. It lied openly and deliberately. It distorted the truth out of all semblance of facts, and piled abuse upon the heads of honest men, whose sole offending consisted of their republicanism. It attempted to breed a spirit of hatred in the mind of labor against its employers. It appealed to every prejudice and class hatred, and would have stopped at nothing, no matter how disreputable, that promised to secure a vote for the infamous cause which it attempted to sustain.

The hurt that comes to a good American citizen, the thing that wounds, is the thought that a great national party could deem it expedient to adopt such a platform as that sanctioned by Democracy, and the further thought that Bryan was even a serious possibility. There's where the hurt lies, that he was even a possibility.

A WESTERN MAN IN THE CABINET.

Upon several occasions California has had an opportunity to place in the presidential cabinet, or in high national office, some one of her favored sons. In every instance, just as the prize was within our grasp, hungry and designing politicians and professional office seekers greedy for preferment have rushed to the front and attempted to compel the appointing power (in two cases the President) to select a candidate who, if he might not have been personally distasteful, was neither preferred nor desired.

Now that Major McKinley has been elected to the presidency of these United States it will be something little short of marvelous if we do not witness a repetition of this most misfortunate proceeding. The public as a unit should set the stamp of its disapproval upon our professional place hunters. We are completely sick and tired of them. We may expect, indeed every man in this State confidently expects, that Morris M. Estee will now blossom forth as an aspirant for a cabinet position. It cannot be otherwise. He would be untrue to his nature if he failed in this connection. M. M. Estee, and some of our contemporaries have ironically attached to him the sobriquet "Much-mentioned Estee," deserves nothing at the hands of the Republican party. The memory of man runneth not beyond the time when he has not been a candidate for office. His unpopularity has been demonstrated whenever he has come before the people seeking their suffrages. Two years ago, when a candidate for Governor of this State, he alone of his colleagues on the Republican ticket was defeated. The bid of Mr. Estee for a public position will serve to bring out more indignant protests from the lips of old line Republicans than will the aspiration of probably any other man of prominence in the Republican party of this State. We do not consider for a moment that President McKinley would entertain any idea of selecting Mr. Estee as a member of his cabinet, but we do feel that Mr. Estee will be a candidate for something, probably the most important available position, and that he would not hesitate to obstruct if possible the appointment of any other gentleman whom the President might be pleased to favor.

Ex-Governor Markham is another politician whose power to do his party good is past, but whose power for evil still remains unimpaired. Governor Markham went out of office thoroughly discredited and disliked. He had resided in the State of California but four years when he was elected to Congress, and hardly was that term over before he was forced by the Southern portion of the State upon the Republican party for Governor—and what a Governor he made! His campaign opened with a willful falsehood, and his administration continued a falsehood to the end. He broke faith with his friends in the Southern portion of the State, until they fairly hate him. He was false to the Northern politicians, who stood manfully by him through his campaign, and his every appointment recorded the breaking faith with some one who had befriended him. During his administration there were reports of money transactions charged to him. True or untrue they were common property on the street at the time. In no way is he representative of the State, and if the candidacy of either Mr. Markham or Mr. Estee for a cabinet position, or for that matter, for any position, was put before the public for a vote they would be overwhelmingly defeated. It is a little difficult to understand how any man high and honorable enough to aspire to so elevated a role could set about to openly and notoriously force himself upon the atention of the President. Yet Mr. Markham and Mr. Estee would not hesitate to do this thing in a most brazen way. Before many days have passed they will be straining every sinew to delude the newly elected President into the belief that California demands their selection for a secretaryship, that the State regards them as its best and noblest citizens. But we don't. They are not wanted, and it is time the fact penetrated even their brains.

INDECENT JOURNALISM.

We believe and make the statement after long and earnest effort of the memory, that the New York "Journal" is positively the worst newspaper we can recall. Under the mask of procuring news it has inaugurated the practice of filling the columns of its daily issue with the cheapest, shallowest sensation, while its Sunday issue is even of a lower order than the "Police Gazette" or "Standard." Its articles are a mere cloak for all that is morbid and unhealthy, its illustrations (done with a certain French chic and cleverness that makes them all the more dangerous) are a mere excuse for indecency.

As examples of the former, run over the scare heads of articles taken at random from one of the "Journal's" recent Sunday issues: "For Gore," "Shocked by Girls Who Wear Tights and Dance for Charity," "Camille D'Arville Refuses to Appear as Mother Eve," "Known in Many Clubs, Now in a Cell," "James Waterbury, Millionaire and Most Fashionable Man in New York, Now a Poor Clerk in a Rope Walk," "Alan Dale on Actors Who Travel on Their Shape," "A Society Girl in Trousers," "Razor Strops of Human Skin." All these with appropriate illustrations—Dixey's legs, Kelsey's trousers, etc. Hardly any comment is necessary. The public asking for truth and for news is answered by a sketch of Mr. Dixey's legs and pictures of undressed and half dressed women. One of the "features" of the "Journal," which the editor has advertised with a sound of trumpets, is Stephen Crane's "The Tenderloin as It Is." It is immaterial who wrote the article, Stephen Crane's name, notwithstanding, it is the veriest filth. We have yet to see even the "Police Gazette" descend to such depths.

The article on Mr. Waterbury can move the intelligent reader only to a sense of indignation against the cowardly and hypocritical attack upon the gentleman of whom it treats. It is striking a man when he is down, it is making capital out of his misfortunes, under the contemptible guise of praising "American grit," and this unspeakable sheet with its morbid sensations, its gross exaggerations, its absurd and palpable lies, its rank obscenity, is sown broadcast in the streets of New York, finding its way into the school and the home to be read by young boys and little girls. Its hypocrisy is, perhaps, its worst crime, for the New York "Journal" is not frankly, honestly indecent, as are the French papers it attempts to imitate, but cloaks its nastiness under the semblance of worth and enterprize.

Small wonder that "Life" has begun its vigorous campaign against the "Mission of the Daily." The good wishes of every honest journalist is with that admirable little weekly. It is precisely such dirt as is found in the "Journal" that has brought the American press into such ill odor.

The Western prototype of the New York "Journal" is the San Francisco "Examiner," owned by the same man and conducted on the same lines. The following communication, which we have received from a well-known attorney of this city who participated in the Republican parade of last Saturday, is self-explanative:

Editor of "The Wave": I have been a subscriber to the San Francisco "Examiner" for several years. I have stopped that paper forever, and numerous friends have pursued the same course in consequence of the "Examiner's" attitude during this campaign. I have not seen this fact mentioned in the daily papers, hence write you concerning it. Upon the day of the Republican parade (last Saturday) there stood in front of the "Examiner's" office what appeared to be a party of hired hoodlums, all wearing Bryan badges and holding up large silver dollars similar to those with which the "Examiner" office was decorated. These hired ruffians made it their business to give voice to hoots and derisive shouts at the procession as it passed, and to hiss at and insult the participants in the parade. They used every means within the power of such a mongrel brood to disturb the procession and its participants. I witnessed this proceeding with a good deal of indignation, and read subsequently

the "Examiner's" account of the parade, and the way it was received along the line of march. I make free to say that outside of the hired men who stood in front of the "Examiner's" office that paper's account of the reception of the parade along the line of march was an infamous falsehood.

May I inquire of you how it is that the "Examiner" finds it necessary to cater only to the low element of society, and never to decency.

The writer of this letter only expresses what we have heard from many other sources. The trouble with what our correspondent is pleased to call the respectable or decent element of society is that they do not readily resent a wrong or injustice heaped upon them by a daily paper. It is different with the mob. Let the "Examiner" contain the slightest reference antagonistic to any of the indecent elements of society, and at once the business office is alarmed by a number of orders to stop the "Examiner." This breeds a wholesome fear of this class of subscriber. What is known as the respectable element of society seldom resorts to this method of showing its disapprobation, and as that end of society does not interfere with the business office or create any alarm therein it is not considered as being of enough consequence to please. It is apparent the "Examiner" has suffered a number of "stops" within the past week, for within a day its tone has been considerably modified. If the respectable element will insist on taking a paper which continues to be an enemy to respectability, then it clearly demonstrates that its lack of respectability does not cost anything.

The election of James D. Phelan to the office of Mayor is a signal triumph over bossism. Two years ago "The Wave" supported James Budd for Governor, not so much through any merit in the man himself as because his nomination was procured by accident and without the intervention of local Democratic bosses. Morris M. Estee, the Republican candidate for Governor at that election, was openly and notoriously the nominee of the practical end of Republican politics. In that campaign we told our readers that the election of Mr. Estee would simply serve to perpetuate bossism and fasten that institution upon the Republican party. We also told them that Mr. Budd was not involved with any political boss and that he owed no allegiance to Messrs. Buckley, Rainey and other gentlemen of that kidney, and if, therefore, it was ever proposed to break up the institution of bossism in this city and this State, Republicans and Democrats alike must unite upon a man who was under no obligations to bestow his official patronage upon any party boss. Mr. Budd's election has certainly done this much for California. The demoralized condition of affairs in machine politics is abundantly illustrated in the campaign just closed, and Mr. Phelan's election, indeed his nomination, was possible only in a convention and in a community where bossism did not have full sway.

FOREIGN TRADE.

The Central American Exposition to be held at Guatemala in 1897 is attracting a great deal of attention in Germany, and our local merchants and manufacturers should awaken to the fact that the trade of this rich country is well worth struggling for. The German Boards of Trade recommend manufacturers to exhibit tools and hardware of all kinds, wood carpets of hard wood only, coarse leather goods, plows, harrows and other implements used on coffee plantations. They also recommend exhibits of liquors, preserves, pianos, firearms, stationery, paper, cloths and cotton goods. Great efforts will be made in Germany for a good showing at the Guatemala Exposition, for that country has important interests in our South American neighbor. Exports to Guatemala from Germany have decreased within the past few years, although the imports from that country to Germany have trebled since 1889. The Germans have lost ground in their Guatemala trade, and propose by means of this exposition to recapture what has been lost, and if possible gain new markets. The German merchant is acquainted with the tastes of the people, and will take pains to present only that which is desirable and salable in that country. Special agents acquainted with the country, with the merchants, the language and the business usages, will represent the great German business concerns, and be authorized to extend liberal terms to the Guatemalan trader. Consul Stephan writes that just at the present time, when special efforts are being made on the part of the United States to extend our markets in Central and South America, the Germans are doubling their energies to maintain the field. The two German steamship lines, Kosmos and Hamburg Pacific, have agreed to allow a reduction of twenty-five per cent on all freight intended for exhibition at Guatemala. The Consul reports that last week he met a gentleman who had come all the way from Buenos Ayres to Saxony to buy machinery. Asked why he did not buy in the United States, he said that there he could get what he wanted, not what the Germans desired to sell. "Besides," he said, "there are better shipping and banking facilities with the Germans than with the United States," and the Consul adds: "There is every reason for our American manufacturers to be untiring in their solicitation of South and Central American trade. To be well represented at the coming fair with a full line of goods needed down there, and by a person fully acquainted with the country, the people and the language, is only the beginning of the introduction of American goods. Some time ago, it was announced that our merchants had decided to raise by subscription the sum of $15,000, to be used in exploiting new fields of foreign commerce. Now that the election is over, and we are promised an era of prosperity under the presidency of Mr. McKinley, it would be well for our merchants to commence operations in the Guatemalan country, and see to it that California and her manufacturers are well represented there in 1897.

A gentleman has called our attention to a phase of the Republican demonstration last Saturday to which the daily papers have paid but slight attention. It is the pathetic side. Among the multitude of shouting and enthusiastic Republicans could be counted hundreds of men whose lifelong political allegiance had been laid at the feet of Democracy. Men who knew that the shouts and hozannas of that day meant the defeat of the old party to which they had clung in good and in evil times since early manhood, men who had heretofore bravely marched under the banners of Democracy, and shouted and cheered for the Democratic standard bearers, were that day trudging over the pavements shouting and cheering for a candidate who stood in opposition to the ancient party to which they had ever owed their fealty. One old gentleman whose seventy-four years made him ill fit for the long march, although a Democrat since his early manhood, marched and cheered as enthusiastically as any Republican. To do a thing of this sort requires some moral courage; it requires some patriotism, some love of country, some independence of manhood, for one to openly and publicly disinherit and disavow the party of his lifetime and embrace that of his opponent. All credit is due to such men. It is such a spirit that prompts patriots to action; it is such a spirit that is the safeguard of our republic; it is such a spirit that makes us hopeful even in the darkest hours, and gives us confidence that no matter what "party" may threaten to do, if it imperils the welfare, honor or integrity of our nation, love of country will be greater than party ties, stronger than party affiliations.

The San Francisco "Bulletin" has this to say of its attitude through the campaign, and every word of it is true: "The State of California has been saved to patriotism and the cause of honest government, and let it be asserted in all modesty, but with sober truth, that to the efforts of the "Bulletin" is this salvation in no small measure due. It is a glorious triumph. The "Bulletin," entering the lists before any newspaper in the State and making its battle almost without help, for the otner Republican papers in San Francisco were at the best but lukewarm, rejoices now in the consciousness that it has the people on its side. The "Bulletin" fought for McKinley and for California, and California lines up for President McKinley. The "Bulletin" condemned the brazen aspirations of Thomas V. Cator, and Thomas V. Cator will never disgrace the State in the halls of Congress. The "Bulletin" fought for a Republican Congressional delegation, and the returns indicate that five if not six of the seven Republican candidates for Congress have been elected. The "Bulletin" battled for James D. Phelan and the cause of honest municipal government, and Phelan has been elected It is the most stinging rebuke to bossism in the history of San Francisco."

Our evening contemporary has made a noble and gallant fight for republicanism. We have said before that Mr. Crothers has placed that very excellent journal at the head and front of the Republican daily papers of the West. Too much cannot be said in praise of its course. It has been manly, independent and above suspicion. We also congratulate ourselves upon the fact that "The Wave" has advocated with some degree of intelligence the cause of McKinley and sound money. It has condemned the attempts of the populistic Cator to disgrace California in the United States Senate. "The Wave" has also with the "Bulletin" supported James D. Phelan for the office of Mayor. It also supported Judges Hebbard, Hunt and Sanderson for the Superior bench. (That the latter was defeated we regard as a public loss.) We have been in receipt, during this campaign of numerous letters from as far East as Minnesota and Pennsylvania commendatory of our course, and make bold to say that we feel our efforts have contributed at least to some small degree toward this most glorious victory.

THE UNIVERSITY COMPETITION.

A CRITIQUE. BY WILLIS POLK

Through the generosity of Mrs. Hearst, the Regents of the University of California are now in a position to inaugurate their long cherished project of securing a harmonious plan for the new set of college buildings and the adornment of their surrounding grounds.

Much has already been said upon the subject, and a general plan has assumed more or less definite shape.

The enthusiasm of Regent Rheinstein has been prolific of suggestions and has now achieved substantial results, but it has also occasioned adverse criticism of considerable importance.

There is not the slightest doubt in any one's mind but that all of the steps taken so far have been inspired by absolute good faith and perfect seriousness.

The only aim of Mr. Rheinstein and his associates has been praiseworthy to a degree, and above criticism. It is the wisdom of their method only that is to be questioned.

It is now in order for the Regents to review the situation carefully, and, in moderation, weigh each point of the plan proposed. Or, better still, to refer the entire detail of the project to professional experts, and get opinions based upon experience and usage as approved by custom.

The very enthusiasm of its projectors and their entire confidence of success is the greatest danger that at present threatens the undertaking.

It is more or less probable that in seeking the best, that it will be confused with the most, and the desire to get the most will preclude the possibility of getting the best.

An international competition is an alluring scheme, and could it be worked successfully there seems to be an assurance that in such a net some big fish would be caught. Big fish are, however, skeptical and wary. It is not always the most enticing bait that tempts them. Mere ambition to do something great does not prompt great men to nibble at great bait. Therefore, there must be an underlying vein of seriousness and responsibility, obvious enough, to guarantee intelligent consideration of intelligent effort.

In a project, the importance of which it would be easier to underrate than to overestimate, the most infinite pains are required to guarantee its success. Unlimited means and unbounded possibilities are essential, but not adequate. Enthusiasm and confidence are requisite, but not sufficient. The world affords too many examples, and object lessons are too numerous in this day and generation to make the danger of failure very great, but the same careful pains are as necessary and the same intelligent direction must be given as if the path possessed no guide posts.

Primarily a competition is inaugurated to discover to whom most worthily belongs the honor of creating a work of art. To decide this point it is necessary to judge results comparatively, with accepted standards. To judge wisely and well it is necessary to have a knowledge of methods, as well as an instinctive taste, besides special qualifications that fit one to judge special things. Judgment must be based upon definite elements, and competitors entering the lists must comply with definite conditions, in order to compete fairly. Originality and creative ability are required to rise above such conditions, and the accomplishment of such a feat is the act of an artist.

In the history of the world the artists who have appeared above the horizon of the commonplace are to be named almost in a breath, so, therefore, the Regents of our University must not be too sanguine. The mere will to do a deed does not carry with it the power of execution, and however confident their enthusiasm may lead them to be, they must not expect satisfactory results, unless their competition reveals an artist.

Their first step should be to place the matter in the hands of three recognized experts. Such men as Professor Ware of Columbia College, president of the American Archaeological Society at Athens; George B. Post, president of the American Institute of Architects; Daniel H. Burnham, chief of construction of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago; Frederick Law Olmstead, the eminent landscape gardener, and Charles Elliot Norton of Harvard College, are all men of such high authority that their decision would not only meet with the approval of all possible competitors, but their acts would be removed from any possible criticism on the grounds of politics, favoritism or lack of qualifications as judges. Their services should not be solicited without a fee commensurate with the importance of their task.

The next step should be to authorize these experts, judges or advisors to select a certain number of architects of known ability throughout the world and invite them to enter the competition at a guaranteed remuneration; then to offer a number of general prizes to be awarded to the most successful competitors, aside from those especially invited.

The participation of architects of known ability cannot in any other way be secured, and thus secured, the incentive to untried and perhaps unknown ability is increased by the knowledge that they are to test their mettle in competition with their leaders, patrons and teachers.

If we are to spread our dragnet over the earth in search of ideas, the cost of doing it properly would be justified by the steps thus taken not to let any good ones escape.

Mrs. Hearst, whose generosity has brought this project within the bounds of realization, did not limit the conditions of her offer.

The criticisms of the project so far have not exceeded comments upon the feasibility of the methods proposed. The most important objections were advanced by the American Architect, which editorially questioned the probability of the Regents being successful in their effort.

None have doubted the magnificence of the opportunity, but the opportunity has always existed; now however, circumstances have created conditions that render a possibility a probability, and as the realization of it dawns upon us, we are more than likely to overestimate our ability to meet the occasion successfully.

The American Architect does not idly advance an argument nor propose a criticism. It is the paper of first importance among architects in this country, and its utterances are held in high esteem by the profession. Its warning should be heeded.

Should Mr. Mayheck be uninstructed before starting upon his voyage of discovery, it is more than likely that he will propose a plan that if adopted would lead to the appointment of expert advisors.

In procuring preliminary designs it has been the usual custom to expend therefore one per cent of the proposed cost of the work. Such a sum would not be an unreasonable outlay in this case.

The naming of the Governor of California as one of the trustees gives a tinge of politics to the affair that should be eliminated at once. All localism in the project will tend to render the result local in effect. A world-wide competition is commendable, and would be a just tribute to the liberality of our views, and the broadness of our aims. It would be a recognition of art, and art is universal.

Let us be deliberate and reasonable. Rome was not built in a day, nor was the Chicago Fair built in a year. The Midwinter Fair was not built at all.

ELECTION DAY SCENES IN AND AROUND THE BOOTHS

Photos by Tyler

SOME CAMPAIGN ORATORS

Three Sorts and Conditions of Political Speakers.

In the campaign now concluded there has been some oratory and a great deal of talk. It fell to my lot to hear many of the speakers, although I missed two of the most eminent—Boutelle of Maine and Taylor of Colorado. It is my habit to divide speakers into three classes: The fiery and emotional, the plausible and humorous, and the argumentative and didactic. These classes sometimes run into each other, and a really great orator like Henry Ward Beecher or Ingersoll should combine all three qualities. As familiar examples of the classes, I may mention General Barnes in the first; John P. Irish for the second, and Judge Maguire for the third.

We have had no great orator here this year that I have heard. Barnes pleased me more than any of the others, for I have, in fact, a sneaking kindness for the man who raises the roof and sets things on fire. But the General does not appeal to the reason. There is pathos, humor and fire in his words, and that is why I like him. He is almost the last survivor of his class left in California.

I have mentioned John P. Irish as an example of the plausible and humorous class. Tom Reed of Maine is of the same sort. Both of these men are very effective on the stump. Irish has the advantage of a marvelous voice. If he had some fire in him he might be the greatest of them all, provided he would take the pains to make himself thoroughly familiar with his subject. But he is lazy and unemotional, and so falls short. In the same way Tom Reed's acquaintance with the financial question was not very wide, but he can make a little go a long way. He gets right down among the people and talks like one of them in their own language, and if his grammar is a little faulty at odd moments, he is all the better pleased. Like Irish, also, Reed is an example of the colloquial speaker who knows how to turn the little familiar things of life into pointed illustration.

Judge Maguire, to my mind, is easily at the head of the argumentative class. He stands head and shoulders above Senator White, who is of the same variety. Maguire does not like to deal with personalities. He does not discuss men from choice. He prefers the realm of the abstract, and as a logician he is a tremendous and dangerous antagonist. I saw him trip up John P. Irish in a joint debate in Oakland on the silver question. He stripped Irish of every vestige of argument. Stephen M. White makes a very solid sort of argument, although I never care to hear him. I much prefer to listen to Senator Perkins, who makes no pretense at oratory, and yet is a very pleasing and delightful speaker in his way. Lots of human nature about George C. Perkins, and good warm blood!

Let us not forget the ladies. There is no more effective stump speaker in California to-day than Anna Howard Shaw. She is both witty and argumentative, and has the same faculty characteristic of Irish and Reed, that she uses the familiar things of life to point her morals and adorn her tales. She is a wicked little woman. I do not mean that she is a bad woman, but simply that she is a fighter from the headwaters of Bitter Creek. I remember one day at a meeting, Lee Fairchild, who is everybody's fool, made some stupid joke about women, and Miss Shaw picked him up and shook him as a terrier might a rat. Please understand that this is only a figure of speech. It is not with her teeth, but with her tongue, that the lady fights.

BOSHWELL JR.

One of the oldest stories of Mrs. Stowe comes from Turgeneff's "Smoke," which was first published so long ago as 1867. In that novel he makes one of his characters, Mme. Suchantchikov, tell the following incredible tale: "I know a still better story about Tentelyev," she ays. "He was, as every one knows, a most horrible despot with his serfs, though he gave himself out for an emancipator. Well, he was once at some friends' house in Paris, and suddenly in comes Mme. Beecher Stowe—you know, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Tentelyev, who's an awfully pushing fellow, began asking the host to present him, but directly she heard his name, 'What!' she said, 'he presumes to be introduced to the author of "Uncle Tom"?' And she gave him a slap on the cheek. 'Go away,' she says, 'at once.' And what do you think? Tentelyev took his hat and slunk away, pretty crestfallen."

In the advancement of murder as a fine art the French have invented a new classification under the name of "depecage." The class includes those cases where the body of the victim is so mutilated that identification becomes most difficult. San Francisco had an example of the class in the murder of Hattie Gilmour, of which Dr. Eugene West was accused. The body was cut into pieces and distributed by means of the currents of the bay. The murder of Pearl Bryan at the East was similar in many respects, and others will occur to memory.

✓ MOVING A FIFTY-TON GUN

The Mounting of a Leviathan on the Fortifications of Lime Point.

For the last week or so, a small army of men, aided by an eight horse-power engine, have been laboring about the huge fifty-ton gun that is finally to be located upon the fortifications at Lime Point. I can imagine nothing more unwieldy of handling and transporting than this vast, inert mass of metal, a mighty dead weight, hanging back stubbornly like a balky mastodon, opposing to all efforts its fifty thousand pounds of solid gray steel. Somehow one manages to move it, nevertheless, to hoist it from flat-car to barge and from barge to sliding ways, and finally upon the carriage itself. But in the meanwhile what an expenditure of energy, what straining of cables, what groaning of cranes and capstains, what panting and hiccoughing of over-taxed engines!

The first move occurred at the Union Iron Works, where by means of the famous hoisting crane the gun was swung off its specially constructed flat-car and laid upon the barge that was to take it over to Lime Point. This barge in itself was enormous, having a carrying capacity of 380 tons, eighty-five feet in length and strengthened with 12x12 timbering at every five feet. Upon this barge and stretching over it for some sixty feet were a set of greased ways, and upon these ways a cradle of hard wood, precisely like the cradle which holds a ship when ready for launching. The lifting crane was so maneuvered that the gun was allowed to settle comfortably into this cradle. Then the whole affair, barge, gun and cradle, was towed over to Lime Point.

At Lime Point the real work begins, for the monster has to be unloaded and dragged up the bank to where it is to be put into position. Five hundred yards up the bank and immovably anchored in to it is the eight horse-power engine from which runs a wire cable of tremendous strength. Passing from the revolving drum of the engine this cable runs through a set of "sheaves"—which are nothing more than pulleys—half the way down the bank and terminates in another set that are fixed upon the bow of the barge as soon as it arrives.

The gun itself is not at first hauled, but the barge is dragged up the bank as far as necessary, when the "sheaves" (the cable still runs through them) are taken off and attached to the cradle, in which the gun is resting. There are two sets of ways—one set already upon the barge, and another which is now laid along the ground in front of the barge, like a track, along which the cradle is to slide.

As the engine starts and the huge cables straighten and tighten, the gun stirs and moves forward, the runners of the cradle hissing and groaning along the ways. It is precisely like the launching of a ship, only with the conditions reversed, the gun being dragged from the water on to the land, instead of slipping from the land into the water. But it is curious to note that it requires a greater expenditure of power to drag the gun up this inclined plane than it does to lift it bodily into the air. As soon as the gun has run from the first set of ways and has reached the second, the first are taken up and laid on ahead, then the second are placed ahead of the first, then the first ahead of the second, and so on.

The engine is placed about five hundred feet up the bank, and the cable is about equally long, so that when a certain point has been reached the whole arrangement, the engine, the "sheaves" and all, must be taken up and moved five hundred feet further on. You can easily see what an immense amount of labor this involves. The engine itself must be moved up the hill by some contrivance or other, the gun meanwhile held in place and a whole new "anchorage" prepared for the "sheaves." These "anchorages" alone are formidable affairs, and must be very nearly as solid as the hill itself, lest the vast weight below tear them out and the gun and engine and wire cable go thundering down the hillside to their ruin. So they dig them twelve feet deep—these "anchorages"—and build them up with the heaviest and stoutest timberings that may be had.

And so foot by foot the leviathan is dragged up the hillside, and one of these days, some time next month, no doubt, it will be lodged on its carriage in the midst of cranks and little wheels and levers. Then what a change of front. The sulky leviathan that dragged sullenly back on those groaning wire cables that set the eight horse-power engine hiccoughing and sweating with exertion, that taxed the ingenuity and energy of a little army of toilers—behold, it comes to hand with sudden and marvelous docility; it has been bridled and bitted; it is obedient, gentle, even. The lifting crane of the Union Iron Works quivered as it grappled with it. Now a woman's wrist may deflect its muzzle, raise it and lower it at will, may guide it about subject to her flimsiest caprice.

F. N.

MUSICIANS IN RETROSPECT

Stories and Anecdotos of the Great Composers.

That Max Muller, the great oriental scholar and philologist, was also a musician, a friend and intimate of many of the great composers of his day, is certainly not generally known. In his "Musical Recollections," appearing in the October "Cosmopolis," Mueller relates a number of hitherto unpublished incident and anecdote of Liszt, Mendelssohn, Weber and others. It makes charming and interesting reading, and throws many a side light upon the careers of the great masters.

Muller for the first time met the great composer Mendelssohn when as yet a little fellow. "His visit left a deep impression on my mind," says Muller. "I was then a mere child, he a very proud young man, and, as I thought, with the head of an angel." Later on in life, however, the growing sharpness of Mendelssohn's features began more and more to give unmistakable evidence of his Jewish blood. Mendelssohn always excelled as an organ player, and while at Dessau—Muller's birthplace—often played the organ in the Grosse Kirche. For the most part he improvised. At one time, when little Max was standing by him, he took him up upon his knees and asked him to play a choral while he played the pedal.

Wilhelm Muller, the father of Max, wrote the text for many of the songs by the musicians of his day, for Schubert, Mendelssohn and many others. His father's reputation was the open sesame to many a circle that would otherwise have been closed to Muller at that time.

When the young man informed Jenny Lind whose son he was she held up her hands and cried. "What? Son of the poet of the 'Muller-leider!' Now sit down and I me sing you the 'Schone Mullerin.'" She sang all the chief songs of that mournful idyll with the slightest movements of head and hands, but acting the part as effectively, none the less, as a finished actress. It was a perfect tragedy for the young Muller, and the recollection of it remained with him through all the years of after life.

Liszt, Muller saw for the first time at Leipsic. He describes him as a terrible fellow in Hungarian costume, very theatrical and showy. His style of playing was new for those quiet composers of placid German towns. "He let off fireworks," as Muller puts it. At a matinee musicale at Mendelssohn's house he appeared in his outlandish uniform, wild and magnificent. He told Mendelssohn that he had written something for him, and sitting down to the piano played it. He swayed right and left on his music stool, and played first a Hungarian melody and then three or four variations, each more marvelous and incredible than the last. Some of Mendelssohn's friends gathered about him after the piece and said: "Ah Felix now we can pack. None of us can do that." Mendelssohn only smiled, and on being urged to play by Liszt sat down and played, first of all, Liszt's "Hungarian Melody" and then one variation after the other, so that no one but Liszt could have told the difference. Instead of being offended Liszt was the loudest in applause.

It was at Bunsen's house that Muller saw the last of Mendelssohn, but at a time when his patience was tried to its limit. The room was crowded, and Mendelssohn, who never refused when asked to play, was performing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." All was breathless silence. No one moved. Suddenly in the midst of the Adagio a fat old lady sitting near the piano became so possessed by the rhythm that she began to beat time with her fan, opening and shutting it with each bar. Mendelssohn, though horribly annoyed, kept steadily on, but at last, when the thing became unbearable, he began playing the last bar in arpeggio's, following the movements of her fan. When at last the fan stopped, he went on playing as though nothing had happened.

Dean Stanley, it would appear, literally hated music. He actually suffered while listening to it, and rather than endure the strain would frequently leave the room. He never made any pretense of admiring music, and yet it was from him that Jenny Lind received what she called her highest compliment. Though very fond of Jenny Lind, Dean Stanley invariably left the room when she sang, but on one of these occasions when Miss Lind had sung "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" he returned not a little excited. "You know," he told her, "I dislike music; I am tone deaf, as others are color blind, but just as you were singing I had an inkling of what people mean by music. Something came over me, the like of which I have felt only once in my life before. Some years ago I was at Vienna, and one evening there was a tatoo performed before the palace by four hundred drummers. I felt moved, and to-night while listening to your singing the same feeling came over me. It is strange." What the Dean's idea of music was may be judged from the fact that he appointed as choristers in his cathedral the scouts and servants who were too old to longer continue in house service.

THE GUN RESTING ON SKIDS AT LIME POINT

Photo by Jensen

THE ELECTION BUREAU ON BUSH STREET WHERE THE MUNICIPAL RETURNS WERE COLLECTED

BEHIND THE STEREOPTICON

IN THE CHRONICLE TOWER: SIGNALING McKINLEY'S ELECTION TO HAYWARDS

RECEIVING EASTERN RETURNS

ELECTION NIGHT IN THE OFFICES OF A BIG DAILY

Flashlight photos by Towne

ELECTION NIGHT ON A DAILY

How the Returns are Received and Given to the Public.

To spend a few hours in the office of the "Chronicle" on the night of a presidential election seems to me like going behind the scenes of a theater, on the occasion of some initial performance, when a new play is to be put on for the first time and the public is to decide upon the merits of some much heralded and advertised star.

It is like that, only it's bigger, infinitely bigger. The chief actor upon whom the public pronounces that night is a great statesman, the stage is a whole country and the play is a tremendous drama, wrought out in one vast act, simple, majestic, a single movement and a single climax; the drama of a whole people, involving between curtain and close the action of an entire race, the movement of many millions of men. Or again, at other times you feel as if the office of the paper were some organ of hearing, the center of an infinite number of delicate lines of nerves, a place where you listen through the night to hear the people speak. You leave the crowd in the street outside and the noise of it. The fluctuating murmurs of it rising suddenly at times to sharp cheering, comes to you precisely as does the noise of an applauding audience somewhere beyond the wings.

So it was I went through the "Chronicle" last Tuesday night from the office floor where the bulletins were being posted in the midst of a shouting that was as the thunder of a cataract, to the topmost part of the tower, silent and windy, where the searchlight was flashing the news "McKinley undoubtedly elected" to all the country-side. Everything that was to be seen I saw. From the time a dispatch was received until the time it went into the hands of the lettering-man outside, I followed its course. But a newspaper office on election night is not the thing you have imagined, at least it was not what I expected to see. I had imagined a galloping hurry and a clamoring excitement, men in their shirt sleeves with green eyeshades writing as though their lives were in the issue, messenger boys rushing to and fro; perspiring, overworked editors; telegraph instruments by the score clicking away like a swarm of grasshoppers, a litter of papers two feet deep upon the floor, gas a-blazing, doors banging, all sorts of things, exactly what, I did not know—I don't know now—something, no doubt, I expected to see like the headquarters of a general division during an engagement.

But this is what I did see in the room on the mezzanine floor where the dispatches of the presidential returns came. It was not the "Chronicle's" regular office, but a room rented during the occasion for the purpose of seclusion and quiet. There were perhaps fifteen men in the room, some in their shirt sleeves, most of them with their hats on, nearly all of them writing or drawing, for it is here under the direction of the editors in charge of the election returns that the artists and cartoonists work. In one corner of the room sat a telegraph operator, who was also a typewriter—a miracle of man—flanked on one side by a telegraph instrument and on the other by a chuckling, clucking Remington. A special loop from the Western Union had been run in, and the "Chronicle" tapped the circuit here by four or five operators. A dispatch arrived. The wonderful man in the corner took it off the telegraph instrument and type-wrote it as he listened, then passed it over to the Managing Editor at a near-by desk, whose duty it is to supervise the dispatches as they arrive, to condense them and bring them up to date. This dispatch read, let us say: "Chicago—One hundred and twenty-eight precincts outside of (such and such counties) give McKinley so much, Bryan so much." The Managing Editor reads this dispatch. If there is any doubt about it, if it sounds preposterous, or not otherwise according to reasonable expectation, he can turn to his tables at his elbow to verify the news, or determine what was the vote of that section in the last presidential election. Suppose, however, it passes inspection. The Managing Editor hands it over to another typewriter who types it off on a transparent film. Messengers are in waiting, and the film is hurried down stairs and run into a stereopticon that shows it up greatly enlarged upon the screen which faces the street. If you are particular about it and follow the dispatch close enough, in your imagination, you can tell just when it strikes the street by the roar of sound with which it is greeted.

Or else the editor may send the dispatch from his table direct to the other bulletin, where the lettering men stand, or else, if its nature permits of it—it is for him to judge—he may order it telephoned up to the tower and flashed fifty miles away by red or green or blue lights as the news demands.

All this, however, is for the presidential returns. For the municipal returns, the "Chronicle" arranged a different system. In conjunction with three other dailies a bureau was established on Bush street, with a staff of nearly two hundred men. Messengers went to and from every election booth as rapidly as possible, each with a bundle of "books" to be made out according to the returns. The "books" delivered at the bureau to accountants were scrutinized, their contents tabulated and added and the result sent on to the "Chronicle" office the instant it was arrived at.

But in so short a space it is well nigh out of the question to give any complete description of the vast, complicated machinery employed by a great daily to collect election returns at the earliest possible hour. That the result was definitely known in the "Chronicle" office at 7:15 in the evening is proof of the thoroughness and expedition of its system, even when making allowance for the three hours' difference in time that permits a Western journal to get at the summing up of the Eastern evening papers.

You must imagine for yourself the small army of the journal's special correspondents all over the State, in the heart of the mountains sometimes, where they must ride twenty, thirty or fifty miles to the nearest telegraph, and the other army of reporters scattered through the city during election day, on bicycles, on horses, or in buggies, and the extra force kept in hand at the office in case of emergency—riot or such like.

When you consider what is done, it is marvelous. Think of the result of a vote of millions of people ascertained and bulletined in from three to four hours, and that accurately. The wires that stretch out from the office are hardly more than a network of nerves that transmit sensation without appreciable lapse of time. The people speak and you hear at once, unmistakably, unequivocally.

F. N.

Confessedly one of the most important engineering undertakings of modern date is the Chicago drainage canal, the rocky bed of this stupendous excavation exhibiting most remarkable geological formations. Of the leading modern canals, such as the Baltic, the Manchester, the Suez, the Nicaragua, and the Panama, the advocates of the Chicago undertaking assert its undoubted superiority in boldness of conception, rapidity of execution, cheapness of construction, and in importance of results. Financially, it is interesting to know that of the three great ship canals built within a comparatively recent period, the Baltic, with its sixty-one miles of canal, depth of nearly thirty feet and width of eighty-nine, consumed eight years in construction, and cost nearly $38,000,000; the Manchester canal, with its fifteen and one-half miles of channel, twenty-six feet depth and 120 feet width, took six years to build, and cost in the neighborhood of $77,000,000, and now the estimates of the Chicago canal are twenty-eight miles of channel, a depth of thirty-five feet and width of from 160 to 210, costing less than $29,000,000.

The navy department is experimenting on the use of crude petroleum on warships, and it is believed that the smaller craft will shortly be fitted for the use of this fuel. It is said to be as safe as coal, and occupies less space, so that it practically doubles the fuel endurance of a vessel. That is, a ship which, when fully coaled, can steam 1,000 miles without a fresh supply can carry petroleum enough to drive her engines for 2,000 miles.

WATCHING THE BULLETINS

Market street from the Palace Hotel, to the corner of Market and Fourth streets, on election night was a solid mass of humanity. The offices of the three morning dailies are here, all close together, and each had its particular audience. The spectacle was magnificent. The greatest good humor prevailed, and the election of McKinley was evidently most popular, to judge by the cheering which the announcement of his success evoked. This is a flashlight photograph by B. C. Towne of the great gathering at the Chronicle Building. Lotta's Fountain appears in the background.

KING OF MONTENEGRO

PRINCESS HELENE
Recently married to Prince Victor of Italy

PRINCE VICTOR EMMANUEL
Heir-apparent to the Throne of Italy

QUEEN OF MONTENEGRO

THE NEW U. C.

Mr. Maybeck's Ideal of University Buildings.

Mr. Maybeck's plans for the University of California, or rather for a University of California, a picture of the main building of which is published in this issue, may be taken seriously or otherwise, just as one chooses.

If you do not take them seriously, they will not impress you at all as the architect intended they should. The picture of the main building, with its court and its pillars and fountains, can easily be made to appear a decor du theatre, a "flat" against which a ballet maneuvers or a tenor intones an aria; can assume the air of a flimsy background of pasteboard and paint.

Or you can take them seriously, regard them not as an actual final design of what is contemplated, but as a tentative, experimental attempt to show what could be done, given enough money and enough time. No doubt something like this could be constructed, no doubt something very like this will be constructed, but there will be modifications, of course, very probably an entire change of plan. This is the ideal, a dream of the most beautiful university in the world.

The keynote struck in Mr. Maybeck's design is a harmony of style in all the different parts. We are assured by the gentlemen in charge that whatever are to be the plans finally adopted they will certainly have this quality of unity of plan. This is as far ahead as they can look at the present time. It is impossible to say just what is to be done, except that something like such and such a picture or plan or design will be accomplished, and it will be beautiful. I observe in the bird's-eye view of the whole design that all the buildings join and run together to form vast halls and galleries, and that everything is on the ground floor. This may be due to a practical desire to obviate the climbing of stairs, or it may be that the Roman style of architecture of the plans demanded such an arrangement. (This, however, in passing.)

But the more I look at Mr. Maybeck's "suggestion" (for that is properly what the plans amount to) the more I look at it, I say, the more I hope for most radical modifications, exquisite though this suggestion is. Consider the picture, a moment. There is no doubt it is beautiful (we need not discuss that), but does it not strike you that such a university would demand certain conditions of life that do not exist to-day, certain conditions of college life, let us say, to be more specific?

It seems to me that if I entered such a university I should wish to wait until I was at least thirty-five or forty, and that I should feel like wearing a toga or a himation, and would wish to carry a scroll in my left hand and walk circumspectly. It is just a little difficult to imagine a Freshman—one of the raw, callow "catch-'em-alive" type that invade every college in the land once a year—matriculating into such an institution. Can you imagine a U. C. Junior with his battered gray "plug," his pipe and his fox terrier, going up and down that noble flight of white marble steps, or the Sophomores massing for a cane rush upon the flagging of the court? Criticism is a very ungrateful business, especially criticism of the ideas of people who ought to know, and ideals are noble things, but my ideal of a college—listen, now, you who are "old grads" of the college of Holmes and Lowell—is a certain old place I knew once where old red dormitories, ivy grown, looked down into a venerable elm-shaded yard, in which there was an ancient groaning pump and where a decorus bell rang the lectures in and out from a plain old brick built hall that had once harbored the minute men and where in warm weather you carried the cushions of your window seat out under the trees, and, pipe in mouth, cribbed your Greek through the afternoon without fear and without reproach.

COUR D'HONNEUR OF THE FUTURE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Design by Maybeck

Professor Woolson and Professor Friedmann of Columbia, judges of bicycles at the American Institute Fair, both said recently that they considered the chainless bicycle "the bicycle of the future." That one of the biggest American manufacturers will present about one-half of its 1897 output in chainless bicycles, that another equally famous will follow in 1898 and that there are others nervously anxious to fall in line, has been "shop talk" among bicycle people for some time. The bicycle to which Professor Woolson and Professor Friedmann referred is a bevel gear machine. One of the objects of this invention is to provide, in connection with the pedal shaft and driving wheel of a bicycle, a driving mechanism in which each set of gears, which revolubly connect the pedal shaft and driving wheel, respectively, with the side shaft, will have fixed bearings entirely independent of the side shaft, and will maintain a fixed operative relation, irrespective of any misalignment of the side shaft, and thereby obviate the difficulties experienced in the former geared bicycle.

The first client defended by Miss Cordelia Sorabji, the Parsee young woman who was a short time since admitted to the practice of law in India, has just been, through her efforts, acquitted of manslaughter, in the Poonah court.

CAREER OF A PRINCESS

From the Tawdry Make-Believe Court of Montenegro to the Throne of Italy.

But she might have been Czarina. I fancy the thought of this glittering possibility is uppermost in the mind of Helene of Montenegro during these days when all Rome is en fete because of her marriage with the heir apparent of King Humbert. It might have been St. Petersburg, you know, instead of Rome. The Nevsky instead of the Tiber, and all the white world of Russia instead of a little boot-shaped peninsula in the Mediterranean. But there is one thing that will rankle deeper than all that. For Helene is a woman before she is a Princess. She is a woman, and she was jilted by the Czarewitch.

That she was a Princess made the matter all the harder in this, that had she been of the rank and file she could have hidden her disgrace; her own obscurity would have been her shield, but as a Princess, destined to be consort of the greatest monarch of the world, the news of her throwing-over was trumpeted to the four corners of the earth, and not the poorest little bride of the lowliest little Moujik of the Empire but could not pity her.

For years Helene had been at the Russian court. From her earliest childhood she had been the special protege of the now widowed Czarina, who conducted her education with the openly avowed object of one day marrying her to young Nicholas. She grew to be a wonderfullly beautiful girl, just the sort that should be mated with Emperors; very tall, six feet and an inch, and broad in proportion. Nothing could be more certain than that young Nicholas would marry her at the proper time. But nothing is more uncertain than the whims of royal lovers. At the last moment Nicholas would have none of Helene. Consternation. The Empress mere thwarted in her darling ambition, the Pan-Slavist party in despair, Montenegro offended and Helene "a woman scorned." Imagine Helene; the wrath of a scorned Princess must be something beyond words. I think the young Czarewitch went through with more than one bad quarter of an hour. A little while afterward he married Alix of Hesse, and Helene went back to the pasteboard and gilt-paper court in Montenegro. Change enough surely, from the tremendous magnificence of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Then about a years ago she received an offer of marriage from Alexander of Servia. Perhaps this offer from Alexander affected Helene only as a fresh insult. At any rate she rejected it with unexpected promptness, and rightly so, no doubt, for never did their live a greater boor than Alexander of Servia, an unhung rascal tainted with almost every vice known to man. And now at last Helene is happily married to Prince Victor Emanuel, son and heir of Humbert of Italy. Curiously enough while Helene is remarkably tall, divinely so, Prince Victor is the shortest Prince in Europe, shorter even than the little husband of Issabella of Spain.

And even as it was, Helene was hard put to it to marry the dwarf Prince. In the first place she had to be converted to Catholicism. This was absolutely necessary. How the conversion was brought about Helene knows best; we have nothing to do with it here. Then the Pope refused to allow any Cardinal to solemnize the marriage of Humbert's son, Humbert being under sentence of excommunication. Here was a fixture. At last, however, some one discovered the Grand Prior of Bari. Bari is the exclusive property of the Italian crown, and has ever remained independent of ecclesiastical authority, so Mgr. Piscilli, the present Prior, could perform the ceremony without the fear of Rome, and he was probably the only ecclesiastic in Italy who could. It was by the veriest chance that Prior Piscilli was unearthed, and you can easily imagine how grateful the discovery was, under the circumstances, how especially grateful to Helene.

In just how far Helene can console herself with Prince Victor and the kingdom of Italy when she might have had—but for the perverseness of Nicholas—a Romanoff and all the Russias, is problematical. But I fancy there must come to her a little sense of bitterness in these days when she hears all France blazing and jingling in honor of the Czar's visit, and when she reflects that instead of Alix of Hesse sharing the honors and fetes and frenzied adulation of an entire people it might have been herself, Princess Helene of Montenegro.

Virchow, the famous German scientist, who has recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, was so active in politics in the sixties that Bismarck challenged him to fight a duel. They did not fight. Virchow was a strong opponent of militarism, and favored disarmament.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The unfortunate Budd. What a storm his speech has evoked. His eloquence has provokeu more enemies than his ingratitudes. The worst of it is the Governor is no better silver man than ex-Mayor Pond, or any other sound-money Democrat. No wonder his arguments were poorer than those of his colleagues—they were stop-gap phrases, intended to cover ignorance and conceal conviction. To W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the New York "Journal" and the "Examiner," does the community owe the spectacle its head executive contrived to make of himself. Up to a few weeks ago nothing was heard of the Stockton Governor. Campaign headquarters knew not his visage. His voice had added nothing to the mass of bimetallic heresies. Then Mr. Hearst, aroused to it by some of his servitors, doubtless, telegrapheu hotly to know where Jim Budd stood on silver. He demanded that there be an instant declaration of principles, and threatened the dire anger of "The Monarch" if the Governor failed to meet expectations. Now Budd's fear of the "Examiner" is as the terror of a tramp for a bulldog. Like the "Wild Man of Borneo," he straightway came to town, announced .that the State Central Committee had overlooked him. A huge meeting was convened, and at the sight of the surging crowd the Governor lost his head. It seemed as though San Francisco en masse were before him. There is no doubt of the magnetism of Jim. Veritably one of "de push" himself, he can thrill the gang as no other speaker can. The vehemence of his reception converted the unfortunate man into a wild-eyed Anarchist, and the carefully reared fabric of his career was soon tumbling about his ears. The especial object of the Budd ambition was to win Senatorial honors two years hence. It was anticipated that the Legislature would be part Populist, half Democrat, with a fusion majority of the former. Cator was the choice, but the Democrats were determined he would never go to Washington. That meant a deadlock and the necessity of electing two Senators in '98. White, who is determined to succeed himself, meant to be one, and Governor Jim thought he should be the other. Now, he will retire into life as private as Markham did when his term ended. The merchants and the solid citizens will never forgive him.

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The failure of Bryan abates not a whit of the enthusiasm of Mr. Lane. He regards McKinley's victory as but a temporary setback. After the downfall of the 16 to 1 Democracy had been determined Tuesday night he began to discuss with a party of friends a project to have the defeated candidate devote the next four years to stumping the States for silver. The people, he declared, need education, and he was ready, out of his private fortune to pay Bryan $10,000 per annum to deliver orations on white metal from one end of the country to the other. This is a bold and aimable project, but I question the acceptance of the Nebraskan. Imagine the descent from a candidacy for the presidency to that of hired lecturer for a silver mine owner. Doubtless the idea would commend itself to Mark Hanna, provided Bryan went to Texas, Florida, Louisiana and Alabama. Wherever he spoke the Republicans rolled up immense majorities. Indeed, his oratory was a factor in the campaign, but it strengthened his opponents rather than the Democracy.

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Considering what the defeat of Bryan means personally to him, Utica Lane is highly philosophical. The downfall of his hero involves the absolute loss of perhaps one hundred thousand dollars. This is a sacrifice which his revenues can easily sustain. Indeed, it is not impossible but that Alvinza Hayward shares the failure of his partner's aspirations, as it was intended he should divide the honors of a silver victory. In considering this loss there are other facts to be borne in mind. After the mutual admiration Bimetallic Convention at St. Louis, of which Utica Lane was elected chairman, he led a mining crusade and gathered rich contributions from the silver hoards. Of this treasure he was appointed general disbursing agent, but no one has ever distinguished between his individual contribution and the general fund. So he may have less reason to mourn than we assume. However, the Utica will be kept busy several weeks paying his election wagers, for he gleefully accepted all the McKinley money offered. From him were derived the moneys which the Silver Committee so plentiously expended—some $22,000, I am told. The result shows it was used to good advantage, for McKinley's victory here is but a narrow shave, and gold had certainly the best of the argument.

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Now that McKinley is chosen it is in order for M. M. Estee to demand a cabinet office. When Harrison first won the national suffrage he intimated an intention of making the late John F. Swift a member of his cabinet. Swift was a man of undoubted ability, who would have made an admirable Secretary, and no one knew it better than Dan Burns' candidate for Governor. The idea that this prominence should be conferred on Swift was too much for the equanimity of Mr. Estee, who promptly proceeded to circulate petitions demanding that if the President should appoint any Californian a member of his cabinet that it be the Napa viticulturist rather than the brilliant San Francisco lawyer. The opposition to Swift is easily comprehended on the ground of jealousy, for he was certainly a man of parts, character and innumerable enmities. The clamor and confusion of the fight were such, however, that Harrison changed his mind, and the State lost the opportunity. It is most probable that the West will be represented in the new cabinet, and it is comprehensible that we will soon begin to hear much of the claims of both Mr. Estee and ex-Governor Markham. Conceding that neither has a chance of success it behooves us to see their aspirations do not again interfere with the selection of a proper representative of our interests. We have here excellent and able men, whose participation in the council of the nation would work untold good for our interests. Let us nope a man of that caliber will be chosen.

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In the campaign that closed last Tuesday the audacity of the "Examiner" defied precedent. The exploits of this journal have never erred on the side of decency or kindliness. This year it threw restraint to the winds. It has run amuck through the community. It may have, as it claims, increased its circulation, but it has also won the reprobation of all self-respecting citizens. Considering the cowardice of San Francisco and the fact that no attempt is made to teach this impudent sheet better manners, it is not surprising it behaves like a hoodlum. If we were to permit the misconduct of dogs and small boys who congregate at street corners, their impertinence and depredations would know no bounds. That is the case with the "Examiner." Its career has been unchecked by chastisement or menace. Its enterprise has not met with the discouragement of a strong arm or a ready pistol, and it flourishes like a rank weed in a rose garden. I don't approve of the candidacy of Mr. Joseph Kelly for Congress, but there is no doubt the vigorous answer he made to the attacks of Mr. Hearst were most effective in inducing the silence of the "Examiner."

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Among the very indecent exploits this journal has to its discredit must rank its efforts to injure Rhodes Borden on behalf of Mr. Dunne. The latter is, as far as the writer knows, a very respectable young man, who has been both a Justice of the Peace and President of the Native Sons. His elder brothers are successful saloon keepers of good general reputation, who are very ambitious for the career of the youngest member of the family. They are headquarters for Market street news, and have an enormous acquaintance with "de push." To the aid of the young judicial candidate they rallied every force and connection, and the "Examiner" assisted. Unfortunately for Rhodes Borden there arose between him and Mr. Dunne a rivalry to secure the indorsement of the Non-partisan Convention. Between the two candidates there could be no question of intellectual or legal comparison, because in every judicial attribute Borden is the superior of his opponent. Happily for the latter his aspirations had received the indorsement of certain lawyers, who transact the legal business of the big financial institutions of San Francisco. This furnished the point for attack. The "Examiner" proceeded to accuse him of corporation connections and leanings, to declare he had the backing of the associated villainies, and was therefore unfit for the bench. The truth is the contrary, of course, as Borden had no corporation support whatever, and was a candidate solely on his merits as a lawyer and a man. Though the error of their assault was pointed out to the responsible editors, these misstatements were adhered to and utilized to aid the candidacy of Dunne. In due course the Liquor Dealers met and indorsed the "Examiner's" favorite. Next Mr. Dunne was placed on the secret corporation ticket. This was well known and understood in the "Examiner" office, but in order to save the reflection on its candidate and preserve its consistency the name of ex-Judge Finn was deliberately substituted for that of Mr. Dunne and paraded to the public as unworthy of support. Such mendacity as this, such malignant and unprincipled misuse of power and opportunity may meet with success and prosperity for a time, but it is a policy which defeats its end. Sooner or later there comes a reckoning time, and, if I am not mistaken, there is rapidly approaching such a disagreeable hour for the "Examiner" and Mr. Hearst.

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The melacholy situation of Steve Sanguinetti should evoke the sympathies of all who nave ever cherished a political aspiration. This individual, an Italian by birth, follows the calling of a restauranteur, and his establishment on the Water Front has in piscatorial circles preeminence for the masterly preparation of macaroni. In an unhappy moment Steve permitted himself to be nominated as Supervisor on the Buckley ticket. Not realizing how unenviable was the distinction, he permitted himself to rejoice, and proceeded to make those efforts to win success which every candidate deems it proper to put forth. His willingness was soon realized by the "heelers of the Blind ex-Boss, who lost no time in making the restaurant de Sanguinetti headquarters. They repaired in batches to its precincts every night, and fattened on the best the market afforded—ducks, quail, pompano, not to mention ravioli, spaghetti and all the otner delicacies of the Italian cuisine. When it came to a settlement the gang rallied up to the counter and "jollied" the "patron" on his candidacy. "We are lookin' out for you, Steve, never fear. They can't stop you winning. You're dead sure." With that they begged the dinners he charged to their accounts, and the Supervisor-elect never thought of refusing them. Alas, week before election, Steve Sanguinetti filed his schedule in insolvency, and is now undergoing the processes of the law to obtain release from his obligations. Such is the consequence of misguided ambition, if accompanied by a restaurant.

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And now a new publication is launched in San Francisco. It is the "Family Journal," and it costs twenty-five cents. It is a journal of mother, love and home. I assert with boldness that there is not a line within the covers of the "Family Journal" that would bring a blush to the cheek of youth—I say, not a line. It is the apotheosis of tameness, the culmination of the commonplace; and speaking of covers, be pleased for a moment to consider the cover page of the "Family Journal." What is it? Is it "The Somnambulist?" Is it "Andromeda Awaiting Perseus?" Is it "La Cigale?" Is it—I have it—it is "Joan of Arc at the Stake"—admirable design for the November issue of the "Family Journal." But there are even more noble pictorial efforts inside—for the "Family Journal"i s illustrated, forsooth—the composition of E. W. Currier, for instance, to illustrate Curtis' story of "The Treasure of Indian Mound," and the series of pen and ink sketches for the children's page. The "Family Journal" is an ambitious affair—twenty-six pages all told, into which are crowded short stories (some half a dozen of them), an article on "The Calochorti"—think of that, "The Calochorti!"—"Something About Highbinders," something less about Egyptian art—fashion and football and hygiene all jumbled together without the least suggestion of plan or design. I did find, however, some good half-tones in the "Family Journal." They occur on the last two pages. Particularly noteworthy are the pictures of a piano lamp and a salad set. At first your impression is that these pictures occur in the advertisement columns. This is not so, they are pictures of the premiums offered by the "Journal."

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What an excellent fight James D. Phelan made, and what a notable victory he has achieved. It is not extraordinary that he has won the suffrages of the city, however, for no more brilliant campaign was made here in the decade. Though Mr. Phelan's oratory was clever and graceful when he began the fight, he needed ease and fluency. By dint of much speech-making he gained the qualities he lacked, and his latest talks were excellent, convincing, witty and persuasive. He carried his audiences in every gathering at which he spoke, and the honor he has attained has been won worthily. Of course Mr. Phelan has not lacked valuable aides, and the ablest of the men who made the fight with him was Franklain K. Lane, whose brilliant speeches were a feature of the great contest. Among the younger members of the Democratic party Mr. Lane has had a degree of experience which few men of his years have enjoyed. Though a Californian, he was very prominent in Washington State politics some years ago, and not only led the Democratic party there, but received its complimentary vote for the Senate. He won prominence recently in the Noe case, which he successfully defended. I cannot but think Mr. Lane one of the men for whom the future has much in store.

THE DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY

This fine painting by William Keith has recently been purchased by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst
It is is a fine example of landscape art

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Now that the elections are over, now that the terror of Bryanism has disappeared, it is in order for society to be happy. Thus far the season has languished. Only a few teas are down to the credit of the debutantes. The great event of the early future, however, is the Horse Show. That will bring out the Californian world in its finest array. It will give us a subject and an object. Already I hear wild tales of what George Pope hopes to accomplish, of what Walter Hobart expects to bring from New York. It is possible that the Charles Baldwins may not be content to permit the Hobarts' reputation to override their own, and may enter determined to win blue ribbons innumerable. Henry Crocker has no intention of permitting his rivals to get off with all the prizes. There are also Joe Grant and George Newhall to be reckoned with, both abundantly supplied with money and ambitions of distinction in the equestrian world. Altogether the prospects are for a number of exciting rivalries, besides an excellent show purely from the equine side.

In clubland the event was the Army and Navy Jinks at the Bohemian Club. They went off in good style, the High Jinks, which Lieutenant Cloman sired, being notably good. The papers were all by army and navy men, and were much to the point in manner and matter. The rooms were adorned with military emblems—including flags, banners, not to mention a gattling gun. Among the distinguished guests was Tom Reed, who made an excellent though brief talk.

The debutantes' dinner at Mrs. Mountford Wilson's was a very pleasant and very brilliant affair. It was a notable array of pretty girls gathered round the charmingly decorated table.

Only at the close of the Lenton season is society duller than it has been during the past week. So much depended upon the result of the elections that no other topic was discussed and all idea of entertaining was put aside. Now, however, that McKinley is elected, we may anticipate better things. The silver-lined cloud which so long obscured the sun has passed over and we shall have our share of brightness and light. In spite of the fact of the big parade on Saturday, the teas were exceedingly successful. Mrs. Boardman's reception to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, was an unusually smart affair and the gowning was gorgeous. Mrs. Boardman was assisted in receiving by Miss Tompkins, Miss Salisbury, Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Miss Marybelle Gwin, the Misses Kip and Miss Emilie Hager. The debutante tea given by Mrs. Crockett to introduce her daughter, Miss Caro Crockett, was also well attended. Miss Crockett looked very sweet and girlish as she gracefully assisted her mother. Perhaps the jolliest of the teas was that given by Miss Eva Withrow in her new studio on Kearny street. It was a large affair and a number of the bright set were present, among whom I noted was Madame Modjeska, who is at present residing in San Francisco. She is gradually improving in health and anticipates returning to the stage next February. A jolly little dance was given on Thursday evening by Mrs. Annie Van Wyck to about twenty young people. Among the debutantes present I noticed Miss Kate Salisbury and Miss Laura Scott.

Mrs. Vasebell of London, who is visiting San Francisco, was entertained at dinner on Sunday by Mrs. Rounseville Widlman. During the evening Mr. Frank Lincoln gave several of his clever imitations, and Mrs. Wildman recited.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Katherine Dillon, who have been traveling abroad since March last, have returned and are settled in their home at 1329 Sutter street. They anticipate returning to Paris next spring.

Of the anticipated pleasures is the Hopkins tea on Saturday afternoon, when Miss Helen Hopkins will make her formal debut, and the reception given by Mrs. Duke Baxter in honor of Miss Bessie Younger, whose wedding to Mr. Burns McDonald is among the December events.

The members of the West Sorosis, composed of ex-scholars of Miss West's, announce their annual meeting for Saturday afternoon, November 7th. Last year they gave a breakfast, but this time purpose a musical entertainment. The program is an interesting one. Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Miss Bessie Lee Wall and Mr. Sigmund Beel are to give selections.

An interesting engagement has just come out—that of Miss Helen Schweitzer, daughter of Bernard Schweitzer, the pioneer dry goods merchant, and young Mr. Steifel, a son of the old Californian merchant who assitsed in building up the business of Schweitzer, Sachs & Co. There have been rumors on the subject for some time, but the announcement was delayed until the arrival of the groom-elect from New York. This betrothal has been made the subject of considerable gossip. Some time ago the Schweitzers and the Sachs, whose interests were so long analogous, decided to separate, each going their own way. Hence the firms of Sachs Brothers and Schweitzer & Co. The New York branch of the former house is Sachs, Steifel & Co., so it seems as if Miss Helen were to be the means of uniting the rival combinations on a new matrimonial basis. Otherwise she is a slender, pretty, graceful girl, whose bright and piquant face has won her as much admiration as was accorded her charming sister, who is now Mrs. Koshland, and one of the belles among the younger matrons of Jewish society.

In Oakland there has been tremendous enthusiasm over the elections, and on Monday evening society turned out en masse to witness the parade. The Jackson-street people decorated their houses with gay colored flags, Chinese lanterns, etc., and a large number entertained those who participated. Of these the most elaborate affairs were Mrs. Fred Stratton's supper and Mrs. Edson Adams' reception. The latter, an unusually jolly gathering, was given to the Alliance Club whose members looked very smart in their gay uniforms. Mrs. Adams was assisted by Miss Janet Watt, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Allie Grimes and the Misses Prather. The Oakland maidens are infinitely more assiduous in seeking new forms of entertainment than their San Francisco sisters, and when we learn of any original idea we may be pretty certain to find it has started in Alameda county. A unique entertainment was the "Anagram" party given on Thursday afternoon by Miss Stevenson and Miss St. Clair of Fruitvale to the Misses Glide of Sacramento. The house was decorated with palms and ferns and refreshments were served on small tables. All the Deux Temps girls were present. It was really quite amusing; some of the anagrams devised for the occasion being decidedly clever. Mrs. Harry Carlton gave a house warming in her new home on Webster street last Thursday. The house is exceedingly cosy and is furnished quaintly. On this occasion it was redolent of the odor of violets, which were massed in every coign of vantage. The house was lighted by candles in soft lavender shades. Mrs. Carlton was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Gaskill.

Now that the cotillion season has begun we may look for the young peoples' dinners, which inevitably follow in its wake. It is certainly an agreeable form of entertainment and the dance disposes of the guests for the evening. The first of these dinner dances was given on Friday evening by Miss Isabelle Palmer to eight young people, who later went to the "Friday Fortnightly." The table was decked with pink roses. Among those invited were: Miss Sadie Hale, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Selby, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Alf. Williams, Mr. Frank King and Mr. Allen Wright.

The second meeting of the "Friday Fortnightly" was, if possible, more successful than the first. The young people danced enthusiastically and some of the girls looked really lovely in their dainty frocks. I regretted to notice that, whereas at the first meeting the girls were all robed in organdies and swisses, last Friday silks, brocades and handsome materials predominated. It seems a pity, as all these damsels are in their first youth and nothing is quite so sweet and fresh lokoing as a soft organdie frock. The maidens who looked most attractive were Miss Pauline Fore in rose-colored chiffon over white silk, Miss Carmen Moore in yellow organdie, Miss Marion Randall in pink, and Miss Chrissie Taft in white silk. The german was led by Miss Grace Gorrill, who wore a pretty frock of pink moire semi-concealed by chiffon, assisted by Mr. Allen Chickering.

One of the really smart events of the season was the luncheon given on Monday by Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long in honor of Miss Alice Rutherford. Conceived with the skill of an epicure, the menu was perfect in every feature. The table was exquisite in its covering of fine linen, decked with magnificent American beauty roses. Among those bidden to meet Miss Rutherford were: Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Idabelle Palmer, Miss Belle Mhoon and Miss Luita Booth.

Now that the excitement of the elections is ended, the topic of the hour is the Livermore tea which takes place on Saturday next. Mrs. Livermore has issued over eight hundred invitations and purposes introducing her younger daughter, Miss Mattie Livermore, who is one of the season's debutantes. The Livermore place is beyond Temescal, and carriages are to meet the Telegraph avenue cars to convey the guests thither. The Livermore home is one of the most charming places in the suburbs of Oakland, the house being especially adapted for entertaining. Miss Mattie Livermore is a tall, slight girl, chataine in coloring and possessing great vivacity of manner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Curtis purpose spending the winter in San Rafael. They have taken rooms in the Hotel Rafael.

MISS LIZZIE CARROLL

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO JOHN A. WHITTAKER WAS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED

Photo by Morse

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Reduce your obesity by taking Brooks's Phytolacca. Pleasant to take. Makes walking a pleasure. No diet necessary. Trial size 50 cts. Try it. Get it at 119 Powell street. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

DRAMATIC NOTES

The attraction at the Baldwin Theatre next week is Della Fox, who will present for the first time in this city "The Little Trooper," from the pens of William Furst and Clay M. Greene. The opera will be staged in the same elaborate manner as during its long and prosperous runs in the eastern cities.

Next week, commencing Monday night, the California Theatre will have for its attraction "Darkest Russia." It deals with the Russia of to-day, and portrays the political workings of the Czar's empire. The Russian character is seen in every phase, from the noble to the exile in the Siberian mines.

The Corinne Extravaganza Company, headed by the peerless Corinne, will present Frazier & Gill's operatic extravaganza, "Hendrick Hudson Jr." at the Columbia Theatre for one week, commencing Monday, November 9. Popular prices will prevail for reserved seats.

The roller skating rink at the Chutes is a pronounced success. The devotees of skating who have been looking in vain for a long time for some place to allow their limbs to glide around as gracefully as of yore are at last satisfied. "Arion," the "Hero of Niagara," makes his marvelous rides on a bicycle on a live trolley wire every evening, and promises shortly to rush over his lofty perch on roller skates. To-morrow afternoon there will be unusual attractions, including a balloon ascension.

Lavater's Dog Orchestra, which made such a sensation when it appeared in New York, is at the Orpheum next week. They are said to give a very clever performance and something out of the ordinary in the way of a dog show. Gilson and Mathews, the famous knockabout comedians, appear. Herr Grais, the Three Horn Bros., and Eldora and Norine remain for next week only. All of these have in their own way made something of a sensation and are well worth seeing. Howard and Bland will have some new things to introduce, and Mays and Hunter, the banjoists, will appear in a programme of new selections.

"Humanity," an English melodrama, in which Joseph Grismer and Miss Phoebe Davies have been starring throughout the principal cities of the east for the past two seasons under the management of Wm. A. Brady, will have its first presentation here at the Columbia Theatre Monday, November 16. The play is said to possess a great amount of heart interest and an abundance of comedy.

Miss Elizabeth Putnam, with Mrs. Carmichael Carr as pianiste, will give a song recital at Beethoven Hall on Saturday afternoon, November 21st, at 3 o'clock.

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THE THEATRES

An Amendment of Bret Harte Which is Not an Improvement.

It was in January of this year, I think, that Marie Wainwright gave us her whaleboned "Constance" in four acts and seven scenes, with Hattie Russel as the Widow Green and Gertrude Elliott—a puritan in divinity—as Lidia. A very pleasing Lidia she was, too, with her prim little air of prudence and reserve. I cannot say so much for Eugenia Woodward. Though she is better trained, she has a spurious sweetness of voice and expression and an affected tremulo when simulating agitation, which override all merits she may have..

Julia Marlowe in the role of Constance was never better suited, though I've seen her look prettier. Basset Roex was excellent as Master Waller. It seems that one can always rely upon his intelligence and tact. Robert Taber as Wildrake was not so good as usual. In the first place he cannot make himself up to look the country sportsman, and he made Wildrake too foolish, but not, alas, too fond. Preceded as it was by a curtain-raiser, "The Love Chase," seemed a trifle long. We do not take kindly to five acts and ten scenes when it has been proved that less will do better. Sad to relate, Julia Marlowe exposes herself in more ways than one in "Chatterton." Adorable when girlish and gay, when l'allegro is the time, simple the tune and love the theme, she is far from satisfying in melancholy or masculine roles. I could have left the theater with alacrity last Monday night when she came upon the stage in man's dress with heavy eyes and blackened cheeks, for it was plain to be seen that we were to hear a "mauvais quart d'heure." It had not occurred to me that she would play the title role herself. Dull of me, I dare say, but nevertheless I hadn't. I had deluded myself with the hope of seeing her cross the unhappy Chatterton's path like a ray of sunshine, perhaps making shy and delicate "tenders of affection" to him in his misery and despair, and so I disturbed myself by thinking, all through the performance, how winning she would have made the pewterless daughter. Since "Rhodian the Student" there has been nothing quite so lagubrious in town, and if "Chatterton" must be given at all there is at least one person who would be glad to see Robert Taber in the title role and Mrs. Taber as Bertha.

Four years ago I saw Julia Marlowe in "Twelfth Night," and I have always wondered if the smile with which she said "fare thee well, thou cruel fair" was intentional or otherwise. I notice she now utters these words with a more serious face, as if rejoicing at Olivia's message to Orsino. Throughout, she throws more feeling into her face and voice. One of the best things Robert Taber does is Malvolio—but I should think any man would hate to play the part before the woman he loved, for something of every role a man plays sticks to him—in a woman's memory. The catch of "Which is the properest day to drink" failed to take the house as it did when Lewis Gunson and Belle Darcy gave it some six monts ago on the same stage, and small wonder. Anson's Sir Toby was very good, but it can't touch Lewis', and Katherine Wilson has not Belle Darcy's crisp, dainty ways.

When a play amuses one—even after a poor fashion—it argues a lack of good fellowship to dwell on its defects, while yet the chief part of its course is to be run. Give it a show, that's the feeling which rises. Don't cry it down the minute its head is out of the ground. Give it a little start before you level your gun and draw a bead on it. This feeling must—judging from the notices—have protected "Tennessee's Pardner," for it is a chilling disappointment to an admirer of Bret Harte, a petty larceny rather than a play. "I am aware," says Bret Harte, after a paragraph in which he succintly outlines the courting and marriage in "Tennessee's Pardner," "I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar, where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor." Some one else, it seems, also became aware that more might be made of this episode, and the queer little drama at the Columbia is the result. It is a distorted affair, about as much like the paragraph from which it springs as the reflection of a man's face in a battered spoon is like a hasty sketch of him by a clever hand. In the play "Tennessee" is a dear little girl, who talks like a negro (without the negro voice) and is not. A man, a thief and a traitor rolled into one as the "Tennessee" of the story. Everything else is correspondingly changed except Nettie Bice, the bride, who is just the sort of person Tennessee's pardner met with when "he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any further than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her and emerged a few moments later covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace and returned to Poker Flat." From this foundation the enterprising playwright built. Of the further history of Tennessee's unique pardner there is not a word which the story can substantiate.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

THE HINRICHS-BEEL CONCERT.

From Dvorak's "New World" symphony to Mozart's in G minor is a long cry, and an orchestra that might play the one well might overdo the other. Simplicity is an essential in treatment of the naive music of Mozart; but this is not to imply that the music is simple or easy to play. It is doubtful if there is anything more difficult to play beautifully than a Mozart symphony. Such delicacy of phrasing and execution are required in every part. While the performance on Friday last was not perfect, yet for an orchestra whose members have played together hardly a month it was highly creditable. The wood-wind parts were particularly well done. San Francisco audiences are hardly educated up to the appreciation of such music, and consequently not much interest was shown in anything but the Minuetto.

The Siegfried Idyll, with its sensuously beautiful orchestration and transcendent melodies, made a great impression. Wagner wrote it at the birth of his son Siegfried. It has nothing in common with the music-drama of that name except occasional reminiscences of some of the leading motives. It is built on a theme of its own—a theme of rare beauty, and while worked out at great length, the interest is never allowed to flag for an instant. The scoring is, of course, wonderful, a smaller orchestra than was customary with Wagner being employed. In this and in the succeeding number—the ballet music from "Henry VIII" (Saint-Saens)—the orchestra deserves the highest praise, the performance of both being faultless. The ballet music begins with an exceedingly difficult cadenza for all the violins alone, which leads up to the imposing "Entrance of the Clans." The other movements are "Scotch Idyll," "Gypsy Dance" and "Jig." The ballet is built on national themes, such songs as "Haste to the Wedding" and "There's Nothing Half so Sweet in Life as Love's Young Dream" appearing most unexpectedly. Throughout it is full of the most irresistible rhythms and striking effects in orchestration. The imitation of bagpipes in the "Scotch Idyll" is very droll.

The rendering of the Max Bruch G minor Concerto by Sigmund Beel was masterly. Throughout the broad and noble first movement the heavenly adagio and the brilliant finale, his playing preserved an even excellence. Mr. Beel is a violinist who in a larger field would make a great name; many of the traveling virtuosos who have come here with a great flourish cannot begin to play as did he in this instance. It is satisfactory to add that the orchestra was in thorough sympathy with the player. Sig. Abramoff sang the trying aria from "Euryanthe" in good style, his intonation being noticeably correct. The last one of the series will take place November 13, when a new suite of Tschaikowsky will be performed—Abert's arrangement of Bach's G minor organ fugue and the Norwegian Carnival by Svendsen.

Mr. Alois F. Lejeal, the well-known composer, has recently completed a mass which was performed a week ago Sunday at the French church, Notre Dame des Victoires. It is for a quartette of solo voices and chorus with organ accompaniment, and is pronounced on all sides a success. The Ave Maria by the same composer, sung as the offertorium, made a very beautiful effect. It is a duet for bass and baritone, with 'cello obligato—an original combination. An opportunity to hear this mass should be given those whose Sundays are occupied.

Owing to the parade and the attendant excitement on last Saturday, Mr. Ginlio Minetti has postponed his chamber concert one week—till Saturday, November 7.

W. B. K.

Musicians will be deeply interested to learn of the advent of Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, who begins her series of recitals at Metropolitan Temple next Tuesday evening. The succeeding recitals will take place on Thursday afternoon, November 12; Saturday afternoon, November 14, and Monday evening, November 16.

Gustave Hinrichs and Sigmund Beel are to give a grand popular operatic and orchestral concert at the Baldwin Theber 8th. The programme is a strong one atre to-morrow (Sunday) night, Novemand includes the Coronation March from the "Folkunger," and the delightful ballet opera of "Lakme," by Leo Delibes.

The checked suit has full sway this winter. You see hundreds of them all over town. Big rough patterns they are, with bold designs, notably dressy and effective. On big men they look fine, especially when the cut is good, not too tight, you know, but hanging well. As to materials, tweeds and cheviots lead, the colors most in favor being grays and browns, especially the latter. In London, the browns have had their day, and the grays have preference, but here the reverse rules. As for the cut, sack-coats are a bit shorter, and the trousers tighter. The fly-flap vest has departed, and the long frock overcoat has reappeared. Of course there are box coats and other makes, but it is proper to wear the long overcoat if you so desire, which should be good news for men with length of limb and breadth of beam. At least this is the intimation of the well-known tailor, J. A. Ulrich, third floor, Crocker building.

CORINNE

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NERVE EDUCATION

New Ideas on Sensory Training by a Yale Professor.

Is book learning useless or largely a waste of time? That is a question suggested by [illegible] interesting book which appears under the not inviting title of "The Education of the Central Nervous System," by Reuben Post Halleck. The title is unnecessarily technical, for the book deals with education in general, which, in the author's view, lies mainly in the acquisition of correct habits when young. Thus:

In education, the world has not yet practically realized the very important truth that youthful nerve cells alone are easily modified by training. The old theory that education consists solely in modifications in an immaterial entity has worked untold damage. It was argued that the immaterial never grew old, and that it could be trained as well at one time as at another. From this mistaken notion arose such adages as "It is never too late to be what you might have been." It would be nearer the truth to say "It is always too late to be what you might have been." With each advancing year, this becomes an absolute truth in the case of the vast majority who have reached the age of twenty.

It may be true, as we believe it to be, that education consists in developing a mind as well as mere brain cells; but the mind, for its materials, is completely at the mercy of the nervous system. A well-trained nervous system is the greatest friend that the mind can have. An ill-trained nervous system is a relentless enemy to the higher mental powers. It follows its victims and thwarts their aims until the pitying grave stops it. The writer can never forget the despair of a man who had become wealthy, and who wished to go into educated society. Early associations had trained his motor mechanism of speech to say: "He done wrong. I laid down. They set down and rested. I could have went." He procured teachers to instruct him in the right forms, and he finally learned them so that he could write them out correctly after a little study. But alas! he could not talk with his pen or with his fingers. The brain cells governing the vocal muscles worked automatically as they had been early habituated. This automatic working was followed, but not preceded, by consciousness. Not until after the words had escaped him, would he know that they were wrong. The brain cells in his third left frontal convolution, with the vocal habituation due to them, were an enemy watchful and relentless enough to keep him out of educated society.

Roughly speaking, the plasticity of nerve cells is inversely proportional to their age. A woodchopper may sharpen his axe as well the next week or the next year; a man owning mineral land may mine the coal now or wait twenty years, as he chooses, knowing that it will not deteriorate. But the nervous system can be effectively trained only in youth. An adult may be approximately defined as the sum of his youthful nerve reactions, which tend to perpetuate themselves.

Mr. Halleck believes that a child brought up in the country has untold advantages over the city-bred youth, or should have, if he is trained to the habit of close and correct observation of the great variety of sights and sounds presented. So writes the author, quoting in support of his position a certain noble and suggestive passage from Emerson:

If parents and teachers would merely expose their children to such stimuli, cerebral modification and reaction would certainly take place without the necessity for constant worry or supervision. Much of the resulting good might thus be unconsciously obtained, but it would be neither the worse nor the less permanent for that. The ascetic may dislike to see the little prattler unconsciously played on by the grand stimuli of nature. The ascetic may wish that all improvement came as the result of tears, groans, and the hard processes of abstract thought. But in spite of him, much of our improvement or deterioration comes unconsciously. Emerson understood the beneficial effect of natural stimuli exerting an unconscious influence when he wrote: "The poet, the orator bred in the woods, whose senses have been nurtured by their fair and appeasing changes, year after year, without design or heed, shall not lose their lessons in the roar of cities and the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amid agitation and terror in national councils, these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols for the language of the hour. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, putting the spells of persuasion, the keys of power, into his hands."

It is the study of nature, animate and inanimate, at first hand, that makes the poet and the inventor, and using these terms both in a wide sense these are the highest manifestations of genius. Mr. Halleck appears to have made a very close examination of the early training of the great poets, and as to Browning he quotes:

"I have heard him say that his faculty of observation at that time would not have appeared despicable to a Seminole or an Iroquois: he saw and watched everything—the bird on the wing, the snail dragging its shell up the pendulous woodbine, the bee adding to his golden treasure as he swung in the bells of the campanula, the green fly darting hither and thither like an animated seedling, the spider weaving her gossamer from twig to twig, the woodpecker heedfully scrutinizing the lichen on the gnarled oak-bole, the passage of the wind through leaves or across grass, the motions and the shadows of the clouds, and so forth. . . . . He never forgot the bygone sunsets and great stars he saw in those days of his fervid youth. Browning remarked once that the romance of his life was in his own soul: and on another occasion I heard him smilingly add, to some one's vague assertion that in Italy only was there any romance left, 'Ah, well, I would like to include poor old Camberwell.'" Browning thought that romance still clung to his birthplace only because his youth was trained there in the right way.

Burroughs says of Tennyson: "A lady told me that she was once walking with him in the fields when they came to a spring that bubbled up through shifting sands in a very pretty manner, and Tennyson, in order to see exactly how the spring behaved, got down on his hands and knees and peered a long time into the water. The incident is worth repeating as showing how intently a great poet studies nature."

A whole chapter is devoted to Shakspere's training, of whom it is said that he was "extremely fortunate in having parents who could neither read nor write," and therefore presumably unable to poison their son's mind with overmuch book-learning. "By force of example they taught him to rely largely on his senses for information." Concerning the habits of observation Shakspere may have learned from his mother Mr. Halleck writes:

When he shows us Perdita speaking of the flowers as if she loved them like her own children, he may have been thinking of walks with his mother in the meadows around Stratford, when, for instance, she may have pointed out to his young eyes

"The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping . . .
. . . violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

If a picture like this serves to incite any mother to cultivate her powers of observation so that she may be a true companion to her children in the most important period of their sensory development, she may have the satisfaction of knowing that she will thereby encourage them to walk in the paths which Shakspere trod.

The habits of observation of natural objects exercised by Sir Isaac Newton led to the discovery of the law of gravitation. Now as to these habits which are the best part of education Mr. Halleck explains:

Habit is a bundle of memories or tendencies to act again in a way in which we have acted before. Herein lies the tremendous importance of early actions. Their results do not end with the setting sun; they are as imperishable as ourselves. To-day a man does something which he willed ten, twenty, thirty or forty years ago. It may be that he would gladly have left the deed undone, but the time to have reflected on the undesirability of such an action was not when it was last committed, but at its first occurrence, perhaps forty years before. One action fitted the nerve tract to act with greater ease in the same way again. By repeated motor responses in certain ways, the boy moulds his nervous system so that it will continue to react in the same way. At the start he may be master; at the end he will be slave. It will be well if he is the slave of a sensible master; if his automatic responses are such as he would have made after due deliberation.

Those children are specially fortunate who are compelled to acquire certain proper motor reactions before the reasons for them are understood. Such children will find out later that they have a wonderful mechanism properly fashioned to their hand. When the workings of the central nervous system are more widely known, there will be a reaction in favor of blind authoritative training early in life; that is, if fit parents and teachers can be found to apply such training. Many a young dog has had to be whipped mercilessly to be taught to acquire habits which could have easily been formed in puppyhood. Many young men are dismissed from positions because habits of civility, self-restraint and punctuality were not ingrained into the nervous tissue before their value was known.

A vacation spent in the country under proper influences may be of more value to a boy than a year at school. There are "books in the running brooks and sermons in stones" for him, if only there is some one by to direct him in the right path. The truth is, that the major part of the time spent in school is wasted. The training of the perceptive faculties is almost wholly neglected, and only the memory is exercised by the repetition of formula or jargon wholly meaningless to a child. An example of this — only one of many — is found in the insistence by the San Francisco school department on the memorizing of the anatomical names of the bones and muscles which they call the teachings of physiology. It is cruelty to children. It has neither educational nor material value. It is forgotten in a week and might as well be substituted by the Lord's Prayer in Arabic, repeated backwards.

To return to Mr. Halleck's book, it will be found of considerable value to students of pedagogics, and parents who are interested in the education of their children may profit greatly from a perusal of its pages. (Published by Macmillan & Co.) J. R. B.

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MAGAZINE NOTES

Californians will turn with pleasure to Charles Warren Stoddard's "Early Recollections of Bret Harte" in the November "Atlantic" as much for the matter as for the manner. Stoddard gives us a glimpse of the old romantic California of the pioneers, the California that is dead and lives only in Bret Harte's pages. Thus Stoddard: "San Francisco was unique; all the color lines were down; gilded vice, seated upon her tinsel throne, was visible from the pavement, and in some cases infamy might truly have been called splendid; the drone of the hurdy-gurdy, the gay fandango, the Celestial players of fan-tan, were heard and seen on every side; and all these, Bret Harte, in the dew of his youth, saw, searched into, and assimilated. Like the Argonaut, the forty-niner, he became a part of the land itself, and a very living part of the life of the land. It is fortunate for us who knew California of old, and love to revive memories of the past, that he came when he came, saw what he saw, and conquered as he unquestionably did conquer, and held fast the very spirit, if not the letter, of that Golden Age. The spirit is the poetry, the letter is the prose of it all. Only a poet can paint the picturesque. California was picturesque once upon a time; the life there and then was delightful, audacious, perhaps at times devilish; there was not much repose in camp or town, but there was enough and to spare in the wide verandas of the sun-baked haciendas and in the attenuated vistas of the mission cloisters."

Mr. Stoddard possibly has nothing new to tell us of Bret Harte, but that which he has to say is said so well that he is forgiven. Thomas Wentworth Higginson—somebody has called him Twigginson—has a paper on "A Cambridge Boyhood," which seems unnecessary and as superfluous as Higginson himself, who is a survival—what the unfeeling call "a back number." Nevertheless, there is a little story or reminiscence of the historic burning of the Ursulene Convent which is worth preservation. Mr. Higginson was a boy at the time, and he relates how in company with his mother he listened to the comments:

"I stood by her also the day after, when she went out to take the gauge of public opinion in consultation with the family butcher, Mr. Houghton; and I saw her checkmated by his leisurely retort, 'Wal, I dunno, Mis' Higginson; I guess them bishops are pretty dissipated characters.' The interest was enhanced by the fact that a youthful Cambridge neighbor, Maria Fay, was a pupil in the school at the time, and was held up by the terrified preceptress to say to the rioters, 'My father is a judge, and if you don't go away he will put you all in jail.' The effect of the threat may have been somewhat impaired by the fact that her parent was but a peaceful judge of probate, and could only have wrecked his vengeance on their last wills and testaments. At any rate, there stood the the blackened walls for many years, until the State was forced to pay for them; and there was no other trace of the affray except the inscription, 'Hell to the Pope' scrawled in charcoal on a bit of lingering plaster. We gazed at it with awe, as if it were a memorial of Bloody Mary—with a difference."

Take it by and large the number seems scarcely up to the average "Atlantic."

Poultney Bigelow has a stirring account of Jameson's raid in "Harper's," with a vivid description of the fight at Krugersdorf told by an eye-witness. The two points of view in the Transvaal are given in picturesque phrase like this:

"Then there was my English friend who had just been recruited for the mounted police, who said he knew all about the Boers: 'They are a beastly lot of coarse and ignorant peasants; they are just as bad as the natives. It is outrageous that the government allows them to have their absurd republic. They stand in the way of progress; they never wash; their beds are full of fleas; they are cruel; they commit abominable crimes; they are degenerate, and can't shoot any more as they once did.'

"That man was sincere in what he said, and so was my Boer friend Chintorius, whom I asked about his country. 'These damned English,' said he, 'think that no one has any rights but themselves. They come into my country like pirates and adventurers; they care for nothing but gold, and when they have got their pockets full they go away again to spend it in England. We don't want people like that; they may threaten and bully all they like, but they shan't get what they want so long as I can prevent it. What do we care for their Tommy Atkins? One Boer is a match for any five of their redcoats. They stole our land from us when we were weak. Now we are alive to our danger; we are united; we have plenty of ammunition; we can shoot straight; we know our country. So let them come on, and they shall have Majuba Hill over again.'"

There is an interesting paper on "The Cuckoos and the Cowbird," by William Hamilton Gibson. The second part of "The Martian" is not less tiresome than the first. The other fiction in the number does not impress. The "Century" runs to history, and it seems unfortunate that so sumptuous a vehicle being provided the tribe of the historian should be extinct. No longer may we look for the illuminated pages of a Prescott or a Motley. Froude left no successor. General Horace Porter gives us some reminiscences of General Grant in the present number which have the negative merit of material for some future historian who knows how to write. Papers on "Joan of Arc" and "Election Day in New York" are glaring examples of the magazine habit of writing around pictures. Marion Crawford begins a new serial. The best thing in the number is G. E. Woodberry's verses, "America and England."

"Lippincott's" has stories, good, bad and indifferent, and some snappy papers of a general sort. The "Ladies' Home Journal" is notable because of the story of Jenny Lind's visit to America, told by Oakey Hall as seen by himself. The "Cosmopolitan" bases its claim to notice on the fact that it contains seven complete stories. To the readers of recent magazine fiction that might seem alarming. But these may be better. We don't know.

C. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Literary Landmarks of Venice," by Laurence Hutton. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"One Day's Courtship," by Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Wonderful Wheel," by Mary Tracy Ellis. The Century Co., publishers.

"The Old Infant and Other Stories," by Will Carleton. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"Heavy Odds," by Marcus Clarke. J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers. For sale by Joseph A. Hoffman, 120 Sutter street.

"A Lovely Maid," by "The Duchess." J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.

"The Evolution of the Art of Music." D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Poems of Celia Thaxter." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"The Pith of Astronomy," by S. G. Bayne. Harper & Bros., publishers.

"In Scarlet and Grey," by Florence Henniken and Thomas Hardy. Roberts Bros., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The King's Revenge," by Claude Bray. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

"The Story of a Piece of Coal," by Edward A. Martin. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

"W. V.—Her Book," by William Canton. Stone & Kimball, publishers.

In Days of Stormy Weather.

I cannot leave a place so dear
Without the tribute of a tear.
And so behold it falling here,
A-trickling into rhyme.

How shall I live beyond the breeze,
All perfumed from the apple trees,
Dispensing o'er a sense of ease
Unknown to urban clime?

Oh, I shall miss the fields and hills,
The ever-piping merry rills,
Whereon at eve the moon distils
A shimmering pearly light.

Th'alluring woods, the leafy lanes,
The glen where many a bird complains,
The purple gloom, where twilight reigns
From dawn to falling night.

'Tis passing from a spot like this
To regions of far lesser bliss
That makes the world just what it is,
A place of smile and tear.

But rainbows come, the poets say,
From smiles and tears along our way,
So smile on this poor tear to-day,
Mayhap the bow'll appear.

Then let us take the symbol sweet,
A promising again to meet,
With life just so much more complete
For this dear time together.

And memory will keep it true,
Fields, hill and vale—and rainbow too—
'Twill be a picture good to view
In days of stormy weather.

Sarah Sterling McEnery in Harper's Bazar.

THE WEEK'S FOOTBALL

Olympic Out of Condition Wins From Stanford Out of Training.

If on Friday the 29th, anyone, though he were a recognized authority on footbal.l, had predicted an utter and ignominious defeat for the cardinal eleven, even if he had prophesied a tie in the Olympic-Stanford game of Saturday, he would have met with incredulity, if not open derision. The Olympic team, rarely well trained, almost never in sound physical condition, were pronounced easy game for the Palo Alto team, supposedly trained to machine-like precision and force, and in the very pink of condition.

The result of the game came as a tremendous surprise. It was to be expected that Olympic would make ground through Thomas, but that tandem plays on Harrington (l. t.) and Cotton (r. t.) would be productive of continued advances, that the halves should be repeatedly tackled behind the line, and that the Stanford interference should be broken up by Porter (Olympic l. t.) and Erskine, was by no means upon the books of the experts.

Stanford has gone back since last week. At this stage of the season, with the 'varsity game but little more than three weeks away, a college eleven should play a rapid, aggressive game, precise and even, the ball should be snapped and passed with a bewildering quickness, the backs should be so sharp in getting away that they should be at their top speed when the line is reached, the value of a punt should be appreciated, and the the captain should begin to show evidences of generalship. In every one of these points, mere essentials though they are, Stanford showed herself to be lamentably wanting in the game against the red and white. There are two things that California football teams, whether 'varsity or otherwise, never seem to learn. One is the marvelous, the almost incredible advantage of fast playing, the other the value of a punt as preferred to mere possession of the ball. Fast playing has so many advantages that it is dificult to know where to begin the enumeration. It demoralizes the opposing players as nothing else can, it unsteadies them, rattles them, makes them expend precious energy in guessing the next play, while for the team having the ball it stimulates to more unified effort, it enables the captain to take advantage of every chance, it keeps the attention and energy of his men at their highest tension, it gives confidence, assurance, that self-reliance, that arrogance, even, that is the infallible earnest of victory.

A punting game is a winning game. A punt will advance the ball a given distance at the expense of energy on the part of one man alone, whereas in a running, bucking game the same distance must be covered at the expense of energy on the part of the whole eleven individuals. A punt places the opponents on the defensive, it carries them back into their own territory, the ball is near the goal line, and the punting side has two chances for a touchdown, either by holding the enemy for downs or by securing the ball on a fumble. It's not possession of the ball, but distance gained, that wins football games. The rule should be to punt early and often. Other things being equal, a captain, roughly speaking, should punt on the first down anywhere between his ten and forty-yard line; on the second down, between his forty-yard line and that of his opponents', and on the third down between his forty-yard line and his opponents' goal.

Stanford, out of training and practice, poorly generaled and slowly handled, played weak and slovenly ball. The line was poor, both offensively and defensively. None of the cardinal backs as yet seen can be brought to run in a straight line when behind the line. Fisher (l. h.) and Dole (r. h.) both run in towards the quarter when receiving the ball; besides this, Dole, like Searight, has the fatal habit of running back to avoid tackling. The interference runs far too bunched and close together, enabling one man to tear it up. This frequently happened in Saturday's game, and is one of the chief reasons why Stanford did not score. Porter (Olympic l. t.) discovered this failing early in the first half, and more than once threw the whole group backward by a strong low dive. This bunched interference is perhaps Stanford's greatest fault.

Olympic won the game, not so much on its own merits as it did because of Stanford's astonishing demoralization. The men of the O. A. C. were in poor physical condition. After the second touchdown—the one not allowed—the halves and center men were well nigh exhausted. Too much time was taken to allow injured and winded Olympic players to recover. In the end it is a question whether these long intervals between plays do not do more harm than good to a team, especially when winning, since they are fatal to the quick following up of any advantage gained. Stickney ran the team in first-class fashion, considering how little cohesion exists in the O. A. C. eleven. He is not only a splendid running and bucking half, but is also the only real football general the coast has ever seen. His dash for goal at the beginning of the second half, and the manner in which he aroused and handled his team the instant it became apparent that Stanford was, perhaps, not so formidable as believed, was admirable in the extreme.

In all the teams so far in the history of Pacific Coast football there has not been a single really fine gridiron general. There have been men like Clemens of Stanford and Oscar Taylor of California, cool, steady players, who have strengthened and braced the teams at critical moments, and there have been captains like Benson (Cal.) who could manage to goad their elevens to sudden whirlwind efforts of short duration, but absolutely not one thus far who could plan and plot during the heat and excitement of action and obtain any appreciable results. Not one captain thus far has been a strategist, able to change the whole plan of action in a single moment during the progress of a game, to hoodwink and trick his opponents, to invariably exercise good judgment at critical moments, to play the game in a word as a general would plan a campaign.

Stanford only escaped disgraceful defeat (a score of 12—0 in favor of the O. A. C.'s) by a couple of technicalities. It is a pity Mr. Butterworth would not allow the second touchdown, as the Red and White had earned it at a tremendous expenditure of energy, keeping possession of the ball for nearly a dozen plays. However, judgment can only be passed upon what the judge can see, and as Stanford had possession of the ball by the time Butterworth was able to see it, no other course was left to him but to give it to the cardinal eleven. Nevertheless, the O. A. C. carried the ball twice over Stanford's goal. The fact augurs ill for the cardinal's prospects Thanksgiving. Yet let no one be deceived. Stanford may not win from California on that occasion, but she will play better ball than she did in this, her last game. College teams make their greatest improvement during the very last week of practice, while athletic clubs are as good as they ever are early in the season. Too many people are allowed upon the side lines. None but the substitutes and those few individuals who have business there should be permitted to enter where now over fifty hangers-on congregate. It is preposterous that on the occasion of each touchdown a small army of rooters should collect about the goal posts, shouting warnings and encouragement to their teams.

Reliance and California try conclusions election day. If California has kept to the form of her last game with O. A. C. she should win a brilliant victory. If Reliance makes a score (which is doubtful in the extreme) Ransome should be able at least to triple it. If Reliance is shut out, the blue and gold will probably gain at least two touchdowns. Of the Freshmen game it is well-nigh impossible to predict the issue so erratic is liable to be the playing of such untrained elevens. Stanford might win one day by 40 points and California the next by fully as many.

Fast Playing at Last — A Sharp Game Between Club and College.

The last game that California and Reliance will play before they go up for their championship matches against Stanford and Olympic respectively was played last Tuesday. It was the sharpest game of the season so far.

California was not up to the form shown against the O. A. C. There can be little doubt that the game with the Red and White was one of the best ever put up by the Blue and Gold. In the election day victory they were dangerously close to defeat more than once and were saved from that issue only by rapid playing and the sound physical condition of the men, the result of weeks of conscientious training.

Reliance's good points were its determination and steadiness in the first half. the quickness with which it discovered California's weak point and its keeping possession of the ball for over forty yards of continuous line bucking. Where the club eleven was lacking was in the poor physical condition of the men, the inability and unwillingness to punt, the continued off-side play and the sluggish and inert passing and snapping.

There was no generalship on the part of the Reliance captain, but as there was little of that quality displayed on the Varsity side the drawback does not go for much. Pacific coast football teams do not know the meaning of generalship. Some day a second Cunnock or Trafford will appear in one of the Big Four, and perhaps with a very mediocre team will revolutionize the California game. He has not appeared this season.

To lovers of a fast sharp game—which is nothing but fairly good football—California's theory of offense is encouraging in the extreme. Ransome's team is absolutely the only one of the Big Four that has grasped the merely fundamental idea of rapid play. It might almost be said that quick signalling and formations and nothing else won Tuesday's game for the Blue and Gold, the matters of condition and discipline being merely secondary. California, it would appear, is sacrificing many things to this inestimable quality. Accuracy in passing is one, as witnessed by the innumerable fumbles between quarter and half. But quickness is something that must be infused into a whole team (belted in at a rope's end, one is almost temped to say) while inaccurate passing and receiving (faults of but two or three men) may be easily remedied as the season advances.

Reliance should have been prepared for this style of work, since it has been California's salient characteristic in every game she has played. But Kennedy repeatedly snapped the ball long before Reliance expected it, and on two distinct occasions the Reliance men were actually not in line, were literally not yet reformed from the scrimmage at the time when the California half was already running with the ball. Reliance has no excuse for this, it is sheer stupidity. Sherman's long run at the beginning of the second half was directly the outcome of Kennedy's quickness on the one hand and the sluggishness of the Reliance eleven on the other.

Although Reliance clearly outplayed California in the first half the second touchdown should not have been allowed. Reliance was on California's five-yard line, and had to gain five yards—that is to the gaol line—or lose the ball on downs. Reliance wedged the ball, but down was called fully three yards before the goal line was reached. It should have been California's ball on her three-yard line, first down. It will not do to say that Reliance would have scored anyhow—at least not at that moment—for California would probably have punted out of danger.

The punting of Reliance was wretched. They elected to punt in the second half with a high wind against them, but did little or no punting in the first half when it would have been most effective. The temptation to follow up successful mass plays such as those of the first half of Tuesday's game is doubtless very strong and much can be said in favor of continual persistence in ground-gaining plays, but the results of Reliance's heavy line work (the men scarcely ever rested by long punts) was apparent as soon as the last half began. Reliance had shot its bolt. Walton has exhausted the energies of his men by the furious and continued line bucking and the eleven had but little steam left with which to oppose the sudden and desperate attack of the California eleven in the second half.

Ransome showed far better judgment. Even in the second twenty-five minutes of play, with all the score against him, he husbanded the strength of his halves and runners by punting down the field until he could secure the ball close enough to the Reliance goal to run it over. His try for goal from the field was well timed , and was undoubtedly the play called for by the situation even though unsuccessful. FRANK NORRIS.

Hollow-Eyed Defeat.

This is the way a Quincy, Ill., paper relates the story of the calamitous defeat of the local baseball nine:

"The glass-armed toy soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave-robbers from Omaha. The flabby, one-lunged Reubens, who represent the Gem City in the reckless rush for the baseball pennant, had their shins toasted by the basilisk-eyed cattle-drivers from the West.

They stood around with gaping eyes like a hen on a hot nail, and suffered the grizzly yaps of Omaha to run the bases until their necks were long with thirst. Hickey had more errors than Coin's Financial School, and led the rheumatic procession to the morgue.

The Quincys were full of straw and scrap-iron. They couldn't hit a brick wagon with a pickax, and ran bases like pallbearers at a funeral. If three-base hits were growing on the back of every man's neck they couldn't reach 'em with a feather duster. It looked as if the Amalgamated Unions of South American Hoodoos were in session for work in the thirty-third degree.

The geezers stood about and whistled for help, and were so weak they couldn't lift a glass of beer if it had been all foam. Everything was yellow, rocky and whangbassed, like a stigtossel full of dogglegammon.

The game was whiskered and frost-bitten The Omahogs were bad enough, but the Quincy Brown Sox had their fins sewed up until they couldn't hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied around their necks."

Looking for Information.

Questions put by a little boy to his father in the course of a sail on Plymouth Sound: "Do they call this a Sound steamer because it makes a noise?" "Is that water down there any wetter than the water on the Atlantic Ocean?" "What makes the water wet?" "How many men could be drowned in water as deep as that?" "If a mamma fish couldn't get any worms in the water for the little fish, would she go ashore and dig for them?" "Suppose a whale came along and sat for three days on an oyster so that he couldn't open his shell, would it suffocate the oyster?" "Does it hurt to get drowned?" "Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the papa of all those men who do whatever he tells them to?"

"Those eggs," exclaimed the barnstormer in a tone of haughty defiance—"Those eggs you have thrown at me will come home to roost."

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THE WEEK'S RACING

Summary of Events at the Ingleside Track.

The opening of Ingleside furnished the lovers of thoroughbreds some fine sport. Strathol and St. Lee made their initial appearance this season in the first race at one mile and seventy yards. The latter won cleverly through the good jockeyship of Shields. Jones again piloted Alma to victory in the second event, beating only a fair field. The next was the big stake of the day—the "Opening Day Handicap" of one mile. Jones took Sir Play out in front and was never headed winning very easily from the other long shot, Wawona, whom little H. Brown rode fairly well. Installator ran disgracefully. As every turf follower has more or less respect for this horse, many lost heavily by his very poor showing. Colonel Weightman won the jump easily, and is one of the coming timber toppers. Jockey Duffy made his first appearance in California on Caliente, one of Joe Terry's lot. This boy rode very cleverly and won a good race. He should have lots of riding to do this winter. Libertine just galloped away from Caesarian in the sixth race, seven-eighths of a mile, in 1:30½.

The second day at Ingleside opened up with a very fair card. The track was quite heavy. Babe Murphy was made a 2-to-5 favorite in the opening race, Elmer F. led for half the distance when Bueno and The Babe made their run, Bueno getting first money cleverly by a length and a half. The second race saw Torsina a 1-to-5 chance, with Patsy Freeman in the saddle; she had no speed and couldn't outrun a truck horse. This event looked very bad, because there were only five in the race and Torsina got off so poorly. They beat another hot favorite in the third race—Fleur de Lis. Through the very cleverest jockeying of little Jones, Midlight got the decision by a nose. Jones also rode the next winner, Little Cripple, beating the long shot Favory by a head. Shields got that bad actor Alvarado off in the last race and won driving from Daylight, who was coming very fast.

The card was very poor on the third day, bad horses and small fields. The best race was the last. Libertine was made a hot favorite at 1 to 2, with Ruinart second choice at 3 to 1, Sir Play, with Jones up, was 5 to 1, and Wawona was 40 to 1. Freeman again showed his clever jockeyship by getting Ruinart left at the post in a field of four horses. This boy or man should be attended to, as the starter was not to blame.

Quite a crowd went out on Saturday afternoon to witness the six well-contested races. Ostler Joe made his California debut and won the first race by a nose through the skill of Jockey Duffy. Both horse and rider are from Montana. Candelaria, with Jones up, just galloped home in the second race at five and a half furlongs. Boots' good little horse, Nebuchadnezzar, walked in a victor in the mile handicap. Thelma acted very ugly at the post and got left. She was heavily played and, naturally, many felt very sore over it. The trainer of this mare does not blame Mr. Hovey in any way, as he well knows how crazy Thelma is at times. Colonel Weightman won the jump just as easily as he did his first race. Baby Bill was a hot second, but could only finish third.

Hanetta won the first race, for maiden two-year-olds, from February quite easily; Shields rode Scotch Rose very carelessly and came third. Installator, with a good ride on the part of Jockey McGlone, beat Midlo with Jones up by two lengths; considering that this was Midlo's first race in a long time he ran very well. Nebuchadnezzar won the one-mile handicap in fine style and good time from Sir Play, whom Jones rode to perfection. The outsider, Lincoln II, beat that stake mare, Thelma, just six lengths for third money. Bellicoso, Veragna and Una Colorado won the next three races in very easy fashion. Jones rode two firsts, two seconds and one third out of his five mounts.

Scotch Rose beat Geo. Rose's Geyser very easily in the first. Geyser was an even money chance. Hermanita, well ridden by H. Martin, captured the second race by a head, at the good odds of 15 to 1. Wheel of Fortune never ran or acted better in her life than in the mile and seventy yard handicap. She just jogged home in front of Nebuchadnezzar in fast time. Three well-played favorites, two good second choices and one outsider were the lucky ones on this day.

That the judges now holding positions at the tracks intend making racing as clean as possible is apparent, and creates a very pleasing impression among the patrons. Captain Ree's decision in the Morgan G. case is also much approved by all race-goers and turf authorities.

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MATRIMONIAL TALES

He Postponed It.

He had some thoughts of proposing.

It was natural that his thoughts should take some such course, for her fortune was figured at something over a million, while his was figured at something less than $9.35 just at that moment, although he probably wouldn't have admitted it.

Then it was that the subject of conversation drifted round to engagement rings, and he mentioned that in some countries men wore them.

"And the strange feature of it all is," he said, "that the girls provide them."

"Yes?" she returned interrogatively.

"Oh, yes," he replied promptly. "I can show you extracts from books to prove it in addition to referring you to people who know all about it themselves."

"What of it?" she asked somewhat coldly.

He was a trifle staggered by both the manner and the question, but he endeavored to make the best of it.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered; "only it doesn't seem exactly natural."

"Most natural thing in the world," she asserted.

"Aw, now, you don't really think that's exactly the proper thing, do you?" he asked, rather disconcerted.

"Why not?"

He made a hasty effort to collect his thoughts, and then suggested that it seemed to be expecting too much of a girl.

"Such things seem to come more gracefully from the men," he said.

"Perhaps you're right," she answered "but it's a mere trifle anyway, and I suppose we might as well get used to it. The bride has to furnish practically everything else for the modern fashionable wedding, including a dowry that's big enough for two, with additions later. She might as well furnish the ring, too."

He didn't propose—not just then. He deemed it wise to give the matter further thought.

Nothing the Matter.

The old gentleman had been rather gruff when the young man entered, and his manner had not been particularly inviting while the young man was shifting from one foot to another and preparing to state his business. He simply said: "Well?" in an inquiring tone when the young man announced that he had come to see him on a matter of vast importance, but there was a great change when the young man said: "Your daughter——"

"My what?" interrupted the old gentleman with sudden animation.

"Your daughter," repeated the young man; and then he added, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind: "She is yours, isn't she?"

"Of course she's mine," retorted the old gentleman. "She hasn't fallen off her bicycle and hurt herself, has she?"

"Oh, no. She——"

"And she hasn't run over any children, or eloped with the coachman, or—or——"

"Nothing of that sort at all," answered the young man, becoming a trifle more courageous. "You see, she sent me here to ask you——"

"She sent you?"

"Yes, she—well, of course it was my suggestion first, but she said to ask you——"

The old gentleman seemed to be fully alive to the situation now. He stopped the young man by a gesture and then he got up and shut and locked the door.

"What's the matter?" asked the young man with some agitation. "Was any one listening?"

"Not that I know of, but I am taking no chances."

"Ah, from past experiences you are inclined to suspect——"

"Well, yes, I am, to be real frank with you," returned the old gentleman. "Now, go ahead."

"But I should think you could end it all by laying a trap," suggested the young man, ignoring the request of the elder to proceed.

"That's what I've done," was the reply. "Now, go on."

"Ah, servants are such——"

"Servants! Who said anything about servants?" roared the old gentleman. "The last fellow who came in here to ask me for Mary weakened before he got half through and bolted, and I don't propose to take any chances this time. Now go ahead."

Of course, under the circumstances, there was just one thing for the young man to do, and that was satisfactory—temporarily, at least.

Ito, Sotomi & Co., the leading Japanese Curio dealers of this city, have succeeded the Japan Curio Trading Company. This combination means a great deal for the curio speculators of San Francisco, for the reason that they will now be in direct contact with the importers. The firm has the shrewdest buyers in Japan, who are constantly sending to this coast rare novelties. The firm has a retail store at 116 Sutter street, where many curios may be seen.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The diplomatic ability of Colonel Mapleson is alluded to in the "Memoirs" of Arditi. On one occasion an eminent tenor who had made his debut under the genial Colonel's management had been severely criticized in one of the London dailies. He rushed to the Impressario, flourishing the sheet. "You must get this paper to apologize, Colonel," he declared. "I'm ruined if the public believe this dreadful attack true. If they don't I'll go back to Paris." Mapleson looked pained and sympathetic. "Let me see what paper it is in," he asked. The tenor tore asunder the opening page of the "Daily Telegraph," the big circulation paper of London. "Good gracious," said the Impressario, "my dear boy, you're safe as a trivet; I feared at first the notice might have appeared in an important paper, but nobody ever reads 'The Daily Telegraph.' You need not be in the least alarmed!" During his last season in New York an irate creditor, who had sued out a writ of attachment, courteously went to see Colonel Mapleson about it a few hours before the time for beginning the performance. Afterward he told his experiences to Arditi. "Well, did you get your money?" asked the latter. "Get nothing!" was the reply. "I listened to him talk, sent the deputy sheriff home, and when I came out of his office I had loaned him $75 in cash."

The baldness of Arditi was his most conspicuous physical characteristic. His hair fell out after an attack of typhoid fever and he ordered a toupee of the latest style which he assumed while conducting the Albani concerts in New York. Albani hated wigs and was intensely superstitious. The orchestra was tuning up in the artist's room and its members had about recovered their surprise at their leader's change of headgear, when the prima donna entered. "Where is Arditi?" she demanded. He stepped forward. Albani burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Heavens! Arditi, I would never have believed it of you. But I cannot, cannot sing with that before me. Go to." With one bound she seized the unfortunate toupee, dragged it off his head in spite of the springs which clung to his scalp with excruciating persistence and threw it to the other side of the room. Arditi never again wore a wig.

A wealthy and pretentious American came one day to Millais' studio. "Sir," he said, "I wish to take a present back to my wife. She says she would like to have my portrait painted by the very best artist in the country. I have been told that you are the man. When can I have a sitting?" "I am at present very busy," said Millais. "So am I," was the reply. "But I am a very expensive artist." "How much do you charge?" A large price was named. "Shall I give you a check now?" "Not at all," said Millais, "I merely mentioned it to prevent misunderstandings." "How many sittings will you require?" "Five or six at the least." "If you can do it in fewer so much the better, for I am a very busy man and my time is valuable." Millais enjoyed the manner in which his own plea of being busy had been met, and agreed to paint him.

Bishop Dudley (Episcopal) of Kentucky, when he was hunting and fishing recently, made the acquaintance of an old mountaineer, who took a great fancy to him without suspecting that he was a bishop. When the bishop was about to go home he invited the old man to come to Louisville to hear him preach. "Preach? Whut, you preach? Kin you preach ez well ez you kin shoot an' fish?" "Better. No joke. Come Sunday with your best clothes, and I'll give you a front seat." The old chap was there, right up in front, and remained until the bitter end, after which he hurried forward to shake the bishop's hand. "Parson," he cried warmly, "I don't know a great deal about your creeds an' dogmatics, but I've riz and sot with you every time!"

The Princesses Louise and Beatrice paid a visit to an old woman living in a cottage on the slopes of Glenfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with Balmoral Castle, met them with the blunt inquiry. "Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'm thinkin'?" "No," they replied, with some amusement; "we are the Queen's daughters." "The Queen's dochters?" ejaculated the old body, with national bluntness. "Ye dinna look like it, for ye hae neither a ring on your fingers not yet a bit gowd i' your lugs!"

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THE WAVE

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

VOL XV. No. 46 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 14, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

A QUIET HOUR AT THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION

TWO OF THE FATHERS STUDYING AN OLD LATIN MISSAL

Photo by W. B. Tyler

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 14, 1896

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ANOTHER CHARTER.

Some of our good citizens are inclined to attribute the defeat of the proposed new charter at the recent election to the inability of the people to secure the adoption of any improvement on our present absurd municipal government against the opposition of the local bosses of both political parties, and the organized resistance of that disreputable element among the voters which has come to be known as "the push." Such a conclusion is entirely unwarranted. It could be true only if a majority of the people of San Francisco deliberately prefer, or, at least, are deliberately indifferent to, corruption, extravagance and inefficiency in the government of their city. If this were true no government could be too vile for such a people, and no remedy would be available for the honest minority, except removal or revolution. But it is not true. The honest citizens of San Francisco are a large majority of the whole, and they can be trusted to ratify at the polls any charter which promises them relief from the evils of the present municipal misgovernment, without at the same time exposing them to other and possibly greater evils.

The charter which has just been rejected certainly encountered the determined opposition of all those who find their personal advantage under boss rule and who thrive in the shade of that tangled and antiquated wilderness of legislation and judicial patchwork, the Consolidation Act, under which the city now suffers. It may be set down as a certainty that any proposed change in our municipal organic law, in the direction of good government will be honored by the same opposition, and that such opposition will be futile against any reasonably good charter that may hereafter be proposed. For, while "the push" voted solidly against the charter for the reason that it was too good, there were thousands of good citizens who refused to vote for the instrument or deliberately voted against it, because, in their opinion, it was not good enough. They refused to approve the work of a Board of Freeholders who, they believed, had misconceived their functions, and had set themselves up as legislators instead of restricting themselves to the preparation of an organic law for the municipality. And while most of them, doubtless, believed that the charter, if adopted, would be in many respects a great improvement on the existing law, they declined to waste the opportunity of securing, once for all, a really satisfactory instrument for the government of the city. It was not "the push" and the bosses who defeated the charter, it was the good citizens who want a better one than was proposed.

The defects of the defeated charter were many and evident. It was too voluminous, and it bristled with special legislation. If the Constitution of the United States had been drawn on the lines followed by the last Board of Freeholders the Federal Government would have broken down before the Supreme Court could have had an opportunity to say what was meant by a single doubtful clause of that greatest of all instruments of government. The rejected charter, as printed, would fill about half a volume of the California Reports—and no man could prophesy how many volumes of those learned reports would have been filled by it before the judges had finished the duty of telling the people of San Francisco what the Freeholders were supposed to have meant by their multitudinous provisions. Even the proponents of the instrument, in pleading for its adoption, had to assure their readers and auditors that among its merits must be reckoned the probable illegality of some of its most prominent features. It was not such a charter that the people of San Francisco wanted, and they wisely rejected it. The organic law of a great city is disfigured by such details as that which practically established a boycott on all but a single class of teachers for the public schools, and by legislation prescribing the term of residence necessary to qualify a laborer for the duty of sweeping a San Francisco street.

The opportunity remains of trying again, and while the trial should be made speedily, it should be made with due deliberation. The greatest care should be taken in the selection of another Board of Freeholders, the first step toward the formation of a new charter. With all respect to the gentlemen who composed the last Board, we suggest that it is not desirable that any of them should be chosen again. Nobody doubts that they did their work honestly and faithfully, but it was not satisfactory, and has been rejected. San Francisco is not so poor in citizens of the necessary ability and public spirit as to be unable to find an entirely new Board capable of discharging the duty required of them. Among the members there should be a sufficient number of good lawyers, men of ability and experience, possessed of the confidence of the people, who can be trusted to see to it that when their work is submitted to the people it will not be necessary to apologize for its illegal provisions, nor to beg for its confirmation by the voters with the plea that the Supreme Court will excise the objectionable features, and so they may be dismissed from consideration. We want a charter that shall bring after it a good municipal government, not a document that shall furnish more work for our courts, before we can know what it means, or that it means anything at all. We employ masons and carpenters and other artisans to make our buildings; let us have some good lawyers, if we can get them, employed in the making of our laws.

Let us have a charter that shall distribute the municipal power among the several departments of the city and county government, with concise and general directions for, and limitations on, its exercise; that shall sever completely the legislative and the executive functions, the power of appropriating the public money from the duty of expending it as appropriated; that shall provide for the concentration of power and make certain the responsibility for its proper use; and that shall reduce the duty of the voter on the day of election to the selection of a few capable men for public office, instead of confronting him, as now, with a list of unknown candidates as long as the muster roll of a strong company. Such a charter, we believe, will deserve and will receive the support of all good citizens, against which the organized and concentrated power of "the bosses," "the push," and all the evil elements of the population of our city will be powerless.

PERKINS AND THE "ARGONAUT."

"The Argonaut," which latterly has come to be notorious for its small hatreds, petty dislikes and contemptible meannesses, is as usual out of touch with the people of the State, and is inclined to sneer at the splendid victory achieved by George C. Perkins in his recent canvass for the United States Senate. The voters of the State of California have decided in a most determined and unmistakable manner that Senator Perkins shall serve this commonwealth at Washington for the ensuing six years. On joint ballot but sixty-one votes are necessary to elect a United States Senator. The requisite number and many to spare have already been pledged to Senator Perkins. Even if a dozen or more members should ignore the pledges made upon the stump and the expressed wishes of the convention nominating them, and so take sides against him, "The Argonaut" ought to remember that this is a year of patriotism, that this is a year when honest Democrats have for their country's sake deserted the party to which they have so long given their adherence. It was this fine spirit of patriotism that made it possible to elect Mr. McKinley to the presidency of the United States. The same spirit lives in our State Legislature, and we, speaking advisedly, make bold to prophesy that, should it be necessary, which it is not, at least a dozen Democratic votes could be relied upon for Mr. Perkins.

"The Argonaut" says:

"There is now a free silver majority of thirteen in the Senate. It looks as if the sound money men would have a majority of three. It might be well for the Hon. George C. Perkins, United States Senator from California, to come out at this juncture and explain to his constituents how he will vote in the United States Senate if re-elected. He has heretofore been voting for silver."

This contemptible little fling is on a par with the small wit that guides the destinies of our once powerful contemporary. Senator Perkins' official action on the silver question hardly needs explanation. Assembly Joint Resolution No. 13, adopted February 18th, 1895, instructed our Senators in Congress and requested our Representatives "to earnestly and urgently advocate the enactment of such laws as might be necessary to provide for the immediate resumption of the free and unlimited coinage of silver in the ratio of 16:1."

A United States Senator is a creature of the Legislature, and whether or not it has the power, Legislatures have assumed, and from time immemorial it has been their custom, to instruct their Senators how to vote on special public questions. Such instructions leave no discretion to a Senator. Mr. Perkins is not constructing platforms for himself or the Republican party, nor does he need the assistance of "The Argonaut" therein. He is a Republican and, as he has stated repeatedly upon the stump and more recently in a public telegram, abides by and stands upon the platform of the Republican party. The is an attitude that "The Argonaut," which makes great pretense of loyalty and patriotism, might assume with advantage to itself.

When the election returns are all in, we predict it will be seen that the Republican vote for legislative candidates greatly exceeds the vote cast for the head of the ticket. Beyond a doubt, the personal canvass made by Mr. Perkins, and the knowledge among the people that a Republican Legislature meant his re-election, had much to do with delivering California's nine electoral votes to Major McKinley. No one acquainted with the facts for a moment doubts this.

OUR CHINESE MILITARY METHODS.

Three weeks ago "The Wave" had occasion to make some remarks on the subject of the amazing re-arrangement of the troops of the regular army near San Francisco which had then been recently effected. By this preposterous movement the Presidio, which is the only military post on the whole Pacific coast provided with any equipment for the artillery, has been turned over to the care of a regiment of infantry; while the regiment of artillery on duty on this coast has been banished to Angel Island, a post which is as destitute of cannon, or any other appliance for the training of artillerymen, as Iceland is of palm trees. The artillery had held the Presidio for fifty years, and for the last twenty of them the military authorities had been clamoring for forts and guns to be placed there that the artillery troops might have some opportunity of learning in time of peace how to defend us in time of war. Within a year past the forts have been built and the guns placed in position, when lo! our military wiseacres send the gunners miles away to Angel Island, from which come the infantry to take charge of our defensive works. Could anything be imagined more thoroughly Chinese in conception and execution? The thing could not be more truly Mongolian in spirit if the famous Board of Censure and Ceremony had been translated from Peking to Washington.

The comments of "The Wave" were made in the hope that there might be forthcoming some explanation from our military Solomons of the motive and purpose of a movement so strikingly foolish—to the civilian intelligence. We had hope that there might be, underlying the new arrangement, some good purpose not discernible at a glance by the limited vision of a citizen, but which could be made apparent by a breath of military wisdom. If any explanation has been vouchsafed it has escaped our notice. We therefore are forced to conclude that the motive of the War Department in this remarkable proceeding is too puerile or too unworthy to be confessed aloud, and that the arrangements for the military defense of the port of San Francisco can be put out of joint, with the consent and approval of the highest military authority, for reasons that will not bear telling. We recognize fully that in some military proceedings secrecy as to plans and methods is indispensable. In the presence of an enemy in the field it is not desirable that the newspaper reporter should be taken into the confidence of the commanding General. The plans and general working arrangements of our coast defense forts may with propriety be kept from the knowledge of the editors of the Sunday editions of our enterprising daily contemporaries. But there can be no necessity for secrecy as to the motives of a military policy so remarkable as this, which sends the gunners away from their guns, if those motives are honest and respectable. If the Secretary of the Navy should take the guns out of the battleship Oregon and assign that powerful vessel to ferry boat duty between Vallejo and Mare Island he could hardly hope to satisfy the public curiosity by the statement that the exigencies of the naval service required that the reasons for such a remarkable proceeding be kept secret.

It is a real misfortune for our small army that the people of the country are so seldom in contact with it, and know so little of its workings. Whenever there is any failure of efficiency in the postal service, or in the Custom Houses, or in the land offices, or in almost any other branch of the public service, somebody's personal interest is affected and a clamor for improvment is raised a

nce. With the military service it is not so. Discipline ight be relaxed, instruction might be neglected, ignor- nce might take the place of professional learning and echnical skill, the vast authority of commanders might e abused for the gratification of personal malice or to avor the undeserving, and withal the public would be one the wiser. It is possible that this sense of remote- ess from the people and freedom from responsibility for heir acts has led the military authorities to do things hich they would never have contemplated had they rea- on to believe they could be held accountable for their rders. They feel safe from unpleasant remark, so long s the general public is perfectly indifferent to the color f the stripe on the blue trousers of the Presidio privates. is a significant fact that the banishment of the artillery giment from the Presidio followed close on the last visit o San Francisco of the General who is in command of the rmy.

We repeat what we have said before. If the artillery fficers and men assigned to duty for the defense of this ort are fit men for their places let them have the guns hich belong to them, and which they must serve if the me ever comes when their services shall be needed. et them have an opportunity to learn the duties which ey may be called on to perform. If they are inefficient, competent and incapable of improvement, high or low, enior or junior, influential or obscure, let them be dis- osed of as the law directs, and let capable men take their laces. Let it be understood that a public office in the ilitary service is just as much a public trust as in the vil service, and that military duty is to be done in the st interests of the people, and not in accordance with e whims of commanding Generals or the personal de- res of favored subordinates. If there is any military ecessity for an infantry force at the Presidio let such a rce be maintained there, by all means; but let no artil- ry soldier be taken from his proper place, or diverted om his proper duty, to serve the convenience or pro- ote the personal ambition or improve the domestic mfort of officers of infantry, of whatever rank.

Almost forty years ago the imbecile government of the hinese Empire found itself confronted by a wide and ell organized rebellion, with which it was powerless to pe. There were plenty of arms in China and millions men to use them, and strong walled cities for defense gainst the insurrection of the Tai Pings, but the historic upidity of Chinese misgovernment had made all these sources of no avail. The military affairs of that em- re had been administered from purely personal reasons d without the slightest regard to the purpose for which oney and military resources had been supplied. In the d China was saved from destruction, or, at least, dis- emberment, only by the services of a few military ad- nturers, and these mercenaries, after quelling the in- rrection in part, began to be dreaded by the incapable andarins lest they in their turn should seek to overturn e empire. Our military Mandarins have taken a long ep on the path in which their Chinese models walked. e do not look for them to pursue that path to its end, t if they should elect to do so and are not checked in eir course, we may find ourselves engaging the mer- nary military talent of Cninamen to protect our coast ng before Macaulay's New Zealander shall have arrived the ruins of London.

SHOULD MR. SPRECKELS RETIRE.

As we are living without the little circle where the pur- ses and future plans of John D. Spreckels are whis- red, it is impossible to say how far the attacks now be- g made upon him will deter that gentleman from fur- er political aspirations. We may judge him, however— d in consequence of his political prominence have the ght to judge him—from a dispassionate and fair stand- int. Mr. Spreckels is not so blameless as his little fol- wing would have the world believe, nor is he so bad as s enemies would picture him. He is young, rich and s a taste for politics. If we couple these qualifications ith an unswerving honesty of purpose, his political as- ration would be an unmistakable benefit to this com- unity, and a healthy and encouraging sign as well. Mr. preckels, so far as the public knows, has never aspired a place for himself. His motives for entering politics yet have developed no selfish desire, apparently he has en quite ready to play the part of Warwick rather than at of king. In about every political undertaking that s been credited to him, the result has been failure, par- al or entire; and now his most spirited enemies, who rtainly have not been any more popular or any more ccessful than he, are undertaking to drive him into ivate life, leaving the field to themselves. Whether Mr. preckels will retire from politics under this fire we do t know. If he is inclined to remain in the field, and, voiding the mistakes of the past, work out a future vic- ry, we will be glad and the community will be bene- ed, but if he is to continue in politics upon the same nes that he has heretofore been led to follow it will be matter of regret. There is room here in San Francisco r an honest and unselfish leader; there is room for a an who enters politics for the good of his party and his untry, but there is no room for men given over to the practice of rough politics. There are too many of that class abroad now. The kind of politics toward which Mr. Spreckels inclined while harnessed to Colonel Burns is the kind of politics the people will resent in a rich young man with more promptitude by far than they will when it is the handiwork of a really tough politician. Rough politics apparently succeeded in undoing Colonel Burns as well as Mr. Spreckels. The former gentleman had ingratiated himself with the people by making a "people's fight" some years ago. His avowed purpose then was to undo Messrs. Kelly and Crimmins, two local political bosses of malodorous fame. The people brought him victory because they had grown sick and tired of boss domination. Flushed with this success and mistaking its significance, Colonel Burns and Mr. Spreckels then launched themselves into a gubernatorial campaign, and that, too, in a wild and half mad fashion, calculated to make the hair of the old-time bosses stand on end. No pair of men ever before went to such extremes of dictatorship, and if a lesson is to be read in their fate no politician will ever try the like again. Actually, the doughty Colonel Burns stampeded a Republican convention for his gubernatorial candidate two weeks before the convention met, so impatient was he to make a display of his power. Bosses, as a rule, if they be cautious and wise, make a pretense of paying a certain tribute to decency and other people's feelings. Even though their convention is packed to a man for a given candidate, it is the part of sane politics and good practice to divide the convention's vote in a tantalizing way among the various ambitious men about the State who are seeking gubernatorial honors, and at least make some pretense of an honest contest and a final choice. But this diplomatic method was too slow for Colonel Burns. Power to him, like to most vain men, meant nothing if he could not flaunt it in the face of the world, and use it with brutal force. He flaunted it, and succeeded in dominating the convention, but it cost him his leadership. A quarrel then arose between Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Burns, and the former gentleman has since atempted to succeed to the leadership of Republican politics. Prior association with Burns rendered it much less difficult for Burns to obstruct the way of Spreckels' success. The odium of Burns clung to him, while Dan lay in hiding putting forth the Kelly and Mahoney end of the Republican party to do battle with Spreckels and divide the Republican strength. So we had two Republican municipal tickets this election. In the contest between the two, the plums fell into the lap of the Democratic boss, Rainey. Mr. Spreckels was defeated and the bosses upon both sides are in high glee. Consequently the political enemies of Mr. Spreckels to-day are charging bravely at him, confident that now he is on the run it will be an easy matter to force him to retire from politics.

The public have an interest in this question, and have an interest in Mr. Spreckels' decision. If it were a question whether or not he remain in the field and do rough politics or retire, better that he retired. If it is a question of remaining in politics and conducting his future campaigns on broad, wholesome, honorable lines, better ten thousand times that he remain in the field. He may not be able to snatch victory at the first campaign, because it may be difficult in that short time to lead the people to understand that his purpose is honest and in the interest of pure politics. But following such a course, that he will win in the end is inevitable. Phelan was elected Mayor because the people believed him free from boss control. Burns' first victory, that so inflated his vanity, was possible only because the people believed that his was a battle against the bosses. Burns has learned the lesson and come to understand the impregnability of this position. He was fearful that Mr. Spreckels might gather to himself the decent strength that he once had, the strength that comes with antagonism to boss methods. Therefore, Mr. Burns had himself interviewed by a daily paper and committed a crime of which we would hardly have thought him capable. For the purpose of making Spreckels as black as Burns he "peached," and told how he and Spreckels had conducted their campaign. The confession involved the commission of a multitude of misdeeds, and was all intended to and did contribute to Mr. Spreckels' undoing. In politics there are two elements of strength—that which comes to the rough politician who portions out the spoils, who robs, who steals, who blackmails, who protects huge interests, who barters and trades with honor; and that which comes from the people themselves. Never in the history of this municipality has a boss ever come out victorious at the polls where the issue was clearly defined and the general public understood it to be a contest between the bosses on one side and those opposed to the bosses on the other. Under ordinary circumstances, the voter is seldom called upon to decide between boss and no-boss. The elections heretofore have been simply a matter of choice between a Republican boss and a Democratic boss. The election of Judge Hebbard, who received the largest vote cast for any one man in the late election, illustrates our position pretty clearly. If Mr. Spreckels will remain in politics on the basis which we outline he will earn the gratitude of the whole people, and will live to see his enemies dumfounded and overcome. He cannot afford to retire under fire, and should not be permitted to do so.

IS THE FARMER A FOOL?

Throughout the campaign it was accepted by all parties as a thing not needing demonstration, a political axiom, a presumption of politics, that the farmer is a chump. When the wise political heads of the Republican side were asked as to how California would go the response invariably was: "The farmers have got wheels in their heads; they imagine that free silver is some sort of a scheme by which they can reap without sowing and make double on the volunteer crop. They have read 'Coin's Financial School,' and the bug has got into their heads, and we can't get it out. If we had years, instead of months, perhaps we might be able to make some impression on their dull intellects, but they are too slow for us to reach them this campaign. If the State is saved at all it will be by San Francisco" So spoke the Republican seer. If the inquirer should, on the other hand, seek information from a Democrat, he would be told that the stronghold of the free silver sentiment was in the country districts where the farmers had been sitting around the grocery store cracker box and the cross-roads beer barrel discussing nothing but the currency question, and that to a man they had reached the conclusion that the only thing ailing the country was the gold standard.

Both were wrong, the Republican and Democratic politicians alike. The farmer of California has demonstrated that he can think clearly, see straight, and is not to be led into a labyrinth of sophistries and economic fallacies by the glib tongue of political demagogues or the false prophesies of scheming mine-owners. Instead of San Francisco saving the State to the party of honest money and national honor, the farmers saved California—the reproached and misunderstood farmers whom the short-sighted Republican politicians gave up early in the canvass, and whom the Democrats thought they were sure of. If the farming counties had surrendered to Bryanism as was expected, the vote of this State would not have been cast for McKinley. Let us look at some of the interior counties of which the San Francisco politicians were so fearful. Humboldt county, the home of Judge De Haven, which is normally about five hundred Republican, and which the Republican State Committee in its estimate credited to McKinley by no more than two hundred and fifty, went eight hundred for the Republican electors. Napa county, which is purely an agricultural county, gave six hundred Republican majority. Santa Clara county, which is cut up into small farms, and where business has been much depressed during the past four years, gave over twelve hundred majority to McKinley.

It is to be observed that even in those counties in the wheat growing districts, where the largest percentage of mortgaged farms is to be found, and where it was supposed utter despair had fallen upon the farmer, the majorities for Bryan do not appear at all or are so small as to be insignificant. If San Francisco had cast the vote against repudiation and fiat money which even the Democrats conceded she would give, instead of giving three or four thousand for McKinley, the State would have given a larger popular majority to McKinley than she has given any presidential candidate within the past twenty years.

It must be remembered, too, that in these farming districts the Populists have been carrying on their campaign for six years, while the Republicans had less than half as many months to turn back the tide. While in this city, at the election of 1894, the Populist vote was three thousand, the vote in the State was over fifty thousand. Hundreds of bets were made that California would give a Bryan popular majority of at least twenty-five or thirty thousand on the strength of the united Democratic and Populist figures in 1894, which showed a fusion majority of nearly fifty thousand. San Francisco certainly did not overcome that fusion majority, nor did Sacramento, nor Los Angeles, though Oakland, be it said to her credit, made a valiant effort. It was in those counties where the fight was regarded as most hopeless by sound money men that the State was saved to decency and honor. The campaign that the Populists have been making, supported as it was by the condition of the times, was entirely offset by a few weeks of intelligent discussion among the farmers themselves, and by the fortunate incident of the rise in the price of wheat, which demonstrated the utter nonsense of the Populistic claim that the prices of farm products rose and fell with the price of silver. It was in San Francisco that the campaign for sound money was least effective. The working people closed their ears and shut their eye to the arguments against the policy of Bryan. They refused to give them that thoughtful consideration which the farmer gave. That this city did not go overwhelmingly for silver is to be credited to the Democratic business men who saw their peril and patriotically put party aside. To these two forces—the patriotic Democrats and the clear sighted farmers—is the saving of California to be credited.

Three young women who are making a commercial success of art in New York are Mildred Howells, Allegra Eggleston and Miss Cable, all of them daughters of novelists. Miss Jessamy Harte, daughter of Bret Harte, likewise dabbles.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Arts and Crafts has finally petered out. A half-hearted attempt, it is true, is being made in certain quarters to fan the dying spark into the flame of existence again, but it is too late. For months the institution has languished as it deserved. Though its prospects were excellent at organization, the Arts and Crafts got into wrong hands. It admitted a number of men whose character and profession did not justify their membership and it paid the penalty. The interest of the originators died early, and as their participation was really the only excuse for the club, it did not survive them. Yet there is a place for an Arts and Crafts here, and much work that it can do.

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The annual initiation of members into the Skull and Keys Society of the University of California took place last Thursday. An unusually large number of juniors were taken on, twenty-six, in fact, increasing the active membership of the society to over forty. It has become the custom for successful candidates of the "Keys," as it is called, to appear upon the campus in white ducks upon the day of initiation, their left arms encircled with a scarlet ribbon. The usual "running," which in former years consisted in the performance of all sorts of outlandish freaks by the candidates, such as selling "War Cries" to the students during the football practice, shooting imaginary quail in full view of the crowds on the bleachers, etc., was omitted this year, much to the disappointment of several parties who had come from Oakland and the city to witness it. The "Keys" is soon to have a club house of its own near the entrance to the U. C. grounds, opposite Stiles Hall. It is understood as well that the club will produce an original musical farce during the last term, something after the style of those given by Harvard's famous "Hasty Pudding."

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The latest literary sensation in New York is a small sixteen page literary journal, the "Daily Tatler," whose initial number was put forth by Stone & Kimball last Saturday. It treats of the literary gossip of the day, music and the drama, and is modeled somewhat on the lines of its eighteenth century namesake, and by a curious coincidence has for a prominent contributor a writer named Steele. Mr. Kimball, who started the "Chap Book," is responsible for the venture, and is seconded editorially by Miss Carolyn Wells. What the success of a two-cent literary daily will be in New York it will be interesting to watch. Had the sheet followed a little more closely the character of Addison's "Tatler," had it revived the short essay and been content with a smaller folio edition, it would have been more readable, but as several prominent writers are interested in the scheme, there is a good chance that the "Critic," "Bookman" and "Dial" may have to share laurels with the "Tatler." William Dean Howells writes for the first number. H. P. Taber, a Buffalo newspaper man now cruising "in strange and unknown parts" on the yacht Norma (fitted out by an International Press Association), will contribute a weekly letter. J. W. Barrie is interested, and it may be the paper will establish a new criterion of literary criticism, if it does not die within the month set for the experiment.

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The beauteous Anna Held, who has created such a furore in New York, is not to be seen by us. The "Parlor Match," of which she is the illustrious flame, is to visit the Columbia, but Miss Held and her beloved and much clothed Cobs return to Paree. Still there is consolation in the chance that Cleo de Merode or Liane de Pougy may come West. I regret sincerely to learn that Della Fox has not shown the degree of charms which the front row regards as its due. However, I am assured that the taste for this lady is not to be acquired in a moment. Her's is a charm which appeals to cultivation and experience.

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The Pacific Union Club's building project proceeds apace. An option has been obtained on the lot on Bush and Van Ness avenue, and of the $340,000 necessary to execute the project $200,000 has already been subscribed. Of course this sum has been gathered by appealing to the millionaire members of the institution, but it is understood that they will meet out of their surplus any deficiency. For instance, Claus Spreckels is down for $25,000, and it is anticipated he will take at least $75,000 more. However, the club is to have a handsome building. The directors propose arranging a competition with valuable prizes, and will appeal to architectural headquarters in London, Paris and New York. As has been pointed out in these columns, this method is not liable to induce the ablest men to submit plans, inasmuch as the prizes offered are of no great moment to them, and the honor of little consideration. They can be retained at a reasonable figure, and will submit plans as readily as anyone else, provided they be compensated for their time and trouble. It is proposed that the building be wrought of California materials, interior finishings of Inyo marbles and polished redwood. A positive condition to be enforced is that the dormitories shall be separated from the club building proper. The scheme as proposed will certainly be carried through without loss of time. At last the governing body has realized that the membership is falling off, and that it behooves the institution to attract the interest and attention of the younger set of men if it would preserve its individuality and existence.

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The new rooms of the California Club, in Los Angeles, are admirably arranged, comfortably furnished and capitally provided in the matter of cuisine. The institution has a floor in the new granite building opposite the Hollenbeck, and not the least of its attractions is a series of suites of apartments which are bachelor headquarters for Southern California. Each suite is provided with a parlor and bath room, and all the details are arranged with a keen eye to the comfort of the occupant. To the traveler the club has been made especially attractive, inasmuch as any gentleman provided with a visitor's card is eligible to occupy a suite during the term of his membership. There are also offices for the transaction of business. All these changes have been made under the direction of the secretary, Frank Hicks, who has developed a real genius for club management.

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The female pickpocket nuisance calls for relief. The environment of the Palace Hotel and the clubs, indeed, the triangle bounded by Market, Powell and Sutter streets, is a happy hunting ground for fair and frail members of the light-fingered brigade. Their depredations, carried on beneath the eyes of the police, must amount to a large sum per annum. Indeed, the young person, a notorious pickpocket, by the way, whose portrait was found in the pocket of a certain suicide whose body was recently found on the sands near the Cliff, boasted to a coadjutor of having made $20,000 at her trade last year. It is doubtless my unfortunate obtuseness, but I fail to see why Chief Crowley does not rid the city of this nuisance. The police authorities are well aware of the identity of these women. Even if direct evidence against them is not procurable, truly the vagrancy law provides a fair relief.

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I am privileged to reproduce here a portrait of Mr. George Sperry of Stockton. He is the gentleman who dared call Governor Budd to account for his anarchistic utterances at the close of the recent campaign. When the head executive officer of the State of California so far forgot the dignity of his high position as to denounce the members of a great political party because they participated in a parade, and to declare that Republican employers had coerced their employes into showing a sentiment which they did not share, Mr. Sperry, a member of the Governor's staff, a member of the Yosemite Commission and a personal friend of James Budd, resigned all these honors, declaring he

GEORGE B. SPERRY
Photo by Taber

would have no personal affiliations with a man who so demeaned himself and disgraced the State. The extravagance of the Governor's oratory and the expression of his bad taste were flaunted to audiences in Oakland and in Los Angeles as well as the San Francisco "push." In the capital of Alameda county he declared from the platform that if McKinley should be elected President, or if California's electoral vote was declared against Bryan, he would leave the State, never to return. The Wave" will aid Governor Budd to fulfill this pledge. We will provide him with transportation, by land or sea, or both, to any spot on the face of the earth to which he may elect to retire, be it as remote as Timbuctoo or as inaccessible as the summit of Mt. Chimborazo. He must give bonds, however, never to return to California.

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Murder will out, sooner or later. The libel suits which Judge Hebbard has brought against the aggressive depositors of the People's Home Savings Bank may, ere they are concluded, reveal the secret history of the looting of the Pacific Bank, which has never yet been disclosed. That the downfall of that institution was the consequence of systematic scheming no one doubted. The perpetrators thus far have escaped the consequences of their misdeeds and thrive on the proceeds of their dishonesty, but Fate chooses strange ways of vindication. It would be curious if these libel suits brought forth the original tale, for the accused have no possible way of defending themselves but to plead justification, and that means the re-opening of the old cause and possibly bringing to judicial cognizance much evidence the law's limitations have kept out of court.

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Richard McDonald has regained his color and some of the ebullient optimism that distinguished him in bygone days. He is living quietly with his wife here in San Francisco, awaiting the final disposition of the charges against him. But one cause remains to be prosecuted—that of perjury, over which the jury has already disagreed, and there is little hope of a verdict. His final dismissal will ring down the curtain on a strange chapter of financial history, the truth of which may be disclosed in the Hebbard libels. However, the clever scoundrels who have so long bade defiance to justice will doubtless have wit enough to preserve their gains to the end of the chapter.

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The transition from the Pacific Bank to Mr. Sherman is natural. This person has certainly prospered, and is now on the road to great wealth. It was through his manipulations that the electric and street railway systems of Los Angeles, Altadena and Pasadena were gathered together into one corporation—the California Traction Company. There were vicissitudes, of course, but Sherman cleverly disposed of fifty-one per cent of the stocks and bonds, electing himself president with the remaining forty-nine per cent, which he kept, and is now drawing both salary and dividends.

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One fact at least the late election has provided is that San Francisco is truly Democratic. In spite of the immense influences favoring the election of McKinley, in spite of the important interests advocating the sound money cause, in spite of the oratory and advocacy poured out by the McKinley partisans, the city is carried against Bryan, but by a majority of a few hundred votes. The prophets who so boldly declared San Francisco safe to give the Canton statesman a plurality of five thousand evidently forgot that in an off year the city is safely Democratic by from three to five thousand votes, and that the Populist strength averages between five and seven thousand. This majority Major McLaughlin had to overcome. The vote means, then, that ten to twelve thousand of the citizens who voted last election for Budd cast their ballots this time for the Republican candidate. Doubtless this explains the slender majority of McKinley, though it does not solve the problem why so many citizens of intelligence and presumably of wealth residing north of Market street supported Bryan.

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It is apparent from the results of the election that the political era of the young man has dawned at last. Most of the successful candidates have the virtue of youth. Mayor Phelan is young, and his Supervisors are all in their prime. The crime of juvenility, it is true, cannot be laid at the feet of Auditor Broderick, but he is the eldest successful candidate. The new judges are young men, the Superintendent of Streets is young; the Board of Education is composed of youthful citizens. This is as it should be. The reign of silurianism, it is sincerely to be hoped, is ended.

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The Liquor Dealers' "push" accomplished but little this election, and has a degree of uncomfortable prominence in exchange for its participation. Its indorsements were "coppered" by the community, for one finds the ranks of the vanquished studded with their nominees. In the Supervisoral fight they supported Hayes against Devaney, and the latter had the highest vote on the ticket. In the Third and Sixth wards, Delaney and Dr Dodge won without their favor, and Aigletinger in the Twelfth, who ran against Rivers, was defeated, though the association had his name on their ballots. To Dr. Clinton they denied support, but he was successful in despite thereof. Apropos of the Supervisors the prospects of fair administration are reasonably good. Dr. Dodge and Dr. Rottanzi and Dr. Clinton, with Mr. Devaney, Mr. Morton and Mr. Rivers are safe to be true to the public. Mr. Delaney is as yet an unknown quantity, though his associations are excellent.

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Another young man who has made a hit recently is Frank Powers, who so cleverly organized a batallion of University students to supervise the election count. Put in charge of the returns by the State Central Committee, Mr. Powers determined to secure a fair count, and pressed into service some one thousand students of the State and Stanford Universities. These were detailed in military order to the precincts to watch the count, and they did so to advantage. I don't believe an election was ever conducted more fairly. The graduates made jealous and zealous guardians and were prompt to check aught that looked like knavery.

A ROYAL SCAPEGRACE

Gossip Revived by the Marriage of the Duke of Orleans and Maritska of Austria.

It would appear from a certain point of view that to be born a Prince is to be born rather seriously handicapped in the race of life. The Prince is spoiled from his birth, everything he does or says, no matter how far it may transgress the rules of etiquette or even the laws of decency, is admired and applauded by the hundreds of sycophants who are ever seeking to gain favor by the flattery and adulation of royal personages.

The marriage of the Duke of Orleans, the "young pretender" to the French crown, with the Archduchess Maria Dorothea of Austria, has revived more than one unsavory story in which the groom figured as chief actor. The dignity of rank and the majesty that supposedly "hedges about" a personage are matters of little concern apparently to Louis Philippe-Robert; or it is possible that he chooses to regard his august title as a shield to screen him from the disapproval of the world. Louis has a bad record. There can be no doubt of that. In France and England, in Italy and Russia, he has led a wildly riotous career, always in the forefront of some outrageous scandal, some mischievous or even malicious prank, and always surrounded by that group of irresponsible followers, men that hang upon the heels of pretenders, who are ostracised socially, and ruined financially, and who, in case of the "coup d'etat," on the hopes of which they live, have absolutely nothing to lose yet everything to gain.

But even a royal Prince can go too far. The constant object of adulation of his little circle of penniless Counts and broken-down nobles, Louis of Orleans has at last discovered that the reigning Princes of Europe have but

scant courtesy and less charity for the lawless vagaries of a King without a crown, a ruler without a subject. One after the other, the Queen of England, the Emperor of Russia, the Queen Regent of Spain and the King of Den-

MARIA DOROTHEA OF AUSTRIA
Recently married to the Duc d'Orleans

mark have given the cold shoulder to their "cousin of Orleans," the English Queen openly dismissing him from her service, the other monarchs refusing to accept the tendered proffer of his sword. The misdemeanor of the young Duke which brought about his expulsion from the English army was so flagrant and at the same time so puerile and contemptible that had it been the offense of a less titled culprit he would have run great risk of a drum-head court-martial and an enforced sojourn in an English fortress.

It occurred during the field day maneuvers of an English regiment at Aldershot, at a time when a large number of visiting dignitaries were present. The Duke of Orleans was for the moment an attache on the staff of Sir Evelyn Wood, who was commanding the maneuvers. The Duke had received a military education at Sandhurst, and had entered the English army as a lieutenant of the Rifle Brigade. During the afternoon of the maneuvers Sir Evelyn Wood and a field officer of his staff ascended in a captive balloon in order to obtain a bird's-eye view of the movements of the divisions. At the moment when the balloon was at its greatest height the Duke of Orleans, for no other reason than to parade his own audacity, drew his sword and cut the securing rope. A strong gale was blowing, and the released balloon, darting heavenwards, was soon lost to sight. There was no aeronaut in the car, in fact, no other persons but Sir Evelyn and his field officer, and that the two escaped with their lives is little less than marvelous. After drifting helplessly for over four hours they somehow managed to reach the ground thirty miles from Aldershot.

Evelyn Wood, a hot-tempered and passionate man at best, was beside himself with rage, and insisted that the Duke be expelled from the army. Both the Queen and the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the English army, took the same serious view of the matter, and the Duke was compelled to resign his commission and to leave the service of Her Majesty.

"Maritska" of Austria is singularly unfitted to fill the role of the bride of such a royal scape-grace. She is an extraordinarily gifted woman, an artist, linguist, an especially a composer, having written patriotic songs that have had a tremendous vogue in a country already celebrated for its music. She has at her own expense founded and endowed a children's hospital, to which she devotes most of her leisure days. She is even possessed of a strong religious bent, and at one time seriously contemplated taking the veil. This singularly ill-assorted couple have been married through the efforts of "Maritska's" grandmother, who is firmly persuaded that the Duke of Orleans will one day sit upon the throne of his fathers. But if all signs are true, the young Austrian Archduchess may bitterly regret that she abandoned her intention of becoming the bride of the church in order to be that of such a man as Louis of Orleans.

An incident occurred upon the occasion of the marriage which has set to wagging the tongues of all the court gossips of Europe.

While the Parisian journalists were waiting to get the news of the ceremony in the ante-chambers of the Archduchess they were approached by the Duchess of Luynes, who, in great excitement, informed them that an exquisite crown modeled after the pattern of those worn by French monarchs, had been presented to the Archduchess as the "crown of France." The bride accepted it with the solemn remark, "The crown of France, which, please God, my husband will some day wear."

The incident by itself, even when coupled with the fact of "Maritska's" wearing the crown throughout the marriage ceremony, is in 'tself insignificant. That which has grievously affronted the "Elysie" and has stirred up the passions of republican France is the knowledge that it all happened with the good-humored toleration, if not open approval of the Emperor of Austria. The French are not at all disposed to let the matter drop without official denial and repudiation from the Viennese court.

THE MAKING OF A PIANISTE

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler's Theory of Genius and Success.

"The reason why there are not more great pianists," said Mrs. Zeisler, in answer to my first question, "is because there are not more people who are really and truly ambitious."

"But it's not merely a matter of ambition," I suggested.

"No; of course not," said Mrs. Zeisler. "But, now, take for instance the ordinary young lady pianist who is suddenly fired with a desire to be a great performer—a——"

"A second Mrs. Zeisler," said I.

"Very well," admitted Mrs. Zeisler, with a sudden smile. "Oh, I confess I am horribly conceited. She has the ambition — the desire, perhaps — even as keen a desire as myself. But she is not willing to give her whole life to the piano. She cannot bring herself to that state of mind wherein she must play and practice — must, you understand — whether she wants to or not."

"She has not the capacity for hard work?"

"You know, when I was young — younger than now, I mean — I used to take issue with that saying, 'genius a capacity for hard work.' I would get positively furious over it. 'Hard work,' forsooth! Why, it was the Heaven-born gift! Why, it was the wonderful innate sympathy, the delicate sensitiveness, that cannot be acquired. But the more experience I have, the more I know myself, the more I am forced to believe that genius of any kind is a genius for application, for persistence, and all the rest. Look at my fingers."

I looked at them. Except that they were something muscular and osseous, the joints prominent, there did not seem to be anything remarkable about them.

"But see the nails," insisted Mrs. Zeisler. "Look how those two are broken off." They were broken down to the very quick.

"Painful?" said I.

"Painful!" echoed Mrs. Zeisler. "That is my affliction," she went on. "Most pianists have something wrong with their fingers. It's like a singer's throat — always over-sensitive. The more delicate and highly-trained the organ, the easier is its disarrangement. And isn't it a pity — the very thing you depend upon most is precisely that which gives way. Now, my fingers, for instance: My nails are brittle; every now and then they break off — deep down, you know." She winced at the very thought.

"And you go on playing, nevertheless?"

"Of course. I must, as I told you, and oftentimes I go through a piece before an audience when every touch, even the lightest, of that finger-tip is positive agony. Rubinstein had something of the same complaint, only his finger-tips would crack open and bleed — positively bleed.

"But now," I interrupted, "I should think it would very nearly ruin your work. Suppose your finger-nail snapped like that in the midst of — let us say, Liszt's twelfth Rhapsodie — how could you do yourself justice when that finger was like an open wound?"

"I would play it all the better," exclaimed Fannie Zeisler, with conviction.

And that's a curious, true thing, when you reflect on it. But it is not the only strange, true theory that Mrs. Zeisler holds. This for instance:

We had started to talk of pianists and singers and artists generally, and it occurred to me to ask her if there was not some subtle connecting link, not only between different kinds of musicians, pianists, singers and composers, but also between musicians and actors.

"That is," I hastened to qualify, "great musicians and great actors."

"Why, of course," she replied, with a suddeness and an emphasis that showed me she had already entertained the same idea. "If Paganini had been given a different education he could have been made into as great an actor as he was a violinist. As for myself, I know I can act well. Not only do I believe that what you say is true, but I go even further. I believe that a great artist, a born one, you understand, can be made into a great anything — a business man, even."

"Come now."

"No, I honestly do," (with an energetic nodding of the head at me). "Mascagni is a very keen business man."

Another idol shattered!

"I say he would have made as good a Wall-street operator as he has made a pianist."

Mascagni a "Napoleon of Finance!" Now think of that.

"Then what is it," said I, "What shall we call that curious, nameless something, that universal quality which all great men — every single one of them, no matter what his profession is — have in common?"

Neither of us could find a name to put to it. I thought of "afflatus." But this was after I had come away.

I put my fingers upon the table-edge as though upon a key board, and drummed.

"Tell me, Mrs. Zeisler," I asked, "What is the matter with my fourth finger—mine and everybody else's? The other four we can raise all right, but that fourth one—look at it—it's almost paralyzed. What is the trouble?"

If I did not understand explanations that followed very clearly, I did perceive one thing, that Mrs. Zeisler knew the anatomy of the hand as well as any surgeon. It had never struck me before that a pianist should know this.

LOUIS PHILIPPE ROBERT
The Orleanist Pretender to the French Crown

Mrs. Zeisler talked of tendons by their technical names; of "pronators" and "flexors," and of "slips."

"And the reason you can't raise the fourth finger so easily is that a "slip" crosses over its tendons, running towards the little finger, and holds it down."

"How about cutting that slip?" I had heard that some pianists do. I did not think that Mrs. Zeisler would approve. Nor did she.

"I have no trouble with mine," said she. "By constant practice that "slip" gets more and more elastic, till at length you scarcely notice it."

Mrs. Zeisler tells me that she never looks at her audience, but sees it and hears it, and, as one might say, touches it, by a sort of sixth sense that tells her in an instant if they are appreciative or not.

"And if they are not — ii there are only two or three there who are 'away'— it is the most dreadful, up-hill work to get through with the piece. One must have appreciation — encouragement. It's the 'bravos' that count — that stimulate. If they are intelligent, so much the better."

"And if not?" said I. Mrs. Zeisler hesitated, then——

"Well——they are better than none at all."

One is only human at best.

F. N.

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER AT HER PIANO
Photo by Towne

A DAY WITH THE U. C. TEAM

Settling to Harness — The Twelve Hours' Routine of a College Eleven.

I went to the training quarters at Berkeley expecting all sorts of things, because I had read the newspaper accounts and had been told therein of "stalwart young giants" and "almost raw beefsteaks" and "dry crusts of toast" and "ten-mile runs" every morning and "football appetites" and all the rest. To read these accounts in the Sunday newspapers and to hear the talk of a certain class of people you would believe that the football player undergoes a course of training and dieting that would be enough to break down the constitution of Mr. Thomas Sharkey; whereas, the real thing is precisely the reverse. At this time of the season the training has been long since abandoned. There are no morning runs, no more fatiguing chest-weight exercises, none of that persistent heart-breaking treadmill work that has broken down the spirit of many a good man and has sent the team to the gridiron without "ginger" or dash and in a hopelessly "over-trained" condition.

And as for the dieting—let's begin at the beginning of things. I went over to the quarters with the Center, who is a friend of mine and who played on last year's eleven. The team, which at this point of the season may be construed to mean the twenty-six men who are trying for positions, were on the point of sitting down to breakfast. It was eight o'clock. Barring the absence of coffee and the presence of oatmeal water, I couldn't for the life of me see anything different in that breakfast than from my ordinary morning's meal. There was hominy (without cream) and eggs "in any style," toast and butter and apple sauce and chops that were not particularly underdone. The men straggled in one by one. They were not especially big. They did not suggest the athlete in any marked way, not even Ransome, who is the captain, nor Butterworth, the coach, Yale's great fullback. There was no great talk of football. The Center and I talked about a Girl He Knew, and many of the men propped their text books against the sugar bowls and milk pitchers for a final glance before the morning's recitation. Indeed, during breakfast what seemed uppermost in their minds was to get up to the buildings in time for the first-hour lecture. I can recall but one remark at all characteristic. I think it was the sub tackle, who looked gloomily down into the depths of his glass of oatmeal water (it is stale and flat) and muttered, "Only three weeks more of this dishwater."

All through the morning the team were scattered throughout lecture hall and recitation room. At 12:30 came lunch. A small steak to each man, potatoes, milk, more apple sauce, and oatmeal water—plain, ordinary fare. Then back again to college for more lectures. I began to feel vaguely defrauded. This was not at all what I expected. I had imagined that every moment of the men's time not occupied by college work was devoted to football. I imagined that they practically lived in their football suits. But there was nothing like this. The Center wore his 'varsity sweater with its golden C., but he was the exception. He explained that he had a boil on his neck.

"Nothing this afternoon before the regular work?" I asked Ransome.

"Nothing. If it had not been so muddy (the day was villainous) the backs would have got out and done a little kicking at two. But as it is, we won't do anything before four-thirty."

At four the team dressed itself in its football clothes, the 'varsity eleven at the track house down by the cinder path, the second eleven at the gymnasium. By half-past four some twenty-six men were on the campus and some four hundred students on the bleachers and back of the side-line fence. Butterworth appeared, looking slighter than even in his canvas suit. He was coaching the backs in catching punts, and would kick down the field for them and yell his directions after the ball. Finally "Line up, 'varsity's kick-off. Now, let's see you get down on it."

Then at last the day's hard work began, concentrated into about an hour's uninterrupted scrimmages. There was no lack of coaching. Butterworth was at them, whip and spur, without a moment's relaxation. Nott, the Brown player, followed one man about for over ten minutes, talking in earnest whispers to him between scrimmages.

Hunt, the bulwark of Benson's team, gave the backs good counsel. Henry, the famous end rusher and one time holder of a world's hurdling record, shouted warnings into the scrimmages. Ransome himself, laid off on account of a bad knee, shouted from the side lines. The bleachers roared applause or growled disapproval. Altogether the team seemed to ge getting plenty of advice. Butterworth occupied himself with improving the quickness of the work.

"Get up, get up, get up," you could hear him shouting after every scrimmage. "Play it up sharp, now, sharp; get into it; come along, Hall."

Or again, it would be Ransome, suffering torture over a fumbled pass. "Fall on it, fall on it, fall on the ball."

Or Henry: "Hopper, that was your fault. Don't you play so far out when your side has the ball."

Or Nott, confidential as ever, as though imparting some state secret of vast importance, would gesture anxiously into a player's face, talking earnestly in undertones.

Or Hunt, delighted over the fact that his particular man had at last caught his idea, would run into the scrimmage, patting him on the back and exclaiming: "That's the stuff; keep to it in that way."

At about quarter of six Butterworth stopped the work, and the 'varsity eleven went down to the track house again. A roaring fire was going in a pink stove, and the rubbers were ready and waiting with sponges and bandages and camphor and alcohol. There was but a single lamp, and you saw the glow of the fire strike on those smooth, dripping bare backs as the men swung out of their sweaters till they glowed as so much marble.

Each man takes a bath at this time, and you can hear them shouting to one another through the partitions.

"I say, you didn't do a thing to my nose that time you tackled me on the five-yard line."

"Well, you shouldn't have been running high."

"That time you straight-armed me I went over with my head on something hard as rock—somebody's heel, I guess—pretty near put me to sleep." Then after the rubdown and a thorough kneading and knuckling of the muscles by the rubbers the team streams back to the quarters for its supper of soup and beef and ale, and its evening's games of whist or chess, and perhaps poker, for all I know.

At ten o'clock the lights are out, and the team is asleep. And so it goes day in and day out, the work getting lighter as Thanksgiving day approaches, and finally the last week comes, and the last two days, and then "the day before the game," and then—

"We're not saying much this year," said the coach to me, "but——" He didn't finish the sentence.

FRANK NORRIS.

Madame Modjeska has six hundred hives of Italian bees on her ranch in this State, and sells a great deal of honey every autumn.

Fox hunting with the American clubs is dangerous sport. The Meadowbrook Club has had many accidents—the latest being to Mr. Ralph Ellis, who was recently badly hurt. Englishmen, experienced fox hunters, who have ridden with our best hunt clubs here, have time and again expressed their amazement that serious accidents are not more frequent, for the runs of most of our hunt clubs are virtually steeplechases, dangerous sport even on a track where the jumps are known and have been practiced, and far more dangerous, necessarily, over a rough country with high fences and often jumps that are not known beforehand. The hunting season is, therefore, one of extreme anxiety to the relatives and friends of the men and the few women who are addicted to the sport.

James Clinton, formerly well known socially in Baltimore, has done a somewhat unusual thing. Several years ago he enlisted as a private in the United States Army, and, solely through his personal merits, he has risen to the grade of second lieutenant.

THE TEAM AT DINNER AT THE TRAINING QUARTERS

HOPPER, SUB END

"WOLF" RANSOME, CAPTAIN

RUSSEL SELFRIDGE, CENTER

INTERIOR OF THE U. C. GYMNASIUM

Photos by B. C. Towne

CANNON RULE IN UTAH

The Mormon Church a Great Political Machine — Re-establishment of Polygamy.

The following article exposing the recent doings within the Mormon Church is written by one of the most prominent journalists of Utah. It will bring the conviction to many that the country was too precipitate in giving statehood to those who had so long defied the authority of the Federal Government, and who manifestly sought release from Federal law to again practice polygamy --ED. WAVE.

The history of the Mormon church does not inspire one with a high regard for its doctrines or confidence in its leaders. Those who investigate its relation to the republic of the United States will be astounded to discover that a body of people holding Mormonism to be supreme in

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF

secular and spiritual things should have been given the rights of statehood and the attending power for evil in the perverting of American institutions to their base ends. The builders of the religion have so constructed it that worldly men at the head can wield a power over the communicants more despotic than the power given a Czar, because the words of the first presidency, the fountainhead of wisdom in the eyes of all good Mormons, are accepted as coming direct from the Ruler of the Universe. To be excommunicated means social, political and business ostracism, therefore those within the pale of the church are meek and humble in their subservience to the will of the ruling prelates, and those without solicit the good graces of the master spirits in the hope of currying their friendship. If a monarchy had reared its head on American soil, the demands of the citizens of the land would have been long and loud in protestation. The interpreters of the Monroe doctrine tell us neighboring nations cannot safely be tolerated, if subjected to an European form of government, yet the truth is, the Mormon church is a politico-religious institution that, having none of the redeeming features of a monarchy but all of its repugnant usurpations of individual rights, has fastened itself upon the body politic of this free country and threatens our national life.

When Brigham Young died he left a perfectly organized political and religious machine. He had taken the power of a Czar to himself as the supposed "voice of God," and with the skill of a Napoleon had made for himself an empire. Taylor succeeded him, and on Taylor's death Moses Thatcher, one of the twelve apostles, sought his place. He was opposed by George Q. Cannon, who had decided on that position, or its power at least, as his. The contest resulted in a compromise by which Wilfred Woodruff, the President of the Apostles, was chosen as First President, but he was given to understand that to Cannon's manipulation was his elevation credited, and he has ever since recognized Cannon's authority. Woodruff is a good man, but a man of mediocrity, and the very antithesis in temperament to his predecessor. He is plastic under the touch of the Cannons, and his thoughts are moulded by their influence. When Svengali Cannon finds it necessary to invoke the aid of the First President he crooks his finger. This prestige has engendered what at first was a social estrangement between the Thatcher and Cannon factions, but has since ripened into a deep hatred and church feud.

George Q. Cannon is an Englishman by birth, whose English proclivities have been fostered by the position which this government has been compelled at times to take against the church. Moses Thatcher is an American, whose Americanism has not been entirely obliterated. He has striven in the past to eradicate from church doctrines those precepts which have led to a disregard for or open revolt against the laws of the land. He believes the religion is of divine origin ,and will sustain itself without being upheld by fear or superstition. Opposed to his ideas stands George Q. Cannon, who aspires to rule, some day not distant, and to take unto himself the authority of a king. Between these rival factions there is a contest now going on which first showed itself in a pronounced way during the political campaign of last year. Thatcher had been named as the Democratic candidate for United States Senator. Immediately the Cannon family threw their influence to the Republican side, and a son of George Q. announced himself for the same office. To put Thatcher in disrepute among the church people a proclamation was issued by the First President commanding candidates for office, holding ecclesiastical positions, to first obtain the consent of the First Presidency before seeking political preferment. Thatcher interpreted this act to be an usurpation of the rights of citizenship, an unwarrantable interference in purely political affairs, and, primarily, a blow directed at him. He resented the insult, but in so doing placed himself in contempt of the higher authority, with the result that this summer he was unfrocked and deprived of his Apostleship. So terminated the conspiracy.

The severe punishment visited upon Moses Thatcher for daring to oppose the Cannons, has had the desired effect of forcing the discordant element into a rigid conformity with church rules and a due respect for the over-awing power of the First Presidency, and not for fifteen years have the heads of the church had such supreme and perfect command over the rank and file as has followed the horrible example made of this erstwhile scion of the church.

The Cannons have an utter contempt for anything in this country not conducive to their advancement and fruitful to Mormonism as expounded by them. To illustrate: Senator Frank Cannon bolted the St. Louis convention and has since sought favor with the Democrats. His father, a former Democrat, has become a turncoat, and within the past month has bargained with the National Republican party and appeased their wrath by making terms with Senator Proctor of Vermont, a delegated representative of Mark Hanna. Thus both parties are made to see the beauties of Mormonism in politics—a something which can be bartered for, and measured out to the purchaser in large or small doses.

Senator Frank Cannon did not bolt the St. Louis convention without, previous to that date, taking "counsel" and receiving instructions governing his actions in the Republican convention. By leaguing himself with the supporters of Bryan, if Bryan was successful he would have been delegated to take care of church interests in the Democratic party. On the other hand, George Q. Cannon, by his bargains with Senator Proctor to defeat Senator Dubois in Idaho, has supposed to have made peace with the dominant party. There is no true citizenship displayed in these machinations; there is nothing approaching a high regard for the rights granted by statehood. From the office of the First Presidency goes forth the command to Bishops and Presidents of States that a Republican or Democratic Legislature is to be elected, and these subservient members proceed to pass the word along the line, and the instructions are implicitly obeyed by the "reserves"—Mormons who are held aloof from partisanism for the purpose of throwing their deciding vote to the party to be favored. The "reserve" force was originated at the time of the division movement, when the Mormons and Gentiles agreed to divide on national lines, instead of holding to the Peoples' and Liberal parties.

The question may be asked, why do the Mormon leaders continue their political supremacy? The answer is, they are practicing polygamy in defiance of the law, and must protect themselves by controlling the machinery of the law. They have placated all their great enemies by electing them to office. They have given their foes a taste of political pie, and they will keep them hankering after more, in the delusive hope that when they have consumed what they have they will get more. This is a crafty, diplomatic way of disposing of a menace to their welfare, but a most effective one. Those who are without office expect office, those in office are confident of re-

BRIGHAM YOUNG

election when their terms expire. In the meantime they become politic and wink their eye at infractions of the law, which in the past, when Federal duty was pleasantly performed in a degree corresponding to the ability to trap licentious elders, gave them mental pain and great moral worriment. Judge Zane, who sentenced more bigamists to jail than an ordinary penitentiary could contain, has been disposed of by being made Chief Justice. Judge Bartch, who eight years ago felt conscience-stricken if a day passed without his being the cause of bringing a Mormon to justice, is on the Supreme bench, as is also Judge Miner, another former Federal office-holder under the Edmunds-Tucker crusade against polygamy. Dare they take cognizance of the religious crimes? Not while they look forward to another election in which 70,000 Mormon and only 10,000 Gentile voters are to pass upon their worthiness.

Polygamy is of divine origin, so we are told, and to practice it is an act of atonement for sins committed and a pleasing work in the eyes of the Lord. So the moment the strong arm of the Federal Government was withdrawn polygamy took on all its former activity, somewhat concealed, to be sure, from the gaze of Gentiles but nevertheless evident to the careful observer. Not long ago Abraham, son of George Q. Cannon, died. At his grave, in deep mourning, were three wives, and each was offered words of condolence by the members of the church, and recognized, without distinction, as entitled to shed tears and attire in black for a husband departed. He was 33 years of age, and must have entered upon a polygamous life long after the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker bill.

The Governor of the State is a devout church member, in whom rests the pardoning power. There is no doubt he would freely use this prerogative, if necessary, to deliver his co-religionists from the penitentiary, if sentenced for practicing polygamy.

If they are not interfered with by authority from without the State, and here is the sequel to their skillfully manipulated transactions with the national parties, they will be as deeply immersed in their old practices, which

GEORGE Q. CANNON

had become a blot upon the nation, as they were fifteen year ago.

There is scarcely a public man in Utah who dare raise his voice in opposition to polygamy. Even the Salt Lake "Tribune," without Federal patronage, has become an emasculated thing, whose editor is encouraged to believe he will some day be a Senator, and the proprietor of whom courts the support of the Mormon business men.

Between the prostituting of the rights of citizenship to the ends of Mormonism and the flagrant violation of the laws against polygamy, Utah needs the careful and vigorous attention of the people of the United States.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Mr. McIver, director of the Great Western railway, making a presentation at Liverpool the other day to the district goods manager, Mr. Steele, said the Great Western had 2,500 miles of rails, employing 52,000 men, had a weekly revenue of £200,000, and a subscribed capital of over £80,000,000, all yielding dividends.

Dr. Susan R. Pray of Brooklyn, who for the past eight or ten years has held the position of a sanitary inspector in the Health Department of that city, has been of especial value to that body in their recent undertaking to prepare a map of Brooklyn which will assist them in their work of controlling disease and abolishing nuisances.

Mrs. John M. Palmer, the wife of the presidential nominee of the sound-money Democrats, always accompanies her husband on his "stumping" tours and political missions, and acts as his amanuensis. Mrs. Palmer is a woman of fine literary taste, and was city librarian in Springfield, Ill., for several years prior to her marriage.

King Oscar of Sweden is an author. Under the nom de plume of O. Frederick, he has just published a novel entitled, "A Romance of the Times of Napoleon and Bernadotte." The heroine is his own grandmother, Queen Desirei, and the plot is the story of her jilting by the first Napoleon and her subsequent marriage to Bernadotte, who died King of Sweden.

The ex-Empress of Russia has quite a weakness for dairies. At Pavlovsk, where she established her first, she invited the St. Petersburgers to come and enjoy free luncheons—those St. Petersburgers who were anxious to start dairies themselves, be it told. "Only please, visitors," she wrote, "do not walk on the grass, for that would hurt me as much as if you walked on me."

Playwrights will have to form a union for protection against Royal amateurs. King Oscar II of Norway and Sweden has written a play which is soon to be produced at Berlin. The untitled dramatist struggles in vain against a kingly author; the envied superiority of a privileged cabman is nothing to what a Royal producer of books or plays enjoys when he enters into rivalry with the professional but humble writer.

The Czar and Czarina have seen just enough of Paris to make them want to see more. But next time, they say, they will not put the city to the trouble of decorating itself, or of providing unending excitement. They will come in the spring, like the other spring tourists, and enjoy themselves incognito; but whether this will be possible when half France has been staring at them, and all France at their portraits remains to be seen.

WINTER QUARTERS OF THE YACHTS AROUND TIBURON AND BELVEDERE

"THIEVING-MANIA OF WOMEN"

Only the Retailers Know How Prevalent Kleptomania is in This City.

The practice of kleptomania as exercised in San Francisco by the women who "go shopping," is much more widespread than the general public have any idea of. None but the down-town retail merchant can say how very prevalent it really is. The management of the "White House," for instance, could tell many a curious tale did it so desire. A short time ago an elegantly dressed lady entered the place, and establishing herself at a counter laden with the most sumptuous and expensive wraps, examined them in a leisurely way for over half an hour. At the end of that time the young woman in charge, glancing up suddenly, was astonished to see the lady moving away wearing one of the capes that had been upon the counter but a moment before. She notified a floor walker, who, fearing lest he might make a mistake, approached the lady asking her wishes. Quite unmoved, she requested to be shown to the imported suiting department. Once there the floor walker told the attendants of his suspicions, and at length, under pretense of measuring the lady, induced her to remove the wrap. At once all the sale tags, which in case of a purchase would have been removed, were exposed to view.

"Madam," said the floor walker, who knew his business too well to make an open charge of theft, "you will have to pay for this cape." Even then the kleptomaniac attempted to carry off the situation with indignation and tearful protest.

"I think we understand each other," insisted the floor walker. "You will have to pay for this cape," which she did.

Another case is that of a certain Mrs. Stevens and her sister, recently arrested in Sacramento. The two women, who were married to hard working, respectable husbands, opened dressmaking parlors in that city and were only captured after years of systematic thieving. In their parlors were found vases, shawls, hats of all sizes and descriptions, bolts of silk and yards of trimming, in all amounting to nearly two thousand dollars. Their detection was purely accidental, though for years the retailers knew they were being very cleverly robbed. It seems that the two entered a millinery store, just before the hour of closing, and began pricing and trying on the most expensive hats on sale. In the meantime the proprietress of the establishment sat in a room at the rear of the store looking out through the lace curtains of a window in the partition, quite without any idea of watching for possible thefts. In a few minutes what was her astonishment to see one of the women deftly conceal taree hats about her person—one under her cape and one under each arm. At the time the saleswoman was in the back of the store waiting on her companion. The women were at once arrested, and a search of their rooms disclosed the fact that they had been indulging in this business wholesale. Indeed, many a poor shop girl nad been discharged on account of these very thefts.

In the Lace House another case of kleptomania occurred but a month ago that reflects singularly upon the perverted sense of "meum et tuum" in the case of a lady whom Mr. Samuels declares is well known in the city. While a sale of shirt waists was in progress the lady in question was seen by half a dozen clerks to slip one of the waists into her valise without any effort at concealment. Taken to a back room and openly charged with theft by one of the clerks not so diplomatic as the White House floor walker, she fell into hysterics, and only confessed the theft when the article in question was drawn from her valise. Her husband was sent for, who promptly paid for the waist and hushed up the matter.

Most of these kleptomaniacs are known to the retailers, and upon the appearance of one among the counters a watch is kept upon her by men detailed for the purpose. In many instances the article is allowed to be taken from the store and the bill sent to the husband, who nine times of out ten pays without demur.

The latest journals from Naples assert, upon what they say is the highest authority, that Verdi has given up his work on the opera "Re Lear," and that for many reasons he will leave it a posthumous and unfinished achievement. The papers add that the maestro is putting the finishing touches to an oratorio to be sung by large choral masses: it is said to be in the style of the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn.

J. M. Barrie never used tobacco until he wrote "My Lady Nicotine." Incidentally, he fell in love with her and has been a hard smoker ever since.

THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION

The atmosphere of romance breathes round the old mission buildings of California. Beneath their ruined walls the early history of the State was acted out. They were the centers of civilization, of religion, in those poetic days, were the nurseries of the new country. With rare discrimination the Franciscan Fathers selected the sites of their conventual homes. They located their edifices in the rich and fertile valleys of the Coast range, among locations sheltered and shaded from the turmoil of the afternoon trade winds. Of the nineteen Missions which the Fathers had established, but one is still occupied. It is that which gave name and identity to Santa Barbara. Set on the sunny slope which overlooks the sea, the old towers rise, a landmark and a reminiscence. There are the cloisters and the arcades standing and looking much as they did a hundred years ago. Then the Mission rose out of its own plantations of olives and vines. Now it is surrounded by the villas of rich summer visitors, and with the singing of its chimes mingles the bell of the passing bicyclist. But the life of the monks has not changed. With them the memory of Junipero Serra still lives, and the internal life of the brethren is that which the padres of the last century led. They have mass and vespers as of yore, and attend to the culture of the olive and the grape as did their predecessors.

Our illustration is from a photograph taken in the inner garden of the Mission. This is a spot sacred to the Monks themselves. To its delightfully verdant precincts they have admitted their visitors of the male persuasion, but it is their boast that only one woman has ever been welcomed to this recess. This highly favored lady is Princess Louise, who, with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, visited the coast many years ago. The two padres whose characteristic features lend interest and value to the pictures, are Father O'Keefe and Father Fox, whose names and countenances are familiar to all who have ever been admitted to the inner precincts of Santa Barbara Mission.

Jenner is to have a statue in Tokio. The grateful and progressive Jap, struck with the virtues of vaccination and the bliss of being free from smallpox, has organized a centenary exhibition, any surplus of funds from which is to be devoted to the aforementioned object.

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE R. A.

Edward Poynter Given Precedence Over Val Prinsep, the Queen's Choice.

The British Royal Academy has a new president in the person of Edward B. Poynter. The successor of Millais is not his equal (at least, so say the art critics) in the profession; nor (this, however, comes from Mr. Val Prinseps' friends) is he the peer of certain other English artists who were spoken of as possible candidates for the great honor. Alma Tadema, the greatest of them all, is out of the running by reason of his foreign birth. Poynter, however, so it would seem, is possessed of that "large" manner, stately presence, and social qualifications that are indispensable for the office. Val Pinsep, whom the Queen favored, though no doubt a greater artist than Mr. Poynter, is a man more for the studio and school than for the "grande monde."

Poynter is a Frenchman by birth, although English in education and artistic training. He was born in Paris in 1836, of a family already famous for achievements in art, his father being an eminent architect and his grandfather a sculptor of national reputation. Until '56 young Poynter lived in England, studying painting, drawing and anatomy at the English schools. In that year, however, he returned to Paris and began more serious and conscientious work under the famous Gleyre. Eventually he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

It was in London in 1859, on the occasion of his entrance into the British Institute, that Poynter achieved his first noteworthy success with a canvas, entitled "Italian Pif-

A CORNER OF THE MARKET

ferari." Ten years later he was firmly established as one of the leading painters of England, and in 1869 was made an associate member of the Royal Academy.

It is from this period that his best work dates. It began with the "Fortune Teller," his Academy picture, and was continued with "Perseus and Andromeda," "A Corner of the Market," and "Atalanta's Race"—the latter, no doubt, his masterpiece. At about this time, as well, Poynter was chosen as "Slade" Professor of Art in the University College of London.

Poynter belongs to the same school of painters of Roman and Greek life as does Tadema—a school that endeavors to portray with the greatest vividness and sense of reality the classic life of Italy and Greece as it probably was. His researches in the matter of costumes, archæology and domestic architecture, into which he was led during the preparatory work for his various pictures, have made him a recognized authority on the life, customs and manners of the ancients.

Speaking of Mr. Poynter, Sidney Colvin wrote: "Among the younger painters of England whose work departs from traditions exclusively English, and is such as to take its place in the general stock of famed European art, Mr. Poynter is most noteworthy. Were one to analyze the charm of Mr. Poynter's talent, one would have to speak first of a clear and determined practical sense showing itself in the carefully reasoned and probable arrangement of general scene and effect and a realization and solution of every problem, whether of archæology or mechanics, that it suggests."

The following description of a certain "Lorrimer," taken from "Trilby," is supposed to be a pen picture of Poynter. It is amusing to see how Du Maurier's prophecy has been realized:

"Then there was Lorrimer, the industrious apprentice, who is now also well pinnacled on high; himself a pillar of the Royal Academy—probably, if he lives long enough, its future president—the duly knighted or baroneted Lord Mayor of "all the plastic arts" (except one or two perhaps, here and there, that are not altogether without some importance).

May this not be for many, many years! Lorrimer himself would be the first to say so!

Tall, thin, red-haired, and well-favored, he was a most eager, earnest, and painstaking young enthusiast, of precocious culture, who read improving books, and did not share in the amusements of the quartier latin, but spent his evenings at home with Handel, Michael Angelo, and Dante, on the respectable side of the river. Also, he went into good society sometines, with a dress-coat on, and a white tie, and his hair parted in the middle!

But in spite of these blemishes on his otherwise exemplary record as an art student, he was the most delightful companion—the most afectionate, helpful, and sympathetic of friends. May he live long and prosper!

Enthusiast as he was, he could only worship one god at a time. It was either Michael Angelo, Phidias, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Raphael or Titian—never a modern—moderns didn't exist! And so thorough-going was he in his worship, and so persistent in voicing it, that he made those immortals quite unpopular in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. We grew to dread their very names. Each of them would last him a couple of months or so; then he would give us a month's holiday, and take up another.

And what is so nice about Lorrimer, now that he is a graybeard, an academician, an accomplished man of the world and society, is that he reads Rudyard Kipling's delightful stories as well as Dante's "Inferno"—and can listen with delight to the lovely songs of Signor Tosti, who has not precisely founded himself on Handel—can even scream with laughter at a comic song—even a nig-

ATALANTA'S RACE

ger melody—so, at least, that it be but sung in well-bred and distinguished company—for Lorrimer is no bohemian."

Helen Forsland, who committed suicide recently in Butte, Montana, as a member of the Salvation Army, had a romantic and remarkable career as a border ruffian before her conversion. She was implicated in stage robberies in Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Montana, and California. She went for many years attired in man's clothing, with her hair cut short, and, having a masculine voice, it was never suspicioned that she was a woman. Her personality was that of a keen-witted and desperate man, ready to take any chances to gain a point. Her life was of the border ruffian type, full of incidents that would fill a hundred dime novels with tales of daring deeds, yet with it is mingled the prettiest bit of romance of how her sweetheart sacrificed himself for her, and is now serving out a life sentence in San Quentin prison because of his devotion. He pleaded guilty to a crime which she claimed she had committed. The crime for which she almost went to the penitentiary was that of robbing a stage coach near Helena, about six years ago. She and a man had committed the robbery and were captured. It was while in prison this time that the officials discovered that she was a woman. Her lover, Archie Niederinghaus, came forward with a confession, which was believed; the woman and her accomplice were acquitted, and the lover now languishes in prison. She made a confession herself, but it was not believed, and she went free.

One of the curiosities of social precedence in England is the ill-defined position of the wives of the archbishops and bishops—ladies who can under no circumstances claim to be regarded as the better half. They are entirely ignored, officially speaking—a survival, probably, of the pre-Reformation times, and they are debarred from any participation whatsoever in the rank or precedence of their husbands. Thus, while the Archbishops of Canterbury and York outrank every peer of the realm and are addressed as "Your Grace," in the same manner as dukes, whom they precede, their wives are compelled to yield precedence to the wife of every newly knighted grocer or London draper, and are addressed merely as "Mrs." The wives of the Bishops of London and Durham, and in fact of every other prelate of the Church of England, are in the same curious position. It is surprising that this somewhat paradoxical state of affairs, to which Queen Elizabeth is recorded in history to have called the attention of her advisers, should have been permitted to remain unchanged down to the present day.

London is to be fortified. In case of the successful landing of an enemy on the shores of England, five millions of people are to be hemmed in by a circle of redoubts, where, if the investment could only be maintained for two months, hunger and rioting would bring matters to an end. Sir Charles Dilke, who is held to be an authority in politico-military matters, urges in strenuous language the necessity of preparing the defense of the empire at its heart, for it is not in India or in the distant colonies that danger is to be feared, but in the English Channel and on the banks of the Thames that the struggle for England's power will be fought out.

A writer in the "Sun" says the English have ceased to be a fighting people. The records of the nationalities of the troops composing the armies that fought under Wellington in Spain in the early years of the century disclose the fact that 75 per cent of the soldiery whose valor shed luster on the British flag were Irish and Scotch peasants. Whole districts of Scotland now tenanted only by deer, and where the smoke from a hearth is unknown, were in those days still covered with shielings from which thousands of sturdy peasant lads were drafted to fight in the interest of the very classes who have since turned their fields and homes into a wilderness for sport. The hillsides of the west and north of Ireland gave thousands of impetuous Celts, whose deeds made famous the names and numbers of more than one of the most renowned regiments of the British army. Under the double bane of English landlord law and foreign competition those hillsides are depopulated, and of the once proud regiments only the shadowy name survives. The British army statistics for 1895 gave 12 per cent Irish, 8 per cent Scotch, the rest English.

Anthony Comstock ought to live in New Zealand. The grandmotherly Government of that Colony has introduced a bill for subjecting girls who may be found in the streets after a certain hour in the evening to a judicial examination by a tribunal of married citizens. This would suit Mr. Comstock, and give him a theme for his next crusade for the reform of London. Nothing would delight the highly respectable householder more than to hear this zealous reformer knocking at his door and offering him a culprit for a moral inquisition.

EDWARD B. POYNTER, R.A.
AFTER AN ETCHING BY LE GROS
COURTESY OF W. K. VICKERY

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The favorite entertainment of San Francisco society is the tea. It has a tremendous vogue among us. No season passes without its thousand teas. The tea is the popular form of debut. It is the custom of brides home from their honeymoon to have teas. Mothers-in-law give their daughters-in-law teas. Friends give their relatives teas. Altogether the tea habit is a practice of the community and is also quite indefensible. The arguments in favor of the tea are trite and unconvincing. To the matrons, who contend that the maiden has an opportunity of meeting her mother's friends, we may reply, what possible impression can one receive of a girl in the handshake and compliment she is obliged to bestow on the two or three hundred guests who greet her within an hour? To the maiden who would make a dignified entry into the social world I should advise a ball, a series of luncheons and dinners, or, best of all, some entertainment which bears the mark of original thought. To attain success one must first become a topic, later a paragraph, and lastly a full page. The ambitious matron who desires the full page for the ultimate effort of her fledgeling should not commit so grave a solecism as that of introducing her through so commonplace a medium as a tea.

The greatest enthusiasm prevails over the Horse Show. It bids fair to eclipse its predecessors and compete very closely with the New York Exhibition. The rivalry promises to be much keener than a year ago when Mr. Walter Hobart won his honors so easily. The blue ribbon will this time, I fancy, be more eagerly contested, the horsemanship of a very much higher order. As for the gowning, I have heard of more gorgeous confections, more elaborate toilettes than have heretofore graced a San Francisco function. The customs of New York are to be more generally adopted. This means that the beauty show will be of even more vital interest than the beasts.

The zeal for equestrian proficiency is not confined to the men. Of late a number of ladies have organized a club under the directorship of Captain Dilhan, and have acquired a degree of skill in managing their horses. This club meets every Monday morning at the National Guard Hall on Pacific avenue, when about a dozen ladies receive instruction. Mrs. Fanny Lent, Mrs. William B. Hooper, Madame Gaulois, Miss Kohlberg, Miss Mattie Gibbs, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Farquharson and Miss Kip are among the pupils. There is to be an exhibition given on the evening of the 24th, when some of the more skillful riders will participate. I hear that Baron von Schroeder and Mr. Henry Crocker are to do some tandem riding. Then there is to be musical riding and an exhibition of High School steps. Of the ladies Mrs. Fanny Lent and Mrs. Hooper are not only the most skillful equestriennes, but are the possessors of very fine horses.

As to the other pleasures. Of course we have the innumerable dancing clubs which are very charming in their way, but like the teas are always with us and do not possess the character of novelty, without which pleasure has no real spontaneity. I wonder shall we have a Hunt Ball this season, or will Mr. and Mrs. Charley Baldwin evolve a more novel form of amusement? Mrs. Baldwin might do much if she so willed it, and now that Mrs. Joe Tobin and Mrs. Paul Jarboe are in mourning and unable to arrange anything in the way of formal gatherings, we trust that Mrs. Baldwin and Mrs. Walter Hobart will assume control of festivities.

Last week's teas were as uniformly successful as teas in general usually are. Mrs. Duke Baxter's tea was a pleasant affair. Miss Bessie Younger, in whose honor the function had its being, looked very winsome and modest, and was fetchingly gowned. The Hopkins tea on Saturday afternoon was an exceedingly smart entertainment. Miss Helen Hopkins, who assisted her mother, was daintily dressed in white mull over satin. She is a tall, handsome girl, and carries herself well. Miss Hopkins and Miss Crockett do not give up all their time to the frivolities of fashion. I hear they are members of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society and most enthusiastic in their attention to their self-imposed duties. Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffmann have issued invitations for teas on November 14th and 28th, to introduce Miss Alice Hoffmann; and Mrs. Avery McCarthy will introduce Miss Helen Wagner at a reception to be given on Saturday, November 28th. Of the charitable affairs, the King's Daughters give an entertainment at Mrs. Sidney Smith's home, corner of Broadway and Webster streets, on the afternoon of November 28th. There is to be an exhibition of miniatures and a musical programme.

Among the coming events is the "Friday Fortnightly." I am told also of a number of small dinners which are to precede it. Chief among them are those of Mrs. Jimmie Robinson, at the 'Varsity Club, and Mrs. Homer King. The german is to be led by Mr. Robbie Eyre and Mr. Milton Latham. The two dancing clubs, the Friday Deux Temps and the Saturday Cotillion Club, have joined forces and have arranged to meet on the first and third Fridays of the month at Lunt's Hall. The first meeting of the combined clubs took place on Saturday evening and was thoroughly enjoyable.

ANNA HELD

AN IDOL OF THE PARISIAN CAFE CHANTANT, WHO HAS DISAPPOINTED SAN FRANCISCO

About one hundred young people participated. Mr. Howard Adams and Miss Georgie Smith led the german. Nothing out of the usual order was introduced; the marching and ring figures predominated. I was quite struck by the number of attractive looking maidens present. Miss Mae and Eva Moody looked exceedingly pretty. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood was exquisitely gowned in a dainty frock of white satin. Miss Georgie Smith was graceful in a white frock very simply but prettily made. Miss Ethel Dickson, a bright, vivacious-looking girl, wore a handsome gown of pale pink corded silk trimmed with ribbons. Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Grace Sabin and Miss Margaret Cole made pleasing pictures in dainty white frocks.

A jolly theatre party was given on Monday evening by Miss Hager at the Baldwin. About a dozen young people were invited.

In Oakland since the excitement of the election, society has been resting on its laurels, and last week was painfully lacking in incident. The great event was the Livermore tea, which was an immensely smart affair. The house was massed with gorgeous chrysanthemums and greens. The grounds looked especially lovely. The hostess, who looked unusually handsome in a green changeable silk gown, was assisted in receiving by Miss Eels, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Shepherd and the Misses Livermore. Miss Kate Clement was effectively dressed in black, and Miss Mattie Livermore wore a pretty white silk frock semi-concealed by chiffon. There were a large number of men present, an almost unprecedented occurrence in Oakland, where teas and suffrage meetings are avoided by the sterner sex and classed in the same category.

Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long is as popular as a bride as she was as a girl and is being delightfully entertained in Oakland. A jolly little luncheon in her honor was given by the Misses Moffitt on Thursday last. The table was decked in California violets, whose long stems straggled over the cloth in most picturesque fashion. Twelve young people were invited, among them Miss Knight, Miss Simmons, the Misses Crellin, etc.

The "Thirteen Club" has met with so pronounced a success over in Oakland that the Misses Strong have decided to organize a similar body called the "Twenty-one Club." Several of the girls have already joined, among them Miss Kittridge, Miss Simmons, Miss Dunn, the Misses Moffit, the Misses Crellin and the Misses Selby. They anticipate getting up all sorts of odd and unusual entertainments during the winter, and I believe each member has to provide some original amusement.

Miss Mae Vrooman gave a young people's whist party last week to a number of the Deux Temps set. Among those present I noted Miss Idabelle Palmer, Miss Crellin and Miss Coralie Selby.

Expectation is rife over the housewarming to be given by the members of the Ebell Club in their new rooms on Saturday evening. The reception is to be very large, each member having the privilege of inviting two guests. Considerable interest has been displayed in the decorations of the rooms, as several of the dancing clubs are desirous of engaging them for their entertainments during the winter. A reception committee of thirty ladies has been appointed to arrange the opening affair and Huber's Orchestra is to furnish the music.

The more serious minded among the Oakland ladies are organizing various literary and art clubs. Mrs. Gordon Stolp has arranged a Shakespearean club under the direction of Miss Mabel Patterson. The first play taken up is "As You Like It." Then there is Miss Rickoff's Current Fiction Class, which is exceedingly popular, and Miss Mabel Grey's Art Readings, and Tourist Evening Class arranged by Mrs. Belden and Mrs. H. C. Taft.

A jolly dance was given last week by the members of the Sigma Nu Fraternity in Berkeley. It was an informal affair, and just large enough to be thoroughly enjoyable. I have rarely seen a gathering of prettier girls. Among the most attractive I noted Miss Edna Wickson, a tall blonde, who looked very picturesque in a quaintly made dimity of lavendar and white; Miss Rooney, in a changeable yellow silk gown; Miss Emily Rosenstirn in a chic little gown of white organdie over pale blue; Miss Francis Rosenstirn in pink, and Miss Holmes, an effective looking girl with a stunning figure.

A rarely charming musicale was that given by Miss Evelyn Henry on Thursday evening. The programme was unusually good. Mrs. Olive Reed, Miss Grace Carroll, Miss Henry, Dr. Gilbert Graham and Mr. Alfred Eels gave several vocal solos. Miss Weigel played delightfully, and Miss Cavanaugh recited some amusing Irish and Southern dialogues. Miss Henry was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Reed, Miss Weigel and Mrs. Henry.

The season for charitable affairs has now commenced, and we may look for a continuance until after the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Selfridge is to give a "Soiree Musicale" at her home, 2615 California street, for the benefit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The event should be a success, as the programme offered contains several interesting items, viz.: Vocal and instrumental selections by Mrs. F. G. Beatty, Miss Grace Sabin, Mr. Frank Mitchell, Mrs. Catherine Selfridge, Mrs. Roundtree and Mrs. Bayne.

Mrs. Lilienthal has taken the Atherton house on California street and purposes lending it to the Woman's Exchange to give a Cushion Tea in the earlier part of December. The house is admirably adapted for entertaining, and some years ago was the scene of many a brilliant festivity.

A smart little luncheon was given last Wednesday by Mrs. Mark Gerstle in honor of her cousin, Miss Edith Hecht, who has recently returned from Europe, where she has been traveling for the past four years.

Miss Helen Schweitzer, whose engagement to Mr. Sam Steigel has been recently announced, is being widely entertained. Miss Schweitzer is an exceedingly popular girl, and much regret is being expressed at her departure. She will be married early in January.

The swell event of the season is to take place on Saturday evening at Golden Gate Hall, when the Calleopeans give their annual ball. The gowning is to be very elaborate, I believe, and several of the debutantes are to make their initial appearance. Before the ball there is to be a farce by a number of the members.

Through one of those errors which are bound to occur in even the best regulated journals, Mr. W. Whittier's name in announcing his engagement to Miss Lizzie Carroll was made to read Whittaker. "The Wave" takes this earliest occasion to deplore and rectify the mistake.

At a Turkish bath in Paris a visitor patiently submitted to the various operations of rubbing, kneading and pommelling comprised in the treatment. When the shampoo was over, the attendant dried him with a towel, after which he dealt the patient three heavy and sonorous blows with the flat of the hand. "Great heavens!" the victim ejaculated; "what did you strike me for?" "Ah! monsieur, don't let that trouble you," was the reply, "it was only to let the other man know that I have done with you, and that he is to send me the next customer. You see, we haven't a bell in this room."

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

RIVAL COMIC OPERAS

Corinne and Della Fox—A Dreary Sham and a Sparkling Opera.

The "Little Trooper" belongs to the same class of French bouffe opera as does the "Little Duke" and the "Diamauts de la Camonne," and in so far as it is French it has found an admirable interpreter in the person of Della Fox. Della Fox is the Frenchiest bouffe singer that has been seen here in a long time. In the title role of the Little Trooper she gives evidence of a dash, a spontoneity and a "chic Parisienne" that makes of her a far better actress than Lillian Russell, though in the matter of gorgeous costuming the latter singer is still without her equal.

The plot of the "Little Trooper" in-

MAYS & HUNTER

The clever banjoists who are performing at the Orpheum

volves on one side a regiment of hussars and on the other a bevy of shop girls from the Bon Marche of Paris. They follow the soldiers to their barracks and encampment and appearing in their several quarters at inopportune moments, produce all sorts of complications. In one of these Clairette Duval (Della Fox), disguised in a hussar's uniform, fights a duel in the stable yard of the barracks, with somewhat risque consequences. Again in the last act, where the men are about to retire for the night and Clairette finds herself assigned to the same sleeping quarters as the lieutenant, occur lines and situations rather more highly spiced than San Francisco audiences are accustomed to listen to. The music, with the exception of the inimitable "For She's a Daisy, Daisy, Daisy," is not catching but is very pleasing, especially the stable boys' rousing chorus and Nellie Braggin's rose song in the last act—this latter a really charming bit of melody, for which Miss Braggin received three encores. Della Fox herself has a rich contralto voice, suggestive at times of Jessie Bartlett Davis. She sings as she acts, with plenty of verve and dash, and well deserved her recall after the swinging chorus at the finale of the second act. Harry Macdonough's Gibhard was a remarkably clever and well sustained bit of character acting; his laughter, the cracked, senile laughter of a broken-down old roue, is marvelously contagious, while his limp is the most startling ramshackle shamble imaginable. His topical song, however, "I Haven't for a Long Time Since," falls rather flat. It is neither catchy as to air nor funny as to lines. His role would improve with its omission. The "Little Trooper" has been very carefully staged. The interior of the Bon Marche and the stable yard of the barracks have been very thoughtfully worked out and very well painted. Taken as a whole, the "Little Trooper" is well worth seeing, plenty of good swinging songs, acting much above the average and a certain pervading "chic," a reminiscence no doubt of its French origin.

"Hendrick Hudson Jr.," the Corinne company's show at the Columbia, is a sorry, silly mess of stupid music and ancient humor wrought out by inefficient artists and backed up by a troupe of chorus girls who look as though they had been selected from an intelligence office. There is one exception, however, a notable one, in the person of Ethel Strickland (relegated to the secondary role of Ysabel), a really pretty girl with a very fair talent for acting and an admirable voice.

Corinne herself is a great sham. She has no voice nor the least pretension to personal attraction, either of face or figure. Acting in the true sense of the word one does not expect in extravaganza, but a fair substitute in the shape of a little dash and magnetism is only due to the spectator who has paid the price of admission. Corinne has neither, beyond her Spanish dance in the second act, which is really very fine, showing, as it does, something of the true Spanish style. There is absolutely no raison d'etre for Corinne. Her costumes, barring again the one worn in the Spanish dance, are tawdy and tasteless; her plainess is not that of the peculiar French type, an attraction in itself. It is merely commonplace. Joe. Cawthorn as Kill von Kull, full of spontaneous effervescent gayety and drolliness, is the one feature of the piece that goes far but not quite far enough to redeem it from utter flatness.

A GREAT PIANISTE

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler's First Recital.

It is not to the credit of the music-loving public that Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, who recently created such a furore in Europe, opened her engagement in this city to a mere handful of people. The fact is, this little woman plays the piano just about as well as Paderewski, and in certain respects almost better; and she is just as musical by nature, too, if not more so. Unfortunately, from a mone-

MISS PEARL EVELYNNE

THE CLEVER CALIFORNIA GIRL WHO APPEARS IN "HUMANITY" AT THE COLUMBIA NEXT WEEK

tary point of view, she is not a fad; and herein the almond-eyed Pole with the golden hair has the advantage. Had the price of seats been $5, in all probability Mrs. Zeisler had been greeted by a much larger audience.

Be that as it may, her hearers were not slow to recognize that they were listening to an artist of the very first rank, to a woman intensely human. Temperament is a quality Mrs. Zeisler possesses in a marked degree; and this, coupled with a perfect technique and rare intelligence, stamps her, for many who have heard all the great pianistic stars of her sex, the queen. Esipoff and Carreno are finished artists, but they certainly are not so intensely musical as Bloomfield-Zeisler. A most agreeable feature of the American woman's art is her beautiful tone. Never, even in the most impassioned moments, does she resort to pounding, the fault so common to some other of the great artists. Mrs. Zeisler is fully alive not only to the possibility of her instrument, but to its shortcomings as well; and she is artist enough to make the most of the former and conceal the latter. Pedalling, that subtle and oft-neglected branch of pianism, is likewise one of her strong points.

To criticize her performances of Tuesday evening would be absurd, since they were, for the most part, utterly above criticism. While her playing of the "Etudes Symphoniques" (Schumann) and the Chopin numbers was somewhat away from the beaten paths, it was at the same time most artistic and enjoyable. The powers of endurance displayed in the long and trying Schumann pieces seemed remarkable in one of so fragile a figure as Mrs. Zeisler. In all probability the most enjoyable numbers on the programme for the audience at large were the very clever transcriptions on Beethoven's "Chorus of Dervishes" and "Turkish March," by Saint-Saens and Rubinstein respectively. They were delightfully played, as was every number on the programme. Go and hear this woman of genius; for, as an artist prominent in local affairs remarked, "She is the most musical pianist ever heard in San Francisco." P. C. ALLEN.

MUSIC

The concert of Miss Alice Bacon and Mr. Giulio Minetti, which was postponed a week, was given last Saturday afternoon at the Association Auditorium. The opening number and the best played was Smetana's string quartet, "From My Life." Smetana was a Bohemian composer who was not "discovered" till after his death. His operas and orchestral works have been revived with the greatest success, and his chamber music figures largely on programmes. He was also a distinguished teacher, his best-known pupil being, of course, Dvorak. This quartet consists of the usual four movements in the arrangement of which the conventional order is slightly disregarded. The scherzo and "allegro moderato alla polka" is followed by the slow movement, "largo sostenuto," instead of vice versa, the more usual arrangement. The performance of this interesting work was very satisfactory, the largo being particularly beautiful.

Madame Emilia Tojetti sang the "Five Poems" of Richard Wagner very badly; throughout her intonation was decidedly below pitch, sometimes as much as a semi-tone. It was a relief when Mr. Minetti appeared to play the "Devil's Trill" sonata of Tartini. Technically the performance was clean and smooth, but not very interesting; he was hampered, however, by the accompanist, who at one place went astray. In response to a warm encore Mr. Minetti played the "Elegie," by Bazzini, which went much better. The programme closed with Brahms' piano quartet in A major, a very difficult and interesting work. Miss Bacon did much better in this number than in the accompaniment, her technique making light of the troublesome piano part. Mr. Louis Heine appeared in a new role, that of viola player, and to every one's surprise his performance was but little short of his 'cello playing. His tone is very beautiful, and he plays with much finish.

The programme for the next concert will include Mendelsshon's string quartet in E flat and Grieg's G minor Sonata for piano and violin.

An interesting song recital was given last Friday evening in Beethoven Hall by Miss Elizabeth Putnam, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael Carr. The programme included many songs not before given in San Francisco, notably a couple of Scotch melodies by Wallace A. Sabin, the well-known organist of St. Luke's, and some old traditional Irish and Gaelic melodies. The piano numbers included four of Grieg's charming bits of color and several compositions of the younger Russian writers—Borodin, Wrangell and Sapellnikoff. Mrs. Carr played beautifully after the nervousness apparent in the first number had worn off.

The first of the Sunday night orchestral concerts was given last week at the Baldwin Theatre. A splendid programme of popular music was very well played and deserved a much larger audience than attended. The "Suite L'Arlesienne," by Bizet, merits particular mention, as it was played with much nicety and finish. The Adagietto was redemanded. Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine sang the Bell Song from "Lakme" beautifully, her intonation being noticeably correct. Mr. Bachelier was quite up to his usual standard, which is too well known to need further comment.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The sale of seats for La Loie Fuller will be opened at Sherman & Clay's next Thursday morning. The advent of this Parisian sensation will be a feature of this year's theatricals.

The title of Nat Goodwin's new play, "An American Citizen," has a political ring about it. The only questions involved, however, are the politics of faith, hope and love, "and the greatest of all these is love."

The four young ladies who were much praised for their work in the second act of "Trilby" at the Columbia Theatre, and whose dancing was a feature of the performance, are students of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art.

Stanford University will have a farce, a quintette, skirt dancing, the Glee Club, the Mandolin Club, negro and other specialties and a big ballet, also a lot of other novel features for Thanksgiving night's entertainment at the California Theatre.

Georgie Cayvan has made a most emphatic hit at Palmer's Theatre in New York city with her play, "Squire Kate." Charles Maltzer of the New York "Herald" is at work on a new play for Miss Cayvan which she may produce in San Francisco.

Technically speaking, La Loie Fuller does not dance. She wields yards and yards of filmy drapery, through which she is herself always plainly visible. She goes through every possible phase of weather. She is noonday sun, the April shower, the sunset, the storm, the moonlight night and the rosy dawn. With the aid of the calcium, she is the most rapid and fairy-like transformation scene that ever graced the stage.

"Humanity," Sutton Vane's latest melodrama, which has been successful in New York and Boston, will be seen for the first time in this city at the Columbia Theatre, on Monday evening, November 16th. "Humanity" tells a short story of love and war in such a manner as to hold the interest of the audience closely throughout the five acts. Lovers of realism, of horses and dogs and hunting and fighting and war and love and romance, will find much to their liking in "Humanity."

"Fleur-de-Lis," which Della Fox is to present at the Baldwin, is a very merry opera and well adapted to the peculiar merits of the people who assume the principal parts. It is an opera with two very comic noblemen, a robust young lover and a ubiquitous and cheerful heroine. The Count and the Marquis are at war, although they love each other like brothers, and can't help telling each other stories of their old days together in Paris whenever they meet. In the character of Fleur-de-Lis, Miss Fox is afforded more scope for her peculiar talent in comedy than she has had before in several years.

At the Bush-street Theatre next Sunday evening, November 15th, at 8:15 P. M. sharp, Mr. T. A. Kennedy, the hypnotist, will place a man in a trance for seven days and seven nights, suspended in mid-air, in full view of the audience. He courteously extends a kind invitation to the press and medical profession to view the sleeper while under the hypnotic control. The press and medical profession will appoint a relay of watches during day and night to view the man in his sleep.

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HOWELLS' NEW BOOK

Reminiscences of the Days of Whigs and Freesoilers.

Those pleasant memories which for so many Californians still cling to the old homes at the east may find entertaining revival in a little book of autobiographical reminiscence and comment by W. D. Howells, "Impressions and Experiences" (Harper & Brothers, publishers). Howells' father was a country editor in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and the first paper in the book deals with the life of that peculiarly American institution, the country newspaper at a period when its influence was far greater than it has been since the railroads and the big dailies have so much encroached on its field and its revenues. At the time of which Howells writes, the old poetic days of the Whigs and the Freesoilers, the time of the anti-slavery agitation and the fugitive slave law, the country newspaper had but one competitor among the rural population, and that was the weekly edition of what the farmers were wont to call with affectionate cacophony the "Trybune." Old Horace Greeley was the hot gospeller of Western Reserve opinion in those simple days before any man was rich beyond the dreams of ignorance and American democracy was still a living thing.

Howells describes the struggles of the office with an ambitious power press of an early pattern and uncertain temper, and finds the subject fertile in humor. The vagaries of this extravagant and erring machine and the ceremonies that preceded its acquisition are thus told:

We were very vain of that press, which replaced the hand press hitherto employed in printing the paper. This was of the style and make of the hand-press which superseded the Ramage press of Franklin's time; but it had been decided to signalize our new departure by the purchase of a power-press of a modern contrivance and of a speed fitted to meet the demands of a subscription list which might be indefinitely extended. A deputation of the leading politicians accompanied the editor to New York, where he went to choose the machine, and where he bought a second-hand Adams press of the earliest pattern and patent. I do not know, or at this date I would not undertake to say, just what principle governed his selection of this superannuated veteran; it seems not to have been very cheap; but possibly he had a prescience of the disabilities which were to task his ingenuity to the very last days of that press. Certainly no man of less gift and skill could have coped with its infirmities, and I am sure that he thoroughly enjoyed nursing it into such activity as carried it hysterically through those far-off publication days. It had obscure functional disorders of various kinds, so that it would from time to time cease to act, and would have to be doctored by the hour before it would go on. There was probably some organic trouble, too, for though it did not really fall to pieces on our hands, it showed itself incapable of profiting by several improvements which he invented, and could, no doubt, have successfully applied to the press if its constitution had not been undermined. It went with a crank set in a prodigious fly-wheel which revolved at a great rate, till it came to the moment of making the impression, when the whole mechanism was seized with such a reluctance as nothing but an heroic effort at the crank could overcome.

If it be objected that this smacks in some degree of the laborious funning of the professional humorist let us not quarrel with it on that score. The joker is worthy of his meed, even if he has to work for it and economize his humor. Moreover, there are touches of spontaneous humor all through the book worthy of Charles Lamb.

Let us talk about the weather. To a comfortable Californian, as dainty as a cat about getting his toes wet, Mr. Howells' description of the rigors and fury of that penetrating climate comes with a certain interest of contrast:

In that cold lake-shore country the people dwelt in wooden structures almost as thin and flimsy as tents; and often in the first winter of our sojourn the type froze solid with the water which the compositor put on it when he wished to distribute his case; the inking rollers had to be thawed before they could be used on the press; and if the current of the editor's soul had not been the most genial that ever flowed in this rough world, it must have been congealed at its source. The cases of type had to be placed very near the windows in order to get all the light there was, and they got all the cold there was, too. From time to time the compositor's fingers became so stiff that blowing on them would not avail; he passed the time in excursions between his stand and the stove; in very cold weather he practiced the device of warming his whole case of types by the fire, and when it lost heat, warming it again. The man at the press-wheel was then the enviable man; those who handled the chill damp sheets of paper were no more fortunate than the compositors.

The make-up of the country paper of those days has an historical interest:

On the first page was a poem, which I suppose I must have selected, and then a story, filling all the rest of the page, which my brother more probably chose; for he had a decided fancy in fiction, and had a scrapbook of inexhaustible riches, which he could draw upon indefinitely for old personal or family favorites. The next page was filled with selections of various kinds, and with original matter interesting to farmers. Then came a page of advertisements, and then the editorial page, where my father had given his opinions of the political questions which interested him, and which he thought it the duty of the country press to discuss, with sometimes essays in the field of religion and morals. There was a letter of two columns from Washington, contributed every week by the congressman who represented our district; and there was a letter from New York, written by a young lady of the county who was studying art under a master of portraiture then flourishing in the metropolis; if that is not stating it too largely for the renown of Thomas Hicks, as we see it in a vanishing perspective. The rest of this page as well as the greater part of the next, was filled with general news, clipped from the daily papers, and partly condensed from them. There was also such local intelligence as offered itself, and communications on the affairs of village and county; but the editor did not welcome tidings of new barns and abnormal vegetation, or flatter hens to lay eggs of unusual size or with unusual frequency by undue public notice. All that order of minute neighborhood gossip which now makes the country paper a sort of open letter was then unknown. He published marriages and deaths, and such obituary notices as the sorrowing fondness of friends prompted them to send him; and he introduced the custom of publishing births, after the English fashion, which the people took to kindly.

I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that Howells writes too much in fear of his own critical faculty. I like him best when he turns himself loose at the instigation of the literary devil. Possibly it is the influence of the English nil-admirari school which has set its weariful foot on emotion and scorns the well beloved pirate and his poetic bottle of rum. Now, here is something on the tragedy of the country printer's life which seems to me uncommon fine:

Like all of us who work at all, the country printer had to work too hard; and he had little time to think or tell how to make life better and truer in any sort. His paper had once perhaps as much influence as the country pulpit; its support was certainly of the same scanty and reluctant sort, and it was without consecration by an avowed self-devotion. He was concerned with the main chance first, and after that there was often no other chance, or he lost sight of it. I should not instance him as an exemplary man and I should be very far from idealizing him; I should not like even to undertake the task of idealizing the city journalist; and yet, in the retrospect, at least, the country printer has his pathos for me — the pathos of a man who began to follow a thankless calling because he loved it, and kept on at it because he loved it, or else because its service had warped and cramped him out of form to follow any other.

Despite his banter of the emotions, we get from the book at times glimpses of the real Howells, and the picture is sweet and wholesome, if such a culinary metaphor may be allowed. In "The Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver" the writer describes with mingled pathos and humor of fine quality the intellectual exercises of a man afflicted with two consciences—the economic conscience, which bids him not pauperize the distressed, not make him poor in spirit because he is poor in circumstance, and the other conscience, which springs in the human breast at the sight of suffering. One likes Howells all the better because the dismal promptings of the economist do not outweigh humanity, and one is amused at the queer self-consciousness of apology with which he attributes the victory to selfishness. The description of the compromise is delightful:

Of course I do not give much, for I wish to be a good citizen as well as a good Christian; and as soon as I obey that voice which I cannot disobey, I hear another voice reproaching me for encouraging street beggary. I have been taught that street beggary is wrong, and when I have to unbutton two coats and go through three or four pockets before I can reach the small coin I mean to give in compliance with that imperative voice, I certainly feel it to be wrong. So I compromise, and I am never able to make sure that either of those voices is satisfied with me. I am not even satisfied with myself; but I am better satisfied than if I gave nothing. That was the selfish reason I now had for deciding to yield to my better nature, and to obey the voice which bade me "Give to him that asketh"; for, as I said, I hate a bad conscience, and of two bad consciences I always choose the least, which in a case like this, is the one that incensed political economy gives me.

The perplexity induced by the pleading of a picturesque Irish beggar is very good:

Perhaps I was remotely influenced not to give a quarter to this one-armed man by the behavior of another one-armed man whom I befriended. I did give him a quarter, not from a good impulse, but because I had no smaller change, and it was that or nothing. The gift seemed to astonish him. It was in a shoe-store, where I had only one boot on, in the process of trying a pair, and I was quite helpless against him when he burst into blessings of Irish picturesqueness, and asked my name, apparently that he might pray far me without making a mistake in the address; and when I said, from a natural bashfulness, or a mean fear that he might find me out at home and come again to beg of me, that I would take the chance of the answer to his prayers getting to me, he told me all about the railroad accident that lost him his arm; and not content with this, he took his poor stump — as if to prove that it was real—and rubbed it over me, and blessed me and blessed me again, till I was quite ashamed of getting so much more than my money's worth. Shall I own that I began to fear this grateful man was not entirely sober?

Howells' keen sympathy for the miseries of the poor is brought out in his description of the sufferings of an Italian fruit vender:

It was a beautiful white spring day when I went to tell him the hour the ambulance would call. The sky was blue overhead, the canaries sang in their cages along the street. I left all this behind when I entered the dark, chill tenement-house, where that dreadful poverty-smell struck the life out of the spring in my soul at the first breath. The sick man's apartment was clean and sweet, through his mother's care (this poor woman was as wholly a lady as any I have seen); but when I passed into his room, he clutched himself up from the bed, and stretched his arms toward me with gasps of "Lo spedale, lo spedale!" The spring, the coming glory of this world, was nothing to him. It was the hospital he wanted; and to the poor, to the incurable disease of our conditions, the hospital is the best we have to give. To be sure, there is also the grave.

It is, take it for all in all, a very wholesome book, although it is possible that the blue pencil might have been used in places to the improvement of the whole.

DIdn't Want It Given Away.

Through the hot, dusty roads of Kansas a would-be homesteader was pursuing his way to the Cherokee strip, in search of one of Uncle Sam's free homes. He had his family and goods in a shaky prairie schooner, which was drawn by two feeble horses near dissolution.

"Whar you bound?" asked a farmer at whose house he stopped for water.

"Fer a hundred an' sixty acres o' government land in th' strip," responded the traveler bombastically.

A few months later the same man stopped again at the Kansas farmer's for water, this time traveling north.

"Whatcher done with yer hundred an' sixty acres?' asked the farmer with a note of suspicion.

"See them mules thar?" queried the homesteader, pointing to a fine pair of animals which was harnessed to the "schooner." "I traded eighty acres o' my claim fer 'em."

"Whatcher do with th' other eighty?" pressed the farmer.

"Don't give it away till I git farther off. Th' feller was a tenderfoot, an' I run th' other eighty acres in on 'im without his knowin' it."

The bicycle girl riding down a slope found a sheep lying exactly in her way. Much to the consternation of her friends who were watching the performance, she apparently attempted to jump the animal. The bicycle was more or less damaged, the sheep's feelings were hurt and the lady got a black eye. "But why did you do it?" they asked her. "I do it!" was the indignant reply. "I rang my bell as loud as I could; but the silly creature would not get out of the way!"

An American literary man, William Page, lived, during his sojourn in Rome, with the Brownings, and was their particular friend. He asked Mrs. Browning once how she happened to call her sonnets "Sonnets from the Portuguese." She replied that she had a pair of Portuguese blankets and named them after the blankets.

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When you are selecting a wedding or a birthday present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety, just arrived from Europe, from which to select.

VERLAINE'S INVECTIVES

A little volume of verse, entitled "Invectives," from the pen of that "mad, bad" poet, Paul Verlaine, has just been published posthumously in Paris. Therein can be read Verlaine's true character with a fidelity perhaps equalled nowhere else. It is the character of a gentle, mild-mannered man—one desirous of being at peace with his fellow men, but racked out of all equanimity not only by carping, unintelligent criticism, but also by downright abuse and insult. The poems are bitter, but it is not a bitterness that was not native to the man — it is the bitterness of the milk of human kindness turned to sourness by ungentle treatment at the hands of a stupid, unappreciative public. But to those who give themselves the trouble to read between the lines, Verlaine's personality reveals itself as that of a large-hearted genius — the champion of the worthy low against the unworthy high.

Detestation of Literature.

Detesting what savors of "literature,"
I expel from this book, which is mine and my own,
All things that may chime with what's called literature.

And I crave but a word, but a word, and that's all,
On a fakir who's chosen to shower his gibes
Upon me. But a word, but a word, and that's all.

I was once in a hospital. Which? I don't know.
For alas! I'm a regular client of all.
I was once in a hospital. Which? I don't know.

Now in that fell time of a thousand sad ills,
Of anguish intense and of suffering untold.
In all that fell time of a thousand sad ills,

Where remedies sore were far worse than disease,
Where I had to submit to be cut up in two.
Where remedies sore were far worse than disease,

This man thought it pleasant to cut me in two.
The "poet a god," but "the man, dirty beast!"
Take a look at the gent who would cut me in two.

Retain, oh, thou fool! thy esteem for my books,
But thy scorn for myself I can stand—from a fool.
Retain, oh, thou fool! thy esteem for my books,
Oh, last of reporters and first of Grevils!

William II.

William, the man with the arm awry,
The sore-eared king.
Who sometimes—strange in a rank so high—
Does the decent thing.

Puff ball Napoleon! Not all bad,
O Mecklenburgist.
I love you—perhaps a stupid fad
(Not bourgeoise at least).

I love you because a shining sword
In your hand you've got.
And I boldly dare to say the word
Which the knave* will not.

I love as I'd love a female foe
Whom I shall possess,
Because no secret is hidden low
In your witlessness.
Because I feel you're an honest man,
Though a Prussian still.
Because you're a fool on the selfsame plan
As myself, dear Bill!
*Jules Ferry.

Song.

Drunken I, not worth a damn,
Have had sent from Amsterdam
A full basket of Schiedam.

But the custom house, alas!
Will not let the poison pass,
I can't get a single glass.

Let it go, 'tis filth and shame,
Bottlefuls of future blame,
Well enough it never came!

Yet it grieves me at the end.
I have not a cent to spend
To give that poison to a friend.

A Rhyme by Bret Harte.

The woes of a Consul's life are pathetically rhymed by Bret Harte apropos of a letter from a brother Consul narrating the tale of "a short, Saxon-looking man named Fowler," who came to him for assistance, showing a bogus letter from a sorrowing mother in America. Thus sang Mr. Harte:

I'm acquainted with affliction, chiefly in the form of fiction, that is offered up by strangers at the Consul's open door;
And I know all kinds of sorrow, that relief would try to borrow with various sums from sixpence upward to "a penny more!"
And I think I know all fancy styles of active mendicancy, from the helpless Irish soldier who mixed in our country's war,
And who laid in Libby Prison in a war that wasn't his'n, and I sent back to the country—that he never saw before.
I know the wretched seaman who was tortured by a demon captain, till he fled in terror, with his wages in arrear.
And I've given him sufficient to ship as an efficient and active malefactor with a gentle privateer.
Oh, I know the wealthy tourist, who (through accident the purest) lost his letters, watch and purse from the "cold deck" coming o'er,
And I heeded that preamble, and lent him enough to gamble till he won back all his money on the "cold deck" here ashore.
But I never, never, never, in beneficent endeavor fell into the meshes—wicked meshes—by the Saxon Fowler spread,
And it seems to me a pistol used judiciously at Bristol would have not too prematurely brought this matter to a head.

That's It!

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THE WEEK'S FOOTBALL

The Freshman Game — Both Elevens Weak and Unsteady.

It is hardly fair to criticise a Freshman game — particularly California - Stanford Freshman games from 'varsity standpoints, since usually not one sixth of the time and patience is expended on the first-year eleven as is given to the breaking-in of the regulars.

Saturday's game was a scrub game, no matter how one looks at it. In spite of Stanford's lead, it was anybody's victory till within ten minutes of the call of time, and, in fact, California was perilously near Stanford's goal line for the second time at the moment when the whistle blew. This is, however, no disparagement of the Cardinals' work. They deserved every one of their fourteen points, gained as they were for the most part by the most strenuous and persistent line-bucking. The team work on both sides was execrable, though California was no doubt poorer in this respect than her opponents. In the mass-plays on tackle and guard most of the Stanford eleven followed

STANFORD PLAYING AN AGGRESSIVE DEFENSE

the ball with considerable vim and determination. In the few successful plays around the end, particularly around California's left end, just prior to the second Stanford touchdown, the Palo Alto youngsters developed a fairly good interference. Murphy played what was probably the best individual game in the field in this respect. Whenever the ball was sent through guard and tackle Murphy was quick to follow it up and give the runner the necessary shove to carry him through the hole.

But it is possible to generalize upon the work of the Stanford Freshman only in these points. Their play (as was to be expected) was erratic in the extreme. At times their runners gained at will at any point of their opponents' lines, and at times lost ground instead of acquiring it. It was the same with their defense—one minute the cardinal line would be pliable, weak and easy of attack, and the next absolutely impregnable.

California's defense was uniformly poor from kickoff to whistle. The tendency of the Berkeley rush line was to straggle and open out as soon as Murphy put his ball in play. Nine times out of ten the forwards attempted to break through on the outside of their men instead of on the inside; the natural consequence of this was that they made holes for the Stanford halves, through which the ball was rushed, for five, ten and fifteen-yard gains. The method of defense, as employed by more experienced teams, is precisely the reverse of this, since it implies a sudden, sharp closing up and locking of the line the instant the play is started by the opposing quarter. The forwards should endeavor to converge simultaneously upon the ball, before the runner has a chance to start, a maneuvre which can only be accomplished by breaking through on the inside. This, of course, leaves the flanks exposed, but it is the duty of the two ends to defend this quarter, and it is precisely for this reason that the ends should rarely get into the scrimmage, but should hover upon the flanks ready to tackle the runner should he succeed in breaking out, or to dive in and secure the ball in case of a fumble.

Stanford's repeated gains on the tackles were largely the result of the mistaken endeavors of the California ends to turn the runner in instead of converging upon the ball together with the forwards. It is a wrong theory to suppose that the first duty of an end is to turn the runner in upon the tackle. This move should be made only as a last resort. Often in last Saturday's game this style of play on the part of the California end left an immense territory open between tackle and end, through which the runner gained at will until stopped by either the half or the full. The primary duty of an end should be to reach the runner before he can get behind interference, and to do this he must run in upon the ball as quickly as possible. In the Freshman game of Saturday the California ends repeatedly waited until the ball, already well protected by interference, reached the line and then endeavored to break into the interference from the outside, throwing the runner over upon the tackle. This was no doubt the end's play when the ball had already progressed so far as that. But he should not have waited until the play was so far advanced before making his attempt to check it. He should have gone in the instant the ball was snapped, gone in toward the center, endeavoring to tackle the runner before, not after the interence had formed. A runner tackled at the line is bound to gain something, if only his own length; tackled behind the line he is sure to lose something. Even if he does not succeed in tackling, the end will drive the runner straight into a pocket formed by the other forwards.

It was not especially the weakness of her guards and tackles that lost California her Freshman game, but rather this delay on the part of the ends in getting into the play. It was not on tackle alone that Stanford gained but through a wide gap that the California end left between himself and tackle. The California halves as well were responsible for Stanford's gains between tackle and end and for possibly the same reason, i. e., their slowness — their intentional slowness — in starting in upon the ball as soon as it was in play. They, as a rule, waited until the end had failed to break through the interference before they made their attempt, at a time when the ball had already been advanced some two or three yards. The California halves, in all but a few instances, should have converged upon the ball together with the whole team, though a little in the rear. They should have gone through after the end, following in the rear, to back him up in his efforts of breaking up the Stanford interference, and to help the tackle as well, if the opportunity afforded.

So much space has been given to the defensive duties of end and half, since the territory which they must cover is the most dangerous of any point on the line, and since it was precisely through a neglect of a proper defense of this territory that the California Freshmen were defeated in their annual championship game with Stanford.

Murphy played his team fairly fast, and kept them up to their best efforts at critical moments, though the team should certainly have gotten into position quicker on the occasion of California's free kicks.

There is too much coaching from the side lines. Whenever the scrimmage is near enough, some dozen or more men, who should know better, are constantly shouting warnings and directions to their respective teams.

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THE WEEK'S RACING

Some Average Work at the Ingleside Track.

For the seventh day of the Ingleside races the card was fairly good. Candelaria, a one to three chance, won in the first race by the plucky riding of Jockey Howards. He managed to win from the favorite, who, with Enos up, should have come in a length to the good.

In the last race, Preston, a very clever sprinter from the East, made his debut. At the pools he opened at seven to ten, but through a very knowing plunge on Chartreuse II he went back to 9 to 5. However, Pigott went the overland route with Humphrey's mare, and Preston came in first with Miss Brummel a head in front of Chartreuse for the place. The card on Friday last gave us several head and head finishes. Indio, at even money, came home a nose in front of True Blue, a 10 to 1 chance, in the first. The old Derby winner, Strathmeath, with wealthy Willie Martin up, added another bracket to his record. Through Duffy's execrable riding Kamsin won the mile from 'Ostler Joe, who, according to the laws of the game, should have been first. The boy's fooling was entirely responsible for the failure. Everyone on the track supposed Navy Blue winner of the succeeding race, but the judges thought differently. Tenacity, Corrigan's horse, was played heavily. I was surprised at the victory of Libertine, who beat that remarkably speedy filly Tea Rose. However, the result would be different could the race be ridden over again, though the run was made in record time.

On Saturday the one mile handicap was virtually given to Lincoln II by Martin, who piloted Damien. Ruinart ran like a truck horse, and if he ever does beat anything but a Clydesdale or a mule his owner should be given life. Baby Bill came to life in the one and a half mile jump, and won all the way by fifteen lengths at odds of 6 to 1. This doubtless will seem curious to some observers, for in the events before in which this horse participated he could not get closer than ten lengths to the slowest gee on the card. After these melancholy performances his price was reduced to 2 to 1, and then he ran like a quarter horse from flag to finish.

On Monday the rain made the track slow. Midlo ran seven-eighths in 1:30½. I don't think this horse can do better than 1:29½ on a fast track. Strathrol was coming up with a grand burst of speed at the finish, and was making six jumps to Midlo's one. It is too bad that a competent race rider like Willie Martin is not a better judge of distance. Last time out, Scottish Rose beat Geyser under wraps, but this time the record was reversed, owing to the good work of Patsy Freeman.

The races Tuesday last were rather poor. Ostler Joe ran a mile and a sixteenth in good form, but the race evoked much dissatisfaction because Earl Cochran pulled Little Cripple so very obviously that the judges ruled him off indefinitely, and propose now to refuse Mr. Humphreys' entries until the situation is suitably explained. I presume, however, a satisfactory arrangement will be made in a day or two. A good showing was made by Reddington in a subsequent race, who got home easily in front of Sister Mary. Reddington is a Kingston in the mud. On Wednesday, the races were won by Tea Rose and Santa Bella, who achieved a victory almost without exertion.

John Stetson had a business manager whose name was Sharp. One day Stetson came to the theater and saw a big sign above the door that said, "Matinee to-day at two o'clock sharp!" "Hallo," said Stetson, "seems to me that fellow's putting on big airs! Take that sign in and put out one, 'Matinee to-day at two o'clock. Stetson.' I am running this theater.

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

A Physician's Advice on How to be Happy Though Married.

I asked a clever well-known doctor only to-day what advice he would give the newly married, says "Harper's Bazar." "I would tell the woman," he said, "never to let her husband think he had quite won her, that there was not still something held in reserve to give him. A woman never seems to think she ought to be fascinating to her husband after marriage." He lectured the woman of course. There is a universal tendency in mankind to do this. Yet another doctor I know once said in my hearing that he believed from all he had seen that the happiness of marriage depended primarily upon the man. Were he worth anything, the peace of the household was assured. There is much that might be said to both. First of all that neither take the devotion of the other for granted, making no effort to cultivate or retain what each felt to be a due. There is nothing one should kill quicker in marriage than the first tendency in either one to discuss the peculiarities of the other before a third person. Nothing is more fatal and nothing is more vulgar. No one can ever take a greater liberty with the other. These personalities are never funny, though they are often made to do service as family jokes brought out for the entertainment of the stranger."

* * *

The average Canadian girl rides twice as well as the average American girl, says the Chicago "Times-Herald." That is not to say that she is as graceful or pretty on a bicycle, but neither hills, nor rough roads, nor washouts, nor narrow paths, nor mud, nor dust, can disconcert her. She goes through thick and thin alike with easy speed. Her muscles are splendid and her endurance great. She does not wear a short dress, and one wonders why she calls her costume a bicycle suit at all, so like is it to the ordinary walking costume. She rarely wears either leggings or long boots. The length of her skirts makes either unnecessary. For all the volume of her skirts she does not fall. It is marvelous. She goes alike through crowded streets or rough byways. Her wheel is generally heavier than ours, and her muscular power greater. So that when the American girl goes into Canada, taking her dainty wheel and jaunty suit, she is apt to be completely discomfited and adjudged a ninny because she cannot do the rougher riding that her Canadian cousins delight in. And that hurts! The American sensibilities are outraged. It is worse than losing the yacht race!

* * *

"It is curious," said a fashionable woman who had just returned from Europe, "to see the radical change that has taken place in the number of trunks that are now brought over from Paris by each person. What is the reason for this change it is difficult to say, but it is certainly the fashion just now to bring much less home in the way of Parisian finery than formerly, and the freight agents on the various steamers say that there has been a marked reduction in luggage in the last two years.

"Another innovation in the 'smart' society of both hemispheres is the latitude that is now allowed in dress at all day functions. A woman will walk into a handsomely dressed assemblage in a short bicycle or golf dress, and create no remark or comment whatever, while the long frock coat and high silk hat which used to be de rigueur for men in England and France are no longer deemed imperative. 'High hats and frock coats are not necessary,' was written in the corner of an invitation to a garden party given by a woman of rank in the suburbs of London recently—a sign of the times."

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A clergyman assigned to preach a sermon before the students of a college, picked out from his barrel a discourse of a general nature which he thought might suit the occasion. It had been prepared for a mixed audience, but he did not take the trouble to read it over. He got along famously until at the opening of the peroration he astonished the boys by reading a sentence beginning, "Now a word to such of you as are mothers."

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(Mrs. Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer," asks a London visitor "What is to be the fashionable age next season?" She learns that fifty is to be the halcyon period.

Daily News.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A young clergyman, who was a slave to his manuscript, which was, moreover, exceedingly illegible, was preaching on "Running the Christian Race." He got along very well until he came to the sentence: "Let us, my friends, run like St. Paul, throwing aside every weight that hinders us, and keeping our eyes on the victor's crown." In an evil moment he lifted his eyes from his manuscript when he came to this sentence. "Let us, my friends," he said, in his most solemn pulpit tone, "run like——" and then, forgetting the rest of the sentence, he looked at his manuscript again, but in his confusion he was utterly unable to find the place, owing to his crabbed chirography, and for the moment he could not remember what he had written. There was only one thing to do; he must finish the sentence extemporaneously. But in his present state of mind that was not an easy thing to do. He hoped that by repeating it, however, some thought would come to him. So he started over again: "Let us, my friends, run like——" Then he paused for an idea, and as he did so it flashed through his mind that men given to profanity, if any such were present, might finish the sentence to their own minds by supplying the name of the place of future punishment. It was horrible to think that he was thus tempting men to profanity. "Let us, my friends," he exclaimed again, in a desperate desire to say something, "run like everything."

The misfortunes of a young and very nervous Episcopalian clergyman in an extemporized church, a country school house on week days, began with the robing for the ceremony. There was, of course, no robing room in the school. But one of the good ladies with the love of the church in her heart had tried to make a temporary robing-room by stretching a sheet across one of the corners. Behind this sheet he retired, and started to take off his coat and waistcoat in order that he might put on his cassock. But he was a large man, and the three-cornered space was very small. The result was that in stretching his arms he struck the sheet, and, the fastening being weak, it fell down, revealing him to the congregation divested of his coat and waistcoat in all the glory of a bright red flannel shirt with a white "dickey" in front. There was an audible snicker in the congregation, in which it is needless to say that the poor fellow did not join. And the merriment was increased by the loud, piping remark of a little boy, "Ma, what is the minister undressin' hisself for?"

While Zangwill was staying at the house of Sir William Smith Marriott, a wealthy English manufacturer, in Dorset, some few years ago, the butler came into his master's room one morning with a very long face. "There's very bad news," he said, this morning. Poor Mr. —— (mentioning the name of a clergyman in an adjoining village) has been and gone and hung himself. And that's not the worst of it, Sir William, that there fox has broken into your preserves again and killed twenty-five of your young pheasants!"

Ellen Terry is conspicuous for her tact and good nature. Not so very long ago she offered to introduce an American critic to Irving. When the moment arrived she had forgotten the critic's name. But do you think she would reveal this? Pushing a sheet of paper toward him, she exclaimed, "Fancy this! I've made a wager with Sir Henry! He will have it you spell your name in one way—I have it that you spell it another way." The critic, unsuspecting, wrote it down. "Bravo!" cried the ready lady, "I've won the wager!"

William Faversham narrates an episode that took place at a special matinee for charity. He was cast for the hero of the play, an impecunious young artist. Faversham was young and nervous. He was supposed to remark that he hadn't a cent in the world and that although his parents had been in a similar condition they were not to be sneezed at. This is what the youthful actor really said, as the audience faded before him: "My father was a poor but honest man, and—and—so was my mother!"

A lady who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop with a view to purchasing something old noticed a quaint figure the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter. "What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired. The salesman replied, in a subdued tone: "Worth about £10,000, ma'am; it is the proprietor."

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 47 — SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 21, 1896 — PRICE 10 CTS.

SHOOTING CRAPS

A BIT OF COLORED LIFE CAUGHT ON THE OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Photo by E. W. Jensen

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 21, 1896

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A JUDICIAL DISASTER.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which was announced last Monday, in the irrigation cases establishes finally and definitely the constitutionality of the statute of California which is generally known as the Wright Irrigation Act. This decision has been hailed with shrieks of joy by many interested parties, and received with grave apprehension by a more numerous but less noisy element of the people of California. It is worthy of note that the daily press of the State is, as usual, on the side which is making the most noise. The effect of the recent decision, it must be remembered, is to establish only the fact that obligations incurred by any irrigation district formed under the authority of the Wright Act will not be held invalid, or be set aside, by reason of any defects in that act itself, but relief may still be had, in some cases, for defects in the proceedings authorized by the act. In districts which have been illegally formed, or in which the Boards of Directors have irregularly issued or illegally disposed of the bonds of the district, or where fraud and collusion can be proved, the unfortunate land owners may find relief in the courts of the State. But the full measure of the calamity which has befallen the State in this decision is found not in the affirmance of existing obligations, the judicial fastening on the people of burdens which they sought to throw off because they believed them to be illegal and unjust, but in the immeasurably greater evils to which it opens wide the door. So great are these perils, and so imminent, that there is not a town lot or an arable acre in California which has not shrunk in value since last Monday. Not only in irirgation districts already organized, but in every place which by any possibility can ever be included in such a district the blight has already fallen.

When the Wright Act was placed on the statute books it was natural for many to be deceived into rosy anticipations of beneficent results from its workings. The cheap and uncertain crops of grain were no longer to be looked to as a source of prosperity, and the whole land was to be turned into a vast orchard, from which untold wealth would flow into the pockets of the cheerful taxpayer. Agriculture was to become a lost or useless art in California, and the State was to be filled with prosperous families living on the produce of a few fruit trees nourished by the water furnished by the Wright Act. Even a brief experience of the working of the act has sufficed to show that such dreams were baseless. It seems incredible now that such delusions could ever have been cherished by sane persons. It has been abundantly proved that the benefits sought cannot be obtained by the practical working of the law. The decision of the Supreme Court has removed from the field of useful discussion the question of the legality of compelling land owners to pay ruinous taxes, for benefits which many do not desire, many others can in no event enjoy, and of receiving which not a single taxpayer can feel secure. But the broader question of the justice or injustice of such legislation, and of the expediency of permitting it to continue in force is still open, and discussion of that question is timely and pertinent.

It has long been the earnest desire of the best citizens of California to see the vast tracts of land now held by individuals or corporations broken up into small holdings, to which settlers could be attracted who would till the soil with their own hands and in their own interest, and so develop the resources of the State and give it a producing and consuming population corresponding to its vast extent. The Wright Act, as now judicially sustained, shuts the doors of the State in the faces of settlers of this class. The great land owners are doubtless willing enough now to break up and sell off their holdings, but the decision which has made them willing and eager to sell has equally made it impossible for them to do so. What settler will be willing to invest his little capital in a farm which he knows may be taxed for years far beyond its productive capacity for supposed benefits which he may not desire, may not need and of which he can never feel secure that, however urgently needed or ardently desired, he will ultimately receive them in return for the taxes exacted from him? So long as California lies under the shadow of this impossible law the State will be shunned by the settlers most desired, to become the stamping ground and the prey of bond holders. Not a dollar can be borrowed for the improvement of lands which lie under the lien of irrigation bonds. No trust funds can legally be invested on the security of such lands. The development of the State must stand still until the lands shall have passed to the lien holders, who may then, if they please, proceed to develop the lands for themselves. It may be considered as quite certain that they will not proceed on the lines laid down by the author of the miscalled Irrigation Act.

To be brief, the fault of this law is that it does almost everything but provide water for irrigation. It furnishes endless opportunities for mistake and fraud and corruption to the prejudice, and even to the ruin, of free holders, who are helpless in the presence of an irresponsible majority of qualified voters who may not own a foot of land among them. If Boards of Directors chosen by universal suffrage could be relied on to be infallibly wise and incorruptibly honest; if such a thing as collusion for dishonest purposes between directors, engineers and contractors were impossible, and if the character, the cost and the efficiency of irrigation works could be accurately predicted by even the best of engineering talent, even then the evils that must be wrought by a general application of the Irrigation Act would be merely reduced to a minimum too great to bear. The probability that all these conditions will be fulfilled is too remote to need serious consideration. The only thing certain under the operations of this remarkable act is that the interest on bonds issued under its sanction, and ultimately the bonds themselves, must be met by the land holder or he must lose his land; the most remote result of it, and the last to be looked for, is that he will derive any benefit whatever in return for his sacrifices.

The Wright Act should be repealed at the earliest possible day. Its repeal, unfortunately, can bring no relief to those on whom the decision of the Supreme Court has fastened the burden of the bonds already issued, no matter how grossly the proceeds of such issues may have been squandered and misapplied. But every land owner in the State, whose land is not yet pledged to bond holders under this act, should associate himself with others who are in the same peril in which he stands, in a strenuous effort to relieve the State of California from the blight cast on its prospect by what can only be called a judicial disaster.

BREAKING WILLS BY STIPULATION.

One of the most solemn obligations, the performance of which lies with the judicial officer, is that of probating and construing wills. The law, witnin certain well defined limits, wisely or unwisely, permits a citizen to bequeath by will his property to the use and benefit of those surviving him, as, in his own judgment, seems most fit. By this instrument the faithful may be rewarded, the loving remembered and their maintenance provided for. Wise and necessary charities may be aided or established, heirlooms passed down to future generations, and gifts of property and money distributed among surviving kin, according to their merits. The fruits of an entire lifetime, the garnering of years, the rewards of toil and thrift and economy, indeed, all the material results to the acquisition of which a man has devoted his life, may be thus apportioned according to the final wishes of the dead. It is most fit and proper, therefore, that solemnity should surround, and carefulness accompany, judicial proceedings in a matter of such grave importance. Manifestly, the obligation rests most heavily upon the bench to exercise a jealous care to make doubly, trebly, certain that the wishes and intentions of the dead are speedily and faithfully put into execution.

All this seems too plain to here need stating. Yet there was an occurrence in our Superior Court but a few days ago which seems to go to the very root and threaten the very right which we have been persuaded to believe should be held most sacred. There died here some time ago a certain James G. Fair. He was a man who, in his lifetime, had amassed a large fortune. Shortly after his death there was presented to our Probate Court a will purporting to be the last will and testament of the deceased. Accompanying it were the usual and customary affidavits as to its authenticity, with the application that letters testamentary be issued to the proponents. By this will he bulk of the estate was left to the dead man's children, to be held in trust, however, by certain persons therein named. Subsequently, another instrument, popularly known as the "pencil will," was filed, the provisions of which, after making several bequests, were practically identical with the preceding will, inasmuch as the residue of the dead man's estate was left to his children without the intervention of trustees. The usual and customary affidavits as to the authenticity accompanied this will, and all the legal forms respecting the same were duly observed upon its filing. So far as the court goes the two wills were precisely upon the same footing. Both pretended to speak for the dead man, and both claimed to give voice to his final wishes with respect to his accumulations. The court was called upon to determine, in fact, it was in duty bound to decide which of these two documents in truth and in fact represented the last will of the dead millionaire. For some reason, and the true reason is neither definite nor clear, the executor named in the latter will, and the proponent thereof, elected to withdraw his petition, and, while declaring that he truly believed the will which he withdrew to be the last will of the testator, he asked the court to enter an order of withdrawal and in effect declared the instrument not to be the last will of the deceased.

To a man who is not a judicial officer, to one but slightly versed in the law and having a knowledge only of the common sense application of affairs, this proceeding seems almost unparalleled. The proponent of the will and the person named as executor thereof calmly states to the court that while he still contends the will produced by him to be genuine, if his petition for probate continues on file, long and expensive litigation will ensue, and that he therefore withdraws the same. So by this proceeding the executer defeats the intent and purpose of the testator, obliterates and renders nugatory the solemnly expressed wishes of the man upon whose vast estate he was appointed to administer. The mere fact that there is another will on file for which probate is sought does not affect the principle which seems to have been here so openly violated or ignored. If the executor and proponent of a second will may of his own motion withdraw the same because he fears litigation that is to come, then likewise might any executor or proponent withdraw any will upon the same ground. He need but be coward or knave to defeat by stipulation or agreement the last wishes of his dead friend, who so misplaced his confidence in him. He might, by this method, if be have wills enough at his command, usurp the function of the Judge, and select such will as pleased him best for probate. If Jones dies and leaves Green the executor of his will, and the terms and provisions of that sacred document do not meet with the approbation of his family, and that family have at their command the means by which to contest its probate or the means with which to bribe the willing Green, then is the law to be defeated and the will rendered nugatory and impotent simply upon the motion of the executor, who may possess an honest fear or a thrifty dislike for litigation? Our laws are lame, indeed, if such a proceeding as this will be upheld by our statutes.

It is a pity that no ready means exists by which our higher court may review this proceeding, and set the stamp of approval or disapproval upon it; so that a citizen may know just what contingencies it is possible may arise when death closes in upon him and the formal declaration of his wishes with respect to his property comes up for final adjudication by the courts. This proceeding, as we see it, goes to the very root of all our laws which have been framed for the purpose of conferring upon a man the right to dispose of his property after death.

We have an abiding faith in the wisdom and integrity of the judicial officer who sat upon this case, but we are constrained to say that with all the lights before us the proceeding seems most remarkable, indeed. Its effect is to declare what is known as the "pencil will" not to be the last will and testament of Mr. Fair. The court could not find this fact except upon testimony. To be sure, some testimony has been placed before the court, but all of it looked to the establishment of the will rather than to its breaking down; so it appears there could not even have been a conflict of testimony upon which to hang a judgment declaring this not to be the last will.

A BRIEF POLITICAL REVIEW.

Thoughtful Americans are keenly conscious that our nation has just passed through a most critical period of its history. If Mr. William Jennings Bryan was the President-elect of these United States to-day this country would now be in the midst of a financial panic, the like of which the memory of man and the records of history offer no parallel. But the fact that Mr. Bryan was defeated does not remove the difficulty, nor does it argue or portend that the element in American society whi h

gave him strength and made his candidacy possible have been finally obliterated. The great publicists of Europe and America regarded the campaign through which we have just passed with some alarm and well founded apprehension. The spirit of Bryanism, the spirit of the Chicago platform, still lives, and the millions of American voters who testified to their adherence to those principles still live among us, still have their being, and are still an important factor in the determining and shaping of governmental policies. Goldwin Smith, who has ever been a friend to America and its institutions, and who, besides, is one of the keenest observers of public affairs, in a carefully prepared article, gave voice to the statement that he never before thought the republic in such serious peril as when he saw the organization of the Democratic party captured by anarchism and repudiation.

A writer in the "Saturday Review" stated that even though McKinley should receive the overwhelming majority which sanguine New York expected, the United States will none the less enter upon a new and terrible political era. He declares:

"The fact that the republic consists of an industrial England and Belgium planted between the Atlantic and the Lakes, with a huge agricultural Russia riveted upon its Western and Southern sides, has at last made its way to the forefront of American politics, and it is not this generation which will get rid of it."

This view of our political situation holds much of strength and truth.

While the ordinary American would be loath to admit that the United States is practically divided into two countries, the one agricultural and the other industrial, yet the late election and the oft repeated declarations of the presidential candidate lead one to believe that it was upon the strength of this feeling Mr. Bryan depended for his success at the polls. We scarcely concur in the views expressed by our English contemporary, that the present generation will not get rid of this question, but have a firm belief and an abiding faith in the wisdom of Major McKinley and his advisers. We do not for a moment doubt that he will so shape the course of his administration as to again weld together the interests of this nation, which for the moment seemed so diametrically opposed to each other. As chief magistrate of this country there will lie before him opportunities which have seldom been presented to his predecessors. That he will rise to the necessities of the occasion, we do not doubt. That his administration will be productive of great benefit, of increased trade, of revived industries, we do not hesitate to assert. In the wisdom of his course during the next four years much depends, as much, perhaps, as has ever depended upon any magistrate who has occupied the seat.

How very little faith the Popocrats had in their programme of financial relief is proved by the cheerful, almost jubilant manner in which they have accepted defeat. Among those who have appeared most satisfied with the election of Mr. McKinley are many who throughout the campaign made show of an intense loyalty to the Popocratic platform. It was a platform of financial dishonesty, backed in great part by political hypocrisy. Men went up and down through the State parading in words of living light the glories that were to be ours when we should say to the world that our mints were open to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at half the commercial ratio to gold; and these men, some of whom we know, were among the first to rejoice on election night. The scenes around the bulletin boards were not such as to give the impression that the free silver men were very much afraid of further financial troubles under the McKinley regime. There was little evidence of bitterness on the part of Democrats and Populists. Even the staunchest of the honest free silver men, and there are thousands of such, could but say to themselves as they saw the result, "Perhaps it is all for the best, after all." Four years of trial will demonstrate which side was right.

There is a feeling in the air that we are to have a long period of good times. Hardly was the result known when industrial and railway stocks advanced four to ten dollars per share in a single day. Last week contracts for the erection of twelve million dollars' worth of new buildings were let in Chicago. The insurance companies have all sent word to their representatives in different parts of the country that they were prepared once more to receive propositions for the loaning of money on bonds and mortgages. It is estimated by one of the financial journals in New York that sixty million dollars more are on loan in that city than there were two weeks ago. The rate of money has fallen, and exportation of gold has ceased. The United States Treasury, so the Treasurer announces in Wednesday's papers, is now receiving more gold for customs duties than at any time during the past four years. There is a demand upon the Treasury for greenbacks in exchange for gold which the Treasurer is unable to meet, this kind of paper, as well as gold certificates, having been hoarded, because of the fear of a silver victory, in which event gold or paper commanding gold would have certainly jumped to a high premium.

John Sherman has taken the position all along that the greenback was safe money and that the President's policy, subsequently adopted by the National Democrats, was based upon the false supposition that greenbacks did not do full money duty, but were an embarrassment to the Government. We now see, however, that as soon as confidence is in the least restored there immediately comes a demand for greenbacks as a circulating medium. The Eastern cities have a serious prejudice against the use of gold except as money of ultimate redemption and international exchange. If this paper is wanted by the people, and no substitute is offered such as that presented under the Baltimore plan, it would certainly seem unwise to issue bonds that greenbacks might be retired; but this is a matter with which Congress will have to deal, and it is cheering to know that our national paper at once comes into demand with the re-establishment of financial confidence.

All these things, as well as the opening of many factories, the announcement of large contracts for improvements, of great enterprises, the local revival of the real estate market, all serve to make glad the heart of the Bryanite, and turn his sorrow over defeat into rejoicing over prosperity.

THE UNIVERSITY COMPETITION.

That a Regent of the University of California should become imbued with the idea that art is longer than other things, and therefore of more importance, is so surprising that there are none of his associates who will dare to doubt the wisdom of his position. Mr. Reinstein's project is so commendable, and Mrs. Hearst's assistance so welcome that in their exultation the Regents are liable to make the least of their opportunities. The Board, like an ordinary parliamentary body, delegated all its power to the mover of the project. They accepted Governor Budd and Professor Jones as trustees as a matter of courtesy to Mrs. Hearst. They considered nothing, yet they expect everything. In justice to Mrs. Hearst, if not in the interest of art, they should now go back to the beginning, find the starting point, and proceed regularly.

Mr. Reinstein, in his enthusiasm, has already been guilty of serious blunders. He has misunderstood his position, and has denied the justness of the criticisms of authorities. In the face of an unbroken record of failures he has laid plans for another, for it is notorious that most architectural competitions are futile. In spite of the fact that all that has made the architecture of any country interesting, has been its characteristics of locality and time, Mr. Reinstein declares for an international competition. He believes that French or German architects can understand our position and can suitably prepare to meet the conditions of our future. He will go one better than Mr. De Young. Our Director General, when planning the Midwinter Fair, made it international. He demanded buildings in imitation of the styles of every country and every age. He got them. Mr. Reinstein asks all countries to compete—for what? A group of buildings to represent this country and this age! Well, let them.

It is easy enough for an intelligent student to master the methods and to manipulate the lines of any type of architecture. It is a simple matter to become an imitator. Architecture is something better. It is the stamp that a people put upon their country. It passes current only when it is true, when it represents something. The universities of the world possess buildings that record, better than books, their histories. They represent their times and their uses. They record their development. What is Regent Reinstein striving for? He does not know. He hopes to bring about a great artistic result. He wants to accomplish at one swoop that which has heretofore required at least a century. He wants to get a type of architecture to represent Berkeley and 1896. He appeals to the world. For fear the world will misunderstand him, he has had Mr. Maybeck to help him. Mr. Maybeck is an architect, a graduate of the Ecole des Beaux Arts! Therefore Mr. Reinstein has confidence. Such an advisor could not mislead him, but the architects of the world might not understand the project. The contingency is provided for! Mr. Maybeck has prepared a plan and directions that are to be followed. He has adopted the style of the classic Romans. Competitors must be students of history. We are to have a revival of two thousand years ago. Where is Berkeley and what has become of 1896?

Must the future student don a toga? Are the manners as well as the art to be revived? The outline suggested by Mr. Maybeck for the guidance of competitors intimates such a style. He points to the past, despairs of the present, and is hopeless of the future. Architecture is dead. Its spirit is not to be revived—if intending competitors must limit the freedom of their imagination to the outlines proposed. Mr. Reinstein has been dreaming. Mr. Maybeck has always been dreaming. He is not of the world nor with it.

Seriously, the project is too important to be left to incompetent hands. Mr. Reinstein has the will but not the power. Mr. Maybeck lacks the experience. He is merely a theorist. The entire matter should at once be placed in the hands of experienced men. An authority of the standing of Daniel H. Burnham or Professor William R. Ware would know exactly what to do. Architects would not question their action. The result would be certain. If there are any great architects in the world they could then be found. Every city and town in the country is full of the other kind. They are divided into three classes. The professional architect, who, like the professional politician, is out for the stuff. He abounds in the land. He is clever and shrewd. Then there is the business architect. He is a good constructionist and an honest business man. Then there is the fake, or quack architect, who is neither. They are the kind who go into competitions. They are the kind Mr. Reinstein will get. Mr. Burnham could get the other kind, and might possibly discover a great one, as he did when he found Atwood. Mr. Atwood was for years regarded as a failure. Like General Grant, inaction concealed his power. The Columbian Exposition made him famous. Success and death came together.

Mr. Reinstein's energy and ambition have given us a great opportunity—we have to thank him for that. The end only will justify any praise.

THE GUATEMALA EXPOSITION.

GUATEMALA, C. A., Oct. 15, 1896.—[Special Correspondence to "The Wave."]—The Government of Guatemala is bending all its energies to complete two important works—the Northern (or interoceanic) railroad, and the Central American Exposition. The principal building for the latter is already in course of erection. It cost some $120,000, or about $260,000 in the silver money of this country. The location for the fair is quite picturesque, the main buildings being in the midst of La Reforms Park, whose beauty is greatly aided by a semi-tropical climate. Although neither the United States Government nor any other has been invited to take part officially in the exposition, it is expected that numbers of foreigners will not only come but will also take active interest in exhibiting their products and manufactures. The other Central American republics are preparing for the coming fete, notably Salvador and Costa Rica. It is quite probable that the Fair will cost the country some two millions before it is finished. For the benefit of American would-be exhibitors and especially those of the Pacific coast, it is but fair to call their attention to the following articles in the exposition by-laws: Article 21 says: "Consular invoices will be given free of charge by Guatemalan Consuls."

Other similar services will also be free.

The writer has seen several statements in the American press which give our merchants to understand that all exhibits will be admitted duty free; whereas, according to a clause in Article 22, it states that, "Exhibits in the foreign section will also be duty free, if they obtain a prize at the exposition."

A recent decree allows entry of certain provisions, etc., duty free, during the progress of the fair, in view of the extraordinary consumption of food which is expected.

Besides the inauguration of the artistic Columbus and Granada monuments, a handsome Registrar's building was opened on the 15th, the country's Fourth of July. The festivities on this anniversary were much more elaborate than usual and lasted three days. Electric lights and colored lanterns adorned most of the Government buildings. The people were entertained by the military bands, which, by the way, have few rivals either as to selections or fine rendering, and the never-to-be-forgotten "fuegos," or fireworks, which usually begin with "toritos," a pyrotechnic monstrosity resembling a bull, which is carried about on a man's back, shooting out colored lights and rockets as he runs through the dense crowds, which pack the plaza. Naturally, a general stampede ensued, men, women and children having been hurt on more than one occasion.

Civic processions were organized by the authorities, and different societies, but the rain interfered with the arrangements. The parading of a number of Cuban sympathizers, with a flag at their head, nearly brought on a riot. The police captured the Cuban banner, and several people in the crowd were put under arrest. "La Republica" did its best to make the "fiestas" as patriotic as possible.

The Cuban question has brought about a peculiar condition for Americans. Several papers, like "El Diaris," "La Nacion," and others, have boldly attacked our American policy in Venezuelan and Cuban affairs, going so far as to state that were it not for the United States the Venezuelan question would have been settled long ago, and that the tendency of our country is to use Cuba and Venezuela as stepping stones to universal annexation in America. Naturally such expressions of opinion, among a people most susceptible in matters of race, do not help to make Americans and their ideas more popular in those countries. Spanish patriotic clubs have been formed in a number of towns, one of their avowed purposes being to boycott American goods of all kinds.

With the new incumbent, Hon. Magraw Coxe, at the United States Legation, greater activity is expected by many in regard to American interests here.

The final disposal of the silver question by the advent of Mr. McKinley is not only of the utmost consequence to our own country, but to these Spanish-American republics as well. Prices of commodities are daily increasing in value, and the laborer's silver is likewise decreasing in value. Although the Central American dollar is just as good and as large as the American silver coin, the first named is not redeemable in gold, so that it takes $230 silver to buy $100 United States gold. Formerly the laboring man could live on a real (12½ cents) a day; now he needs three or four times that amount to pay his way.

The Government has tried several schemes to better these conditions and to bring gold to the country, but as this is a debtor nation as well as a silver one, no relief seems to be possible till the Republicans take the reins of Government in the United States. The situation is all the more serious because it affects nearly every nation on the American continent, several of those in South America being on the verge of bankruptcy. These countries will find with the coming of reciprocity again that not only trade, but silver and other questions of moment to all America, will be solved satisfactorily to all concerned by the followers of Blaine and Harrison at Washington, after the 4th of March next.

JOHN R. CHANDLER.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

A private view of the Park Museum discloses innumerable treasures gathered by the Director General in Europe. The collection is by no means the rival of the British Museum or of the Smithsonian Institute, but considering how brief is the term of its existence its showing is excellent. There is now a greater area for the disposition of the curiosities, and the arrangement is much more intelligent. Among the latest acquisitions are collections of knives and forks, Napoleonic plates from Sevres, a fine set of ancient keys and locks, together with a number of magnificent gold keys picked up in Germany, Egyptian antiques, old armor, swords and guns, old furniture, models and statuary, including five busts of Roman Emperors in colored marbles. I might enumerate a hundred rare or precious articles which have here found resting place, but these will be discovered in due time. Mr. De Young has certainly done wonders with the funds at his disposal. He has the soul of a great collector, however, and finds a real happiness in haunting auction rooms and fighting for bargains. Each object in the museum represents its particular conflict, and the community is to be congratulated on his victories. From these commendations the Picture Gallery is excluded. Some weird, woeful canvases hide its walls, canvases that should be burned rather than hung. They are a blot on the escutcheon of the museum and must be replaced as soon as possible. It is hard to see what purpose such a gallery achieves here. The space could be utilized to much better advantage.

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Governor Budd has begun to realize the degree of resentment aroused by his recent utterances. It is no longer necessary to explain to him that in ministering to the "push" he sacrificed dignity, strength and standing. That was the mistake of a lifetime, but I don't imagine he can repair it by consorting with Sam Rainey as he seems to believe. It may be better to figure as the "push" Governor than be without title, but a glance at the electoral returns will hardly show the "push" so triumphant an element as its members suppose. Budd blames the "Examiner," Colman and Reddy for the miscalculation which has ended his political career. He consulted these advisers, who presumed on a Bryan majority in California of 40,000 votes, and on the strength of their prediction made his wild charge. Since then he has been making the rounds of the various institutions, fighting for prominence and publicity and a return of the favor he once possessed.

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It is early yet to predict the honesty of the Supervisors, but the prospects are good in spite of the "Examiner's" ill-omened prophecies. It is probable that the cleansing of the City Hall will be let to a responsible firm, thus abolishing the present spoils system which leaves the institution an abiding place for dust and dirt in all their manifestations. Incidentally a saving of $20,000 per annum would be accomplished, and the court rooms consecrated to their natural purposes instead of affording sleeping accommodation for political hoboes.

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Undoubtedly the factor which precipitated the McKinley triumph in California was the gold Democrat vote. The strength of this accesion to Republican ranks has been variously estimated. Calculating the Populist strength at 35,000 and the silver Republicans at 15,000, it is reasonable to conclude that nearly 50,000 Democrats participated in giving California to McKinley with 3,500 majority.

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Tired of Congress, Judge Maguire has put himself in training for the governorship. Yes, he dares aspire for the place which Mr. Budd will vacate two years hence. The community should appreciate this ardor to serve it, but its gratitude is mitigated by the existence of Gallaghers. The prominence of the one involves the importance of the others. Should the Fates so trick us and make the Judge Governor, he'd have one Gallagher Harbor Commissioner, a second Insurance Commissioner and a third for private secretary. Remaining offices might be fought over by the Tracys. This desire to aid his relatives is an excellent and amiable characteristic of Maguire's, but it places him in invidious positions. For instance, he is now engaged in championing the cause of Tom Gallagher, who, after serving in Buckley's convention and aspiring on the Blind-Boss ticket, actually covets the place of Clerk of the Police Court. To each of the newly elected Supervisors the Congressman has written, and his appeal is backed by personal solicitation. Considering that this Gallagher had done all he could to defeat the Junta ticket it ill behooves Maguire to be asking favors at its hands.

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In the Sierras much is exected of McKinley's victory. Republican success meant more to the mountains than to the valleys, inasmuch as it ensured from over the seas the capital necessary to develop the mineral resources of the State. However rich the deposits which the mother lode and its branches contain, ore cannot be extracted without gold. As American capital is shy of mines, we look to London and Paris for aid, and then, alas, the profits go out of the country. In the haunts of the prospectors one continually hears interesting tales of new developments which go far to prove that all the great fortunes are not yet made, and that there are still chances for those who dare adventure after the precious metals. Quite romantic is the tale of the Jumper mine at Jim Town on Table Mountain—a region sacred to memories of Bret Harte. "Truthful James," Jim Gillis, as he is in fact, still resides there, and the environment is redolent of the days that are no more. The Jumper is an ancient prospect in which a certain pioneer preserved, over the gulf of years, a childlike faith. He refused to believe it worthless, and finally worked on a Jim Town citizen, A. R. Stent, to gather coin enough to test the accuracy of his impressions. They found a little gold, not enough to suggest a fortune, but sufficient to make an impression on the mind of a young Scotch tenderfoot, who chanced there about this time. Being innocent they proceeded to unload on him, exacting a good payment down and an additional $75,000 at the end of a year. The Scot went to work, silently, patiently, economically; ran a tunnel and some shafts, and after eight months' constant labor set out for Glasgow and returned with the second payment and funds enough to erect a ten-stamp mill.. At his persistence and silence the natives were much piqued, and were surprised certainly at the second payment. Now, it transpires that the Scot had struck a great mine. With his ten stamps he extracted some $150,000 in gold last month, and there is no reason, judging from indications, why the returns should fall below that figure for many a month to come. No property in the State is producing anything like this return—I mean on a ten-stamp basis.

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What a fascinating volume might be made by tracing the vicissitudes of a prospector. Rich to-day, destitute to-morrow; his life is full of magnificent contrasts. At the pen of a clever literateur the Annals of Grub-Staking might be made as exciting as "Treasure Island." Unfortunately it is the artisan rather than the artist who seizes on such subjects, and the results are record rather than romance. To grub-stake a man implies furnishing him with food, tools and transportation for a prospecting trip through the mountains. In his discoveries he keeps a half interest and gives the other half to his capitalist backer. Many of our greatest mines have been located in this way, and to-day there are scores of men scouring the mountains on similar quests. The most successful of these prospectors is Joseph Golcher, who in his time has filed claims on properties whose value is far above the Bonanza fortunes. His most important find was a mine in Montana, which turned out so splendidly that he disposed of his share for $150,000. I am told his successors refused for the place a million dollars recently. It is the habit of this genius to retire from work whenever he obtains a payment. Then he lives like a Croesus: liquor flows like sodawater in his environment, and those who want have only to ask of his store to obtain. Destitute again he goes back to prospecting until another find enables him to return to luxury. After a magnificent debauch consequent upon the discovery of the Providence mine, for which he received a large sum, Golcher approached George McGilvary and William Meek with a grub-stake proposition. They sent him off into Tuolumne county, and he located, near the old Buchanan property, a prospect which he called the Modoc. Investigations showed considerable promise. A party of adventurers passing his way offered him $4000 for his chance. He refused. He sent for McGilvary, who is a competent mining man, and after investigation they decided that a great property had been found. A force of men was at once set to digging tunnels and prospect shafts. Meek, in the meantime, purchased Golcher's share, and from all appearances the fortunate twain may consider themselves millionaires. The walls are well defined, the ledge is from five to fifteen feet wide and in free gold averages from $10 to $30 per ton. Besides, it seems to be of great depth and extent. Vigorously developed, as it will be, the Modoc must soon figure as one of the great gold producers of California.

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An unusual scene was enacted in the court of Judge Coffey at the conclusion of the suit of Crocker vs. Crocker. Decision having been rendered in favor of the plaintiff, it came to the fixing of attorney's fees. Alexander Morrison, who had participated in the cause as attorney for the Crocker estate, arose and disclaimed any desire for special remuneration, having, as he said, received for his services on behalf of the company, a liberal monthly fee. The transaction of the business in the connection came in the line of routine, for which he felt amply compensated. Under such circumstances, however, it is usual to make an allowance, and Mr. Morrison anticipated, but with no hope, that twelve or fifteen hundred dollars would be awarded him. What was his surprise when Colonel Crocker arose and addressed the court, asking that Mr. Morrison's modesty be not allowed to influence his compensation. He considered the faithful service rendered worth at least $20,000, and trusted Judge Coffey would not award less than $15,000. Then Will Crocker made comment in the same vein. Taken completely by surprise Mr. Morrison rose to protest, but subsided at a vigorous pull on his coat tails which brought him abruptly back to his chair. He looked round with a remonstrance on his lips and confronted the smiling face of George Crocker. The harmony was too much, and he said no more, whereupon Judge Coffey awarded him $12,500. It is the habit of the Crocker family to reward thus liberally the men to whom their business interests are entrusted. This is why, doubtless, such excellent service is always given them, and, unlike other employers, they have never to complain of treachery or neglect.

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The story goes that the astute Reuben Lloyd is not too happy over the Fair case. It seems the heiress expected of him that the estate be administered under some better document than the trust will. He promised to achieve this, and might have prevailed, but for circumstances which he failed to control. It seems his fee hinged on the accomplishment thereof, and thus far it does not seem as though the conclusion he prays for is near at hand. The others are better fixed, for the Wheelers, Wilsons, Knights, Pearsons et al., have all contracts which net them financial results whatever the consequences be.

ART ETERNAL

A BALLADE, BY LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE

What marvels, wrought in tint and tone,
The Master's fruitful hand hath told
On frescoed nave, and carven stone:
Where "Hail the Victor" rang of old,
When proud triumphal chariots rolled
Along the far-famed Appian way;
Now Caesar's gauds are bought and sold,
While Art, eternal, holds its sway.

The world a stage, from zone to zone,
The mimic Kings and Queens have strolled,
With laugh and jest, and sigh and moan,
Their words of fire are fierce and bold,
Their words of scorn are calm and cold,
Or light or tender, sad or gay,
They turn their tinsel into gold,
While Art, eternal, holds its sway.

Strange airs from Delphian slopes are blown,
Since erst the wingéd horse was foaled;
Across the years the spell is thrown,
And fast within our hearts we hold
A wealth no miser's hand hath doled;
The King, by grace of God to-day,
May die, and lie beneath the mould,
While Art, eternal, holds its sway.

Envoy.

O fair-haired Goddess! silver stoled,
We dance in dreams, with Faun and Fay,
And pipe with Pan adown the wold,
While Art, eternal, holds its sway.

THE "SADIE B" ENTERING THE LOCKS. THE FIRST BOAT

THE LOCKS OF THE COLUMBIA

The Great Water Highway of the North Made Navigable.

On the afternoon of Thursday, November 5, 1896, the locks at the Cascades of the Columbia, midway between Portland and The Dalles, were formally opened to the passage of steamers. A large crowd of Oregonians assembled along the canal and on board the steamers that passed through it. The ceremonies were simple. Governor W. P. Lord of Oregon presented Captain W. L. Fisk, United States engineer in charge, with a steel lever, with which he opened the huge iron gate between the lock and the lower canal. Four steamers then entered the lock chamber, the gates were closed and the upper sluices opened. In rushed the water, until the depth had reached that of the upper canal, when the upper lock gate was opened and the steamers passed through the upper canal to the open river above. They then proceeded up the river forty miles to The Dalles, where the event was ceremoniously celebrated. Meanwhile a banquet was being given in the great mess house at the Cascades by the contractors to their invited guests. Thus simple were the ceremonies attending the completion of a most important project, which has agitated the minds of the people of the Columbia basin for a quarter of a century.

Indian legend and weird tradition give to the mighty Columbia river a poetic charm, and travelers from every clime who gaze upon its beauties never fail to express their admiration of that majestic stream and of the grandeur of the scenery of the mountain chains through which it flows; yet the river has another aspect from that of an object of admiration to the lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature. This is its utility for the purposes of commerce. Draining an area of nearly 300,000 square miles, fed by the rains of a vast region in winter and the melting snow of seven great mountain ranges in summer, and carrying at all times an enormous volume of water, it would seem that nature had designed it as one of those great arteries of commerce which she provides for the convenience of mankind.

In the very heart of the channel, commonly known as the gorge of the Columbia, is the only obstruction which the river encounters on its journey to the sea. Here there are great rocks, over which it rushes, a mass of seething, foaming water, forming the Cascades. For some four miles the channel is narrow and the current swift, but it is only at the upper end and for a short distance that the fall is so rapid, and the current such a torrent, as to

CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA: PYRAMID MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE

COLUMBIA RIVER BELOW THE CASCADES

prevent navigation, and it is here that the Government has constructed the locks which have just been opened to traffic. The tradition of the Indians is that once there spanned the Columbia at this point a massive and gigantic bridge of rocks, a huge causeway of the gods, built by the Great Spirit for the convenience of his red children in crossing the stream. Beneath the mighty arch of this rocky thoroughfare the Columbia flowed in a deep and peaceful stream. The fall of this mass into the bed of the river converted it from a deep and peaceful stream into an unnavigable Cascade, the water rushing and roaring around the rocky obstructions.

The first effort to overcome the obstructions at the Cascades in the interests of commerce, was made by the Bradford brothers, who in the fall of 1855 began the construction of a strap-iron railroad, on the north, or Washington, side of the stream. Indian hostilities delayed the work, but the enterprise was finally completed, and the work of transporting goods by rail around the Cascades was begun, and has been kept up continuously to the present time. Steamers ply between Portland and the Cascades, where freight and passengers are transferred to cars, hauled to the upper Cascades and placed on a steamer, which plies between that point and The Dalles. A few years ago use of the portage railroad on the Washington side was discontinued. The State of Oregon then built a portage line on the Oregon side, across the Government reserve, where the canal and locks were being constructed. This river traffic continues, notwithstanding the fact that the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company built a railroad on the Oregon side of the river in 1882, and that the bulk of all products now reach Portland from the interior by rail. The discovery of gold in Eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho, in 1860 and 1861 led to an enormous increase of traffic on the Columbia river. Thousands of people hastened to the mines, traveling by steamers on the river as far as The Dalles, and by stage beyond that point, smaller steamers soon being put on the extreme upper river, above what is known as Celilo rapids, penetrating far into the interior by the Columbia and Snake rivers. This part of the country was gradually settled up, and began to ship its products to the seaboard, and this led to a general demand for such an improvement of the channel at the Cascades as would permit the passage of steamers without breaking cargo. Agitation for an open river finally resulted in 1876 in an appropriation by Congress of $90,000 to begin a task which has taken twenty years to accomplish and has cost the Government more than $3,500,000.

The plan of improvement adopted by the United States engineers was to flank the upper Cascades, on the Oregon side, with a canal and locks 3,000 feet in length, and to render the main channel below that point navigable to powerful steamers by blasting out the high shelves, boulders, rocky points and submerged reefs, thus increasing its depth and diminishing the strength of the current.

The great enterprise consists of an open cut 3,000 feet long, with locks near the lower end. An iron guard gate, to protect it in time of high water, is located 1,200 feet below the upper entrance. The upper gate is 550 feet below this point. The lock is ninety feet wide and 521 feet long, between the upper and lower gates. Below the latter point the canal is open to the river. The guard gates and lock gates are massive structures of iron, and the locks are walled in with solid stone masonry. The lift of this lock is twenty-four feet at low water. The difference of level between the upper and lower ends of the locks is fifteen feet at high water and twenty-four feet at low water. The locks were originally planned to pass vessels at any stage of water between the low water mark and twenty feet, it being reckoned that the current would be too swift below it at any higher stage for vessels to make headway up the stream. This has proved to be a mistake, for steamers have made continuous trips to the wharfboat with the water at thirty-six feet. A modification, or extension, of the plans resulted, involving an additional expense of $413,360. In accordance therewith another lock of six feet was built, so placed as to render them available at a higher stage of water than at first contemplated, together with other necessary work to enable the locks at small expense to be utilized up to a stage of forty-two feet, now calculated to be the extreme limit of steamers. High water at the head of the locks was estimated at forty-five feet and at the foot fifty-four feet, but during the great flood of June, 1894, the water rose to sixty feet at the foot. The utmost exertion on the part of the engineers was necessary to prevent the work of years from being swept away, and, indeed, in spite of their efforts much damage was done.

Like all Government work, depending upon the inadequate and capricious appropriations of Congress, this great improvement has dragged along for twenty years, and has cost a great deal more than would have been the case had it been a private enterprise. January 24, 1893, the completion of the work was let by contract to J. G. & I. N. Day, and an appropriation sufficient to cover it was made. Including that, the total appropriations for the locks as planned totaled $3,443,403. This year there has been appropriated for the additional work approved the sum of $229,597, leaving about $200,000 for the completion of the undertaking.

With the opening of these locks will come free navigation from the city of The Dalles, east of the Cascade mountains, to Portland and Astoria. The results are difficult of estimation at this time. While it may be admitted that this is but a link in the chain of the river's usefulness, as a line of transportation, and that the full effect will not be felt until the removal of the obstruction at The Dalles of the Columbia, it makes continuous navigation possible to Lewiston, in Idaho; yet it must be remembered that the completion of this work, in so far as to permit the passage of boats, gives cheap river transportation to a very considerable and important section of country, east of the Cascades, in both Oregon and Washington, and finally and fully settles the course which the products of that section will take in seeking a market. True, this river transportation has existed from the first, but only with a portage, necessitating double handling, objectionable in itself in the case of many kinds of freight, while its cost has made the river but an unimportant factor in competition with the railroads.

The Government, having completed its work of opening up navigation around the Cascades, has no intention of stopping here. Preparations are now making for the construction of a boat railway at The Dalles, and as this work is to be let on contract there is reason to hope that a few years will see the line in operation, and unobstructed navigation established to points as far inland as Idaho.

H. L. WELLS.

THE CASCADE LOCKS PARTIALLY COMPLETED SHOWING ABUTMENTS FROM THE LOWER LOCKGATES

THE STANFORD ELEVEN AT HOME

How the Palo Altoans Prepare for the Great Football Contest.

Stanford lives in its dormitories, not in its boarding houses. It is a college without a town, and a house is quite an affair, a thing to be indulged in only by professors and big fraternities. The football team has no especial quarters. It lives for the most part in Encina, and it breakfasts, lunches and sups in the college refectory, where it has a table to itself.

Otherwise there is not much difference between its routine and that of its Blue and Gold rival. Lectures and recitations take up all of its time until 4:15 in the afternoon. I do not wish to draw any invidious distinction; I wish to be as unprejudiced as is possible, and I will say, too, that one day's observation of a routine that has continued for three months is not adequate, but it seemed to me that there was a certain go-as-you-please air about football affairs down at Stanford, a certain nonconformity to discipline. The men dress for the afternoon's work anywhere they choose—you can see them congregating from all parts of the campus—assemble in front of Encina Hall and come trailing down upon the campus in a long, straggling line, while during the practice there was a good deal of talking and "joshing" in the lines; every one had his little say, and found occasion to say it.

By 4:30 there was quite a crowd upon the bleachers, the co-eds—prettier and more smartly dressed girls, by far, than one sees at Berkeley—fore-gathering in a particular section, the "rooters" with their leader occupying those that faced the middle of the field. It was a bright day, but cold—ideal football weather. Just that little sting that acts like a spur to energetic endeavor. The "rooters" were practicing their cheer, eight rahs and a Stanford, thrice repeated. It is a rapid, barking note that comes tripingly off the tongue, rattling and vigorous, quite a different affair from California's cadenced slogan.

"Here they come; Rah-Rah-Rah, Rah-Rah-Rah," etc. It was 4:30, and some thirty men in vermilion sweaters, with black S's on the breasts came galloping down from Encina. All at once the bleachers shouted. A jackrabbit had gotten up under the feet of that young Yale gaint, Cross, and had gone bounding off, as though worked by springs in his hind legs. At once Cross started in chase, just as if the jack had been a fumbled ball, racing along intently, with enormous strides, for over a hundred yards.

The team got down to work at once. There were three elevens all told, the 'varsity, second and Reliance, the latter practicing for its return Olympic game, to be played to-day.

A Berkeley student was with me. "Look," said he quickly in great excitement, "that's a new play, look at the 'varsity." It did look like something new, this maneuver that the 'varsity was executing against an imaginery team.

"Look there," said the Berkeley man breathlessly, "that's new; see how the center guard and tackle form a kind of turtle back and move off sliding-like, and the quarter and halves get in the push behind them—Oh, I say"

He was all suspicion and excitement. Perhaps Stanford would "spring" this thing Thanksgiving day. Then Cross stood in the center of the field and began calling off the men who were to play. You could hear his voice like that of a muster-sergeant reading a roll call before a battle, "Searight, Cotton, Murphy, Carl, Williams."

There is little or no vociferation in the Stanford system of coaching. Little if any of that constant exhortation, carried on at top voices, such as you will hear on the Berkeley gridiron. Once during the play there was a bad fumble, and Jule Frankenheimer read the fumbler a long lecture in undertones over it. Such would not have been the case at Berkeley—seven different men would have yelled simultaneously and with a great shaking of fists, and perhaps Mr. Butterworth—as I once saw him do—would have thrown his cap on the ground in disgust. It is only a difference in methods. I fancy one is just as effective as the other.

We—the Berkeley man and myself—went out upon the field and Frankenheimer introduced us to Cross and to Captain Fickert. Cross is so big that he ceases to be broad and tall—you feel like speaking of him as wide and high, as though he were a steeple of a clock-tower—and he has an enormous bell-toned voice and a fist that your hand loses itself inside.

"Oh, I say," began the Berkeley man, looking from Cross to Frankenheimer, "wasn't that a new play, that you were coaching the 'Varsity on before the line-up, where the center-guard and tackle form a kind of turtle-back?"

"New play," murmured Cross in vague surprise, looking from the member of the rival college toward Frankenheimer.

"New play," murmured Frankenheimer, blankly. "What new play?"

"What new play?" inquired Mr. Cross.

The Berkeley man tried to explain.

"I can't understand what he can mean," said Mr. Cross.

The Berkeley man started in all over again at greater length.

"I think he's got it mixed up with something else," said Frankenheimer.

Total discomfiture of the Berkeley man and subsequent retirement to the side lines.

The afternoon's practice is very short at Stanford at this time of the season. After an hour's work it is all over, and the men fall apart into separate elevens and go through signal practice and team work. It is dark by the time they finish. Then they go over to the gymnasium—it is close at hand—and get their baths and rub-downs. The coaches take the train back to the city, and in the smoking car go over again the famous men and famous plays of the time when they were freshmen or sophomores. Back at the college the team is sitting down to its rare steaks, ale and oatmeal water in the dining hall of the college, and Cross and Code are probably talking football into them with their food. And so it goes, day in and day out, and every hour that passes is bringing closer that final, fateful moment when Ransome, or Cotton, as the case may be, shall step back from the ball to get his distance for the kick that will let loose such a roar from the bleachers as is only heard once a year—upon each succeeding Thanksgiving Day.

FRANK NORRIS.

A FEW FOOTBALL FIGURES

It is very difficult — under some circumstances wellnigh impossible — to "size up" a football team, for the reason that the game itself offers innumerable chances for unexpected plays — crises, such as a fumble, that may be taken advantage of by an eleven to score upon—to even win, from a confessedly stronger team. Predictions based upon general observations, upon impressions gained from mere observation, are equally unreliable.

Let us see if we can reduce the strength put forth by California and Stanford in their games of this season to figures, and upon them base some sort of prophesy. At least we shall know which has been the strongest team to the time of the last 'varsity club game. Here, then, is the way the 'varsities stand up to date:

California has played three games and won two.
Stanford has played three games and won one.
California has scored seven times and missed one goal.
Stanford has scored twice and missed one goal.
California has been scored against six times.
Stanford has been scored against once.
California's total number of points earned is forty.
Stanford's total number of points earned is ten.

This last would be extremely encouraging for California and alarming for Stanford were it not for the fact that Stanford has defended her own goal so well. Only once has it been crossed during the season. If, then, we subtract the number of points lost by the two 'varsities (four for Stanford and thirty for California) from the total number they have earned, we shall have a difference, viz.:

Net gains by Stanford, six.
Net gains by California, ten.

Now as to the actual number of yards gained: California has advanced the ball
In the first Reliance game, 530 yards;
In the second Reliance game, 640 yards;
In the Olympic game, 765 yards.
Stanford has advanced the ball
In the first Olympic game, 500 yards (approximate);
In the second Olympic game, 360 yards;
In the Reliance game, 745 yards;
Which gives
A total advance for California of 1915 yards.
A total advance for Stanford of 1605 yards.
The total number of yards gained on punts is:
California, 1185.
Stanford, 1073.

From these figures it will be seen that California has a lead over her rival of four points earned, 310 yards in total number of yards advanced, and 112 yards in gains by punts.

It would have been interesting to have figured out the actual number of plays used by the two 'varsities in obtaining these results, but time and space alike forbid.

The general conclusion to be drawn apparently is that at the time of the last California-Reliance game, the U. C. was stronger than its cardinal rival. However, the last two weeks of training are of considerable importance in football work, and Stanford will, no doubt, play harder ball than these figures would lead one to expect.

CARL, R. G. CROSS OF YALE, COACH COTTON, F B.

Photos by Thors

PRACTICE GAMES AT STANFORD

Photo by Thors

It is not an easy thing to get into the United States army. Out of 588 applicants at the New York recruiting office for three months only seventeen were accepted. Said a non-commissioned officer: "When a man's once been in the service, he's pretty sure to come back to it. And it ain't such a bad place after all. A man gets $13 a month and his lodging, clothes, rations, medical attendance—everything he really needs, in short. His $13 is just pocket money. That's what it is. Well, now, how many workingmen do you suppose there are who have that much? If a soldier wants to get married he has to have a special permission for it, and, of course, he don get any extra pay. But he has larger quarters and thin of that sort, and, if he gets a good wife, she does wo for the officers or their wives, and if he's any account helps her. They make a good thing of it, I tell you. Wh I've known of soldiers who got married to good wive and left the army finally with $20,000 to $25,000 saved up

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The practice of pogonotomy, the barbers say, is eve year becoming more and more widespread. Pogonoton is what the Greeks used to call the gentle art of se shaving. Some people shave themselves because th wish to save time, others to save money. But the fashi of going smooth shaven is steadily increasing, and it quite probable that within another five years beards a mustaches will be still less in vogue than they are to-d

A DAY AT THE OAKLAND TRACK

Racing Management Reduced to a Science — Devices to Aid the Spectator.

The new race track over at Emery's is one of the best things of its kind in the United States. Certainly it is one of the best tracks I have ever seen, and I make the statement advisedly, having in mind even those wonderful institutions of Chicago and New York. It is quite possible that about the Chicago course there is more of an attempt at landscape gardening, but the Oakland is new yet; the paint and putty are hardly dry, and, out in the oval that the course encloses, you may yet see a company of laborers pottering about, laying drains, digging ditches and preparing the earth for sod and green things.

The track itself already has the reputation of being fast, but of this we spoke in a previous article, together with the labor and expense devoted to obtaining that result, the sub-strata and cushings and ballasting and delicate grading and all the rest. That was all very fine, and one became very enthusiastic over the great affair, but after you have spent a day at the track and seen it in working order, seen the admirable system and organization of the thing—race following race with the precision and promptness of machines—you are still more enthusiastic, and you catch the spirit of it all, and you think better of horse racing and abandon what may, possibly, have been your previous opinion, namely, that the running of horses was the pastime of the plunger and "cheap sport," and see it in a better light, a truer one, no doubt; see it as the gentleman's amusement, the game royal, the "sport of kings."

For instance: Observe for a moment the conduct of any one race, not from the point of view of the "Jock" or the owner, but from that of the spectator. There are no "touts" allowed on the track until after the race is over. Then the paddock gates are open, and a veritable army of rubbers streaming up with blankets, buckets, and bridles, and strip the horse as handily as if he were some kind of fruit to be peeled, and lead him back to the paddock.

This paddock now. I remember to have seen nothing like it on any other course. It is a huge covered room padded, with tan bark, with a row of open box stalls, back to back, stretching down its longest diameter. The Jocks' dressing rooms—well appointed they are, with a great array of lockers—open from one end, and from the other there leads a passage to the track. When the first bell rings, the stable-boys bring the horses from somewhere in that vast world of sheds around the track into these box stalls of the paddock. The public is admitted to this sacred enclosure at half a dollar a head, and if you choose you may go in there and look at the heroes and heroines of the track at very close quarters as they are being saddled and bridled and rubbed and booted, and I don't know what else. While the horses are in these stalls they receive the numbers corresponding to those on the programme. An official comes around to each stall and puts the number upon each saddle blanket—none of your tawdry, flimsy cambric affairs, that the wind blows upside down, but a neat little black velvet pad, with the figures plainly visible.

Then come the Jocks, fresh from weighing-in, and in their turn are given the numbers that you will look for on the list up in front of the grand stand. These numbers are strapped on their arms. Then up they go, and the touts and rubbers stand by the bits—see-sawing them back and forth in the horses' mouths—and all is ready for the last bell.

But the horses don't come out upon the course helter-skelter, as you see it done on most tracks. Far from it. Another official—he suggests a master of ceremonies ordering a parade—comes down the line of box stalls, seeing that all is right. The Jocks are all up by now, and the crowd in the paddock falls back to make place for the horses when they shall come out. It is very like a "grand equestrian entry" seen from the greenroom. "Already," says this official (whatever may be his official name), and the horse with the number one on his saddle blanket steps out from his stall and files out of the paddock through the narrow way that leads out upon the course. Number two follows, then number three and four. Once on the track they don't break up or down the course before the spectator has a chance to identify them, but go slowly, gravely down to the Judges' stand, at a walk, still in one,two, three order, so that you, sitting in the grand stand, may have an opportunity to consult your card and the jockey bulletin and pick your favorite or ascertain that Brown is up on Road Warmer with so many pounds off or on, or that the certain satin-coated beauty with the legs of a deer and the nerves of a girl is Osric II, a Burns & Waterhouse horse, with Eddie Jones—the famous little Eddie Jones—up.

Everything is so admirably arranged that an absolute stranger to the track, one totally unfamiliar with the horses, may without moving from his place pick a certain horse, tell his name, his owner, his dam and sire, the weight he carries and his Jock's name. The starter goes about the track from point to point in a very smart trap—I have an idea it belongs to Mr. Tom Williams—with a very smart groom on the box and two very smart, beribboned horses on the pole. This starter sends the racers off by means of the "Australian gate" system, which is an admirable device—especially so because of the fact that after the racer has breasted it some half dozen times he gets away at a jump, without waiting for the word from his Jock, the moment the gate is sprung.

Another ingenious arrangement that it is appropriate to note right here is the means taken by those in charge of the races to pass the word to the betting men in the pool room.

The pool room is an enormous hall under the grand stand, with a ladies' gallery overlooking, and lined on both sides with bookmakers' stands, like any pool room, for the matter of that, only very large. Overhead, however, are a number of signs with alarm bells attached; signs that read, "Begin Betting," "They're Off," and "Stop Betting," so that by merely glancing toward the sign under which the bell is ringing you may know just the state of the race instead of running out to the track at critical moments with a loss of much time and perhaps of much money.

The race over, the numbers of the first, second and third horses go up with astonishing swiftness. The time for the next race is set and the names of the Jocks bulletined before the entries in the last race can get back to the Judges' pavilion. Just here you observe another wise provision. A certain space in front of the pavilion is marked off with lime, and inside this space only the winner is allowed to come. So that you may see him plainly, close at hand, and observe his condition after the run, whether he is fresh or whether he is blown and exhausted.

One by one the Jocks are weighed out, each giving up his number and that of his horse as he mounts the scales. The rubbers run out and gather in the horses, the bell taps, the band bangs into a Sousa quickstep and the grand stand turns to its programmes and makes ready for the next race.

OSCAR THE ARBITRATOR

Characteristics of the Royal Novelist Who Rules Sweden.

King Oscar of Sweden, who has been chosen to arbitrate the Venezuela question between the United States and Great Britain, is an "original." He has long been celebrated for his personal interest and interference with the affairs of his subjects, actually mingling in street brawls when occasions offer and administering good, sound fisticuffs to recalcitrant street peddlers and vendors after the manner of Frederick of Prussia.

His latest freak has been the composing and publishing of a novel under the title of "A Romance of the Times of Napoleon and Bernadotte." He has gone for the materials of his story into the annals of his own family. The heroine is none other than his own grandmother, one of the first Napoleon's "youthful indiscretions," who, closely allied with the fortunes of the Great Adventurer, rose with him into power and finally attained to the throne of Sweden as the wife of Marechal Bernadotte. Desiree, it would appear from King Oscar's tale, never forgave Bonaparte for his desertion of her, and was moved to an alliance with Bernadotte not out of love for the great General, but out of a desire to thwart the French Emperor. The match was not a happy one, and Bernadotte on more than one occasion reproached Desiree for her bourgeois origin, forgetting that he himself was born into a family of Pyrenees peasants. This is not King Oscar's first literary venture. Under the pen name of O. Frederic he has already given to the world a volume of original poems, a translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" and another of Goethe's "Faust."

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN
Whose arbitration has just terminated the Venexuelan controversy

Hon. N. E. Greene, who has just been elected, for the fourth time, to fill the office of Judge of the Superior Court of Alameda county, has continuously occupied that position for the past seventeen years. In 1888 Judge Greene was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California. He had solid delegations from nine counties, and succeeded in dividing the delegations for most of the other counties. He was only defeated by the San Francisco "machine" under the control of Boss Higgins. Mr. Greene first entered politics in 1864 by stumping San Joaquin county. He served in the Legislature of 1865-6, and during his term of office was a strenuous upholder of the thirteenth amendment, prohibitory of slavery. He was also one of the few to oppose the three million dollar appropriation bill of that time, known since as the "Great Railroad Swindle." In 1867 the Republicans elected him Judge of San Joaquin county, recalling him to fill the same office in 1871. In the middle of his term he resigned, and for a short time devoted himself to the administration of private affairs.

A WILL OUT OF THE WAY

The Fight for Fair's Millions and the Men Who are Making It.

It is the unexpected that happens in the Fair estate litigation. After all this preliminary pother over the pencil will that Mrs. Craven produced, it has been abandoned because, with all the heirs fighting against it and nobody for it but Dr. Levingston, one of the executors, it was hopeless to labor to convince a jury that it should go to probate. Moreover, if a jury should pronounce it a forgery that would be the death blow to Mrs. Cravens' pencil deed to property. It was a choice of evils, and Delmas thought the least of these would be to leave the question of its authenticity in the air, and then go on to try directly the issues on the validity of the deeds.

It is neither for the learned nor the lay to predict the outcome of the struggle over the money of the late James G. Fair, who died with forty millions and not one friend. The large public does not care a pin's fee which side turns uppermost in the wrangle, but is interested in the picturesque free fight in progress. Besides, there is a certain cynical philosophy which welcomes the scattering of the hoard among the lawyers, who are a very decent lot of fellows and free-handed to boot. I am sure no one grudges the polite and eloquent Delmas his chances of something fat. Nobody is more generally popular than the ponderous Garrett McEnerney, and none deserves it more. When one says ponderous of him it is of his generous bulk of physique and not his wits, which are nimble enough. Reuben Lloyd, "Bre'r Fox," will get something good out of it whatever happens, and Charles S. Wheeler, metaphysician of the bar, is in the same happy position. George Knight's expansive, toothsome smile—the better to eat you, my dear—will not be obscured even should Mrs. Craven establish her claims, and Russell Wilson will not dwindle, peak or pine. Bob Mitchell is equal to whatever fortune may hap, and William M. Pierson is not losing any sleep. These are all on velvet. It is only Delmas, Foote and Judge De Haven who rest on a contingency.

It has been a curious game of chess for position in the preliminary work. Wheeler and Lloyd had an idea that if they could get the contest on the will tried without a jury it would be a great point gained, because they dread the power of Delmas to influence the average juror, and they know the natural propensity to scatter a big hoard and give everybody who can show a color of title a share. Therefore they made an effort to destroy the contesting capacity of Van R. Patorson on behalf of the minor heirs and even of Charles Fair himself. It was a very curious alignment of parties. Naturally one would expect to find the sisters fighting alongside of their brother, and that, of course, will be their ultimate position. Nevertheless, Wheeler tried to drive Charles Fair out of the field in the belief that thereby the court would be compelled to hear testimony without a jury, as in the case of an ordinary uncontested will. The other lawyers did not believe the effort could possibly succeed, but that was the position.

The amiable and learned Van R. Paterson is ousted from his central position on the stage by the dropping of the pencil will. As matters stood he was probably the only party legally entitled to contest the instrument. That would have given him the centre of the stage in a trial that promised to be most sensational. Now the scene is shifted to the ejectment suits concerning the property said to have been deeded to Mrs. Craven by Fair. Van R. Paterson, representing the minor heirs, cuts no figure in these suits. The special administrators are plaintiffs in one of these and the heirs are defendants in another. If the title is tried on the first of these, Garrett McEnerney will have the floor, and if on the second, George Knight, Reuben Lloyd and Charles S. Wheeler will carry the burden of the fight against Delmas.

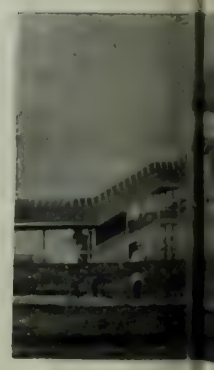
It is an interesting fact of legal intricacy that Charles Fair probably had no right to contest the pencil will if Judge Slack's ruling is good law, that one who takes a greater interest under a will than he would as heir-at-law cannot contest the instrument.

Delmas made no point on that. The more contests there are the better he is pleased. He wants a bustling jury trial, and the devil take the hindmost. With a thousand loose ends of argument slapping about his ears and a dozen acute lawyers pestering with points and playing for position, Judge Slack has had enough on his mind to drive a nervous man crazy. It is a hard team to drive, but the court contrives to keep them in the middle of the road, although he does not succeed in making them go as fast as he could wish.

The looker-on is sometimes disposed to speculate what Fair might think—supposing him to be provided with a thinker—of the way in which his heirs and the lawyers are making ducks and drakes of the money which was to him as dear as his heart's blood. Would he take a malignant pleasure over the devilment he has created, or would the waste of his substance worry his shade? Fair undoubtedly at one time made the most careful and minute preparations, by means of the trust, to settle every possible contingency in the way of contest, but his nature was such that he may, in another mood, have planned to set everybody by the ears. It is a curious commentary on human wisdom and legal foresight that the elaborate trust has failed to hold, and that even with the pencil will gone overboard, things will still be very much at sixes and sevens. Nobody seems to have attacked the legality of the provisions of the pencil will. Moral: Keep away from lawyers when you are making a will.

BOSWELL JR.

When Illinois rejected the candidacy of Altgeld for Governor it freed itself from a burden of disrepute which it could not have borne another year without paying fearful penalty. Men going abroad to place Illinois securities in foreign markets have been confronted again and again with the answer that capital could not be safe in a State which had a riot-breeding and anarchistic Governor. Altgeld repudiated, and that repudiation, backed by an enormous majority for McKinley and sound money, places Illinois once more in esteem as high throughout the world as that enjoyed by any commonwealth in the Union.



THE NEW TRACK OF THE CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB AT EMERY'S, OAKLAND. THESE VIEWS SHOW

SADDLING PADDOCKS, STABLES, GRAND STAND, TOGETHER WITH THE BURNS & WATERHOUSE STABLES.

E. W. Jensen

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

To-day ring-tossing and skating, football has succeeded as a social fad. A year ago the game was only the interest of a few enthusiasts; to-day, there is quite a flutter in the swim over the heroes of the gridiron. At the several matches of the season society has gathered in the grand stand. Frail maids have dared the cold and the rain to see the matches of Reliance, Olympia, Berkeley and Stanford. Already I am told of a tremendous demand for seats for the Thanksgiving game. In the 'Varsity Club section there is not even standing room. There are rumors of innumerable football parties given to and by the members of the various fraternities, and it is whispered that betting as to the issue runs high, even in the select precincts of Afternoon Teadom.

As the day of the Horse Show approaches, the interest and excitement increases. Really, it has now become the social event of the winter, and the great opportunity for the display of new gowns. The beauty parade will undoubtedly be as notable as ever; indeed, to the ranks of the belles of last year there have been numerous accessions in the persons of pretty debutantes, who will share the admiration their elder sisters then enchanted. From all accounts, it seems that Walter Hobart will be as prominent and predominant a factor in the show as in other years. He is coming west with a car-load of magnificent horses, prize winners at the great equine demonstration in New York. Against him in the fight for blue ribbons will be ranged George Pope and Charles Baldwin, but Hobart is taking no chances, and is making a splendid trial for supremacy. George Pope did not wait for the New York show, but purchased a number of fine horses some weeks in advance of that event. Mr. Baldwin is saying nothing of his intentions, but has a number of entries. George Newhall, Joe Grant, Henry Crocker and Jack Parrott will participate in all the competitions which involve fine driving. R. F. Carman and Reginald Reeves are expected in the early future. They are again to officiate as judges. R. K. Van Brunt of New York, who is well known as a horse raiser, together with Mr. J. B. Ferguson, will judge the thoroughbred stock. Altogether the prospects for a great show are admirable, and it is really something to look forward to.

In spite of gloomy forebodings, the dancing clubs keep up their numbers and membership lists swell at each succeeding party. The second meeting of the Friday Fortnightly was infinitely more enjoyable than the first. The rigidity which marked the demeanor of many of the young people has disappeared. The german was ably engineered by Mr. Milton Latham, who led off with the grand right and left—the succeeding figures were of the marching order. All the debutantes and a number of the older girls were present. I noticed, too, that though the "Brownie" element is still conspicuous, with the advent of the older girls there has been an improvement in the age and responsibility of the men. The maidens were all rather simply gowned. Miss Carol Crockett wore a white frock trimmed with baby pink roses that was really charmingly girlish; Miss Helen Hopkins was in pale blue silk covered with mousseline de sole; Miss Romietta Wallace wore an exquisite pink gown covered with chiffon; Miss Laura Scott looked very fetching in a white frock with blue ribbons; Miss Annie Voorhies was charming in white, and Miss Bernice Sanders of Oakland wore white chiffon. Of the younger girls, Miss Edith Stubbs looked especially well in white organdie, trimmed with green ribbons.

The Saturday Fortnightly waxeth hourly in popularity, and I am told that Miss Gertie Bates is literally besieged with requests for invitations. The last meeting was an exceedingly jolly affair, and I noticed any number of pretty new frocks. The girls belonging to this club are among the most attractive in town, and on Saturday evening there was quite a sprinkling of debutantes. Of these I noted especially Miss Helen Wagner in a pink silk gown, plaided quaintly with insertion. Miss Florence Stone, a tall, stunning girl with a fine carriage, in white, and Miss Lucy Jackson in blue chiffon. Among the prettiest of the maids there were Miss Laura Bates in blue dimity, Miss Mae Moody in a flowered Dresden silk, Miss Rose Hooper in white, Miss Eva Moody in pale pink, Miss Nettie Black in white, brightened by cerise ribbons; Miss Marie Messer and Miss Marietta Havens. Little Miss Anna Lawlor was bewitching in a nile green frock, which set off her bright coloring most effectively. Perhaps the handsomest girl present was Miss Bertha Dolbeer, who was exquisitely gowned in pale sea foam silk and chiffon. The german was led by Mr. Al Russell alone.

The debutantes are generally conceded to be the prettiest set of maids who have run the gauntlet for many seasons. Among those who were especially noteworthy are Miss Norma Bachmann, (whose sister has recently become engaged to Mr. Sam Dinkelspiel), a very handsome brunette, tall, dark, who was really magnificently gowned in pink mousseline de soie, admirably made; Miss Ella Newhall, daintily dressed in white mousseline de soie; Miss Jeannette Newman (sister of Mr. Newman of Newman & Levinson's), looked sweet in a white organdie over green silk; Miss Tillie Goodman, a tall, handsome girl, with clear olive coloring and a beautifully molded figure, effectively gowned in yellow silk trimmed with lace and passementerie; Miss Edna Blum, a vivacious looking little brunette; Miss Gertie Ettlinger, in pink silk and chiffon, and Miss Frankie Desbach in white mousseline. Of the young matrons the honors were divided between Mrs. Heller, who looked really lovely; Mrs. Rosenbaum (nee Schwabacher), Mrs. Ed Rothschild in a gorgeous gown of white brocade elaborately spangled, and Mrs. Julian Liebes in a stunning pink gown. The supper was very lively, and dancing was kept up until the familiar rattle of the milk wagons warned of the approach of dawn.

The Hoffmann tea of Saturday afternoon was a delightful affair. The rooms were not unpleasantly crowded, a rather unusual occurrence at a tea when one rather anticipates being crushed almost beyond recognition. Miss Alice Hoffmann was undeniably beautiful, as she gracefully assisted her mother. She is a splendid looking girl, radiantly beautiful and with agreeable manners. Mrs. Hoffmann announces a second tea for Saturday, November 28th. Miss Alice Hoffmann gave a jolly little wheeling party to some dozen young people on Tuesday evening.

The fashion of dining the debutante has at length reached here. It has had a tremendous vogue in the East, but until now received but scant attention on these Pacific shores. This season the matrons appear to be making a special effort, and few days pass without several affairs of this kind. Last week Miss Kate Salisbury was the recipient of two charming little dinners. On Wednesday evening she was entertained by Mrs. McMullin, on Thursday by Miss Aileen Goad. Miss Salisbury is becoming very popular. She is bright and vivacious, possessing a good deal of her mother's tact and charm of manner.

Mrs. Russell Wilson gave a dinner to sixteen young people on Thursday evening, chiefly the buds of the year. Then the Stubbs dinner was an unusually jolly affair, given to Miss Fanny Baldwin and Miss Kate Salisbury.

I hear that Mrs. Hager anticipates giving a series of theater parties during the winter. She rarely invites more than eight young people, and after the play they all return to the Hager house, when jolly little suppers are served. Mrs. Hager took several young people to Della Fox on Monday evening. A pleasant little entertainment, though quite informal, was given last week by Miss Olga Sutro to several of the debutantes.

There has been but little interest shown among the card players this season. Nowadays a card party in San Francisco is almost like an angel's visit. Last week, however, Miss Helen and Miss Virginia Gibbs entertained seventy-five of their girl friends at Seven Handed Progressive Euchre. The game proved much more exciting than the four-handed game, and was closely contested. Mrs. Gardiner (nee Weihe) and Miss Lillian Ries carried off the prizes.

Among the coming events are the usual number of teas. Mrs. Goeway and Miss Gertrude Goeway have issued invitations for December 1st. Mrs. James Sawyer announces two teas on the last two Wednesdays of November, to introduce her daughter, Miss Margaret Sawyer, and Mrs. Carroll and Miss Lizzie Carroll will be at home the first two Thursdays in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Eppinger announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Rose Eppinger, to Dr. James Graham Sharp. Miss Eppinger and Dr. Sharp are both graduates of the medical and dental departments of the University of California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frank are to introduce their daughter, Miss Elsa Frank, at a dinner on Thanksgiving evening. About forty young people have been invited.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Bachman and Mr. Samuel Dinkelspiel is to take place at the home of the bride on the evening of December 1st at half-past six. It is to be a very large affair, I believe. Miss Bachman is getting a most gorgeous trousseau. Several of her gowns have been imported, and Mme. Baer is making the remainder.

The Laurel Hall Club held an open meeting on Wednesday afternoon at Beethoven Hall. The programme was an interesting one, comprising some excellent musical and literary productions. The most enjoyable essay was by Mrs. Frank Swett entitled "I Wonder Why," and inspired by a drawing from "The Lark."

The Calliopean ball on Saturday evening was a brilliant affair; the gowning was elaborate, the hall decorated in a fashion betokening the tastes and tendencies of the members. The owl and the butterfly formed the keynote, and were tastefully scattered throughout the room and arranged on the walls. In the center was a crescent holding up a huge owl. I hear that the Calliopeans are discussing the advisability of altogether disposing of the butterfly element and confining themselves to the owl. The farce, "Married Bachelors" fell rather flat, due more to a lack of merit in the play than to the efforts of the comedians. The lines did not sparkle, and the situations lacked vitality. Certainly the girls looked very pretty. Miss Mae Slessinger made a pleasing picture in green, and carried off the laurels. Miss Ida Fisher and Miss Mattie Erhmann also took part. Miss Erhmann of Mission San Jose has a sweet voice and sang several selections excellently well.

There have been several engagement receptions and luncheons during the week, chiefest among them being the party given on Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Schweitzer in honor of Miss Helen Schweitzer to about seventy people, and Miss Mattie Whittier's luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Lizzie Carroll. The marriage of Miss Viva Cummins, daughter of Mrs. Philip Nighels (formerly Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins of this city, but at present living in New York), and Mr. Augustus Chase Doan is announced. The ceremony was celebrated on the afternoon of Tuesday, November 17th, at the home of the bride's mother. Miss Viva Cummins will be remembered here as a clever girl, who had displayed considerable talent as an elocutionist. She is small and dark, with bright black eyes and a clear skin. Mr. Doan is connected with C. P. Huntington's office of the Southern Pacific Railroad in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Doan anticipate spending part of their honeymoon in California.

The Society of the Colonial Dames were entertained at the home of Mrs. John Drury Tallant recently. The ladies spent the afternoon discussing antique colonial topics and reading letters from other colonial societies. Mrs. C. Elwood Brown read an interesting account of the famous Charter Oak of Hartford, the design of which is used as a crest by the Colonial Dames of Connecticut.

Several of the literary and artistic clubs have held open meetings and given exhibitions during the past week. On Monday afternoon the Fortnightly Literary and Dramatic Club gave a stereopticon entertainment at the home of Mrs. Hooper, corner of Clay and Laguna streets. The views were very interesting, tours through Japan, the English lakes, Devon and the northern portion of Norway being pictured. Miss George gave an entertaining explanation of the various places. Afterwards refreshments were served.

The formal opening of the Fall Exhibition of the Sketch Club took place on Monday evening, when the members received their friends. The Berkeley Glee Club entertained the guests with vocal solos. Certainly the Sketch Club deserves approbation for the undoubted merit of its work. Few of the pictures are poor, the average being worthy of attention, while several might grace any exhibition. I especially noted the landscapes of Miss Annie Frances Briggs. Miss Helen Hyde has several good canvases. Miss Letcher's pastels are also cleverly done. Among the most active members is Mrs. Frank Powers, who is represented by several good pastels.

The most interesting engagement of the season thus far in Oakland is that of Miss Caroline Schutz and Mr. Roger Friend. Miss Schutz is a daughter of Mr. Fred Schutz and is quite a pretty girl. Mr. Friend achieved distinction last season by the manner in which he led the Deux Temps Cotillion Club. He is a bright young fellow and a general favorite. The date of the wedding has not yet been decided upon.

Very amusing and decidedly novel was the dinner given in the Unitarian Church in Alameda on Saturday evening, when the menu was arranged and cooked by several prominent society and business men. Mishaps occurred of course, but the amount of enjoyment more than compensated for the most unfortunate misadventures. Considering all disabilities, it must be admitted that the dinner was really well cooked, and all pronounced the effort a success.

The Wellmans of Fruitvale have promised their house to the members of the Neighborhood Club for an evening theatrical entertainment. This organization is on the order of the Social Settlement clubs, and the boys and girls are taught various trades and amusements. The officers of the club are Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Mary Barker, Miss Alice Wellman, Miss Flint and Miss de Fremery.

There have been the usual number of teas during the week in Oakland. Perhaps the largest affairs were the receptions given by Mrs. Boone of Berkeley and Mrs. G. W. Grayson on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Boone's was a sort of farewell affair and very enjoyable. A number of Oakland and Berkeley people were there. Mrs. Grayson's tea was a very big affair, given to her daughters, Mrs. Harry Hinckley and Mrs. William Ralston.

Oakland girls are exceedingly happy in their fashion of entertaining a debutante. Instead of being merely invited to receive at a tea where she is apt to feel very bread-and-buttery, the Oakland debutante is made the guest of honor at a series of luncheons, dinners and dances, where she has an opportunity of meeting the girls and really learning to know them. An exceptionally pretty luncheon was given on Thursday by Miss Libbie Moffit in honor of Miss Mattie Livermore. The table decorations were blue. About fifteen girls of the younger set were invited.

Mrs. Mary Herrick Ross and Miss Alice Herrick of Oakland announce studio receptions in their rooms 308 Post street, San Francisco, for the Saturdays in November and December.

The ladies' grillroom at the Palace Hotel has always enjoyed a remarkable degree of popularity for entertainments. It is so charmingly arranged and one is always certain of excellent service. Its attractions have recently been enhanced by the substitution of electric candles for the incandescent lights, and the cafe is no longer lighted from the ceiling, but each table has its separate illumination. The light is infinitely softer and more pleasing, and sets off the coloring instead of with the ceiling light.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

Knox hats are swell. Kohn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

The Stilwell Agency, which for several years has been a feature on the first block of Montgomery street, has been removed to 126 Kearny street (the Thurlow Block).

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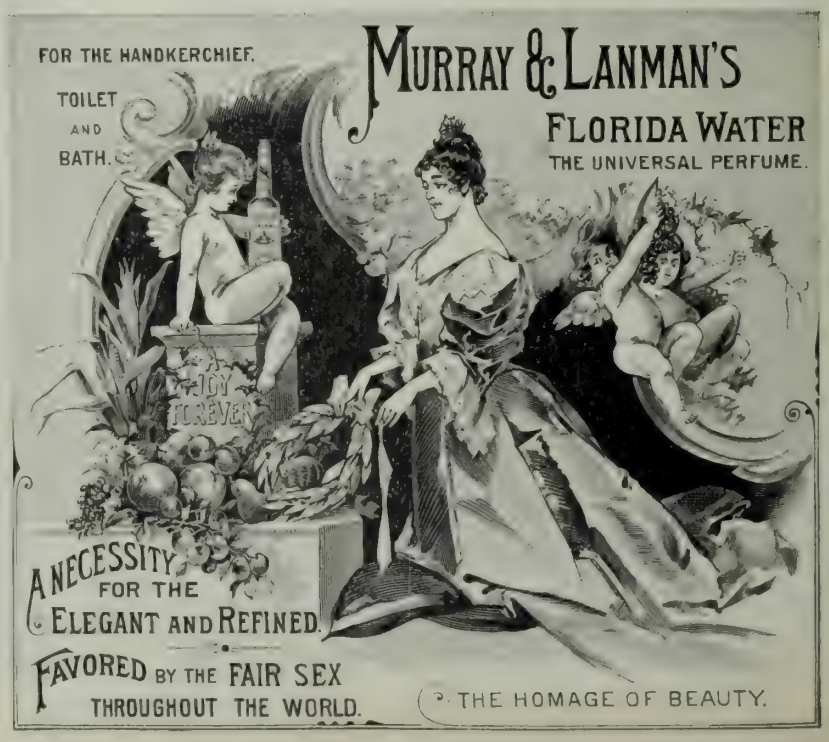

DELLA FOX AND OTHERS

Melodramatic Woes That Reach—A Forlorn Hope of End-men.

A four years' run has effectively squeezed the juice out of the play given this week and last at the California Theatre by a jaded troupe of automatons, whose interest has long since been dead and buried in the multiplicity of its performances. "In Darkest Russia" runs like a well-oiled music box, or a curate hurrying his liturgy, and with less expresion than either performance. What the playwright can do to cram a drama with plot and episode has been done by H. Grattan Donnely; the piece bulges with action of a lurid melodramatic interest. One knows what to expect by the title and cast; "icheffs," "aloffs" and "oskys" galore supply the nobility, and bearded Nihilists in long coats rival them in villainy. The woes of one Nazimoff, a Chief of Police (whose appointment did little credit to the Czar's intelligence), supply the motive of the play, which opens in the palace of the harassed official, proceeding thence to a twilit cellar—rendezvous of a Nihilist fraternity—and after "years are supposed to have elapsed," jumps to the Siberian home of the Count—the scene of the climax of his misfortunes—where his house turns inside out to the tune of the scene-shifter's whistle, while the lights go down and the gallery gods comment upon the appearance of the supernumeries. Here be wolves, droskies, fur coats and serfs to satisfy any tourist present; the one thing lacking was the snowstorm. Life has its own terrors, and is far too short to permit me to sketch the intricacies of such a plot as that of "In Darkest Russia." The setting is not bad, the "revolving scene" goes on wheels, and the real horse acts better than many of the rest of the cast. The center of the stage is mortgaged by Miss Eva Byron, who, as Countess Karsicheff, a bold bad woman of the old school, excited the gallery to wild enthusiasm. She hissed and rolled her jetty eyes; she screamed, fainted, and fell in lumps upon the stage till she was openly jeered by the whole house; it is seldom we hear an actress hissed by a San Francisco audience, but the offenses committed on the opening night of the California were unpardonable. Robert Haines as the Count Nazimoff was as ludicrous, and met with a similar treatment from his spectators. He was a stuffed man to all appearance, though the cotton did not visibly leak from between the buttons of his uniform. His head fitted him ill, or he had a stiff neck, and when he was not goaded into life by his demoniac spouse, seemed in danger of falling asleep before one's very eyes. There was something distrait about the whole company, with the exception of the comedy couple and Ilda Barosky (Miss Selma Herman). The latter fared extremely well with her sensational lines, and did much to retrieve the fiasco of the performance, seldom overacting, and giving the only touch of art to the show. Mr. Ellis as the chivalrous comic American—fond of "the ladies" and "never out of place in a foreign country"—with Mme. Carina Jordan as the bewitching widowed Baroness, kept the audience in roars of laughter by some really clever acting and lighted up the piece with farcical situations.

If the California management banked on the eastern success of this play, it will probably give them another opportunity to complain of the eccentric tastes of this "jay" town.

What three roaringly funny end men of an old-time minstrel show can do in comic opera if they try, and they can try, is given a good setting at the Baldwin this week, where Della Fox's company has almost succeeded in living down its last week's reputation. Messrs. McDonough, Holbrook and Chilverse may never have been end men—I have not looked up their records—but there is a distinct negro flavor to the quality of their repartee and "business." Not that it hurts the show very much—the term "comic opera" is an elastic one, and one forgives anything if one can laugh at the old, old jokes, approve the tenor's voice and admire the chorus girls. "Fleur-de-Lis" is a success on these three counts, and has, besides, a very attractive stage setting and artistic costumes, changed while you wait.

There is a plot to "Fleur-de-Lis" mirabile dictu!—not of the popcorn variety of sensation, but an actually good and sufficient reason for the opera's being, and one's interest goes consecutively through the grub, caterpillar and butterfly form as in a real play. One quite finds oneself wondering how the thing is coming out, anyway. This, indeed, goes so far as to lead one to suspect if it is an opera bouffe at all, and the dearth of music tends to support the doubt. What melody there is, however, is well done, notably the duet and finale to the first act, which is taken with no little spirit.

And Della Fox herself, as the ex-flower girl, is as frankly bold as any stage heroine on the boards; delightfully coarse, if one is in the mood for that sort of thing, with a flip "you-know" air, and a beautiful neck which she is at no pains to conceal; indeed, she always seems to feel much more at home than do the ladies in her audience. In the second act as the long-lost daughter she rivals Lydia Yeamans Titus on her lines, and plays the infant in a way to charm an Orpheum.

"Fleur-de-Lis" is not a performance to make a young man forget the girl beside him for very long, though what laughs come are the honest reward of the whimsical humor of Mr. McDonough, a lean, queerly shaved man, whose droll by-play is so happy as to seem almost spontaneous, and his speech acknowledging a birthday bust of himself is a clever satire on a common form of post-prandial wit.

There is a good old Amazon march, so very ingeniously introduced as to seem a new idea—what were a comic opera without this down-the-front and up-the-sides display?—costumed to the taste of the front row of orchestra stalls; there are conspirators out of hand (blanketed like Hammam bathers); there are village maids and their beaux, paired off so as to exactly couple the populace in the last act; there is a small wooden sub-heroine, and a brace of comic lovers, who might be the better for a few dancing lessons. In fact, there is so much quite as it should be to satisfy the stage manager's traditions that I am not sure it is not a comic opera after all.

GELETT BURGESS.

LIANE DE POUGY

The fascinating danseuse whose many conquests have given her fame at the expense of reputation. With Anna Held and Cléo de Merode she shares the triumphs of Parisian favor.

THE GRISMERS.

Did you ever pick up an old magazine, one you had not seen in years, and find astonishment in your familiarity with its pictures and the freshness of your memory regarding its context? I felt a good deal this way when I dropped into the Columbia one night last week to see Grismer and Phoebe Davies in their realistic play "Humanity." The same old tricks of speech were with them both, the same tone and mannerisms, and it seemed to me like yesterday that I had last seen them. I remember Grismer some fifteen years ago, playing at the Baldwin in "Priuli, the Italian," and a number of other fine modern dramas, and unless my recollection be at fault Miss Phoebe Davies (then in fact, Miss Phoebe Davies) was at the foot of the bill in this same company, and played minor parts with much sweetness of manner. In those days there was much promise in these two players, and I then looked forward to the time that each would succeed in higher dramatic walks than that which they have apparently determined upon pursuing.

"Humanity" does not call for much acting. To the playwright is due any success that may be achieved by it, not to the ability of the actor, for he is not called upon to display ability. In "Humanity" there are horses and hounds and fox-hunts, they have wars, battles and a saber contest on horseback, a bomb-shell which shatters a house before your very eyes, a villain who has been guilty of every crime from murder and betrayal up to loving the heroine. To people who love this sort of thing, "Humanity" fills all the requirements, but to one who years ago had laid out in his mind a different and a better line of endeavor for the Grismers, the play is something of a disappointment. Probably the theater-going world do not feel toward these two people quite as I do. Both are bright and clever, and time has rested lightly upon them. If you are fond of old friends and stirring melodrama, then, by all means, let "Humanity" be included in the theatrical ventures of the week. We, who used to consider ourselves wise in matters theatrical years ago, fully believed that at this time Grismer would be portraying characters requiring fine subtleties, something after the fashion of Richard Mansfield—but we have been disappointed, and so it must be written.

B.

DRAMATIC NOTES

It is said by those who have been watching the rehearsals that the entertainment to be given by the student talent of the Stanford University at the California Theater on Thanksgiving night will prove a real novelty. Carolus Ager has written an original travesty on Shakespeare's "Macbeth," entitled, "The Macbeths of Berkeley, or After the Ball," in which it is pleasantly set forth that success never stayeth long with the wrong people.

The interest attending the approaching engagement of La Loie Fuller at the California theater is such as has very rarely been noted in the case of any similar attraction in this city. The dancer will appear on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and at a matinee on Wednesday. Few artists can claim the distinction of appearing at the Folies Bergeres, Paris, for over 500 nights as did this celebrity. In connection with Miss Fuller's dances there will be given a specially selected programme.

"Humanity" is an exciting drama. There are three scenes that are especially full of novelty and realism. The sword contest on horseback is one of the most daring feats that has ever been attempted on the stage. The play has a strong melodramatic characteristic, but no situations that are exaggerated. While the characters are at all times consistent, there is a comedy element, a story concisely told, and the interest of the audience is kept alive from start to finish.

The new bill at the Orpheum for next week will include George Thatcher and Ed Marble, who are well known as formerly of Thatcher, Primrose and West's minstrels. A very funny turn may be looked for from them. Ed J. Heffernan, the Irish monologuist, will also appear. The pretty Hengler Sisters will return for one week, and will put on new songs and dances. The Quaker City Quartette will render new songs. There will be a special matinee Thanksgiving Day, November 26th.

Mr. N. C. Goodwin begins an engagement of one week at the Baldwin Theater next Monday night. The comedian has an entirely new comedy to show us, entitled, "An American Citizen." It is from the pen of the well-known author, Madeline Lucette Ryley, whose most prominent success was made with "Christopher Jr." The comedian intends to present the new play for the entire week, with the exception of Saturday night, when he is to appear in "The Rivals."

Saturday, November 21st, will witness the opening of the Velodrome at Baker and Fell streets. This six-lap board bicycle track is, perhaps, one of the fastest of its kind in the world. The opening programme will include a match race of three heats of one, two and five miles, between Charles S. Wells of the Bay City Wheelmen and Walter Foster of the Olympic Club Wheelmen. Arrangements are about completed for the appearance here of the "World Team" now at New Orleans, under the management of T. W. Eck, the veteran trainer and manager. These men have succeeded during the last few weeks in lowering all existing world records from one-quarter mile up to and including the hour record. The team includes John S. Johnson, the speedy American; Michael, the "Welsh Wonder," who has been startling the entire world by his remarkable riding during the last year, and two triplet teams, including the famous Jalau Brothers of Paris, considered the fastest triplet team in the world, and Frank Waller, the long distance crack.

Professor Kennedy has really attracted attention to the Bush Street Theater, and is gathering crowds there by his hypnotic performances. The truth is, the Professor is as much comedian as he is hypnotist, and keeps his audiences both amused and mystified. The "Man in the Trance" has certainly proved a drawing card, and on Sunday evening, at 10 P. M. the subject of this curious experiment will be awakened. Next week there will be hypnotic performances in variety. Instead of male subjects, the Professor proposes experimenting with ladies.

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A CHAMPION OF LOVE

Marie Corelli Denounces Men Who Live Off Their Wives' Money.

Marie Corelli, the English novelist, has found a cause to champion, a social enemy to scourge, a reform to preach, a cru-

[illegible]

the man who lives off his wife's money, and she thinks he is quite common in England. Her latest book, "The Murder of Delicia" (J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers), is a story of a fiction writer—Delicia, "the envy of all the struggling, crowding climbers up Parnassus, the living embodiment of an almost phenomenal triumph in art and letters"—who marries a good-looking fellow, permits him to live from her earnings, finds that he is faithless, and allows him to break her heart. The story is told in a most inartistic way, with the boldness and baldness of Laura Jean Libbey, but it will be talked about. It would appear that there is much rivalry at present in London between the ladies of society and the ladies of the stage, and on the latter Miss Corelli takes it out in a manner that ought to satisfy society. It is a most repulsive picture that she paints, but in the introduction she gives her justification, so she will be allowed to speak for herself in the following extracts:

There are any number of women who work night and day with brain and hand to support useless and brainless husbands; women whose love never falters, whose patience never tires, and whose tenderness is often rewarded only by the most callous neglect and ingratitude. I do not speak of the countless cases among the hard working millions whom we elect to call the "lower classes," where the wife, working from six in the morning till ten at night, has to see her hard earnings snatched from her by her "better" half and spent at the public house in strong drink, despite the fact that there is no food at home, and that innocent little children are starving. These instances are so frequent that they have almost ceased to awaken our interest, much less our sympathy. In my story I allude principally to the "upper" ranks, where the lazy noodle of an aristocrat spends his time, first, in accumulating debts, and then in looking about for a woman with money to pay them—a woman upon whose income he can afterwards live comfortably for the rest of his worthless life. To put it bluntly and plainly, a great majority of the men of the present day want women to keep them. It is not a manly or noble desire; but as the kind of men I mean have neither the courage nor the intelligence to fight the world for themselves, it is, I suppose, natural to such inefficient weaklings that they should—seeing the fierce heat and contest of competition in every branch of modern labour—gladly sneak behind a woman's petticoats to escape the general fray. But the point to which I particularly wish to call the attention of the more thoughtful of my readers is that these very sort of men (when they have secured the ignoble end of their ambition, namely, the rich woman to live upon, under matrimonial sufferance) are the first to run down women's work, women's privileges, women's attainments, and women's honor. The man who owes his dinner to his wife's unremitting toil is often to be heard speaking of the "uselessness" of women, their frivolity and general incapacity. And in cases where the woman's intellectual ability is brought into play, and where the financial results of her brain work are such that they enable the husband to live as he likes, surrounded with every ease and comfort, then it is that at the clubs, or in any other place where he can give himself sublime airs of independence, he will frequently express regret, in grandiloquent terms, that there should be any women who "want to be clever;" they are always "unsexed." This word "unsexed" is always cast at brilliant women by every little half-penny ragamuffin of the press that can get a newspaper corner in which to hide himself for the convenience of throwing stones. The woman who paints a great picture is "unsexed;" the woman who writes a great book is "unsexed;" in fact, whatever woman does that is higher and more ambitious than the mere act of flinging herself down at the feet of man and allowing him to walk over her, makes her in man's opinion unworthy of his consideration as woman; and he fits the appellation "unsexed" to her with an easy callousness, which is as unmanly as it is despicable.

Now, to turn to the other side of the medal; let us see what are the occupations man graciously permits to woman without affronting her with this opprobrious epithet. In the first place, he is chiefly willing to see her on the stage. And he generally prefers the music-hall stage as the best one fitted to her "poor" abilities. It is no particular "fun" to him to see her rise to the histrionic height of a Rachael or a Sarah Bernhardt—the sublimity of tragedy in her eyes does not specially move him—the simulation of heart-break in her face may possibly awake in him a curious emotion, divided between pity and astonishment, but it does not amuse him. Nor does the exquisite grace of the finished "comedienne" delight him entirely; her pretty airs and graces, and her ringing laugh, are fascinating in a way, but in the huge amount of amour propre, which swells the head of the smallest masculine noodle about town, he has an uncomfortable, lurking suspicion that she may all the while, under her charming stage-feigning, be really laughing at him and the whole of his sex generally. No! Neither the height of tragedy nor comedy in the woman on the stage really satisfy men so much as the happy medium—the particular "no-man's land" of art, where nothing is demanded of her but—Body and Grin. A beautiful Body, trained to walk and look well—an affable Grin, expanding at the sight of champagne and other mundane delicacies—these are all that is necessary. Now, if this beautiful Body be well-nigh stripped to man's gaze night after night on the boards, he will never call the woman who so exposes herself "unsexed," nor will he apply the word to her if she drinks too much wine and brandy. But if another woman, with quite as beautiful a body, instead of exhibiting herself half nude on the music-hall stage, prefers to keep her woman's modesty, and execute some great work of art which shall be as good and even better than anything man can accomplish, she will be dubbed "unsexed" instantly.

I think, as I write, of a certain individual, living at the present moment in one of the most fashionable quarters of London—a man who is generally looked upon with a considerable amount of respect by the monied and titled classes. Some years ago he married a bright little American woman for her money, and since that time he has made her life an hourly misery. She loved him—more's the pity!—and though he does not scruple to insult her before others with an insolent brutality which is as shameful as it is disgusting—though he will upbraid her before his servants and his guests at dinner with the harshness one might expect of a slave-driver, she endures his cruelty with patience—and why? For her children's sake! Her womanly idea is, that they should respect their father, and to that end she puts her own injuries aside and does her best and bravest to keep the household straight. Her money it is that pays for all the costly dinners and entertainments with which her husband glorifies himself before his acquaintances each London "season," pushing her into the background at every turn, and hanging on to the skirts of the newest fashionable demi-mondaine instead; and through her and her constant bounty alone has he attained the social position he holds.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to touch on another grievous and ignoble phase of modern manhood which is constantly exhibited among us at the present time, namely, the miserable position voluntarily held by certain "noblemen" who, because they have placed themselves in the unnatural and unbecoming condition of owing everything to their wives' money, permit those wives to play fast and loose with their honor and good name, and apparently shut their eyes to the shameless infidelities which make them the by-word and contempt of all self-respecting "commoners." It would be a wholesome and refreshing stimulus to society if such "blue-blooded" lacqueys could awake to the fact that manhood is better than money, and would by their own free will and choice go out to hard labor in the gold fields or elsewhere and earn their own livelihood bravely and independently, instead of lounging and frittering their days away, the silent and inactive spectators of their wives' open and wanton degradation.

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A NEW OLIVER TWIST

Arthur Morrison's Tale of Low Life in the Jago.

If one should say that Arthur Morrison's book, "A Child of the Jago" (H. S. Stone & Co., publishers) is a stronger work than "Oliver Twist" it would not be an overstatement. Whether the book will have equal vogue with Dickens' wonderful story is another matter. A comparison of the two books is inevitable, for both deal with the pitiful life of a child in a hideous London slum. The tragedy of Morrison's story is nowhere relieved by the cheap melodrama from which Dickens could never hold his hand. That is the reason why the new book is superior to the old as art, and it is likewise the reason why Morrison's work is likely to be less popular.

It is in truth an awful story, laying bare with remorseless hand the foul sore that crawls and festers in the heart of London. There is, besides, an unsparing, sardonic contempt for the methods by which smug respectability has endeavored to salve its conscience by treating the disease from a comfortable distance as witness:

Three-quarters of a mile east of the Jago's outermost limit was the East End Elevation Mission and Pansophical Institute; such was the amazing success whereof, that a new wing had been built, and was now to be declared open by a bishop of great eminence and industry.

The triumphs of the East End Elevation Mission and Pansophical Institute were known and appreciated far from East London by people who knew less of that part than of Asia Minor. Indeed, they were chiefly appreciated by these. There were kept perpetually on tap for the aspiring East Ender the Higher Life, the Greater Thought, the Wider Humanity, with other radiant abstractions, mostly in the comparative degree; specifics all for the manufacture of the Superior Person. There were many lectures given on still more subjects. Pictures were borrowed and shown, with revelations to the Uninformed of the morals ingeniously concealed by the painters. The Uninformed were also encouraged to debate and to produce on literary and political matters, while still unencumbered with the smallest knowledge thereof; for the Enlargement of the Understanding and the Embellishment of the Intellect. And there were classes, and clubs, and newspapers, and games of draughts, and musical evenings, and a brass band, whereby the life of the Hopeless Poor might be colored and the Misery of the Submerged alleviated. The wretches who crowded to these benefits were tradesmen's sons, small shopkeepers and their families, and neat clerks, with here and there a smart young artisan of one of the especially respectable trades. They freely patronized the clubs, the musical evenings, the brass band, and the bagatelle board; and those who took themselves seriously debated and mutually improved with pomp. Others, subject to savage fits of wanting-to-know, made short rushes at random evening classes, with intervals of disgusted apathy. Altogether, a number of decently dressed and mannerly young men passed many evenings at the Pansophical Institute in harmless pleasures, and often with an agreeable illusion of intellectual advance.

Other young men, more fortunately circumstanced, with the educational varnish fresh and raw upon them, came from afar, equipped with a foreign mode of thought and a proper ignorance of the world and the proportions of things, as missionaries. Not without some anxiety to their parents they plunged into the perilous deeps of the East End, to struggle—for a fortnight—with its sufferings and its brutishness. So they went among the tradesmen's sons and the shopmen, who endured them as they endure the nominal subscription; and they went away with a certain relief, and with some misgiving as to what impression they had made, and what they had done to make it. But it was with a knowledge and authority that they went back among those who had doubted their personal safety in the dark region. The East End, they reported, was nothing like what it was said to be. You could see much worse places up West. The people were quite a decent sort, in their way; shocking Bounders, of course, but quite clean and quiet, and very comfortably dressed, with ties and collars and watches.

But the missionaries were few, and the subscribers to the Elevation Mission were many. Most had been convinced by what they had been told, by what they had read in charity appeals, and perhaps by what they had seen in police court and inquest reports, that the whole East End was a wilderness of slums; slums packed with starving human organisms, without minds and without morals, preying on each other alive. These subscribers visited the institute by twos and threes, on occasions of particular festivity among the neat clerks, and were astonished at the wonderful effects of Pansophic Elevation on the degraded classes, their aspect and their habits.

That sort of philanthropy never got within a mile of the real seat of submerged misery and crime and was, perhaps, just as well satisfied to be out of it. The Jago was an East End London slum dominated by two fighting families, the Ranns and the Learys, ever at war with one another. Mr. Morrison describes the methods of a fighting virago of one of the factions:

That night fighting was sporadic and desultory in the Jago. Bob the Bender was reported to have smashed a nose, and Sam Cash had his head bandaged at the hospital. At the Bag of Nails in Edge Lane, Snob Spicer was knocked out of knowledge with a quart pot, and Cucko Harnwell's missis had a piece bitten off of one ear. As the night wore on, taunts and defiances were bandied from window to door and from door to window, between those who intended to begin fighting to-morrow; and shouts from divers corners gave notice of isolated scufflers. Once a succession of piercing screams seemed to betoken that Sally Green had begun. There was a note in the screams of Sally Green's opposites which the Jago had learned to recognize. Sally Green, though of the weaker faction, was the female champion of the old Jago; and eminence was won and kept by fighting tactics peculiar to herself. For it was her way, reserving teeth and nails, to wrestle closely with her antagonist, throw her by a dexterous twist on her face, and fall on her, instantly seizing the victim's nape in her teeth, gnawing and worrying. The sufferer's screams were audible afar, and beyond their invariable eccentricity of quality—a quality suggestive of dire surprise—they had a mechanical persistence, a pumplike regularity, that distinguished them, in the accustomed ear, from other screams.

In this war where the women fought more savagely than the men the vengeance of Norah Walsh, the female champion of the other side, is thus told:

Norah Walsh, vanquished champion, now somewhat recovered, looked from a window, saw her enemy vulnerable, and ran out, armed with a bottle. She stopped at the kerb to knock the bottom off the bottle, and then with an exultant shout seized Sally Green by the hair and stabbed her about the face with the jagged points. Blinded with blood, Sally released her hold on Mrs. Perrott and rolled on her back, struggling fiercely; but to no end, for Norah Walsh, kneeling on her breast, stabbed and stabbed again, till pieces of the bottle broke away. Sally's yells and plunges ceased, and a man pulled Norah off. On him she turned, and he was fain to run, while certain Learys found a truck which might carry Hannah to the hospital.

These extracts may serve to give some idea of the naked picture drawn in the book of the savage life of the Jago, a picture not at all imaginative, but sadly real. Dicky Perrott, the "child of the Jago," is the hero of the book in so far as it has a hero. A glimpse of his sordid home, his slattern mother and his neglected baby sister, Looey, may be given:

Looey lay on her back, faintly and vainly struggling to turn her fearful little face from the light. Clutched in her little fist was the unclean stump of bread she had held for hours. Dicky plucked a soft piece and essayed to feed her with it, but the dry little mouth rejected the morsal and the head turned feverishly from side to side to the sound of that novel cry. She was hot wherever Dicky touched her, and presently he said: "Mother, I b-lieve Looey's queer, I think she wants some med'cine."

His mother shook her head peevishly. "O you an' Looey's a noosance," she said. "A lot you care about me bein' queer, you an' yer father, too, leavin' me all alone like this an' me feelin' ready to drop, an' got the room to do an' all. I wish you'd go away an' stop 'indering of me like this."

A fight between Dicky's father and another ruffian of the Jago, fought out deliberately and for money in the daylight of a court of the Jago, and without any notice taken by the police, who dared not venture except in force within the dangerous precincts of the slum, is thus in part described:

Perrott, stung at length by the shouts from Leary's corner, turned on Billy and met him at full dash. He was himself puffing by this, though much less than his adversary, and, at the cost of a heavy blow (which he took on his forehead), he visited Billy's ribs once more.

Both men were grunting and gasping now, and the sound of blows was as of the confused beating of carpets. Dicky, who had been afflicted to heart burst by his father's dodging and running, which he mistook for simple flight, now broke into excited speech once more:

"Father's 'it 'im on the jore again—'s eye 's a bungin- up—go it, father, bash 'i-i-i-m. Father's landin'—'im—'e."

Hannah Perrott crept to the window and looked. She saw the foul Jago mob, swaying and bellowing about the shifting edge of an open patch, in the midst whereof her husband and Billy Leary, bruised, bloody and gasping, fought and battered infuriately; and she crept back to the bed and bent her face on Looey's unclean little frock; till a fit of tense shuddering took the child, and the mother looked up again.

The ill-omened prophecy of this old cynic of the slums is not exactly carried out to the letter, although the spirit is maintained. For a child of the Jago there is but one way out so long as the vital spark holds. The single other way out is told in conclusion:

A shout went up. "Stabbed! Chived! They chived Dicky Perrott!"

The fight melted. Somebody turned Dicky on his back, and he moaned and lay gasping. He lifted his dabbled hands, and looked at them wondering. They tried to lift him, but the blood poured so fast that they put him down. Somebody had gone for a surgeon.

"Take me 'ome," said Dicky faintly, with an odd gurgle in his voice. "Not 'awspital."

The surgeon came running, with policemen at his heels. He ripped away the clothes from about the wound and shook his head. It was the lung. Water was brought, and cloths, and an old door. They put Dicky on the door and carried him toward the surgery; and two lads who staid by him were sent to bring his friends.

The bride and the bridegroom, meeting the news on the way home, set off at a run, and Father Sturt followed.

"Good-Gawd, Dicky," cried Poll, tearing her way to the shutter as it stopped at the surgery door, "wot's this?"

Dicky's eye fell on the flowered bonnet that graced the wedding, and his lip lifted with the shade of a smile. "Luck, Pidge."

He was laid out in the surgery. A crowd stood about the door, while Father Sturt went in. The vicar lifted his eyebrows questioningly, and the surgeon shook his head. It was a matter of minutes.

Father Sturt bent over and took Dicky's hand. "My poor Dicky," he said, who did this?"

"Dunno, Fa'er."

The lie—the staunch Jago lie. Thou shalt not nark.

"Fetch mother an' the kids. Fa'er!"

"Yes, my boy."

"Tell Mist' Beveridge there's 'nother way out—better."

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THE WEEK'S FOOTBALL

Olympic - Reliance — Olympic's Gift of a Tie Game.

There is probably no other locality in the United States where football is so far advanced and where an equal number of important teams take part in the games, that has witnessed so many tie championship matches as has San Francisco.

These unsatisfactory and indecisive results are not due merely to coincidence, but rather to a lack of ambition on the part of the stronger teams — that is, the elevens who permit their score to be tied by their opponents, whom they should have beaten, often with the greatest ease. This unambitious, half-hearted spirit has been for the most part confined to the universities. Now it would seem it has appeared among the athletic clubs. The eleven is not the only responsible party, however. The organization which it represents is almost as much to blame. A team is much what its college or club is. If the teams of the "big four" knew that their bleachers considered

OLYMPIC LINING UP FOR THE PLAY THAT MADE THE TOUCHDOWN

Photo by B. Y. Morris

a tie as but one remove from disgraceful defeat, this bugbear of California football teams might be removed. We would see harder playing then—something of that dogged, stubborn spirit that shuts its teeth and eyes; that fights at full steam every minute of the thirty-five; that absolutely refuses to be defeated; that does not know when it is beaten, and that asks for the last ditch to die in, and dies there, if needs be, beaten and broken, perhaps, but doing its best to the very last, guarding its forty-five-yard mark as jealously as if it were the very goal line, or fighting for inches in the center of the field as if it were their ball in the five-yard line, with but one minute to play, and one touchdown against them.

California teams don't know this spirit as yet—don't know the meaning of hard playing. It is easy to fool the bleachers, or by means of a certain amount of excited struggling and wild-eyed gesturing to deceive the average spectator into a belief that the team is playing hard football. At its very mildest and gentlest, football is a hard, rough sport, and to one unfamiliar with the game a high school eleven might seem to be playing as hard ball as a 'varsity. When the scrimmage comes toppling over on the ground, a dozen or more men piled up together, or when the tackler and runner meet head on at full speed with a shock that can be heard to the side lines, a certain class of spectator (unfortunately a very large one in California), nods his head very wisely to his friend, exclaiming "they're playing hard!" An eastern game, as played by even fairly trained elevens, who, however, have been broken in to earnest, continual effort, would be a revelation to such a spectator, and to the members of the teams themselves.

California teams do not play sharp, hard football. Let every disinterested spectator of Olympic-Reliance or any other of the recent matches ask himself how far California elevens have lived up to that admirable definition of team work. "Every man in every play and every time." The men do not do it. A team will start the game, let us say, with a fair amount of cohesion and dash; a touchdown is secured and a goal kicked. Jubilation! and the bleachers roaring. "What's the matter with So-and-so?" "Great work!" "The game is ours!" Immediately the scoring team loses its grip, it straggles, it ceases effort—they are six points ahead anyway—the main object is to win; no good trying to pile up a score. In the second half, after the rest and rubdown, the other team manages to score and kick a goal, then in its turn it goes to sleep. The fact that their score is tied does not arouse the first team in the least. It is as if both elevens and their bleachers back of them should say "We did mighty well to get six points as it was." It is not so. One of the elevens is directly to blame for not winning. In the very nature of the game of football it is manifestly impossible that eleven men, trained in certain principles, in a certain atmosphere, and under certain conditions, should be the exact equals of eleven other men trained and coached and practiced under totally different conditions and along totally different lines. One eleven must be the strongest, and upon their shoulders must lie the blame—for blame it is- of a tied score.

That Reliance tied Olympic's score by a fluke at a time so late in the game that it was perhaps impossible for the Red and White to score again does not excuse the latter players in the least. Unquestionably they were the strongest team. They had no right to be content with a single touchdown. That touchdown was gained after three minutes' play. Reliance scored about ten minutes before call of time in the second half. That left nearly an hour in which Olympic had a chance to score again and didn't.

No especial blame is to be cast upon the clubs. The teams from the U. C. have drowsed and dwaddled in this same way for the last four years. This negligence is not met with the right spirit. The strongest team has not the right—literally, has not the right—to lose the game. The players owe it to the college or to the club to win. The U. C. spends over two thousand dollars yearly to put their team into the field, asking no return from the men but that they should do their best to win the game. After five years this amounts to ten thousand dollars expended to win from Stanford. What has been the result? Two defeats and three ties!

The Olympic team should have won Saturday's game by at least two touchdowns. A fluke, such as was taken advantage of by Lacunna cannot be foreseen and guarded against by even the best teams, but the Olympic score should have been made long before the fluke occurred. Even as it was, the fluke was made possible by McIsaacs' inexcusable fumble. The team work on both sides was execrable. Arthur Cummock, in defining this essential of good football, once said: "The amount of an individual's contribution to the team play is the difference between him and his opponent in playing his position, or what he can do besides attending to his man." In Saturday's game, with the notable exceptions of Nolan, Ames and Lacunna, a man played his position and nothing more.

Time and again anywhere from six to ten players could be seen standing about the field watching the course of the play, the scrimmage or punt, or run instead of following the ball with every nerve tense, and every energy and faculty absorbed in the game. At one time the writer actually saw one of the players run to the side lines after down was called, for a drink of water, getting back into his place just as the ball was snapped. And this in a championship game!

The game was full of neglected chances. If ever in the history of football there was a time for a try for a field goal, it was at that moment during the second half when Reliance was close to Olympic's goal. The score was against the Oakland team; they had no chance of winning but on a fluke; they were unable to advance the ball by any running or bucking play, and the scrimmages were directly in front of the goal posts. Instead of the fullback trying for a field goal, they persisted in bucking an impregnable line and lost the ball on downs. But Olympic evened up on their next play. They were on their ten-yard line, but instead of punting out of danger the Olympic captain elected to run the ball back. This was bad judgment as it was, but to signal for a double pass at such a moment was like inviting defeat. The double pass is an admirable play under certain conditions, but not when a team is playing within seven or eight yards of its goal.

FRANK NORRIS.

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Photo by B. Y. Morris

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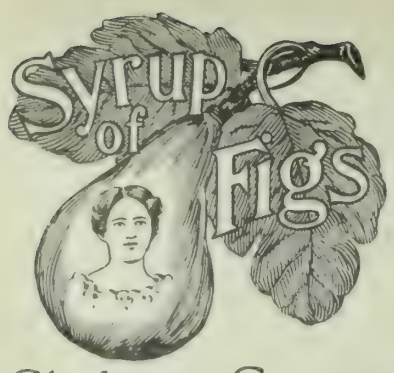

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THE WEEK'S RACING

Re-opening of the California Jockey Club's Track.

Five very fair races were run on Thursday at Ingleside. In the first, Summertime, one of Joe Terry's lot, made her appearance, and won handily from Sister Mary. In the second Geyser won with equal ease. The third and fourth events went to Peril and Hermanita respectively. Reddington won the last race from Alvarado, McHugh up on Ramsin and riding in a very listless fashion, came in third.

Friday's events were of a poorer quality. Jones on Sugarfoot rode a hard race, but George Palmer, Isom up, was too strong for him, and won easily at the odds of 13 to 20. Isom is one of the very few jockeys on the coast who ride an odds-on favorite as hard as they know how.

Outsiders captured the next three events, Trappean, Sport McAllister and Harry O. In the last race Perseus managed to wire a nose in front of the game gray favorite, Braw Scot.

A good card was presented to the public Saturday, although few of the favorites won. Walter J. at 8 to 1, Thompson up, won by a length from Bermuda. In the second Indio was beaten handily by True Blue. Indio was piloted very poorly, though, with jockeys of equal ability, the result would probably have been the same. In the seven furlong handicap, Geyser, Mr. Corrigan's new purchase, romped easily away from the famous Libertine. Wilkins, the colored timber top rider, kicked Gold Dust in and won the jump easily at 8 to 1.

It was a surprise to the form followers that Lincoln II. should beat the Wheel of Fortune. The latter horse, who can beat the colt almost any distance, lagged far behind, even under such a rider as Eddie Jones. Preston won the next race handily from Summertime, who could have been ridden a little better if Eddie Jones had not been quite so anxious.

Oakland opened with deep going and a poor card, although one of the races developed the prettiest finish seen here in some time. Seven horses finished a head behind one another, the jockeys riding for their lives. Ramsin, Jones up, was in the first place, Salisbury II. second, while following these in the order named came Two Cheers (at 60 to 1), Red Glen (even money), Meadow Lark (250 to 1), then Strathmeath, the Derby winner, and last of all Belle Boyd. The horses finished in a bunch. It was a remarkably close finish.

Tuesday's card was remarkable chiefly as demonstrating the uncertainty of horse racing. Monday Inflamator opened at 3 to 1 in the second race, and was backed up to 6 to 1, but finished nowhere in the five-eighths, which was run in slow time. Tuesday, however, the same horse won easily at 12 to 1. Torsina with Patsy Freeman (107 pounds) was beaten the other afternoon twelve lengths by Reddington, her price being 1 to 6. To-day she fairly romped away from Sir Play and Johnny McHale at the good price of 6 to 1. She ran the seven-eighths in 1:31¾, and could have won in 1:29½. The track, however, was heavy. Midlo galloped away from Strathal in the seven-eighths on November 9th, but to-day was out of all form, being beaten ten lengths by such horses as Hymn and Ricardo. This was another 1 to 2 shot reversal. In the first race Mr. Ferguson took a great deal of time and pains to give Celeste a clean start; he succeeded in the end, and she won easily, hands down. Deslia, Ezekiel and Viking were acting very ugly all through the race.

Corrigan's Moylan won the third race in a romp from Boyle's Major Cook. But Corrigan did not get off so easy. Mr. Boyle boosted Moylan from $400 to $1,500, the result being that Mr. Corrigan was a loser by at least $800. This is what every owner of selling-platers should do. Neither Major Cook nor any other selling-plater had ony chance against Moylan. When a horse like this is put into a selling race for $400, his owner expecting to win a large amount by betting and not to be boosted, then certainly he has a right to expect charity play from his fellow horsemen.

Jones put up a magnificent ride on Strathmeath, winning in so long a distance as a mile and one-sixteenth by barely a nose. Had he been up on Red Glenn he would probably have won from Strathmeath by the same distance. Jones also showed judgment in his race on Salisbury II., taking him out in front and rating him along till he won handily by a length from the 1 to 2 favorite, Red Glenn.

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LIGHT VERSE

To the Woman of Fifty.

A fig for the maiden of bashful fifteen,
She's mawkish, and silly, and shifty.
Here's to society's genuine queen,
Here's to the woman of fifty!

Chorus:
Let the toast pass,
To the elderly lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the matron whose humor we prize!
Now the maiden of fifteen has none, sir!
She has only a pout, and a pair of doll's eyes;
The fifty year nymph is good fun, sir!

Chorus:
Let the toast pass,
To the cheery old lass!
I warrant she'll tell you a boy is an ass!

Bother the maid with a bosom of snow,
Rosy cheeks, and red lips like a cherry!
She's dull as a sermon ,she's not in the know,
And she's shocked if you're mellow or merry.

Chorus:
Let the toast pass,
To the jubilee lass!
The woman of fifty alone is first class!

The young'uns are awkward, and silly and slim,
A fifty-year girl's in full feather.
To fair, fat and fifty I fill to the brim,
Fifty knocks out fifteen altogether!

Chorus:
Let the toast pass,
Drink the old lass!
I'll warrant fifteen is not worthy a glass.

The Palace of Truth.

In a wondrous land that is far away,
Far over the seas of somewhere,
In a lovely vale where the sunlight spreads,
Kissing the leaves and the blossoms fair,
A broad river flows in a silent way
Under the shade of stately trees,
And never the sound of ripple nor wave
Breaks to die on the sightless breeze.

By the side of this stream that silent flows
Mid winding banks so green and fair,
Stands a wondrous palace that glimmers like
A fairy dream of marbled air.
The towers are tall and are crystalled o'er
And the walls glow in the sun rays,
In a thousand colors that come and go
In a thousand different ways.

The entrance is broad and no guard stands near,
And the halls are flooded with light,
And not a shadow of even itself
Finds rest in these regions so bright.
And nowhere is heard the sound of a voice,
No murmur nor echo afar,
No life save by day the great blazing sun,
And by night the glow of a star.

O the palace of truth is wondrous fair,
'Tis a marvel, a misty dream;
A realm in fancy of tower and dome,
And halls where the soft sunlights gleam.
'Tis a place where the gods alone might dwell,
This vision of dazzling delight,
Aflame in the face of the sun by day,
And aglow with the stars at night.

And it stands alone on the silent shore,
And the river runs noiseless by,
And it gleams and glows and it sparkles there
With not even an angel nigh.
And this glittering pile shall glimmer away
By that stream that silently flows,
Over the sea in the land of somewhere,
In that vale the soul alone knows.
—HENRY SEBASTIAN KIRK.

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Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of SanFrancisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 18, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for the Administrator.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Since the Sackville-West incident of eight years ago it has been impossible to obtain an expression of political opinion from any of the members of the diplomatic corps during the recent campaign. The women of the corps are nearly as cautious as their husbands, but last week at a luncheon, when the wife of one of the new Ministers was asked who was her favorite candidate, she said:

"Oh! I sink Mr. McKinley is one charmink man, but," she added as an afterthought, "I have no interest in your American politic."

Evidently this slip of the tongue came to the knowledge of her husband, for the next day her hostess received a diplomatically worded note from the little foreigner, saying that while she knew Mr. McKinley to be a charming man, she was sure Mr. Bryan was equally charming, and she wished it understood that between the two candidates she had no choice.

Metternich, the great Austrian statesman, owed to a single game of whist the greatest sorrow of his life. One evening, while he was engaged in his favorite game, an express arrived with dispatches from Galicia. He placed the papers on the mantelpiece, and went on playing all that night and far into the morning. When the party broke up he was horrified to learn that upon his immediate reply to the dispatches depended the fate of two thousand innocent persons. Had Metternich loved whist less passionately, history had never recorded the infamous Galician massacre.

A certain actor was playing the leading part in a melodrama. He was supposed to have run through a fortune and to contemplate suicide. Someone knocked at the door of his wretched garret. He hastily thrust his revolver into the drawer of the table at which he sat. An old solicitor entered and informed him that an uncle had died and left him half a million. "Half a million of money!" cried the would-be suicide, thus suddenly restrained. "What shall I do with it? What shall I do with it?" "Well, Harry," said a gallery boy, "I should buy a pair of boots—first!"

At the now famous Hill-Bryan dinner at Woolfert's Roost, it is said that Mrs. Bryan, to the great surprise of the guests, who had mutually agreed to sink politics, turned to Senator Hill, at whose side she sat, and said: "Senator Hill, why can you not support my husband for President?" Senator Hill, however, was equal to the emergency. "To answer that question, madam," said he, "would take a good deal of time, which I am sure you will agree with me, could be passed in the discussion of subjects more entertaining to you, and I hope to the rest of the company."

The late Archbishop of Canterbury had a coachman who was a decided character in his way. On a certain day, getting into a tight block among some cabmen, he indulged in a hearty swear—a rather frequent habit with him. His master heard him, and, putting his head out of the window, sternly remonstrated. "Beg your pardon, my lord," the old reprobate replied, "but I heard you tell them 'ere gents as was ordained last Sunday that if you don't speak to people in their own natural tongue you will never get 'em to understand you."

In his reminiscences Arditi tells a graceful story about Christine Nilsson. At a luncheon given in her honor by M. Hengel, a pretty incident occurred. A gentleman, who happened to make a complimentary remark on the shapely form and whiteness of her hands was rather taken aback when Mlle. Nilsson answered in her pleasant, outspoken way, "Those hands which you are good enough to admire have done a lot of work, for remember that they are peasant's hands, and were made to handle the plow."

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 48 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

A CRITICAL MOMENT

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 1896

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Wave" goes to press too early to treat fully of the Stanford-California football game. In next Saturday's number, however, will be found a complete, critical description of the athletic event of the year, together with a number of instantaneous photographs of the match while in progress.

THE FUNDING BILL.

That unfortunate, abused, misunderstood, and certainly, so far as we are locally concerned, wofully mismanaged measure, the funding bill, will doubtless be a special feature of the session of Congress that convenes in December. Discussion of this question has never gotten down to a consideration of its merits. In a general way the people understand that a large debt is due from the railway to the Government, which the debtor, on account of its inability to pay, is asking to have extended. For one reason and another, which more than often is no reason at all, a loud and noisy opposition has been raised to funding this indebtedness. As usual those who cry loudest for foreclosure and Government ownership know the least concerning the facts or the merits of the controversy. Neither have they any idea as to what results would follow or what harm or what good would come to this commonwealth by the defeat of the measure. The prevailing impression among those most ardently antagonistic is that by defeating the funding bill, we will injure the railroad company, and that by injuring the railroad company we will benefit the State. Local antagonism does not grow out of any knowledge or investigation of the subject, but rather out of a ferocious desire to "down the octopus." The judgment thus expressed has gone out to the world as being representative of the people of the State of California. To declare this judgment to be fair and impartial would require a very elastic and easily adjusted mental apparatus.

We must all admit the existence here of a certain hostile feeling, which is more than liable to creep into any judgment rendered by the noisy elements of our State, where the railroad is arrayed on one side against anybody else on the other. No man, just as his cause might be, would care to submit the issues of his case or the determination of his property rights to a jury composed of men whose mental attitude toward him was like unto the attitude of the noisy element of this community toward the railway. We are willing to concede that the railway company has its faults, but when one confesses that it is operated by human instrumentality one must not expect it to be wholly blameless. To fund the railway debt or not to fund it is purely a matter of business, and so it must be treated by Congress, regardless of the adverse sentiment which exists in this State. Indeed, it is of paramount importance to the State and to its people that the real issues be calmly discussed and the final verdict stripped of all vicious or hostile feeling. Any other method of arriving at a conclusion and any other character of conclusion is likely to lead us into a tangle which, while it may bring discomfiture to the railway company will likewise bring it to us as well, and to our industries an equal amount of disastrous consequences.

The facts of the case, simply stated, are these: The railway company entered into a contract with the Government to build a given line of road, in return for which the Government was to aid in the contemplated construction by loaning to the railway company a certain amount of its bonds, together with a grant of certain public lands. The bonds so issued to aid in the construction of this road were, according to the terms of the contract, to constitute a second mortgage upon the railway property. Of course, it is understood that no actual mortgage was ever made by the company to the Government, and that the instrument of indebtedness and its terms are contained in the acts of Congress alone, and that in seeking to enforce its lien the Government must proceed under these acts. But it must do more than this to reach the property; the first mortgage must be disposed of before actual possession may be secured. This involves on the part of the Government the expenditure of some $26,000,000, the amount of the first mortgage. It is conceded on all sides that the mortgaged line can be duplicated to-day in its entirety for approximately the amount of the first mortgage alone. At forced sale it might not bring even that amount. It is difficult to see how the Government will be benefited by a transaction of the kind proposed by the enemies to funding. Such a proceeding manifestly is loaded with untoward possibilities. It might be gratifying to those who hate the railroad to know that the corporation had been undone, but the indulgence of such a luxury would be a most expensive affair to the Government. Then, again, in such a suit as would follow the creditor, the United States, would come into court seeking equitable relief. It is a maxim as old as equity itself that, "He who seeks equity must do equity." If Jones contracts with Green, under an instrument containing mutual and reciprocal obligations, and Green fails to perform certain of the duties resting upon him, and Jones proceeds in equity to demand a specific performance or the enforcement of a stipulated penalty, Jones himself to secure a standing in court must have clean hands and be able to show, and he must show, that he has fulfilled all the obligations imposed by the contract upon him, else he cannot recover. This is a fundamental rule, to quarrel with which is useless. We state it now, and state it with a knowledge of the facts, available to any man who reads, that it is impossible for the Government to enter court, in this matter, and show clean hands. It is impossible for it to prove a performance of all the obligations imposed upon it by its own act of Congress. If this be so, and we have before now indicated wherein the Government is delinquent, then the proposition that it cannot proceed further is in the abstract unanswerable. So far as known this phase of the controversy has never received any consideration at the hands of the individuals who are so loudly opposing the funding bill.

After the funding measure is defeated the Government's troubles will begin. There is no recourse against the stockholders, should the amount realized from the sale of the property fall short of the mortgage indebtedness. The Supreme Court of the United States has already held that no individual liability rests on the stockholder, and it is therefore idle to discuss that phase of the matter. At one time the opponents of funding placed great stress upon the ability of the Government to proceed against the individual stockholders and mulct them, every man Jack of them protested that it could be done. Happily, however that question is now out of the realms of discussion. It has been finally and conclusively determined in favor of the stockholders. This false hope which had been raised by the railroad's opponents having been removed, the question has dwindled down to one as to whether the Government could recoup itself by a forced sale of the property. It is so plain that it could not do so that this is a question which cannot be seriously advanced by any thinking man. The question, then, arises, What is best for the Government to do? The railroad's proposition to the Government is practically this: That their debt be extended for a given term of years, and as an inducement to obtain such legislation the corporation, to better ensure the payment of the debt, agrees to further secure the Government by including within the new mortgage additional property not covered by the present lien, which seems to be on its face a fair business proposal.

The anti-railroad press has sneered a good deal at the equities which the railroad claims in its favor against the Government, but they are not a sneering matter. In a court of equity they would develop into obstructions which would prove extremely serious and embarrassing to the Government. The proposition of refunding practically wipes out every one of these equities. It, in point of fact, starts anew and condones, if you please, the past delinquencies of the Government, and estops the railway company from pleading the confessed failure of the Government to keep the obligations imposed upon it by Congress itself. The merits of the funding bill have been so hidden by lies, distorted truths and vicious misrepresentations of fact, that the press has not, as we have said, come down to discussing the merits of the bill, and therefore the people have but a hazy knowledge of it. It is safe to say that a convention of bankers or men whose business it is to loan money and take mortgages would, under similar circumstances, be glad of an opportunity to extend the debt upon the terms proposed, rather than take the property with all the chances of loss staring them in the face.

THE "ENGLISH COURSES" OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

In the "announcement of courses" published annually by the faculty of the University of California the reader cannot fail to be impressed with the number and scope of the hours devoted by the students to recitations and lectures upon the subject of "literature." At the head of this department is Professor Gayley (the same gentleman who is to edit the volumes of Shakespeare for Macmillan at the expense of the State of California.) Be pleased for a moment to consider these "literary" courses. They comprise "themes" written by the student, the subject chosen by the instructor and the matter found in text books and encyclopedias. They further include lectures, delivered by associate professors, who, in their turn have taken their information from text books and "manuals" written by other professors in other colleges. The student is taught to "classify." "Classification" is the one thing desirable in the eyes of the professors of "literature" of the University of California. The young Sophomore, with his new, fresh mind, his active brain and vivid imagination, with ideas of his own, crude, perhaps, but first hand, not cribbed from text books. This type of young fellow, I say, is taught to "classify," is set to work counting the "metaphors" in a given passage. This is actually true—tabulating them, separating them from the "similes," comparing the results. He is told to study sentence structure. He classifies certain types of sentences in De Quincey and compares them with certain other types of sentences in Carlyle. He makes the wonderful discovery—on suggestion from the instructor—that De Quincey excelled in those metaphors and similes relating to rapidity of movement. Sensation!

In his Junior and Senior years he takes up the study of Milton, of Browning, of the drama of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English comedy, of advanced rhetoric, and of aesthetics. "Aesthetics," think of that! Here, the "classification" goes on as before. He classifies "lyrics" and "ballads." He learns to read Chaucer as it was read in the fourteenth century, sounding the final e; he paraphrases Milton's sonnets, he makes out "skeletons" and "schemes" of certain prose passages. His enthusiasm is about dead now; he is ashamed of his original thoughts and of those ideas of his own that he entertained as a Freshman and Sophomore. He has learned the write "themes" and "papers" in the true academic style, which is to read some dozen text books and encyclopedia articles on the subject, and to make over the results in his own language. He has reduced the writing of "themes" to a system. He knows what the instructor wants, he writes accordingly, and is rewarded by first and second sections. The "co-eds" take to the "classification" method even better than the young men. They thrive and fatten intellectually on the regime. They consider themselves literary. They write articles on the "Philosophy of Dante" for the college weekly, and after graduation they "read papers" to literary "circles" composed of post-graduate "co-eds," the professors' wives and daughters and a very few pale young men in spectacles and black cutaway coats. After the reading of the "paper" follows the "discussion," aided and abetted by cake and lemonade. This is literature! Isn't it admirable!

The young man, the whilom Sophomore, affected with original ideas, does rather different. As said, by the time he is a Junior or Senior, he has lost all interest in the "literary" courses. The "themes" must be written, however, and the best way is the easiest. This is how he oftimes goes about it: He knows just where he can lay his hands upon some fifty to a hundred "themes" written by the members of past classes, that have been carefully collected and preserved by enterprising students. It will go hard if he cannot in the pile find one upon the subject in hand. He does not necessarily copy it. He rewrites it in his own language. Do you blame him very much? Is his method so very different from that in which he is encouraged by his professor; viz., the cribbing—for it is cribbing—from text books? The "theme" which he rewrites has been cribed in the first place.

The method of English instruction of the University of California often develops capital ingenuity in the student upon whom it is practiced. We know of one young man—a Senior—who found himself called upon to write four "themes," yet managed to make one—re-written four times—do for the four. This was the manner of it. The four "themes" called for were in the English, chemical,

German and military courses respectively. The young fellow found a German treatise on the manufacture of gunpowder, translated it, made four copies, and by a little ingenuity passed it off in the four above named departments. Of course the thing is deplorable, yet how much of the blame is to be laid at the door of the English faculty?

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the literary courses of the University of California do not develop literary instincts among the students who attend them. The best way to study literature is to try to produce literature. It is original work that counts, not the everlasting compiling of facts, not the tabulating of metaphors, nor the rehashing of text books and encyclopædia articles.

They order this matter better at Harvard. The literary student at Cambridge has but little to do with lectures, almost nothing at all with text books. He is sent away from the lecture room and told to look about him and think a little. Each day he writes a theme, a page if necessary, a single line of a dozen words if he likes; anything, so it is original, something he has seen or thought, not read of, not picked up at second hand. He may choose any subject under the blue heavens from a pun to a philosophical reflection, only let it be his own. Once every two weeks he writes a longer theme, and during the last six weeks of the year, a still longer one, in six weekly installments. Not a single suggestion is offered as to subject. The result of this system is a keenness of interest that draws three hundred men to the course and that fill the benches at every session of the class. The class room work consists merely in the reading by the instructor of the best work done, together with his few critical comments upon it by the instructor in charge. The character of the themes produced under this system is of such high order that it is not rare to come across one of them in the pages of the first-class magazines of the day. There is no sufficient reason to suppose that the California collegians are intellectually inferior to those of the Eastern States. It is only a question of the means adopted to develop the material.

SOME PLAIN AFTER-ELECTION TALK.

BY ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

It was a famous victory which the Republican party in California achieved on the third of November. It was a victory won with a handicap and won against odds — a victory as surprising to the victors as to the vanquished, and, politically speaking, as unmerited as it was surprising.

The campaign of the Republicans in California was well conducted. The conduct of it could scarcely have been in better hands, yet the victory was narrowly won, and the cause for which the party contended was at all times in serious jeopardy. It was in jeopardy because the position of the Republican party and its leaders in this State was anomalous and compromising. In paraphrase of Josh Billings, it might be said that the Republican leaders had set a trap for themselves, had gotten into it themselves, and had caught a fine assortment of political idiots; and they would have remained in that trap until the votes were counted had it not been to the interest of Sound-money Democrats to come to their rescue and let them out.

It is in the hope that Republican leaders in California may learn wisdom from their recent predicament that their attention is invited to this "Plain After-election Talk."

The first impression made upon the mind by the free-coinage idea was that the free coinage of silver would make more money, and, one finding himself in financial straits, knows that, above all things else, what he needs is more money, and his natural status is therefore favorable towards any enterprise that promises more money.

California is a great mining State. Its sympathies are by tradition and interest with the mining industry. Its trade with mining States and Territories is considerable, and its natural inclination is, therefore, to champion any cause which the mining industry regards as its cause.

Two years ago last spring a political boss had full control in the Republican State Convention of a practically solid San Francisco delegation. It was his to sell or trade on, and with that resource at his command he was able to control the convention and party, and did control it. This political boss owned and had made a fortune out of a silver mine in Mexico, and was therefore directly interested in enhancing the price of silver in all possible ways. One way, as he conceived, was to commit the Republican party in California to a free coinage policy, and, having the San Francisco delegation to trade on, and other delegations to trade for, he accomplished his purpose without scruple and without opposition.

These tendencies and this fact show how it was that the Republican party in California early became committed to an ill-considered policy in direct antagonism to the policy of the party nationally and to the best interests of the Republic. Once started on that road it was followed inertly until a barrier was reached in the form of the Republican platform adopted at St. Louis. Republican speakers committed themselves to the same policy; a Republican legislature memorialized Congress on behalf of it; Republican Representatives in Congress spoke and worked for it; and the latest Republican State Convention convened at the very dawning of the day of reckoning, reaffirmed its championship of the free silver cause, and was straightway confronted by the dizzy brink of the political jumping-off place.

And yet there never was at any time among Republican leaders in California, or among the Republican rank and file, a deep-seated conviction that the free and unlimited coinage of silver by this nation alone would be successful if attempted.

The writer was a member of the Republican State Convention which assembled at Sacramento last spring, and was extremely anxious that the Republican party in California should put itself into harmony with what he knew was Republican sentiment throughout the nation. He was anxious for this because he believed the national position of the Republican party both right and politic. With his head full of this he proceeded to pick out and talk with twenty Republican delegates and leaders in the convention, in whom he had confidence, with the view of inducing them to call a halt and order a retreat while there was yet time to retreat in good order. He met with no encouragement. Nineteen of the twenty persons interviewed confessed that, so far as they were personally concerned, they had small faith in the free coinage idea, but insisted that it was popular with the people, and would therefore have to go into the platform. The twentieth man was a rabid free coinage man, and probably voted for Bryan.

Thus it was that, when at last the national campaign opened, with the Republican party championing the cause of sound money, the Republican organization in California found itself in a most unenviable predicament. Arguments advanced in support of the position taken by the party were promptly answered with quotations from the same speakers or papers venturing the argument. Out of their own mouths were our speakers and writers confounded, and to the committee in charge was committed the herculean task of undoing in three months an educational work which the party papers and speakers and platform-makers had been as many years in doing. It was the supreme weakness of the Republican campaign in this State that nearly all Republican orators and writers were quoted with more or less effect against themselves, and that the State was saved to the Republican party and for sound money and sound politics is primarily due to the fact that California possesses some thousands of Democrats of such patriotic integrity as to possess deep-seated convictions, and to prefer them to party. Without these allies, the utmost that the Republican managers of the campaign could have done would have been unavailing in the face of such desperate odds.

The Republican party is about to resume the responsibility of administering the affairs of this Republic, and it must put into operation a positive and aggressive policy. In opposition to its policy there will speedily be formed a more perfect coalition of the elements of disorganization, hesitancy, and demagogy. If the Republican party would continue in power it must not falter in confronting this opposition. The people must be educated on right lines and from the very outset, and those who would educate must prepare themselves for the work of education. There must be no more drifting, reckless of cataracts, with every popular wave that sweeps over the earth. The lesson of '96 ought to warn Republicans to beware of 1900. Twenty-five thousand more votes for Bryan properly distributed in doubtful States would have elected him and ushered in an era of history-making such as the world has not seen. Confronted by the unknowable possibilities of such an era, the tongue of the prophet is dumb.

During the past four years there has been no cessation in the Populist propaganda, and there may not be any in the four years to come. The silver-mine owners will not suffer the silver issue to rest. The people will have the doctrine of discontent preached to them as heretofore. The wave of socialism which swept across the Atlantic a decade since has not spent its force. The return of a fair degree of prosperity will do much to stem these adverse tides, but will not do all that needs to be done. The virus of class-hatred has sunken deeper than most men dream of, and those who believe in sound principles and a safe but progressive national policy cannot afford to be silent or to trust the education of the people to time-serving politicians or public journals.

For a few months past intellectual men and men of affairs have been mightily concerned, and the educational work they have done cannot be overestimated; but three months' courses once in four years will not keep the people abreast of the times in economic learning. The people must be taken into the confidence of these educators and be told the straight truth, to the end that these educators may be taken into the confidence of the people, and be believed when they speak.

It is good news for Republicans that the present headquarters of the Republican organization at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco is to be kept open during the interim before the next campaign; but a pleasant loafing place for Republicans who visit the city is not of itself designed to meet the exigency.

Books should be opened and an accurate poll made of all the voters in each precinct in the State, and this poll list should be corrected and made complete prior to the opening of the campaign two years hence. Such list should set out the political affiliations and tendencies of each voter, as well as his occupation and standing. During the recent campaign none of the committees possessed adequate means of reaching all the people with their literature, and much of it was wasted.

Means should be devised for keeping in touch with the party's leaders in the nation, and with the evolution of party policies, that Republicans in California may know what Republicans elsewhere are doing and thinking.

The party leaders in this State should be brought together two or more times each year for the purpose of taking counsel together as to party policy and party education, to the end that uniformity of sentiment may be preserved and one-man-power be prevented.

The rural press of the State, or so much of it as is Republican in sentiment, should be organized into a compact league, and be made auxiliary and helpful in the education of public sentiment along correct lines.

Means should be devised (and this would not be a difficult matter), for keeping the Central Committee constantly in touch with public sentiment in all parts of the State at all times. This is very important, and has not heretofore been done. Party leaders have mistaken their own sentiment for public sentiment, and have therefore led the party far afield when there was a straight and narrow way which could have easily been taken had the managers known of it.

Finally, a competent literary bureau should be kept constantly in operation — not lavishly, but judiciously — publishing among the people correct information and sound doctrine, to the end that the people may not be led astray by political sophists and charlatans. The forces of disorganization have promised to be astir from this time forth, and shall the forces which make for order and progress along prudent lines abandon the field to these for all save three or four months out of two or four years?

To embody the foregoing suggestions into a practical mechanism and put them into sustained operation will require some effort and some means, but the exigency demands it, and if done, it will do much towards relieving the party of that wasteful hurly-burly incident to a three months' campaign once in two or four years. The ground will at least be put in good tillage for the final efforts, and at all events will save the party from having to undo in months what it has been years in doing. It will enable leaders to form convictions, convictions will challenge confidence, and the people will follow those in whom they can confide, and not others. Exult as we may over our narrow victory, the fact nevertheless remains that the late campaign has greatly shaken the confidence of the people of California in the men who have heretofore led them, and without confidence in leadership society becomes a mob. The restoration of this confidence is the first duty ot the hour, and that it may be restored the leaders must themselves learn what is right and stand for it.

COMMUNICATION.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 24th, 1896.

To the Editor of "The Wave," Wave Building, Montgomery street, San Francisco: Sir;—On page three of your issue of November 21st, there is a most interesting article on the subject of "University Competition." The article was evidently inspired by commendable feeling, and I think that members of our profession will generally concede that it is a most timely publication.

What I would like to ask of the writer is, on what grounds does he base his belief that there will be any competition for any buildings of the University of the State of California? It seems to me that if he has been a careful reader of the newspapers he would have seen that from September, 1895, the Board of Regents of the University of California had put themselves on record as being opposed to competitions, and as not recognizing architecture as a profession. The fact that they have ignored, or attempted to ignore, as far as they can be upheld by the legal authorities of the State, the rights of architects and builders, seems to preclude the possibility of there being any competition.

A letter which was written to President Kellogg in September, 1895, calling his attention to the fact that the law required a competition, did not prevent the Regents from going ahead until they were called to time by the Atorney General. When a certain member of my profession called upon Mr. Reinstein for information that gentleman held up a hand full of cards, and said: "Look a here, dese are all from fellows like you, architects, and I am going to put up a sign on the outside of my door that we don't want any architects coming here to annoy us and stop our business." Later on, when the caller to whom this exclamation was made had obtained some recognition through his legal representative and had forced the Regents into a so-called competition, he again waited on Mr. Reinstein and asked why he would not consent to allow the Professor of Architecture at the University to prepare a programme. To this Mr. Reinstein replied: "That fellow is a freak; we don't any of us regard him seriously, and we don't regard you seriously when you ask anything of the sort."

Very inconsistently Mr. Reinstein at the present time seems to be availing himself of the talent which was on that occasion called to his attention. While those of our profession who know Mr. Maybeck will not dispute the fact that he is a freak, you will find we are unanimous on the point that he has a very great regard for architecture as an art, and has undoubtedly the ability to direct such a competition as Mr. Reinstein assumes that he is to direct.

However, the main point at issue is this: If, when we had the State behind us prescribing a competition by law, and have been denied it and ignored, what reason is there for your correspondent to worry himself about the proposition that bears on the face of it the stamp of an advertising scheme, the like of which would paralyze a Kearny street clothier?

There is a great deal being said about the competition for the public school buildings in San Francisco, and there was a great deal said about the Board of Supervisors and their "solid seven or nine," or whatever it may have been, at the time of the competition for the building on the site of the old City Hall, but those who have watched the proceedings carefully are agreed that the Board of Supervisors and the Board that controls the letting of contracts for the public schools have treated our profession in a most considerate and generous manner compared with the manner in which we have been mistreated by the Board of Regents. From politicians and gentlemen engaged in public strife of all sorts, we have received what is comparatively the very greatest consideration and kindness. From the Regents, who are undoubtedly the most dignified and respectable public body in the State, who represent par excellence, the intelligence of this State, and who are personally the representatives of great wealth and from whom we have the right to look for the greatest consideration, we receive an outrageous affront, which far excells anything that the Board of Supervisors or the Board of Education or any other old Board ever dared or presumed, even in the early days to inflict upon a profession or trade. Mild protest, expostulation, explanation, beggary, entreaty, are received alike with perfect indifference.

Now, you may know, Mr. Editor, that it is impossible to obtain competition in the matter of plans from any first-class architect without they are paid at least something. It will be well simply to watch this matter and keep tab of these gentlemen who are so anxious to obtain international competition, for their record here would seem to indicate that your contributor will have a little game right to his liking—should he live long enough. Very truly,

A. C. SCHWEINFURTH.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

We all experienced the tremors of the last campaign, and while hoping that for once Vox Populi might prove Voi Dei, entertained lively fears that Bryan, wind and ruin might prevail. No one has put the situation more neatly than Bob Ingersoll. The story comes direct from Tom Reed and is authentic. With the great agnostic, the ex-Speaker was discussing the campaign, then happily decided. Congratulations had been exchanged, the issues touched upon and the common sense of the nation at arriving at right commented on.

"Did you ever fear for the result?" asked Reed.

"Well," returned Ingersoll, I felt a good deal the way Madame de Stael did when some one asked her if she believed in ghosts. 'No,' she replied, 'but I'm afraid of them.'"

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A question of real moment in San Francisco's political circles concerns the ownership of the new Board of Supervisors. It is said that certain of its members owe allegiance to Boss Rainey, and others will take orders from Boss Lanigan—the aspiring rulers of the local Democracy. Among the twelve is a certain tailor named Sheehan, a respectable, ambitious, Young Men's Institute, N. S. G. W. candidate for political honors, in whom it is said Rainey holds a two-thirds interest and Lanigan the remainder. Considering the interests are undivided and frequently antagonistic, the situation is embarrassing for all concerned. It behooves Lanigan to mitigate Rainey or the latter to eliminate his rival's ownership. As Mr. Sheehan conceives himself free and independent it must be evident that this struggle for the complete possession of him must be carried on without his knowledge or suspicion. A few weeks ago Mr. Lanigan blossomed out in an elegant new suit of clothes, of the Scotch plaid variety, carefully quilted with satin, accompanied by a silken lined overcoat. The tag bore the imprint of "Sheehan, tailor." The news of this maneuver was carried by a zealous emissary to Sam Rainey, who immediately hied to the supervisoral tailoring parlor for a new outfit—calculating the cost of clothing his unusual bulk would compensate for his rival's precedence. Not to be outdone, Lanigan ordered a black cloth Sunday cutaway with trousers to harmonize, and Sam, to keep pace, has had to buy extra suits for both himself and Eddie Greaney. This novel resplendence of raiment on the part of its superiors has attracted the deepest interest throughout "de push," but it does seem as though both bosses would be converted into first-class dudes and their following completely alienated ere Mr. Sheehan declares for either.

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Happiness is seldom undiluted, success is inevitably mitigated by conditions, theories or shadows. The Supreme Court decision which extended the terms of certain county officials from two years to four, unfortunately subjects those hold-over personages to the rigors of Legislative regulation. The House and the Senate are to be called upon to decide the degree and manner of their remuneration, and to determine the detail and conduct of their assistance and duties. For instance, County Clerk Curry is no longer an autocratic person presiding over a legion of deputies at salaries prescribed by the Consolidation Act. The salary and perquisites, the number and remuneration of his underlings may, at any time, be reduced by the Legislature. This wisdom of the Solons assembled may dictate that court room clerks shall no longer enjoy one hundred and seventy-five of the people's dollars per month, but shall live and work for a beggarly one hundred thereof. They may shave the forces by which Sheriff Whelan hopes to get back to office, and, indeed, may reduce at will the excellent check which rewards his services every month. The imminence of this danger is keenly appreciated at the City Hall, and preparations to ward off the blow are in progress. The material for an active lobby is in training, and he will indeed be an independent assemblyman who cannot out of his opportunities acquire pull enough to obtain municipal office through two years of peace and plenty.

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However staid, virtuous and respectable the inhabitants of British Columbia are, they have proved themselves no better than the rest of the Coast at resisting a mining excitement. A full fledged boom has had full swing in that proper British principality for many months past, and speculation has so absorbed resources and destroyed credit that most dealers who have Victorian accounts are hedging at a great rate. Indeed, a collapse is at hand, and it means an inconceivably Black Monday for our northern neighbors. The flare is all over the Kootenay and Rosslyn region—a territory stretching along the borders of Trail Creek. It is a strange formation which occurs there, and many a prospector has tested it without obtaining a color for his pains. Yet, gold there is, but to obtain it the rock must be smelted. Though no rough analysis shows anything worth the having, this process produces the precious metal in dividend-paying quantities. The fortunate discoverer of this condition made a fortune in no time, and his good luck attracted innumerable speculators, who staked out the country around, and on the strength of a carefully fostered boom, have been planting stock in every happy home throughout the Colony. Not a servant girl but has shares, not a citizen but has invested. The crash which seems imminent will spread ruin throughout the northern country. Indeed, the promoters and dealers have conducted their operations on the most approved Pine-street principles.

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The Rosalie mine, that southern bonanza into which Superintendent Daggett persuaded half the Mint and all his friends, is turning out better than even the doughty proprietor anticipated. They ceased work for a season because the hand pump which was the sole water raising appliance, failed to keep dry the lower levels. Now they have a gasoline engine there and have again begun shipping rich ore by the carload. A low rate has been obtained from the railroad, and the chances are that the stockholders will make fortunes. It is certainly one of the richest properties in Mexico. It is interesting to learn what evidence it was that persuaded Mr. Daggett into this investment. No mine is much more at the start than a hole in the ground, but close by this property there were the ruins of a magnificent church, veritably a cathedral, massive, stately and beautiful; around, the country is mountainous and barren, and in order to support so fine a cathedral there must have been some great source of revenue. What could it have been but the mine? Thus the Mint Superintendent argued, and on the strength of his reasoning he purchased the property. Subsequently he persuaded his friends to invest, and incurred the denunciations of Congressman Maguire, who spoke of the Santa Rosalie as a bunco mine, and made its reputation. Perhaps it is unnecessary to tell those who have watched the honorable career of the Congressman in question to be told that Mr. Daggett declines to have Gallaghers in the Mint.

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"The 'Call' speaks for all," so Mr. Shortridge says on his front page and outside his Market street window. Perhaps the editor from San Jose has not made the best or brightest newspaper in the world. Some of us think he could have put his opportunities to better advantage. It cannot be gainsaid that he has run a decent paper, however. Abuse and caricature him how you please, the "Call," during his management of its destinies, has neither wronged nor injured nor outraged any one. One may have asked better English and finer discretion, but you found in its columns the news alone that was fit to print. Most of us who know Mr. Shortridge are aware that he brought certain journalistic eccentricities of an amusing and entertaining character from San Jose, but among them were none of those libellous proclivities which desecrate homes and destroy reputations. With all his peculiarities, Mr. Shortridge has refrained from poisoning the minds of his readers with vulgar sensations, or indecent innuendoes. You read it without fear or trembling and permitted it without apprehension to be read by your little ones. In other words, Mr. Shortridge gave us nothing a bit like the "Examiner," and the Lord be thanked therefor. I have often thought when listening to the "Call's" critics, of the pity and shame of what is called journalistic enterprise. How well we could spare the fake Sunday edition, the unsparing and cruel roast, the brilliant and scathing denunciation of this individual or the other, who has dared aspire to office or gathered by judgment a few dollars. It is quite true the "Call" is not in it with the "Examiner," and we have all good reason to be glad this is the case, for the "Examiner is a curse and a nuisance. It is a hoodlum bully, a mischief-maker, a tattler, gossip and scandal monger. The editing of the "Call" leaves much to be desired, but as to comparing it with the "Examiner"—as well contrast the country gentleman and the flash sport. As to the "Monarch's" cartoons—one cannot see where Mr. Shortridge is especially an object of pity. He has an organ to reply in if he will, and it is hard to sympathize with an athlete who is fool enough to let a tough punch his head and refrains out of mistaken principle from punishing him. What the "Call" need only do to attract admiration and well wishers is to return its enemies as good as they give. It is not as though there were nothing to fling back.

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The trials and tribulations of the whaling industry defy the meager justice which the resources of a single paragraph afford. A volume might cover the subject. The difficulty about whaling is the uncertainty of whales. These mammals decline to be regulated by any signal service reporter and refuse in their migrations to respect precedent or the ambitions of the Arctic Oil Works. The consequence is a skipper may cruise the northern latitudes, trying conclusions with icebergs and Polar bears, endangering life and limb in a mangy old tub, encountering the perils of storm, wave and Esquimeaux, and all without sighting a spout or capturing a yard of whalebone. I listened recently to the mournful reminiscences of Captain Green, a hardy mariner of much experience, who, after many years of laboring at the oil industry, retired to a raisin ranch at Fresno. Owing to the decline of raisins, however, he took to the ocean again, equipped a vessel and sailed into the latitudes of winter. There he found an antique steam whaler, the Reindeer, and for two long and weary years they have kept each other company, in the close knit sisterhood of misfortune. Once, during the second year, they sighted a whale, and Captain Green encompassed its capture—a bowhead, it was, and no great prize. Tiring of cold, salt and ill-luck, the twain decided at last to go south for rest and provisions. They started together, when something broke on the Reindeer, and she was condemned to delay until the damage might be repaired. How the gallant skipper cursed the misfortune which detained him among the icebergs! How he railed at fate! Two days later a school of whales hove in sight. The Captain and crew dashed upon them, and in four hours had killed a dozen giants, which meant, at ruling prices, at least $60,000 worth of whalebone. However, it often happens in the Arctic, as in the world, that the darkest moment of misfortune is the dusk that preceded the advent of prosperity.

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The elaborate investigation of City Hall affairs which is being pursued in the search after economies, has revealed a curious survival of war times in the shape of an unsuspected perquisite of the Tax Collector's office. The Consolidation Act was created soon after the Civil War, and in the midst of the excitement and patriotism its vicissitudes had engendered. It provided an appropriation of $3000 per annum for the Tax Collector for the work of preparing a roster of the city's fighting men. Imagine it, ye respectable and conservative citizens, that most of you are enrolled and tabulated upon Mr. Block's list of available warriors, and for the time and trouble he had in ascertaining that you are available as fighters, he has collected just $3000 from the city's treasury—that depleted treasury which is so often exhausted against reasonable demands. We are now, as General Miles told us, protected by heavy armor against invasion of hostile navies, and there is no need to fear the depredations of Chilian or British warships, but through the long days when the sole organ of defense was the bow-legged battery at Fort Mason—think what a source of consolation it would have been had the community but known of of that roster of fighting men — had it but realized the defensive possibilities which the Tax Collector's office contained! Yet, all through these years the city has paid out its moneys, and a succession of Tax Collectors have waxed rich on this reminiscence of the patriotic impulses which Thomas Starr King awoke in the west.

LOIE FULLER — A CONTRAST

An Angelic Vision and the Presence That Appeared.

"Here she comes."

A gentleman of great dignity, who had been shivering in a dress suit about the vestibule of the California Theater for over an hour, made the exclamation, and the little crowd composed of two of the most prominent dramatic managers of the city, the city editor of one of the leading dailies, a famous actor, a musician of wide reputation and several other equally important personages, stirred excitedly and ran together with a great craning of necks. Even the imperturbable ticket seller thrust his head out of the box office, and the driver of the fire engine of the adjacent station, who had been offering to bet his wages that the planet Mars was Mr. Collins' air ship, promptly forgot the great matter and his own tremendous dignity in the wave of common excitement.

A hack had driven up to the curb. The dignified gentleman in the dress suit rushed out upon the sidewalk, and opened the door; a policeman appeared, and stood at "attention."

"That's she," said the city editor breathlessly. A group of some half dozen people got out of the hack and came across the sidewalk and into the glare of the light in the theater's vestibule. It was a kind of procession, very solemn. The dignified gentleman in the dress suit banged the carriage door and fell in behind at a respectful distance. The group drew near. There was a great silence.

Loie Fuller was but ten feet away.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment.

As said, there were some half dozen people in the group (I cannot see how so many could crowd into the small carriage—it is probable that some ran behind). But which one of the group was Loie? The eye ran over it rapidly in the attempt to single out the dancer of two continents. You looked for a tall, willowy creature, very French in appearance, gifted with a dashing, bewitching sort of beauty, chic, stunning—the kind of girl that results from the American type when it is Parisianized. There was a little child in the group, a middle-aged lady of intensely respectable demeanor, a maid with bundles, two nondescript gentlemen, and last of all a short young woman in a cape coat. But where was Loie? Suddenly you realize that the center of all attraction was the short cape-coated young woman, and you looked at her again with great attention. There could be no mistake, that—that was Loie.

Why, she wore glasses! Why, she was not willowy! Why, she was not even stylish! She was short and inclined to stoutness, with round cheeks and a retrousse nose, and was dressed with an unstudied plainness that was exasperating. She was not pretty, she was not even of that distingue ugliness that has made many actresses famous. It was worse than all that. Loie Fuller's face was the face of a bonne bourgeoise, and that face surmounting the short, plump figure gave to one a vivid impression of a domesticity (I can think of no other word that applies better) of a domesticity that was the last, the very last suggestion you expected to receive. You might have seen that little woman selling tape behind a Polk street counter, or sorting letters in a country postoffice, or making tea in a thirty dollar flat.

And this, the dancer who electrified Paris with her dance of "Salome," who dances the great "Fire Dance," the "White Dance," and I don't know what all. What a blow to one's ideal. The fabric of your fancy crumbled to ordinary dust in an instant. Your felt disappointed, defrauded. Stern reality gripped you with a grip of iron, and in an instant shook out of your head all your romance, all your beautiful imaginations.

It is a cruel world.

The dancer of "Salome" in glasses. Now think of that!

"The main business of the 'Punch' dinner," Mr. Lucy says, "is to produce the cartoon of the coming week. It is essentially political in subject and treatment, and, as Du Maurier used modestly to say, politics was one of the few things of which he knew absolutely nothing. Practically he took very little part in the keen discussion that leads up to the conception of the cartoon. But he closely followed it, and occasionally flashed in a suggestion, eagerly seized, tossed about, pancake-making fashion, and in the main adopted. It was after the conclusion of stern business that Ki Ki came to the front. When, as was his custom of summer nights, he took off his coat, lolled back in his chair, lit another of his illimitable cigarettes, and began to talk, he loomed largest at the table. He was a delightful conversationalist, his talk lambent with fancy and humor. Those who have never had the pleasure of sitting in his company will find a satisfying reflex in his novels. When he discovered, to his own amazement, that, in addition to being a great artist, he was a born literary man, he created and established his phenomenal success by refraining from strained effort. I do not know any writer whose printed works are more like his ordinary talk than some of the best passages in 'Peter Ibbetson' and 'Trilby' are to Ki Ki's after-dinner talk at the 'Punch' table. In reading them I can hear his pleasant voice with its musical intonation of every syllable, a gift that came to him with his French birth."

William Waldorf Astor proposes to erect in the heart of Wall street one of the finest buildings in the world. It will cost four million dollars, and will front on Broadway.

A PUGILIST'S PHYSIOGNOMY

Reflections on Fitzsimmons' Chinlessness and Some Old-Time Memories.

I have been over the bay to see Fitzsimmons punch the bag. He is an interesting study. The professors of the queer science of physiognomy would find his a hard nut to crack. It is their most sacred theory that a weak chin is evidence of lack of will power. Now, Fitzsimmons has almost no chin. Here is a game fighter and a wicked puncher with a rudimentary chin. Where, then, is your comportable theory? He is, besides, what "the fancy" call "a heady fighter," being sharp and shifty and an excellent ring tactician. Yet he has no chin. Again, he fights with his mouth open. That is to say, he breathes through his mouth when a little winded. Here is another crux for the physiognomist, who insists likewise that an open mouth is unmistakable evidence of a weak character For the hour during which I watched him play a solo on the windbag, he had his mouth open all the time, and it was the same way when he was sparring with his chopping blocks.

The visitors were more amusing than the pugilist. The enthusiasm with which they broke into rounds of applause when Julian called time on a bout with the bag was eloquent of the high respect in which they held the eminent fisticuffer. It was not at all that he had done anything so very remarkable, but merely an expression of one form of adoration of the holy fist.

Billy Jordan was full of interesting talk. He has been going to prize fights for forty years and more. With what enthusiasm he spoke of the fine times of the fight between Chandler and Dorney Harris, the Lord knows how many years ago.

"Yes, indeed," he ejaculated, "there was men in them days, and they all had twenty dollar pieces in their pockets, not the shoemakers that's goin' around now. I remember that day or the fight between Harris and Chandler we took the men over in a steamer, and were going to land on the Marin county shore over there, and the Sheriff of Marin, he came down to the bank, and he says to us: 'For God's sake, boys, don't land here. I want to see the fight myself, and if you land here I'll have to stop it. Take me over to the Contra Costa shore.' And sure enough we did, and Harry Morse—he was Sheriff on that side—he seen us and drove off in the direction of San Jose.'

"Yes, sir, the Sheriff of Marin was a —— of a good fellow, and he saw that fight all right. They took in $18,000 gate money on that fight, and we were to have it in a big bull pen down in San Mateo, but the Sheriff came and told us we must stop it. I says to the boys, 'Let's tie this man up,' but Bill Higgins, he wouldn't have it, said he'd be responsible for breaking the law. I told him: 'We won't hurt the man—just tie him up and let him see the fight,' but Bill wouldn't have it, and we had to give it up that day.

"Why, sir, there was another fight we pulled off here on the Marin shore, and that day Nobby Clarke and twenty-five policemen came aboard the steamer to stop the fight. We never let one of them go ashore. Oh, yes, they saw the fight all right—saw it from the steamer. One of them that tried to swim ashore got nearly drowned, and had to sit up on a rock in his wet clothes.

"You remember the time they had the Sunday law in this State—had all the theaters closed up Sunday nights? Well, sir, Joe Coburn was out here, and wanted to get up a benefit. I says to him: 'You go and hire Maguire's opera house for Sunday night, and I'll be your master of ceremonies, and we'll give you a good benefit.' He did, sure enough, but Bill Higgins he came to me and he says, 'Billy, if you go into that thing you'll get pulled up sure enough.' 'No,' says I, 'I won't. Frank McCoppin is Mayor, and he won't do a thing.' Well, we had our show on Sunday night, and the very next Sunday the Bella Union opened. That was the last of the Sunday law in California."

Despite the race of "shoemakers," which now afflicts the land, Mr. Jordan was fain to admit that there is more money now in prize fighting, at least for the man who fights, than there ever was before.

"Now, that $18,000," he said. "Harris and Chandler got very little of that. Con Mooney and Squealing Jack took most of it."

"Squealing Jack?"

"Yes. Jack Alger. We used to call him that because he had a squeaky voice."

To return to our studies of physiognomy: Fitzsimmons has the face of a weasel; Sharkey has the face of a sheep. Neither gives any indication of the character of the man. Sharkey always impresses me with the solemnity and beauty of a fire hydrant, and like that statuesque object it takes a monkey wrench to get anything out of him. He is a willing fighter, of course, and he does not know what fear is, nor does he know anything else. Physiognomy won't do to bet on when it comes to fighting.

BOSWELL JR.

THE FIREPLACE IN THE COLONIAL ROOM

The big Yerkes telescope in the observatory of the Chicago University will be ready for use next month. The disks for the lens were cast in Paris more than four years ago on an order for the University of Southern California. They cost $40,000 in the rough. They were shipped to Mr. Clark, and lay in his laboratory awaiting payment. The University of Southern California failed to pay for them. About this time the University of Chicago was asking public-spirited citizens for endowments, and Mr. Yerkes, who is one of the wealthiest of the street railroad capitalists of the West, offered to pay for an observatory to cost $300,000. The offer was accepted and arrangements were made with Mr. Clark to grind the big lens in his laboratory for the new observatory. The grinding has taken about two and a half years, and has cost about $60,000. It is a forty-inch lens, and the telescope will be under the charge of Professor Barnard, late of the Lick observatory.

The Island of St. Helena is slowly becoming a desert island, for the natives insist on emigrating to Cape Colony. As in the larger island of England, the female population outnumbers the male, and the women very naturally long to follow their fathers, brothers, etc., and only the necessity of paying the fare to South Africa stops them. When this difficulty is overcome, the island will be left desolate, with nothing on it but the British Consul and the memory of Napoleon.

AN ARCH OF CALIFORNIA MARBLE IN THE ANNEX

IN THE ARMOR ROOM

THE PARK MUSEUM

The collection of curiosities, statuary, relics and objects of art and interest was established by M. H. de Young with the profits of the Midwinter Fair.

From flashlight photos by B. C. Towne

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The Horse Show a Practical Issue as Well as a Society Function.

It seems to be a universally conceded fact that California leads every State in the Union in the matter of "horse," if, indeed, she is not the equal of any breeding country in the world. The hardy, sturdy stock brought out by the pioneers crossed with the equally vigorous broncho train—the native pony—and with the world-famous racers, such as Ormonde and Norfolk imported by California millionaires have combined to produce a breed of high-grade horses tnat have broken records on almost every track in the United States.

The climate, as well, is conducive to the breeding of crack horses, since the colts foaled in January in a country that knows neither winter nor frost need not be housed in artificially heated stables, but may attain their growth out-of-doors, in more natural and consequently more healthy fashion.

So that the San Francisco Horse Show, though smaller in point of the number of entries than that of New York, is its equal if not its superior when you consider it from the standpoint of the quality of the horses shown.

It is all a mistake to think of the San Francisco Horse Show as merely a society function. The members of the association who have the affair in charge endeavor in the first place to conduct the show as an encouragement to the breeding of fine horses and the proper "appointment" of equipages. That society has taken the matter up, and has made an "occasion," a "function," of the show is another matter. So much the better that it should be so; only one should remember that the horses are the first consideration. From the time of its inaugural night, the Horse Show has improved with each succeeding exhibit. This year arrangements have been made for larger stabling room than in preceding years, and the preponderance of cash prizes over cups and trophies will be greater than heretofore, in order to hold out a more practical inducement to breeders and ranchers.

The "show" will be more fashionable than ever. Nearly every box has been sold long since, and dressmakers and milliners the town over have more than they can do to keep up with the demand for smart gowns and "Horse Show" bonnets. Here at least San Francisco does not yield a point to any horse show between the two oceans. The women that you will see at the pavilion the opening night—and all the succeeding nights, for that matter—will be prettier and more smartly gowned than at any similar occasion in New York or London, or even in Paris. Indeed, when you remember that our horses and our women cannot be excelled the world over, you will realize that the scene at the pavilion during the coming exhibit is to be one of real beauty. The only reason why our Horse Show is not as large as New York's is that New Yorkers, as a class, are much more interested in horse flesh than are we of the Pacific slope. More people in New York buy horses. They ride more; tney drive more, and there is the large hunting set headed by the Belmonts, who have been, as it were, brought up on horseback. But San Francisco is fast coming to the same condition of affairs. This love and enthusiasm for things equine has become suddenly apparent in the younger set, those who have "country seats" at Burlingame or at San Mateo or elsewhere up and down the peninsula. No doubt another generation will see us as "horsey" as Kentucky, or even England, and that is saying a great deal.

Already, however, the good effects of the horse shows are apparent in the style and "appointments" of the carriages and traps to be seen up and down Van Ness avenue or in the Park of a Sunday afternoon. You see fewer coachmen with mustaches nowadays and more who hold themselves properly on the box and carry the whip at the proper angle—little things, no doubt, but it would astonish some people to note how the passing visitor notes just such trifles as these, seen here and there on the street ,and how much they have to do with the general impression he takes back with him to New York or to London.

One must remember, too, the good effect that the show has upon the city in another more indirect way. It gives a fillip to trade. Carpenters find temporary work, dressmakers and tailors receive an influx of orders, while carriage men, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, harness makers, veterinary surgeons and the manufacturers of all that indescribable class of goods known as "horse furniture" are in great demand, to say nothing of stablemen, jockeys and the suppliers of hay and grain and the like.

There will be much promenading at this year's show, more so than formerly. Often certain waits occur in the programme that are not to be avoided by even the best management, but that are annoying to the audience none the less. There is no good and sufficient reason why one should not promenade during these pauses, women as well as men. While from a picturesque point of view this shifting kaleidoscope of gay-colored gowns is certainly a thing to be desired.

Signor Arditi, the veteran opera conductor, has brought out a volume of "Reminiscences," and among them is to be found the story of a London promenade concert for which one of the singers backed out at the last moment. A substitute had to be found. Arditi says:

"Mlle. de Lido, that charming Russian vocalist, was seated with her mother in a box, so I ran upstairs and begged her to help us out of our predicament. Womanlike, although she was willing to assist, she thought at once of her toilet, and said: 'How can I sing? I am not dressed.'

"I persuaded her to consent, however, and in my pleasurable excitement at the good news I hurried onto the platform to announce it to the public. Ere I bethought myself the words were out of my mouth. This is what I said:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to say although Mlle. de Lido has nothing on, she has kindly consented to sing in place of Miss X.'"

Arditi tells of an experience that he had with Mario and Grisi in Washington: "It was during my first long stay in America, and our company was announced for one night, during a terribly cold winter at Washington. Shall I ever forget the bitter cold of that season? It was as though we had suddenly been transported to the Arctic regions, and the theater in which we gave our performance was as inadequate to cope with the frost as though we had fixed up a summer tent for the purpose. 'Norma' was the opera, and Grisi, instead of appearing in her traditional white robe with flowing folds, was compelled to come on the stage wearing a huge fur cloak, in which she was huddled up almost to her eyes. The house only rose to the occasion with loud bursts of laughter when Mario made his entrance holding a coachman's umbrella over his head—he, as Pollio, being confronted by Norma in their tragical meeting—under which prosaic safeguards both artists cowered while singing their grand duo. The roof of the theater had given way under the weight of a heavy fall of snow, and its coating of ice, melting under the heat of the gas, was streaming down on the artists."

Archbishop Benson left in the press an important work on St. Cyprian. Its publication had been repeatedly delayed by the more pressing claims of his office, but the proof sheets had been corrected and the preface written before he started for Ireland.

In speaking of the Jews in the Southern States, the "Jewish Messenger" says: "The Jews of Savannah control the business interests of the city. The present Mayor, Herman Myers, is a Jew."

LATIN-QUARTER GAMES

Bocce as It is Played Under the Shadow of Telegraph Hill.

Probably in no other city so much as in our own will you be able to see the foreigner—especially the Latin foreigner, so thoroughly foreign in his habits, so un-Americanized, so little impressed by the influence of his adopted country. The lines of the foreign quarters are drawn with surprising distinctness. Chinatown is not the only city in a city that San Francisco can boast—or deplore. There is "Little France," "Little Mexico," "Little Spain" and "Little Italy," lying over in that mysterious neighborhood under Telegraph Hill, so seldom visited by the American resident. But you may come here if you wish at the expense of merely walking and climbing up blocks of cleated sidewalks, and it is well worth the exertion.

In the Italian quarter, for instance, you might almost fancy yourself in Naples or in Rome—if you have never been in Naples or in Rome. There is a babel of Latin vowels in the air, and a world of Italian signs on the houses, and in the back of some of the wine shops—wine shops, you understand, not "saloons" and bars—you may see the game of "Bocce" and of "Quilles," and you may even take part in them yourselves, for they are of such an uncomplicated nature that "a woman might play them with her eyes shut."

The game of "Bocce" consists in rolling a little ball called a "ballerio" along a dirt court, and then rolling other bigger balls as near to it as may be. Each one of your balls nearer to the "ballerio" than those of your opponent counts you one point. You can play this game out of doors, and the Italians often do play it thus from the Water Front to the Presidio of a Sunday afternoon, picking up the "ballerio" from its last stopping place and rolling it along for another fifteen or twenty yards. It is surprising how popular this simple game has become with the Italians. There are over twenty "Bocce" courts in the city, and you can find a game going on at almost any hour of the day or night.

The "Jeu de Quilles" is a sort of ten-pin game delirious. You stand directly over the quilles—absurdly close—and you bang into them with a ball which looks like a huge solid boxing glove, a ball weighing fifteen pounds, when one of five would do just as well. Each time you knock a quille down you score one point. Why the Italian workman who has toiled and perspired for six days of the week should elect to spend his entire Sunday—as he often does—in heaving this big block of wood at weighted rods is not among the category of things explainable.

M. Zola has been interviewed by one of the "World's" female reporters. He expressed deep interest in her career, and wanted to know how and why she had become a journalist. The reporter replied that she did it to support herself. "Tiens, but you are young, very young," said Zola. "Where did you get the experience? You must have had the experience in order to write. Non? You puzzle me. There, you are not at all like the type of girl I have pictured to myself when I have tried to fancy what a girl in your position would be. You are quite old-fashioned, you are even a little shy, and you evidently like pretty clothes—it is extraordinary."

This is what Zola thinks of the new woman: "The woman of the twentieth century will be, I think, a marvelous creature. She will be what one might call a mixed type, a medium between the American and the French woman of to-day. The habits and customs of the two countries will undoubtedly reach a common equal before long. The American girl will be less free—the French girl more free. At least, that is my idea of the case."

PLAYING AT "BOCCE" IN SAN FRANCISCO'S "LITTLE ITALY"

Flashlight photo by B. C. Towne

HIS SISTER

By Frank Norris

"Confound the luck," muttered young Strelitz in deep perplexity as he got up from the supper table and walked over to the mantel-piece, pulling at his lower lip as was his custom when thinking hard.

Young Strelitz lived in a cheap New York flat with his mother, to whose support he contributed by writing for the papers.

Just recently he had struck a vein of fiction that promised to be unusually successful. A series of short stories—mere sketches—which he had begun under the title "Dramas of the Curbstone," had "caught on," and his editor had promised to take as many more of them as he could write for the Sunday issue. Just now young Strelitz was perplexed because he had no idea for a new story. It was Wednesday evening already, and if his stuff was to go into the Sunday's paper it should be sent to the editor by the next day's noon at the latest.

"Blessed if can dig up anything," he exclaimed as he leaned up against the mantelpiece, his forehead in a pucker.

He and his mother were just finishing their supper. Mrs. Strelitz brushed the crumbs from her lap and pushed back her chair, looking up at her son.

"I thought you were working on something this afternoon," she hazarded.

"It don't come out at all," he answered, as he drew a new box of cigarettes from his coat pocket. "It's that 'Condition of Servitude' stuff, and I can't make it sound natural."

"But that's a true story," exclaimed Mrs. Strelitz. "That really happened."

"That don't help matters any if it don't read like real life," he returned, as he opened the box of cigarettes. "It's not the things that have really happened that make good fiction, but the things that read as though they had."

"If I were you," said his mother, "I would try an experiment. You've been writing these 'Dramas of the Curbstone' without hardly stirring from the house. You've just been trying to imagine things that you think are likely to happen on the streets of a big city after dark, and you've been working that way so long that you've sort of used up your material—exhausted your imagination. Why don't you go right out—now—to-night, and keep your eyes open and watch what really happens, and see if you can't find something to make a story out of, or at least something that would suggest one. You're not listening, Conrad, what's the matter?"

It was true, young Strelitz was not listening. The box of cigarettes he had drawn from his pocket was a fresh one. While his mother was talking he had cut the green revenue stamp with his thumb nail, and had pushed open the box, had taken out a cigarette and had put it between his lips.

The box was one of those which contain, in addition to the cigarettes themselves the miniature photograph of some bouffe actress, and Strelitz had found in his box one that was especially debonnaire. But as he looked at the face of the girl it represented he suddenly shifted his position and turned a little pale. He thrust the box back into his pocket, but closed his fist over the photograph as though to hide it. He did not light his cigarette.

"What's the matter, Conrad; you are not listening?"

"Oh, yes I am," he answered. "I—nothing. I'm listening. Go on."

"Well, now, why don't you try that?"

"Try what?"

"Go out and look for a story on the streets."

"Oh, I don't know."

Without attracting his mother's attention, Strelitz looked again at the cigarette picture in his hand and then his glance went from it to a large crayon portrait that stood on a brass easel in the adjoining parlor. The crayon portrait was the head and bare shoulders of a young girl of seventeen or eighteen. The resemblance to Strelitz and his mother was unmistakable, but there was about the chin and the corners of the eyes a certain recklessness that neither of the others possessed. The mouth too was weak.

"You get right down to your reality then," continued Mrs. Strelitz. "Even if you do not find a story, you would find at least a background—a local color that you can observe much better than you can imagine."

"Yes, yes," answered Strelitz. He lounged out of the dining-room, and going into the little parlor turned up the gas, and while his mother and the hired girl cleared away the table, fell to studying the two likenesses—the crayon portrait and the cigarette picture, comparing them with each other.

There was no room for doubt. The two pictures were of the same girl.

However, the name printed at the bottom of the cigarette picture was not that which young Strelitz expected to see.

"Violet Ormonde," he muttered, reading it. "That's the stage-name she took, poor Sabina, poor Sabina, to come to this." He looked again at the photograph of the bouffe actress, in her false bull-fighter's costume, with its low-necked, close-fitting bodice, its tights, its high-laced kid shoes, its short Spanish cloak and foolish inadequate sword—a sword opera comique. "Poor little girl," he continued under his breath as he looked at it, "she could have returned to us if she'd wanted to before she came to this. She could come back now. But where could one find her? What's become of her by this time?"

He was roused by the entrance of his mother and faced about, hastily thrusting the little photograph into his pocket and moving away from the crayon portrait on the brass easel, lest his mother should see him musing over it.

"Conrad," said Mrs. Strelitz, "you don't want to miss a week with your stories now that people have just begun to read them."

"I know," he admitted, "but what can I do? I haven't a single idea."

"Well, now, just do as I tell you. You try that. Go down town and keep your eyes open and see if you can't see something you can make a story out of. Make the experiment, anyhow. You'll have the satisfaction of having tried. Why, just think, in a great city like this, with thousands and thousands of people, all with wholly different lives and with wholly different interests—interests that clash. Just think of the stories that are making by themselves every hour, every minute. There must be hundreds and hundreds of stories better than anything ever yet written only waiting for some one to take them down. Think of how near you may have come to an interesting story and never know it."

"That's a good saying, that last," observed young Strelitz, smiling in approval. "I'll make a note of that."

But his note-book was not about him, and rather than let his mother's remark slip his memory he jotted it down upon the back of the cigarette picture.

"Let's see, how does that go??" he said, writing. "'Think of how close one may come to an interesting story and never know it.' Well," added young Strelitz, as he slipped the bit of cardboard back into his pocket. "I'll try your idea, but I haven't much faith in it. However, it won't do any hurt to get in touch with the real thing once and a while. I may get a suggestion or two."

"You may have an adventure or two," observed Mrs. Strelitz.

"Do the Haroun-al-Raschid act, hey?" answered her son. "Well, don't sit up for me," he went on, shrugging himself into his overcoat, "'cause if I get an idea I may go right up to the 'Times' office and work it up in the reporter's room. Good night."

For more than two hours young Strelitz roamed idly from street to street. Now in the theater district, now in the slums and now in the Bowery. As a rule he avoided the aristocratic and formal neighborhoods, knowing by instinct that he would be more apt to find undisguised human nature along the poorer unconventional thoroughfares.

Hundreds of people jostled him, each with a hidden story no doubt; but all such as varied from the indistinguishable herd, resolved themselves into types, hackneyed over-worked types, with nothing original about them. There was the Bowery boy; there was the tough girl; there was the young lady from the college settlement; there as the dude, the chippy, the bicycle girl, the tenement house Irish woman, the bum, the drunk, the policeman, the Chinese laundry man, the coon in his plaid vest and the Italian vegetable man in his velvet jacket.

"I know you, I know you all," muttered young Strelitz, as one after another passed him. "I know you, and you, and you. There's Chimmie Fadden, there's Cortlandt Van Bibber, there's Rags Raegen, there's George's Mother, there's Bedalia Herodsfoot, and Gervaise Coupeau and Eleanor Cuyler. I know you, every one; all the reading world knows you. You're done to death; you won't do, you won't do. Nothing new can be got out of you, unless one should take a new point of view, and that couldn't be done in a short story. Let's go into some of their saloons."

He entered several of the wine shops in the Italian quarter, but beyond the advertisement of a public picnic and games, where the second prize was a ton of coal, found nothing extraordinary.

"Now we'll try the parks," he said to himself. He turned about and started across town. As he went on the streets grew cleaner and gayer. The saloons became "elegant" bars. The dance halls, brilliantly lighted theaters. Here and there were cafes, with frosted glass, side doors, on which one read "Ladies' Entrance." Invariably there was a cab stand near by.

"Ah, the Tenderloin," murmured Strelitz slackening his pace. "I know you, too. I'll have a cocktail in passing, with you."

A large cafe, whose second story was gayly lighted, attracted him. He entered the bar on the ground floor and asked for a mild cocktail.

All at once he heard his name called. A party of men of his own age stood in the entrance of a little room that opened from the barroom, beckoning to him and laughing. Three of them he knew very well—Brunt of the "Times," Jack Fremont, who had graduated with his class, and Angus McCloutsie, whom every one called "Scrubby." The other men Strelitz knew to bow to. "Just the man we want," cried Jack Fremont as Strelitz came up.

"You're right in time," observed "Scrubby," grinning and shaking his hand. "Come in, come in here with us." They pulled young Strelitz into the little room, and Brunt made them all sit down while he ordered beer.

"We're having the greatest kind of a time," Fremont began in an excited whisper. "All the crowd are upstairs—we got a room, we had supper—there's Dryden and Billy Libbey, and the two Spaulding boys and the 'Jay-and all the old crowd. Y'ought to see Dick Spaulding sitting on the floor trying to put gloves on his feet; he says there were seven good reasons why he should not get full and that he's forgotten, every one. Oh, we're going to have the time of our lives to-night. You're just in time—"

"Joe's forgot the best part of it," broke in "Scrubby."

"There are three girls."

"Three girls?"

"Yes, sir, and one of them is the kind read about. Just wait till you see her"

"I'm not going to wait," said young Strelitz. "I must go, right away. I'm working to-night." He finished his beer amongst their protests, and drew his handkerchief quickly out of his pocket and wiped his lips. But the others would not hear of his going.

"Oh, come along up," urged Brunt. "Just listen to that," cocking his head toward the ceiling, "and see what you're missing. That's Dick trying to remember." Strelitz hesitated. They certainly were having a glorious time up there—and the girls, too. He might at least go up and look in on them all. He began to reflect, pulling at his lower lip, his forehead in a pucker. If he went up there he would miss his story.

"No, no, I can't, fellows," he said decisively, rising from the table. "I've got to do some work to-night. Another time I'll join you; you have your good time without me this once." He pulled away from the retaining hands that would have held him, and ran out into the street, laughing over his shoulder at them, his hat on the back of his head.

"Well, if he's got to work, he's got to work," admitted "Scrubby," as the swing doors flapped behind young Strelitz.

"He's going to miss the time of his life, though," put in Fremont. "Come on, let's go back to the crowd. What's that you got?"

"It's something that flipped out of Con's pocket, I think, as he pulled out his handkerchief. It's a cigarette picture."

"Some one of Con's fairies? Let's have a look."

They crowded together, looking over each other's shoulders. Suddenly there was an exclamation—

"Why, that's the girl that's upstairs now, the queen—the one that's so drunk. See the name; she said her name was Violet."

"Con must have known her."

"Too bad he had to shake the crowd."

"He would have had a great time with that girl."

"I say, what's he got written on the back?"

In the midst of a great silence, Brunt turned the cigarette picture to the light and read:

"Think how close one may come to an interesting story and never know it."

ABOUT PERSONAGES

President Felix Faure has had no little abuse hurled at his head by the French press, who consider they were vilely treated during the Russian fetes. Seeing that these gentlemen literally "boomed" the whole affair, M. Faure was scarcely wise in his neglect of the men who wield the ephemeral quill.

The Marchioness of Salisbury is very unpopular with all classes of English society in consequence of her ungracious manners. She has a queer habit of turning away her head when she extends her hand in greeting, even at her own receptions, and an irreverent young attache of one of the foreign embassies delighted the social world of London some time ago by training his poodle to sit up and on mention of Lady Salisbury's name to turn its head over its left shoulder, while it extended a paw with an air of ennui.

The late Lady Tennyson held a high place as a conversationalist, brilliant and stimulating. Notwithstanding the jealous watchfulness of her family lest the dinner talk should draw too heavily upon her small stock of physical power, the fascination of her conversation, both as to subject matter and manner, was so irresistible that her friends were apt to forget how fragile she really was, until warned by a sign from her son or daughter-in-law, who adored her, that the conversation should be brought to a close.

Chairman Jones of the Democratic National Committee proved a failure. He looked at everything from the point of view of his native town, Little Rock. It was seven weeks before he located national headquarters, and five weeks more before those headquarters were in running order. Money which should have been expended on the real battle ground was diverted to the waste places of the South. He would rather spend a thousand dollars in increasing the majority of a Southern Congressman, whose election was inevitable in any case, than a hundred dollars in making sure of an electoral vote.

During the army maneuvers in Germany Earl Lonsdale was the guest of his dear friend, Emperor William. It will be remembered that the Earl had a row in the hunting field a year ago which nearly resulted in a bout of fisticuffs. Now he is engaged in a squabble with members of the famous Quorn hunt, of which he has been master for a number of years. Failing to obtain his own way, he has just resigned the mastership. The majority of the members of the hunt retort that the Earl is a coronetted snob, whose haughtiness and ill-temper make it impossible for any self-respecting men to work with him.

The elevation of Dr. Temple to the Archbishopric of Canterbury has literally pleased no one. It is quite conceivable that he may create a big reputation for himself in his new place, for Dr. Temple is a man of unusual energy, with rude strength of character, but these qualities he has heretofore employed very scientifically to make personal enemies in all quarters. Even more than his unpopular individuality, his advanced age appeals as a grievance to the clergy, for promotion to and inside the hierarchy is tediously slow as it is, and if only septuagenarians are to get plums like this one at Canterbury, the ciergymen feel that there is nothing left to live for.

One of the younger Rothschilds, on her marriage to M. Maurice Ephrussi, insisted on having her two terriers among the wedding party. They were both clad for the occasion in appropriate wedding garments, and at the time the bride's eccentric fancy occasioned a good deal of talk and excited not a litte ridicule. Now, however, it is quite usual to see a newly married couple go off on their honeymoon accompanied by at least one gayly attired pet dog, and it is said that a well-known and very popular abbe caused much anger last winter by declaring that he did not think it at all suitable that his fair parishioners should be accompanied to church by their four-footed "Tou-Tous."

Mr. Barney Barnato's adventures would verily fill a book. The night before the famous treason trials commenced at Pretoria Barney gave a grand dinner in Johannesburg to the members of the Reform Committee who were on bail there. A "round game" was proposed after dinner, and ultimately Barney and his cousin "held the bank" against the company. Before morning Barney had won from his guests a much larger sum of money than the total fines ultimately imposed on the Reformers by the court at Pretoria. However, he covered himself with glory in the end by rushing up to Pretoria with £50,000 in notes in his pocket and paying the fines for the impecunious members of the Reform Committee.

The Empress of Austria smokes from thirty to forty cigarettes daily. The dowager Empress of Russia also smokes, but only in her private apartments. The Queen of Roumania, the Queen Regent of Spain, Queen Amelia of Portugal and the Queen of Italy are also addicted to cigarette smoking. The unfortunate Princess Mathilde of Austria, daughter of Archduke Albert, used to smoke secretly, and one day she locked herself in her bedroom and began to smoke a cigarette. Some one knocked at the door, and, recognizing her father's voice, she became frightened and hurredly thrust the lighted cigarette into her pocket. The next moment her muslin dress caught fire, and before her father could save her she was in flames. A few hours afterward she died in great agony.

STANFORD FOOTBALL PLAYERS '96

From the members of this group the eleven which triumphed in the Intercollegiate Match on Thanksgiving Day were selected.

Photo by Thors

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA FOOTBALL PLAYERS '96

Photo by B. Y Morris

CHARACTERS IN "KO-KOPO"

The Students of the University of California enacted an original extravaganza on Thanksgiving night at the Auditorium Theatre

Photographed by Marceau

THE SKETCH CLUB EXHIBIT

Some Clever Color Work by the Younger Artists.

Very pleasing, the eighth semi-annual exhibit of the Sketch Club! I was astonished to see the surprising number of clever bits that adorn the wall on the top floor of the Mutual Building, the more so in that ske ches are particularly difficult to "do." You will find twenty artists who can paint really fine finished pictures to one who can dash off even a fairly good sketch—a little no'e of color and form faithfully and clearly registering a single impression, or mood or sentiment. It will not do to attempt too much in a sketch, else it ceases to be a sketch. It must be rapidly handled, and—perhaps this is mos: important of all—you must know just exactly where and when to stop.

The problem is not so hard when the sketch is made in pencil or pen and ink or black and white oils—the very nature of the materials remove any temptation to careful manipulation. But a good sketch in colors — what a rarity! The artist must be as familiar with his seven colors and their possibilities as the trained musician is with his eight notes; he must be accurate as mathematics,

"EVA"
A STUDY BY BLANCHE LECHTER

yet swift, almost, as his very thoughts. Indeed, the quicker he can fling his thought accurately upon his canvas the better will be his sketch—provided, always, the thought is worth the while.

Of the 102 color exhibits of the club, those which are the most successful to my mind are from the brush of Mollie G. Hutchinson. No. 14, one of Miss Hutchinson's canvases, "A Marshland in Brittany," is an admirable study in the impressionist style, showing something of Mr. Peixotto's influence. Miss Hutchinson is evidently a partisan of the vibration theory of color; seen close up her pictures show hundreds of little color dabs of green and vermilion and yellow—sometimes the crude, unmixed color. At a distance these dabs run together and produce a brilliant atmospheric effect that is at times very effective. From a personal point of view I have but little sympathy for this method; it seems to savor too much of trickery. However, it has many supporters, and with these Miss Hutchinson's work is sure to be successful.

Blanche Letcher is another of the Sketch Club exhibitors, whose work shows good promise. She exhibits a number of pastel and oil portraits that betray no traces of the amateur. The tendency with artists in p:s els is to a straggling, splotchy style, which they call "broad," but which is generally slovenly. There is little of this in Miss Letcher's portrait work. Her landscapes and studies please me less, suggesting, as they do, a lack of that "out-of-door" feeling so pleasingly apparent in Miss Hutchinson's efforts. Portraits, I shrewdly suspect, are her forte.

Taken as a whole, the exhibit makes a very good showing, indeed, particularly in the color work of the various pieces. There is a noticeable lack of figure compositions, but these one would hardly expect to find in an array of sketches. In this figure work Albertine Randall shows up better than any of the other exhibitors. The reproductions of her pen and ink pictures for "St. Nicholas" are very charming and delicate as well as accurately drawn.

F. N.

A cotton planter named Jackson, living near Atlanta, Georgia, is said to have raised from African seeds a crop of cotton plants which grow twenty feet high and yield five times as much as the ordinary species. He has about twenty bushels of the seed from his crop, and the New Orleans Exchange has offered him eighteen thousand dollars for the whole, with the purpose of destroying, as they believe that if it is allowed to come into common use, cotton will become such a drug that the business will be destroyed.

Altogether, the better appreciation of woman is spreading over the world. New Zea has allowed her to have a finger in government for some time; and now Melbourne, seeing her sister colony has survived, has also passed a woman's suffrage bill. American ladies who languish for a vote will, no doubt, take courage from these examples, and struggle on towards victory for themselves.

What is known as a Yarborough hand in whist is one in which there is no card above a nine spot. The name given to this hand is derived from a certain Lord Yarborough, who used to offer the attractive but very safe wager of £1,000 to £1 that a hand of this sort would not be dealt. He may have worked out the chances or he may not, but the fact is such a hand occurs only once in 1,827 rounds. It is said that Yarborough won his wager many thousand times. At the Union Club of Boulogne some years ago the dealer dealt the twenty-six red cards to himself and partner, and all the black cards to their opponents. When we come to realize that the odds against such a round of hands are eight billion to one, we must admit this was a very remarkable deal.

The New York "Hebrew Standard" says some strange things. Here is one of them: "Our rabbis take no part in politics. Some of them are goldbugs, others silver bugs, but we fear that the majority of them are humbugs." Another strange remark is the following: "Longfellow said, 'In the world a man must be either anvil or hammer.' He was wrong, however. Lots of our reform rabbis are nothing but bellows." The "Hebrew Standard" tells, too, of a rabbi who addressed a Bryan Free Silver Club, and gives him this warning: "Rabbi Cohen had better attend to his religious duties rather than to itinerate around the country preaching politics."

"WAITING"
FROM AN OIL PAINTING, BY HELEN HYDE

AUTHORS AS FRIENDS

Annie Fields' Reminiscences of Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes.

Annie Fields wherefore art thou Annie?—the Lord deliver us from the tribe of Annies and Maudies and Cissies. Surely Anne is a fine and wholesome name, good enough for a queen, not to say a lord high admiral, as for instance Anne de Joyeuse, beloved of Henri Trois. But, passing that, Mrs. Fields has gathered in a handsome volume her recollections, reminiscences, notes—what you will—of the New England group of writers under the caption, "Authors and Friends" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers). She is well qualified in a sense for that work, being wholly uncritical in temper and of the race of hero worshipers. Therefore one gets from her the best side of certain old favorites and not so much as could be desired of others. There is less in the book, for instance, about Lowell and Hawthorne than could be wished, for one of these is the greatest of American poets and the other has no superior as a writer of English prose, unless it be Lowell himself. There are, it is true, occasional glimpses of those two in the book, but not enough.

There is much of Longfellow—enough to give an idea of the sweetness, honesty and simplicity of the man, his great heart and tender sympathy, sometimes breaking into gentle humor. Longfellow was too good a man to be great. It was not in him to light the flames of savage rage at wrong, the bitter scorn of the wrongdoer. He was too gentle, loving, kindly and too tolerant. In him were mixed the elements of sweetness and light, and in his white soul there was no touch of noble anger.

It is characteristic of Longfellow that his lapses into humor were mostly at his own expense. For instance:

One of the earliest pictures I find of the every-day life of Longfellow when a youth is a little anecdote told by him, in humorous illustration of the woes of young authors. I quote from a brief diary: "Longfellow amused us to-day by talking of his youth, and especially with a description of the first poem he ever wrote, called 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond.' It was printed in a Portland newspaper one morning, and the same evening he was invited to the house of the Chief Justice to meet his son, a rising poet just returned from Harvard. The judge rose in a stately manner during the evening and said to his son: 'Did you see a poem in to-day's paper upon the Battle of Lovell's Pond?' 'No, sir,' said the boy, 'I did not.' 'Well, sir,' responded his father, 'it was a very stiff production. G——, get your own poem on the same subject, and I will read it to the company.' The poem was read aloud, while the perperator of the 'stiff production' sat, as he said, very still in a corner."

The woes of the celebrity at home, borne with patience during the suffering, became to him a means of amusement in the sequel:

His kindness and love of humor carried him through many a tedious interruption. He generously overlooked the fact of the subterfuges to which men and women resorted in order to get an interview, and to help them out made as much of their excuses as possible. Speaking one day of the persons who came to see him at Nahant, he said: "One man, a perfect stranger, came with an omnibus full of ladies. He descended, introduced himself, then returning to the omnibus took out all the ladies, one, two, three, four, and five, with a little girl, and brought them in. I entertained them to the best of my ability, and they stayed an hour. They had scarcely gone when a forlorn woman in black came up to me on the piazza, and asked for a dipper of water. 'Certainly,' I replied, and went to fetch her a glass. When I brought it she said. 'There is another woman just by the fence who is tired and thirsty; I will carry this to her.' But she struck her head as she passed through the window and spilled the water on the piazza. 'Oh, what have I done!' she said. 'If I had a floor-cloth, I would wipe it up.' 'Oh, no matter about the water,' I said, 'if you have not hurt yourself.' Then I went and brought more water for them both, and sent them on their way refreshed and rejoicing." Once Longfellow drew out of his pocket a queer request for an autograph, saying "that the writer loved poetry in most any style, and would he please copy his 'Break, break, break,' for the writer?"

We get from the book no little insight as to the character of Emerson, which is valuable because the essayist has not been hitherto very well understood. The passage about the impression created on him by Dickens and his readings is particularly interesting:

He had many reservations with regard to Dickens. He could not easily forgive any one who made him laugh immoderately. The first reading of "Dr. Marigold" in Boston was an exciting occasion, and Emerson was invited to "assist." After the reading he sat talking until a very late hour, for he was taken by surprise at the novelty and artistic perfection of the performance. His usual calm had quite broken down under it: he had laughed as if he might crumble to pieces, his face wearing an expression of absolute pain; indeed, the scene was so strange that it was mirth-provoking to those who were near. But when we returned home he questioned and pondered much upon Dickens himself. Finally he said: "I am afraid he has too much talent for his genius; it is a fearful locomotive to which he is bound, and he can never be freed from it nor set at rest. You see him quite wrong evidently, and would persuade me that he is a genial creature, full of sweetness and amenities, and superior to his talents; but I fear he is harnessed to them. He is too consummate an artist to have a thread of nature left. He daunts me. I have not the key." When Mr. Fields came in he repeated: "—— would persuade me that Dickens is a man easy to communicate with, sympathetic and accessible to his friends; but her eyes do not see clearly in this matter, I am sure!"

Emerson's ideas of a not long past episode of national politics are given in brief:

"He came in to-day to see ——. He flouts the idea of 'that preacher, Horace Greeley,' being put up as a candidate for President. 'If it had been Charles Francis Adams, now, we should all have voted for him. To be sure, it would be his father and his grandfather for whom we were voting, but we should all believe in him.' "

Some of the impressions gathered by the essayest during his visit to California may have a local interest:

There is a brief glimpse of Emerson upon his return from California which it is a pleasure to recall. He came at once, even before going to Concord, to see Mr. Fields. "We must not visit San Francisco too young," he said, "or we shall never wish to come away. It is called the 'Golden Gate,' not because of its gold, but because of the lovely golden flowers which at this season cover the whole face of the country down to the edge of the great sea." He smiled at the namby-pamby travelers who turned back because of the discomforts of the trip into the valley of the Yosemite. It was a place full of marvel and glory to him. The only regret attending the trip seems to have been that he was obliged to miss the meetings of the Saturday Club, which were always dear to him.

A story told by Oliver Wendell Holmes must not be omitted:

"Just forty years ago," he said one day, "I was whipped at school for a slight offense—whipped with a ferule right across my hands, so that I went home with a blue mark where the blood had settled, and for a fortnight my hands were stiff and swollen from the blows. The other day an old man called at my house and inquired for me. He was bent, and could just creep along. When he came in he said: 'How do you do, sir; do you recollect your old teacher, Mr. ——?' I did, perfectly! He sat and talked awhile about indifferent subjects, but I saw something was rising in his throat, and I knew it was that whipping. After a while he said, 'I came to ask your forgiveness for whipping you once when I was in anger; perhaps you have forgotten it, but I have not.' It had weighed upon his mind all these years! He must be rid of it before lying down to sleep peacefully."

In a letter to his publisher, the Autocrat speaks feelingly of the miseries of a country hotel:

"Don't talk to me about taverns! There is just one genuine, clean, decent, palatable thing occasionally to be had in them—namely, a boiled egg. The soups taste pretty good sometimes, but their sources are involved in a darker mystery than that of the Nile. Omelettes taste as if they had been carried in the waiter's hat, or fried in an old boot. I ordered scrambled eggs one day. It must be that they had been scrambled for by somebody, but who—who in the possession of a sound reason could have scrambled for what I had set before me under that name? Butter! I am thinking just now of those exquisite little pellets I have so often seen at your table, and wondering why the taverns always keep it until it is old. Fool that I am! As if taverns did not know that if it was good it would be eaten, which is not what they want. Then the waiters, with their napkins—what don't they do with those napkins! Mention any one thing of which you think you can say with truth, 'That they do not do.' * * *

"I have a really fine parlor, but every time I enter it I perceive that

Still, sad "odor" of humanity

Which clings to it from my predecessor. Mr. Hogan got home yesterday, I believe. I saw him for the first time to-day. He was civil—they all are civil. I have no fault to find except with taverns here and pretty much everywhere.

"Every six months a tavern should burn to the ground, with all its traps, its 'properties,' its beds and pots and kettles, and start afresh from its ashes like John Phoenix-Squibob."

Harriet Beecher Stowe has a large part of the book. Of her portraits this:

Mrs. Stowe's personal appearance has received scant justice and no mercy at the hands of the photographer. She says herself, during her triumphal visit to England after the publication of "Uncle Tom:" "The general topic of remark on meeting me seems to be that I am not so bad looking as they were afraid I was; and I do assure you, when I have seen the things that are put up in the shop windows here with my name under them, I have been lost in wondering imagination at the boundless loving kindness of my English and Scottish friends in keeping up such a warm heart for such a Gorgon. I should think that the Sphinx in the London Museum might have sat for most of them. I am going to make a collection of these portraits to bring home to you. There is a great variety of them, and they will be useful, like the Irishman's guideboard which showed 'where the road did not go.' " I remember once accompanying her to a reception at a well-known house in Boston, where, before the evening was over, the hostess drew me aside, saying: "Why did you never tell me that Mrs. Stowe was beautiful?" And, indeed, when I observed her in the full ardor of conversation, with her heightened color, her eyes shining and awake, but filled with great softness, her abundant curling hair rippling naturally about her head and falling a little at the sides (as in the portrait by Richmond), I quite agreed with the lady of the house. Nor was that the first time her beauty had been revealed to me, but she was seldom seen to be beautiful by the great world, and the pleasure of this recognition was very great to those who loved her.

Whittier's estimate of his own tribe is characteristic and worth reproduction:

In writing to ask some consideration for the manuscript of an unknown lady during this year, he adds: "I ought to have sent to you about this lady's MS. long ago, but the fact is, I hate to bother you with such matters. I am more and more impressed with the Christian tolerance and patience of publishers, beset as you are with legions of clamorous authors, male and female. I should think you would hate the very sight of one of these importunates. After all, Fields, let us own the truth: writing folks are bores. How few of us (let them say what they like of our genius) have any common sense! I take it that it is the providential business of authors and publishers to torment each other."

The poet's first impressions of a big city seen with the eyes of a country boy in his new clothes were related by himself with no little amusement:

"I wandered up and down the streets," he used to say. "Somehow it wasn't just what I expected, and the crowd was worse and worse after I got into Washington street; and when I got tired of being jostled, it seemed to me as if the folks might get by if I waited a little while. Some of them looked at me, and so I stepped into an alleyway and waited and looked out. Sometimes there didn't seem to be so many passing, and I thought of starting, and then they'd begin again. 'Twas a terrible stream of people to me. I began to think my new clothes and the buttons were all thrown away. I stayed there a good while. (This was said with great amusement.) I began to be homesick. I thought it made no difference at all about my having those boughten buttons."

If it is worth while to write of the personality of the men and women who have done great things in literature, then Mrs. Fields' book is well worth reading.

LIBRARY NOTES

The old publishing firm of Harper & Brothers is now a stock company. The corporators named in the papers are Horatio R. Harper, Henry Sleeper Harper and James Harper. The new capitalization is $2,000,000. The change was made for the reason that the members of the old firm had decided that by taking advantage of the business corporation laws of the State they could the better promote the interests of the concern and protect the ownership of the Harper family therein. There is to be no change in business policy; no new persons will be admitted into or any of the present members step out of the firm. The old name of Harper & Brothers will be retained. The present fireproof building of the corporation, at No. 331 Pearl street, is one of the most complete printing and publishing establishments in the world, all the operations in the preparation and publishing of books and magazines being carried on under a single roof. Harper & Brothers, outside of their book publishing business, conduct the following: "Harper's Weekly," "Harper's Bazar," "Harper's Round Table," "Harper's New Monthly Magazine," and "Harper's Franklin Square Library." All the members of the present firm belong to the third generation with the exception of the senior member, John W. Harper, a son of the original John Harper.

The Christmas number of the "St. Nicholas" is just what one would expect of that charming children's periodical, a budget of delightful reading and illustration from cover to cover. The more notable stories of the issue are "A Snowbound Christmas," a delightful little tale of Christmas on a passenger train stalled in the snow, by Francis Cale Burr; "The Pumpkin Dwarf," the fourth in the "City of Stories" series, by Frank Bicknell, with illustrations by Birch, and "A Boy I Knew," a particularly quaint, old-fashioned talk by Laurence Hutton, descriptive of a boy's life in the thirties and forties. It is illustrated by means of well-reproduced daguerreotypes, and drawings of Relyea and Vanderhoff. The stories of adventure are represented by "The Last Three Soldiers" and "The Voyage of the Northern Lights," by W. H. Shelton and J. T. Trowbridge. Certainly no more delightful magazine for young folks is published the world over than the "St. Nicholas." Its last Christmas issue is of the kind interesting to all children, whether of six, sixteen, or sixty.

ALLEGED WITTICISMS

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careworn-looking man as he walked into an office in New York the other day. "We have no use for one," replied the cashier. "But you should always look into the misty future," went on the fiend demurely. "Next winter you will want to make holes in your boot-heels, so that you can get your skates on." "I use club skates—no straps required." "You may want to screw some boards together some time. The old-fashioned method of driving the screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screw, as it were." "Nothing to-day, sir." "This gimlet acts as a corkscrew." "I don't want it." "It also may be used as a tack-hammer, a cigar-holder and a tooth brush." "I don't want it." "It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest, and a lunch box attachment." "I can't help it; I don't want it." "I know you don't; you're one of those men that don't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant and a trip through Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You're the kind of man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill!"—and the careworn man walked out unruffled.

A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very much interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told her mother: "Papa made a speech and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together, and these twelve men were put in a dark chamber to be developed."

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THE WEEK'S FOOTBALL

Olympic - Reliance — Olympic Plays Sharp Ball.

It was almost a foregone conclusion that Reliance should have been beaten in Saturday's game by the red and white team with a score of 6-0. Any careful observer of their work in the first championship game could have foretold the result, with tolerable certainty, the Reliance eleven persiting in a slow, conservative game, unwilling to relinquish the ball, relying for their advances upon small gains repeatedly made, the Olympic team — especially in their last game — playing hard, rapid ball, punting when there was the least excuse for it, counting upon winning the game, not by possession of the ball, but by distance gained. Not once during the season has the Olympic eleven shown such good form as upon last Saturday. That they did not cross the Reliance goal a second or a third time was due only to their poor physicial condition and to the singular stiffness in the maroon and white line, developed on occasions at the last moment upon the very five-yard line. Reliance should have punted oftener. As early as the middle of the first half it was clearly seen that the ball could not be advanced through or around the line of the Olympic players. Good generalship would have changed Reliance's tactics at this point. The game that the Oakland club should have played was apparent at once, and it was not the bucking game with which they had started. The conditions were these: A fairly good punter on the Reliance side, a line of forwards that had proved themselves capable of holding the Olympics for downs, and backs who were of the "plunging" rather than the "running" type. On the other side there was a line strong on the offense, but a fullback out of all form, who had given evidence of his inability either to catch or to return punts. Reliance should have punted early and often, even on the very first down, until they had secured the ball upon the Olympic's ten-yard line, from which point an attempt to buck the ball for a touchdown could have been made with some assurance of success. But to play a bucking game in the centre of the field, against a line that is even moderately strong, is mere foolishness. It is a wonderful team that can keep possession of the ball for forty yards of line playing, while it is a wonderful fullback that can handle every punt successfully. The chances are all against carrying the ball across the enemy's goal by bucking tactics. Even if the ball is bucked to the five-yard line, it is doubtful whether the average team has got strength enough left by that time to carry it over. With every scrimmage the offensive team is exhausting its strength, while, as the ball is approaching their goal, the defensive team is playing harder and harder. If, then, the ball is lost on the five or ten-yard line, it is almost sure to be punted back by the other team, and in a single play the bucking eleven sees all their exhausting labor nullified.

Nine teams out of ten persist in ignoring the fact that they are on the defensive, not when the other side has the ball, but when the ball is in their own territory, even though in their own possession.

The Olympics deserved every one of the points earned. It was only the poor physical condition of its players that prevented a much larger score. The playing of Olympic in the second half of Saturday's game might be a profitable example for even Ransome's or Fickert's men. Almost any team will play hard ball when the score is against it, but during the season of '96 we have yet to see an eleven fight so hard for a second touchdown as did Olympic at a time when they must have known that, but for a repetition of the fluke, they had practically won the game. With a score of 6-0 in their favor the red and white men opened the second half with a fine spirit and dash. In a dozen plays they had Reliance "on the run," hammering rapidly away at the opposing line, and giving it no opportunity of pulling itself together. Undoubtedly Olympic would have scored again had it not been for the collapse of some of its men, who were unable to stand the strain. It was exasperating to stand upon the side lines and see Olympic's opportunity slipping away during the waits to allow injured players to recover. Reliance had time to recuperate, and in the end the Olympic impetus was checked.

FRANK NORRIS.

AN HYPNOTIC ADVOCATE

A STORY OF TO-MORROW

It was the third day of the great murder trial. The court room and lobby and gallery were filled with men and women — nervous, excited, morbid degenerates, who had sat for the previous two days listening to the horrible story of the man's crimes. The young judge, smooth-faced and stern, had been called upon several times to put a stop to the applause or hisses of the crowd, when some especially horrible detail of the defendant's story came to light. It was now a little before 12 o'clock and the testimony for the prosecution had closed.

"Do you wish to make an opening statement, Mr. Loote?" inquired the judge, addressing the attorney for the defense.

"If your Honor please, I desire at this time to have a motion made to dismiss, or rather that the jury be instructed to acquit the prisoner."

At this a smile, which shaded into a sneer, passed over the judge's face, and the audience was quick to break out into a giggle at the audacious foolishness of the lawyer. Had the man lost his mind to think that there was any judge on the bench that would grant such a motion? If there ever had been a case made out perfectly, showing every detail of the prisoner's career, every particular incident of the crime, this was that one. District Attorney Burns and Captain Keys had spent weeks together perfecting the prosecution. It was plain to be seen that every man in the jury box as well as every man in the audience was already convinced beyond peradventure of a doubt that the prisoner was guilty, and the only question that excited any curiosity as to the defense was its character. At best it would be but a clever exhibition of a lawyer's attempt to defeat justice, on the ground that his oath compelled him to cultivate perjury if necessary to make a defense, so it was not to be wondered at that judge, jury and audience smiled when this bold advocate notified the court that he would ask an acquittal.

"Well, I am prepared to hear you, sir," said the judge with a sigh, as he looked up at the clock. I suppose you will be through by half-past twelve."

"I do not expect to make the argument myself, your Honor, but my assistant counsel will make it, and I regret to say I told him that it would not be necessary to appear here till this afternoon at 2 o'clock; but I have sent for him, and if the court will allow me a few minutes grace I am satisfied the argument will be over within half an hour and allow the court to take the usual adjournment."

"Very well," said his Honor, and as the attorney resumed his seat the judge called up another small matter on his calendar, and in this way made use of the few minutes of spare time. A minute or two after 12 a stout, thick-set, dark-complexioned man came into the court room hastily and took his seat beside the attorney for the defense. At once Mr. Loote arose and said:

"Your Honor, we are now prepared to proceed."

"Well, go on," said the judge, not looking up.

At this the thick-set man arose and stood out in full view. At the first words from his voice the judge recognized him and grew pale and frightened. Averting his eyes by a manifest effort of the will, he said:

"Mr. Loote, this is no matter for jesting."

"I am not jesting with the court," was the reply. "My assistant appears for the defense and will make the argument to your Honor."

All this time the thick-set assistant had been looking steadily at the judge who evidently was anxious to avoid facing him. But there was nothing to be done. The attention of the court was necessary. He began to make his argument. Gradually he compelled the eyes of the judge to follow the fixed, hard gaze of his own piercing orbs. It was remarked by both audience and jury that this attorney was much given to certain and peculiar gestures which seemed to make a most telling impression on the court.

At the end of ten minutes the judge was sitting open-eyed and open-mouthed, with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, drinking in his words, nodding his head in assent, and giving every manifestation of complete subjection to his will.

The argument lasted only fifteen minutes. To the consternation of the audience the judge turned to the jury, and in a few words, manifestly not in his own style, sounding indeed as though the new attorney had spoken them, directed that a verdict of acquittal be brought in. The audience was by this time crazy with excitement. It seemed impossible that the judge could be in his right mind. They had laughed and sneered throughout the argument of the defense, finding neither logic nor sense in it. The jury hesitated, looking from one to another. Noticing their hesitation, the judge said:

"Gentlemen, I have given you your instructions; if you do not follow them, I shall dismiss the prisoner myself. There is but one thing for you to do, and that is to obey the instructions of the court."

The foreman took an oral poll of the jury, and then, rising, said:

"According to your Honor's instructions, the jury brings in a verdict of 'not guilty.' Though we cannot do otherwise, we are greatly astonished at the direction of the court. The blame must rest, not with us, but with your Honor."

"I accept the responsibility, gentlemen; the prisoner is discharged. Bailiff, adjourn the court."

The newspaper reporters gathered around Mr. Loote and asked him how such a marvelous and unexpected result had been achieved.

With a slow sneer the attorney replied:

"Guess I know how to win cases in this court. My associate, the gentleman who made the argument, is Professor Kennaley, the hypnotist."

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IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The football game has proved as a topic more absorbing than the airship and more exciting than the latest engagement. The seats were all secured early last week, and I hear that Mr. Tom Magee, who is one of the most enthusiastic of footballers, was standing in line before the 'Varsity Club the morning the box opened from 4 o'clock, in order to secure the best seats. There were endless parties. Chiefest among the box-holders were the Magees, Messrs. Tom and Will, with a jolly crowd; Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and a party of young people; the Hoffmans, Harry Miller, the Requas, Longs, etc. Mr. Alick Baldwin had in his party Mr. Glascock, Mr. Fred Magee, Mr. Allen Wright and several girls. Afterwards all dined at the 'Varsity Club, and ended the day by witnessing "Humanity" at the Columbia. Nearly all the party-givers did likewise, and a merry crowd gathered to watch the play. The debutantes were all present, decked in the 'Varsity colors. I was especially taken with the bouquets of several of the boys. Mr. Baldwin had arranged crysanthemums and violets, with pins typical of the occasion as souvenirs. The gorgeous Stanford colors were more conspicuous than a year ago, when the blue and gold almost completely outshone them. I fancy, too, that among the Stanford co-eds the plain maiden is the exception, whereas, the maidens sporting the blue and gold colors were not noticeably pretty. But what they lacked in looks they made up for in genuine enthusiasm. Those who have noted the extreme quiet of the San Francisco audience at a theatrical performance should see them at football. Dignity is forgotten, and the society matron shouts with almost as much vigor as the Freshman.

One of the most charming affairs of the season was the dance given on Tuesday last by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, introducing Miss Kate Salisbury. It was an unusually smart party. The rooms of the old McMullin house on California street were charmingly decorated, and even in earlier times, when the McMullin house was celebrated for the belles that were entertained there, it would have been difficult to find a goodlier garland of girls. I noted nearly all the debutantes, and the Friday Fortnightly Club was well represented. Miss Salisbury looked unusually handsome, as did Miss Laura Scott, her cousin, and Miss Helen Hopkins. Of the older girls, Miss Genevieve Goad carried off the honors.

Teas have been the predominating feature of the last week in society—that is, if it be possible to term a tea a feature. Large and small, informal and otherwise, society is being slowly but surely swamped in tea. One might write a treatise on teas were it possible to discriminate between them. As it is, however, the description of one fits all. The distinction lies merely in the name of the giver. Of the teas (and Saturday seems the fashionable day) the largest were those of Mrs. Homer King and Mrs. Hoffman. Then Miss Mabel Estee gave a girls' tea on Tuesday in honor of Miss Gertrude Thomson of Napa, Mrs. Evan Coleman and Miss Gwin received on Friday afternoon, and Mrs. Philip Alston Williams (nee Claire Tucker) gave at-homes on the two last Fridays in November. She was assisted in receiving by a number of Oakland girls.

Of anticipated teas, there are two on Saturday, namely, Mrs. Avery McCarthy's, to introduce Miss Helen Wagner, and Mrs. Winthrop Lester, in honor of her cousin, Miss Jessie Hobart.

There was considerable excitement among the fashionable set over the dancing of Loie Fuller, although I hear rumors of considerable disappointment over the brevity of her performance. The maidens are wild in admiration of her grace and charm. There were several parties on Monday evening. Mrs. E. W. Hopkins had twenty-four young people and sat in the front row. The girls, who wore very pretty light costumes and carried big bouquets, quite deluged the actress with blossoms. Miss Hopkins looked lovely in white tulle. The Tobins and Mr. George de Long had also large parties. Mrs. Hager gave a small party on Wednesday evening.

There is something particularly charming about a pink dinner, but when the whole house is transformed into a bower of roses the charm is more than doubled. The Austin house looked beautiful last week in its decorations of pink roses, which were massed everywhere. Chandeliers and mantels were completely hidden, and the round table was covered with exquisite blossoms. Mrs. Joseph Austin entertained twelve at dinner in honor of her brother, Mr. Sessions, and his fiancé, Miss Porter.

The usual meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly Cotillion Club took place last week, and, though hardly so well attended as the former affair, was equally enjoyable. The german was led by Mr. Howard Adams and Miss Georgie Smith, who executed some very pretty figures. Mr. Adams is the best leader among the younger set, and appears to understand the art of arranging and engineering intricate figures. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Ethel Dixon, a tall brunette, who was gowned in pale orange silk; Miss Charlotte Field, in white tulle over green; Miss Blanche Norman, in white organdie over lavender; Miss Annie Lawlor, in pale blue and white; Miss Gertie Bates, who is considered the best girl dancer, was in white with yellow ribbons, and Miss Kate Power, in white. Perhaps the honors of belledom may be said to be divided between Miss Florence Stone and Miss Nettie Black.

The King's Daughters of St. John's Presbyterian Church, corner of California and Octavia streets, announce their intention of having a "Christmas Market" in the parlors of the church on the afternoons and evenings of December 3d, 4th and 5th.

Miss Helen Schweitzer is being extensively entertained. She was the guest of honor at a theatre party given by Miss Rose Sachs on Friday evening. Miss Greenwald gave her a violet luncheon on Thursday at the Hotel Richelieu, and Miss Gerstle gave her a dinner on Monday last. There were about sixteen young people invited, and the decorations were of American Beauty roses.

The Bachman wedding promises to be an exceedingly smart affair. The bride's sister, Miss Norma Bachman, is to be maid of honor, and Miss Theresa Dinkelspiel, Miss Edith Hecht, Miss Florine Bachman, Miss Agnes Brandenstein, Miss Alga Triest and Miss Goldman are bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries are to give a big theatre party to sixty-five people on Saturday evening.

In Oakland the general impression is that so far the season has been exceptionally lively. Dance succeeds dinner, and dinner, dance, with unabated zeal. Clubs become hourly more popular, and the Friday Fortnightly—which but a year ago was a young people's dancing class—has now blossomed out into a full-fledged club, and scorns to be called the "Little Ducks." The last meeting was held in the new Ebell Hall and was a jolly affair. To my mind these rooms have but one disadvantage, i. e., the floor is canvassed. The disadvantage obtruded itself especially Friday, for owing to the condition of the streets, the floor looked as if striped in black, and was consequently sticky. It had a disastrous effect on the girls' frocks, edging them with an earthy deposit. The german was managed better than on any previous occasion, and three very pretty figures were danced. Mr. Harry Farr and Miss Pauline Loesch led. Miss Loesch wore a dainty gown of yellow organdie. Some of the feminine members of this class are very pretty, Miss Mabel Vrooman, for instance, who is quite a stunning girl with beautiful bright brown eyes—she was gowned in pink satin and chiffon. Miss Florence Sharon, one of the most popular of the maidens, was gowned in blue organdie. Miss Carmen Moore, in white organdie and red roses, looked very piquant and pretty. Miss Etta Havens was in pale pink. The young people are very enthusiastic over their dances and fill their programmes weeks ahead. I hear that it is almost impossible for a stranger to get a dance.

The meeting of the "Deux Temps" on Tuesday evening was well attended, in spite of the epidemic of colds now raging in Oakland. The german was led by Miss Belle Mhoon and Mr. Fred Magee. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Marguerite Jolliffe, Miss Myra Prather, Miss Bertha Foote and Miss Sarah Drum. The figures were chiefly on the marching order.

An informal dance was given on Saturday evening by the members of the Beta Fraternity. It was a particularly lively, enjoyable affair, and, although a storm raged during the whole evening, was well attended. All the girls wore high-necked frocks. Among the Oaklanders present were Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Prather, Miss Dunham, Miss Glascock and the Misses Selby.

Miss Moffit gave the third of her series of luncheons last week. She has entertained about forty of the younger set since her return from Europe. Miss Moffit is especially happy as a hostess. She arranges her parties well and picks out congenial spirits.

There have been several married ladies' luncheons during the past week. Mrs. Driscoll entertained fourteen ladies on Thursday at a pink luncheon. Mrs. F. M. Smith gave a very smart "dejeuner" to Miss Loie Fuller, and Mrs. T. B. Coghill gave a violet luncheon in honor of Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbitts on Wednesday. Among those invited were Mrs. Folger, Mrs. Ralston, Mrs. L. Kempff, Mrs. Edwin Goodall and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller. Mrs. Tibbits leaves for the east early in December.

A swell dinner was given by Mrs. John L. Howard last week. The table was strewn with maiden-hair fern, which looked most delicately pretty. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Goodall, Senator and Mrs. Perkins, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Wendte, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown and others.

Card parties enjoy a rare degree of popularity in Oakland, and I am told that even among the maids there are champion whist and euchre players. Miss Florence Walker gave what proved quite a pleasant card party on Wednesday to a dozen of her friends, among them Miss Ethel Whitney, Miss Clift, Miss McElwrath, etc.

Of the coming events, the first of the "Wednesday Night" cotillions takes place next week, and there is considerable excitement among the members. All the girls are to appear in new frocks, and the affair is to be quite the event of the season. Among the other anticipated pleasures are two receptions to be given by Mrs. Dr. Johnson (nee Playter) in the near future.

Mrs. Havens and Miss Carrie Havens have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling for the last four months. They anticipated wintering in Paris, but business complications prevented Mr. Havens joining them, so they decided to return home.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawlor gave a jolly house party at San Quentin last week. Among those invited were Misses Berenice and Gertrude Bates, Miss Edna Dickens and several of the boys of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.

Quite the most interesting engagement I have been told about in several moons is that of Mark L. McDonald Jr. and Miss Juillard, both of Santa Rosa. Miss Juillard is the prettiest girl in Santa Rosa, a graceful individual, and very charming young woman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Juillard, who has spent half of every year for some seasons past at eastern watering places. Mr. McDonald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald, whose charming home is the center of hospitality at Santa Rosa. He is a fine, modest, manly young man, whose profession is that of secretary of the water company and otherwise assisting his father in the direction of his many interests. A graduate of Princeton, he has inevitably athletic tendencies, and the stuff out of which competent and popular and deserving men are made.

Prince Hatzfeldt Wildenburg, C. P. Huntington's son-in-law and a nephew of the German Ambassador to England, has taken a shooting box for the season in one of the midland counties. The house party of the Prince and Princess includes Lady Grantley, who was Miss Katherine McVickar, the daughter of the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. Her husband, Lord Grantley, is the fifth baron of the name, and his family motto, "I follow a long line of ancestry," is scarcely republican in its sentiments. Also among the Hatzfeldt house party is included Lady Bache Cunard. She was Miss Burk of San Francisco, and is very popular in England.

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LADY HELEN STEWART

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THE THEATRES

Nat Goodwin's "American Citizen"—The Libel of a Physiognomist.

Who the devil is Mr. N. C. Goodwin, anyhow? Twenty years ago we knew a sprightly Nat Goodwin, comedian, who traveled with his own company, consisting of Eliza Weathersby, her sister and an average lot of players. Our Nat ran over with rollicking fun that sometimes bordered closely on that of the circus clown, but he was clever and bright. He capered nimbly about the stage, was a clever imitator and—did he sing? I've quite forgotten. Perhaps, after all, he did not sing, or I should have remembered it. There are some voices that, once raised in song, one never forgets, and I am persuaded that our Nat had that kind of a voice. To-day, our comedian strains at a Nat, and is Mr. N. C. Goodwin, a polished, subdued comedian of the dry order. I remember Goodwin when most of our young theater-goers were in small clothes. It was nearly twenty years ago that he made his first appearance here at one of the Bush-street theaters when both were fashionable. Nat and Eliza Weathersby (now dead, I think) presented us with a series of side-splitting comedies. On the American stage to-day there is but one other comedian of just the same school as Mr. Goodwin; that is Roland Reed, and it is nip and tuck between the two just now. Reed, in those days, traveled with a burlesque company consisting of Eme Rosseau and a dozen other bright people. Roland sang with a nasal twang peculiarly Reedish, and was then, as he is now, about as amusing as Goodwin.

But these reminiscences are hardly a criticism of Madeline Lucette Ryley's play, "An American Citizen." This little comedy is a neat, pleasing, clean bit of work, with here and there a dash of wit, a broad stroke of humor, and a delicate touch of sentiment. The situations are not of that cheap character that bring down the house because a man hugs the wrong woman or falls out of a second-story window, but there is a delicate touch to the whole work which is most artistic and pleasant. The play will be a success beyond peradventure—not a howling success, but a lasting one, I imagine. Miss Maxine Elliott had but little to do, but performed that little as well as the necessities demanded of a young woman who is conscious of the fact that she has been indiscreetly advertised as a professional beauty. Like most comedies, but little is demanded of any of the rest of the company in the way of acting. It is only necessary that they should make their entrances and their exits and deliver their lines at a time and in a fashion that will permit Mr. Goodwin to be funny at the places where it is preordained that he shall be funny.

Mr. Goodwin has lived up to every expectation of his old admirers, but there was one prophecy made with respect to him which he may find some difficulty in living up to. Some years ago there was published here by a local author a work entitled "How to Read Faces," in which the dabbler in physiognomy was given a sidelight on some of the secrets of that useful accomplishment. Under the head of "Amativeness" the author produced a likeness of Nat Goodwin, comedian. His lips were given wonderful thickness and rotundity, and the bumps and distinguishing marks of amativeness cropped out all over his dear pate. The picture was followed by a description of the character of the man who was blessed with such lips and such bumps as were indicated in the alleged portrait. I have the book stored away somewhere among my lares and penates or I would quote some of the passages which referred to the genial comedian, and perhaps question him as to the veracity of the author; but on second thought, this is not necessary, for besides being a model comedian, we have been assured that Goodwin is a model in many other respects. If you feel an inclination theaterward, by all means drop in on Goodwin to-night. He will present "The Rivals," and will doubtless do his lines full justice.

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DRAMATIC NOTES

Frona Eunice Waite is announced to lecture on "Cuba and the Cubans" at the Auditorium Hall of the Y. M. C. A. Friday evening, December 4th. Mrs. Waite will advocate the recognition of Cuban belligerency by the United States.

Madame Modjeska contemplates but a decidedly limited tour this season, possibly but a month or two in length, and will accord San Francisco the privilege of seeing her for the greatest section of this time, when she will present "Adrienne Lecouvreure," "Marie Stuart," "Magda" and "Macbeth."

On the 1st of December, between three and five, and between eight and eleven P. M., the managers of the Woman's Exchange announce a cushion tea to be given at the residence of Mrs. Lilienthal, 1950 California street. Tickets 50 cents, (children 25 cents) may be procured at the Woman's Exchange.

Wilton Lackaye presents his new play, "Dr. Belgraff," at the Baldwin on Monday. Preparations for this production have been going on for some time in New York, and with such a company as Mr. Lackaye has called to his aid, a performance of good quality may be expected. Mr. Lackaye is supported by Marie Wainwright.

The latest news from Alexander Salvini, which came to a friend in Chicago a day or two since, is most disheartening. There no longer remains any hope of recovery. The young actor is slowly but surely sinking toward the end at the home of his father in Italy. Almost any day the news of his death will flash over the cable.

In his new play, as Dr. Belgraff, Wilton Lackaye will make up to represent Roentgen, the famous discoverer of the X rays. Mr. Lackaye can truthfully be awarded the credit of being one of the most capable make-up artists on the American stage, and of his new stage work there has been no end of the highest compliments paid it for its excellence.

"The Brownies" in all their glory, with plenty of scenic and other stage equipments, will come this way for the holidays. From all accounts it will make an attractive Christmas spectacle. Petite Ida Mulle, stately Marie Celeste, and a long list of other clever people will appear in the production, which opens at the Baldwin on Thursday, December 17th.

Arrangements have been completed for the appearance at the Baldwin Theater on Monday, December 14th, of Ellen Beach Yaw and her concert company. Miss Yaw has been for the past year accounted the most remarkable soprano the world has ever known, having a compass of voice greater than any soprano recorded by history, extending from G below to E in altissimo, a range of nearly four octaves.

The new bill at the Orpheum will have several novelties that ought to be great drawing cards. Langslow, "The Shooting Star," is said to be a marvel, and Ellen Vetter will do the mysterious globe act that created so much comment in New York on its first appearance. Romalo Bros. are credited with doing a very clever acrobatic act. Stuart, the male Patti, will appear in his impersonations, and will introduce new songs. Thatcher and Marble, Burt Shepard and Ed Heffernan have new specialties.

Willis P. Sweatnam gets his audience worked up over a story of how he was captured by outlaws and tied to a tree. They discussed various methods of disposing of him, and finally decided to stab him and drink his blood. "It's the first time I was ever stuck for the drinks," he concludes.

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LA LOIE

Tumbling and Trombones, with Miss Fuller as a Finale.

There were three of them, or, more exactly speaking, two men and a Quarter. The peppery looking florid one in pale pink tights bridged the chasm between two tables with his body; the quiet one in bright pink tights stood on this pulsating bridge, draped the Quarter limply over his hand and tremulously raised it aloft. The Quarter seemed pinched, nervous and, when the performance was over, relieved. He also looked as if he had never dared even dream of a good square meal for fear of losing his job—and gaining flesh. Thanksgiving turkey is evidently nothing to him. Imagination drew me the picture of the chap in the pale pink tights gazing regretfully at every mouthful the poor Quarter eats, while the one in bright pink tights eyes the unhappy skeleton's drink sternly and counts every swallow.

The rest of the programme preceding La Loie's appearance struck me as decidedly poor, though I have a fancy for the trombone. Give the deep, slow-moving river a voice and it would be something like the trombone's mellow, generous note. As for the piece de resistance of the evening, it made me feel as if I would like to get drunk on color. I heard, however, mutters of disappointment from some of my neighbors, so fancy that La Loie's subtleties—her manner of entering and leaving the stage, her mysterious flittings in the half-light, her suggestiveness—are not always appreciated. It is impossible to give even a tolerable description of these color dances in words; they sound puerile when compared to the real thing; the breathing, shifting masses of color which float and shimmer before the eyes, now vivid, gorgeous, bewildering, now tender, pearly, virginal; now diaphonous, then mysterious; always illusive as a dream, evanescent as ecstasy, alluring as youth and love.

Perhaps the most perturbing of all La Loie's gyrations is the fire dance. It is charged with meaning; the face—veiled to the eyes—the peering, sidelong glances, the quivering, crouching figure, now shrouded and demoniacle in smoke, now glowing, flaming, magnificent—finally the huddled heap upon the floor lapped by greedy tongues of fire, then—darkness, black, impenetrable. None of them, however, were entirely satisfying. There was (as always in these performances) too much visible effort, too much attention given to the color and not enough to the dancing. Personally I would have preferred more motion of the body and less of the draperies. A graceful woman who managed to combine color with an expurgated edition of a Nautch dance would make a sensation which would throw La Loie's into the shade.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Bloomfield-Zeisler with Orchestra.

Manager W. L. Greenbaum, of symphony concert fame, has succeeded in arranging with Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler to appear with orchestra at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The following most interesting programme will be performed:

Prometheus overture (Beethoven), concerto in F. minor (Chopin), ballet music from "La Giaconda" (Ponchelli), Scherzo from concerto in D minor (Litolff), concerto in D minor (Rubenstein), Spanish Dance (Moszkowski).

It is many years since a truly great pianist has played with orchestral accompaniment in San Francisco, and with Gustav Hinrichs as conductor and Sigmund Beel as concert-master, the evening will surely prove one of unalloyed enjoyment. The price of seats will be only 50 cents, $1 and $1.50. Every lover of music should certainly take advantage of this rare opportunity, for, in all probability, it will be a long while before another such occurs.

A learned professor was in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and, desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shullins, sir." The professor, fixing his eagle eyes upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings. Upon which the cabman drily answered, "We wish to discourage traveling on the Sawbuth as much as possible, sir."

A man strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said: "Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the visitor. "But he follows you." "Well, so do you." The sexton growled, and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

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The Ascendancy of Tailor-Made Clothes and Picture Hats.

You complain, Betty dear, of the length of my letters, and hint in your delicate fashion that I might combine a little more matter with my manner. You suggest that I become a fund of information—wish me to discuss all topics, from the political significance of the Czar's late visit to the greatest bargain in the Bon Marche. You appear oblivious of the fact that, for a woman in Paris, where the happenings of a week ago are already past history, there is only one really vital question—dress. We simply live in the shops and on the boulevards. We have but one desire in life, i. e., to attend the sales. And, my dear, if you would wish happiness that will never cloy, excitement that is always productive of sensation, come to Paris and live. But this is not giving you the needful information, is it? You are anxious to acquire some novel ideas for Horse Show costumes and a few fads and foibles en route.

The tailor-made frock is the one essential for the morning or afternoon visit; and the tailor-built gown is as various as it is interesting this season. Formerly, tailors merely turned out plain blue or black serges; to-day they make all the smart out-door frocks. A very pretty morning frock is made of black serge with a double-breasted coat bodice, the only ornamentation being revers of mauve, velvet and white satin, embroidered over with an elaborate design of white, purple and silver sequins. At the neck a ruched collar of mauve and a jabot of old lace. With this, if the place be draughty, which, if I remember rightly, the Mechanics' Pavilion is, a jaunty cape is worn. And I can suggest a distinctly novel feature in capes—made of doeskin, very short, embroidered all over in silver and gold and trimmed with fancy braid. Another deliciously warm cape is of astrakhan, made with a big rolled sailor collar, and stoles of sable lined with white brocade. All, or nearly all, of the more dressy capes are lined with white satin moire or brocade. Colored linings are out for the nonce. Another simple frock is made of dark blue serge, with blouse laid in horizontal tucks and high leather belt and a choker of orange velvet. This choker literally makes the frock. It is of the piece-velvet with crushed band tying in front exactly like a four-in-hand bow with scarf pin stuck in one side. Another idea which adds a cachet to a plain frock is a bow of piece-velvet. It is long, arrayed to slant at the waist line, if it closes a belt, with an end and two loops up and a similar arrangement below. The ends are more conspicuous than the loops. They are cut with donkey ear points and broad enough to allow of a pleat on each side of the front.

For a stunning afternoon costume a fancy glace silk would be becoming. A pretty combination is pink, black and white, with the skirt slightly gored, and lined with rose pink. The bodice is cut in jacket fashion and ornamented with pink, black and white applique lace across the front, and rows of tiny paste buttons.

But your outfit will be incomplete if you do not have an entire velvet costume, and here, my dear, is where your imagination may have full sway. A velvet gown must be picturesque; it must fit like a glove—you must literally appear molded and poured in. To trim a velvet gown is worse than painting the lily or adding another hue to the rainbow. The most severe princess style with, perhaps, the addition of a lace collar; but no ribbon nor chiffon, no fanciful arrangements, nor passementerie. The latest novelty among the velvets is the moire velours. It has rather the appearance of moire, but is of velvet and has a very brilliant sheen. The bright sapphire blue, magenta, hunter's green, cherry pink and black, with all the petunia and dahlia shades are the most fashionable colors in velvets.

Among hats, the velvet picture hat reigns supreme. And what applies to the gown must be borne in mind with regard to the hat. Three handsome plumes sticking straight up, their tips curling over on one side, and a bunch of roses in some bright shade resting on the hair—no more. Then there is the velvet toque, which is fetching, especially when worn with new collarettes, which are now made to match.

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LATE VERSE

At Billiards.

"Married," you say? Well that is queer.
Why, it seems no longer than yesterday
That—hand me the chalk, here's a hard masse—
That she was only a little tot,
And—missed it, by Jove! it's your next shot—
And we were playmates and used to go
To school, and church, and that, you know,
Together, and I thought—my play?

She was the fairest, daintiest thing,
Tender and sweet as a flower, with eyes
As soft as sunshine, as deep as the skies,
And a voice like music—that ball on the spot?—
Then we grew older, and she forgot.
Her people had money, mine had brain,
And—it kissed me off, that chalk again—
And I was foolish, but she was wise.

"In love with her yet?" You must be a fool!
Waiter, some brandy and soda for two—
Why, I haven't seen her for years, but you
Just started me thinking—I've two to go—
And it puts a man out of sorts, you know,
To think it can never be just the same
As it was—by Jove! I'd have won the game
Only for making that—misscue!

—A. C. IVINS.

The Song of Jeanne de Fray.

How slow, how slow the minutes pass,
What time I gaze across the leas,
And watch the dew dry off the grass,
Heigho, Denise!

Spring walks abroad in green and gold,
And flushes all the almond trees,
But still my heart is dark, and cold
As death, Denise!

My father rules a kingdom fair,
My mother smiles in silken ease;
I go in velvet and in vair
All day, Denise!

In velvet and in vair I go,
But children never clasp my knees,
And no kind lips my pale lips know,
Heigho, Denise!

Some day, some day I'll surely hear
My name cried down the listening breeze,
And hear a voice more lief and dear
Than yours, Denise!

And, hearing, I shall rise and go
Out from my prison, if God please;
Like cattage girls, more glad, more low
Than I, Denise!

Oh, surely I shall quit my throne
To meet my lover on the leas,
And if the name whereby he's known
Be Death—why, you may then make moan,
Not I, Denise!

Pall azine.

The local undertaker of a truly rural community believed himself a personage of no little consequence as an orator and a social arbiter. He always spoke of a dead body as a "corp," in the belief that corpse was the plural form. A funeral always gave him the keenest joy, and he always made a little speech when the clergyman finished the service, which went something like this, being delivered in a sing-song voice and the sentences being run together without any pause between them: "Th' frens of the corp desires me to thank the kind neighbors that has come here on this sollum occasion, and I know ef the corp could speak he would jine in my remarks; but he's gone to a better lan' where we are all goin' ourselves some day, an' now the aujence will please step forward to take their las' view of the remains, indulgin' in a gaze of a few moments but not too long, for there are others who want to see, then each an' every one will quietly walk out, turin' neither this-a-way nor that-a-way, after wich the frens of the corp will take their last look an' may the good Lord have mercy on us all."

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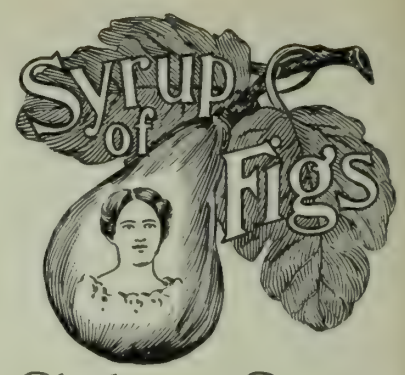

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Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of SanFrancisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 18, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for the Administrator.

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For 1897

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

An old story revived by the late historic festival in Plymouth is about Joseph Bartlett, an American lawyer, who went to England shortly after the close of the Revolutionary war. One evening he strayed into a theatre and found the actors performing a species of satire on the war. A company of American soldiery was introduced—a ragged, motley set—armed with scythes, hammers and soldering irons. In contrast there moved across the stage a troop of British warriors in fine gay trappings and glittering arms. The difference was amusing and the British audience laughed. In the midst of the merriment Lawyer Joe arose and shouted, "Long live his Majesty, King George of England, whipped by tailors, tinkers and cobblers!" There was a profound hush. For a second it seemed as though the American would pay for his temerity with his life, but admiration for his pluck won the day, and the ominous silence was broken with a ringing cheer.

Nollekins, the celebrated sculptor, hated classical music and said so. One night Dr. Burney, the English composer, had a musicale at which the famous singers, Piozzi and Signora Cors rendered an operatic duo with great skill. In the midst of it Nollekins dropped in, and in the interval of silence after the duet announced loudly that he hated that kind of music, having heard much of it in Italy. "Give me good English or Scotch music. I like it better," he added. "Suppose a man were to say to you," replied Dr. Burney, "that he had been to Rome and had seen the Apollo and the Venus de Milo, but that he preferred a barber's block, what would you say?" "I'd call him a fool," replied Nollekins. "That is exactly what Piozzi and I think you are," returned the doctor.

A Montana cowboy after a severe illness, during which he had been very kindly treated by the hospital physician, called at the home of this friend to thank him for his attentions and say farewell. In the conversation the doctor mentioned that he intended visiting Europe shortly. "Then you must call on some friends of mine who will see you pleasantly entertained," said the cowboy—a particularly rough specimen of the breed. He sat down and indited a letter, addressing the envelope to the "Marquis of Maitland," at a castle in England. The physician smiled a bit incredulously as he took the note. "You know the gentleman, I hope?" "Rather," laughed the cowboy; "that gentleman happens to be my father."

Lord Beaconsfield was the only man who ever succeeded in getting the Prince of Wales to play for small stakes, and he did it artfully. The Prince was on a visit to Hughenden, and after dinner the usual game was suggested. When the stakes were announced "Dizzy" turned pale. He was a comparatively poor man, and feared to risk so much money. A bright idea occurred to him. It was just after the Queen had been crowned Empress of India, and "Dizzy" suggested, "Wouldn't it be more suitable to make it crown points?" The Prince was so pleased with the mot that he consented.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was the guest of honor at one of Houghton Osgood's "Atlantic Monthly" dinners. Several poems and eulogistic speeches were read at him but he preserved an unbroken front. Called on to explain his frigidity, he replied. "I knew the occasion would be one for tears, but I went there determined not to cry, and I didn't. To the last I maintained a rigid upper eyelid."

"The female sect," said Monsieur Calino lately, "is the most illogical in the world." "What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked. "Why, take my wife," answered Monsieur Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them!"

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Pictures of the Navy Yard at Mare Island Wilton Lackaye Making-Up

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VOL XV. No. 49 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 5, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

A STRING OF WARSHIPS

SCENE AT THE MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD: THE MONITOR "MONADNOCK" GETTING UP STEAM

THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 5, 1896

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The management of "The Wave" is reluctantly compelled to announce that owing to the cloudiness of the weather on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, no more nor better snapshots of the 'varsity football game could be obtained than those printed in this issue.

OUR MILITARY MANDARINS.

At this time of the year the high officials of our Government at Washington busy themselves with the preparation of the voluminous annual reports of the doings of their various departments. These reports are supposed to convey to the Congress, and incidentally to the public, some information as to the manner in which the high functionaries of the Government and their high subordinates have discharged their several duties since the last session of the national Legislature. They undertake also to set forth the needs of the public service during the coming fiscal year, and, as a rule, ample and generous recommendations are made for the enlargement and improvement of all branches of the public service reported on. The aggregate annual crop of these reports is a mass of information and good advice so bulky that it seems as if no Senator or Representative could possibly go astray in his legislative duty if he had but the time and the diligence necessary to read what is so bountifully furnished to him from the office of the public printer.

Among the official reports of which information has been received in advance, those of the Secretary of War and the General of the Army are of peculiar interest to San Francisco. The Secretary raises the customary official cry about the peril to which our country is exposed by reason of our unprotected and inadequately protected ports. To secure us from peril he asks, in addition to the $12,000,000 appropriated for coast defenses at the last session of Congress, a further allowance of about $10,000,000 at the coming session, and he solemnly directs attention to the absolute necessity of greatly enlarging the artillery branch of the service in order to meet the requirements that will be imposed by the intended extensive coast defense projects. He promises that if his wise and liberal recommendations are accepted and acted on we shall be fairly safe from foreign invasion by the end of the fiscal year of 1898, and that three years later our seaboard will be invulnerable to the most powerful fleets of our possible enemies. The General of the Army goes the Secretary several dollars better in his recommendation of appropriations for forts and guns. He wants something more than $13,500,000 for defenses at some twenty-three specified points, and he is neck and neck with his civilian superior in clamoring for an increase of the artillery as "one of the most immediately pressing wants of the service."

The people of San Francisco are quite familiar with such statements and recommendations as are set forth in these reports. A few years ago we had the good fortune to have in command of the military department of the Pacific coast a general officer of the army, who, by his energy and ability in directing attention to the subject of the defenseless condition of our harbor, really succeeded in arousing a strong popular interest in the subject which, no doubt, contributed largely to produce the fortifications and the armament at the Golden Gate, behind which we might now rest in comparative security if only we had in those works trained men capable of putting them to the uses for which they were designed. There is high military authority for believing that "the man behind the gun" is really an element of some importance in any defensive arrangement in which guns are an element. Well, the men behind our coast defense guns are infantry soldiers, who do not know and are not expected to learn anything about the duties of such a position, and are about as useful where they are as they would be on a coast defense ship of our navy; while the artillery troops assigned to this coast, with the exception of an insignificant number at the Presidio, probably retained there because room could not be found for them at some unfortified post, are tucked away in stations where there is not a piece of artillery that has not long ago been relegated to the military junk pile. These artillery men, when they are to be permitted to look at a modern fort with a modern gun in it, must be loaded on a steamboat, transported to the Presidio landing and thence marched through an infantry garrison before they can reach the guns which they will be expected, doubtless, to serve efficiently if our enemies arrive on our coast before the time when the Secretary of War shall have made us invulnerable. It is a remarkable fact that this singular condition of things military has been brought about since the former able and energetic commander of the Pacific department has become the General in command of the Army. But it must be remembered that the official atmosphere of Washington is very different from the bracing air of San Francisco. Of course, nobody is expected to pay any attention to the reports of secretaries of war. It is understood that the honorable secretaries are political officials concerned only with the civilian side of the military branch of the public service. But it is not to be wondered at if the legislative tongue is thrust into the Congressional cheek when the wide difference between the promises and the performances of the secretary's military subordinates and advisers is so grossly evident to the mind of the legislator. At a time when our sagacious daily contemporaries are exerting themselves to the utmost to provoke a conflict which may bring a Spanish fleet on our coast our military Mandarins have stripped the defenses of San Francisco of their proper garrison and handed them over to a regiment of infantry, for no respectable motive or purpose that can even be guessed by soldiers or civilians, and which the military Mandarins themselves cannot be induced to disclose. It is a performance worthy of their models in the decaying empire on the other side of the Pacific.

The military expert of that most able and intelligent journal, the New York "Sun" offered some remarks recently in reference to our recent comments on the military situation in this harbor. The "Sun" refers to "administrative grounds" on which it was deemed better to put the artillery headquarters at Angel Island (where there are no guns), while the infantry were stationed at the Presidio (where all of our guns are), but evidently no crumbs of information fell from the official table at Washington to enable the "Sun's" expert to explain what were the "administrative grounds" for this characteristically Mongolian movement. We trust that the "Sun," the greatest of our newspapers, may still be able to furnish news on this interesting point.

Further, the "Sun" says:

"The situation at the Presidio is therefore not at all as remarkable as that at Sandy Hook, where the most powerful modern armament in any of our forts is to be found, and yet not even half a battery of artillerists is stationed there. They are in the other forts of New York harbor, and this fact caused General Miles to make his recommendation of last year that they should be taken from time to time to Sandy Hook for drill with the guns.

However, the trouble with Fort Hancock has been the lack of barrack accommodations, and when that is remedied an artillery garrison will be put there. If, also, Secretary Lamont's plan of adding two batteries to each regiment is carried out, as it ought to be, there would be a little closer approximation to the needed force of artillerymen, and there would probably also be some readjustment in artillery stations."

A military expert should take note of the point that if we have already enough artillerymen to make it justifiable, as a military measure, to send large bodies of them to posts at which there is nothing for them to do, and no opportunity for them to learn what they are supposed to learn, there can be no crying need of an increase in our artillery force. If the officers and men of the Third Artillery, now stationed on this coast, are incapables, and if they are so hopelessly inefficient that the military authorities so despair of ever improving them that they send them to vegetate at abandoned infantry stations, it would seem that there is crying need for a decrease of our present force preparatory to the increase demanded by the General of the Army and the echoing Secretary of War.

Moreover, the parallel drawn between the Presidio and the post at Sandy Hook is defective. We are informed that there have never been any troops at all stationed at Sandy Hook, which has heretofore been merely a proving ground for the Ordnance Bureau. There have never been any barrack accommodations for troops there, and even the name "Fort Hancock" has been applied to the station very recently. If after the excellent recommendations of General Miles and the Secretary of War have been acted on, and when Fort Hancock has become a reality, with forts and guns capable of doing effective work against a hostile fleet and officers and men capable of handling the guns—if then the artillery garrison should be sent off to some unfortified island in the Sound to make room for the regiment of some Colonel of the infantry who has discovered that Sandy Hook is a desirable station because of its superior summer climate, or of its proximity to the summer resorts of the New Jersey coast, and if then our military Mandarins should discover in such conditions good "administrative grounds" for making the change, the "Sun's" parallel would be correct, but not otherwise.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Much surprise has been expressed throughout the country over the utterances of Theodore Roosevelt, Police Commissioner of New York, regarding the Maher-Choynski prize fight. Mr. Roosevelt not only witnessed the contest, but at its conclusion spoke of prize fighting in a respectful way. He said he had often been hurt more seriously while boxing at Harvard and while playing polo than was either of the contestants in this prize fight; that the fight, although it was "to a finsh," was in no way brutal or degrading, and that he, as head of the New York Police Department, would permit such exhibitions in the future.

The expressions of astonishment with which Mr. Roosevelt's praise of prize fighting have been met show that there is a misunderstanding as to the kind of man Theodore Roosevelt is. Although he is a politician in the sense that he has seen a good deal of political life, and is ambitious, no doubt, for still higher honors, he has never seemed to know what political fear was. His career is the most remarkable in our latter day history as illustrating the ability of a man to succeed, who at all times and regardless of political consequences, expresses himself fully and forcibly, and conscientiously does his duty in enforcing the most unpopular laws. We know of no other equally prominent man who is representative of the best type of virile, aggressive Americanism. His words of sympathy for the boxing match are the outcome of his intense virility. While he has been subject to possibly as much abuse as any other man in the country, except the present President, being called at various times "quack reformer," "Harvard theorist," "school-boy politician," "Puritan" and "demagogue," it has never been said of Theodore Roosevelt that he was effete or degenerate. In college he was foremost in athletics, and as a man he has been a lover of all kinds of sport. It is his boast that he has shot all kinds of game to be found within the United States. Each year he spends several weeks upon his farm in Montana, riding the range, hunting and fishing. He lives with his men. This is one expression of the man's nature. His political career is but another manifestation of the thoroughbred. When but twenty-three years of age he was elected a member of the New York Legislature. At once he jumped into national renown as a leader of the reform element in his party against odds that seemed too great to be overcome. He passed several bills which were the beginning of that great body of reform legislation which in later years has put New York in the forefront of well governed States. Later, declining a nomination for Congress, he marked out for himself a career as an executive officer, and accepted the nomination for the mayoralty in New York city, for which he was beaten by Tammany. During this campaign he refused to give any pledges to the interests which control great blocks of votes, declaring that he would enforce the laws as he found them on the statute books.

Owing to his prominence in the cause of civil service reform he was appointed a member of the National Commission by President Harrison, and at once became its controlling spirit. Up to his time the Commission had acted in constant fear of the politician, but from Roosevelt's entrance the attitude of the Commission toward the Government changed, and he made it felt immediately in the protection of the humble office holder from the coercion of the more powerful officials. He was bold enough to call to the President's attention during the presidential campaign of 1888 the use that was being made of petty officials by their chiefs, and brought down upon himself the abuse and hatred of the spoilsmen. President Cleveland re-appointed him, and he became

chairman of the Commission. It was under his advice and due to his persistent efforts that the merit system has been extended to the greater part of our civil service.

When Mayor Strong was elected, one of the most serious problems with which he had to grapple was the reorganization of the Metropolitan Police force, which, by the investigations of the Lexow Committee, had been shown to be corruptly and badly managed. Mayor Strong gave this work into Roosevelt's hands. With that same courage which led him to defy the political bosses, the boodlers and the Albany Legislature, and which had made the Civil Service Commission a power for unlimited good against the politicians of his own party, he closed the saloons on Sunday, destroyed altogether the system of influence and pull which had been the basis of appointment to the Police Department, and developed a police force superior mentally ,physically and morally to any which New York had ever had. He enforced laws which did not meet with his own approval, frankly telling the people that it was their business to make the laws and his to put them into execution. He earned the hatred of the lawless element, and made the law-breakers, whether rich corporations or petty thieves, fear the name of Roosevelt.

It is no wonder that the people should be surprised that a man with such a regard for reform should say aught in favor of glove contests or prize fights, such as that between Maher and Choynski. The saloonkeeper who had seen him insist with iron will upon the enforcement of a law in which he did not believe could not understand this man who spoke a word in favor of a sport which certainly has not been considered respectable. The spoils politician who had seen Roosevelt attack and break down the spoils system in the nation and in the metropolis was not prepared for a word in favor of a sport which it was supposed was reserved only for the disreputable element. Those who cried out against Roosevelt for his words against the Chicago rioters, and who called him a bloodthirsty brute for expressing the idea that the authority of the Government should be upheld, no matter at what cost of life, were ill-prepared to hear this man speak so liberally regarding an unpopular sport.

But all misunderstood him. Theodore Roosevelt is at base an American, born of a long line of patriotic people whose names will be forever identified with the history of America's fight for independence. He inherits love for things manly, direct and strong. He sees the impotence of maintaining a government unless those at its head have the power to enforce its laws. He knows that by no magic can the ignorant Pole, Hungarian and Italian be transformed into law respecting American citizens, but that they must be made to feel that over them there is always held the compelling lash of power. With all things good, all things that make for the upbuilding of the physical man, the good soldier, the patriotic citizen, Theodore Roosevelt has the deepest sympathy; but against those things which tend toward degeneration, Roosevelt is an implacable enemy. He would have cultivated in the American boy a love of country, its institutions, its history, and he would have that boy so trained in body as to be fit to shoulder a musket and fight for its defense, so educated in spirit that he would be proud to answer the call of his country, and always and before all so trained in experience and in education that books can give that he would realize that the only thing essential to the perpetuity of government is a respect for law. This is the keynote of Roosevelt's character and of his career. Test any phase of his character by this standard, and it will be found to ring true. His voice is raised against softness and the silliness of foolish sentiment. He sees that we have come upon a time of physical and moral degeneracy, and he knows that for the salvation of the country itself it is necessary to revive in our young men that love of manly sport, of daring exercise, out of which come the moral elements of courage and fearlessness.

JUDGE M'KENNA'S DECISION.

The decision of Judge McKenna in what is known as the Railroad Commissioner's case, does not bring surprise to legal circles, for it enunciates no new principle of law. The ignorance of law precedents and of other decent things which prevails in the "Examiner" office, however, moves that very respectable family journal to belabor the United States Circuit Judge simply because the doctrine laid down by the court, though old to the law, is new and has been hitherto unknown to the young man who editorially criticises the judiciary in its columns. Among cheap and noisy "patriots" who have achieved nothing for themselves or for their country, there has grown up an idea that that unknown quantity, "the people," have the power to do pretty much as they please with the property of any citizen who chances to be the victim of unpopularity. Under the guise of regulating quasi-public corporations they have come to believe that the State may practically confiscate private property. To accomplish this, according to their code, it is only necessary to create a noisy and therefore popular demand for confiscation, and as the "people" rule in free America, and as the "people's" word is law, neither courts nor judges nor written constitutions can intervene for the protection of the victim against the assaults of the rabble. This idea has taken deep root out West, and in California the "Examiner" has ever been its untiring exponent, the morality of it being in line with its policy on all public questions. In this connection it may be said that there is scarcely a community in America where a great daily paper, or one pretending to be great, would have the hardihood to assume the attitude taken by Mr. Hearst's organ with respect to this decision. Elsewhere the law is well settled, but apparently for the "Examiner's" sake it must be settled all over again.

For the protection of communities and people, the law has, wisely or unwisely, given to the State the power to regulate and control charges for railroad transportation. This power is vested in the State to prevent injustice, not to practice it. Time and again courts have sustained this right to regulate its railroad corporations by means of Boards of Railroad Commissioners; but time and again they have declared with unmistakable emphasis that such regulations must be reasonable. Reasonableness is the essence of the power. Unreasonable rates are the very things that bring into operation the machinery of the law. Its purpose is to check the rapacity of corporations and to prevent unjust, unequal and exorbitant rates. It is the perpetration of injustice that gives birth to the necessity for State regulation, but in exercising this power the State is impotent to perpetrate another injustice or exact a rate which is unreasonably low. To contend otherwise would be outrageous. A State regulation which would limit the earning capacity of a corporation to an extent sufficient to prevent it from paying its operating expenses would be an injustice on its face, for manifestly it would be destructive of the thing itself. Likewise, any State regulation which permits a corporation to collect rates only sufficient to defray its operating expenses and makes no allowances for the payment of the interest or the principal of its debt, would be an injustice and destructive to the corporation itself. The power abiding with the State is not to destroy; it is not even to punish; it is simply to regulate transportation charges upon lines fair and equitable to both the people and the transportation company. The stockholder of a corporation is not a brigand or an outlaw. He is entitled to a fair profit upon his investment, and any regulation which makes toward denial of his right to profit is legislation in contravention of the principle of law applied by Judge McKenna in the Railroad Commissioner's case. So often has this phase of the law been discussed, so thoroughly is it woven into the spirit of all our codes and of all our constitutions that it is absurd to consider it as a debatable point. The only question to be determined by Judge McKenna, the only duty imposed upon the court, was to ascertain whether this particular attempt to regulate did or did not violate the principle involved, and so bring complainant under it protection. Judge McKenna found that it did. That was all. He formulated no new principle, but simply applied an old one. He could not by any possibility have found otherwise without astounding the legal profession of the world quite as much as the "Examiner" professes to be astonished at the novelty of the principle involved.

The decision in this case has given rise to a discussion as to whether or not the Board of Railway Commissioners should be abolished. The wisdom of attempting State regulation of railways except to correct glaring abuses has long been a debatable question. The Commission is judicial in its nature, and proceedings before that body should be conducted with all the form and ceremony of a trial in a court of law. The officers passing judgment should naturally be above prejudice, small hatreds and spiteful animosities. They should be moved by a desire to deal equitably by the railway as well as by the people. They are in no sense public prosecutors. Politicians, however, have insisted upon regarding the Railroad Commissioners much as they do a prosecuting attorney. The wild idea has been encouraged that this body was created for the purpose of hounding and persecuting transportation companies, so as to gratify the hunger for revenge which local antagonism seems to have bred. Naturally, a commission organized and moved by such a purpose cannot survive. Its spirit would be out of touch with and contrary to the theory of American institutions. It has been urged with great force and intelligence that competition constitutes the only true method of regulating transportation charges. That this view is correct will hardly bear questioning, and being correct it follows logically that hostility toward railways is not calculated to encourage capital to further investments in railway enterprises, but rather tends to ensure to the present occupants of the field an indefinite monopoly. The attitude of this State toward its railways has certainly not been calculated to persuade the stranger capitalist to venture his money in California railway enterprises. The noise makers, who have assumed to speak for this State in that respect, have been so outrageously unjust that even with a fairly remunerative railroad proposition before him, the Eastern capitalist must refuse to entertain a plan of development calculated to subject him to the character of abuse so lavishly piled upon our California institutions.

One may not measure the loss we have sustained by this injudicious attitude, but it has been unsafe to protest against it, for to do so would be to bring down a storm of abuse from the agitator. It is a strange commentary on our press that the conservative man has come to be regarded as a "railroad hireling." Long ago the idea was advanced that this pronounced antagonism toward railways operated to postpone, if not prevent, an early solution of the constantly recurring railway question; to wit, competing lines. Of course, no sane man of good judgment believes in the sincerity of the "Examiner's" opposition to corporations. It is a matter of profit with them. To settle the railway controversy in this State would deal a heavy blow to that journal, and would deprive it, and a great many political mischief-makers, of the profits that come from keeping the controversy alive. They do not want peace, and heaven help the unlucky public man who suggests it. It has grown to be the custom to promptly howl down as a railroad hireling the author of any such beneficent measure. The solutions offered by the anti-railroad demagogue have been no solutions at all; they have simply been deliberate schemes of persecution, in which the element of fairness was wholly absent. For instance, the "Examiner" and its followers demanded a twenty-five per cent reduction of rates; the conservative press maintained that such a reduction could not be legally made; the "Examiner" responded by declaring the conservative press "railroad hirelings," and reiterated its demands for a large reduction. A Board of Railway Commissioners representing the "Examiner's" idea of State regulation finally came into office. A reduction was ordered, and further reductions promised. The case was taken into court, and the action of the Commissioners declared to be precisely what the conservative press has maintained; to wit, unjust, unfair and inequitable. After this decision, there were two courses open to the "Examiner"; first, to admit its wrong, or, second, to stubbornly stick to its first blunder, and distract attention from its false position by loudly proclaiming the courts and the law decidedly out of gear. It chose the latter course, for it was the most cowardly of the two. And so it will go on. Expense after expense will be piled upon the State to experiment in the wild and untenable theories of the "Examiner," and in the end the commonwealth will take no profit from it all, will not even learn to ignore the mouthings of our contemporary. One may not measure the loss this State has sustained by the injudicious attitude of its press and its noisy demagogues. We would have been benefited to an enormous extent had the report gone out to the world that California welcomed the railroad builder, and was prepared to accord to him and to his enterprises hospitable treatment, fairness and impartiality. Had this been our attitude, it is safe to say we would have had more railroads.

A competing line of railway may depress rates to a point where no railway commissioners would dare lower them; or, daring, no court in Christendom would uphold them. There is no law to prevent rival and competing railroads from voluntarily diminishing their incomes to a point bordering upon bankruptcy, but there is a law as firm as Gibraltar that denies to the State the power to do this thing. The State may not force railways to adopt ruinously low freight schedules, but competition may drive them to it. The reduction of rates on wheat ordered by the Board of Railway Commissioners amounted to about eight per cent, we understand, and was general in its operation. The court found that such a reduction was unreasonable, but meanwhile the completion of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad compelled the corporation to voluntarily reduce its rates between specific competitive points to a figure far below that which the Commissioners contemplated. By this transaction it has been indubitably proven that competition rather than regulation is most needed. The theory of the "railroad hireling" has been fortified, and the wild notions of the demagogue exploded by the same happening. It has afforded us an object lesson which no amount of specious reasoning can avoid, but that we will take profit from it as a State is to be strongly doubted.

Our Railroad Commission should not be abolished, but we should get rid of the idea that it is its duty to perform the office of a public prosecutor. They have in Massachusetts an admirable plan in operation, which we well might pattern after. A commissionership is no place for a politician, but an honorable, thoughtful and intelligent man might well aspire to such an office and give himself over, not to irritating the public mind or harassing the railways, but to settling difficulties, removing points of friction and bringing about more congenial relations between the people and our transportation companies. But this method of procedure would hardly answer the purposes of the "Examiner" or the demagogue.

There is a patriotic outburst in Spain. Women are selling their jewelry to help raise money for the Government. This is more conspicuous sacrifice than that shown by the women of Carthage, who cut off their hair to make bow strings. Hair grows again, but jewels don't.

Within thirty years the average annual consumption of alcohol for each inhabitant of France has increased from a little more than a quart to considerably more than a gallon.

A METAMORPHOSIS: WILTON LACKAYE TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO "DR. BELGRAFF"

LACKAYE "MAKING-UP"

In the Actor's Dressing-Room as He Transforms Himself Into "Dr. Belgraff."

After I had waited a few minutes in the "star's dressing room," Mr. Lackaye entered in a great hurry. Indeed, everything that went on during that half hour of preparation seemed to be done in a hurry. Wilton Lackaye hurried through the endless details of his wonderful make-up; members of the company hurried in to receive hurried directions, and hurried out again to follow them; a wig-maker hurriedly displayed a number of wigs and was hurried off without ceremony; a certain young man, whether he was a supe or a valet I could not make out, removed Mr. Lackaye's shoes in a great hurry, and hurried on Dr. Belgraff's carpet slippers, while at every moment a scene shifter made a sudden appearance at the dressing room door exclaiming in breathless excitement: "Five minutes more," and a little later:

"Orchestra on." Then at succeeding intervals:

"Overture."

"Curtain up."

"Mrs. Lackaye on."

All this while Wilton Lackaye, the pivot about whom everything revolved, was at one moment talking and laughing with Miss Fuller's manager, at another making suggestions to a younger actor as to his wig in "Moliere" (next week's play), or abusing a recalcitrant shoemaker over the fit of a certain pair of shoes, or again talking to me as to "make-ups," theories of acting and the difference between his methods and those of Coquelin and Irving. Not for an instant, however, did he pause in his work of transforming himself from the rotund, well favored American that he is into the blonde, whiskered German Herr Doktor—Roentgen it is, so Mr. Lackaye says.

"There are two theories of acting," said Wilton Lackaye, carefully modeling the pink, putty-like false nose before the glass, as cleverly as any sculptor. "There is the actor who says, 'It will be all right on the night,' and who relies upon the hysteria—note that Mr. Lackaye calls it hysteria; that's a curious word in such connection—the hysteria of the occasion to carry him through. They call it inspiration. Maybe it is inspiration. I've nothing against it. And—"

The nose was about finished, and Mr. Lackaye smeared his face plentifully with grease paint and rubbed some vermilion stuff—it was crude vermilion—around his eyes and cheeks. "And there is the other kind of actor" (the false nose made his tone a little nasal) "who relies almost entirely upon the careful manipulation of his mechanical effects to—Eh, what do you want? (the wig-maker had approached him). No; a servant would not wear puffs at the side of his wig like that; take it away and change it.—Relies almost entirely upon the careful manipulation of his mechanical effects—"

"I say, Governor" (this from a dignified old gentleman made up as a doctor, who put his head in the door) I say, can we have the California to-morrow for the rehearsal of "Captain Bob"?

"Curtain up," called the stage hand over the old gentleman's shoulder.

Mr. Lackaye had just finished gluing on the chin part of his beard; now he was putting on the remainder over his cheeks in little patches, "so as not to interfere with the play of the facial muscles," he explained to me in an aside. "'Captain Bob' here," he said to the dignified gentleman, "'Moliere' at the California. As I was saying," he continued, adjusting the auburn wig and blackening his eye lids, "relies altogether upon his mechanical effects. But they make the mistake—pass me that sponge—of supposing that the one must exclude the other. Now I—" he pinned a lock of his real hair to that of the wig with a couple of invisible hairpins, and smeared the spot gray—"now I hold that the two methods should go together, first your detail, your mechanics and effects and make-up; then the fine frenzy is right enough when it comes."

The curtain had been up and the play progressing fully five minutes. Mr. Lackaye had only finished making-up his face and was still in his street dress. I thought of amateur performers ready an hour before and waiting for their cue in an agony of excitement. From time to time the star's dresser stepped to the door, cocking an ear in the direction of the stage. He drew out Lackaye's costume—Dr. Belgraff's woolen shirt, stained trousers and

THE RESULT

apron. It did not seem possible that the actor could get into them and out upon the stage in time. I began to get horribly nervous, began to wish he would stop wasting breath talking to me and attend to business. The dresser hurried him into his clothes. Mrs. Lackaye had long since disappeared; we could hear her voice from the direction of the stage. While the big white apron was being fastened Lackaye was chaffing with Miss Fuller's manager. By this time I was absolutely certain that his cue was long past and Miss Wainwright was holding the stage for him. In another minute I should have had nervous prostration.

"Denver really surprised us," said Lackaye. "We did not count on large fronts there, but—

"Already, Mr. Lackaye," cried the call boy from the door. In an instant Wilton Lackaye—I mean Dr. Belgraff, for the transformation was absolutely beyond belief—was gone, the dresser running after him tying the last knot on the apron strings. He disappeared under the stage, and just in time, just by the fraction of a second came up through the cellar door and out on the stage in response to his cue, as calm and as absolutely master of himself as if he had been listening for it throughout the whole previous hour, rehearsing his opening speech the while.

FRANK NORRIS.

A curious exposition was made in the divorce court this week of the distinction drawn by the modern law of society with respect to offenders against chastity. A husband, the petitioner in a notorious case, charged his wife with improper relations with four corespondents. The jury found the wife guilty of adultery with all four, and, of course, the husband got his divorce. But in the case of one of the corespondents it was pleaded that he had not known that the wife was a married woman. Sir Francis Jeune, the president of the divorce court, therefore, in disposing of the case, awarded costs against the other three corespondents, and refused to inflict even that penalty upon the unfortunate fourth individual. In other words, the court ruled that he sinned, if at all, in ignorance, and therefore was entitled to go scot free. This ruling has excited no comment whatever. In fact, it is apparently so well in keeping with current public opinion that nothing else could have been expected.

No striking change in construction is observable in the '97 wheel in England. Improvements in brakes and saddles are the chief novelties. The Enfield Company is exploiting a new brake, which is applied automatically to the chain wheel when the rider back pedals. In saddles a new adaptation of the bifurcated variety is the rage. English expert riders assert that the bevel geared machine has not been yet invented which does not bind when sprinting or riding uphill. A new material for cycle construction, called Kronand metal, is also much canvassed. It is white metal throughout, takes a fine silvery polish, and the inventor claims that while it cannot rust, it is 25 per cent stronger than steel, and 9 per cent less weighty for the same substance.

The opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the California irrigation cases was written by Mr. Justice Peckham. He made an innovation in the practice of the court by merely announcing the conclusions reached instead of reading the whole opinion. Much time would be saved if his associates would adopt the same course. Days are wasted in reading decisions aloud in the hearing of those who as a rule are not interested in the result. It would be wiser to file the opinions without thus reading them, and devote the hours thus saved to the hearing of arguments in other cases.

An important question is whether President McKinley will respect the State Department's order converting all consular offices with salaries not exceeding $2,500 into civil service offices. If he concludes to do so there will be only twenty-two consular offices in Europe open to the appointment of Republicans, in consequence of their salaries being above $2,500. The remaining members of the service will be protected under civil service rules, and the new administration will be relieved from the pressure of office seekers.

London journalistic circles have always manifested an inordinate curiosity regarding the profits and circulation of the "Times." The secret has always been guarded with the greatest jealousy in Printing House square, but it was disclosed incidentally recently in a queer case in court, that the profits of the great newspaper fell from about $180,000 in 1892 to about $130,000 in 1894.

THE PAINTER OF CHRIST

Tribulations and Triumphs in the Career of Michael Munkacsy.

Michael Munkacsy is ill—his career draws to a close. His right arm is paralyzed. In his beautiful home on the Avenue de Villiers in Paris he lies dying—a magnificent mansion it is, fit for a monarch. The dying painter lies in a great canopied bed, hung with rich draperies. Around him are cabinets full of bric-a-brac. Here are costly vases and precious tapestries. On the walls fine canvasses—an atmosphere of beauty, color and luxury. There he lingers—a tall, powerful man, gray for his years, an abundance of thick, rebellious hair spread over the pillows—verily the scene is a picture for just such a hand as that which now hangs useless by his side.

What a contrast this opulence, this splendor, to the beginnings of Michael Munkacsy. Born among peasants the little Hungarian village of Munkacsy on the Danube, he was but ten years old when his parents were killed by the Russians. An uncle apprenticed little Schroeder—for that is his real name—to a carpenter, whose business it was to make those great grudily-painted trunks or chests in which the Hungarian peasant keeps his clothes. Little Michael, a sturdy, ambitious youth, had determined to become a tailor, but fate found a better use for him. It became the apprentice's duty to daub the colors on the new chests, and he developed a marvelous skill at these crude efforts which won him village fame. Aspiration awoke in his heart. He begged to be allowed to go to Pesth to study, but the cautious uncle refused. So Michael labored over the color pots and studied and read all the books about painting to be found in his village. At nineteen years of age, his time having expired, he set out for Pesth armed with a few portraits to testify to his talent. He lived there the life of a beggar, but managed to live and also save enough to bring himself to Vienna. There for a year he struggled to obtain instruction in art, but the sun of his fortune hid itself unul he had found his way to Munich.

There Munkacsy fell under the influence of Wilhelm Leibl, a painter of real genius and great force, who bent his talent in the direction which eventually won fame. His strong individurlity soon attracted attention. Pesth bought two of his compositions; he won prizes, and in 1867 he went to Paris, where his first great canvas was painted. This was "Condemned to Death," a Hungarian awaiting execution in a cell, outside of which stands a sentry. It was purchased by Miss Catherine Wolfe of New York for $6,000. He at once became a figure. He followed up his success by a series of emotional compositions, "The Monte de Piété," "The Rodeurs de Nuit" and the "Village Hero," all of which were exhibited in the Salon. About this time the critics began to deride Munkacsy's style, and assailed him bitterly because of the violence of his contrasts and the wholesale use he made of bitumen.

A period of restlessness and dissatisfaction followed the great moment of success, and then the artist married. The woman who brought him fortune, inspiration and happiness was the widow of Baron de Marches. They purchased then the magnificent mansion which has so long served as the Munkacsy domicile, and there began for him in these splendid Oriental surroundings a new period of production. He began to paint domestic interiors, charming and beautiful compositions full of light and glow, out of which his happiness shown. In 1878 he completed what is regarded as his finest work, "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters." This won the medal of honor at the Universal Exposition, and was purchased subsequently by the Lenox Library in New York. Subsequently he painted the series of great Biblical canvases, on which his great fame rests, "Christ Before Pilate," the "Crucifixion, the "Last Moments of Mozart." He began at this time also the advertising policy, which, while it added to his fame, gave a key to the multitude of critics, who declared him a great fakir rather than a true artist. However, he obtained an immense price for his work, and can afford to laugh at the sarcasm of the jealous who have never set an art world by its ears.

Apropos of "Christ Before Pilate," Munkacsy told Theodore Child in an interview, that he had painted it out of his head for the most part. The models for the Jews around the Saviour were Parisians—the effect is gained rather by the attitude and expression of the characters than by adherence to archaeological detail. The background is broad and simple, and the fine effect is obtained from the figures in the foreground. This picture took a year in the painting. Generally a painter working on a twenty-foot canvas simply copies his studies. He composes his pictures on a small scale, which he squares and transfers enlarged to his big canvas. He makes large studies of facts, figures and details, and then copies these studies upon his final picture. Munkacsy has a different method. He makes sketch compositions, but only to determine the aspect of the composition, and in painting that composition on the big canvas he painted every figure again directly from the living model. This seems to him to be the only way to secure in the final work the freshness of inspiration, the energy and crispness of reality.

The great artist's mansion is an imposing structure of white stone, lavishly furnished. The studio is at the top of the house, an enormous room, littered with artistic rubbish of every possible sort, tapestries of every age and country, brilliant carpets, elaborate carvings, arms of many nations, bits of embroidery of great price, statuary, knickknacks of every conceivable sort.

THE CRUCIFIXION
BY MICHAEL MUNKACSY

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE
BY MICHAEL MUNKACSY
Courtesy of Mr. W. K. Vickery

Violins are perfected in tone by use, and there is now a project on foot to age the instruments by playing on them by steam, so that a violin can be given in a few days the same mechanical amount of bowing that it would get if it were played on by two generations of virtuosos. The inventor is an Indianapolis man, and he says that in sixty days of steam fiddling he can develop a violin as fully as if it had been played on for four hours a day during the lives of two men.

An actress in Stockholm lost her power of speech and memory through sudden grief, and could not take her part. She was accordingly hypnetized, and the operator having suggested that she should proceed to the theater and go through her part, she did so quite unconsciously, and in such a natural manner that the audience remained in ignorance of what had taken place.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

A claim is put forth that the Czar is to some extent a Scotchman. Czar Paul, when in London, is said to have fallen in love with a Miss Macgregor, a young lady noted for her beauty, who happened to be riding her Shetland pony in Hyde Park. He married her privately, so the story goes, and she was the mother of Nicholas I. The present Czar would therefore be her great-grandson.

The new Corean Minister is a conspicuous figure in Washington. Mr. Chim Pom Ye, because of his picturesque costumes, the gay silk gowns and queer hats, with tall, transparent crown of black gauze, resembling in shape those worn by the Puritans in the last century, attracts the most attention and interest. He is an indefatigable sightseer, and wherever he goes is accompanied by his wife and son and attended by his suite.

A tempest of the literary variety has been created in Paris by the publication of a posthumous volume of verse by Paul Verlaine, in which he vents his wrath upon the magistrates who condemned certain of his works; he speaks of Victor Hugo as "encore un bon loufoque," which means a sort of old lunatic—in fact, there are no bounds to his irreverence in these outpourings of an embittered genius. What is above all things precious in the volume is its extraordinary spontaneity and perfection of style.

Emma Eames denounces American hotel managers because they refused to allow her new dachschurd horse room in their caravansaries. She wept bitterly over the ostracism of her favorite. This season Miss Eames sings three new solos, Valentine in "The Huguenots," Elizabeth in "Tannhauser" and Elsa in "Lohengrin." Since her debut in 1889 the prima donna has learned three new languages and twenty roles.

Howard Gould will not again race in English waters so long as the present council of the English Yacht Racing Association is in power. He does not believe there is any chance of the appearance of a challenge for the America cup. Of one of his boats he says: "Niagara is, I believe, the best twenty-rater in England to-day. The Saint won more races, but this was principally due to the fact that the Niagara was built to race under the rules that existed in 1895. Last winter the Yacht Racing Association changed the rules and a new system of time allowance was adopted."

A short time ago the Sultan of Turkey was threatening to bring an action for libel against Mr. Gladstone. Now a Mr. Chaffers, a gentleman who loves the law, is emboldened by the example, and is trying to prosecute the Prince of Wales. His ground of complaint is not so explicit as the Sultan's; it is, indeed, at present a mystery, for the hearing of the case is put off to the spring, so our curiosity must wait to be satisfied. Mr. Chaffers' wrath has already been spent on the Speaker, the Premier, and the British Museum, and probably made the same impression on all.

Harold Frederic says the selection of Edward John Poynter for president of the Royal Academy is unpopular. How it was brought about is not quite understood, even inside the Academy, but there is much unpleasant talk. As had been expected, Riviere led the list on the first ballot, but all were surprised to find Poynter's name second, since it had been tacitly agreed that his holding a fat berth as Director of the National Gallery put him out of the running. All the same, there he was, and to the amazement of Riviere's supporters, enough votes were thrown to Poynter on the second ballot to elect him.

Mr. Whistler is to bring out a new edition of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." It will be no mere reprint of the first and now famous publication, but a considerably enlarged collection of his inimitable witticisms. There are several new retorts, though it will be hard to beat the famous one of "Balaam's Ass." Whistler had compared some one to "the first great critic, who had opened his mouth to Balaam." Then comes a third person and points out that "the ass was right." Re-enter Whistler with the reminder that "it is the only case on record," and "the age of miracles is past."

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Quite the most important suit the city has won in many a moon is that which Judge Slack decided establishing title to a long and narrow strip of land extending from Ninth to Eighteenth streets, containing 109 lots valued at about $150,000. The property in question was the bed of Mission Creek, which, until 1884, was supposed to belong to the State, the first survey of the pueblo of San Francisco having excluded it as tide and marsh land. The Von Leicht survey, approved by the Land Office at Washington, altered the situation, however, showing the pueblo boundary to run across the mouth rather than around the head of Mission Creek. By that time the evil had been done, for the State had disposed of her interest to George W. Ellis, who in turn sold to George W. Tyler and C. C. Tripp, among others, who in the subsequent suits were defendants. The strong point in the city's cause was the fact that its own patent had been issued on the Leicht survey, which definitely fixed the question of ownership; consequently the deed to Ellis became worthless because the State had sold property to which she could give no title. On this contention action was begun in 1886, but decision and settlement were delayed by the intricacy of the questions of ownership and boundary involved. Indeed, the victory is a triumph for City Attorney Creswell's administration, as it was through the careful and laborious research of his first assistant, Rhodes Borden, that the verdict was obtained. The case bristled with knotty legal points, and demanded the most patient investigation of ancient grants and surveys. However, the end justifies the means, and Mr. Borden is to be congratulated.

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If the city has any interest in the race horses being fed on the Industrial School rancho, the especial department having equine affairs in charge is to be congratulated on its judgment. They are excellent and sightly steeds, and would do credit to Palo Alto. Nowadays an equine atmosphere pervades the Branch County Jail, for just over the hills is Ingleside, and the Superintendent, Prentiss Clarkson, is as well informed on form and speed as any man in the service of Sheriff Whelan. Indeed, it is no rare thing for a dozen jockeys to repair of a morning to the jail first to consult the hospitable Superintendent on intricate questions of riding or driving, and it must be said his advice is always generously tendered and is generally valuable.

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The association of General Hart and the airship must strike those who have met the former as a most effective combination. The General's imagination is of the Munchausen order, and nothing pleases him better than a good, big story, provided he is its sole source and inspiration and gets the credit. The airship myth is the most curious demonstration of faith we have had in many a long day. However wicked the community, it is evident there is here a fine credulity, requiring merely the proper approach to inflame. Of course, it serves as a silly season sensation, but to judge by the "Call's" columns there must be many people whose imaginations give bodily form to what they read, showing a much stronger faith in journalism than its antagonists would have us believe exists.

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The prize fight furnished the city with a first-rate sensation, and the decision of Wyatt Earp was an exciting conversational topic. The most contrary opinions prevail, as one may judge by the expression of local authorities interviewed in the dailies. However, it is hard to see every blow in a fight, and only the trained eye ever records accurately what does happen within the ring. It is certain, however, that Sharkey has been hurt, and it is improbable that Fitzsimmons, who is a fair fighter, intentionally fouled him. However, one fact is proved, and it is that the sailor is no champion. Science and skill, after all, are better than brute force, even in a ten-round contest.

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That the typographical possibilities of San Francisco are not lightly to be regarded is proved by recent examples of bookmaking bearing the imprint of William Doxey. Among them is a beautiful volume, "Tales of Languedoc," by Professor LeBrun of Stanford University a series of Provencal fairy tales charmingly told and certainly put forth with unusual luxury of type, binding and illustration. Some weeks ago I published one of Ernest Peixotto's drawings made from this book, a delicate and graceful composition of much felicity of line and touch. It was but one of the series scattered through this the most ambitious effort at regular publishing we have yet had. I must not forget ,of course, the Dewing picture books or the Bancroft histories, though "Languedoc" is of a very different type. Of course it is a very small audience, that of the Coast, but it is Christmas time, and there is a welcome now for beautiful books. By the way, Mr. Doxey is to issue soon a book of Emma Francis Dawson's stories, in which I am told are several thrills.

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In announcing the death of the "Arts and Crafts" it appears I was premature. Really the organization is not dead, for it has elected that very successful musician, Mr. Louis Lisser, as president, and is embarking on a harmonious career, which may interfere with the pre-eminence of the Musicians' Club. I have just had intelligence that the Guild is preparing an exhibition of musical instruments and musical literature in connection with concerts and musically illustrated lectures. The directors are anxious to learn the whereabouts of "odd, uncommon or historically interesting instruments," such, possibly, as the pipe of the piper who played before Moses, the timbrel which "sounded o'er Egypt's dark sea," the harp "that once," or the equally celebrated implement that David strummed before Saul, besides, perhaps, the organ of St. Cecelia and the harpsichord which first resounded to the notes of "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Undoubtedly the display of appliances of this character begets an interest in harmony which is hard to withstand, but I cannot see in this plan of campaign the intentions which moved the creation of the Guild. Why does the organization meddle with melody when tnere are painters to regulate and sculptors to reform? Besides, it is a perilous field, that of music, and intensely provocative of heart burnings, jealousies and other forms of anguish.

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It was a misapprehension rather than a blunder which precipitated the little difference over that National Guard inspection, which was inflated into a regimental flurry by one of the dailies. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and Major Jansen only followed his directions. If blame is to be attachable anywhere it is due the orders themselves, which were open to misinterpretation. As for court-martials or inquiries, the manner in which the error occurred was patent at the moment and required no further explanation.

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The enterprise of the Board of Health is so obvious that we don't stop to consider what it is all about. So strange a spectacle it is in this somnolent city, to witness a department zealous in the execution of its duty that we forget in the splendor of the display to ask who made the fireworks. First we had Mr. Dockery's milk crusade; next the purification of Chinatown, and now the closing up of Catholic, private and public schools. Incidentally we have food inspection stations, injunction suits, blackmail proceedings, together with dinners to Governor Budd. Altogether the Board has had a full measure of publicity, and to judge by present indications is just waiting for a crisis to witch the town with stupendous watchfulness. The leading spirit in all these audacities is Dr. Morse, whose ambition a series of surgical triumphs seem only to have whetted. What he aspires to has not transpired, but you cannot gainsay his individuality, which is to-day the real factor in health affairs. Though Mr. Jake Reinstein is not a member of the Board the success of its enterprises is due to his inventiveness. One of the most fertile lawyers in town, Mr. Reinstein has found precedent and solutions for the problems in which Dr. Morse's enthusiasm has involved the department. Before his knowledge of legal process the obstructions of police, property owners, milkmen, grocers and politicians have given way. Such a combination of daring and ingenuity is hard to counteract, and that is why the Board gives the dailies so many head lines. As for the Quarantine Department, that is another story.

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Now as to motives. We are told that out of gratitude for their appointment the members of the Board are engaged developing a political machine to aid the cause of Governor Budd's intention to succeed himself. There is no mistaking the thankfulness of the Doctors to the source of their prominence, for the executive has to undergo banqueting at their hands at every visit he makes to the metropolis—an ordeal he bears with consummate fortitude. Apropos of the forthcoming machine, it is evident Mayor Phelan need look for little consideration from it, as the Board and its satellites had other favorites in the late race and voted for them ratner than for the Democratic candidate—a situation easily accounted for, because Phelan may be a factor in the gubernatorial fight two years hence. One is loath in San Francisco to imagine any man doing aught for the public good apart from his own advantage, but in the consideration of motives it is fair to assume the Board is actuated by a true spirit of reform, manifesting itself without hope of future emolument or distinction. Anyhow, the public is distinctly a gainer.

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The big football game is over, and now comes the season for talk and for explanations on the part of the U. C. boys as to why they did not win—or rather, why they were so fearfully whipped. "Some one has blundered." This is the cry that one hears upon the U. C. campus during these days after the game. "Some one has blundered." The boys would be glad to lay their hands (clenched) upon this blunderer should he be proven to exist. There is a whisper—it is just a whisper—that Mr. Butterworth may be the individual sought for. It is said that the great Yale fullback chose to live in the city rather than at the training quarters with the team, after the manner of Mr. Cross. It is said that Mr. Butterworth was unreasonable in his selection of McNutt as end rusher for the California team, much to the surprise of the Berkeley boys, who had marked Jimmy Hopper as the better man for the place. It is said that the Freshman team received but four days of coaching at the hands of Mr. Butterworth, and that Mr. Butterworth did not invariably set the team the shining example of self-denial in the matter of tobacco—and other things—that have been held up to the eleven in the person of the previous coaches, Hefflefinger, Gill and McClung. These are all whispers, however, and until something of a more definite character is developed we must still hold to the belief that Butterworth was everything that the U. C. expected him to be. The other possible scapegoat is Captain Ransome, whose paleness and general staleness were the talk of the bleachers as soon as ever he set foot on the field Thanksgiving day. But of Ransome the college will hear nothing ill. No matter how badly he played, he did the best he could; that is the verdict of the Berkeley undergraduates. Others may fail of their duty, coaches may be remiss, managers may leave much to be desired, professors may be unrelenting, but the U. C. Sophomore will have it through thick and thin that "the captain of the eleven can do no wrong."

$20,000 FOR 3000 WORDS

Highest Price Ever Paid by a Newspaper for a News Story.

The story of Nansen's voyage—the first authentic record of the great northern exploration trip—was published by the London "Chronicle." It was a scoop, a great scoop. It cost the "Chronicle" just $20,000. Think of it—for an article of some three thousand words this journal dared to pay this enormous sum, quite the greatest ever paid for a story of that length. However, it was a great achievement that was recorded, and nowadays journalistic success is won by the spending of money. It remains to be seen if the results will justify the cost. Certainly it is a great advertisement for the "Chronicle," and it constitutes a legitimate "scoop" of the first water.

Nansen is to-day the most successful of all explorers who have ventured into Arctic waters, having beaten all records for "the farthest north" without the loss of a single man, without any serious sickness amongst his crew, without even any great physical discomfort, except that consequent on his solitary sledge expedition. How he accomplished his purpose in the face of the disapproval of almost every Arctic explorer is the story which the London "Chronicle" publishes. His greatest privation, the hardship which was heaviest to bear, over which he breaks forth into lamentations and exclamations of regret, is not the intense cold, nor the starvation, nor the sickness, nor the ice nips, nor the contrary currents, nor any of those other sufferings endured by every Arctic voyager, from Baffin to Greely—none of these affected the little Danish doctor. The greatest misfortune which he bewails was his lack of soap. The explorer who can come nearer to the North Pole than any other man in the world's history and undergo no more tribulation than the want of soap must be a genius of the highest order. Here is how the Doctor puts it:

DOCTOR NANSEN

"Never before did I know what it was to exist without soap. It was difficult enough to get one's person clean, but this we managed to a certain extent by rubbing in bear's blood and fat, and then rubbing this off with moss. But this process was not applicable to clothes. After trying every possible way, we found, in our despair, no other expedient than to boil them as best we could and then scrape them with a knife. In this way we got so much off them that they did to travel with, though the thought of putting on clean clothes when we once more got back to Norway was always in our minds as the greatest enjoyment that life could bestow."

The Fram as well—Dr. Nansen's stout little ship—made a record for herself in this most memorable of voyages. It has long been the opinion of Arctic experts that the ingenuity of man could not devise a ship strong enough to withstand the lateral pressure of the ice when caught in a "nip." The Fram was frightfully nipped on the 4th and 5th of January, 1895, and instead of succumbing rose to the pressure by virtue of her peculiar build. But the most interesting portion of Nansen's narrative is that in which he describes his dash for the pole, that lonely voyage of himself and Johansen across miles of rubble ice:

"Our progress was greatly hindered by the cracks and channels in the ice. In that low temperature they were as a rule covered with a thin sheet of ice, which made it impossible to use our kayaks in getting across. We were therefore often compelled to go a round of many miles, and it would sometimes take half a day to get past a channel of this kind. The further south we came the more of these there were, and they greatly hindered our advance, while provisions were dwindling and the dogs had to be killed one after another to feed the remainder. Some of the dogs at first evinced great aversion to eating their companions, but as their hunger increased and they got nothing else to eat they gradually became so voracious for this food that it was difficult to keep them from it as soon as a dog was killed."

The sledge expedition was a failure so far as reaching the pole was concerned, but it was undertaken with such determination that it carried the two adventurers to the highest latitude ever attained by man. On April 7th Nan-

sen, having gone ahead of the sledges and ascertained that further northern advance was impossible, turned back and headed for Franz Josef Land. They landed at the spot where they made their winter quarters with scarcely anything except their boat kayaks, guns and ammunition. Nansen continues:

"We immediately set to work to shoot walrus, the blubber of which we intended to use for firing. For two men, however, the manipulation of these huge animals was attended with considerable toil. There was no scarcity of bears, and we shot them for our winter store of food. After having laid in a temporary supply, we set to work on our hut, which was built of stone, earth and moss. How we were to roof it seemed at first a difficult problem to solve. Fortunately, however, we found a piece of drift timber cast up on the shore. This we used as the ridge piece of the house, and stretched walrus hides over it, weighted at the edges on both sides with large stones. On the top of this we laid snow. To build a chimney was not easy, as we had not the stones necessary. Our only expedient was, therefore, to build it of ice and snow, which had to be renewed, however, two or three times in the course of the winter.

"For cooking, lighting, and heating, we used walrus blubber and bear's fat. Bear's flesh and fat was our only food. In the evening we fried it in a large aluminum frying pan; in the morning we boiled it. We made our bed and sleeping bag of bearskin. To keep warmer we both slept in one bag, and, taken altogether, we were quite comfortable in our low hut, of which a great part lay below the level of the ground, and was therefore fairly well protected from the violent winter storms which continually raged above it. By the help of our lamps we succeeded in keeping the temperature inside at about freezing point, while on the walls it was, of course, considerably lower. These were covered with a thick coating of rime and ice, which in the lamplight imparted a beautiful marmoreal appearance to the walls of the hut, so that in our happier moments we could dream that we dwelt in marble halls. The hut was about ten feet long, six feet broad, and high enough in some places to allow of our standing almost erect. Our couch was formed of rough stones; we never quite succeeded in getting it even tolerably smooth."

Here in the "Dream of Marble Halls" Nansen wintered, plentifully supplied with food, fuel and light, with everything to make life comfortable—barring soap. With the return of spring he and Johansen resumed their southerly voyage, making a quick and easy trip in their kayaks to Spitzbergen. It was during this part of their journey that they fell in with Jackson, and a little after this reached civilization and flashed the news around the world that announced the safe return of the most successful expedition in the history of Arctic exploration.

St. Louis is considering a plan to substitute incandescent lights for gas on its streets.

THE NAPE OF HER NECK

They had spent the day canoeing upon the Marne, and as the sun was setting and the hour for cocktails and "amer picon" was coming on the entire party, graceless young rascals to the number of twenty odd, housed their canoes and foregathered in the nearest "cabaret."

As soon as they were comfortably settled about their table, their conversation, as was invariably the case, turned upon women, and as the cocktails succeeded one another they fell to recounting their exploits. To hear them talk you would have believed every one a hero. What prodigies had they not performed! What conquests had they not made in the "Pays d'Amour!" Compared with them Don Juan with his "Thousand and Three" was a veritable monk.

All at once one of them exclaimed:

"Look here, let's make a bet, a round of drinks to the first man of us who shall make yonder pretty woman turn around."

"What pretty woman?"

"The one at that table there, sitting with her back towards us. She is drinking a glass of Madeira."

"Who said she was pretty?"

"Look at the nape of her neck."

"That's no proof."

The canoeists were at once divided into two factions, one contending that the young woman was pretty, the other that she was plain. But unfortunately the excitement caused by the discussion led them to speak so loud that the lady was soon made aware of their idiotic bet and promptly decided that the house would crumble about her ears before she would turn around. The contending parties knew nothing of this, however.

"Isn't her neck beautiful?" vociferated the one who had first spoken. "Observe those two little sunny curls and how clearly the line of the hair is marked. There can be no doubt that this woman is pretty."

"Seen from behind," admitted another, "it is indisputable. What a figure! What a seductive curve in the decolletage of her dress."

"And her shoulders."

"Baste! That does not prove that she is pretty."

"At any rate she is adorably well made."

"She may be one-eyed for all we know."

"We'll see for ourselves pretty soon."

However the young woman did not turn around.

Little by little, growing bolder, the canoeists resorted to all sorts of devices to attract her attention. One after another they called, "Marie! Josephine! Alice! Bebe! Mignonne!" All in vain. The lady calmly continued her talk with the two young men who were her escorts.

"Suppose we set off some fireworks at the back of her chair," suggested one of the canoeists.

"Or drop a five-franc piece at her side."

In the meanwhile it was growing darker and in a few minutes it would be impossible to see whether she was pretty or not even if she did turn around. The fading scintillations of those two divine little curls troubled and aggravated the canoeists more and more. They were all of one mind now. Surely the lady was pretty. And they delivered themselves of impassioned dithyrambs on the perfection of her exquisite neck.

She on her part, intoxicated with the incense of this impertinent adoration, gave herself the malicious pleasure of keeping her face averted.

The canoeists were fairly wild with impatience to look at her face, which, by a strange optical illusion, each saw with different features.

Proceeding from the known—her lovely white neck—to the unknown, each created for himself a different type of beauty. Now it was the noble forenead of a goddess, or the babyish face of a little "gamine" of the streets. Now it was the straight nose of classic Greece or that of a pure-blooded Parisienne, retrousse and impertinent. As for her mouth, every one knows that there are as many different kinds of mouths as there are rosebuds, and each one of the canoeists had already chosen the flower of his taste.

But—the capricious young woman would not turn around.

The sight of this neck became irrisistible, exasperating. Parole d'honneur! It looked as though she were laughing at them, and by this time it was apparent to them all that for the last ten minutes she had overheard every word of their talk.

The affair seemed to have failed. But one of the canoeists, the worst scapegrace of the lot, was seized with a sudden inspiration and saved the situation.

"I have it," he cried, and with an effrontery that would have staggered an Egyptian mummy he went up to the young woman and kissed her on the nape of her neck, at the same time holding out both hands and exclaiming:

"Bon jour, Clementine."

She turned around quickly.

What was going to happen!

Every one expected a scene.

But the young woman—she was very pretty—answered without the least embarrassment, "Bon jour, Lucien."

And turning to her two companions she added, introducing him:

"My cousin."

Then in a low voice and with a charming smile she said:

"You did very well to bet that I was pretty." And every one was struck dumb with astonishment, for his name was no more Lucien than hers was Clementine.

But then, women are droll.

—From the French of A. Menard.

ON CALIFORNIA'S FIVE-YARD LINE: STANFORD MASSING ON CENTRE

CALIFORNIA'S BALL END PLAY BEHIND INTERFERENCE

A DANGEROUS HOLE IN THE CALIFORNIA LINE

STANFORD STOPS A PLAY ON TACKLE

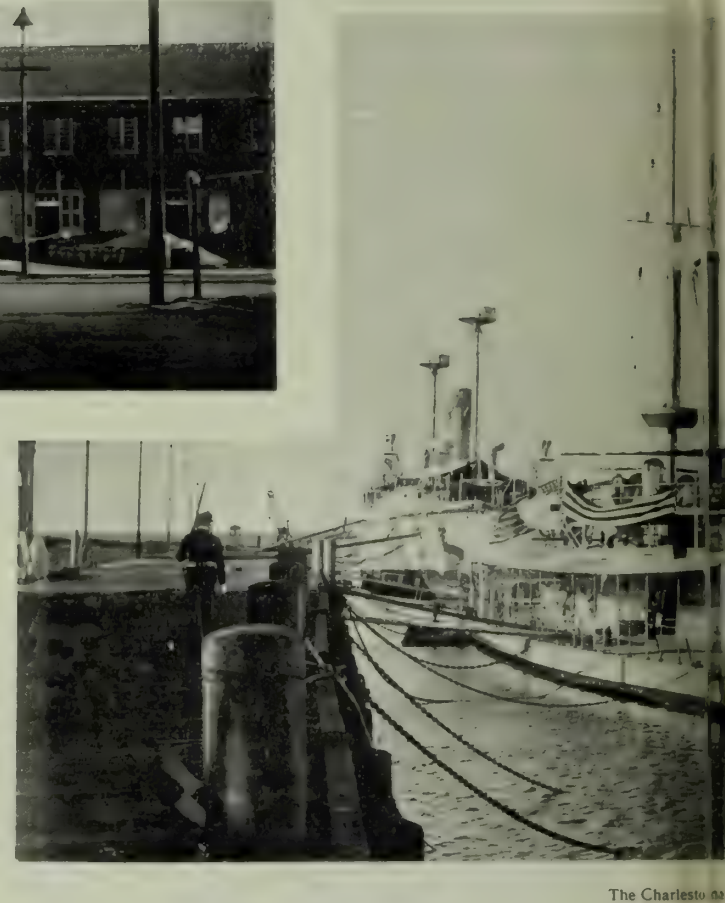
RANSOME THROUGH CENTRE

STANFORD MAKING A HOLE FOR THE RUNNER: KENNEDY READY TO TACKLE

HOW CALIFORNIA WAS BEATEN: SNAPSHOTS DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE GREAT 'VARSITY GAME

Photos by B. Y. Morris, Oakland

The Petrel Alongside the Big Shears



The Mohican

The Charlesto

A Glimpse of the Island

The Concord and the Pensacola

The Monterey

IN AND ABOUT THE M

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A General View of the Navy Yard

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Some Able Seamen

The Yorktown in the Dock

FITTING CRUISERS FOR SERVICE

A Day Spent at the Mare Island Dry-Dock.

To fit out a cruiser for sea service implies an amount of labor and of expense that the lay landsman can have but little idea of until he has visited the docks (dry and otherwise) of Mare Island and seen the great war engines laid up there for repairs. It is an imposing sight at Vallejo just now. Standing at the gate of the great dry dock and looking up the stream you may see an unbroken white line of cruisers, gunboats and monitors, hugging the wharves with cables and hawsers, laying by there for the repairs that will once more fit them for active sea service. Rarely is it possible to see so many vessels of the white navy together at the same time. Mare Island has taken on the appearance of a naval rendezvous. The Charleston is there, the Baltimore, the Monterey, the Ranger, the Petrel, the Monadnock, the Concord and the Pensacola. It is almost a fleet, a veritable white squadron.

Upon many of those ships the repairs are being actively carried forward. Parallel with the file of war vessels is a line of factories, machine shops, forges and what not, that are glowing and clanging and vibrating with the purring of great machinery. Anchors are being forged, and parts of engines; an entire barbette is under process of overhauling; started and twisted bolts and screws are being replaced; oak timbering, copper sheathing, brasses, chains, white lead and the like are littered about in a confusion apparently inextricable. While on the wharf itself you may see gigantic lifting cranes like huge lean arms swinging back and forth picking up piles of lumber or nondescript masses of machinery and placing them aboard ship, somewhere in the mysterious depths of the hold.

How large is the number of men employed at the Mare Island Navy Yard would be rather difficult to say. You are told that the total monthly wages paid comes close upon $30,000. At 6 o'clock when the whistle blows a veritable army of workmen debouches from the shops and forges, suddenly invading the place by hundreds, by thousands. The streets and wharves all at once become black with the multitude, while the little ferryboat that plies between the island and Vallejo is weighted down to the very gunwales by the throng of home-bound mechanics.

The huge dry dock itself is the most interesting feature of the navy yard. If you can imagine the Coliseum or other of the classic amphitheaters made smaller you will have a perfect—an almost literally perfect—idea of the Mare Island dry dock; made of granite, elliptical in shape, its sides terraced with innumerable steps leading down to a flat oval at the bottom, along whose greatest diameter rests the keel of the docked vessel. The reason why a vessel is dry docked is to clean her sides and keel, to repair started bolts and strains below the water line and to give the hull a new coat of paint. Most important of all, however, is the cleaning of the keel and flanks. It is almost impossible for a landsman to gain any idea of the amount of stuff that collects upon the hull of a seagoing ship—millions of tiny shell fish, barnacles, whelks, minute clam-like mollusca, parasites of every description, against which nothing as yet known in the art of shipbuilding is proof. All these clinging to the hull below the water line will form in an incredibly short time a coating so thick that it will make a difference of from four to six knots in the vessel's speed. At the time I visited the dry dock I was shown two great piles of stuff, each nearly as high as myself, that had been scraped from the hull of the Philadelphia—the last ship dry-docked. Indeed, it is chiefly for the sake of scraping the hull of the ship that these immense dry docks have been built at the cost to the government of thousands and thousands of dollars.

But—this, however, in passing—a cruiser out of water is a strange looking thing. All her grace, her lightness, her appearance of speed and agility vanishes in the dry dock. She looks like a fish on land, like a crocodile, like a seal on a beach—a thing amphibious, clumsy, slow moving. There is a certain indecency about the sight. You see that part of the ship you are not intended to see. She loses dignity. There is too much incline to her bow and stern, her screws and rudder look trifling and inadequate, and her ram, her formidable forefoot, capable of administering the kick that crashes in the ribs of her enemy and sends her to the bottom a dismantled wreck, seems only a hideous, protruding snout, the lower jaw of a sulky bulldog.

The scraping and painting of the hull, however, is not the only labor involved in getting the ship to sea. There are the stores. You are told that Uncle Sam's sailors are better fed than are those of any other navy or army in the world (better paid, too, for the matter of that), and when to back this statement you are further informed that the running expenses of such a ship as the Philadelphia amount to fifteen thousand dollars a month you begin to believe that such a state of affairs is quite possible.

Every United States man-of-war carries reserve provisions for two years, in case of emergency. The regular provisions are consumed only when at sea, the crew and officers subsisting on fresh meat, vegetables, etc., when in port. The provisions are stored aft as far as possible from the engine rooms, lest the heat of the boilers should—as is often the case—cause explosions among the canned goods. The ship eats into its provisions at the top, putting in fresh supplies from the bottom in order that the tinned things in the lower layers of the stores may not be over kept and spoiled. There is a further advantage of this arrangement, i. e., whenever a case is spoiled the ship's steward may be pretty certain that it is the fault of the contractors and not of any official on board, consequently the case in question is tossed overboard and the contractor charged for the amount.

Buying in such large quantities, Uncle Sam can afford to feed his sailors very cheap and yet feed them better than any other country. A sailor aboard the Philadelphia can be fed for six dollars a month, and this implies turkey and chicken and oyster soup for his Sunday dinner. On Thanksgiving day he probably had as good a meal as the average San Francisco citizen, better, perhaps. The Government allows him eight dollars a month for his rations, so that if he chooses he can save something. A few items will give you some idea of how cheaply men may be fed when the contractors can figure upon them in the aggregate. The United States sailor will consume in one month only 60 cents worth of sugar, 30 cents of beans, 50 cents of coffee, 50 cents of flour, 25 cents of rice and so on. These rations are all of the very best quality. Contractors will tell you that it is a poor business proposition to cheat Uncle Sam. Indeed, it is hard to cheat him at all in the first place, for as each case comes aboard it is inspected and passed upon, and if it is "not up to sample" back it goes to the contractor.

The "little world" simile has been applied so often to ships that it has long since become trite and hackneyed, but it is nevertheless admirably true, never more so than when, after all this work of dry docking and painting and repairing and provisioning is done and the great ship clears away for the open sea, relying only upon herself, severing all connection with the cities of men, becoming herself a little city, individual, complete, independent, a tiny bit of humanity, a white dot lost somewhere out there on the blue Atlantic.

E ISLAND NAVY YARD

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IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, the great football match has been lost and won, and now the universities are settling down after their hardly contested battle and looking forward to future triumphs. The festival of Thanksgiving has changed in character since the advent of football. Formerly it was a distinctly "home celebration," a sort of minor Christmas, when all the members of the various families met under their respective rooftrees and held high revelry. To-day it is made an excuse for a social gathering. The family feast has been superseded by the dinner party. The young people entertain or are feted by their friends. Though there are objections, this change may on the whole be regarded in the light of an improvement. Family assemblages have their drawbacks, and many people consider a reunion once a year an ample sufficiency. "The peace on earth, good will towards men" feeling does not affect one materially save at Christmastide, and domestic gatherings are apt to become the scene of that most distressing of occurrences, a family row.

Charity entertainments have commenced and bid fair to have an unprecedented success. The first of these was the tea and miniature show given by the "Golden Circle of the King's Daughters" on Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Sidney Smith. The net receipts were over four hundred dollars, which sum is to be used for the support of two beds in the Children's Hospital. I hear that the Circle proposes endowing a ward in the new hospital. The Smith house was tastefully decorated by the girls, chiefly in palms, crysanthemums and red berries, and the miniature show was quite the feature of the evening. The maidens looked lovely in their patches and paint, their powdered hair and picture hats. Miss Thomas, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Bertha Smith and Miss Belle Hutchinson took part. The Presidio band furnished the music, and the members of the "Junior Golden Circle," who were daintily garbed in white muslin, served the refreshments. Some among these budding maids give promise of beauty. The Misses McClung are rarely sweet-looking girls; Miss May Denman is tall and striking, and Miss Hamilton decidedly pretty.

Another successful entertainment was the Cushion Tea given by the members of the Woman's Exchange at Mrs. Lilienthal's last Tuesday. The ladies were assisted by a number of the debutantes, who added much to the popularity of the affair. In the evening it resembled more a social function than an entertainment for "sweet charity." The display of cushions was excellent, and they literally went like wild fire; the prices were not exorbitant and some really beautiful pieces of work were disposed of. The Lilienthal house is the Atherton mansion, and it is just the place for a big tea. Since it passed out of the possession of the original owners it has been beautifully redecorated by Page Brown, and is one of the handsomest interiors in town. The rooms downstairs are large and open out of a great square hall; the special decorations were very Christmassy and cheerful looking. The Hungarian Orchestra furnished the music during the afternoon, while in the evening the affair wore the aspect of a promenade concert. Of the girls who assisted I noted Miss Crawshay, Miss Kip, Miss Hooper, Miss Cohen and Miss Katherine Glass.

The San Francisco Riding Club gave its first public exhibition on Tuesday evening at the Armory Hall on Pacific avenue. Every available portion of the building was filled and some interesting feats of horsemanship were witnessed. The exhibition opened with a musical ride, in which Mrs. Fanny Lent, Miss Kohler and several gentlemen of the club took part. The figures appeared quite intricate. This was followed by a fencing bout between Miss Fonda and Miss Farquharson. Perhaps the most interesting item on the programme was the tandem riding, in which Captain Dilhan and Miss Hooper took part. Miss Hooper's team looked like miniatures of the Captain's and she performed some exceedingly graceful feats. The show ended with hurdle jumping, in which Count de Bouvier, Mr. George Quarre, Mr. Bank Somers, Mrs. Lent and Mr. George Lent took part. Afterwards refreshments were served in the club rooms. The net profits exceeded $250.

Much interest is taken here in the marriage of Sidney Edw. Mezes, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Texas, to Miss Olive Hunter, which takes place at Austin, Texas, on the 10th of this month.

Prof. Mezes is connected with several of the best families of the city—the Campbells, Pringles, Janins and others. He inherited from his father several large tracts of land in San Mateo county, but has left the management of this property to an agent, preferring to devote himself to his favorite study of philosophy. After graduating from the University of California in '84 he took a post-graduate course under Prof. Harrison, and later spent several years at the Germany universities and Harvard, from which latter he obtained his doctorate. His rise within his profession has been exceptionally rapid, he being now the youngest man at the head of a Department of Philosophy in any of the American universities. Something over a year ago he visited California with Prof. Royce and lectured at Berkeley, where he was the recipient of many high compliments from the local professors and many social attentions from his old-time friends. Prof. Mezes is much more a man of the world than his title and vocation imply; beside membership in several eastern clubs he enjoys fellowship in our own Pacific-Union and University Clubs, in which he is extremely popular.

Miss Hunter comes of an old and famous southern family, members of which have served in both houses of Congress. She was on a visit to relatives in Austin something over a year ago when she and Prof. Mezes met. Her father and mother being dead, the wedding will take place in the home of her sister at the Texan capital and will be the social event of the year in that city. In person Miss Hunter is said to be a type of the high-bred Virginian lady, of gracious manner and much refinement.

A very pretty debutante's tea was that given by Mrs. Avery McCarthy to introduce Miss Helen Wagner on Saturday afternoon. The McCarthy home is quite modern and the interior decorations are light and pretty. The drawing-rooms, which are in white and gold, were massed with pink roses. The hall was gay with red berries. Mrs. McCarthy wore a fetching costume—a white brocaded skirt with white jacket trimmed with turquoise velvet and lace. Miss Wagner looked lovely in a soft organdie frock over white satin, the waist lavishly trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The girls who assisted in receiving were Miss Mamie Stubbs, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Hooper, Miss Elizabeth Carroll and others. A number of the girls who received and several young men remained during the evening, and later attended the meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly. This meeting was even more enjoyable than usual. It was led by Mr. Leonard Everett in a very capable fashion. The figures were on the usual marching order. It appears difficult to originate new figures for the german. I wonder some of the young men don't revive the old minuet and varsovienne styles, which are not only graceful but exceedingly pretty, and would have the charm of novelty. I have never seen Miss Gertrude Bates look so well; she wore a dainty blue dimity. Miss Ethel Cohen wore an exceedingly stunning frock, a combination of pale blue moire and satin. The waist was semi-concealed by gauze and edged with passementerie. Miss Marie Messer, who, by the way, is among the most graceful dancers, wore white organdie and pink ribbons. Mrs. de Ruyter looked well in a light Dresden waist and black satin skirt. Miss Fanny Baldwin, one of the debutantes, wore a lovely gown of pale yellow.

SIDNEY EDWARD MEZES

Whose marriage to Miss Olive Hunter takes place at Austin, Texas, on the 10th instant

The Friday Fortnightly held its usual meeting last week. The german was led by Mr. Allen Wright and Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury. The figures were chiefly driving and marching, though a novelty was introduced when the debutantes formed in line and chassed up the center. Miss Salisbury looked very handsome in pale pink silk covered with white mull. Miss Helen Hopkins wore a blue gown exquisitely fashioned. Miss Caroline Crockett and Miss Bernice Landers were in white. The dance commenced later than usual, and was continued until after midnight. Prior to the affair, Miss Kate Salisbury and several young people were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Bain.

The opening meeting of the Monday Evening Dancing Class was a smart affair and exceedingly enjoyable. The music was not particularly good. It was either too fast or too slow, which somewhat militated against the pleasure of the dancers. I noted a great scarcity of the older men; in fact, with the exception of Mr. George Newhall, there were none present. The Brownie element, however, turned out in full force. There were an unusual number of dowagers present, some of whom put even the debutantes in the shade. Mrs. L. L. Baker was magnificently gowned, and Mrs. Hoffmann looked very handsome in black velvet and lace. Some of the managers tried to get up a set of lancers for the older people, but when the time came they refused to dance. I was surprised at the absence of beautiful gowns, as in former seasons the girls saved their best frocks for the Monday Night. Miss Mamie McNutt wore a handsome frock, black satin trimed with gold passementerie. Mrs. de Ruyter was prettily dressed in lavendar silk with puffs of duchess muslin on the shoulders. Of the debutantes, Miss Alice Hoffman looked beautiful in white taffeta silk with a garland of pink roses over one shoulder. Miss Helen Hopkins wore a very quaint gown of white satin, the bodice covered with duchess muslin, trimmed with lace and ribbons, the skirt arranged with bows of lace and zigzag bands of ribbon. Miss Finlay looked very sweet in white swiss with Valenciennes lace insertion. Miss Rose Hooper wore white organdie over satin, the skirt arranged in bias insertion set in diamond fashion. Miss Frances Curry was gowned in pale blue and white silk. The floor was unusually good, the canvas well stretched and firm.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Bachmann and Mr. Samuel Dinkelspiel was the event of the week. The Bachmann house was decorated in hollyberries. The young people were married in the drawing-room, where an altar of white silk and flowers had been erected and over which was suspended a large bell. A reception followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel left for the south for their honeymoon. Each of the bridesmaids received a pretty souvenir in the shape of a gold bonbonniere with a miniature set in the cover.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Hilda Levy, daughter of Mrs. H. Levy, and Mr. John Eppinger. Miss Levy made her debut last season. She is a pretty girl with bright auburn hair and clear, fine complexion, and is very popular in the younger set.

A very jolly theater party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fries last Saturday evening to see Nat Goodwin in "The Rivals." Sixty-five people were invited, and after the play were entertained at a supper in the parlors of the Baldwin Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gerstle (nee Miss Sadie Hecht) are to return from their wedding trip on Sunday evening. They have taken rooms at the Palace for the winter.

An unusually pretty home wedding was that of Miss Helen Van Winkle and Mr. Edson Waterhouse, which took place on Tuesday evening. The bride is a dainty little brunette and looked very pretty in her gown of mousseline de soie. She wore no veil, but had a wreath of orange blossoms arranged in her hair. Miss Belle Van Winkle was maid of honor, and was prettily gowned in pale blue crepe.

Of the teas, Mrs. Goewey and Miss Gertrude Goewey gave a large reception on Tuesday, and Mrs. Carroll and Miss Elizabeth Carroll on Thursday afternoon.

There is to be a big debutantes' dinner given in the 'Varsity Club on Friday, the 11th, when Mrs. Baldwin will introduce her daughter, Miss Fanny Baldwin. About twenty young people have been invited, and later in the evening they purpose attending the "Friday Fortnightly."

***

The greatest excitement has prevailed in Oakland over the opening cotillion of the "Wednesday Night." Its success exceeded even the most sanguine hopes, however. There were more men than girls, which caused considerable comment, as owing to the attractions of a certain pugilistic affair on the far side of the bay, many of the older men remained away. The Ebell Hall looked beautiful. Its interior decorations are in white and gold, and the girls had massed palms against the walls. The rooms were prettily lighted and colored calcium light effects were cast upon the figures. The dance was strictly Leap Year. The maidens selected their partners, invited them to take ices, etc. There was no regular supper, but refreshments were served by Mary Hollahan during the evening. The german was led by Miss Belle Mhoon, assisted by Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Florence Dunham, and Miss Florence Selby. The figures were odd and pretty, and were ably engineered by the girls. They led off with grand right and left, then a driving figure followed, finishing with a figure eight. A pretty maneuver was achieved by the girls lining up the middle, pairing off and forming squares. Miss Belle Mhoon wore a lovely gown of pale pink covered in tulle. Miss Glascock was also in pink satin and lace. Miss Dunham wore a blue and white striped taffeta. Among the most popular of the men were Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Fred Magee, Mr. Charles Hubbard and Mr. Allen Wright. Mr. Will Hubbard, who made his debut this season, was also the object of much attention. The laurels of beaudom were divided between Dr. Philip King Brown and Mr. Charles Hubbard.

A pretty debutante's luncheon was given by Mrs. Edson Adams in honor of her cousin, Miss Ella Sterett, on Tuesday. The table was decked in yellow roses and ferns. Miss Sterett is a great favorite among the younger girls. She is of medium height, with a bright vivacious face. Among those invited were Miss Palmer, Miss Selby, Miss Joliffe, Miss Elsie Bennett, Miss Steel and others.

A jolly tea was given by the members of the Lamla Theta Phi fraternity at the Vrooman's home in Fruitvale last week. All the Berkeley co-eds turned out in full force.

The hours of tea giving in Oakland have been extended, and it is now the fashion to keep open house from 3 to 10. Mrs. Murray Johnson was the first to start the fad, and her last affair was a most enjoyable one. Mrs. Wadworth and Miss Pierce are to give a big "at home" on Saturday, from 4 to 10 o'clock. The advantage over the ordinary tea is that nearly all the men come during the evening.

"The Poster Show at Ebell Hall was a rarely pretty sight. The girls who took part looked stunning in their costumes. Miss Sarah Drum and Miss Ella Sterett posed as the "Century" for May. Miss Converse made a fetching November's "Lippincott's." Miss Palmer posed as "The Grasshoppers." One of the prettiest of the series was Miss Bertie Steel in a red silk costume, with big hat and umbrella against a black background. Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbits had charge of the Poster Show, and was highly elated over her success. The musical portion of the programme was furnished by Miss Irene Baker, Mr. Rickards and the girls of St. Paul's choir. Among the other ladies who had booths were Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. Stratton.

A smart little farewell luncheon was given on Saturday by Mrs. Wadsworth in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Turner, who left next day for the east. The table was covered with California violets.

A unique affair was the floral party given by Miss Lorise Earle to Mrs. and Miss Murphy of the "Shenandoah." The feature of the afternoon was guessing the names of flowers. Miss Maud Pope proved most successful, and carried off the first prize.

Expectation is rife over the entertainments of "Junior Day." The members of all the fraternities are to keep open house and anticipate entertaining their friends. The farce at the Macdonough Theater, "Seven Years After," by Walter Starr, is said to be very clever. Mr. "Billy Smith," the most popular boy at college, has the funny part, and is bound to make a hit. He has histrionic aspirations, I believe, and anticipates realizing them.

The engagement of Mr. Lewis Ralston to a Cornell graduate is announced.

A Brother's Tears.

By ways remote and distant waters sped,
Brother, to thy sad grave-side am I come,
That I may give the last gifts to the dead,
And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb:
Since she who now bestows and now denies
Hath ta'en thee, hapless brother, from mine eyes.

But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years,
Are made sad things to grace thy coffin shell,
Take them, all drenched with a brother's tears,
And, brother, for all time, hail and farewell!

Aubrey Beardsley in The Savoy.

To the Curlew.

O curlew, cry no more in the air,
Or only to waters in the west;
Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast:
There is enough evil in the crying of wind.

Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
Who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds blowing through the starry ways,
And blowing us evil and good;
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the lonely, proud, winged multitude.

W. B. Yeats in The Savoy.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

PLAYS OF THE WEEK

Lackaye-Roentgen versus Lackaye-Svengali — The New South.

Dr. Xray-Belgraff-Svengali affords the spectator some excitement, but no pleasure. Still, he is more agreeable than that greasy Trilby-Svengali person of whom we have had so much. In the first place, he is cleaner (we know he is on speaking terms with water—witness his familiarity with the faucet), and secondly, a natural desire for revenge is the motive for his crime. So we feel a sympathy for him which it was impossible to give the cringing, oily Trilby edition. Moreover, for a whole act he is quite a manly, honest individual. To be sure one wonders why he didn't make mince meat of Sir Geoffrey, or, lacking the necessary courage or strength, hypnotize this sulphurous villain and make him eat humble pie, a large, indigestible, deadly hunk of it. But, as I have said before, though not a fire-eater, he is quite a passable person for a short time; then a sudden transformation takes place. Dr. Roentgen Belgraff, heretofore upright and manly, "wreaks his vengeance" on a weak woman instead of hunting for a man of his own size. Of course this may be natural, but it seems to me that an upright, fearless being (such as he is represented in the first act), would have found some other way of getting even. I can't reconcile this line of conduct with what we are given to understand is the old German's character. Of course it was quite charming and proper for him to kill Sir Geoffrey, and I was duly pleased, but grateful nevertheless for being spared the details. It was a very clever little bit of stage business—darkness is a good thing in its way—and Miss Wainwright never looked better since she began forcing the tormented flesh of her waist—elsewhere. In fact, she was quite tolerable throughout this play, which is surprising to any one who remembers her "Camille" and her "Rose Witcherly."

I must protest, though, against that terrible dress of hers in the first act; it is what a second-rate dressmaker would call "awfully swell." It is made of beautiful stuffs and in the latest mode, but, ye gods—it turned the woman into a clothes rack; she was lopped in two by a piece of fur which ran straight across her back (just above the waist line), her shoulders were totally obscured, hunched up, frilled, furbelowed and, worst of all, her skirt hung atrociously. It deformed her. She would have looked better in her petticoats, a la "Madame Sans Gene." However, with the exception of this gown her clothes deported themselves very well and scarcely interfered with the play at all. On the whole the interest is kept up fairly well in "Dr. Belgraff," and Lackaye plays the part excellently, but one constantly expects to see "Little Billee" and the rest of them pop up, and one is haunted by the notion that somebody really ought to sing "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice." This is rather trying to a nervous person. The support was not all bad. Alice Evans looked enchantingly young and round in her pretty cap and apron, while Couldock, Hampton, Allen and Robinson were above the average.

When a writer of plays or stories wants for his dramatis personæ a plucky, picturesque, pig-headed, punctilious old chappie he generally goes south to get him, for (according to the writers) that kind of a bird roosts in every tree in Dixie. I for one am very willing to believe that they do, though I may have a notion or two of my own as to how old southern gentlemen speak which would not accord with that of—well, say Mr. Clay M. Greene. Mr. Greene (or is it Mr. Williams?) thinks apparently that he is safe in making any "before the wah" type talk like a corn-field negro. It might be worth while to explain that it is mostly the generation born since the war which murders its English—the reason is obvious—but for the fact that very few people want to believe it.

In "The New South" we have a most flagrant example of the old-time southerner of fiction. Gen. Houston Gwynne is his name. His lines are in character, and Mr. Jay Williams (the name is not appropriate) fills the part capitally, is sincere and unaffected, but alas! he talks as if his mouth were full of hot mush and his dear parents had resided in Africa. It is the chief blot on an otherwise creditable performance. I hear that Mr. Williams merely exaggerates his natural accent. Let us hope that he will some time or other learn to let well enough alone. However preposterous his accent, it must be admitted that his soft voice is a great relief after the shrill twittering of some of the other people in the cast. Miss Davies' great defect is her inadequate chirping voice, yet one little woman in the company considers it worthy of imitation.

The real live horses and dogs are not obtruded upon the audience, and are rather unnecessary to say the least. The horse keeps himself modestly in the background and the dogs do nothing except rub their mangy bodies on the floor, with, doubtless, the amiable intention of contaminating the skirts of the other dramatis personae—those of them who have skirts.

About the funniest thing in the show was the efforts of two tiny "sure enough" darkies to imitate the cavorting of a small burnt-cork artist, who seemed to be their beau ideal. The whites of their eyes gleamed wildly and admiringly as they gazed sidewise at him; their hands wobbled aimlessly in the air when they tried to catch the noble shuffling of his feet, and when they laboriously imitated the graceful waving of his hands then, oh, confusion! their legs would go on a strike. But if there was nothing funnier than this there was, at least, one thing which was more absurd, that was the alleged horse-whipping of "Sampson." A big, burly negro of the "New South," impudent, aggressive, self-reliant, comes on. He is spoiling for a fight; he snaps his fingers in young Gwynne's face; he is as belligerent as a game cock. After much heated controversy, Gwynne raises his little whip and taps the fellow lightly on the shoulder, and lo, the negro retires, screaming for mercy, his great body bent double with pain. It is as unconvincing as a metaphysician, as tame as a tea. Barring this strange submissiveness, "Sampson" was very well played. On the whole, the theaters have not been so popular this week as last, possibly because there was fire and brimstone in "Humanity," and Nat Goodwin in "The American Citizen." It was very comical to see the Elliot embracing little Nat. They looked like one of the "Examiner's" pictures of the newly wed—a Brobdingnag bride, you know (covering two columns and a half), with a Lilliputian groom tucked meekly away in a square inch of Madam's bosom.

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MUSIC

On Sunday evening last at the Baldwin Theater Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler simply astonished people with her performances of the Chopin and Rubinstein concertos and the Litolff scherzo. After each number she was recalled again and again; and when she finally consented to play a solo number the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Mrs. Zeisler made a tremendous and deserved success. None present that night will ever forget how the ordinarily irresponsive piano sang the glorious Larghetto of the Chopin F minor concerto under her magic fingers. The last movement was a perfect whirlwind, but it was apparently dashed off with the greatest ease. Few, if any, dreamed of the latent powers that burst forth in the colossal Rubinstein concerto, in striking contrast to the marvelous delicacy displayed in the Litolff scherzo. This scherzo is a most effective number and is, according to Mrs. Zeisler, the only interesting portion of the concerto to which it belongs. Through no fault of the management, but owing to the machinations of a disgruntled theater leader, the orchestra was not at all times as satisfactory as it otherwise might have been. Several good performers who had been engaged were given to understand by this contemptible individual that to participate in the Zeisler concert would cost them the permanent positions they now hold. Such is brotherly love in the divine art.

Mrs. Zeisler makes her farewell appearance this (Saturday) afternoon, assisted by Mr. Sigmund Beel, violinist A fine programme has been prepared and the house should be crowded.

P. C. ALLEN.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

DRAMATIC NOTES

The Mapleson Imperial Opera Company will open at the Baldwin on Monday, the 4th prox. The opening opera has not as yet been decided upon, but will probably be "Aida," or the new production, "Andre Chenier."

At the Baldwin Theater on Monday night, the 14th inst., will appear the phenomenal soprano, Ellen Beach Yaw. Miss Yaw is something more than a fine singer; her voice extends over nearly four octaves, from G below E in the altissimo.

"The Cotton King," a very successful melodrama will be the attraction at the Columbia Theater, commencing on Monday evening, December 7th. The play was written by Sutton Vane, a writer of force, and the author of several dramatic successes. It is a drama full of thrilling incidents, and possesses a well-written and fascinating story, and comedy episodes of a kind to provoke hearty laughter.

A flying ballet is one of the unique features in C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's spectacle, "Palmer Cox's Brownies," which will be the attraction at the Baldwin Theater commencing Thursday, December 17th. The flying ballet was secured at the Folies Berge, in Paris, and has created a sensation. It is danced in mid-air, and it is quite impossible to detect how the dancers fly about in all directions without the necessary means of support.

At the Baldwin Theater next Monday night Wilton Lackaye and his company will begin the last week of the present engagement, producing two plays that are entirely new to us, one of which has been brought out in England with great success, "Moliere," and the other, "Captain Bob," to be presented on the coming occasion for the first time on any stage. "Moliere" is the work of Walter Frith and "Captain Bob" is from the pen of that brilliant writer, Robert Droet.

An excellent bill, with five new acts, is underlined at the Orpheum for next week. Among these is Jean Clermont's trained animals, including the poodle that plays the piano. Koaly, the great European acrobat, promises some sensational work. Gallitti's monkey comedians give one of the funniest animal acts on the vaudeville stage. The three Dundar Sisters, famous as dancers, ought to make a hit. There have been retained from the old bill Thatcher and Marble, Langslow, the shooting star, and Ellen Vetter, whose performance with the mysterious globe has puzzled so many.

Under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association Donald de V. Graham is to give a concert in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on the evening of December 5th. Mr. Graham will be assisted by Genevieve Moroney and Mr. Nathan Landsberger. An unusually attractive programme is promised and the Maple Room will no doubt be filled with an enthusiastic crowd of music lovers. It should be said that Mr. Graham has done more in the cause of charity and other causes than any other vocalist in town, and certainly he deserves that those whom he has assisted reciprocate; this, quite apart from the merits of the programme.

Fall Styles Neckwear and Hosiery at John W. Carmany's 25 Kearny Street

LINES TO JAS. D. PHELAN

MAYOR-ELECT

BY GEN. LUCIUS H. FOOTE

Read at the Bohemian Club banquet, in celebration of his success, November, 1896.

All hail' to you my trusty friend,
Frae a' the ills may God forefend;
Wi' mickle joy we haste to meet you;
Wi' mickle pride we come to greet you;
They've pit you high aboon us a',
To mend the ways and mind the law;
Forgie us if we say our say,
As we were wont on ither day.
To quote fra Bobby here a bit,
Ye ken the screed, and lo'e the wit,
"In gath'rin' votes you war na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
An' hum and haw,
But raise your arm, and say your clack
Before them a'."
If bleatin', blath'rin' lambs come roun',
Just pack them aff to "Butcher Town";
Ye are na chiel for grindin' axes,
But ye can speer the rates and taxes,
The fools daur fash, the knaves daur whack,
And send them a' to Ballyhack.
Ah, Jamie lad, ye dinna ken
The snares Auld Hornie sets for men.
As we gae wimplin, blythe and gay,
Alang the winsome primrose way,
He flaunts the gauds that he wad gie,
And tempts us sairly till we dee,
And then is loath to let us rot,
But seeks to scau'd us in his pot.
When a' the rantin', roarin' crew
Wha' sell theirsel's, and wad sell you,
Do vex your soul wi' cark and care;
Then come to us my lad, ance mair,
An' wi' a stoup or twa o' nappy,
We'll mak' you unco, unco happy.
Na proud o' purse, but stanch an' leal,
Hale be your heart, we wis' you weel;
In these swart cleeds, wi' sparklin' wine,
We pledge you ance, for auld lang syne.

The Lark sings its twentieth song this week, in some twenty odd—especially odd—pages of rhyme and prose. One misses the "Goup" cartoon of previous numbers, but in its place we have, in the "Adults' Department," "The Runaway Train," a sequel to the "The Chewing Gum Man." The Vivette papers are continued in the "Pauper's Monologue," an open letter to millionaires, a charming bit of drollery written from the point of view of the "unsalaried Bohemian." Probably the best effort of the number is Bruce Porter's poem to Alexander Salvini, under the title, "To Alexander Salvini, lying near to Death this November, 1896." Yone Noguchi, much in the eye of the public in these days, contributes "Seas of Loneliness," with a freshness and vigor in the use of words that suggests Kipling. "A Friend in Need," a little story told telegraphically, closes the number, which on the whole is quite up to the unique standard set by the earlier issues.

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A YELLOW DOG TALE

The Literary Re-appearance of Lucas Malet.

Lucas Malet must be fairly afloat in a sea of satisfaction, when she looks back from "The Carissima" (Herbert S. Stone & Co., publishers), her latest work, to "Colonel Enderby's Wife," one of her earlier. The advance is so marked that she has every right to pat herself on the back and beam approval at her mirror. True, "The Wages of Sin" comes in to bridge the gaps and subdue the contrast, but "The Carissima," I fancy, is an advance, even on it; that is, if the depth of impression a book makes on one's mind is any test, for (I may as well be frank) "The Wages of Sin" has passed clear out of my head — left not a trace — and I am sure that "The Carissima" will never do that; there will always lurk in the background of my inner consciousness a memory of "The Power of the Yellow Dog." This was the title Lucas Malet originally gave the book. It was changed because she discovered there was already a yellow dog extant, and it is a pity, for this title is more piquant with meaning than "The Carissima," though as a matter of fact the young woman had more to do with the tragic end of Leversedge (the central figure — the man who had seen the "Thing-too-much") than the spectre of the yellow dog which his poor fever- and horror-stricken brain had conjured up.

The story is interesting, almost exciting, and exceedingly well told. There is at times a clear-cut delicacy in the treatment which reminds one of the deft, light-pointed touches of James' feathery pen. The curtain rolls up quietly, and throughout there is the tinkle of teacups and the odor of commonplace everyday affairs (making a sharp contrast to the attacks of the loathesome yellow dog), but one feels the storm gathering, rumbling in the distance, coming nearer and ever nearer: One feels, too, underneath her beauty, the inherent sliminess of Charlotte Perry, in whom were mixed up the "paternal rat" and the "maternal clockmoon," so the shudder-making scene in Chapter VI is duly if dimly suggested, and the mind strung up for the blow in quite dramatic and dexterous fashion.

Though there is much clever work work in the book, notably the characterization of Gerrard, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Perry, and the two scenes where Miss Perry proposes to Hammond, who is "saved by a pair of shoes"—perhaps I cannot do better than give you the finale of the sixth chapter — not the finale of the book; that would be doing a wrong to both author and reader. In it Charlotte Perry and a greasy animal named Gerrard connive in order to demonstrate Leversedge's madness. The poor chap is the victim of a mental obsession (born of a ghastly experience), and at times, particularly in the dark, imagines that a foul, hideous dog is trying to climb into his lap and lick his face. He has told Charlotte, his fiancée, of this mania, and she, from mercenary and mixed motives, which do not include love, holds to her determination to marry him. At the same she is infamous enough to assist Gerrard in his efforts to give Leversedge an attack of the yellow dog in public.

It is night. Miss Perry is playing crispy nocturnes. The fastidious Gerrard objects to the light of the hotel parlors, which he says clashes with the music; he wishes them put out. Charlotte got up from the piano.

"Yes, yes; let us extinguish them," she said; then checking herself suddenly, she added: "Ah! I forgot." She paused; she appeared to hesitate; then she came swiftly across the room, straight to Leversedge, her head thrown back, her hands slightly extended, and that conceivable kiss deliciously sketched upon her lips, "But if you in the least mind Constantine," she said, just audibly, and waited.

"My dear child, do whatever you like," he said. "Thanks to you, I am growing royally indifferent to the dark."

"The dark," says the narrator, "is all very well. The dark may even prove a friend; at times I have found it so myself. But this was not one of those times, and somehow I mistrusted the events of the last few minutes. I remained impressed with the feeling that Gerrard's request had been curiously insistent, Charlotte's granting of it curiously elaborate, and the darkened room, unquestionably wore a somewhat sinister aspect by no means calculated to dispel uncomfortable suspicions."

The young lady's melting mood seemed to have passed, giving place to a very different humour. What she played during the ensuing ten to fifteen minutes I do not know. I suppose it must have been a tarantella, but a tarantella conceived in a madhouse. It gave me a night-marish impression of innumerable tormented, shrieking, human figures whirling in a desperate and formless dance.

Miss Perry lent herself whole-heartedly to the spirit of the music. I trust I am far from being a prude, but there are limits, and she passed them. Her playing was not quite nice. Perhaps, therefore—I have confessed to a dislike of the man—it stirred Gerrard's somewhat sluggish blood. I watched him rise, and move slowly close to the side of the grand piano, facing the girl as she played—his squat person a blot of deeper darkness against the dark.

Just then Leversedge spoke. He was close to me. His voice was hoarse. "Hammond," he said, "would you mind keeping your hand away from that cushion?"

I looked up at him in some surprise. His face had changed notably in the last few minutes. It had grown thin, and, as once before, his lips stood away from his teeth.

"By all means, my dear fellow," I answered, "if you wish it. But why? Is anything the matter?"

"The dog's the matter," Leversedge said quietly. "It's sitting on that cushion. It's just jumped up."

I glanced at the cushion and then back at Leversedge.

"Heaven forbid I should seem to call your veracity in question," I exclaimed: "but, indeed, I see nothing. My dear friend, you are the victim of an optical or cerebral delusion. I suppose the two mean much the same thing—as I have told you all along. No dog, no nothing, is there, and I can prove it to you."

Certainly Leversedge never showed to better advantage than under extreme pressure. If his courtesy failed for an instant, he recovered speedily and very gracefully. Now his lips gave, and he smiled at me in that singularly long-suffering way of his.

"I am afraid not, though I wish to goodness you could," he said. "No, no; for mercy's sake don't touch it!" His voice dropped. "It smells—the brute—to-night it smells—your hands will never feel clean again."

I own it required a little nerve, for I was shaken by that violent and ceaseless music, and Leversedge's tone and manner were calculated to produce faith in the most sceptical mind; still, I did sweep my hand down slowly over the surface of the cushion. And, of course, it encountered no resistance. How could it, since, as I had affirmed, nothing, absolutely nothing, was there?

"You see," I said.

He shook his head.

"It got away; it jumped down," he replied. "Anyhow, I am thankful you did not touch it."

Meanwhile Miss Perry's playing became slower, more broken, full of wailing.

Gerrard moved a little nearer, he bent over and talked to the girl, the occasionally shrill tones of his voice, which still appeared to be under insufficient control, mingling oddly with her playing.

Suddenly a cry—it was exceedingly dreadful, it turned me cold and sick—broke in through the rhythm of the music, and Leversedge rushed past me across the room. The train of Charlotte Perry's dress lay out pale over the floor; and he kicked it, stamped on it, trampled it under foot. The music stopped with a harsh discord, and, without rising, the girl turned half round on the music stool, stretching out her hands as though to save herself and push him from her.

"Constantine, Constantine, what has happened? Pray calm yourself. What are you doing?" she demanded.

For all answer he took her up bodily in his arms—I had no conception the man was so strong—shook her as you might shake out a handkerchief on which a spider or some other noxious insect was crawling; carried her right out on to the balcony into the full glare of the electric light; and stood there holding her close against him as he might have held a child.

"My sweet," I heard him say, his voice broken by emotion; "my sweet, forgive me. I am so rough, I must seem to you such a brute. But that vile thing took refuge beside you. It was upon your gown—it was upon your knees. I saw its eyes here—oh! my God, my God, the unspeakable desecration of it—its hateful head was against your dear bosom."

IN THE MAGAZINES

Editor Godkin Defines the Relations of Classes and Masses.

In the "Atlantic," E. L. Godkin takes pains to restate in his luminous way certain old principles, and the recent endeavor to set "the classes and the masses" by the ears shows the need of some clear voice crying the truth in the windy wilderness of the demagogue. Mr. Godkin states and defines his purpose thus:

Before discussing the best means of promoting social unity, let me say that by "social unity" I mean a state of things in which the members of the various classes of society, no matter in what manner they live, regard one another with kindly feelings, treat one another with courtesy, meet one another on a footing of equality, engage cordially in common enterprises, settle their differences by friendly negotiation, do not think of one another as members of different classes at all, and, more particularly, in which employer and employed look on each other, not as antagonists, but as partners. Social inferiority is a common complaint of socialists everywhere against the classes which do not work with their hands. But nobody has as yet pointed out how it is to be overcome any more than how differences in strength of mind or body are to be overcome. One of the dearest liberities of the human race is each man's liberty of choosing his own associates. His choice, too, is not regulated simply by attractions of mind or character, but by manner of living. I associate, except in rare instances, with those who live like myself, who have the same ideas of social enjoyment, who dress and behave in social life much as I and my family do, whose walk and conversation I find interesting and instructive. Workingmen do the same thing. I venture on the assertion that it is very rare indeed for any man or woman to be kept out of any society which would enjoy his or her presence. People do not, as a rule, associate to assert a principle or spread ideas. They associate for purposes of enjoyment; workingmen do so themselves. There are few occupations whose nature prevents those who pursue them from being agreeable company to people who are simply richer. A very large proportion of what are called "the business men" know no more, read no more, and have no more to say than the bricklayer or the plumber; but they are apt to have better tastes and better surroundings, and to pay more attention to dress and personal cleanliness. Other people similarly situated, for these reasons, prefer their company. There is no doubt that in these respects there is room for great improvement in the habits of the working classes, but this improvement must come from themselves. Nobody can impose it on them. It must be the outcome of personal desire or ambition. Any agency which helps to implant this desire or nurse this ambition is a good one. Improvement in dwellings undoubtedly does this; better education does it; increased opportunities for harmless or intellectual amusement, and the use of them, do it too; slowly, perhaps, but surely. In this field the more fortunate classes cannot labor without result.

Professor Gildersleeve writes of the history of "Classical Studies in America." The paper is not written for the general public, but may be read by anybody with pleasure for the value of the vivid style. One little quotation:

In the new fields open to American scholarship and by American scholarship there have been memorable achievements, and not the least memorable are those in which American courage and American endurance have suceeded where others had failed or had fainted. The simple narrative of an epigraphic journey in Asia Minor which appeared some years ago filled me with the pride which the teacher always takes in a pupil's prowess, and I never passed the rope ladder that was twisted round one of the columns of the eastern front of the Parthenon without a feeling of satisfaction that a young countryman of mine, a young friend of mine, had solved a problem by the old-fashioned apparatus that old-fashioned lovers knew, while others had been content to ogle the inscription with the safe opera-glass or had tried to coax it down by the facile kodak.

On the whole it may be said that the "Atlantic" is the only magazine of the month of which the advertising pages are not the most interesting reading. Many of the advertisements are full of interest.

***

Margaret Collier Graham tells the story of a California mortgage in the "Century." It is an old-fashioned bit of story telling machinery, but it works without a creak in Mrs. Graham's hand. In the same magazine William E. Smythe, the irrigation expert, tells the people of the East a great many things about California. These things are an old story to us here, but their restatement for a larger public will be of benefit to this unaccountably neglected region.

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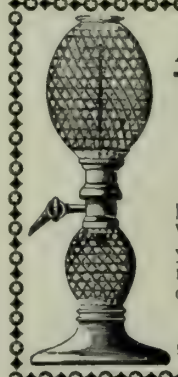

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AFRICAN SWELL TALES

Poultney Bigelow's Wild Yarns About President Kruger.

Poultney Bigelow has in the current "Harper's" a collection of extraordinary yarns about President Kruger of the Transvaal. Of course, no one would suspect Mr. Bigelow of such a fine quality of imagination, and in fact he names Oom Paul as his authority. Here are some of them:

For instance, here is the story I have from an eye-witness, just as he told it: "It is also a fact that the President could run as fast as a horse. I remember once that he had a dispute with his friend Jacobs, owing to the President stating that he could run as fast as a horse. The result was that the President ran against a horse, with a rider on it, for a length of seven or eight hundred yards, and actually outran the horse." This would seem incredible had I not heard the tale confirmed by Kruger himself, who is most reluctant to speak of his own doings. He must have been about eighteen years old at that time.

On another occasion he ran a foot-race against the pick of the Kaffir chiefs. There were large prizes of good cattle. It was a long whole day's run across country, past certain well-known landmarks—amongst others, his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry at him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race.

On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. They threw away their impediments as their muscles weakened; their path became strewn with shields, spears, clubs, and even the bangles they wore on their legs and arms. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them; and as the day waned he found himself so completely master of the situation that he commenced to look about for an antelope which he might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder.

He saw through the tall grass a patch of color, which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking his ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire; and instead of an antelope, there bounded up a huge lion, who had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger, and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes. The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a second, and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting to be very wearing, not to say dangerous, particularly so as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap, and Kruger saw himself face to face with a lion, and no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed ,that the earth was thrown up into his face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp. He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow, but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder, until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop and disappeared over the next hill.

Kruger joyfully resumed his race, and, in spite of all that happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kaffir chiefs.

Kruger had no equal as a runner. He was also famous for his skill with the rifle. Indeed, he would have challenged the best of Buffalo Bill's outfit and given a good account of himself. An old friend of Kruger told me, of his own knowledge, that Kruger was once on horseback and chased by an infuriated buffalo. His horse was a good one, but on this occasion had become rather fatigued, and the buffalo commenced to gain. The unequal chase promised to end disastrously for the horse and its rider, for the buffalo kept gaining, and would soon have his horns in action. Then Kruger performed a feat which his old friend recalled to me with great pride. He turned in his saddle, raised his rifle, took deliberate aim while his own horse was in full gallop, fired, and the buffalo fell, shot straight through the forehead.

But Kruger himself never lets one suspect that he has done these things; and to look at him in church one would think that he had been trained for the post of deacon or church-warden.

Another story, equally strange, was told me by the same fiend. It happened on the same day on which the previous adventure occurred. He had been chasing another buffalo, and his horse had brought him close up to his victim. Suddenly the huge beast put his foot into a hole, and fell head over heels into a wallow. Kruger was on top of it in a moment, horse and rider and buffalo rolling pell-mell in the same big puddle. But Kruger was the first to collect his wits. He sprang at the head of the buffalo, seized both its horns in his hands, and while the beast lay upon its side, twisted its neck so as to force its nose under water; and thus, after a struggle of sheer strength, Kruger killed the buffalo by drowning it. I had heard this story already in Cape Town, but would not believe it until I had the President's corroboration of this extraordinary feat.

It was a superior horse which Kruger rode in those days, but, like many another excellent animal, looked rather unpromising. Two famous elephant-hunters went out with him once, and arranged that as they had the best nags they should ride ahead and turn the elephant's head, while Kruger on his inferior mount should come along as well as he could.

When they sighted their first elephant the two well-mounted hunters sprang away and gave valiant chase. At first they heard nothing of Kruger ,and thought he had been left far behind. At last the well-known tones were heard calling out, "Why don't you head the beast off?" But they were dealing with an uncommonly active elephant, and were having all they could do to hold their own. Again came Kruger's loud call: "But why don't you head the beast off?"

The two fore-riders redoubled their efforts, but they could not outdistance the ever-increasing appeals of their comrade, whom they had considered as wholly unequal to the task of keeping up with them. But Kruger knew his horse well, and had waited long for this triumph. He rode beside the two men for some time, and then said carelessly, "Perhaps I'd better turn the beast," and then shot ahead. He soon had this elephant far away from his former companions, and shot him dead. Then, seeing nothing of these two famous hunters, he rode off after more elephants, and when they at last overtook him he had killed five to their nothing.

This is the sort of stuff that one ascribes to the folk-lore of a semi-barbarous people surrounding a popular hero with appropriate myths. It recalls the Fin Maccoul myths of Ireland and the later body of stories that have grown up around the personality of Dean Swift among his countrymen. For the rest the magazine is made up of the usual supply of tales by assorted ladies and written for the consumption of the young person. One sometimes wonders whether a magazine written for grown-up men and women might not be a good idea, although in the face of the stunning success of the "Ladies' Home Journal" that might seem an extravagant idea. In fact, in a paper in this "Harper's," William Dean Howells, writing about Oliver Wendell Holmes, tells us that the "Atlantic" lost many subscribers because of the rather mild form of liberal religous thought which marked his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Howells' mannerisms seem to grow more offensive, and his matter, at least in this paper, is scarcely worth while.

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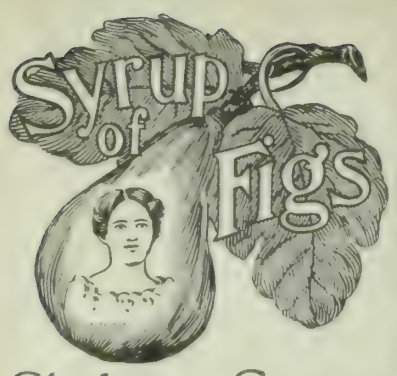

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WHAT SHE WEARS

An Interesting Letter on Frocks and Gowns.

Dear Barbara:—Your letter was a feast of fine feathers, and I wish I were the bird to wear them. We are simply flying hither and thither on pleasure's summer wings just now and eagerly anticipating the Horse Show next week. In the mean time we spend hours at the dressmaker's getting up combinations that will make even you Parisians green with envy and uncharitableness.

Talking of gorgeous garments, I wish you had been at the Bachmann-Dinkelpiel wedding. Verily, Solomon in all his glory would have fancied himself a lily of the field and have hidden his diminished head. I have never seen a more beautiful wedding gown than that worn by Miss Beatrice Bachmann. It was of heavy ivory satin, made with a train and completely covered with a point applique lace veil which was arranged as only Madame Baer can drape things. The bodice was covered with a similar veil which hung in delicious folds semi-concealing the figure. The satin neck was cut square, the shoulders being concealed by the lace which ended in a high stock. Around the waist, coming up as far as the bust line, was a folded satin belt. The sleeve was long and ruched from the elbow to the wrist. The bridesmaids were also daintily gowned in soft-looking white organdie, trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and broad blue sashes round their waists. Miss Norma Bachmann, the maid of honor, was exquisitely costumed in a pale blue gown. The skirt was sun pleated taffeta silk covered with blue duchess muslin. The pale blue corsage was cut low and finished with narrow turquoise velvet ribbon. The sleeves, which were but a tiny bow of muslin arranged on the shoulders, were caught with the ribbon. A deep moire belt encircled the waist. Mrs. Bachmann wore black velvet trimmed with white lace. The bodice had a high Elizabethan collar of white bengaline silk flowered with pink and green; below this was the collar of deep white duchess lace.

Of the other handsome gowns worn at the wedding were those of Mrs. Saroni and Mrs. Ansbacher. Mrs. Saroni's gown was of black satin, the skirt seamed in the new fashion with double cording. The waist was of duchess black muslin. What especially took my fancy was the swiss bodice arrangement or girdle. It is difficult to describe, but was of turquoise blue velvet covered with duchess lace. Into this was knotted heliotrope velvet. Then arranged in a charmingly careless fashion, as if they had just alighted, were four butterflies of white satin jeweled. The effect was stunning. The butterflies graduated from a small one on the left shoulder to an immense creature that scintillated above the hem of the skirt. Mrs. Ansbacher's gown was a combination of black tulle and apple green satin. The bodice was of tulle over satin, with swiss effect in the green. Over the shoulders around the sleeves was arranged pearl and gold passementerie. I also admired one of the reception gowns of the bride, a combination in black and green, the skirt of the square net, with seven bands of black satin graduating from a wide one at the hem, then a plain space and then seven more ribbons graduated in similar fashion. The waist was of black velvet, with insertion of black applique lace semi-concealing a bodice of pistache velvet. The vest was of the green velvet draped softly and edged with passementerie. The broad satin girdle was finished with ermine heads and tails which trimmed belt and collar and peeped from beneath the shirred sleeves. In the back broad ends of satin fell to the hem of the skirt.

You would be surprised were you to come into the theaters nowadays and note the change in the fashions of gowning. In your time dark dresses were the vogue here, and light or gay costumes the exception. But with the disappearance of the heavily plumed hat comes the advent of the gay waist or stunning theater cape. Some of these capes are well worth describing. One I admired was composed entirely of golden hued ostrich tips laid so closely over a cream white brocade that scarcely a hint of pattern or color could be seen. The upped part had a shoulder cape of mink edged with a fringe of the tips. It was lined with oyster-white satin. Another lovely wrap was of apple green ladies' cloth lined with white satin and stitched with double seams, having the corded effect. The cape was edged with artrachan and had a deep ermine collar.

The difference between last season's skirts and those of the latest models is more noticeable in the trimmings than in the shapes. There is also much less fullness between the extreme of fashion then and now. Tucks, bands of velvet, braid, ribbon, ruches and flounces decorate the new skirt in various ways, but the attempt to bring draped skirts into favor has not met with much success. A fetching ruff for evening wear is made of green taffeta ribbon, edged with narrow black velvet and fulled in with black chiffon. Cascade ends of chiffon knotted half way with ribbon fall down the front.

It is funny is it not, but grey, which is a fashionable color in Paris, especially for street gowns, has but little vogue here. Cadet blue is the latest fad here, especially when combined with black braid and velvet cuffs and collar. A certain shade of tan called "putty" is also among the first favorites. Wine color and browns are also worn. Green seems to predominate here both for calling and evening frocks, and the new shades appear desirous of giving points to nature. When one sees the women who wear green that should not and those who should, but do not, one is forced to ponder upon the uses of the mirror. Green is of all colors the most trying. It reflects the sunlight and adds a line of the ghastliest to the throat and chin. Women with peerless skins and brilliant color may buy it, but for us all to deck ourselves like the trees in spring is as absurd as it is inharmonious. Well, Barbara dear, I must take leave of you. Next week you shall hear of the Horse Show gown. Ever dear, very truly yours,

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of SanFrancisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 18, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for the Administrator

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Mr. James Reilly, an early frontier Judge, tells the following tale of his first experience at the court of justice: "I had just been elected Judge when a fellow up for horse stealing consented to be tried by six jurors. Most of the men were off gold digging. Well, I summed up. The jury retired. I waited a long time outside. The jury waited longer inside. The Sheriff tried to get in. I got in when I lost patience. Five were for conviction. The sixth, a friend of the prisoner, for acquittal. He was a desperate chap. I tackled him. When we commenced he was "the bully of Little Elk Creek." When we ended I was. He volunteered to bring in a verdict of guilty before I let him up. I lost two of my fingers by bowie-knife amputation. I was very popular there! My calm, firm administration of the law touched them."

It is not generally known here where artists works are more familiar than their faces—that George Du Maurier and Laurence Alma Tadema resembled one another to an amazing degree; so much so that even their intimate friends mistook them. A young lady who prided herself that she had no difficulty in determining which was which, finding herself once seated next to Du Maurier, she remarked: "I cannot imagine how any one can mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight. By the way, I have a photograph of you. Do be so good as to put your autograph to it." Du Maurier, assenting graciously, the photograph was produced. He looked at it, sighed and very gently laid it on the table, "That," he remarked, "is a portrait of Mr. Alma Tadema."

A rather humorous tale is told of Li Hung Chang. At a dinner given in Peking by the French Ambassador the great Chinese statesman was invited. The party included the wives of the European guests, and when the butler announced dinner, the host stepped up to Li Hung Chang and said: "Will it please Your Excellency to take my wife in to dinner?" Li Hung Chang interpreted the request literally. He stepped up to the French Ambassadress, who was a very tiny woman, picked her up under one arm and literally carried her into the dining table, to the amazement of the guests and dismay of the Ambassador.

Students of various languages frequently dream in foreign tongues, but rarely forget their own even for a moment. A tale is told of Frederick Horner, an Englishman who spent his time in adapting French plays for the English stage. He was dining in an English hotel. When he had finished eating he had a desire to smoke, and calling a waiter said to him: "Peut—on fumer ici?" The man looked blank. "I don't understand a word of French, sir," he said. Horner looked the picture of despair. "Then for pity's sake send me one who does!" he exclaimed.

Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop-elect of Canterbury, was at one time head master at Rugby. One of the boys, suffering from some grievance, wrote a long letter to his father, suggesting he bring the whole matter before Dr. Temple. In the letter, with the customary frankness of youth, he wrote, "Now, Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast." The father, overlooking the passage, sent the letter to the head master, who regarded it as one of the highest compliments ever paid him.

The vicar of a rural parish who had waxed eloquent on the subject of foreign missions one Sunday, was surprised on entering the village shop during the week to be greeted with marked coldness by the worthy dame who kept it. On seeking to know the cause, the good woman produced a coin from a drawer and throwing it down before the vicar exclaimed: "I marked that holy crown and put it in the plate last Sundey and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them niggers never got the money."

The making of phrases has frequently been the sole distinction of many a prince. Perhaps the most remarkable phrase uttered by a modern sovereign was spoken by King Humbert of Italy a few years ago, when cholera was raging in Naples. He had been invited to a banquet by the municipality of Genoa and declined in the following words: "Men are feasting at Genoa. Men are dying in Naples. I go to Naples."

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THE WAVE

VOL XV. No. 50 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 12, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

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THE WAVE

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THE WAVE is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address THE WAVE, 24 Montgomery Street. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 230-235 Temple Court, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 12, 1896

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Christmas number of "The Wave" will appear in a dainty and fetching cover design in four colors, suggestive of California Winter. The editorials will be from the pens of such able and well known writers as W. H. L. Barnes, Gavin McNab, Franklin K. Lane, and James P. Brown. Gelette Burgess, Charles Rollo Peters, and Frank Norris each contribute a short story. The artistic features will consist of full page pictures of the reigning stage beauties of New York, London, and Paris, scenes along the Sacramento River by Charles Graham, the San Francisco Law Libraries, and a series of chacteristic sketches from the hand of Mr. Burgess, illustrative of his wierd tale of "Goups and Phantoms."

THE FUNDING BILL.

Our article of two weeks ago upon the funding bill has been productive of several letters of encouragement, one of which we reproduce in another column. What "The Wave" or any other California publication may have to say upon this subject will not influence legislative action, or help the funding measure to the slightest extent. Our past attitude upon this question is well known, and our present expressions proceed from a desire to treat the subject from a common sense point of view, so that fair-minded men, lacking in knowledge of the controversy, may gather information upon a subject that is now very much in the public eye. The portion of the press which is most hostile to the funding bill is the same portion of the press that most strongly supported Mr. Bryan in his late presidential campaign. Zealousness in behalf of Bryan was, so these journals asserted, founded very largely upon their alleged hatred for the Shylock bankers and money lenders, who are popularly supposed to come down with a cold and cruel grasp upon delinquent debtors, upon one side, and upon the other sympathy with the broad and liberal minded public who participate not in the Shylockian sentiments of the money lender. This press took on an attitude of fairness toward all debtors, yet, sad to say, with an inconsistent reversal of this pose, it now noisily advises the broad and generous minded public to adopt a line of conduct which we doubt if any bankers in Christendom, even a convention of confirmed and over-greedy Shylocks, would for a moment seriously consider if they had as much at stake.

The question as to whether the Government debt should be refunded or not is so simple that it does not seem as though there should be any difference of opinion among men of sound business judgment. Of course, if we are to allow our antagonism, or permit other foreign matters to govern or warp our financial wisdom, we must do so at some cost to ourselves and pay the penalty. The Government may refuse to fund the debt and proceed to an enforcement of its lien, but it is so plainly apparent it can only do so at an immense cost and great risk that it is difficult to discover wherein men claiming sound sense and business judgment could advise such a course. The debt due the Government, principal and interest, after deducting deposits in the sinking fund, amounts to something over fifty-nine millions of dollars. The corporation stands confessedly unable to pay the debt at its maturity, and a foreclosure is therefore imminent. The property is, admittedly, not worth the amount of the two mortgages upon it. Under forced sale it would not bring fifty cents on the dollar. The mortgagor asks an extension, and it offers additional security and expresses a willingness to make annual payments, and to forfeit the property in case of a delinquency extending over a period of six months. The question arises, What would you do under similar circumstances? Would you foreclose the mortgage, and suffer an inevitable loss of some twenty-seven millions of dollars? Or would you extend the debt, and accept additional security in payment thereof?

The plan by which refunding is proposed under what is known as the Frye Bill, while it is not calculated to gratify or tickle animosity or hatred, does contain some provisions which should certainly find commendation among thoughtful men. It is proposed to increase the security of the Government by including within the new mortgage every kind and description of property that the Central Pacific Company has and holds, not now subject to the lien. This additional security consists of the railroad from Oakland to Niles, a distance of twenty-four miles, the road from Lathrop to Goshen, a distance of one hundred and forty-six miles, and the road from Roseville to the Oregon State line, a distance of two hundred and ninety-six miles. In addition to this, it is proposed that the company shall include within the mortgage all its valuable terminal properties in Oakland and San Francisco, and its real estate in both these places, together with all its lines of steamers and ferry boats. This, the reader will understand, is all in addition to the present security held by the Government. The company further announces its willingness to embody in its contract mortgage the most stringent provisions looking toward the performance of the many obligations falling upon it. It is willing that a provision should be made that in case of a default for a period of six months, the Government shall have the right, without appealing to the courts or to Congress, to take the entire Central Pacific line, together with the additional lines to be included in the new mortgage.

The assertion that the railroad company is seeking to have its debt extended for one hundred years is misleading. The last payment of the debt will fall due one hundred years hence, but meanwnile payments will have been going on and the total will have been gradually reduced. At the end of fifty years, under the Frye Bill, the corporation will have paid thirty-two millions of dollars in principal and forty-seven and three-quarters millions of dollars in interest, and there will be still due something over twenty-seven millions. The alternative of this proposition is pretty clearly expressed by our correspondent. The Government would be required to remove the first mortgage by making a payment of twenty-seven million dollars, before it could take possession of the property. This is by no means the only obstruction that stands in the Government's way, but it involves an outlay of a sum of money large enough to at least compel a prudent man to hesitate and question the advisability of such expenditure. The twenty-seven million dollars advanced by the Government would practically represent a tribute of so much money to the gratification of the spite and hatred of the anti-railroad demagogue.

THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CAMPAIGN.

The result of the recent loud and vigorous campaign for woman's suffrage in California and the behavior of some of the skirted champions of that cause since their disastrous overthrow tend to strengthen and confirm a belief, long cherished in the minds of the males of the species, that women are not good losers. The Reverend Mrs. Anna Shaw, a species of Quakerish firebrand in skirts and holy orders, and the Venerable Miss Susan B. Anthony (Venerable, be it remembered, is the ecclesiastical style of an Archdeacon, one superior in rank and dignity to a mere Reverend, and, as so employed, the word involves no reference to antiquity), with strong cohorts of their devoted followers, male and female, waged here in California a war for what they are pleased, to call "equal suffrage," which was far more noisy than the campaign waged by the great Mark Hanna himself. The ladies and their obedient males got into the fight early. They were in the field and in full shriek long before a primary had been held or a delegate chosen by any of the old slow-going political parties which are run by bosses. There was hardly a meeting of women anywhere in the State during the year before the election, for whatever purpose convened, which they did not assail with argument, entreaty and threats, all eloquent, with intent to convert the gathering into a suffrage circle, and their efforts met marked success in that field.

During the entire course of the campaign through which we have just passed their energies seemed never to flag or their vigilance to be relaxed. In the very heat and crisis of the contest neither the sounding gold nor the tinkling silver, nor both combined could drown the shrill high note of the unwearied suffragists. They were confident of success, but not a single shriek would they spare us in their effort to show that their success would be fully merited. Had they not the indorsement of the Populists, and were not the Populists a woman suffrage party anyway? And had not the builders of the Republican platform fitted into that structure a broad, firm, level plank on which the sisterhood could stand at ease? And wasn't Ambrose Bierce, the horrid, ugly thing, out of the State, and, for once, busily engaged in saying nothing about them and all their works and all their pomps? How could they fail? They couldn't. Success was theirs, and on the night after the election they gathered in a sort of political conventicle at the Palace to enjoy, at last, the sweet fruits of their labors long and loud. And then and there the fruit turned to ashes on their hungry lips, and the eloquence of their tongues was choked, temporarily, by the dust of defeat. If tears were shed we are not informed, but then it must be remembered that even the hardened reporters of our dailies have some rudiments of chivalry left in them, and that there are some things too painful to be fully reported even by them.

Well, there was ample cause for tears, not in the defeat alone, but in the revelation of the cruel deceit that had led the ladies to feel sure of victory up to the very moment of disaster. The qualified male citizens of the State, who had listened to their eloquent appeals, so patiently and so often, had sneaked into the secret little stalls in the election booths and in an overwhelming majority had put a cross beside the NO for the suffrage amendment. The political parties which had so chivalrously provided the ladies with those comfortable planks in their platforms were guilty of the grossest treachery, and the planks that looked so comfortable proved to be slippery and unstable when the time came to stand on them.

For some days after the dismal day of their defeat not much was heard of the lady apostles whose mission had ended in disaster. Then it became apparent that the rejected ones had shaken from their feet the adobe dust of California and betaken themselves to fresh, and presumably more promising fields of labor. We have heard of them at various halting places on their eastward pilgrimage, and from every such place we hear news about ourselves, none of it of a flattering nature. It seems now that we are treacherous, unchivalrous, and in the thralls of a Liquor Dealers' Association, which is more powerful among us than churches, schools and "persons and associations among the higher classes." It was for the money contributed by these dealers in liquors, it seems, that the Judas-like bosses of the Republican party betrayed the cause of suffrage in the closing days of the campaign. In short, we, the majority, that is, are all horrid, ugly things.

The disappointed missionaries of the suffrage cause can be trailed across the continent by the echoes of such statements as these. Mr. Bryan himself and all his hysterical followers have not been able to be so ungraceful over their defeat. Perhaps they know better than to abuse the court which has once decided against them, to which they look for a rehearing later on. We would be glad to infer from the conduct of the defeated ladies that they are not going to ask us for a rehearing, but we know the danger of reaching any conclusions from reasoning on their actions. They have amply demonstrated their unfitness for the exercise of political power by their guileless faith in the promises of politicians in convention assembled. Their skill in political organization and administration was exhibited in their unique feat of wearying and dispersing their own supporters by their tireless exhortations. They talked the cause of suffrage to death in this State, and now they are engaged in mangling the poor remains—yet it is not safe to conclude that they will not come back at us in full cry before another lustrum has passed over us.

The Reverend Mrs. Anna Shaw had reached Brooklyn at last accounts, and had sufficiently recovered her breath to be able to tell the inhabitants of that dormitory what a bad lot we are in California, and to assure them that her defeat here was not a Waterloo, but a Bunker Hill. This is ominous. We beg to call the attention of the Reverend lady—who, we understand, is an alien—to the fact that whatever was dubious about the fight at Bunker Hill, it certainly ended the fighting in Massachusetts during the war of Independence. If we have had our Bunker Hill we humbly submit that we are entitled now to an undisturbed rest until the cruel war is over, in which Mrs. Shaw is the Washington—or Napoleon, we do not know which. But we are inclined to think that she is a Napoleon, and that, so far as California is concerned, she has met her Waterloo. When her great prototype, after his Waterloo, fell into the hands of his enemies, he found his way to St. Helena. We have rocky islets off our coasts, and deserts of wide extent within our borders, and we have the Rev. Shaw's word for it that we are an unchivalrous lot of males. We have also had Vigilance Committees in our time. It would be perfectly horrid if, when the Reverand Anna comes again to labor with her tongue for our enlightenment, some Californians, not chivalrous, but very tired,

should strenuously invite her and her assistant tongue-sters to confine themselves to the Colorado desert, for instance, there to perish miserably at the tongues of one another. We wish them no such fate.

"HOLDING UP" A NATION.

The action of the seven silver Senators in refusing to enter the Republican Congress is notice to the Republican party that if it wishes to do anything it must first "see" the silver people. Anything more audacious than this it has not been the country's unhappiness to witness in all our Federal history. It has been a common practice among smaller legislative bodies, such as State Legislatures and municipal councils, where dignity and patriotism have but slight recognition, for a small knot of unscrupulous men to dictate legislation by a species of good-humored blackmail. Not infrequently have we seen a coterie of experienced wire-pullers compel a legislature to do its bidding by refusing to act with the party, or by obstructing all legislation until their demands were complied with. Such practice has become so general that it is now treated with the greatest of consideration; hardly worthy the notice of our newspapers or the comment of other legislators. But that such methods should be recognized by men of national note, men whose acts are subjects for international discussion, and on whose doings must turn the fortune of a great people, is cause for national humiliation. It brings the tactics of the highwayman and the garroter into national politics; it degrades statesmanship, dishonors the country, destroys faith in any sentiment save selfishness, and sets up as senatorial ideals the swaggering images of Black Bart and Claude Duval.

These men who now give notice to the country that they will stand like adamant against all needed legislation unless their terms are agreed to, are the same who walked out of the convention at St. Louis, and cast their fortunes with Mr. Bryan. They did not leave the Republican party, they said, but refusing to be bound by its decision, declared that by this bolt they would punish their party. Surely they have had their answer. The country has repudiated them. Their party has proved its ability to succeed without them. They go back to the Senate, not as triumphant revolutionists absolved from censure by victory, but as traitors to their party, whom their fellow-countrymen and fellow-partisans have declined to follow. Wise men, patriotic men, would have accepted the verdict, and, while refusing to vote against those principles which they had fought for, would gladly have acquiesced in that line of policy which their fellows thought best for the country. But not so these agents of silver-mine owners. To them the cause of free silver, against which a decision has been rendered that is final for at least four years, is still the one, the only issue, the supreme remedy, the universal panacea. If the country wishes to raise money by a tariff upon imports that it may meet its honest obligations, or if it wishes to reform a currency system that is troublesome and unsatisfactory, seven Senators from Western States—not one from California, be it noted to our credit—give notice that the country cannot have its way. A position more unpatriotic, United States Senators have never before assumed, not even those who walked from the Senate chamber headed by Jefferson Davis. And its uselessness, too! These men must know that free silver during Mr. McKinley's term can be but a dream, unless achieved by international agreement. What, then, can they be working for? Is it another bluff which will end in some Sherman-law compromise? Are they "standing out," as politicians say, to gain "something for silver"—to save a little from the wreck? The stand taken merely tends to justify the charge so often made during the campaign, but not maintained by "The Wave," that in asking for free silver these gentlemen sought to work no benefit to their country, but merely to find a market at the expense of the whole people for a single local product.

At such a time, if the Republicans are unable to agree among themselves there is opportunity for Democrats of the bigger kind to do as patriotic service as many did during the campaign. If the alliance between the free-trade-free-silver Democrats and the free-silver-protectionist Republicans is to obtain as heartily in the Senate as it did in the Bryan-McKinley battle, then there is urgent necessity for honest-money Senators of both parties to tie themselves together, to the end that the counry may not suffer the disgrace and the ignominy of being subjected to the tyrannous coercion of these repudiationists. There is no longer a vast gulf fixed between Republicans and Democrats of the intelligent class. It should not be difficult for such men as Gray of Delaware and Vilas of Wisconsin to meet Aldrich of Rhode Island and Sherman of Ohio upon some measure of reasonable compromise, both as to tariff and currency. Then would the self-respecting citizens of America be saved from the shame of feeling that their throats were in the grip of men who are as conscienceless in their legislation as they are in their politics, men as false to their country's honor as to their party—these seven silver Senators from the West.

THE REAL ENEMIES THE EXAMINER HAS MADE.

Manifestly, there abides with the "Examiner" either a hearty contempt of public opinion as it finds expression among decent, sober, fair-minded men, or else it is enveloped by an atmosphere of such impregnable ignorance concerning the true state of the public mind toward itself as to obscure its vision and confound its judgment. A short time ago, as a matter of boastful pride, it published a cartoon that purported to picture a few of the enemies it had made, and it was pleased to add in a jocular way that it "was proud of 'em" Its enemies among respectable people, who were omitted from this list, could scarcely be crowded into an entire edition of that paper. The individual who guides the course and destiny of that remarkable journal must dive deeper down into the current of public feeling if he would learn the exact truth. Let him don a disguise and move around among the substantial mercantile men of the city, and he will marvel much at the revelations of the "Examiner's" unpopularity that will come to him from the element of society that is conceded to be conservative and law-abiding. That the subscription list of the "Examiner" has suffered through its recent performances is an open secret. Its young men have been moved to declare in a complaining voice that "the railroad is expending large sums of money to diminish its circulation," trusting that this weak explanation will distract attention from their own misfeasance. Of course, such charges are the cheapest kind of fol de rol, and besides being foundationless, are stupid as well. The respectable press of the State has lately been directing criticism at the "Examiner's" methods and its character. To most men attacks such as these would suggest an exercise of prudence, but not so with the "Examiner." It reprinted extracts from a number of these contemporaries, and attempted to dismiss the charges in an off-hand, matter-of-face way by declaring all its critics to be "railroad hirelings," which, it said, accounted for the venom they displayed. As usual the "railroad" is responsible; but certainly our "octopus" has not procured the New York "Life," "Frank Leslie's Weekly," the New York "Sun," the New York "Post" and all the host of manly and high minded publications in America to attack the character of journalism for which the "Examiner" stands sponsor in the West, and the "Journal," its wet-nurse, in the East. Even business rivalry could not produce the storm of denunciatory protest that has fallen about this type of journalism. It is outraged decency that is speaking. It is the respectable element of a hitherto honorable profession resenting the introduction of the cowardly, contemptible and infamous methods that threaten to drag that profession down from the high place it once held in the estimation of the public. If this character of newspaper is to prevail and succeed, then may we bid good-bye to journalism as an honorable profession. The storied torch of wisdom, held high by a heroic and Minervan maiden for the enlightenment of mankind, no longer typifies the new press that kicks and knocks with noisy clamor at our doors. The reeking. gory, slimy thing with tawdry tinsel is not the press our fathers knew. The enlightening torch of wisdom points heavenward no longer; the flame dips downward now, and has become the firebrand of an incendiary. The heroic maiden has given way to a wicked, leering, unregenerate wench, who fires the evil passions of mankind, who blisters honor, who enkindles hatreds, who sears and scars with devilish delight and malice the reputation of our citizens. Sensation has taken the place of Truth; and Corruption and Vice sit where Wisdom once held sway. Men are no longer led along the highways of Decency, no longer taught that Virtue is a sacred thing. The torch no longer lights their way along the avenues of Honor and of Fame, but drives them huddling down the dark and narrow byways of indecency and hate. Under the new state of affairs the press must neither educate nor elevate. It is to be a destructionist and a marplot, to breed discontent and foment strife, to encourage and suggest crime and wrongdoing, manuring it meanwhile from the dungheap of social scandals. Journals having these tendencies could not subsist wholly upon the patronage of the depraved and evil of the community. It is profitable to deal in this kind of sensationalism only because respectability refuses to administer the rebuke which it deserves. The moment the element of loss creeps in, that moment, and not until then, will we be rid of it.

M'KINLEY'S CABINET AND CALIFORNIA'S CANDIDATES.

No chief magistrate of the United States since the time of Abraham Lincoln has been confronted with such grave and serious problems as will face the incoming President, McKinley. The late election was no ordinary affair. It was a serious crisis in American history that attracted attention as broad as civilization itself. In the old world the outcome was regarded as a test of American institutions, and among thoughtful men it was conceded that the success of Major McKinley meant the defeat of all that was inimical to the perpetuation of our present form of government. To-day America awaits with deep anxiety his inauguration, and looks with confidence to his administration for deliverance from the ills that beset us and the calamities that threaten and menace our peace. The nation hangs its hope upon the wisdom and prudence of that administration. To him and to the cabinet that will surround him will be entrusted the solution of a multitude of grave and perplexing difficulties. The success of his administration confessedly depends much upon the judgment exercised in his selection of a cabinet, and to this most serious problem he is now, no doubt, directing his attention. Thoughtful men will recognize that this is not an hour for distributing political rewards by bestowing cabinet positions. It is an hour when rare judgment must be displayed in the selection of men of high honor and unquestioned ability. Common rumor has it, on the street, that during the campaign there was exacted from the managers of Major McKinley a promise that, if elected, he would appoint a cabinet officer from the Pacific coast. Following such an announcement there has naturally enough sprung up among local politicians a great desire for that high honor. It is a little difficult to understand how any man fit for the office could be willing to electioneer for it. It was not, in the first instance, entirely decent to exact such a pledge. Party fealty never dictated the demand, nor would party fealty insist upon it fulfillment if it embarrassed the President to the slightest extent. A little reflection will convince any fair-minded man that while local patriotism might give birth to a desire to have the West represented in the cabinet, still men of judgment will admit that no such pre-election pledge should be allowed to embarrass a President from whom the nation expects so much, upon a cause so slight.

If, however, the West is to be honored, and it seems expedient that it should be, then its plain duty is to unite in urging some one man of ability, familiar with public life and of high personal character. Something more than political notoriety should govern the selection to be made. The idea is not to honor a citizen, but to assist the administration. It is hazardous to try experiments, and we should not accept them. Colonel Otis of the Los Angeles "Times," who is an intimate friend of the incoming President, in an interview telegraphed from Canton, had this to say with respect to several gentlemen who had been named for cabinet positions. He says:

"We would like to have the far Western States represented in the cabinet. Judge Waymire of San Francisco has been talked of as a cabinet possibility. He is a good man and an excellent lawyer. Ellwood Cooper of Santa Barbara, who is a scholarly man, a first-class business man and a highly successful practical farmer, would make, I think, an excellent Secretary of Agriculture. One of the most available men in the State is Judge J. J. De Haven of San Francisco. He is a man of fine character and one of our foremost lawyers. He has been a successful Justice of our Supreme Bench, and is one of the cleanest, ablest and most thoroughly high-minded men in the West. He is well known by Major McKinley."

Other Californians have been mentioned for the cabinet, but we heartily agree with Colonel Otis in his estimate of Judge De Haven, and have no hesitancy in declaring our preference for him.

He has never, during all this discussion, given any indication that he desired to break into the cabinet or the councils of the President, but has studiously kept aloof from all newspaper notoriety in that connection. If the people of this State were called upon to declare their choice Judge De Haven would receive a popular majority greater than the combined vote of all the other candidates together. There is no exaggeration to this statement. He enjoys to a rare degree the confidence of the people of this State. Both Democrats and Republicans are proud to do him honor. He has achieved a distinction and a popularity here such as only go with sterling worth. He has served in public office, as a Superior Judge, as a Congressman and as a Justice of the Supreme Court. In all of these positions his fidelity has been unswerving, and his ability unquestioned. All of the attributes of decency belong to Judge De Haven. One cannot possibly conceive of any opposition to him.

Sir Lepel Griffin, a thoughtful Englishman, who has spent much of his time in India, has a scientific theory of the famine in that country which he presents in this startling proposition: "Famine is the reply of nature to early marriage and an increase of twenty millions of population in ten years. The food supply overtakes the population; a drought occurs, and there is no sufficient surplus of grain in the country. Until India abandons her inhuman superstition that every female child must be married at about 12 years of age and accepts those prudential reasons against early marriage which govern the conduct of all reasonable people, nature will, from time to time, reply to their folly by famine, cholera and epidemic disease."

An alarmist doctor says that when a person begins to have doubts about the spelling of common words, to write an unnaturally small hand that shows a tendency to waver above and below a straight line, and to grasp the pen with unnecessary force, especially at the end of a long word, then that person is suffering from brain exhaustion, and ought either to take a complete rest or else to find work of an altogether new and different kind.

✓ THE WINTER EXHIBITION

The Hopkins House a Failure as An Art Gallery.

The winter exhibition of paintings at the Art Association makes, on the whole, a fairer impression than f.. some years back. Amongst all of the work under acknowledged names in the catalogue I find that my interest is fixed upon canvases by two of the younger men—practically unknown to the public.

In last year's exhibit these two men presented notable canvases. Mr. Martinez showed the figure of a Mexican youth in white garments modeling a statuette of the Virgin—the subject so delicately and sensitively felt, the feeling so seriously communicated through the painting, the presentation so simple, that one acknowledged the canvas a work of art in the nobler meaning of the term. Without comment upon its technical limitations, the second canvas, by Mr. Arthur Atkins, was a sombre depth of green valley, where were grouped a few houses by a patch of stream; out of the valley rose a great tree, and beyond there were high hills and a sunset sky. The impresssion was rendered with absolute directness, absolute sincerity, the color simple and beautiful and the painting quite unconscious of difficulty. The picture made a solemn impression of power.

These two young painters again present canvases, and again their contributions stand easily first in interest. Mr. Martinez is not so fortunate in his choice of subject as last year. Here is the taint of the illustration (that trap of the artist). He has chosen to be more complex, more literary, and while his picture is much more likely to sell for the archaeological interest of it, it is to be regretted that he should have resigned so much art for the sake of a little literature. He has painted (beyond his right as a student) things he has not seen; nevertheless his picture of the kneeling Aztec, who burns a votive fire before an uncouth god, is fitted with intelligence and serious feeling. Mr. Martinez proves himself (though not so convincingly as last year) to possess exceptional gifts as an artist. Mr. Atkins sends a landscape, and he strikes with this a new Californian note in art. Here is unmistakably our coast country—a long ridge of rising hills seen across a rolling land with rows of eucalyptus, and, in the foreground a group of the same trees. The setting sun catches the spires of these and turns into one golden glow the distant hill and sky, where hangs a great cloud. This is the new land, and for this fresh sight of it we name the young painter a discoverer. He is a trifle more sophisticated than last year, less unconscious of his medium; his lack of training troubles the impression, but, as in his first picture, he has given us a very noble conception of line and color and of sentiment.

Coming from this Institute of Art in the Hopkins' house one brings away a conviction of a failure somewhere—a failure either in the presentation of the pictures or in the pictures themselves.

The interior of the house is one of those monstrous creations of the architect, the decorator and the upholsterer, that were perpetrated some years back in the name of art; only, while the money limit was luckily set in most cases, here there was limitless expenditure, and here, consequently, is that fearful abundance, that abandon, that makes the house the example of vulgarity that it is.

There is an established right in San Francisco for every man to do what he will with his own. The Hopkins residence was built with no intention that it should finally serve as a public building. Upon its acceptance by the Art Association there was a public acknowledgment of gratitude to Mr. Searle, but, unfortunately, there was not, at that moment, any public statement made that the house was worse than worthless for the housing of works of art.

Now we find the Association accepting the "rich" setting. It has established itself in the house with apparent content, and twice in a year invites the artists of the community to contribute their pictures to be placed upon public exhibition. These canvases (more or less sincere

CERAMIC PAINTING
BY HELEN HYDE

efforts) enter in at the door and are lost to view in the splendid depths of the Great Hall or are glazed in the glare of the conservatories, so that here one can perceive no more than the high lights on the impasto of the canvas, and there one can perceive nothing at all—save the frame!

Now I understand that there is a constantly increasing fund in the savings bank of the Association, ultimately to be spent in the purchase of works of art to form a museum. The question presents itself, is it not possible to divert some of the accruing interest and give as fair a setting as may be to the current exhibitions at the house? The gaudy interior could, by the simple use of paint, be reduced to a decency; the lighting, by dexterous management of screens, be arranged to show the pictures, rather than the walls and floors (highly reverenced though these latter be), and if this cannot be done, why not abandon the house to the sedate uses of university extension lectures or of bachelor appartments? In the weeks of exhibition, the school might be closed, and give the pictures a place in the cleanly little stable. In justice to themselves the artists should make a dignified protest, and then deny themselves the honors of exhibition until some arrangement has been made for a proper showing of their works.

A further word as to the pictures permanently established in the house, the gifts of Mr. Searle and others. It is difficult at this moment to judge of Mr. Searle's attitude toward the Association he has endowed with a

"TICKLING ME"
BY OTTO DOBBERTON

home and money for its maintenance. There can be no doubt as to his generosity, but his taste must be questioned. He has, within the last few years, presented to the Association a number of pictures, hardly one of which but is to be regretted as a future incumbrance in the nobler collection we may hope to possess. Clever, these canvases may be, and signed with well-known names. They would be pleasing as parlor ornaments, but are hardly worth while as public examples. In all the upper ranges of the house there are no pictures worthier of public preservation than two by local men—a stirring mountain sunset by Keith and the great still life by Carlsen—this latter a marvelous treatment of broad surfaces of metal and porcelain.

Downstairs, arranged with so little sequence as to be an irritation to the student of the history of art, and utterly valueless to the public by the same haphazard hanging, is the splendid collection of photographs of famous paintings, presented by Mr. Phelan.

This collection should certainly receive the greatest care in arrangement, should be segregated into schools of painting and, by a thorough method of labeling, be made a constant source of pleasure and instruction to students and to visitors.

Here, in this collection of photographs, is the one really valuable feature that the Art Association has to offer its public.

BRUCE PORTER.

Keith, Yelland and Hill are all represented, Keith head and shoulders above the others in one or two evening and storm effects. This artist is always admirable, still clinging to the precepts of the school of D'Aubigny and Corot, delighting in sombre greens and blacks and bitumens, painting pictures that are full of sharp contrasts, broad and sketchy and vigorous. There is but little choice between the large number of pictures he exhibits; all are good, though personally I prefer the "Rainy Day." Among the younger artists, Peters, Aikens and Latimer are most noteworthy. Apropos of originality, Peters is developing a style of work decidedly unique, choosing for his subjects evening effects among sand dunes and sea shores and treating them with exaggerated broadness, making up his picture from three or four huge flat tones, very simple, with hardly a stone or tuft of grass to break the monotony. The result is sometimes a bit theatrical, but wonderfully effective. Latimer is improving. In his water-color sketches he is doing especially fine work. He lacks brilliancy and effectiveness, and it is easy to pass over his pictures without observing them. Upon inspection, however they reveal no little seriousness of conception and restrained soberness of handling. One of the very best heads, portrait or otherwise, is Oscar Kunath's pastel. This is really a genuine work of art. Rarely have we seen among local artists such precision in drawing and such admirable success in the attainment of flesh effects through the medium of colored crayon.

F. N.

OAKLAND'S FREE MARKET

Characteristic Street Scenes — A Curious Institution.

It is a strange sight you will see nowadays over in Oakland of a Wednesday and Saturday morning; unique in its way, a thing out of place in the ordinary American city, but quite in harmony with the queer mixture of races in California towns. If you did not know you were in California you might almost, I say almost (if you put your imagination to it) believe that you were in Italy or France. For upward of two blocks (it was Washington street, a few blocks below Broadway) is given over to hucksters and peddlers and venders of every conceivable variety. It's like a fair in a small way. You may buy everything here, from bamboo furniture that is sold at auction (never for more than 60 cents the piece) by a red faced man with a fearful voice, to a dressed rabbit, for which you pay but a dime. This latter possibly is very interesting. You must admit that it is intensely foreign and amusing to buy a rabbit for ten cents on a market day—un lapin a dix sous, au marche. The man who sells these delightful ten-cent rabbits is an Italian, with earrings and a rancorous voice; he calls the rabbit a "hare," and you must chaffer with him till he agrees to dress it for you while you wait.

Beside the rabbit vender there is poultry, and the butcher and the flower seller (flower seller, you understand, not "florist"), and the little meek women, who sell red celluloid hair combs and ruled letter paper and scent in long bottles, and round pocket mirrors with a place for pins about the edge. It is the proper thing to assume that these little meek women have husbands, who drink and who abuse them when they come home, and take their money. It's part of the mise en scene; you would feel defrauded were it otherwise.

The market is free in the sense that the sellers are not obliged to pay any license. The market gardeners of the suburbs drive in and unharness in a huge enclosure formed by the rear abutments of a quadrangle of sheds that become booths as soon as the market opens. Others coming up with smaller wagons, back up to the curbstone and sell from the carts themselves. A very few have permanent stores the week round. Somehow the police do not interfere with the solicitations of the peddlers who severally "cry their wares" at the top of their voices in a monotonous key, with no pause between the words, as, for instance:

"Or'nges-or'nges-here-you -are-half-a-dime-one-nickel-remember - the-little-ones-at-home - give - your-money-back-if-you-don'-like-'em."

At the same time across the street the red faced auctioneer is bellowing:

"Forty-five, forty-five, where's my fifty; fiifty, fifty, make it fifty-five if not sixty. Sixty once, sixty, twice," and so on. Geese are cackling in crates, wild-eyed hens tied in clusters by the legs are gabbling under foot, tinware is clattering, market carts are creaking up and down, hoarse voices are calling to each other in French, Italian and Spanish, a thousand feet are shuffling upon the sidewalk, and the scene is one of animation and noise and gaiety that makes one think of La Tene and of Inme Bovary, of everything that is not American.

But California is a strange country.

It was not long before his death that William Morris said to a friend, "I have enjoyed my life—few men more so." When he was talked to concerning the peril of such a life of intellectual tension as his he laughed at the talker. "Look at Gladstone," he would say; "look at those wise owls, your chancellors and your judges. Don't they live all the longer for work? It is rust that kills men, not work." His concentration was marvelous. "The Lovers of Gudrun," which many of his readers delight in

"RETRIEVING"
BY ELIZABETH STRONG

as his most beautiful poem, was practically produced at a sitting. He worked at it from 4 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, and when he rose from the table he had written 750 lines.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

Being One Solution of a Pending Complication.

Hoffman House, New York, July 16, 1896.

Friend Tom: Come and take dinner with me over here to-day. I have a business proposition to make to you. There's stuff in it. BILL.

Lanky Tom Rammer, more affectionately known in pugilistic circles as "The Brindled Cat," sat in his handsome New York flat, and, in his own words, "chewed" upon the vague suggestiveness of this dispatch.

"Now, what's his little game?" mused Lanky Tom. "It isn't a week since he was calling me 'a yellow dog' and 'a dirty cur' in every newspaper in the country. But that's business, of course—as we agreed—just to make the public think we're out for blood and not for stuff. Guess I'll go over anyhow."

As he stood up and assumed his shining silk hat Mr. Rammer was not a bad imitation of a real swell. It is true that there was a flare of jewelry about his shirt front with a slight suggestion of something stagey and something horsey, or a mixture of both, that might have been understood by the initiated, but on the whole the imitation was fairly well done. The modern prizefighter can afford to pay as much for his clothes and patronize the same tailors as the club- or society-man.

He strolled over to the Hoffman and sent up his card to Mr. Biltongue's rooms. Mr. Biltongue is more generally known to his friends as "The Dandy Gamecock," although Mr. Rammer officially refers to him in print as "that big stiff." Mr. Biltongue, however, has filled a great place both in the history of this nation and the columns of the daily press since the almighty Mulligan went down before his conquering fist. Even at that very moment the eyes of the entire civilized world were turned upon the negotiations (enlivened with personal abuse) which had been pending for a year to bring together inside the ropes the great Biltongue and the unconquered Rammer. Mr. Biltongue was in — would Mr. Rammer step up? In a few moments the two rivals for the world's championship were face to face, they went through the formalities of greeting, and cocktails from the bar, interspersed with light and profane persiflage; end of first round; both men sparring for an opening; honors easy.

In the second round Mr. Rammer led suddenly, straight from the shoulder, with——

"Well, Jack; what's up?"

Mr. Rammer's dearest foe, if the daily papers are to be believed, ducked and cross-countered.

"Stuff," he remarked, laconically.

"Stuff goes here," returned Mr. Rammer, shifting his cigar to the other side of his mouth. "But where do you come in—what's your little game? Are youse doin' this for your healt', or is it outen love and affection for me?"

Mr. Biltongue snorted.

"Affection nothin'," said Mr. Biltongue. "You're a high-grade machine, Tom, and geared to ninety-nine, but it's meself I'm thinkin' of first. I want you to stand in. There's stuff in it for you."

Mr. Rammer looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

"I'm dead leary," he remarked.

"It's straight," retorted Mr. Biltongue, champion pugilist and star actor.

"You know this fellow Barker, that I fought in 'Frisco?" he continued. "He's a dub of the first water, but they're stuck on um out there, an' I want youse should take um on. Wait a minute—there's boodle in it; you—"

"I will not take um on," vociferated Mr. Rammer. "Let him go get a reputation first," and he glared significantly at Mr. Biltongue.

"Reputation, me foot!" returned Mr. Biltongue, scornfully. "He's got enough reputation by fightin' with me to make good betting for the short end."

"The short end—what do you mean?"

"You'll lose the fight."

Mr. Rammer suddenly grew alarmingly purple in the face.

"Wait—listen—hold up!" cried Mr. Biltongue, hastily. "Can't you lose the fight on a foul? Can't you see nothin'?"

"On a foul?" gurgled Mr. Rammer, not quite recovered.

"Yes—sure; you kin lose on a foul and come out with a bigger reputation than ever, and" (here Mr. Biltongue was especially impressive) "and we clean up the whole country on the betting."

Mr. Rammer suddenly sat up, in astonishment. Then he exclaimed:

"It's idyllic!"

"It's like falling off a log," said Mr. Biltongue.

"Into a soft place," put in Mr. Rammer.

Then Mr. Biltongue explained at length:

"There will be forty thousand bet on the fight in 'Frisco, and as much in Chicago, to say nothin' of New York. They'll bet money on the number of rounds; he'll stay, and you can hold up till those bets are pulled off, then you jump in an' foul um. You see, we'll catch 'em at both ends—catch 'em comin' and catch 'em goin'. Then all youse has got to do is to let off a howl, that's hark-from-the-tombs, about you're bein' robbed, 'n you'll be the biggest man in the United States (except me). Then you 'n me'll talk fight some more, and bimebye we'll pull it off som'ers around here."

"Gigantic intellect!" murmured Mr. Rammer, in admiration of the Napoleonic conception.

Mr. Biltongue smiled and waved a deprecating hand. He continued:

"I guess you kin fix it with Barker to divide the gate money. There won't be no purse, of course, except to blow about in the newspapers, but there'll be twenty thousand men fallin' over each other to get seats for that fight. I tell you, it's a big thing. Barker will be mighty glad to be taken on by you, and you ought to have no trouble atall to fix it with um. I don' want nothin' atall to do with that—I kin make my mon' on short-end bets."

The twinkling little eyes of "The Brindled Cat" glittered.

"Shake hands, Jack," he said. "I'll do it, an' you keep on calling me names, an' if you meet me in a barroom where ther's plenty of chumps around, you kin offer to swat me, so's people'll think you're ready to cut me t'roat, an' sometime we'll fight it out for more stuff."

* * * * * * * * * *

"No, sir," said Colonel Starbottle, as he leaned against the bar and dusted the cracker-crumbs out of his beard. "I never bet on things that can think. They won't do to gamble on."

There is one good explanation of the fact that great cities almost invariably grow towards the west. As regards Europe, the prevailing winds are from the west and southwest, so that these portions of the towns are brighter, cleaner and healthier than the eastern.

A SESSION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO WHIST CLUB

From a flashlight photo by S. M. Williams

COMPETITORS AT THE HORSE SHOW

1. Types of California Polo Ponies 2: Walter Hobart's Drag on the Road 3: Mr. Pope's Arsnell and Arlington 4: General View of Harnessing Paddock 5: Joseph D. Grant's Four-in-hand 6: A Part of the Paddock 7: Miss Rose Hooper's Tandem 8: Walter Hobart and Mr, Crocker behind "Tadpole"

PHOTOS BY E. W. JENSEN AND B. C. TOWNE, OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE HORSE SHOW

THINGS AND PEOPLE

To the debutante's costume the finishing touches had been added. The final ornamentations had been left for the deft hands of the careful mother, who now stood back a pace to realize the impression of the completed toilette. The slender maiden, gowned in white silk, achieved a fine effect of fashion's conventionality. Style and manner were as correct as a photograph, and as undemonstrative. Behind, the maid stood ready to enwrap the subject of their devoted attention in the soft silken folds of a voluminous velvet cloak. Millinery and money had done their most, and here the girl was ready for her first ball.

"Now that all this money has been spent and this brilliant result achieved," observed the sarcastic aunt of the young lady, to her father, who hovered in the background, "tell me to whom do you propose marrying your treasure; for whom are you arraying her so expensively? Is it not for the delectation of the 'Brownies?'"

These questions cannot but occur to the mothers of the dozen debutantes who have been presented to society this winter. Here are maidens, beautiful, we will say, well formed, well disposed, well dowered and well educated, fairly healthy, ambitious and intelligent—where shall they seek husbands? Not in San Francisco, because the men to whom society has granted circulation are too young for matrimony. The current male coin of society has become debased, it is under weight and age. It affords the impression of masculinity by its clothes, and subserves that purpose at tea functions, but it is not self-supporting.

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The invasion of California society by the very young has yet received no conclusive explanation. Save for English importations, "the Swim" proper has had no full-grown masculine additions in years. There are "sons of their fathers" by dozens, but few men capable of supporting wives. There is, it is true, a fair allowance of heirs, but not enough to provide escorts even for the belles. For the undistinguished and ineligible, they must take what cometh and be happy. The seriousness of this problem is accentuated by the fact that the fortune era in California has ended. No longer are thousands made on the turn of the stock market, nor hundreds realized by manipulating real estate. A million is now a slow and solemn achievement, won by hard thinking and keen trading. The shrewdness, capacity and hardness essential to the attainment of great wealth one does not see in the generation in evidence. Indeed, is it not because there has been so little of prosperity, or success here these latter years that society has had so few recruits? There are embryo bankers and lawyers innumerable who would dare the gilded salons of the aristocracy had they coin to compass the fixed charges of reciprocal entertainment. But, at the moment, there are no rising young men. In the last half decade the records of our western commercial world contain no history of successful enterprise engineered by youthful brains and enthusiasm. Such big deals as have been consummated were undertaken by mature men. No, the period is one of transition. New circumstances impress their conditions upon the free and generous life of California. In due course society will readjust itself on different lines. The very rich will form their own set and marry each other, as they do in New York. The others, for whom the pace is too rapid, will flock together and live at the rate their incomes dictate.

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This, however, does not dispose of the "Brownie" question, which at the moment seriously troubles not only the mothers of the season's debutantes, but also the parents of girls whose blossoming into society is a memory. An effort is being made to relieve the deficiency, and the two universities are being called upon for aid. To the recent meeting of the Monday Night Club a number of professors and instructors from Stanford and Berkeley were invited, "in order," as one matron observed, "that my daughter may know that there are men as well as 'Brownies' in the world."

***

Though he had been for a number of years a sufferer, the sudden death of Oscar Deakin came as a great shock to his family and friends. His was a personality rare and lovable, and his talent had a distinction to match with the qualities of his character. His work exhibited fine feeling in all directions. A student here and in New York at the art schools, he studied also under Lefebvre, who entertained the highest expectations for a brilliant future, but consumption developed itself, and though bravely fought against, closed a career just as it had begun. For the past two years he had no strength for work and did not exhibit, but before that time his canvases attracted attention at the exhibitions in the Hopkins Institute. There is a strong and general sympathy felt for Mr. Edwin Deakin, himself a well-known painter, who loses so talented and devoted a son. Mr. Deakin had lived into his thirtieth year.

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The animus of the "Examiner's" fight against the Shortridges is so evident that something more than newspaper rivalry is required to account for it. It is really a remarkably cruel and bitter campaign which this journal has conducted against the Shortridge family and John D. Spreckels. Beginning with mild ridicule and harmless fun, it has gradually intensified until each morning witnesses the perpetration of a new insult. Had the retaliation been as bold and as determined at first as in these latter days, when the "Call" is making the most of its opportunities, the "Examinuer" would never have dared venture the lengths it has gone, but the policy of silence, of submission, was a blunder in dealing with such an antagonist. Of course the "Examiner" does not imagine how it is detested and despised throughout the community, but it is liable to realize it soon enough if the "Call" really undertakes a crusade against its methods. Mr. S. M. Shortridge attributes to his participation in the Shaw estate litigation some of this rancorous hatred, of which the community has seen so much. Some time ago a mining man named Shaw died here, and left his entire estate of $17,000 to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. He had an only son, William Shaw, in Oswego, N. Y., who contested the will, employing Delmas and Shortridge to press his claim. Efforts to compromise were vain for a time, but finally a settlement was made by which young Shaw was paid $10,000. Of course the law firm acted in purely a professional capacity, and it is certainly a brutal misuse of power so to visit their victory on them.

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A good story has come to hand in which Mr. William Alvord and the head usher of the California Theater are the chief actors. The head usher has declared that the president of the Bank of California is financially sound. The thanks of the community should be tendered to the usher. Now at length we can breathe easy in the assurance that the city is in no danger of a collapse of the money market. It all happened on the occasion of the charity performance of the "Days of Seventy-Six" at the California, a performance of which Mr. Alvord was one of the directors. At the last moment the orchestra refused to go on until their pay should be guaranteed. All entreaty was unavailing, and it was at last suggested to the orchestra's obdurate leader that Mr. Alvord would vouch for the payment of whatever was their due.

"Who is Mr. Alvord?" exclaimed the leader. "I don't know Mr. Alvord. Who will guarantee him?"

It was at this point that the head usher stepped forward and threw himself into the breach.

"I will answer for Mr. Alvord," said he. "I guarantee that he's all right, and if he don't pay you I will."

Fortunately the leader knew the head usher, and after accepting his guarantee of the bank president, consented to begin the performance.

***

To the big pugilistic scandal it is almost indecent to allude. It is quite the most disreputable affair of the kind we have had in years. Certainly it ends prize fighting in San Francisco for many a moon to come, and casts a stigma on local sport which no explanation can efface. Now that the records of the mob of managers and operators have been exposed, the swindle loses its remarkable features. Depend on the consistency in crime of a blackleg, is an aphorism safe to remember. It may be that the plot will prove a success financially, as it is hard to see how the law may interfere to divert the stake where it belongs, but, whatever the upshot, the careers are ended of the men accused of complicity in the scandal. They must look for fresh fields in which to practice their nefarious schemes.

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What has Mr. Finnegan done with his gold? This may not seem a question in which the public has any particular interest, but it has great importance for Reuben Lloyd, who officiates as the attorney for the charming Mrs. Finnegan. The Colonel, as it is proper to call Finnegan, is a relic of bonanza days, and his fortune was evolved in the stock excitement. In those gay and brilliant days he was poor, honest and quick of hearing, and being also an eminently safe and conservative hackman, had the honor of driving daily to the Cliff or the Park Messrs. Mackay, Flood and O'Brien, who in those afternoon excursions developed their plans of campaign. You can readily imagine the homely and patient driver sedulously attending to the comfort of the rich trio and eagerly drinking in their gossip of gold and ores. To have the ear of these men, to listen to their talk was esteemed in those days of quick fortunes as the inestimable privilege. There was nothing about the appearance of Finnegan to suggest the readiness of his ears or the shrewdness of his wits, but not a word did he lose. It may be said that Flood and his compatriots were all robust men, who disdained soft murmuring voices and expressed their thoughts in stentorian tones. The opportunity was unavoidable, and he drank deep at the well spring of information. Just before the great deal the hackman came to Cook & Hart, two wealthy stall-keepers of the Clay street market, and asked for a loan.

***

The circumstances and conditions of Finnegan's information and theories were unfolded—at least as literally as the shrewd investor deemed wise. The money was advanced, and after one or two deals the hackdriver had a fortune. He proceeded to return the $7,000 to Cook & Hart, but they would have none of it, claiming a share of the money earned as partners in the proceeding. The case was fought in court, and the clever Finnegan, who had committed himself in no way whatever, was awarded a victory, and retired with his gold. Then he married a tall and stately blonde maiden, regular of feature and impassive of mien, who was currently alluded to as the beautiful Miss Boysen. There was a houseful of children by a former Mrs. Finnegan to look after, but the match was a sensation at the moment and acclaimed as a fortunate conjunction of wealth and loveliness. Whereupon the Colonel blossomed out with fine rigs and London clothes and trotting horses. He officiated as a member of Agricultural Associations, went to races and was much of a man among horsemen. Over the edges of California street hill, opposite the domicile of Lucky Baldwin, was the Finnegan mansion, a three story facade, dwarfed by a palatial stable in its rear. They entertained and had gilt furniture. At fashionable functions the twain made a figure; they were seen at Monterey and Santa Cruz. Then they went back to Europe and now we have the end of the story—a divorce. The shadings which may be guessed will be supplied by the evidence in court but in the meantime the lawyers are at a loss to discover the colonel's fortune. Where has he stowed his accumulations? Reuben Lloyd, whose financial sense is as keen as an Indian tracking on a hot trail, confesses himself baffled. Up North and down South have enquiries gone, but no trace of the millions which Finnegan carved out of the bonanza escapes. It is curious how money flits under fear or pressure. Whither has gone the gold of the colonel?

HOW IT STRIKES AN OBSERVER

The Horse Show and Some of the Things It Suggests.

There is just one thing that jars at this year's Horse Show. Everything else is pretty. The "satin coated horses" and the "satin gowned women," who have been the subjects of journalistic dithyrambs from ocean to ocean, are all there, and are just as beautiful and charming as the reporter would have you believe—more so, for the matter of that, for to my thinking there are three things that are pre-eminently beautiful, that are perfect of their kind, a ship under full sail, a pretty, well dressed woman and a well groomed thoroughbred horse. And when you may see the last two gathered together on the same occasion, pretty women and wonderful gowns and horses that are brown and sleek as wet otters, and lacquered traps, and lights and music and all that, you have a mise en scene finer than anything you ever saw behind the footlights. But why and Oh, why, these bare boards of pine? Of course the thing can't be helped. You have no right to expect plush upholstery and nickel trimmings at the Mechanics' Pavilion. You can't have the Madison Square Garden, so you must make the best of it.

Everything else is so excellent that it is churlish to criticize. It merely strikes one as a bit incongruous to see these gowns and bonnets that might have come from (and very possibly did come, some of them) straight from Virot and the Rue de la Paix, set off by a background of the same material that is used to stable the horses in the paddocks under the galleries.

Of all the events of the opening night the two which seemed to interest the audience the most were the hurdling and coaching contests. The hurdling is very pretty. If you had not witnessed the jumping it would surprise you to note in what an endless variety of ways different horses will consider a hurdle. There is the horse like Hobart's big gray "Huntress," who will top you a hurdle without so much as turning a hair, looking at the galleries and boxes the while, just to show off—pretending that she does this sort of thing so easily that it's not worth while thinking about it. Then there is the horse that fidgets and worries and lathers, made nervous by the lights and music, that gets rattled and rushes in helter-skelter, sometimes going over the hurdle with an eight-foot leap, and sometimes knocking it down. There is still a third kind, that attends strictly to the business in hand, that must be ridden up to have a look at the hurdle and what is on the other side of it before he jumps. This is the kind of horse that turf men will tell you is best to let alone. He will get over in his own way; you must give him his head as much as you dare, and you must not hit him with the crop or bother him by talking. It's very interesting to watch this horse take the jump. He comes up on a canter to within what he considers the proper distance—then suddenly quickens his pace. Within about ten feet he shortens his steps, very prettily throws his ears forward and clears the obstacle by just barely enough space, his heels tucked well under him so as not to hit the top rail. I think that I prefer this kind, because he uses his wits and does not get rattled or try to show off. In the hurdling contest the rider counts but for little, and there are no "appointments" to speak of. The horse is the main thing (which is as it should be), and must rely upon himself to make a good showing, for he cannot expect his rider to help him out much; the only thing he asks of his rider is to keep his form and sit still.

But the coach event is toute une affaire. Four horses, a huge coach, two grooms and the driver must be taken into consideration, and here the conditions are reversed. The driver, the man, must show the skill and the judgment, asking only of the horses that they answer to the reins.

The interest in this contest was lively enough Wednesday night, and over it and its result was displayed the greatest enthusiasm of the occasion. It is quite possible that Mr. Dwyer was the best driver of the four contestants, but Mr. Crocker carried off the blue rosette on the strength of form and finish of "appointment," and the audience confirmed the opinion of the judges by a long roll of applause.

But the key note of the Horse Show is its gaiety—a very light staccato note that comes off trippingly and with much vivacity. This impression of gaiety comes upon you as soon as you pass the wicket.

I take it that a well conducted Horse Show is the finest sight the grande monde has to offer. The annual 'varsity football game comes very close to it, but there is a seriousness about the football game, a certain intensity of interest that sounds the graver note. The gaiety is all on the outside of the arena. You don't expect the elevens to be gay, and the thoroughbreds of the gridiron are not so well groomed, nor so cleanly, nor so dainty as the other thoroughbreds of the tan bark. However, you see precisely the same people at the Horse Show as you did at the football game, with the difference that at the Pavilion they are rigidly decorous and reserved. It is very amusing to observe the same girl that on Thanksgiving day shouted herself hoarse and split her gloves in her excitement, sitting back in her box in a very smart dinner gown, with but a politely languid interest in all that is going forward.

And the men. Just a week ago that very night in that same Pavilion another contest between highly trained animals was under way, only last Wednesday the animals were but two in number and in place of the tan bark there was a roped square, upon a raised platform. The air was blue and pungent with tobacco smoke, occasionally a gong tapped at three-minute intervals, and the audience was not decorous, nor reserved, nor choice in its language.

But it was composed of the same men who filled the boxes or the promenade at the Horse Show last night. At the Horse Show nothing could have been finer than their correctness—their suppression of all emotion. At the prize fight they stood upon their chairs, with their hats on the backs of their heads, their faces scarlet and their throats distended with the inarticulate cry of the mob that knows no restraint, autre temps, autre moeurs, with a vengeance.

FRANK NORRIS.

Horseradish and Lemons

Potatoes and Almonds

Sausages and Fruit

Kitchen-Fittings and Bedding

Apple Woman

Flowers, Wild Game and Fish

THE OPEN MARKET IN OAKLAND

See page 4

Photos by E. W. Jensen

WAITING FOR THEIR CUE

In the Realm of Silence Behind the Scenes at the Baldwin.

I went through the little brick corridor behind the boxes and came up into the flies behind the scenes, walking on my heels. A shirt-sleeved man sitting on a roll of carpet leaped to his feet (or more properly his tiptoes) and ejaculated:

"Sh!"

I stopped so abruptly that the press agent who followed behind bumped into me and stumbled against a saw-horse with a great clattering noise. A stage carpenter, a calcium light man and a property woman appeared upon the instant, exclaiming, "Sh," and the shirt-sleeved man, his face contorted in an agony of apprehension, repeated the warning, and blasphemed us in a hoarse whisper.

WILTON LACKAYE LISTENING FOR HIS CUE

In the next thirty seconds I learned how to behave "behind the scenes." The first requirement is silence, the second is silence, the third is silence, the fourth is to keep out of the way, and not to trip over the feed wires of the clusters. Incidentally you mustn't smoke. I found this out afterward, on attempting to light a cigar. Three men and a boy told me about it simultaneously. The best course to adopt is to go about on tiptoe sidling against the brick walls (already polished and black from just such sidling), refrain from asking questions and shrink into as small a compass as possible between the acts while the scene is being struck.

I have made a discovery, or rather I have rearranged all previous beliefs and conclusions to suit a new theory. I have found out the real function of the orchestra. Whilom I had cherished the idea, in company with the vast army of the uninitiated, that the orchestra played between acts to keep the audience amused. This is not so at all. The orchestra is there simply to drown the noise the scene shifters make in dragging the flats about.

Everything "behind the scenes" centers" about this one principle of silence. Accidents may happen, flats prove refractory, cues may be forgotten or lights go out when least expected, but so long as these things occur in a profound and overpowering silence the stage manager does not lost his equanimity.

COULDOCK AND MARIE WAINWRIGHT READY TO GO ON

And all the while you can hear from somewhere beyond that strange, boxed-in arena, the stage, of which you get narrow glimpses between two flats, a flow of high-pitched dialogue or strange lapses of quiet followed by a roll of applause from the audience. The murmur of this audience comes to you as from an infinite distance, very vague and confused. There, on the other side of the footlights, in the midst of coils of rope and electric clusters and shirt-sleeved stage hands and bare brick walls of immense height, you feel as though you had left it behind some hundred of years ago.

As you go about behind this boxed-in stage you occasionally come across, in a recess of the flies near a lath and canvas entrance, a figure that, although you are expecting it, somehow, surprises you. You have so persistently associated the actor or actress with the glare of the footlights and the accessories of the stage setting that the sight of him, or of her, waiting there for the cue, hideously painted and dressed out of all congruity to the surroundings, disconcerts you. It is a convention, an unwritten law of stage-land, that a chair and a rug shall be placed at every entrance. The chair, of course, is for the actor to sit in. The rug is less easily explained. I have thought considerably over the matter, but as yet have arrived at no conclusion.

Mr. Lackaye never waits for his cues, as does Miss Wainwright, Mr. Couldock or the others. He appears running (from some mysterious quarter) at the very last moment, pauses a second to listen at the entrance, and then goes on hardly before he has recovered his breath.

You must go behind the scenes if you wish to appreciate the vast gulf that is fixed between the amateur and the professional actor. On the night of which I speak Mr. Lackaye, for some reason, cut a certain actor out of a scene, just at the time the actor was about to go on. Can you imagine how such an occurrence would have upset an amateur company, no matter how well drilled? What a rushing to and fro, what cold perspiration, what frenzied dashes among the pages of the playbook.

"He cut me, didn't he?" said the actor in question turning to Miss Wainwright.

"He did," said Miss Wainwright.

The other shrugged his shoulders and sat down again, and the play went on without a break.

FRANK NORRIS.

Steve Brodie confided to the "World" his impressions of the West. In California he says the prevailing questions are: "How do you like our climate?" "Have you seen the seals?" and "When are you going East?" Apropos of the busted booms in Tacoma and Seattle he asks: "I wonder would poor old Horace say 'Go West, young man,' now if he were alive? Why, there are more Eastern people bracing for their fare to New York than the Southern Pacific could carry." He continues: "I arrived at Los Angeles and found every saloon there has a gambling house at the back and a man in the front ringing a bell. San Diego I found a very busy little place, and from all appearances it has law-abiding citizens. Riverside, a home for church people, is full of temperance and has lots of Bibles to spare."

A medico-literary alliance is generally one that interests the public, especially where the fiances happen to be of important descent. A match has just been struck up between Jean Charcot of the Faculty, son of the late doctor of great renown, and Jeanne Hugo, grand-daughter of the lamented author.

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IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The predominant characteristic of San Francisco is inconsistency. We have oscillated between enthusiasm and indifference in a fashion that augured ill for the continuous success of any pleasure, charm it never so wisely. Yet in defense let it be remembered that this is the third annual Horse Show, and that the enthusiasm of a year ago has suffered but little abatement, even under the stress of hard times. The pessimists gave us at the most two seasons, and predicted that with the exhibition of '95 the Horse Show's sun would set forever. The third triumph of the directors it at hand, and congratulations are in order. There were dozens of box parties the first night and through the week, but outside of the Horse Show festivities society has been almost at a standstill.

The first Friday Night Cotillion was, even for a Friday night, an unusually smart affair. The hall looked beautiful in its decorations of palms and the calcium light effects were ably managed. The attendance was not nearly as large as usual, only one hundred and fifty people being present, but of these the dancing element predominated. Where are the older men, and why do they eschew the light fantastic? Last Friday the males were shockingly young. Several had not yet discarded their teens, while to the greater number attaining their majority is yet a dream of the future. This, of course, adds to the enjoyment of the debutante, but the belle of three seasons would as soon dance with her young brother as with some of these callow youths. Of the debutantes the palm of belledom may be shared by Miss Kate Salisbury and Miss Bernice Drown. Miss Salisbury looked radiant in a lovely gown of pale pink satin and received congratulations on her success as a leader. Miss Drown is a very tall, well set up girl with brilliant coloring, rather clearly cut features and merry brown eyes. She has a graceful carriage and was gowned in soft white. Miss Bernice Landers was among the more popular of the debutantes. Of the maidens who emerged last season I especially admired Miss Stubbs, who wore a fetching gown of changeable yellow taffeta, silk-trimmed with tulle. The skirt was full at the waist, of taffeta, covered in gold spangles and made in surplice fashion. On her shoulders were tiny puffs of silk and round her waist a deep white taffeta belt. Miss Lizzie Carroll's gown was also very lovely, of pale blue duchess muslin, made over white satin and inserted with white Valenciennes lace. On one shoulder was a big jewelled butterfly. The skirt was of muslin, inserted in points with lace, from the top of which fell deep flounces.

The Saturday Evening Dancing Class was not so well attended as usual, owing to the epidemic of colds now raging among the maidens. The german was capitally managed by Mr. Donald Smith and Miss Bernice Drown. The figures, on the marching order as usual, were superintended by Mr. Howard Adams. The floor was excellent and the music more inspiriting than usual. Of the girls who attracted my attention were Miss Bernice Drown, in white tulle; Miss Edith Stubbs, in pale pink organdie; Miss Nettie Black, in white, with pink ribbons; Miss Marie Messer, in green and white; Miss Kittie Duval, in white mousseline de soie; Miss Agnes Simpson and Miss Electa Smith, in white swiss with yellow ribbons.

Miss Ethel Keeney and Miss Leontine Blakeman are enjoying the full meed of life's pleasures in New York. Dance follows dinner and theater party dance. The officers of the various ships stationed round New York arranged receptions and dejeuners on board their vessels for their delectation.

This has been rather an "off" week for teas. Only two are recorded. A very smart affair was the "At Home" given by Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon on Thursday afternoon. The house was decorated in palms and carnations and there was music during the afternoon. Mrs. Casey wore a stunning costume of black brocade with yellow waist—a most effective combination—and Miss Dillon was charmingly gowned in pale green.

There were two debutantes entertained during the latter part of the week. On Thursday Miss Bernice Drown entertained some twenty of her friends at luncheon, and on Friday Mrs. Baldwin gave a big dinner at the 'Varsity Club to introduce her daughter, Miss Fannie Baldwin. Covers were laid for twenty-two. Afterwards the young people went to the Friday Fortnightly dance.

Seldom does it happen that a fiance is so generously and generally entertained as Miss Helen Schweitzer has been since the announcement of her approaching nuptials. She has been deluged with invitations, and spends her time flying from her costumers to her parties. Among the affairs given for her this week was a girls' luncheon in her honor last Thursday by Miss Clara Joseph. Expectation is rife concerning the wedding which is to take place early in January. It is to be an event of considerable magnitude and the list of invitations is quite formidable. The recently announced engagement of Miss Hilda Levy and Mr. Eppinger is the subject of the hour. Miss Levy is an especially charming girl, a debutante decidedly pretty and with expectations. Mr. Eppinger is considered one of the really good matches available this season. He is wealthy, a shrewd business man and a thoroughly good fellow. The wedding of Miss Eppinger and Dr. J. Graham Sharp is to be celebrated on the 30th at the Eppinger home.

Miss Freda Hellman of Los Angeles anticipates spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. I. W. Hellman. She was entertained on Friday last by Mrs. Walter at a girls' lunch. It was a large affair, twenty-three maidens having been invited.

There has been considerable uneasiness over the recent illness of Mrs. Abe Stern (nee Elise Meyer), who has been lying at the point of death for the past two weeks. She is now out of danger.

Mrs. Louis Schwabacher will introduce her daughter, Miss Minnie Schwabacher, at a dance to be given December 19th. Mrs. Schwabacher intends entertaining a great deal during the winter and has recently added a large ballroom to the attractions of her mansion.

Of the week's luncheons, Miss Hilda Brown's was certainly the prettiest. Three round tables were arranged, that at which the debutantes sat being decorated in yellow. The other two tables were in pink and white. Thirty-five young girls were invited.

There has been of late a change in the attitude of San Francisco society towards celebrities. But a short time ago we enjoyed their efforts to amuse us, but never endeavored to show in return any special degree of appreciation. It was all a question of hard cash. Now like the rest of the civilized world we open our houses and ask them to participate of our hospitality. Mrs. Will Crocker startled society some few years ago when she invited Sara Bernhardt to luncheon. Now such an event would pass without comment. John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, Kathryn Kidder, Edward Hackett and lastly Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler have been entertained by several society people. Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal's dinner last week was a charming affair, and Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler proved a decided acquisition.

I hear that the wedding of Miss Rose Fecheimer and Mr. Alfred Lilienfeld is to be a very quiet affair, owing to the recent death of Mrs. Fecheimer. The invitations have been confined to the immediate relations of both families. Miss Fecheimer is a tall brunette, and is considered one of the handsomest girls in the city. Mr. Lilienfeld is a clever and rising business man with a future. The afternoon of December 29 has been set for the ceremony.

Mrs. Wm. Frank gave a violet dinner at the Richelieu last Sunday evening in honor of her sister, Miss Hilda Steinhart.

The San Francisco Verein are busily preparing a vaudeville entertainment for Christmas night. They have a very talented lot of amateurs in the club and great fun is anticipated. The Concordia Club gives its usual annual New Year's ball. It is to be a large affair and the gowning will be more than ordinarily elaborate.

Mrs. Winthrop Lester is determined that her baby shall have all the advantages of its prosperity. She has the little one in charge of two nurses, one a professional and the other a very careful and experienced maid. So the babe is never alone. Mrs. Mark Requa's baby is a splendid little girl, and is to be called Amy Herrick Requa, after her aunt and mother. Mrs. Requa is doing splendidly.

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In Oakland as on our side of the bay the Horse Show has reigned supreme, and the fashionables have been busy preparing or getting up parties for that great event. The Henshaw box was filled every evening with gaily attired girls. Miss Grimes, Miss Chabot, Miss Emma Farrier and Miss Ella Goodall accompanied Mr. and Mrs. W. Henshaw. Then the Magee-Hush contingent took parties of merry young people. The Requas and Captain and Mrs. Long were assiduous in their attendance. I also noticed the Pierces, Edson Adamses, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and the McNears.

One of the jolliest receptions given this season was that of Mrs. Watkinson and Miss Pierce on Saturday last. It had all the pleasantest features of the tea with none of its drawbacks. Throughout the afternon crowds of ladies came and went and during the evening at least a score of men put in an appearance. The house was charmingly arranged with innumerable cosy corners in which one might converse without fear of interruption. There was no attempt made at "set" decoration, but greens were massed everywhere in effective fashion. Mrs. Watkinson wore a pretty gown of black and white striped silk, and Miss Pierce was in yellow satin, covered with chiffon. Of the girls who received, Miss Kate Clement looked handsome in white brocaded satin. Miss Amy McKee looked very pretty in yellow satin. Miss Nina Pringle wore a soft looking frock of white silk and chiffon. Miss Mary Dunham was in black. Miss Florence Dunham in white swiss. The most bewitching gowns were worn by Miss Florine Brown—a pale pink satin, the waist arranged with chiffon and finished with passementerie—and Miss Violet Whitney, who looked as though she had stepped out of a frame, in an old-fashioned flowered silk in golden brown shades with a big kerchief around her shoulders. In the evening all the younger people danced, the girls looking very effective in their light frocks and big velvet hats.

Mrs. Murray Johnson's second reception was more enjoyable than the last. Her home was decorated with yellow crysanthemums. Mrs. Johnson was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Playter, Mrs. Albert Johnson and Miss Hurd.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall gave a farewell dinner on Monday evening to Senator and Mrs. George Perkins prior to their departure for Washington. Among those invited to wish them bon voyage were Mr. and Mrs. John Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith.

An exceedingly pretty luncheon was given last Thursday by Miss Ethel Kittridge in honor of Mrs. Wagman. The decorations and favors were in pale pink. Among those bidden were the Misses Selby, Miss Mamie Barker, Miss Sadie Sinclair, Miss Alice Stevenson, Miss Helen Stubbs, Mrs. Harry Thomas and Miss Mattie Livermore. Miss Livermore is among the jolliest and most enthusiastic of the debutantes and bids fair to reign as the most popular during the winter. She dances well and is bright and vivacious.

The East Oaklanders are always on the qui vive when Mrs. F. M. Smith is at Arbor Villa, as she invariably arranges for their entertainment. Last Saturday she invited the Oak Leaf Club of East Oakland to a dance. This organization is composed of the younger set, of which Miss Marion Smith is a member. The young people meet on the first Friday of the month.

The Fortnightly Club purpose giving a Leap Year Cotillion on December 31st. The chaperones met last week and arranged a promising programme. There is to be a supper, I am told, and calcium lights are to be thrown on the figures.

The ladies of the Ebell Club held the first monthly meeting in their new rooms last week. An immense crowd attended. The afternoon was spent in listening to selections from Wagner's operas, and Miss Marie Withrow gave an interesting sketch of the life and aims of this founder of the modern school of music.

For the Reliance Club benefit at the Macdonough Theater last Friday evening, the seats were all taken and the audience proved enthusiastic. The comedy, "728," was given by the "Charity Company," whose members gained fresh laurels in new roles. Miss Morrell did especially well and gained great applause. Mr. Dickman, Mr. Rosborough and Mr. Matthieu received an ovation.

Mrs. George Mastic gave a "Progressive Euchre" party on Friday evening in honor of her sister, Mrs. Day of New York. Mrs. Teller carried off the first lady's prize, a pair of opera glasses, and Mr. Jacoby received the first gentleman's prize, a silver match box. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hazlitt, Mr. and Mrs. O. Haslett, Mr. and Mrs. Teller, Mr. and Mrs. Van Syclan, Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby and Mr. and Mrs. Plummer.

THE PRIZE TABLE AT THE CERAMIC EXHIBITION IN MAPLE HALL

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THE THEATRES

What the Mummers are Doing These Ante-Christmas Days.

A cyclopean continent could be made out of the "Old Kentucky Homes," "Dixie Lands" and "Suanee Ribbers" of which the theater-goer has heard so much lately, and if words were cobble-stones Market street could be paved with the "I reckons," "mighty glads" and "bless you, honeys" which have struck against his ears. We have never before had such an influx of Southerners (served, as usual, with a garnish of negro), for the Columbia led off last week with "The New South," "Captain Bob" is now at the Baldwin, and "Alabama" in the Alcazar.

In "Captain Bob" Lackaye and the company are as a whole, seen at their best, but their presentation of "Moliere" leaves an empty place in my soul, though Miss Marie Wainwright gave Armande's appeal to her husband with considerable feeling. I felt quite a little shiver of sympathy when she said, "Ours, Moliere." It is difficult when one has not read or seen a play before to know exactly how much of one's dissatisfaction is due to the players and how much to the play itself. It seems to me that "Moliere" is too fragmentary, and that its core (the bit where Moliere reproaches his wife under the guise of giving a scene from a play) is not cleverly introduced. I doubt, too, if an American audience can ever find any sympathy for a man who permits a Marquis, or anybody else, to insult him without retaliating with hand or foot or gun or, better still, all three. However, if Lackaye is lacking in the curtain raiser he is entirely satisfactory as Captain Bob. The Captain is a strange combination of perspicuity and dullness; the kind of man we enjoy on the stage and seldom meet anywhere else; when we do we find him rather a bore, laugh at him for his evident stupidities and never see the substrata of decisiveness, uprightness and loyalty. Lackaye fills the role well. He has a happy knack of getting out every day remarks in an every day, natural fashion, and he infuses the part with a charming geniality. His manner to the old clergyman was enough to freshen any heart (not totally corroded by vice and vanity), it seemed so genuinely kind and tender. The old blind clergyman was played with great taste and discrimination by C. W. Couldock. It could easily have been made false and insufferable by affectation or over acting, particularly the scene where the young couple kneel for his blessing, but Couldock made this a real and solemn thing by his simplicity and genuineness. Forrest Robinson and Josephine Allen were both excellent in their ways—very different ways—and I will always think better of Marie Wainwright for her natural "dog gone it" and the charming picture she made in her dressing gown.

On the whole, we have not been badly entertained by the Lackaye-Wainwright combination; it goes to show how two actors who are unpleasant as stars may produce a very different effect when tacked together and supported by a fair company and a Couldock.

"George Osbourne and Hugo Toland"—umph! Who couples them, puts them in the same category, I wonder? Certainly neither God nor the discriminating, yet the car windows and other places, have shouted this diverse pair at us for ten days or so. Perhaps it is rather unfair for me to form an opinion of Hugo Toland's abilities, as I have seen him but once, and then in the difficult, because vapid, role of Captain Davenport in "Alabama," but he should certainly go in smaller print than George Osbourne and several yards lower down. I have always felt particularly sorry for Captain Davenport, he is so "put upon;" just fancy having to say things like this:

"You love Miss Carey?"

"I do," returns Decatur.

"Why do you love her, Decatur?" etc., etc.

Heavens, it sounds like a church catechism—and then his flowery speeches! The Alcazar has put "Alabama" on in very good shape; the cast is headed by George Osbourne and includes May Buckley, Foster and several other acceptable actors. Prettyish, slim May Buckley is almost too "sweet" as Carey, the Alabama blossom, but she has without doubt caught the true spirit and attitude of the genus which Carey represents. Her voice, her manner, her movements are congruous and true to life, though, maybe, a trifle overdone, and she is to be congratulated. Atlanta was in the young hands of Maud Hines, a piquant girl, who looks a trifle like Ethel Barrymore and speaks very like her. Beatrice Lieb as Mrs. Page filled her role with an offensive, slovenly drawl, and not much else. George Osbourne, of course, made an admirable Colonel Preston. I have yet to see him do any part otherwise than well, and always feel reassured when his name is on the programme, for then there is sure to be at least one vein of gold in the alloy.

"The Cotton King," now being given at the Columbia, is very like Sousa's march of the same name, and as most people like Sousa's marches, I suppose most people would like "The Cotton King." Indeed, the crowded house Tuesday night testified to this in unequivocal terms, and truth forces me to admit that I was interested and amused myself, though I don't care particularly to have it known. I would not like any one to think that seeing a girl squashed by an elevator affords me unmitigated joy, but it must be said that it was interesting. The stage business was managed very cleverly, too. For instance, if they had been forced, by a dilatory rescuer, to stop the elevator (or really crush Phoebe Davies) all the fun would have been spoiled.

The role of James Shillinglaw was evidently made for Joseph Grismer, or if it wasn't it must be a misfit for the other man, as nobody, I'm sure, could stretch Shillinglaw's skin quite so tight as Jamie G. It is the best thing he has done yet.

Phoebe Davies makes an attractive picture in the white skirt and shirt waist of the first act, but in the fourth she evidently dresses with a view of being used to wipe up the floor of the elevator, so of course the result was not so charming, though she is always the same intelligent little actress. I rather liked the way in which she received the Cotton King's love-making—has she been observing young things, or does she remember—but no, no, that's impossible. It was rather nice, her way of taking it (the love-making, you know), but she rushed a little too far away from him. I have often wondered why the average actor so often trots across the stage after nothing at all. This point has been recently elucidated by a high authority—none other than Mr. Leo Cooper. He explains (I may have it wrong) that they switch about to preserve the "balance" of the stage, not, as in life, to get or do things. It seems that the "balance" is more desirable than naturalness, and that a picture on one side of the stage isn't so good as when it is scattered all over it.

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MUSIC

Excepting the Grieg C Minor and the Rubenstein G Major sonatas for violin and piano, Mrs. Zeisler's last programme offered but little of interest, made up as it was of the works of distinctly modern composers, and not altogether the best of them—either works or composers—at that. Doubtless Mr. Sigmund Beel, or at least the fact that he was to play with the great pianist, had something to do with the very large attendance, since the people of San Francisco have but recently demonstrated so conclusively their indifference to pianism of the highest order. For a local performer to appear in conjunction with an artist of Mrs. Zeisler's caliber is a compliment which, in Mr. Beel's case, will in all probability recur, for he is surely one of the coming violinists. While there were indubitably fine moments in both the Grieg and Rubenstein numbers, the piano at times smothered the violin, despite Mr. Beel's ample tone. It was evident that the remarkable pianist was not altogether at home in this kind of work.

No experienced ensemble player would desire the lid of the piano raised for a sonata with violin; and few inexperienced ones would insist upon having it so, as did Mrs. Zeisler, even after the folly of it had been pointed out to her. Thus the caprice of a willful woman marred what might have been an ideal performance. Needless to say the solo numbers were exquisitely played.

P. C. ALLEN.

DRAMATIC NOTES

It is said that Fanny Davenport has secured the American rights to Sarah Bernhardt's new play. During her coming engagement in this city we will see her in elaborate productions of "Gismonda," "Fedora," "La Tosca" and "Cleopatra."

The phenomenal young soprano, Ellen Beach Yaw, possesses a voice of wonderful range, purity and brilliancy. She will appear in concert at the Baldwin Monday, December 14, together with Maximillian Dick, the violinist, and Georgiella Lay, the pianiste.

"The Cotton King" at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening last proved a success. The house was good and the enthusiasm stirring. Indeed, the play has proved to be such a drawing card that it has been decided to keep it on another week. The Frawleys follow on the 21st.

At the Orpheum the Joseph Phoite Pantomime Troupe will be the Christmas attraction. They will appear in an eccentric pantomime called "Mephisto," in which Joseph and Martha Phoite will be assisted by five members of their own company. Jean Clermont's trained animals are a great attraction, particularly the crowing roosters and the piano-playing poodle.

C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's elaborate production, "Palmer Cox's Brownies," one of the theatrical successes of New York, will be seen at the Baldwin Theatre, commencing next Thursday evening, December 17th. The scenic effects in "The Brownies" are of a striking nature. Among these may be mentioned the shipwreck of the Brownies in mid-ocean, with the novel rescue of the dude by the colossal sea-bird.

Ninety-six children are to dance in the fairy operetta of "The Rival Queens" on the afternoon of December 12 at the California Theatre. The operetta is the joint work of Camilla Lees and Chas. McCunie, and is replete with bright and taking numbers. It is to be given in aid of the Woman's Exchange and Relief Society of Alameda, and is sure to crowd the California to its very doors. The Pearl Noble Orchestra will render the music.

There has been a great demand for seats to see the Frawley Company when they return from their trip to Honolulu. They arrive here on the 17th, and will open on the following Monday with a new Daly production, which they have been rehearsing during their six weeks' absence on their trip. The engagement in Honolulu has been a remarkably successful one, and the members were accorded royal reception in the Hawaiian Islands. During their holiday engagement they will present both "Love in Tandem" and "The Railroad of Love."

Donald de V. Graham filled the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel last Saturday night to overflowing with an enthusiastic audience, who gathered to his song recital. This artist can always be depended on for musicianly renderings, and he was on this occasion in excellent vocal form. He gave songs of Schubert, Gencke, Durand, Bradsky and Nevins with that nicety of expression and fine accuracy of phrasing which is characteristic of his style. The audience was thoroughly appreciative and called for an encore for nearly every piece. Miss Genevieve Marony and Mr. Landsberger assisted in the characters of accompanist and violinist. Mr. Landsberger received an ovation after rendering Wieniawski's "Polonaise Brilliante."

Very charming and dainty was the Ceramic Exhibition held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. The management of the exhibit under the direction of Mrs. L. T. Baker exerted themselves to produce a display of original work in china that is really worth while. The collection of miniatures was especially interesting and gives evidence of a talent in this difficult branch of art that was not looked for among California artists. Noteworthy, too, are the attempts in raised paste and acid etching. Among the very best exhibits, if not the very best, are the pieces by Miss Sinott of San Jose, whose work shows a finish and a delicacy that place her easily at the head of the other exhibitors.

While Governor Altgeld was going through the Illinois penitentiary with the Board of Managers, one day this summer, he noticed a convict who worked at soling shoes in a listless and slipshod manner, and remarked, "You don't seem to be doing that work very thoroughly, my man?" "See, here," retorted the convict shoemaker, "I didn't apply for this job, and I'm not dead stuck on it, anyway. If you don't like my work, I'm ready to quit any time you say so."

Conan Doyle related an anecdote of Robert Louis Stevenson at the Omar Khayyam Club. In response to an invitation from Stevenson to visit him in Samoa, Mr. Doyle asked the great romancer how one got there. "Oh," said Stevenson, "you go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then it's the second turning to the left."

"Did you go to the concert of the Choral Society?"

"Yes; they ought to have called it the Chloral Society. It put me to sleep in two minutes."

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CHRISTMAS LITERATURE

A Bird's-Eye View of the Holiday Books.

The Christmas season is the season of high water in literature. It is the flood season in bookland. The publishers' presses overflow novels and stories and spread a black and white torrent over the broad land. To deal singly with the vast array of volumes is impossible, unless one has the broadside of a daily to spread forth announcements, but then no one reads critiques in a daily unless one is traveling through Nevada. Still I have here books worth many of my valuable columns, had they arrived earlier or later—books with sacred names emblazoned on them—Crawford, Besant, Zangwill, Conan Doyle, Crane and many more which must undergo sentence in a phrase rather than estimation in a page.

To commence with, here is "Clarissa Furiosa" (Harper & Bros.), in which W. E. Norris takes up the woman's rights question. One could find much to say about the highly respectable manner in which the subject is handled by the very proper Mr. Norris. Though there is a disrupted marriage with other domestic infelicities, the conclusion is thoroughly in accordance with etiquette and conventionality. In a very different vein is "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," by Molly Elliot Seawell (Chas. Scribner's Sons). This is the story which was awarded first prize for the best novelette in the New York "Herald" competition, and the commendation was thoroughly deserved. It is a capital tale, brimming over with smartness and wit, light and airy, and given with extreme rapidity of action. Next we have Miss Fiona Macleod, one of the great Dr. Robertson Nicoll discoveries. He is the man who gave us Maclaren and Crockett. Miss Macleod confines her literary efforts to the remote North, and indulges herself unduly in dialogue. There is power in these stories of life in the west Highlands, but it is as difficult to develop a deep interest in the woes and sorrows of such people as "Ardana," "Cathol," "Molios," or "The Shadow Seers," as it would be to feel grieved over the robbing of a gull's nest at the Farallones. However for the somber minded who dare the task here are "The Washer of the Ford" (Stone & Kimball), and "Green Fire" (Harper & Brothers). In the latter Miss Macleod essays a bolder flight. This is a story of two Brittany lovers, who, forbidden to marry, flee to the Hebrides, and pass their lives in demonstrating sad destinies.

To judge from appearances, the productive ability of Miss Marie Louise Pool is far out of the ordinary. Confronting me are "In the First Person "(Harper & Bros.) and "In Buncombe County" (H. S. Stone.) The first is a tale of Wilhemena Armstrong, the daughter of a New England farmer, who develops a soprano voice and arouses the jealousy of her patron and benefactor, Leonora Runciman. There is much of New England done in the photographic manner which Miss Pool affects. "In Buncombe County" describes an excursion into North Carolina, and is relieved by studies of poor white types. "Love in the Back Woods," by Langdon Elwin Mitchell (Harper & Bros.) is made up of two tales, "Two Mormons from Muddlety" and "Alfred's Wife." The scenes of both are laid in West Virginia. The first is a humorous tale, which recites the woes of a man married to a girl who cannot cook, and the second tells the unfortunate consequence which befalls a misguided male who leaves his wife a good deal alone. But here are yarns to help out gloom: "Love in Old Clothes" (Chas. Scribner's Sons), I believe, contains the last stories which H. C. Bunner wrote. He had the gentle art of moving one both to laughter and to tears. Even in his broadest flights there was ever underlying the fun a vein of sentiment. It may be the eminent schoolmaster or the erudite professor will pronounce these dexterous tales light and of little value, but they are certainly charmingly done. I should have liked a little more of "As One Having Authority," for it is an admirable idea, but "French for a Fortnight" is just right, and is beautifully handled. "Our Aromatic Countryman" is really a capital piece of work, and I know of few men out of Paris who could compass the felicity of its style and construction. "Alone in China and Other Stories" (Harper Brothers), take us far afield to the Flowery Land with Julian Ralph. The writer tells us that this book is the result of living in the Garden Provinces, where he spent some months among the Chinese, denying himself the company of hospitable white men and women of the Treaty Port. Most of the stories we have read in "Harper's Magazine," but they are none the worse for that, for Julian Ralph is a trained writer and conveys what he sees in a very precise and lucid way.

In these latter days Robert Barr is decidedly to the front. Of the younger men who are attempting to supply the magazines with American stories, in which there shall be not only a pretense of a plot but some suspicion of blood and thunder, he has the first place. His last book, "Revenge" (Frederick Stokes & Co.), contains a number of rattling good yarns, in none of which is the climax too far removed from the commencement. Since the wonderful success of "Select Conversations with an Uncle," whatever Mr. Wells produces has literary importance. I doubt if the literary charm of "The Wheels of Chance" (Macmillan's), will ever be appreciated, for the story lacks the value of a central interest. It is the story of a dry goods assistant turned cyclist, who is converted into a Don Quixote and goes off rescuing maidens during the course of his holiday journey. The narrative is most natural, and is done with extreme cleverness. It abounds in delightful passages, in which one finds real tenderness intermingled with irony. Indeed, Mr. Wells is a master of the humor of implication and suggestion. He is never obvious or common, and one smiles tearfully over the humanity of his situations and dialogue rather than at anything his characters say. Yet one cannot but feel that Mr. Wells can do better than this, not that it is not admirable, but it is not the measure of his ability any more than "Dr. Moreau" was. "The Metropolitans" (The Century Company) is rather a wild-eyed tale, in which the reader is given a prolixity of incident. The hero, who moves in swell New York society, by the way, in the earlier stages of the novel, jumps his horse over a supper table, and later on, being deprived of his fortune and the affection of his sweetheart, wins the love of a most marvelous Hungarian dancer, who is inconsiderate enough to follow him to the Arctic regions, where he goes on a voyage of Polar discovery. At the conclusion there is an explanation and a marriage, in which the hero falls into the arms of the misguided heroine, and the curtain falls on the proper allowance of commonplace happiness.

"A-Birding on a Broncho," by Florence A. Merriam (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a pleasant little book made up of notes taken at Twin Oaks, a small valley north of San Diego. There is much information about California birds, but it is all conveyed so pleasantly and so unpretentiously that one swallows the knowledge with no sense of instruction. "John Littlejohn of J" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a story of Washington times and the revolution, with considerable adventure and lots of go to it. One of the prettiest of the Christmas publications is an olive-green volume entitled "Nine Love Songs and a Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The ability of Mrs. Wiggin to write music as well as stories is not generally presumed, but if you will try them on the piano you will find they make pleasant harmonies and an excellent Christmas gift. "The Mystery of Sleep" (Harper & Brothers), is a charmingly bound book, with a purpose. The writer attempts to prove that no part of the lives of human beings is consecrated to a more important use than are the hours of sleep. He argues that man is developed mentally in sleeping hours as he is developed physically in waking hours. Excellent though this be as a theory, I fear it is somewhat bold as an assumption. What, for instance, is the connection between a moral purpose and a nightmare? The latest effort of Captain King's facile pen is "A Tame Surrender" (J. B. Lippincott & Co.). The Chicago riots come in as a background, and the surrender in question is to the charm of a fascinating stenographer. A highly useful book is "Quotations for Occasions," compiled by Katherine Wood, which the Century Company publishes for those who wish to find sentiments for a menu. This is a volume which should be invaluable for clubs, caterers, and all who are interested in the giving of banquets or entertainments. Moreover, it is an admirable piece of book-making.

"Gascoigne's Ghost" (Harper & Brothers) is the story of a young man whose drunken parent proves a source of much trouble to his offspring. He is persuaded to take the gold cure and reform. The plot is rather neat, and involves a wealthy marriage, a newspaper, an attack of conscience and other material, not to mention the cure. In "Limitations" (Harpers) Mr. E. F. Benson, whose reputation is founded on "Dodo," is not at his best. He has a way of formulating his motives which is rather depressing, for effects should be obtained not written up to. This novel is not to be compared with "The Judgment Books" by the same author. Still it is entertaining.

Mary E. Sangster has a series of short essays in "With My Neighbors" (Harpers), relating to homely topics and every-day life. There is a strong vein of sense and humor running through the works of Miss Sangster. It cannot truly be said that "Abraham Lincoln" (G. B. Putnam's Sons), the New York "Herald's" prize poem, is liable to be hailed by ages yet to come as a great success. It is national and patriotic, and doubtless the best of the epics presented, but great poetry is never produced by a prize contest, any more than good stories are developed by the offer of a newspaper reward. Though Bret Harte be still in the dark ages of California, and though he sin against conditions and realism, there is no denying the fascination of his style or the art of his narrative. There are some excellent stories in "Barker's Luck" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). No one else could get such effects as this writer obtains in "A Convert of the Mission," or "The Devotion of Enrequez." "The Indiscretion of Elsbeth" is rather in a different style and reminds one of Henry Harland's clever work.

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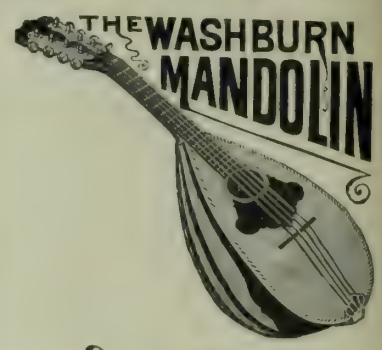

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COLLEGE ATHLETICS

Breaking-In the Raw Material for the U. C. Track Team.

The shameful defeat of the football eleven is to have at least the good effect of nerving and bracing up the track and baseball teams of the U. C. There have been an average of forty men training and practicing daily on the track all through the season, and since the "farce of '96," as the last football game has begun very properly to be called, eleven new aspirants have handed their names to Captain Brown.

There is but one course open to the U. C. track team of this year—only one aim to which they can, in simple justice to their college, address themselves—there should be no talk or thought of an Eastern trip this year; there should only exist the single, simple and earnest desire to win back, in a measure, California's lost honor. The track team must win from Stanford at any hazard and at any cost. It will not do to win by a good margin—they should win by a score proportionate to 20 to 0 before they are even satisfied, and by a still larger score ere they can even begin to congratulate themselves.

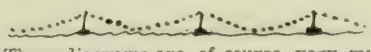
It is preposterous that the team should expect the college to bear the expense of sending them against Princeton, Pennsylvania or Yale, until they have won a decided victory over the Cardinal. It is absurd to try and beat Yale when they can only tie Stanford. There will be time enough to consider the Eastern trip when the team has shown that it is worthy of it. They can ask the college for the necessary funds then. Nor can the jumpers, hurdlers and weight-putters and the like put forth their best efforts against their nearer natural rivals with the prospect of meets with Eastern colleges held before their eyes. If the students of the U. C. are animated with the proper spirit they will do all in their power to discourage any idea of a "transcontinental tour" for the next two or three years, until their university has regained its athletic prestige, now forfeited.

The University of California rejoices in conditions peculiarly conducive to the development of a strong track team. By luck, rather than by design, they are possessed of an extraordinarily fast track. The California men who in '95 competed on the tracks of the Atlantic and Middle West colleges declare that their own home cinder-path was the best that they had ever put their feet on, while the climatic conditions of Berkeley are such as to permit a season of training longer than any dreamed of by other colleges. The gymnasium is large and equipped with every necessary exercising machine, and the surrounding country is well suited to cross-country runs.

I look to see California put a strong hurdling team into the field this season, not so much on account of her promising material, but because of her admirable developing capacity for this particular event. Her style of hurdling is an athletic achievement—one of the very few successes in this line—that California has every right to be proud of. She is the equal of Harvard or Yale in this respect. Murphy himself (Yale's trainer) admitted that the U. C. hurdlers had opened his eyes.

The style that obtains among Eastern hurdlers is to clear the obstacle at a high jump, not rising to the leap until rather near the hurdle. The curve described by the jump is short and high. Very roughly, thus:

Whereas the U. C. hurdler clears the bar by the smallest possible margin, rising to the jump at a little longer distance from the hurdle, the curve described being long and low:



These diagrams are, of course, very much exaggerated, but they will serve as illustrative of the opposing systems. The advantage of the U. C.'s style is that the hurdler takes the ground after the leap easily, "settling" rather than falling, whereas the Eastern men come down heavily with an abrupt shock and jar that as often as not causes them to lose their equilibrium; then, too, the U. C. hurdler is into his stride almost the instant he touches ground, while the Eastern crack is liable to stagger for the precious fraction of a second before he can regain his gait and speed. California will have the further advantage of good coaching in her hurdling events with cracks like Dwyer, Torrey, and a world's record man such as Walter Henry, to supervise the competitors.

The policy of Captain Brown will be to have the training varied rather than hard. The whole track squad will be worked alternately in the gymnasium and the open air; cross-country runs and lacrosse will be introduced to vary the monotony of the hammer and tongs work on the cinder path. Apropos of lacrosse it is understood that Stanford is anxious to meet California in this game, and has, in fact, sent a challenge to Captain Brown. Whether the U. C. will accept is a matter of some doubt. Brown himself is not particularly anxious for the match, believing that the track squad, from which the lacrosse team would be largely formed, should devote its entire energies to winning from Stanford in its proper sphere. If the U. C. forms a lacrosse team, it will be merely for the sake of training and exercising the squad who are training for the track events. It is doubtful if a match will be arranged this year.

At present the track squad has suspended training until after the midwinter examinations. Work will be resumed in January, when preparations will be begun for the Freshman-Sophomore field day, which will open the track season of '97.

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ANNIE'S TREATMENT FOR DRINK

This Was Before the Gold Cure, and It Is One That Remains.

He was a great big fellow, with a fist on him that could fell an ox, and a jaw that indicated he was willing to if an opportunity were offered. He was one of a dozen laborers waiting on a pier for a scow that was apparently never to get there, and they were talking about a drunken man who had been removed a few minutes before in a patrol wagon.

"By gosh," said the big fellow, "I used to have a weakness for the wet myself, and I'm ashamed to say so, but I've took a ride in that same gohickle, too. More than one, I guess, but it's all over now."

One of the men chaffed him a bit, and he went on.

"About twenty years ago or thereabouts, when I was a bigger fool than I am now," he said, "I was a hard one, but somehow I found a woman to have me, and I got married. She might have done worse, mebbe, for I was never out of work, but she couldn't have done much worse, though I'm thinking it wouldn't have been safe to have told her so. Annie's friends, and mine, too, didn't want her to marry me, but you know how a woman is when she takes a notion, and Annie had a notion I was worth trying to save. Of course, I made all kinds of promises and swore to them thicker than blackberries that I wouldn't drink any more, and would keep myself straight for her sake. You know how men do when they are in love with a girl, and I guess I was in love with Annie. I told her she would save me if she would marry me, and she thought mebbe she could, so she married me.

"Annie owned her own house, and we went to housekeeping in that, and for the first two months we was happier than two bees in a honeysuckle, and I thought it was easy as anything to be respectable if only I had a good woman to help me. But the sunshine wasn't to last. After a time I got used to being a married man, and kind of felt lonesome of nights and wanted to see the boys once more, so I went out one Saturday night and come home fuller than a wagon load of hay.

"Annie met me at the door, and I had sense enough to see that my only chance was to put a bold front on and bulldoze it through. And I did, for I was twice as big as she was, and ten times as ugly, and the way I talked around there was enough to have made her go back on me forever. But Annie wasn't afraid of anything, and she took what I said like an angel, and I closed by tumbling off my chair asleep.

"I don't know how long it was before I came to, but when I did, I thought I was smothering with bed covers all over my head, and I began to kick and swear and sputter and yell. I might as well have tried to get out of jail. Annie was on the outside saying things that sounded bad for me, and pretty soon I begun to feel a cowhide whacking me over the body from head to foot.. Then I understood that Annie had sewed me up in a sheet or something, and was giving me a lesson. It was a sharp one, too, and kept up till I had made a thousand promises to keep sober, and not to hurt her when I got out.

"I made the promises easy enough, but she didn't let me out till Sunday morning, and by that time I wasn't so drunk as I was, but I was madder than ever, and as soon as I was loose I forgot everything and made a grab for my wife. Nobody knows what would have happened if Annie hadn't been the kind of a woman she was, but she was the right kind, and as I reached for her she reached for a shovel handle there was in the corner, and the next thing I knew I was laid out flat and Annie was standing over me.

"'Now, look here, Tom,' says she, "You've begun by lying to me and getting drunk. You have broken your promises. You have tried to fight me as you would fight a man, and I have laid you out as a man might have done; if you move hand or foot now, I'll smash you flat. This is my house and everything in it is mine. I don't ask any more promises of you, but if you ever get drunk again, you never come under my roof. Now, get up and go to bed, and I'll go for the doctor,' which she did, boys," he concluded, "and from that day to this one Annie and I haven't had a squabble, and though I am not under any promises not to drink, I don't think I have had more than a drink a year since that Sunday morning."—N. Y. Sun.

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The 3 Dunbar Sisters, in Songs and Risque Dances
Kaoly the Great Acrobat Stuart the Male Patti
Last week of the Romalo Bros.

Reserved seats 25c; balcony 10c; box seats and opera chairs 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday

COMING: Nilsson's Aerial Ballet, in conjunction with Kiralfy's Grand Opera Ballet of Fifty Coryphees and Five Premiers. The Grandest Production Ever Seen.

SCOTT & McCORD
HAY AND GRAIN MERCHANTS
OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST.

HORSE-SHOW FASHIONS

The Smart Set Turns Out in New Gowns and Hats.

Dear Barbara:—An anxiety as to your point of view in relation to promises has been troubling me. Are you exigeant as to their fulfillment, or do you prefer them to be elastic, or on the pie-crust order? You know I like to adapt myself to the expectations of my friends in promises, as in trifles of lesser or greater moment. If you remember in my last letter I promised to describe a few of the gowns worn at the Horse Show, and I shall endeavor not to disappoint you. As to my success—well, we shall see. The difficulty is to discriminate. There were gowns galore—some gorgeous, others gaudy and a few in excellent taste. Some added still another line unto the rainbow with wasteful and ridiculous excess; others were of Quaker-like simplicity. Some ladies looked like the jackdaw in peacock feathers; the clothes of others, like their good works became them. Another set seemed to be coming out of their clothes. There is as much art in wearing a gown as in making one, and although our modistes may make a grand success of the one, some people make a total failure of the other. It is like arms and legs—some people own theirs, others appear to borrow them on occasions—and use them accordingly. They don't appear accustomed to them. I supose it is a question of evolution.

But I must return to my sheep or, to be correct, my Horse Show. The gowns appeared to have been chosen for this occasion. There was less attempt to make the representation a first night at a "Patti opera," and the costumes which pleased me best were on the calling order of toilette. A smart looking frock was worn by Mrs. I. M. Walter. It was a combination of figured velveteen and cloth, in an exquisite shade of tan. The skirt was of the velvet. The cloth waist was eyeletted in silver and the sleeves were similarly treated. The front, of white satin, was appliqued with motifs in silver and cream color. The belt and stock collar were of white satin.

Another stunning combination was Miss Lizzie Carroll's gown. It was also in tan color, trimmed with golden-brown figured velvet. The material was a very heavy canvas weave, thicker even than sack cloth—a novelty, I believe. The waist was charmingly built with broad belt and collar of satin, covered with mousseline de soie, which also formed a soft front, and was appliqued in cream and gold motifs. She wore a sweet little toque to match.

Mrs. L. L. Dunbar looked very well in a black peau de soie finished in yellow velvet. The waist was arranged in bias folds, which were shirred in fascinating fashion. The belt and collar were of the yellow velvet.

There were dozens of velvet gowns, made in every style one can fancy—velvet coats and capes. The capes were nearly all short. Few fell below the elbow, but were cut circular and hung in deep folds at the back. A specially handsome velvet gown was worn by Mrs. Benno Hart. It was of ruby velvet with jacket back and front of figured batiste in cream and rose, inserted with lace. The sleeves had a small puff at the top and were shirred to the waist, from which point lace fell over the hand. The skirt was plain, of the ruby velvet. Mrs. Webster Jones wore some stunning frocks, as did Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. Mrs. Joe Tobin, who was one of the best gowned women a year ago, was missed at this show. Mrs. Will Taylor looked handsomer in demi-mourning than I have seen her for some time. One grey-colored cloth completely caught my fancy. The coat was of velvet and white satin, the jacket cut in bolero style and finished with violet velvet. Another of this lady's gowns was a charming combination of purple mohair with bias bands of velvet on either side of the front, and in the back below the waist line. The waist was cut with deep satin belt and pleated bolero. Below this fell a full pouch vest of black and white velvet. On one side fell a jabot of mousseline de soie and heliotrope taffeta. The stock and finishings were of white satin and point applique lace.

Miss Frida Hellman of Los Angeles wore a wine-colored gown with pleated waist, over which were laid graduated bands of velvet. The front was cut in zouave fashion, with yoke and collar of satin. The vest was full and made of Scotch plaid velvet in yellows and browns. Mrs. Will Hockstadter wore an exceedingly fetching costume, in black, white and yellow. The skirt of black brocade fell in straight folds. The waist was of corn-colored taffeta, veiled with black net and spangled in gold. It had insertions of black applique. The girdle and stock collar were of corn-colored velvet. Of the younger girls Miss Catherine Dillon and Miss Helen Hopkins were most handsomely gowned. I especially liked a combination of greens and black worn by Miss Dillon. The waist was of velvet, with embroidered design in spangles and gold work. Miss Carol Crockett was also effectively dressed.

We hear of the luxurious Oriental beauties bathing in asses' milk, and now the fad among the fashionable New Yorkers is the milk bath, but the plain ordinary cow's milk is deemed sufficiently efficacious. After the bath some ladies are sprayed with rose water, which imparts a delicious odor to the skin. Others prefer to inhale the perfume of violets, which lends a rare fragrance to the skin. It appears that after the milk bath and massage the pores of the skin are open and will absorb any odor that is in the least degree penetrating. I must now leave you as I am to pay another visit to the Horse Show. If I see any extra smart toilettes I shall describe them to you next week. With love believe me to be ever dear your fondest

BETTY.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

The Horse-Show of 1996

A FORECAST

It was in the gorgeous autumn time in nineteen ninety-six,
When most of us who live these days had wandered o'er the Styx;
New York announced an equine show, as nowadays she does,
But, oh, that exhibition wasn't like it used to was!

The wondrous growth electric of the twentieth century
Had brought upon the equine race a change 'right sad to see.
The hunters used the trolley for a cross the country run,
And automatic jumpers were employed by every one.

The sleek and glossy hackney that had pulled our cabs of yore
Had disappeared from out the land some twenty years before;
And every single hansom or fine turnout in the Park
Was hauled about the streets and ways by an electric spark.

The plough-horse e'en had gone before—had made its farewell bow,
Because the farmer'd taken up the new dynamic plough—
A huge three-blade propeller with an inexpensive charge,
To prance about his fields just like an antelope at large.

The only horse in all that show of nineteen ninety-six,
When all the equine race had fallen in this fearful fix,
Was just a Shetland pony, resting on a satin tuft,
With great glass eyes and silken locks, with cotton batting stuffed!

And yet the show was quite the same in every other way.
The boxes and the promenades were filled both night and day,
And the ribbons now awarded to the purest equine bloods
Were given to the people with the finest show of duds.

Harper's Bazar.

While Canning Fruit.

She's canning fruit.
An apron large—all purple stained and red—
Almost envelopes her from foot to head.
Her sleeves are rolled, her dainty wrists are bare;
A pure white cap adorns her golden hair,
Which, with the cheeks aflame—eyes bluely gray,
Completes a picture that—what shall I say?
That's simply cute!

She's canning fruit
This week. She's making jam, and jelly, too,
And watermelon pickles, just a few.
She stirs and tastes, and tastes and stirs, to tell
When things are done, and makes the jelly "jell"
Just grand! And, all in all, it's quite an art,
For some things must be sweet and others tart—
All tastes to suit.

She's canning fruit.
Preserves of almost every kind she's made,
And now has started in on marmalade!
And as I watch her to my heart there comes
A fragrance sweet—born not of cooking plums,
But burning love! I've this regret, you see,
That Dorothy's not canning fruit for me
While canning fruit.

New York Truth.

At the Horse Show this week it was generally remarked that the odor of the tan bark and of the stables was less noticeable than on previous occasions. We believe this is due to the effect of a liberal use of "Purifine," the disinfectant of G. F. Eberhard & Co.

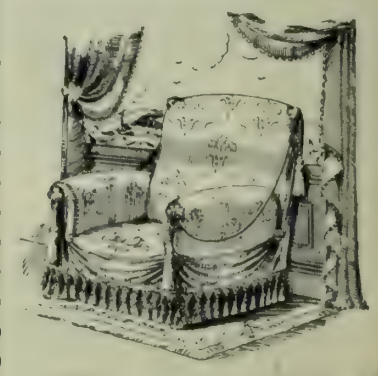
If you want any article of jewelry or silverware, go to Adolph Hirschman, 10 Post street, under Masonic Temple, and you may rest assured that whatever you get there is first class and the price reasonable.

Some Wholesome Fiction.

The stories which the "Youth's Companion" offers for 1897 promise to be even better than usual. There will be four excellent serials, and more than two hundred short stories, by popular writers. A novelty will be six groups of "Professional Stories," by ministers, doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers and reporters. In addition to the fiction, the "Companion" will, of course, contain as usual, those instructive, interesting and authoritative articles which make it, all in all, the best family weekly in America. The Illustrated Prospectus for 1897 may be had by addressing The Youth's Companion, 205 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

A Splendid Array of Artistic Beauty.

One of the daintiest effects shown this year in calendars is that of the California wildflowers in colors. This was brought out exclusively by Cooper & Co., the Market-street stationers, who have made an extra effort this year, and have succeeded in getting together the largest variety of cards and calendars that have ever been shown on the coast. All the leading publishers of the east are well represented, and some very elaborate as well as simple and delicate designs are mingled together, making an array of artistic beauty seldom seen.



Isn't the Christmas gift that is useful;

That lasts a lifetime;

That is enjoyed by the whole family—and friends too;

And that adds cheerfulness to the entire home, the most sensible sort?

There's a hint in the picture.

Shall we all chip in and make grandpa's Christmas rousingly merry?

California Furniture Company

N. P. Cole & Co.
117 Geary Street

Carpets, Rugs
Mattings

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment No. 25
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied November 24, 1896
Delinquent in office December 29, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Jan. 18, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

California Title Insurance and Trust Co.

Paid Up Capital, $250,000
Cash Reserve Fund, $25,000

H. D. LAWRIE, A. J. CARMANY, Managers

OFFICE, MILLS BUILDING

Policies of Insurance issued, guaranteeing titles to be perfect. Abstracts made and continued

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

'A California Fairy"

the title of an elegant little brochure, ilating in charming allegorical language the blendors and delights of

"Sunset Limited"

(EXQUISITELY ILLUSTRATED)

The popular Sunset Route is also the subject a finely illustrated publication, entitled

"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas"

pecially interesting to one contemplating a ip over that great Southern route.

Both books are published by the Southern acific Company, and will be sent to any address by T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger gent, on receipt of 25 cents postage, or 10 ents for the "Fairy" alone.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in laska 9 a.m. July 3, 13, 18, 28, August 2, 12, 27.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, July 3, 8, 8, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S. S. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz Altata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th of each month thereafter.
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THE OVERLAND LIMITED

"The Overland Limited," via Union Pacific, takes only three and a half days to Chicago, and only four and a half days to New York.

The Union Pacific is the only line running Pullman double drawing-room sleepers and dining cars, San Francisco to Chicago, daily, without change, and composite buffet smoking and library cars between Salt Lake City, Ogden and Chicago. Only one change of sleepers to New York; dining car service the entire distance.

Upholstered Pullman tourist sleepers San Francisco to Chicago daily without change. Personally conducted tourist excursions to St. Paul and Chicago every Friday.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at general office, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Reservations secured in advance by all Trans-Atlantic steamship lines. Tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, San Francisco.

Knox Celebrated Hats. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

510 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.,

Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of SanFrancisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Georg F Planck, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 18, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for the Administrator.

OCEANIC S.S. CO. HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA. 6 DAYS TO HONOLULU BY S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, Dec. , 1896, at 10 a.m.
S. S. "Alameda," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, December 10, 1896, at 2 p.m.

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GEO. E. MOORE, Proprietor

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

During Andrew Jackson's presidency a certain clerk in the Treasury Department showed a marked disinclination to paying his board bill. He had signed notes, but his landlady could collect no money. In despair she went to the White House to see Jackson. She told her story and he requested her to get the clerk's note for the account. She obeyed and carried the note to Andrew Jackson, who, after glancing over it, affixed his signiture to the back. "Now, madam," said he, "put that in the bank and we shall see which of us shall have to pay you the money." The note was duly deposited and was paid by the clerk, who afterwards apologized to Jackson and promised to mend his ways.

Two impecunious Scotchmen, who had but a sixpence between them, entered a saloon on a certain occasion and ordered one "nip o' whisky." They were hesitating as to who should have the first drink when an acquaintance joined them. Pretending they had just drunk, one of them handed the new comer the whisky, requesting him to join them in a drink. He drank, and after a few minutes of painful and anguished suspense, said: "Now, boys, you'll have one with me?" "Wasna that weel managed, mon?" said one to his pal afterwards. "Ay, it was," said the other solemnly; "but it was a dreadfu' risk!"

Henry IV, the idol of the French people, was also a king of phrase makers. During one of his tours through France he arrived at a small village and ordered that the most intelligent villager be sent to converse with him while he dined. When the rustic appeared the king ordered him to take a seat opposite to him at the table. "What is your name?" asked the monarch. "Sire, I am called Gaillard," replied the peasant. "What is the difference," said the king, "between gaillard (i. e. a jolly fellow) and paillard (i. e. a rake)?" "Sire," was the reply, "there is but a table between the two."

Two Irishmen, who were known to be great friends, were observed one day to pass one another on the street without a greeting. "Why Mulcahy," asked a friend, "have you and Mulhooly quarreled?" "That we have not," said Mr. Mulcahy decisively. "There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed just now." "That's the insurance of our friendship," replied Mulcahy. "Mulhooly and I are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the thought of a quarrel, an' as we are both quick-tempered we've resolved not to shpake to wan another at all!"

The Prince of Wales is not averse to having a little fun at his mother's expense. At the Henley regatta his attention was drawn to an elderly lady who, said the Prince's friend, bore a striking resemblance to the Queen and might be her Majesty incognito. As the Prince levelled his field glass on her she rose, and taking her shawl on which she had been sitting threw it around the shoulders of the young girl who accompanied her. "It is undoubtedly the Queen," the Prince replied quietly; "she has betrayed herself. She has just presented one of her India shawls."

Two Thompsons lived next door to one another, and Green having to call on one of them went to the wrong house. A crabbed servant answered the bell, and on Green asking: "Is this Mr John Thompson's?" she replied snappishly: "No, it ain't,' ' and slammed the door in his face. Green walked away, when a bright thought struck him. He returned and rang the same bell again. The crabbed servant reappeared. "Who said it was?" asked Green, and triumphantly walked away.

The best judicial mot ever recorded is that of Sir George Jessel, the late Master of the Rolls, when sitting with Mr. Justice Bacon. A demented and enraged suitor who had been unsuccessful threw an egg at him in the corridor of the courts which narrowly missed the Judge's head. Smilingly Sir George turned round and calmly remarked to the astonished bystanders, "I think that must have been intended for my brother Bacon!"

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street, is the sole agent for Knox Hats.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Bowdlear's Floor Wax on page 13. This wax for dancing floors is rapidly finding favor among the dancing committees all over the United States and Canada. When we consider that it does not ball on the feet and does not soil the clothing, it is certainly worthy of a trial. We are informed that one pound is sufficient for ten thousand square feet.

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THE RAILWAY AND THE POLITICIANS.

Did it ever occur to you that the noisy individuals giving voice to harsh and bitter complaints against railroad "political interference" are, in point of fact, themselves factors in maintaining the very thing they so warmly denounce? Did you—and we challenge an affirmative response—ever hear of a perspiring and protesting politician framing a plan by which the corporation might eschew politics and attend strictly to the legitimate purposes of its incorporation? Did you ever hear of one of these noisy and insincere rascals formulating a suggestion or a political project that did not have malice and hatred for its sponsors, destruction for its purpose and sinister design behind it all? Certainly, whatever other virtues may be loosely accredited to the anti-railroad politicians by their admirers, they never can be charged with attempting to solve the problem, to mitigate its asperities, or to offer the slightest suggestion by which the corporation might retire with prudent regard for its immense interests. Every new and vicious device conceived by the political marauder in hostility to the corporation's property rights gives birth to a new and wholesome reason for its continued "interference." You, if you are simply an ordinary citizen interested solely in fair play and decency, would no doubt like the corporation out of politics. So would every other honest man in the community. But nowhere is that desire so strong or so deeply rooted as with the railroad owners themselves. The corporation complains bitterly and justly, inasmuch as it must interfere to protect itself, and the people complain with equal fervor because it does interfere. The one is anxious to keep out of politics, and the other is anxious that it should keep out. Surely, the solution of a controversy, fruitful of so much mischief and ill-feeling and in which both sides are in such happy agreement as to the ultimate result desired, should not be difficult of accomplishment.

Both of the principals are willing. The railroad desires it; the people demand it; and no one but the sinister-minded middleman who profits by the maintenance of the vexed contention, prevents it.

Railroads do not engage in politics for the mere lust of it, yet they are confessedly in it. Frequently, a complaining voice asks, "Why doesn't the railroad get out of politics?" If you would answer the question truthfully and in equally loose English, you would say, "Because they can't. And they can't because the politicians will not permit them. And the politicians will not permit them, simply because the establishing of political peace in California would be fatal to their calling." Bill Higgins, during his life, was reputed to be on the pay-roll of the corporation, but once, when approached with a plan calculated to relieve his employer from the necessity of interfering in politics, he replied: "But, damn it, we don't want them out of politics." The Bill Higginses of to-day represent a type, and the most dangerous type, responsible for the corporation's present misfortunes. Unfortunately for the speedy solution of this problem, there is no man who could say he stood for and represented the people in a compromise of this matter. Unfortunately, again, the politicians already entrenched in railroad circles must, in self-protection, belittle and cry down any plan for the relief of their employer. Their occupation would be gone if peace came. It is the noisy, rabid, obstreperous, anti-railroad demagogue that makes the railroad politician's employment a necessity. Abolish the demagogue, and you abolish the necessity for the employment of the individual who is to circumvent him. Practically, one lives upon the other, and suggestions looking toward the wiping out of either are regarded as "kindergartenish" and "not according to rules." The bane of the corporation, and the bane of American politics, is the political boss. He is the author of the corporation's present unfortunate plight, and until he is relegated to the background we may not look for political peace. Railroads are not the only sufferers through the maneuvers of this malevolent manipulator. Insurance companies, telephone companies, gas companies and water companies all come under the same general head, and are compelled to pay tribute to his cunning in the shape of large sums in blackmail. Latterly the bankers have felt the touch of the political marauder's hand. The politician has enlarged the field of his predatory assaults, and perhaps the very greed that moves him to increase the number of his victims may be the means of suggesting his undoing.

A rapid glance over a supposed gubernatorial campaign will illustrate his methods of levying blackmail. Say the Republican convention nominates a ticket made up of broad, wholesome and conservative men. The Republican boss, we will say, calls upon the corporation's officer. The latter expresses his entire confidence in the ticket nominated, and affirms his belief in the integrity of the nominees. So far, all is satisfactory. Perhaps a demand is then made for pecuniary assistance during the campaign. The railroad official politely but firmly refuses, declaring it to be the intention of the corporation to retire if possible from politics. Such an attitude does not suit the Republican boss, and as party principles are held very lightly by gentlemen of his kidney he consults with his Democratic confrere. Shortly, the Democratic press bristles with anti-railroad expressions. The Democratic convention meets, and by this time the demand seems to be almost universal for an anti-railroad ticket. Lurid speeches enliven the convention. The corporation is bitterly denounced, and the platform adopted anathematizes everything connected with the railroad from its fish-plates to its locomotives. A ticket made up of rabid railroad haters is nominated, and then the sly Republican boss ruminates and "wonders if the railroad will keep out of politics now." The fight grows warmer and warmer. The assaults of the press upon the corporation grow more and more definite and alarming. Hot-headed citizens are carried away by the apparent prevalent ill-feeling. The papers fairly bristle with abusive falsehoods. Stump orators roar out denunciations of the "octopus." Mistaking the clamor and din for public opinion, weak and cowardlly men, with reputations greater than themselves, hurry to join the hue and cry, and compromise with conscience for political ambition's sake. Finally, driven to desperation, the victim yields and pays his tribute, which the Republican and Democratic bosses divide among themselves. Often the programme commences long before the convention. The rumor gets abroad that some very hostile person is a candidate for some very prominent office. Just now the rumor runs that Mr. Larue of the Board of Railroad Commissioners is to be a candidate for Governor two years hence. He is splendid material for the politician's purpose. He enjoys the distinction of having been exceptionally hostile toward the railroads. Still he has done nothing to deserve this distinction. The platform upon which he stood pledged him to commit an illegal and unjust act. He did the illegal thing which he was pledged to do, but it proved impotent and useless, caused the State an unnecessary expense, and finally was overthrown by the courts as being illegal, unjust and unconstitutional. Yet strange to say this performance is regarded as an achievement worthy of public recognition. Mr. Larue no doubt will pledge himself to do another impossible something; the State will have more litigation, another defeat, and Mr. Larue will logically want to be a United States Senator.

The question naturally arises, "What is the remedy, and where shall it be applied?" So far as the corporation goes, its interests certainly do not lie along the path followed by the practical politician. Its chief concern is for the protection of property rights, and in this the public has a greater, deeper and more lasting interest than the most astute of political bosses. Public opinion is the weapon which the enemies of the railroad use to scourge its back. It is at present its most dangerous foe, and yet we do not hesitate to say that it might readily be transformed into an equally powerful weapon of defense. Twist and turn the situation as you may, the question simmers down to one of public opinion. If the public mind is healthy, public abuses are impossible. If the people could come to a knowledge of the impositions that are practiced in their name, and could come to realize for themselves the true relations that should exist between transportation companies, the State and its people, certainly the way out would be more easy. The fault does not belong wholly to one side. One might regard the task of bringing the transportation companies and the people together as hopeless, were it not that in other States where once the same bitterness existed, all now is peace and harmony, and the property rights of railways are no more in jeopardy than are the property rights of butchers or bakers. To say that such a condition is impossible here is to slander our people, and declare them less honest than the men of the far East.

HOW SAN FRANCISCO MAY BE MADE A SUCCESS.

No man of his years is better known on the Pacific Coast than the writer of the following article. Mr. McNab has made his enviable reputation by a long and hard battle against the corrupt political elements in this city. He has acted fearlessly and with great skill, proving himself a consummate political manager. Mr. McNab has gone deep into the problems of municipal government; his ideas are not the result of theoretical study alone, but of experience and observation. To those who have charged this young leader with brilliant rather solid qualities, this article is sufficient answer.

When the industrial and commercial of mankind, taking advantage of locality, establish by energy and progressiveness a city, the leisure class naturally follow to enjoy the benefits of that civilization which finds highest development in populous, well organized communities. The union of the leisure class having fortunes to spend and the industrial class having fortunes to make augments prosperity and creates the greatness of the greatest cities. In making itself agreeable and charming for its own citizens, for those who live in and live by it, who live for profit and seek profit that they may live, a city renders itself attractive to all people, and those who appreciate and have the means to enjoy beauty and elegance come from far and near to attain its pleasures and advantages. Money expended in embellishment brings double profit, the pleasure and happiness of the industrial citizen and the profit from the entertainment of the pleasure seeking stranger.

The solid commercial advantages which are the foundation of all other forms of civic greatness, this city has in a marked degree. As has been said by that greatest of all commentators on American affairs, the English writer Bryce, "San Francisco has an imperial position." Looking out upon the greatest of oceans, whose shores contain a population more numerous than that which fed and sustained the prosperity of ancient Rome, peoples that must some day find their advantage in trading with her, the city can look forward to the time when great wealth will come to her from the sea and rest assured of future commercial and maritime supremacy. But circumstances that we cannot govern may make the time of waiting for the ocean to bring greatness long and tedious. The mere handling of merchandise on reshipment to Eastern markets is a small factor, and rival Pacific ports threaten to prevent that factor growing larger. The expense of trans-continental traffic is against the shipping through this port, when other means of transit, even though longer and more dangerous, are available. The real benefits of ocean trade will be experienced when the development of tributary lands build up a great Western population that will attract trade.

The idleness of the lands of California is the daily injury of San Francisco. With all advantages of soil and climate, our valleys and foothills capable of producing inestimable wealth are sparsely settled. Land monopoly, a heritage from early days, when, according to the spirit of the times, land was measured by the league instead of the acre, has been the curse of the State. The land question in all history has been a subject taxing the genius of statesmanship. It is still unsettled. The pressure of population on the soil is gradually, however, divesting people of the idea of the sacredness of unrestricted private ownership in real property. Men begin to discriminate between unrestricted ownership in the works of man and unrestricted ownership in the works of God—the one capable of indefinite expansion, the other, for all time, unchangeable and impossible of enlargement. But the day has not come for dealing with land on other than theories of private ownership, and California has to contrive to place an industrious and thrifty population on her soil, despite land monopoly. Fortunately the depressed financial conditions of recent years have paved the way for operations. A decade ago a man purchasing a farm, paying a third of the price and giving a mortgage for the remainder, could not reasonably hope to free himself from debt out of the profits of the soil in a lifetime. Prices were absurdly high, so high, indeed, as to be a barrier to investment and population. The financial stringency has changed this. The distress of latter years may have laid the foundation of the permanent greatness of California and San Francisco. It is not high-priced land but cheap land that makes a State speedily great. The price of real property means nothing; unused land, however valuable, does not augment wealth, and the greater the value of the land the more positive the injury to the community from its idleness.

Good lands can be now obtained at prices from one-third to one-half of what was asked five years ago. Large tracts under financial pressure are being opened to settlement. The banks have been obliged to take on foreclosure extensive acreage, which they would gladly sell for the amount of principal and interest of loans, and often for much less. Our prosperity depends on securing the immigration of people with sufficient means to enable them to successfully cultivate these properties in small holdings. There are millions of such people in the world—people who would better their condition by coming here under proper auspices. The fact that the bleak Dakotas, the Canadian Northwest and other places similarly situated have been populated within a few years, shows how readily population goes upon land when it has the opportunity. To be sure there is no longer any agricultural acreage in this State to be obtained at the government price, but certainly the advantages that are offered by the climate and the fertility of the soil compensate for a considerable difference in price.

The settlement of land is a public question, and San Francisco, as the metropolis, is deeply concerned in accomplishing results, if they can be brought about. There ought to be something like a Chamber of Commerce in State lands. At this time, if an intending settler appears, the chances are very large that he will be sold worthless property by some broker, and if he saves enough to get away, departs an enemy of California. Organizations should be effected to secure information regarding lands of an approved quality—tracts that would make satisfactory colonies; then colonies of desirable people should be sought in the thickly settled Atlantic States, and, if necessary, in Europe. The colony plan gives hopes of best results, although some which have been attempted as private land speculations have failed miserably, owing chiefly to the poor soil and ruinous prices that made the profit of the deal for the operators. Others have been marked successes. A pointed example of the successful kind is the Asti Swiss-Italian colony in Northern Sonoma county. There the wilderness has literally been made to blossom like the rose, and thrift and prosperity are everywhere evident. The same results could be reproduced in almost every county of the State. California enterprise must devise some plan to people its lands. This achieved, San Francisco will become what she should be, and foreign trade will seek her bay without further invitation.

While thus aiding the development of the State, the city has much to do for herself. Evidences of provincialism are too conspicuous to harmonize with metropolitan aspirations. Is there another city in the world that has streets like ours? They make night and day hideous with noise, as traffic strikes their rocky, uneven surfaces, and movement over them is punishment to men and cruelty to beasts. Civic pride, if there is any, should long ago have ended these conditions, and caused us to conform to civilized methods. No feature of the city has produced more harmful criticism. Nothing makes a town more inhabitable than good thoroughfares, and nothing inflicts greater discomfort than streets like ours. Fortunately the bicycle promises to accomplish what civic pride has failed to achieve. The ubiquitous cycle must have good roads and smooth streets, and San Francisco owes to the wheel the announcement of improvement. In line with the streets as a necessity is a satisfactory sewer system.

The healthfulness of San Francisco is due to its situation, not to its sanitary arrangements. No city deserves to be great that fails to exhaust every means for the preservation of the health of her citizen. A really beautiful feature of the city is Golden Gate Park. As a pleasure ground it has unlimited possibilities, and can be made to attract travelers from all the West. Many interesting features might be added at a comparatively small expense in purchase or in maintenance. For example, a menagerie like in the great city gardens of Europe. In connection with the Park, a boulevard surrounding the whole city and following the bay and ocean would be magnificent.

Most of all, in order to be great San Francisco needs a good and clean government, all her own. She must have a charter. The present hydra-headed monstrosity that we ironically call our government presents the most ridiculous anomaly to be found in the world. Only a part of San Francisco's purely municipal affairs are managed by herself. The Governor of the State administers a large and important part from Sacramento; the Legislature of the whole State another part. The Mayor, the nominal head of the municipality, is without power to direct or control. When he perceives dishonesty rampant in public place, all that he can do, to use the language of the street, is to "stand and holler." Besides the injuries inflicted on San Francisco by the absence of a local organic law, she has suffered from having at many times corrupt and incompetent officials, none of whom were ever punished by law or, indeed, very seriously by public opinion. The advantage of a reputation for good government and honesty in public life cannot be overestimated. It travels fast and far, and should be the glory of a people. If society would perform its duty, men who cannot be reached by the law, but who disgrace and scandalize our public life, would be so ostracised, that their stolen wealth would bring no happiness. San Francisco will be morally great when this is the case.

San Francisco is the child of destiny and prophecy. For thousands of years the star of empire has been leading civilization the westward way. This long journey of the human race has finished here, and the star has halted over us. May that star, like the one that the shepherds in the East followed long centuires since until it rested over Bethlehem, bring momentous consequences to mankind. May this goal of the journeyings of these thousands of years be a city leading the vanguard of civilization and upholding a loftier standard of human purpose, a higher virtue and broader humanity. That will be to deserve greatness.

A PLEA FOR THE WRETCHED RICH.

Franklin K. Lane is one of the younger members of the San Francisco bar who has distinguished himself on both sides of the continent as a writer and speaker, more particularly on political and economic subjects. After leaving the University of California he lived for several years in New York, returning to this State by way of Washington, where he owned a newspaper, and was one of the most prominent of that young State's public men. Possessed of a vigorous and ready intellect, and an unusual oratorical capacity, he unites therewith a most varied stock of information on the most diverse subjects. Indeed, he has distinctly all those qualities which command success at the bar.

Kind-hearted folk concern themselves much at this season as to the woes of the poor, the "wretched poor," as a philanthrophic daily calls them, but there is another class that is given little sympathy, yet needs as much as any—the wretched rich. The phrase sounds paradoxical, perhaps, but we all know those to whom wealth is a handicap on happiness. If these had to struggle to live they would call for no one's sympathy, but having wealth their sole effort is to make life enjoyable, and this is the kind of work that men of wisdom and wealth from Solomon's time to this have pronounced the hardest.

Some delightful and, no doubt, envious philosopher has said that the Lord shows what he thinks of money by the people he gives it to. This is but another way of saying that there are many who know how to make money and but few who know how to use it. The many know that they have so much gold, but are totally unconscious of the real wealth they have; they realize in a vague way the material value of the weapon they possess, but how it can be used to the best profit to themselves they do not know. Like some weak boy holding in his hand the mighty battle-axe of Umslopagaas, they lack the power to make it "speak."

The modern evolution of the wretched rich has been most natural. When men ceased fighting hand to hand with clubs and spears, and took to puncturing each other at long range, without the satisfactory consciousness of killing, there had to be developed some other line of work in which the barbaric instincts would have freer play—thus modern business evolved. With this new life came new ideals, and that man became chief among his fellows whose mind was quickest to see his own advantage, or least willing to give quarter. Men of professions often sneer at the business life as commonplace, unintellectual and altogether sordid, but this sneer, like most of its comrades, comes from failure of insight. In the fierce competition of business we have a modern version of the fine old struggle between strong men—a man to man contest for individual supremacy, in which the fittest surely survive. To be sure, we play the game with a limit—life is not at stake—and the hero in all ages has been reckless of his blood, but these latter days have given the world a new gospel—"a man may as well be dead as poor"; so, perhaps, it comes to the same thing, after all. And who knows, in fact, but that Pullman is but Pizarro redivivus, and Rockefeller the gallant Robin Hood, shaped and directed by nineteenth century conditions, and Carnegie a calm and calculating D'Artagnan?

But is this victor at the money game, this hero of the modern battle-field, a subject for our sympathy? Is he of the wretched rich for whom this plea is made? Surely not this man, for in his struggle he has been steadfast, purposeful, has cultivated to the highest point the qualities he needed, and has found honest satisfaction in the tierce, the quarte and riposte of the fight. There comes another after him, however, his son, perhaps, or daughter, and for this one the world should have charity.

Money is a rapid breeder. Dollar lies beside dollar, and other dollars are soon born. It takes no genius and but little effort to keep the two together; and skilled keepers can easily be hired. These things the self-indulgent heir soon learns. And then comes degeneracy, wretchedness. Life becomes a constant toast to appetite. The brain finds serious exercise in the compounding of a salad and the memory of rare vintages. The sensuous in music and in art are summoned to stimulate flagging nature, and the little things of personal adornment and social rivalry become great. Barred from the contest that his father knew, by mental incapacity, because not early fitted for the fight, he finds there is but one way left open in which to attract the eyes of men—by splendid spending, and, knowing nothing nobler than himself, becomes a gilded spectacle. His pleasures come hard. Having nothing to do but enjoy himself, the things that entertain and amuse the man of work soon cloy. So to relieve his ennui so-

ciety produces the rich man's toady, from whose fertile brain comes some novel show, some change in dress, or some new cocktail. And the poor fellow's wife, nine times out of ten, becomes bored, too—and a bored wife needs watching.

"If he only had brains!" the impatient and uncharitable exclaim; "brains enough to realize his opportunities!" Very true, but how many men of inherited wealth ever give evidence to the world of exceptional mental power? Think over the men who are making a stir in the land, and one will hardly find a dozen who have known what it was to be rich all the days of their life. These are not the men who do things, in politics, in commerce, in literature, in any of the lesser worlds, save society, and here, authorities aver, they only shine because others have not time to try or money to burn. Our cities are hideous with architectural abortions, our parks are barren of inspiring statuary, our legislatures are places of refuge for political bummers, our books, even on American institutions and of American life, are written in greater part by foreigners. And where are our sons of wealth, who should build well, adorn our public places with works of art, study out the problems of our government and make laws to meet them, and give us books of fancy or of research? It is not unjust to answer that most of them are scattered throughout two continents striving vainly to drive away "that tired feeling," cursing their ill-luck because the latest girl is virtuous, or the latest play a bore, or the latest hat unbecoming. Yet had most of these young men been born in wigwams on the Dakota prairie, they would have made hunters, fighters, worthy men. Had they been made to feel from boyhood the tense strain of the struggle for existence, they would have cut their way to levels of distinction and public usefulness. Wretched men they are, because never exalted by the consciousness of growth. It is not the prize but the getting of it that is glorious.

There are, of course, others among the wretched rich. He, for instance, who has found the golden fleece through the fair means that brought Jason so much glory and eventual unhappiness. And she who cannot maneuver her card into Mrs. Oldfamily's salver, and has spent thousands in the effort. And he whom age maliciously deprives of the ability to struggle further, and whose prophetic eyes are cursed by sight of the scramble over his estate. And she who married for love and finds that she was married for something else. Aye, and many more—every newspaper tells of one or two, and the novels and plays reflect a thousand phases of the unhappiness of the wealthy. Yet we all long for money, slave for it, give up our lives in the effort to acquire it. And why? Because each poor man knows that to him, if to none other on earth, has been imparted the secret of how to be happy though rich.

It has become the fashion to damn the general rich. Newspapers make circulation by it, politicians use it as a ladder to office. The indiscriminating and envious public knows no difference between kinds, but fosters bitterness toward all. We see self-indulgence, knavery and meanness exhibited in the wealthy, and out of a fine sense of our own capacity to do more nobly, forgetting that all rich men are not alike, and overlooking the causes which have led naturally to these results, pour out on Dives our Christian execration. But those against whom our people have any great grievance are few, and the curbing of these is in our own hands. If we are a rational people, a people worthy of self-government and fitted to meet grave questions man-fashion, we can surely settle our economic and social troubles without cursing those whose foresight and thrift have made our civilization possible. The problems that meet us at the threshold of the Twentieth Century cannot be solved by calling names. The courage and keen minds of those who can make fortunes are needed, if we are to work out some plan by which without killing the ambition of the capable we can give more equal opportunity to all. And when we have lived a little longer, and experience and breeding have brought poise and culture to our men of inherited wealth, we will doubtless see, as in England now, the most serious students of government and the most radical of reform leaders coming from that very class we have in paraphrase called the wretched rich.

CALIFORNIA IN THE CABINET.

Telegrams from Washington to the daily press announce that the California Congressional delegation have unanimously agreed to recommend Horace Davis as the choice of California for a place in the cabinet of President McKinley. The naming of Mr. Davis will awaken neither hearty approval nor violent objection. The feeling of the community is one of surprise rather than of pleasure or ill-will. He is a reputable citizen, a man of probity and essentially what is known as a clean man. He is not a great man, neither may his reputation be said to be national. But he is a safe man, a good citizen and thoroughly honest. If appointed to office he will certainly bring neither disgrace nor scandal upon the administration. The remarkable and hearty unanimity existing among the members of our delegation with respect to the selection of Mr. Davis is almost inexplicable. True, he served in Congress through several sessions with Major McKinley. We are also told that he was associated with that gentleman in drafting the national platform upon which Garfield stood for President, and that there has existed between them most friendly and intimate relations. But all of these things would hardly account for the action of our Congressmen, unless Mr. Hanna, who is in Washington, has notified the delegation of Major McKinley's choice and requested them to make the endorsement so as to relieve the administration of embarrassing complications. If this view of the matter is not correct, then one cannot help but regard the action of our representatives as a political blunder. To have chosen and submitted a set of names accompanied by an assurance that the selection of any one of them would be aceptable to the people of the State would certainly have proven less embarrassing to the President—unless, of course, Mr. Davis is his own selection. Certainly our representatives have displayed an uncommon absence of political sagacity if they have acted in this matter upon their own motion. Confessedly, Mr. Davis is not fit to serve as Attorney-General. Yet, in the whirligig of national affairs, it may be necessary for the President to apportion every other cabinet office to other sections of the country, leaving only the Attorney-Generalship for the Pacific coast. If this should come about, the recommendation of Mr. Davis would fall purposeless and be ridiculous.

COMMUNICATION.

San Francisco, December 12, 1896.

Editor "Wave"—Having been a sojourner in your State for a few months past, I have endeavored to inform myself in a general way upon all topics relating to its welfare and future possibilities. During this period I have traveled much by rail and have observed that the railway system has developed the State by trunk lines through the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, which connect with the middle overland route via the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads, and with the Northern Pacific and other northern lines of railroad: also with the Atlantic & Pacific and Sunset routes on the south. These roads have developed the State to a wonderful degree.

I knew before my arrival that the Union Pacific and Central Pacific proper had been aided in their construction by the issuing of United States bonds, and that the United States had a statutory or second mortgage lien upon these roads for the amount of the bonds and the interest paid thereon by the Government, and that these bonds were fast maturing and that the companies had asked for an extension of time of fifty years or thereabouts to pay the same.

Since my arrival I have been greatly surprised to see the fierce attacks of the press and of politicians upon the proposed funding bill, and the peremptory demand made upon the Government to foreclose its second mortgage. Should such a course be pursued, the first mortgagee would become a necessary party to the action and by cross-bill it would in self-defense pray for foreclosure and sale of the property, and that the proceeds of sale be first applied to its payment and such would be the decree of the court. This would amount, as I understand, to $27,000,000, or thereabouts. Upon inquiry I learn that so far as the Central Pacific is concerned the line of road subject to the Government lien extends from the city of San Jose via Niles, Livermore and Stockton in this State to a point five miles west of Ogden in the State of Utah; that it does not affect the Valley road from Niles to Oakland, nor the road from Oakland via Carquinez Straits to Sacramento, nor the valuable depot grounds and terminal facilities at Oakland and San Francisco; nor the great ferry boat Solano that carries trains of cars across the Straits of Carquinez; nor the ferry boats that ply between Oakland and Oakland pier and San Francisco.

If I am correctly informed, the Central Pacific, in order to add to the security of the Government, offers to have a new mortgage embrace all its Oakland and San Francisco terminals; also all roads belonging to the Central Pacific Company, which have been constructed by it without Government aid. Should the Government foreclose, who would buy the road from San Jose to five miles of Ogden and pay the first mortgage of $27,000,000? I venture to say there is not a syndicate of capitalists on earth who would do it and then go to the expense of constructing a line of road to Oakland and San Francisco, and securing terminals by purchase or condemnation and placing ferry boats between these places.

I further unhesitatingly affirm that should the Government make the purchase and pay off the first mortgage it would lose every dollar advanced in payment of the bonds, and it would involve a large expenditure in securing terminal facilities, etc., besides.

The great opposition to the funding bill is based on the idea that the people of California in case of the extension of the debt, will be compelled to pay it in freights and fares, and when it is suggested to them that the Government by foreclosing would lose every dollar of the present debt, they reply they do not care, they wish to get rid of the debt so they will not have to pay it. Now this may be a very good thing for the people of California, but how does the great body of the seventy millions of people of the United States feel upon this subject? Are they willing to virtually make this donation to the people of California when there is every reason to believe that by passing the funding bill the United States will receive every dollar of this indebtedness? I know the people of the United States are a very liberal people, but I cannot believe that they will pursue this unbusiness-like course when additional security of enormous value is offered to them to induce the extension of the debt—that they will reject the offer, sell the property at forced sale and lose the entire debt, both principal and interest, even to benefit California.

I am impelled to write this communication because in your last issue I saw an article upon this subject that contained better sense than any article I have seen published in any California journal.

AN EASTERN VISITOR.

THEATRE MEMORIES

The Year in Stageland—Plays and Players in Review.

We do not often realize how large a place these mummer friends of ours hold in our minds. But it sometimes happens that an acquaintance's chance word or gesture, a sunset, a tea-kettle—or heaven knows what trivial matter—brings some forgotten stage-picture before us just as an odor, a bar of music, or a look in a woman's eyes often brings back a dear or bitter moment of our own lives: it is then that we recognize how much these players enter into our thoughts and feed our imaginations. It takes so little to bring some memory of them to the surface. It was only yesterday, as I was walking up a quiet street, that there floated out from a window a faint little staccato laugh which startled me and set the wheels of memory going. It seemed strangely familiar, and brought up the jaunty image of a frisky, ruffled pink skirt. Why a skirt? said "myself to me," and whose? One of ——'s, perhaps? No, her skirts, thank heaven, were never flaunted, and had not the particular expression of this saucy pink petticoat. I gave it up, and then—just as I turned the corner, it popped up of itself—"Why, that was 'Musette's' of course," and a picture of Ida Conquest standing on a stage stone wall stood before me as plainly as the bay itself, and I heard again in fancy the reckless laughing refrain of her little song in "Bohemia."

And so it goes. It was only a few days ago that an undertaker's "parlors" reminded me of Herbert Kelcey, and a large cabbage which I fell over in the California Market suggested Rose Coghlan—by some occult connection, which, perhaps, it is just as well not to follow up.

They pass, these mummers, before the backward-turned eye like the strange figures which the tired retina sees when we are waiting, with closed eyes, for sleep; blurred in some details, but luminous and distinct in others and—alas that it should be so—the evil things they have done are quite as prominent as the good. The amiable man who said that "Memory's eyes are always softened by tears and her voice is gentle for she looks on dead yesterdays" had evidently only a small assortment of memories, and had most certainly never experienced a season of our play houses. It would be difficult, for instance, for Memory or any one else to speak gently of "The Bicycle Girl," "The Wicklow Postman," Peter Dailey and Steve Brodie or to look on them with eyes that were softened by any kind of tears except tears of distress at the imbecility of most managers. Neither could one handle with any particular tenderness "Monte Cristo," "The Old Lime Kiln," "A Railroad Ticket" and "The Politician," or, for the matter of that, "Bonemia," "Rodion, the Student," "The Last Word," "The Countess Gucki," "The Home Secraetary," and many others we have endured this year, though I am fortunate enough to have forgotten their names.

Still it has not all been unpleasant. Away back in the first part of the year George Osbourne gave us some first-rate acting. Then came some rather dreary but respectable weeks of Keene, Warde (Hickey is the only name in his company which lingers), O'Neill, Mansfield and the innocuous Royles. Just as we were almost dying for a bit of the real stuff Frank Mayo came along and saved us in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." After this came the Daly company, and for three weeks we feasted on Lewis, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and were very pleased to listen to Edwin Stevens, Belle Darcy, Gunson, Gresham and perhaps a few others. We saw Ada Rehan's delightful Lelitia Hardy (in "The Belle's Strategy ,, her incomparable Lady Teazle, and were filled with admiration at her cleverness in making the trivial little play of "The Countess Gucki" interesting and the title role adorable. Then there is Lewis as the counsellor, Von Mitterstieg, Bottom and Sir Toby to remember—alas that it is only to remember, never to see again. It will be many a long day before the scene of Sir Toby's midnight revels will be given with so much life again. They were a merry quartette—Lewis, Gresham, Gunson and bright little Belle Darcy.

Our next really good piece of luck was Nat Goodwin as Jim Radburn. We paid for this by a severe attack of Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, and were resuscitated by Maud Adams and pretty Ethel Barrymore. From then up to date we have been fairly comfortable. Rose Coghlan flamed through "Carmen." The Frohman company gave two good plays creditably, Mrs. Whiffen and Gottschalk being perhaps the most steadily and consistently pleasing of the troupe, though Ida Conquest was taking as Musette and Viola Allen really good as Dulcie Larondie," however lacking she may have been in "Bohemia" and "The Benefit of the Doubt." Perhaps the most difficult and the cleverest thing Gottschalk did was the exhorting of his brother Davie in the last act of "The Masqueraders." Don't you remember the air of conviction with which he said, "It is the will of God, Davie"? Sadie Martinot followed the Frohmans in her coquettish fashion, and after her came Kathryn Kidder, vivid, comic and unaffected, in the beggarly play of "Mme. Sans Gene." For a time after this matters theatrical were too bad to mention, when lo! the handsome Hackett appeared and set all the women silly. One can hardly wonder at it, for he put more tenderness into the Tarlenheim Castle scene and his gentle "No, sweetheart," than most women get in a life-time. As for myself I liked Walcot as old "Sapt" quite as well. Soon after this the pleasing Tabers put up their soft greenish blue curtain at the Baldwin, glutted our eyes with color and our ears with the sweet sound of their charming voices. By the way, why can't we always have a curtain instead of a stiff landscape which rolls rigidly up and forces the actors to crawl through a crack when they respond to calls? But Julia Marlowe's bewitching Rosalind, her almost flawless Juliet, Robert Taber's excellent work, that of Bassett Roe, and Mrs. Sol Smith brings us almost to the end of our list, unless we count the pretty little vivandieres in "A Milk White Flag" and "Geewhilliker Hay."

PEG WOFFINGTON.

THE LEVITATION OF GERRISH

By GELETT BURGESS

Frank Gelett Burgess has suddenly ridden into national fame on the back of the Purple Cow in company with Goups, the chewing-gum man, Vivette, and other characters of that wonderful little pamphlet, "The Lark." Mr. Burgess's forte is the weird, the unexpected. In the invention of absurd and impossible situations, he is at times quite the equal of Frank Stockton. Imagine a mammoth human figure made of chewing-gum weltering in Market street in front of the Palace Hotel! Mr. Burgess graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1887 and was a member of the faculty of the University of California until the day he was inspired to found "The Lark."

Enoch F. Gerrish was a "prominent citizen." He had his name in large type in the Directory and in the telephone book. He was often mentioned as "among those present" in the local columns of the dailies. He was a "solid business man," and could be seen any day on Montgomery street, easily recognizable by his eyes, big as hard-boiled eggs, his paint-brush whiskers and his duck vest, which always had a button missing somewhere about it. He toed in slightly when he walked, but he could afford himself this and many other eccentricities, for he was rich. But he was most prominent as a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and to the reports of its proceedings he had contributed many bulky and remarkably uninteresting papers collated from the answers to thousands of postal-card catechisms sown recklessly abroad. He had tabulated, classified and commented upon the replies to such questions as: "Have ever seen a ghost?" "If not, why not?" "Has a ghost ever seen you?" etc., etc. His "Diagnosis of the Inter-Phantomic Relations of Sub-Spherical Spirits" had given him prestige in the Society, and on the strength of 15,000 words anent "Spectral and Pseudo-Spectral Anthropologia" he had narrowly escaped the election to the Presidency of the body.

Yet, like so many of his fellow essayists on these ultra-scientific topics, Mr. Gerrish had never seen a ghost. He had talked with those who had, however, and he had an exhaustive lore ready at hand for recital, and when his audience was composed of women, he often made bold to broider the narrative with details of his own invention, and at these times did not hesitate to use the first person construction.

Mr. Gerrish was at this time engaged upon a new thesis; radical, even revolutionary. He was tired of his pose as an amateur ghost-seer, and the luminous idea of making capital out of his failures by using them to prove an original hypothesis swelled his vanity. Perhaps this would secure to him the President's chair, and he could have the delight of ringing the "ten-minute bell" on verbose essayists. He had often been suppressed himself in this way, and he longed to be on the other side of the table.

"Conditions of Levitation and Semi-Nudity in Dream" was the title of his thesis.

He worked every night upon the development of his theory, keeping one eye open for spectral visitations, in case his new scheme should prove ineffective. He always kept on the table beside his bed a pistol, a non-explosive

lamp (that wouldn't go out even if overthrown), a watch, a pencil and a pad of ruled paper upon which to take notes of supernatural occurrences. The top sheet of this pad was numbered (1), but it had remained otherwise blank for five months. He cut the "Death Notices" from the papers every day, and pinned them to the wall, near the head of his bed, in order to identify new-made ghosts.

The annual dinner of the S. P. R. was held on New Year's eve. Thirteen members were present.

The rest were celebrating less riotously.

Mr. Gerrish had allowed hints of his latest investigations to leak into the after-dinner personalities; several of the speeches had made mention of the embarrassing situations due to "Semi-Nudity in Dream." Reason demanded an explanation for the outrage so often put upon the sensibilities. Enoch F. Gerrish nearly burst with the effort to restrain from exploiting his theories, but his policy and an enormous looped watch chain kept him from exploding. The time was not yet come. He drank like a camel to brace his nerve; he felt that a few leading questions would puncture his resolve and the secret would escape. He ate ravenously of the

dessert to cover his agitation. He felt that everyone was looking at him—but only the President was. The President was wondering how a Psychical Researcher could eat so much—and live.

At the business meeting following, Enoch F. Gerrish was nominated for the Presidency for the ensuing year, but he did not realize it until three days later, when he was notified by the Secretary in writing. He was now too busily engaged with a Welch rarebit that the President had maliciously manufactured. The meeting came No one was listening. The President was drawing little circles on a sheet of paper with a soft pencil, and the Secretary was making love to his watch.

Enoch found his way home with great difficulty and a large stick.

He felt as if he had been eating fireworks and they were going off inside him.

The street was like the back of a whale that it was necessary to climb, and it seemed to be rolling on a long ground-swell. The houses circled about him like a merry-go-round. He tried to take his temperature with a little pocket thermometer, but the mercury was all huddled into the top of the tube. Somehow things seemed to be going wrong with him; he knew that much, but very little more.

He did not remember his whole pilgrimage; he believed finally that he had accomplished the stairs, because he found himself at the top. He could not remember whether he had gone through the door of his room, or climbed over the transom, but he was inside, and was glad of it. He undressed himself carefully, and went to bed, thinking he should have done so earlier. He suddenly realized that it was New Year's day, and he at once decided to reform.

By this time it was two o'clock, and the Welch rarebit, like a patriotic set-piece, still burned in his abdomen; he had almost given up hope, when he fell asleep, but his snoring was so terrible that it woke him up again. He arose unsteadily, and circumnavigated the room in search of cotton to plug his ears. He soon forgot what he was looking for, and returned in a bewildered condition to his bed, and began counting, wondering when it would be over.

As he reached number thirteen, he opened his eyes. Something was rising out of the bed from between his feet. This did not seem at all right to him, and he was much hurt by the occurrence, until it became evident that it was a ghost. Now Mr. Gerrish was in no condition to entertain ghosts at this time, but he nerved himself for the interview, and reached for his pistol and note book, though he was uncertain which to use first. He tried to decide whether he was most afraid or surprised.

He remembered Bulwer-Lytton's distinction between fear and terror, and thought what rot it was.

Meanwhile the phantom was emerging from the bed, or more properly through the bed. Mr. Gerrish rubbed his legs back and forth to see if he could feel the ghost, but he could not. Yet the apparition was sticking through the bed like a brochette. Mr. Gerrish thought this phenomenon interesting, and was about to make a note of it, when materialization of the ghost set in so strongly as to absorb his whole attention.

He wondered where he had seen the ghost before, and decided that it was nowhere.

He remembered the circus of last year, and the athletes and tumblers at the Orpheum Theater, and concluded that this was one of them. He did not know which. The spectre was dressed in trunks and tights; he had longish hair, and was much more transparent than was becoming to a person of his size. His eyeballs were conspicuous, and ill-placed, and as he hung over the bed like a huge interrogation point, waving his arms, Mr. Gerrish felt that something was about to happen. He felt, vaguely, that he should take the time; he was sure that none of the members would believe him, unless he told at what o'clock it happened. The reports of the society generally gave the hour and minute, and sometimes it had been figured down to split seconds. He looked at his watch, but the hands seemed to be going backwards, and he gave up this detail with a sigh.

The horrible part of the affair was that the ghost did not speak. Mr. Gerrish was compelled to take the iniative; six times he endeavored to say something, but as he could think of nothing to say, little came of his attempts. At the seventh effort a volley of words burst from him, filling the room like the explosion of a barrel of firecrackers. When it was over, there was a shocking silence, and he found he had exclaimed:

"Ghostly phantom, thing of evil, spectre demon, spook or devil, take thy legs from out my bedstead, take thy toes from off my floor!"

Somehow this seemed inadequate, and he began again. The ghost evidently expected something better of him, and still hung swaying over the counterpane, gibbering with gaunt grimaces. Mr. Gerrish at length began to regain his nerve; the rarebit within him grew more docile, and the spirit of the investigator awoke.

"Tell me," he began, "to what am I indebted for the honor," etc., etc.

"Beware!" said the spectre. "No familiarities, please; I am sent to you to divulge the secrets of 'Levitation and Semi-Nudity in Dream.' This night shall illumine thee. Come!" and seizing the Psychical Researcher by the shoulder, he dragged him to the window, and held him struggling like a kitten, outside the sash. The rays of a decrescent moon varnished the soles of the unfortunate victim's feet; an errant breeze slickered at his white night-robe, and it was very cold. The spook shook him gently, as one might flap the crumbs from a table cloth out of the window, and Mr. Gerrish grew green with fear. The pavement below seemed miles away. Mr. Gerrish felt rather than saw this. On the other hand, he saw rather than felt the ghost.

Suddenly all support was removed, and he fell!

He supposed about five years to have elapsed when he finally discovered that he was no longer falling.

It was like a long wait between the acts of a bad play,

when one longs to have the suspense over, yet dreads the next sensation.

He knew from hearsay that if he reached the bottom he would die. That is, if it was a dream. The question then was, Was it a dream? He could not decide.

At length he felt himself in the arms of the phantom,

giggling. But this gave him, however, no clue as to whether he was awake or not.

"This is called the 'Sense of Falling,' to which you have already given 500 words in your thesis," said the ghost.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gerrish, "but it is much easier imagined than described—as they say in the story books."

"My next act is Levitation proper," said the ghost, and with the word he sprang into the air.

It was, at first, very terrible.

Mr. Gerrish waved his arms like a chicken that has been dropped from the roof of a house. He could not realize that he was being carried, but he felt the responsibility of his own exertion, and he tried several kinds of swimming strokes, using his feet like a woman. They were high in the air before he realized that a mere effort of will was all that was necessary, and once assured, he began to like the sensation.

"Do you often do this?" he asked the spirit.

"All the world knows me," was the reply, though few have seen me. They think they do it alone, and in the daylight they try to remember how it was done."

As he spoke, they passed the top of a steeple. Mr. Gerrish could not resist the temptation to lay hold of it. To

his surprise it felt hard and real, and of a sudden, terror seized him. He perceived his immense distance from the street and became giddy. His normal senses returned to him, and he clung to the pinnacle, just below the vane.

Again the ghost left him.

He dared not look down again, but embraced the pyramid eagerly, as though he was afraid it might break away from his clutches.

He was alone in the sky.

He might have been an Arctic explorer at the actual North Pole, for any chance he had of relief. The spire seemed to bend in the wind, and recover its perpendicularity with much difficulty.

He felt like a damp shirt that had been hung out to dry, and had been forgotten.

He wished to yell for help, but hoped that no one below was looking at him.

Some time after, the ghost reappeared, and hung in the air as if treading water to keep itself afloat. Mr. Gerrish wondered if it had been off to get a drink.

"If you have had enough of Levitation," said the ghost, "we may continue our investigations." And Mr. Gerrish found himself at home in bed again. But he had by this time ceased to wonder at anything. He would have liked a programme, so as to know what to expect next, but he had lost a good deal of interest in the proceedings.

It was as if he were trying not to listen to a paper being read at a meeting of the Researchers.

"We will now proceed to the condition of Semi-Nudity in Dream," remarked the spectre.

"But I have had that," objected Enoch.

"I am afraid I have complicated things, but this will be a simple case. And first I'll show you what I can do at bed-tipping," and the spectre was as good as his word. The bed rocked like a steamer in the Channel. It soared like an aeroplane. It dived, ducked, danced, dropped and doddered like an indecent Planchette. Mr. Gerrish clung to the rail, like the boatswain of a runaway whaleboat. Finally the ghost took the bed upon his head and walked out of the room with it, forthwith.

Mr. Gerrish tried to be calm, but his head bumped against the ceiling.

He held his breath as they crowded through the front door. Down the street they marched in a two-story procession, ghost and man. No one was abroad, but the cocks were crowing in the distance.

It was like riding a camel, or swaying in the palanquin of a gouty elephant.

Mr. Gerrish felt that he could stand no more, but the worst was yet to come.

The ghost planted the bed in the middle of Market street, and left him, this time for good.

Mr. Gerrish waited a long time, hiding under the sheets, hoping it was a dream. At length he peeked from under the covers, and saw, to his horror, that it had begun to get light. The milk wagons began to rumble in the side streets. Worst of all, he was over the slot of the car line, and of a sudden the cable began to rattle over the pulleys.

He did not want his bed to be pushed off the track by a Market-street car.

A policeman appeared in the vanishing point of the perspective of sidewalks, and walked steadily toward him. Mr. Gerrish decided to wait and see if it was a real policeman. The figure came nearer and nearer. The policeman left the sidewalk and approached the bed, rubbing his eyes. Mr. Gerrish was almost able to read the number on the helmet, when the policeman hesitated a moment in astonishment, then turned and ran like a madman up the middle of the street. He turned one block up, to the right, and disappeared.

A cable car with a red light appeared in the distance, and Mr. Gerrish saw the time had come for action. He left the bed on the track, and walked without dignity toward the northwest. He wondered why he did not run, but a thin fog seemed to blur his eyes, and he had great trouble in finding his way.

Every little while he walked off the curbstone, and landed with a nasty jolt.

He had never known there were so many streets in San Francisco, and he wished them to remain straight, but they refused. Each street seemed to be tied into a bow knot with six ends. The sidewalks were set obliquely, the crossings led back to the same side of the way, so he could never get over. The houses were huddled into the middle of the pavement. The gutters ran vertically. He wondered why. He was in a labyrinth, clad immodestly. He tried to find a latch key, but he had no pocket.

He met wayfarers, but they did not seem to notice him.

He wondered if his bed would be returned. It was not marked, but he thought he might advertise for it.

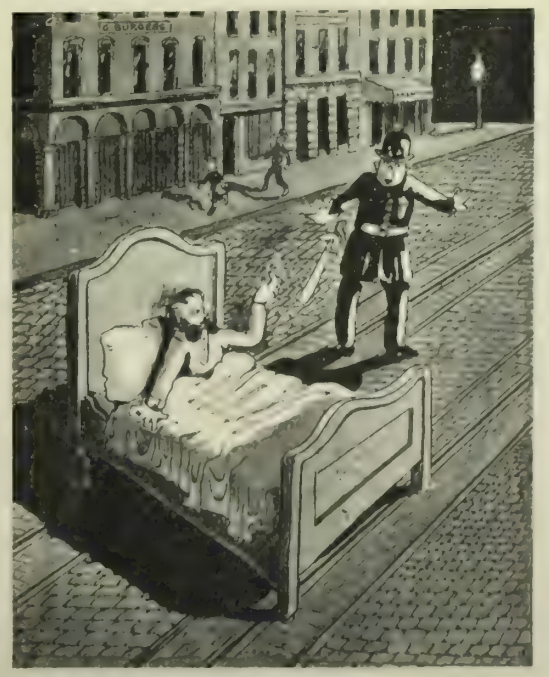
Then there was a great blank, as if the whole world had been etherized; and then the void and chaos began to take form. Something looked familiar. Ten pink spots upon the horizon.

They were his toes, sticking through the covers of his bed, and he heard himself counting—"sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, TWENTY."

* * * * * * * *

At the next meeting of the Society for Psychical Research Mr. Gerrish's paper on "Conditions of Levitation and Semi-Nudity in Dream" was received with giant enthusiasm. The President forgot to ring the "ten-minute bell," and even the Secretary kept awake.

Enoch proved conclusively to the body, the Correlation of Psychical and Physical Phenomena. In other



words—simplified for the lady members, that "Conditions of Levitation and Semi-Nudity in Dream" were imposed arbitrarily by Malignant Spirits, powerful, but generally invisible.

And Enoch F. Gerrish was unanimously elected President of the Society.

His end had been attained, but it was a long time before he ceased looking for the policeman that had discovered him. He would have liked to have given the officer's number in his report, for the lack of this item was it only imperfection.

Dedicated, in a forgiving mood, to my friend John Kendrick Bangs, who, not content with adapting for the Christmas "Life" my first poem, has permitted his hero to psychically research the introductory pages of this manuscript.

ON PHOTOGRAPHING ACTRESSES

BY LOUIS THORS

It is much easier to photograph an actress than a woman in private life, for the reason that the actress has made a study of the dresses and the coiffures that show her to best advantage, and is besides more apt to be graceful and pliable than her non-professional sister. It is the business of the actress to be beautiful. Then, too, she is apt to pose in less conventional costume; as often as not is taken "in character," and under conditions that set her off to the very best advantage—conditions she has made it her study to ascertain.

Actresses are not "cranky" or "fussy" in the matter of posing, though the contrary would be the popular supposition. The success of a photograph depends largely as to whether or not the sitter is in sympathy with the operator, whether or not he or she is willing to help him out. Actresses are as a rule very good in this particular. They try to make it easy for the operator. They can tell in a moment if he is a tyro at the profession or whether he knows his business thoroughly. In the latter case nine actresses out of ten will leave everything entirely to him. They do not, as many would think, have a certain set of favorite poses of their own, but generally allow the photographer to pose them as he thinks best.

If the operator has had experience in taking actresses' portraits he will remember two things especially; first, that he must take the picture so as to show the figure, and second, that the pose must be unique and altogether unlike that of any other actress before the public.

There is opportunity for the display of a great deal of tact in taking photographs of this nature. An actress usually has a great quantity of pictures taken at one appointment, and often is detained three and four hours in the gallery. It will not do to allow her to grow tired or impatient—a picture taken under such circumstances is doomed to certain failure. The best photographer is he who adopts the method of the portrait painter under like conditions. He chats at length with his sittee, keeps her animated and in good spirits if he can, and often, when the sitting is prolonged until noon, even causes a cold lunch to be brought up to the gallery.

Actresses detest interruption during the progress of a sitting as much as when intruded upon in the midst of rehearsal. Posing for their photographs is for them only another milder form of acting, and anything that recalls them to themselves and to the world in general seems to jar seriously upon their nerves. On one occasion, when Julia Marlowe Taber was in the gallery, a young man, I believe it was one of the troupe, insisted upon joining her, and kept up a continued fire of suggestion and comment. The pictures were taken in good time, but every one rejected as unsatisfactory likenesses. Miss Taber attributed the failure solely to her unfortunate companion.

One great drawback, however, against which the actress before the camera must contend is the fact that any elaborate make-up is impossible. A little darkening of the eyebrows and lashes and a slight powdering of the hair, for the sake of the high lights, is all that can be permitted. Time and again the conscientious operator is obliged to send back to the dressing-room with the command to wash her face some over-zealous young woman with her cheeks and lips rouged as though she expected to appear before footlights. She would be a sorry looking object in her picture if photographed in that array of rouge and enamel. The rouge would "take" almost black.

Ordinarily when a woman objects to a finished picture it is either because of some fault of the dress or some poor arrangement of the hair. The woman of private life often makes the mistake of having her hair dressed by the coiffeur before sitting. Invariably it is dressed in a style wholly unlike that to which either she or her friends are accustomed, and in consequence the picture is not a good likeness, or at least does not seem to be. The actress pays but little attention to her hair—except when posing in character—after arranging it with apparent carelessness before the gallery mirror.

As a rule actresses dislike to sit for their pictures. They have done it so often that there is little novelty or excitement left in it for them. In the end they come to regard the thing merely from a business standpoint, together with their show bills and their other advertisements, and concede so many hours per week to the tedium of posing, just as they give so many hours to rehearsing or studying their parts, etc.

In photographing such professional people the operator proceeds almost exactly as he does with the women of private life. When he can, that is, when the actress will allow him, he exercises his own judgment as to the pose, lights, etc., and considers even the most famous actresses merely as he would any woman who was anxious to secure a good likeness.

Mr. Arthur D. Kerr, for many years well known and popular in Washington life, died suddenly last week, after a short illness, from pneumonia. His father, Hon. John B. Kerr, was formerly member of Congress from the eastern shore of Maryland, and his grandfather United States Senator from the same State. He came from a long line of distinguished ancestors, who occupied conspicuous positions in public life, and was himself many years in the War Department. Mr. Mark B. Kerr of Oakland is a brother of the deceased, and another brother is Paymaster Leeds C. Kerr of the United States navy.

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Rare and Costly Collections of Law Books in the Big Offices.

In that amusing and readable book of Judge Baldwin's, "Flush Times of Alabama," known to every law student and practicing attorney, there is a defense of the bar of the Southwest evoked by the assumed and probably actual condescension with which lawyers of other States regarded it at that time (1850). By dropping the word "south" the remarks of the Judge may be applied to the Pacific coast, concerning which rumor has wafted to our ears, occasionally, derogatory remarks like those which the humorous attorney repeated. He said: "There is no greater error than that which assigns inferiority to the bar of the (South)-West in comparison with that of any other section of the same extent in the United States."

San Francisco has better law libraries and more of them than any city of its size in the Union. A New York attorney may come to this State to spend the winter, leave all his books behind him, and go back home with his case as thoroughly well prepared as though he had remained in the East. Rarely, indeed, would he be obliged to leave any one of the libraries without finding the report he desired, and if he did he would certainly find it in the next nearest law library. All the reports of all the courts of last resort of all the States and Territories of the Union, the original Session Laws of many of the older States, including such as the Acts and Laws of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut, 1715 and 1750; Laws of North Carolina, 1715; Laws of Maryland, etc., complete sets of all the English, Irish, Scotch, Canadian, Australian, Colonial and many other foreign courts may be found in our law libraries. In the realm of ancient law many valued legal curios will interest the delver, for out here in San Francisco may be seen at least one copy of the Justinian Institutes, bearing the date 1478, and a copy of the Jus Maritimus, 1667, and all the codes of history in some form or another. California has contributed in no small degree to law text book literature, and in this direction the libraries of San Francisco are well equipped. There is not a text book of any note from Blackstone down which cannot be found here.

Let those who may be inclined to sneer at Western culture halt before they criticise our law libraries. Art galleries are not for savages, nor are law libraries for those who cannot appreciate and do not use them. The California bar has and has had many honored names on its list. Out of the need of them, such libraries have grown, have been established, and are maintained.

No library is in such pressing need of replenishment as a law library. A sine qua non of its usefulness is its possession of the latest. A law library can never be complete—it must be adding to its possessions continually. This is in a great measure a test of its value, and this is a test which San Francisco law libraries will stand.

Few law libraries belonging to individuals are so large and so complete as that of the firm of Delmas & Shortridge. About ten thousand volumes find place on the shelving of the two large rooms which are devoted to the library. The text books embrace the whole range of subjects; thus there are at least half a dozen works on the science of evidence, at least as many more on corporations and on equity practice, etc. The statutes cover every law ever passed in this State, a vast quantity of kindred law literature of many other States, the statute law of Hawaii, as well as digests of the laws of England and other foreign countries. In the third division there are the State and United States reports up to some time after the establishment of the reporter system, and the full text of all the appellate court decisions of every appellate court in the United States; also, up to within the past few years, as well as all the decisions of the highest English courts, of the House of Lords, chancery and common law courts. Finally the library embraces that series of reports in full known as the American Reports, American Decisions and American State Reports, all of which are annotated and supplied with the copious notes of eminent jurists, applied to selected cases establishing general principles of law. With this division belong the digests and indices of volumes. Without them the labor of using the library would be great, and its value greatly discounted. They are the keys to the legal lore which the library contains, and so are, as they should be, the fullest and most complete obtainable. That there must be order in the arrangement of the books and that the order must be maintained always is self-suggestive, and is of necessity a characteristic of this remarkably well equipped, practical lawyer's library.

Since the removal of Pierson & Mitchell to the Mills Building, where there is a law library maintained on the very best footing, the firm have not continued the additions to their own large library on the same broad lines as heretofore. Still they own one of the fine libraries of the coast, comprising about seven thousand volumes, and embracing the English reports, leading State reports and best text books. So there the principal addition now being made is the entire Western Reporter system, which embodies all the decisions of all the appellate courts of all the States in the Union. The firm consists of William M. Pierson and Robert Brent Mitchell. Together these gentlemen in the course of a large and steadily increasing practice have collated the volumes which constitute their large library. The arrangement of the library is one of its distinctive features, and few lawyers can so readily place a finger on a needed decision as the members of this firm. All the digests and indices which are necessary to make this or any other law library valuable and promptly useful are to be found on the shelves, and the completeness of the library in this respect is in conformity with all its other comprehensive features.

One of the most neatly arranged and aesthetically furnished special law libraries is that of A. H. Ricketts, the mining lawyer. His is essentially a specialist library, containing, as a matter of necessity, those general law reports which are necessary in the practice of every attorney. Every existing publication affecting mining law is to be found on the shelves of this library. The reports of all the decisions in all mining States, and of all decisions affecting mining cases in States not distinctively mining, are included in this carefully selected array of legal volumes. Copp's publications known to every mining lawyer, and all the standard text books, particularly those dealing with subjects even remotely associated with mining, corporations, etc., are to be found in Mr. Ricketts' library, and he can truthfully say that the law of his practice is to be found within the walls of his office. As the attorney of the California Miners' Association these books have become invaluable to him, or rather, their presence in his office has become indispensable.

Rogers & Paterson of the Nevada Block have recently made great changes for the better in their now extensive library. They have brought together in compact shape in two of the suite of six offices occupied by the firm a large library. In these two rooms, with the exception of a few hundred volumes, which are more or less in continuous use in the other offices, there are nearly six thousand law books. These include a full line of all the leading text books, a majority of the reports of the different States of the Union, with all those of the oldest States, and a very large number of English and other foreign reports. Added to this are the publications of the Reporter System from its incipiency. With the re-arrangement of the library there has been a recataloguing, which, now almost completed, promises to make the contents of the shelves of the utmost value. The digests and indices are comprehensive, and are supplemented to the extent of a mechanical arrangement and cataloguing of the books which places any volume readily at the command of the attorneys or their assistants in working up a case. Arthur Rodgers has been honorably known in this city for years, and his associate is Van R. Paterson, the esteemed ex-justice of the Supreme Court of this State.

Another library partaking largely of a special nature is that of the firm of Wheaton, Kalloch and Keirce, founded by the first named gentlemen years ago and merged into the present firm in 1890. Perhaps one-half of the practice of the firm is found in patent cases, and so wide has the reputation of the firm become in this direction that they have been engaged as leading counsel in St. Louis, Chicago and New York, even though none of the parties to the cases were Californians nor had any interest in this State, except to have this one of her law firms handle the cases. It is in his strong bent as a natural mechanic that Mr. Wheaton finds the mainspring of his success. It is his knowledge of mechanics that has enabled him to handle patent cases so successfully. This is, however, foreign to a description of the library, though it indicates clearly the class of library the firm may be expected to and does actually possess. The library itself is an illustration of the ingenuity of the firm, as the bookcases are in some instances original in design and remarkable for their compactness and the number of volumes they contain. Among the books which crowd the cases is a full set of the official gazette, that is to say, a complete report of patents. Everything pertaining to patent law and patent cases may be found in this library. Side by side with these books, however, are the reports of all the appellate courts, the reports of many of the States, English law reports.

There is probably no private law library on the coast, and few in the United States, which have been so carefully gathered and so accurately kept up to date as that of Lloyd & Wood in the Nevada Block. In this library may be found all the United States Supreme Court and the Federal Court reports and all of the State reports that it has been possible to obtain, including as many of the Southern States as were extant, and even the seldom quoted Delaware reports. The English Reporter system, the reports of all the higher English courts, the Common Pleas, Queen's Bench, Chancery, etc., are regularly received. All the briefs and transcripts of all the cases ever brought before the Supreme Court of this State have been most religiously gathered together, indexed and bound. The greater portion of six lofty rooms are devoted to the housing of this splendid library.

While the libraries of most of the attorneys in general practice bear a very close resemblance, and in the case of certain standard authorities, are necessarily duplicates of one another, almost every library has some distinguishing feature, because the owner of it believes that feature of it to be of particular service. Sullivan & Sullivan have recently opened new offices in the Parrott or Emporium Building, and the feature of their library—one shared with but one other on the coast, is the possession of the California Supreme Court reports, embodying all the transcripts and all the briefs of all the cases. This is at the same time the most valuable and the most voluminous manner in which these records can be preserved. The firm have now over twelve hundred of these large volumes, all carefully indexed and ready for immediate use. Apart from this distinguishing feature, the library embraces the reporter system complete — that is, the American Decisions, American Reports and American State Reports. Few firms on the coast have had such a large damage-suit practice, and the library has proved of inestimable value in that practice.

Perhaps in no law office on this coast is so much reliance placed upon the English decisions as in that of Bishop & Wheeler. The nature of their practice is such that they are continually called upon to refer to the common law as it has been expounded in the past and is expounded at the present day. Under these conditions it is but to be expected that in the vast law library of the firm the English law reports should occupy a prominent position. A complete set of the English reports from 1665 down practically to last week's decisions are to be found on the shelves, including some of the oldest and most valuable works of early law writers in the language of their time—a peculiar jargon of French and Latin. Several hundred volumes embrace the text-book literature of the law, and in an arrangement at once simple and handy may be found all the State reports of all save two of the American States. In common with many other law firms, Messrs. Bishop and Wheeler subscribe to the publications of the Reporter System, and have all the reports issued under that system from its incipiency. The library proper is a large apartment, which may be dignified by the name of "hall." Three other rooms contain the volumes which this main library cannot accommodate, and in all, the arrangement is of the simplest and best. The library belongs to Thomas B. Bishop and Charles S. Wheeler. The former's comprises many thousand volumes, the result of years of careful collecting. The latter's is in part the result of his own selection, and in a large measure the gift to him by Judge Boalt of all the latter's splendid library on the occasion of his retirement from the old firm.

✓ IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE

By FRANK NORRIS

Frank Norris, who has been a frequent contributor to "The Wave" during the past year, is chiefly known as a writer of fiction that has appeared in Eastern and local publications. Mr. Norris's best work is in the "very" short story, wherein a suggestive bit of action is condensed into the smallest possible space. During the winter of 1895–6 Mr. Norris was the correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" and the San Francisco "Chronicle" in the Transvaal, South Africa, at the time of the Uitlander insurrection and Jamieson's raid. Mr. Norris took an active part in the rising, and was expelled from the country on that account by the Johannisburg authorities after the Boer government had regained its supremacy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jerry Tremont, *Yale '92.*
Tressie Tremont, *his sister, a "Yale girl."*
Lord Orme, (*oxon.*), *a young English nobleman.*
"Jack," *halfback on the Yale eleven, who does not appear, but who is the most important of all.*

Scene—*Office of Mr. Tremont, Sr., Newspaper Row, Boston, overlooking the street, which is packed with an immense crowd. Directly opposite is the "Herald" building.*

Upon the front of the "Herald" building is affixed a huge bulletin board, on which appear half-minute bulletins of the Harvard-Yale football game, the second half of which is at that moment being played at Springfield, Mass. Lord Orme and Miss Tremont are sitting at the window to the right. Jerry is standing at the window to the left, which is open.

Jerry (drawing back from the window and facing into the room)—No scoring in the first half, and the ball in the center of the field at the call of time. That's close work.

Miss Tremont (to Lord Orme after glancing down into the street)—Dear me, did one ever see such a crowd!

Lord Orme—It's jolly like Trafalgar Square on Lord Mayor's day.

Miss Tremont—I'm so sorry we couldn't see the game this year, but I suppose watching the returns is the next best thing.

Lord Orme—It was—ah—your uncle's death that prevented?

Miss Tremont—Um-hum; papa thought we hadn't better go. It was all we could do to get him to give us his office for to-day.

Jerry (calling from the other window)—Here's another bulletin.

Miss Tremont—Oh, read it for me, Jerry, will you? I can't (putting up her lorgnettes) see even across the street. Isn't it a pity to have such eyes as mine, Lord Orme?

Lord Orme—I don't know about that, Miss Tressie. They've had a jolly queer effect on me—I—ah—

Jerry (reading the bulletin)—"Springfield, 3:28 P. M. Time called for second half. Harvard has the ball. Jack Harper will still play left half for Yale in spite—"

Miss Tremont (with sudden interest)—What's that about Jack?

Jerry—Jack's going to go on with the game just the same in spite of his shoulder.

Miss Tremont—Hurrah for Jack! (She catches Lord Orme's enquiring glance). Jack—Mr. Harper—Well, Jack's a man I know. He plays for Yale.

Lord Orme (noting her confusion)—Is he "the other man," Miss Tressie?

Miss Tremont—"The other man?"

Lord Orme—There always is "the other man," you know, Miss Tressie, in affairs—in—ah—affairs such as —such as ours. I mean, such as this.

Miss Tremont—Oh, why should you assume that he is "the other man," maybe—

Lord Orme—There must be "another man" somewhere. If it's not this famous Jack it must be——

Miss Tremont (daringly)—It might be Lord Orme.

Lord Orme (in delighted embarrassment)—Oh, I say, now, Miss Tressie.

Miss Tremont (quickly)—And then again it might not. So there you are, you see.

Lord Orme (after a pause, suddenly perplexed)—Are you —ah—making game of me, Miss Tressie? It's a bit rough, you know, because I care so very much—

Jerry (reading from the bulletins)—"Harvard punts for forty yards—Yale's ball on her thirty-five yard line—Jack Harper of Yale makes five yards around Harvard's end."

Miss Tremont—Bravo, Jack! (Apologetically to Lord Orme), Mr. Harper would have been so disappointed if he had not been able to play. He's a senior. This is his last chance.

Lord Orme—It's my last chance, Miss Tressie. If I sail on Monday I won't see you again before I go. I—ah—couldn't have chosen a worse time to say—to say things, than now, I suppose, but last night, with so many people around you, I couldn't get a chance, you know.

(They talk in low tones, and cannot be overheard, except in fragments, by the absorbed Jerry. At first Miss Tremont's attention is equally divided between Lord

Orme's speeches and the Springfield bulletins as read by Jerry; but little by little her interest wavers. Sometimes inclining toward the game as Yale is winning, sometimes toward Lord Orme as Yale seems to be giving ground).

Jerry (reading)—"Brunt of Harvard makes three yards through Yale's center."

Miss Tremont (commenting)—Jack said Yale was weak in the center this year. (After a pause), I wish I knew just how to answer you, Lord Orme.

Jerry (reading)—"Jack Harper misses a clean tackle and allows Harvard to advance the ball seven yards."

Miss Tremont—I confess I like you immensely, Lord Orme. I don't see why I cannot tell you that frankly.

Jerry (reading)—"Yale recovers the ball and makes ten yards around Harvard's right end."

Miss Tremont—But I don't think I care enough for you to marry you.

Jerry (reading)—"Yale makes three more yards thorugh Harvard's tackle."

Miss Tremont—I'm sure I don't.

Jerry (reading)—"Yale gains another five yards."

Miss Tremont—Oh, quite sure.

Jerry (reading)—"Harvard gets ball on fumble and makes a long gain through Yale's center."

Miss Tremont—On the other hand, something might happen to make me change my mind. I—I—don't know just what to tell you.

Lord Orme—Devotion such as mine should go for something, Miss Tressie. I know it's an old argument, but I am sure you would care more for me in time.

Jerry (reading)—"Yale loses five yards for off-side play. Harvard still gaining through center."

Miss Tremont—(How I hate those Harvard men). Y-yes, perhaps—I—I might, you know.

Jerry (reading)—"Jack Harper of Yale breaks through Harvard line and tackles runner for a loss—tremendous cheering on Yale bleachers." Good boy, Jack. That's the stuff.

Miss Tremont (laughing with sudden perverseness)—And then again I might not, you know.

Lord Orme (deliberately)—Miss Tressie, you and I have known each other a good bit now. You know, I'm sure, what you can expect of me. I'm not an intellectual, nor a physical giant, I confess, and I'm not what you Americans call smart, but our name is in Gotha and in Burke and all that sort of thing, and I can shoot straight and—and—and I can stick on anything that wears four hoofs—

Jerry (still reading)—"3:35 P. M.—Yale is losing ground. Harvard has the ball on Yale's twenty-five yard line. Yale does not seem able to stop Harvard's masses on tackles and guards."

Miss Tremont—I'm sure you undervalue yourself, Lord Orme. I hate smart people, and it don't follow that a girl must like a man just because he's big and strong, and I adore riding.

Lord Orme—As for that, Miss Tressie, there are about twenty thoroughbred hunters in my stables down in Surrey that are only waiting for you to ride them. Did you never ride to hounds? There's a proper jolly sport. I've a pack down there, too. It's not exactly the Quorn nor the Westminster, but it's a tidy little hunt of thirty couples, and they make music, I promise you, when they're in cry, and there's no end of foxes. We hunt twice a week in season.

Jerry continues reading in an agony of apprehension—"Yale is being driven back yard by yard. Harvard is still hammering the tackles with deadly effect. The ball is on Yale's fifteen yard line. Harvard bleachers wild with excitement."

Miss Tremont—Just think, if Yale should lose! No, I've never even seen a fox hunt, but it must be great fun.

Lord Orme—Talk about football!

Miss Tremont—I'm afraid it would almost be better than football, Lord Orme.

Lord Orme—I showed you the photograph of our town house, didn't I? It's close by the Row in Tillbury circus. It's by Vanburgh. Fairfax owned it once. And, of course, we would arrange with the dowager—that's my aunt, you know—to have you presented.

Miss Tremont (then breathlessly)—And I should be presented—presented at court? Oh! This winter? At the next Drawing-Room?

Jerry (reading)—"The ball is now on Yale's five yard line."

Lord Orme—Of course, Miss Tressie, though perhaps not at the very next Drawing-Room. I should wish to have the estate well settled up before we returned to London society.

Miss Tremont—Settled up?

Lord Orme—Things are tangled a bit. Of course—ah—(hesitating and blundering) there are—there are—ah—a few debts.

Miss Tremont (her suspicions suddenly aroused by his embarrassment)—Debts! Is that why you have been talking like that to me, Lord Orme.

Jerry—"Harvard's advance suddenly checked. Yale rallies on her five-yard line.

Lord Orme (hastily)—Don't misunderstand, Miss Tressie. Believe me, I do care for you, for yourself as much as for your money—more, I mean. But even looking at it in the worst light, after all, is it taking any unfair advantage of you? Consider the return. You would have a position and a name in London society second to but very few. Think of the town house, and the country seat in Surrey—and all the hunters and the fox hounds—and then you know there's the yacht at Cowes—and you'd be presented—and—and hang it all, Miss Tressie, I really do care awfully, y'know. I say, now, Miss Tressie, we haven't got time to put this thing off—we've got to settle it this afternoon. I'll leave you to think it over for half an hour. I'll take a stroll in the Mall or the Common or whatever it is, if I can get through this bally crowd, and come back in half an hour for your answer. What do you say, Miss Tressie?

Miss Tremont (reflectively)—Well, all right, I'll think it over.

Lord Orme—Right you are. In half an hour I can have you an answer.

Miss Tremont—Yes—I think so. (Exit Lord Orme).

Jerry (hearing the door close, turns from the window)—Hello, where's Orme gone? What's the matter, Tress? You look flustered.

Miss Tremont (aroused from a reverie into which she has fallen)—Hum? What, what is it, Jerry? Flustered? Well, I should say so. Aren't you?

Jerry (groaning)—I can't bear to watch the bulletins any more. Harvard's going to win. We can't keep 'em from it. Yale's asleep. Jack hasn't done a thing yet.

Miss Tremont—Oh, Jack's not in it any more.

Jerry—Eh! What—you say that of Jack? You? Say, Tressie, that's Orme's "fine Italian hand," I can see that.

Miss Tremont—Never you mind, Jerry.

Jerry—Look here, Tress, I know how Jack feels about you, and I don't propose you shall turn him down for any title, if I can help it. What's Orme been saying to you?

Miss Tremont—Oh, things and—and—things.

Jerry—For instance.

Miss Tremont—He's coming back for his answer in half an hour.

Jerry—You let it go as far as that?

Miss Tremont (her chin in the air)—Well?

Jerry—And what do you propose telling him?

Miss Tremont—I haven't made up my mind yet.

Jerry—Of course you have, you know you're not going to marry Lord Orme.

Miss Tremont—Pooh! I haven't said so yet.

Jerry—Say so now, then.

Miss Tremont—Oh, don't bother me. What's that last bulletin?

Jerry—Hello, hello. Oh, I say, Tress, look at what's been going on while we've been talking. (Reads)—"Yale gets the ball on downs and punts out of danger." That's something like. Oh, Yale hasn't lost yet. Tressie, don't you do anything foolish now, and make a decision all in a moment that you'll regret your whole life. Look at the men themselves. Don't you suppose that Jack's the best of the two. Why, he's big enough to make three or four Lord Ormes, and you know how much he cares for you, and I know how much you care for him and—hold on, here's another bulletin. (Excitedly). Look there, Tressie. (Reads)—"Yale's ball in center of the field. Jack Harper makes a twenty yard run around Harvard's left end." Listen to the crowd in the street shouting. That's the longest run of the day.

Miss Tremont—Well, of course, I care for Jack. It's not that I like Jack any less.

Jerry—Honestly now, isn't he the best old chap you—wait a minute, here's another—"Yale men playing like fiends; have just worked a trick on Harvard that has netted a gain of ten yards."

Miss Tremont—Splendid. Of course Jack's a dear. I never said he wasn't.

Jerry—Then why do you let Orme talk you out of it? Orme's just after your—

Miss Tremont—What's that next bulletin?

Jerry (in great excitement)—It's Jack again. Oh, Tressie, we'll beat 'em yet.

Miss Tremont—What, what did he do?

Jerry (reading)—"Yale has the ball on Harvard's twenty-five yard line. Jack Harper makes ten more yards around the end." And you said Jack wasn't in it.

Miss Tremont—I never said it.

Jerry—You did.

Miss Tremont—I never. Jack's all right.

Jerry—You bet—every time. Lord Orme, pooh! and his old hounds and his dowager and his debts.—Look there, look: "Yale is outplaying Harvard at every point."

Miss Tremont—He has got debts.

Jerry—And the governor's good money is to pay them off while—Hold on: "Yale is on Harvard's twelve yard line."

Miss Tremont—Glorious—and his nose is too long.

Jerry—Oh, confound him and his nose, watch the game; here, look (more and more excited)—"Yale is on the ten yard line. Now on the eight. The Yale bleachers are yelling like mad"—I should think they would.

Miss Tremont (clasping her hands in excitement)—Oh, we must win now.

Jerry (shouting)—"Five yards."

Miss Tremont—Oh, Jerry, isn't it exciting. Oh, if I could only see it all. Oh, Jerry, if we should fumble now.

Jerry—Fumble nothing. Jack's there, and don't you forget it. Dear old Jack.

Miss Tremont—Dear old Jack.

Jerry—Hear the crowd in the street giving the Yale yell. Think of it at Springfield now. Can't you just, just hear 'em. Can't you hear the bleachers roaring—just like thunder, Tressie. That's better than a lot of mangy fox hounds yelping, ain't it?

Miss Tremont—You bet it is—Yale! Yale!

Jerry—Here's another bulletin. Yale's on the twelve-yard line. "Harper makes three yards through tackle." Only nine yards more. "Harper makes another gain." Yale's on the eight yard line; on the six; on the five; on the three, and—now—now—now—now—now (at the top of his voice, and throwing his hat in the air)—Tressie, Jack's made the TOUCHDOWN! We've won! Oh, ain't it grand—ain't it glorious! Three times three for Yale! Say, Tressie, what's the matter with Jack Harper?

Miss Tremont—He's all right, you bet, every time.

(Enter Lord Orme, who stands mystified in the doorway).

Jerry—Who's all right?

Miss Tremont—Jack.

Jerry—Who?

Both together—Jack.

Lord Orme (with a puzled smile)—Is this some sacred and religious rite, some mysterious incantation, that I've interrupted? Miss Tressie, your hair's tumbling down; your gloves are split; your hat is all awry; your cheeks red. If I may be permitted to use the word, you do look regularly—ah—regularly bloused. And to think this is the little girl who's to be presented at the next Drawing-Room.

Miss Tremont (shouting)—No it's not. Bother your old Drawing-Room. Can't you see? Jack's won the game.

SCHAMYL'S DEFEAT

How Caucasus peaks were flashing
'Neath their crowns of dazzling snow,
How the turgid streams were dashing,
As we stemmed the torrent's flow;
Where the sun of summer dances
On the boundless steppes below,
Brightly, brightly, gleamed our lances,
When we met the Russian foe.

O the ramp and roar of battle!
Beat of hoof, and clash of steel—
While the volleys flash and rattle,
And the squadrons charge and wheel;
Far and wide the hosts are scattered,
Long and loud the cannons peal,
Now our lines are torn and shattered,
Now our ranks recoil and reel.

Here amid the dead and dying,
Lost and lorn, and wounded sore—
On the cold earth I am lying,
And the night is closing o'er;
Grant, O grant a dawn of splendor,
There beside the Caspian shore,
Where my Mitzka, true and tender,
Waits to greet her love once more.

Lo the lurid light is creeping
Slowly up the eastern sky,
Round and round the vultures sweeping,
Watch the carnage from on high;
Soon the gaunt wolves will be snarling
O'er the corpses where I lie,
Weep not, weep not, O my darling!
For thy lover doomed to die.

—LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

RONDEAU

Through painted panes a glory flows,
And over aisle and altar throws
Soft floods of crimson, blue, and gold,
Till silent forms in sculpture stoled,
Seem waking from a long repose.

Ah! how the tinted marble glows,
For every cheek now wears a rose,
And each white face seems aureoled
Through painted panes.

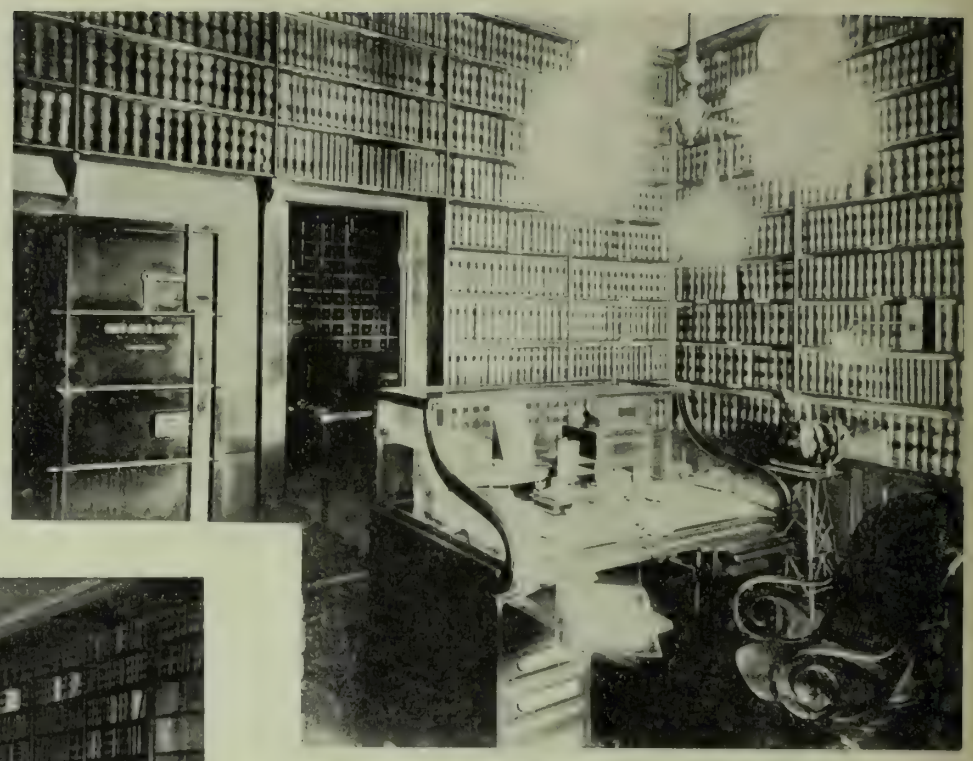
These weird word weavers, who disclose
Strange things to us in rhyme or prose,
Who conjure up the dead and cold,
Or life's great varied page unfold,
Their art is but a light that shows
Through painted panes.

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Lady Scott, who is being prosecuted in London by Earl Russell for libel, is a very fascinating woman. Even now, when over fifty, she presents a remarkably smart appearance in the dock, her slim, graceful figure, golden hair, brilliant eyes, finely chiselled but hard features still lending her a certain attractiveness.

Queen Natalie of Servia is a handsome woman, whose vigorous beauty is kept fresh by regular exercise with a heavy pitcher on her head. Every morning she takes a brisk walk in the Palace Park at Belgrade, accompanied by the pitcher. She is a tall, strong, finely developed women, whose neck and bust are as firm as marble.

A corner in the Library of Pierson & Mitchell



The main room of Pierson & Mitchell's Library

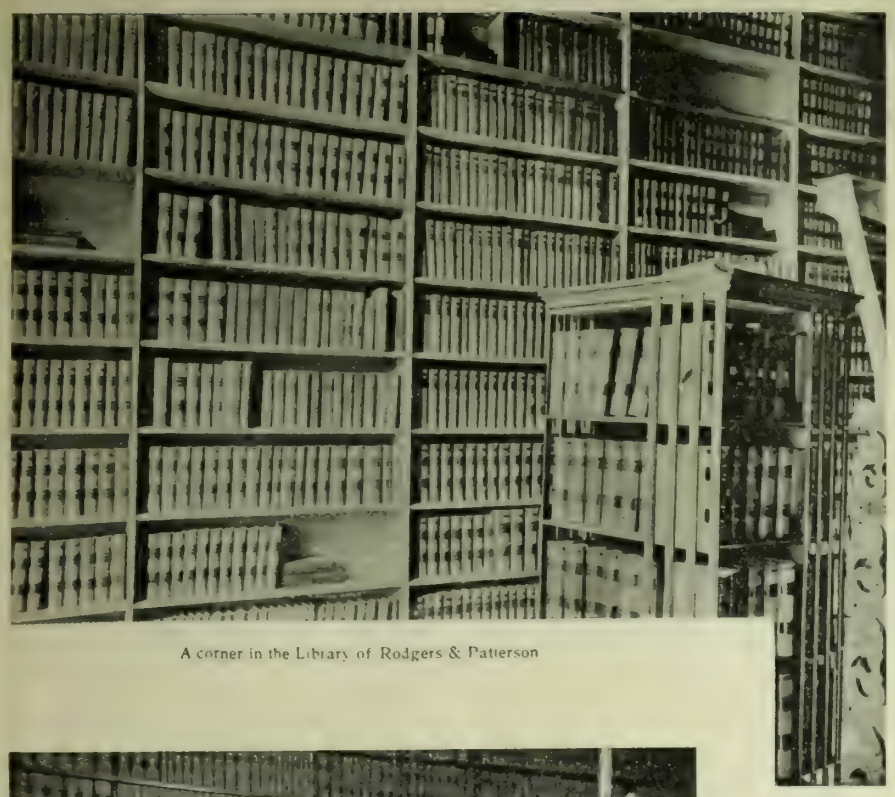
Bishop & Wheeler's Library

The brief room in Delmas & Shortridge's office

Sullivan & Sullivan's Supreme Court Reports

The Delmas & Shortridge Library

The Patent-Law Library of Wheaton, Kalloch & Kierce



A corner in the Library of Rodgers & Patterson

The Supreme Court Library

A vista in Lloyd & Wood's Library

Lloyd & Wood's Library

General W. H. L. Barnes' books

The Library of A. H. Ricketts

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LAW LIBRARIES

See page 6

A SPIRITED FIGHT

Conan Doyle's Story of Pugs and Princes in Georgian Days.

There are two fights, together with a description of a race between the coach and four of Sir John Lades and the cabriolet of Beau Tregellis, from Brighton to London, that would make the fortune of a novel half as spirited as "Rodney Stone." (D. Appleton & Co., publishers). No man who is a man can read this book without a quickened pulse. The art of Conan Doyle may lack the value of fine and subtle literary workmanship. It may not have the infinite refinement and dexterity of "The Other House," nor the morbid power of "The Carissima," but it is a cold and unsentimental nature that can refuse a tribute of admiration to the swinging vigor of this narrative or deny the force of fascination of its pages. Through its chapters move the Prince of Wales, Sheridan, Fox and Lord Nelson, but one is not pressed to observe the admirable portrayal of the Georgian era. There is nothing apparently studied about the tale. The movement is facile and rapid. We are with Nelson and Lady Hamilton in one place; and assist in another chapter in a dialogue between the Prince of Wales and his cronies. We listen to a dialogue between Beau Tregellis and Beau Brummel over a subtle question in wainscoting, and then pass on to the pugilistic supper party which the former gives in honor of the Prince, his patron and friend. In this scene occurs the fight between 'Jim" and Joe Berks -the latter a professional prize-fighter and the former a young blacksmith, who, as subsequently emerges, is the heir of a noble family. Excellent as the contest is (I reproduce its most exciting passages) it is not up to the splendid encounter which makes the denouement between Jack Harrison and Crab Wilson. Undoubtedly "Rodney Stone" is a book to be read at a sitting.

Jim had appeared in the ring stripped to the waist, with a colored handkerchief tied around his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as they looked upon the fine lines of his figure, and I found myself roaring with the rest. His shoulders were sloping rather than bulky, and his chest was deep rather than broad, but the muscle was all in the right place, rippling down in long, low curves from neck to shoulder, and from shoulder to elbow. His work at the anvil had developed his arms to their utmost, and his healthy country living gave a sleek gloss to his ivory skin, which shone in the lamplight. His expression was full of spirit and confidence, and he wore a grim sort of half-smile which I had seen many a time in our boyhood, and which meant, I knew, that his pride had set iron hard, and that his senses would fail him long before his courage.

Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in and stood with folded arms between his seconds in the opposite corner. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent, and his skin, of a dead white, with heavy folds about the chest and ribs, showed even to my inexperienced eyes that he was not a man who should fight without training. A life of toping and ease had left him flabby and gross. On the other hand, he was famous for his mettle and for his hitting power, so that even in face of the advantages of youth and condition the betting was three to one in his favor. His heavy-jowled, clean-shaven face expressed ferocity as well as courage, and he stood with his small bloodshot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and his lumpy shoulders stooping a little forward like a fierce hound straining on a leash.

The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right thrown across the lower part of his chest, while Berks held both arms half extended and his feet almost level, so that he might lead off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head and rushing in with a hand-over-hand style of hitting, bored Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knockdown, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's mouth. In an instant the seconds had seized their men and carried them back into their corners.

They were at it again, and I was jumping about upon my bucket in my excitement. It was evident that Berks meant to finish the battle off-hand, while Jim, with two of the most experienced men in England to advise him, was quite aware that his correct tactics were to allow the ruffian to expend his strength and win in vain. There was something horrible in the ferocious energy of Berks' hitting, every blow fetching a grunt from him as he smashed it in, and after each I gazed at Jim, as I have gazed at a stranded vessel upon the Sussex beach when wave after wave had roared over it, fearing each time that I should find it miserably mangled. But still the lamplight shone upon the lad's clear, alert face, upon his well-opened eyes and his firm-set mouth, while the blows were taken upon his forearm or allowed, by a quick duck of the head, to whistle over his shoulder. But Berks was artful as well as violent. Gradually he worked Jim back into an angle of the ropes, from which there was no escape, and then, when he had him fairly pinned, he sprang upon him like a tiger. What happened was so quick that I cannot set its sequence down in words, but I saw Jim make a quick stoop under the swinging arms, and at the same instant I heard a ringing smack, and there was Jim dancing about in the middle of the ring, and Berks lying upon his side on the floor with his hand to his eye.

"Time!" said Jackson, and the two men sprang forward to the mark again.

This round was a good deal shorter than that which had preceded it. Berks' orders evidently were to close at any cost, and so make use of his extra weight and strength before the superior condition of his antagonist could have time to tell. On the other hand, Jim, after his experience in the last round, was less disposed to make any great exertion to keep him at arm's length. He led at Berks' head as he came rushing in and missed him, receiving a severe body blow in return, which left the imprint of four angry knuckles above his ribs. As they closed Jim caught his opponent's bullet head under his arm for an instant, and put a couple of half-arm blows in, but the prize-fighter pulled him over by his weight, and the two fell panting side by side upon the ground. Jim sprang up, however, and walked over to his corner, while Berks, distressed by his evening's dissipation, leaned one arm upon Mendoza and the other upon Dutch Sam, as he made for his seat.

"Time!" said Jackson once more.

They were both at the mark in an instant, Jim as full of sprightly confidence as ever, and Berks with a dogged grin upon his bulldog face, and a most vicious gleam in the only eye which was of use to him. His half-minute had not enabled him to recover his breath, and his huge hairy chest was rising and falling with a quick, loud panting like a spent hound. "Go in boy! Bustle him!" roared Harrison and Belcher. "Get your wind, Joe, get your wind!" cried the Jews. So now we had a reversal of tactics, for it was Jim who went in to hit with all the vigor of his young strength and unimpaired energy, while it was the savage Berks who was paying his debt to Nature for the many injuries which he had done her. He gasped, he gurgled, his face grew purple in his attempts to get his breath, while with his long left arm extended and his right thrown across he tried to screen himself from the attack of his young antagonist. "Drop when he hits!" cried Mendoza, "drop and have a rest."

But there was no shyness or shiftiness about Berks' fighting. He was always a gallant ruffian, who disdained to go down before and antagonist as long as his legs would sustain him. He propped Jim off with his long arm, and though the lad sprang lightly round him, looking for an opening, he was held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now was in favor of Berks, and already his breathing was easier and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came back again and again as swift as a flash to the attack without being able to get past the passive defense of the trained fighting man. It was at such a moment that ringcraft was needed, and, luckily for Jim, two masters of it were at his back. "Get your left on his mark, boy!" they shouted. "Then go to his head with the right!"

Jim heard, and acted on the instant. Plunk! came his left just where his antagonist's ribs curved from his breastbone. The force of the blow was half broken by Berks' elbow, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spank! went the right, with the clear, crisp sound of two billiard balls clapping together, and Berks reeled, flung up his arms, spun round, and fell in a huge, fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up in a sitting position, his head rolling helplessly from one shoulder to the other, and finally toppling backward with his chin pointed to the ceiling. Dutch Sam thrust the brandy bladder between his teeth, while Mendoza shook him savagely and howled insults in his ear, but neither the spirits nor the sense of injury could break into that serene tranquillity. Time was duly called, and the Jews, seeing that the affair was over, let their man's head fall back with a crack upon the floor, and there he lay, his huge arms and legs a-sprawl, while the Corinthians and fighting men crowded past him to shake the hand of his conqueror.

Senator Sherman says that Mark Hanna is a man of lofty purpose and a gentleman who desires no office and hates publicity.

George Du Maurier, the eldest son of the author of "Trilby," is in New York with Beerbohm Tree's company. He is engaged to pretty Miss Marguerite Silva, of the same troupe, with whom he fell in love on the voyage across the Atlantic. He is big, broad shouldered and athletic. Miss Silva is a Belgian Jewess, is dark, has flashing black eyes and masses of black hair and a fascinating manner.

The Prince of Wales goes to church every Sunday when he is in England in a high hat and frock coat. He spends the afternoon making calls or visiting his kennels at Sandringham. On the Continent the Prince goes to the races on the Sabbath, and invariably spends the evening at some place of amusement. The Queen spends Sunday in prayer. She is preached to by an eminent clergyman for fifteen minutes, who receives $50 for his services.

Augustine Birrell is a tall man, well made, broad shouldered, with very pale face and jet black eyes. His hair and side whiskers used to be black and plentiful, though it is difficult to be accurate about their color or density after a lapse of fifteen years. He has the kind, genial expression of a refined and intellectual Mr. Pickwick. It would be difficult to discover in public life the successful author, lawyer and politician who has so carefully tended and guarded the boy's heart within the man's.

George Augustus Sala shared the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, who said that he did not care about what he had written. A characteristic story is that Sala had supplied an editor with an article, and the editor asked him whether he would object to a few alterations. This was the reply: "I have fulfilled my contract in delivering to you the required weight of raw meat. How you cook it, whether you roast it, or boil it, or hash it, or mince it, I neither care nor want to know."

Moustaphar Bey, the new Turkish Ambassador, is an experienced diplomat. For thirty years he has been employed in the Foreign Office, having entered the service when he was a lad of sixteen, has served as assistant to the second Secretary of State, and his appointment as Minister to the United States was a promotion from that position. In the early eighties he spent two years in this country on business for his Government, which gave him an opportunity to learn English.

A BIT OF MERCED RIVER
Photo by R. G. Mudge

A CHRISTMAS BELLE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY THORS

BELLES OF THE PARISIAN STAGE

1. Segond Weber. 2. Anna Held. 3. Madame Drunzer. 4. Wanda de Boneza. 5. Rose Caron. 6. Dora Parnès. 7. Cléo de Merode. 8. Mlle. Dauphin.

A GROUP OF LONDON ACTRESSES

1. Miss Evelyn Millard. 2. Miss Ellen Terry. 3. Miss Maud Jeffries. 5. Miss Florence Lloyd. 6. Mrs. Patrick Campbell. 7. Miss Maud Hobson. 8. Miss Alma Stanley.

AMERICAN STAGE BEAUTIES

AS INTERPRETED BY SAN FRANCISCO PHOTOGRAPHERS

1. Caroline Miskell Hoyt (Elite). 2. Lillian Young (Thors). 3. Caroline Bell (Elite). 4. Gertrude Elliott (Elite). 5. Kathryn Kidder (Marceau). 6. Julia Marlowe Taber (Thors). 7. Gladys Wallis (Thors). 8. Ethel Barrymore (Thors).

BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY

1. The Duchess of Leinster. 2. Lady Randolph Churchill. 3. Lady Helen Stuart. 4. The Marchioness of Londonderry. 5. Countess of Yarmouth
6. Duchess of Devonshire. 7. Countess of Warwick. 8. Lady Warwick. 9. Lady Helen Vincent.

A CANVASBACK DINNER

Familiar as the name of Charles Rollo Peters is to Art, he requires an introduction to Literature. Here, he makes his first appearance in print, and there is an interesting incident to account for the conversion of this talented painter into a teller of tales. Peters studied his profession in Paris, and before returning to San Francisco attended a Bohemian dinner in London. During the evening he related several humorous experiences of Latin-Quarter life, the "Canvasback Dinner" among the number. Young Mr. Harper, of Harper & Brothers, who was among the guests, was much taken with the tales, and he persuaded Peters to write them out, promising his firm would publish them. Mr. Peters is now at Monterey, dividing his time between paint and ink, and the book will emerge early in the Spring.

An American dinner at Quilliamham's was a treat sought by all the American painters in Paris.

Alas! but a favored few were invited. Even to think of an American dinner in Paris made the mouths of the artists water, and who could blame them? For already they had laid the foundation for future indigestion, dining in cheap restaurants and consuming large quantities of the deadly "filet soixante-quinze aux pommes paille," which stripped of its sounding title simply meant horse and the "plum pudding" served on Thanksgiving day, Christmas, Queen's Birthday, etc., as a special compliment to foreign patrons of the restaurant has laid low with indigestion many a talented but unfortunate artist.

Therefore, to be invited to Quilliamham's was a favor sought by all.

When Deklink, the clever but always hungry and poverty stricken landscape painter, told his fellow-students at the Beaux-Arts, the important fact that he was invited for Thursday evening to a Canvasback duck dinner, and was getting himself in training for the event, the neglected ones, full of envy, said: "Old Quilliamham will have to import the whole shoot of the Chesapeake to satisfy such a tapeworm as you unfortunately nourish," which remark, if bitter, was still founded on fact, for no one in the Quarter had a keener appetite to satisfy with an empty purse than the painter of the harmonious and poetic landscapes. There was nothing in the appearance of Deklink that would lead one to imagine such a commonplace-looking man should in his painting show the real soul of a poet.

Even while at work out doors, painting his charming studies, the ever hungry painter would repeat in pathetic voice the "menus" of the steamer in which he had crossed from America, and Deklink candidly avowed the only time he had enough to eat was on the run over, where they had "four meals a day." He always walked from the Beaux-Arts up the Rue Bonaparte and into the Place St. Sulpice, then down the narrow Rue des Quartre-vents into the little market of the Latin Quarter, there to feast his eyes on the tempting morsels so carefully and daintily arranged as to make attractive even uncooked meat.

Once the unfortunate Deklink narrowly escaped arrest in the market, for he could not withstand the temptation to touch a fat duck, whose quack of alarm at the liberty attracted the attention of the keeper of the stall, who called in a shrill voice, "Au voleur!" The wretched painter only escaped by proving to the gendarmes the impossibility of pulling such a fat bird through the closely placed bars.

The invitation to the Canvasback dinner had come in time. Deklink's purse was becoming as empty as his stomach. The reading of cook books and looking at Chardin's studies of still life in the Louvre were rapidly driving the unhappy painter into a state that would end in some desperate manner.

Possibly he would consume the contents of a tube of chrome yellow or make a Pasteur filter of himself by eating his charcoal.

So argued Duff Denver: "I must get old Quilliamham to invite Deklink to one of his American dinners, and the memory of it will suffice to make the poor devil imagine he has a full stomach for many moons to come."

So Duff invited old Quilliamham to a poker party at his rooms, where they played an enticing game called "Cuff poker," which meant that losses could be compromised on easy terms.

If at the end of the game one player owed the other three hundred francs, it could be liquidated by a cash payment of three francs. Other sums in proportion.

The old millionaire would bet 50,000 francs on a horse race or at his club take the bank at baccarat for 100,000 francs, and of course not hesitate to pay the entire sum if he lost, but in the game amongst the students, he would have to have a very good hand before risking a franc, and the moment he found himself ahead a few francs, would be seized with horrible cramps or a violent headache, and quit the game.

The losers, however, were always sure of an invitation to one of the famous American dinners.

In answer to Duff's invitation, old Quilliamham stumbled up the winding stairway of the "Hotel du Senat" to Duff's chambers.

The "garcon" in his haste to announce that a gentleman wearing a real fur-lined overcoat had called, had, on the draughty stairway permitted the candle to blow out, and so the puffing Quilliamham stumbled hastily after him in fear of being left alone on the dark and treacherous stairway.

Hearing the noise, Duff came to the door with a light. "Sorry you fell in with that stupid garcon, Joseph, Mr. Quilliamham," he said. Puffing and grunting, the millionaire entered the room. Duff helped him off with the famous fur-lined coat, as a tall, thin young man, with the face of Dante arose from his seat near the fire and blushed as the remains of a huge cream cake fell to the floor.

"Permit me to present Mr. Deklink to Mr. Quilliam ham. The introduction gives me pleasure, double pleas ure, in presenting two such lovers of the noble game o draw, and allow me to add, Mr. Deklink draws beauti fully. I know you will think me an Anglo-maniac, m jokes are so English."

Quilliamham and Deklink laughed. Duff brought va rious bottles from the interior of an old Breton clock "Joseph has keys to all the furniture except this clock so I make it my wine cellar."

It was always the custom when Quilliamham called t allow him to brew the punch, and with reason, for th queer old collector was simply a marvel at mixing en ticing drinks.

Quilliamham produced two beautiful limes from th depths of the pockets of the great coat, and said: "You will pardon me, Denver, but Latin Quarter limes are no good, and if we spoil the punch we spoil the evening."

"Right you are," said Duff. Deklink looked on in wonder, and secretly hoped this strange character would produce a Canvasback duck or some sweet potatoes from the same source, for while awaiting Quilliamham's coming Duff had enchanted Deklink with appetizing descrip tions of the old collector's dinners. Although just fin ished dinner, Deklink already felt hungry, and nothing would satisfy him but an American dinner "chez Quil liamham."

The punch was excellent as usual, and in happy mood they comenced to play. The game went on, and Deklink a really miserable player, lost 275 francs. Duff purposely lost, and the additions made by old Quilliamham on a piece of paper as he gave Duff more chips caused him to chuckle with delight.

The wretched Deklink felt goose-flesh creeping over him, and a hard, choking feeling in the throat somewhat resembling the effects of the celebrated "filet soixante-quinze" when too hastily eaten.

"Two hundred and seventy-five francs! How could he pay it; unless old Quilliamham would take a picture, he saw no way to meet the debt." He knew Duff was hard up also, at the time, and could not understand how he could be so gay under such losses.

"Remember, we said quit at twelve o'clock and no later, win or lose," squeaked the cunning Quilliamham, who felt he was far enough ahead.

At these fatal words Deklink groaned inwardly, knowing it to be near twelve, and no chance to recoup.

Just then the bells of St. Sulpice chimed midnight! At the first stroke, like the miser in "The Bells of Corneville," Quilliamham commenced to count his chips.

Finishing that pleasant task, he with deep satisfaction looked over the list of chips furnished Duff and Deklink. "Denver, 460 francs; Deklink, 275."

As Deklink was about to throw himself at the mercy of the fortunate collector, Duff calmly said, "460 francs for

BEFORE THE HORSE SHOW

A LUNCHEON SCENE IN THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM OF THE PALACE HOTEL

me, that means 4 francs 60 centimes; here you are," pushing over a five-franc piece. Quilliamham pocketed the piece and handed him the change.

The bewildered Deklink's honest eyes stuck out of his head as Duff said: "275 francs for Deklink; allow me to pay the 275 francs, as I am the villain who enticed you into this game."

Old Quilliamham beamed with delight; it had indeed been a great evening. The millionaire had won nearly eight francs, and strange as it may appear, these poor eight francs, won from these poverty-stricken painters, gave him more satisfaction than winning a thousand times the sum on a hard fought horse race or at the club at baccarat.

Deklink sat in a daze, and only recovered when this original type said: "I have a couple of Canvasback ducks, some blue points and terrapin sent me by the Maryland Club, and would be pleased to have you, gentlemen, aid me in doing them honor to-morrow evening at seven."

Denver could not resist the temptation to tease the afflicted Deklink, and said: "For myself, I accept with thanks, but fear Mr. Deklink has an engagement for to-morrow evening."

Deklink could not restrain himself, and in his excitement fairly shouted, "Nothing of the kind, six o'clock, did you say, Mr. Quilliamham? I'll be there," he cried eagerly.

"No, seven," answered the millionaire, "but will be pleased to have you come at six, as I would like to show you 'Audobon's Birds;' have just bought the edition from Quarich; the plates are beautiful, and may interest you."

"I'll be hungry enough, without looking at birds in a book," said Deklink sadly to himself, "but I had better say Yes, as he might back out."

The parting night-cap was drunk, and Denver, taking the lamp, lighted Quilliamham down the stairs and into the court. He heard the squeaking voice of the collector call, "Cordon, s'il vous plait," and after a brief wait, the cord was pulled by the sleepy concierge; the great door swung open, and Quilliamham passed out in the Rue de Tournon.

As Deklink made his way to his little room in the attic, Duff could hear him gleefully say, "Canvasbacks! Blue points! T-e-r-r-a-p-i-n!" "Poor devil," thought Duff, "what tortures he must suffer, always hungry and no money! I could not afford the four francs I lost, but I know old Quill would not invite us unless he was a winner, so poor Deklink will have a dinner "as is a dinner" to-morrow night, and I don't object myself. Wonder if tapeworms are contagious, or if it is my sympathetic nature that makes me sigh for the savory Canvasback and Quilliamham's terrapin is the real thing, and not made of calf."

Precisely at six o'clock the expectant Deklink entered the broad marble entrance of the elegant apartment house in the Avenue Boise de Boulogne, and in a timid way inquired of the opulent concierge if Monsieur Quilliamham was "chez lui."

"Have you a card?" asked the autocrat of the "cordon," looking disdainfully at the thin and poorly dressed artist.

"I have forgotten my card case," said Deklink, and the honest fellow blushed at the fabrication.

"Oh!" said the aristocrat somewhat more politely, "Mr. Quilliamham has just returned from the races; the apartment is on the second flight."

Deklink ascended the stairway and touched the electric button. The door opened, and a tall negro butler appeared. "Is Mr. Quilliamham at home?" Before the butler could answer, the squeaking voice of the millionaire collector cried, "Show the gentleman in. Glad to see you, Mr. Deklink; you flatter me by being promptly on time. We have a full hour to look over the 'Audobon.' Come, George Washington, help the gentleman off with his coat."

"No thank you," said the painter, embarrassed at the thought of what a sad sight he would be dining in his shirt sleeves.

Quilliamham led the way to the library. Passing through the sumptuous Salon, Deklink caught sight of magnificent Gobelin tapestries, numbers of original bronzes of Bare, Maine and Clodian. On the floor were beautiful old Prayer rugs, each one worth a small fortune.

The library was in the severe style of the First Empire. The massive book cases were the originals from La Mal Maison. The chairs bore the signature of Jacob, and the large table upon which were placed the great works of Audobon also bore the name of Jacob, the Master.

Poor Deklink almost forgot that he was hungry, as he looked at the beautiful and carefully studied plates. "I have seen 'Gould's birds,' but I like 'Audobon's better," he said in his frank way.

Quilliamham beamed with pride. The artist was not a man of tact, but had, by accident, struck a warm chord in the old collector's heart, for whenever Quilliamham added a new treasure to his collection, be it a tapestry, a Bare, a rare book or a marvelous bit of old porcelain, the collector would forget all his old treasures and lavish his love and attention on the new acquisition.

"I am glad we are mutual in our choice. I have 'Gould's Birds' also, but must say I prefer 'Audobon's."

"George!" he called in his squeaking voice. The big negro entered the room. "Bring in the cigars. Permit me, Mr. Deklink, to propose a cocktail as an appetizer."

The ever hungry Deklink looked at him with an expression that said, "He's guying me; appetizer! He don't know me."

Washington soon appeared with the cigars and cocktails, set them down on the table, and Deklink wondered how such a giant could leave the room so noiselessly.

The cocktail and the engraving of the lordly Canvasback were not long in bringing Deklink's awful affliction to a desperate pitch of hunger. He commenced to be impatient. "Why did Duff not come? And would dinner never be announced?"

Fortunately George Washington announced, "Mr. Duff Denver, sah," and Quilliamham arose to greet him. "Will you have a cocktail to aid you in attacking the ducks?' "No, but with your permission, will take a 'Charley Foster,'" said Duff. "Certainly. George, bring the gin and Vermouth."

"These appetizers make me tired," mumbled Deklink to himself. "They're nothing but a pose, and take up time. Thank God I don't need them to get up enough courage to dine."

"Dinner's ready, sah," said George. Deklink could have blessed him for those welcome words.

"Something new?" said Duff, pointing to a massive wrought-iron turn-spit, which swung in the big, open fireplace.

"No. I discovered it some time ago in Normandy. They said it came from the chateau of 'La Roche Gaillard.' You see it is a big one. Notice how large the wheels and weights are. I believe you could roast two sheep on it."

Hearing this encouraging remark, Deklink looked at the old irons with renewed interest, and said, "The old-timers were no fools, after all."

Quilliamham thought he referred to the mechanism of the apparatus, and the unhappy Deklink had to listen to a long lecture on the advantages of old-time methods.

Again Washington came to the rescue by taking his place behind the chair of Quilliamham.

"The blue points are simply superb," said Duff. The host smiled a gratified smile, and the efficient George kept the wonderful old Sauterne in circulation.

Deklink was silent. He was too busy to speak, and felt at last he was living!

Duff watched him with keen satisfaction. "Hope the poor devil won't choke. I cannot imagine where he is to find room for the Canvasbacks after the fearful attacks he has made on the hors d'oeuvres and the oysters."

Duff had politely left one oyster, and the efficient butler was about to remove the plates. Deklink, who had long since consumed all his, had his eagle glance fastened on Duff's sole, surving blue point.

Coming from the most humble people, and with no advantages, one could not expect Deklink to be a Chesterfield, but the ridiculous faux pas he was about to make astounded even Duff, who had long known this rough diamond. Deklink played uneasily with his knife and fork, and at length blurted out, "Say, George, as Mr. Denver don't want that oyster, bring it to me."

The butler really turned white. Duff with difficulty restrained himself from laughing aloud, and old Quilliamham, with excellent tact, endeavored to appear oblivious of the astounding incident.

At length the supreme moment arrived. The two kings of the world of game were brought on the table. Washington watched his master eagerly, to see if they were done to that epicure's taste. Deklink's eyes had followed the ducks from the moment they passed the door, and with a look of mingled impatience and longing he gazed upon them as the host sharpened his carvers.

"Done to a turn," cried old Quill, as with master hand he carved the plump breasts.

"I'll have some fun with Deklink's tapeworm," said Duff to himself; "get Quilliamham started on horse races and keep the hungry and impatient Deklink on the anxious seat."

"Understand you were at Auteuil this afternoon, Mr. Quilliamham. "Did Quickstep, the English crack, win the big handicap?"

"If you had lost as much as I have on that infernal race, you would know damned well he did not!!" Quilliamham's face went from red to purple with rage, and in his excitement dropped the carvers, with his squeaking voice running up and down the scale, now almost a whisper, now high and shrill, like a toy locomotive's whistle, he commenced to describe the race.

Deklink took his longing gaze from the ducks to glare at Duff, who pretended not to see him, as he skillfully led Quilliamham on, the latter by now having become so excited that he had absolutely forgotten the ducks.

"I will tell you all about the race. It was a diabolical swindle!! The race was Quickstep's without a doubt. He was such a favorite that I had to put up 15,000 francs to win a thousand, but I felt it was like finding the money, so, like every one else who knows a good thing, backed him heavily, and—" Deklink was becoming frantic. He moved uneasily in his seat, and smiled in a sickly way, pretending to be interested as old Quilliamham glanced in his direction.

"I cannot tell you how surprised," fairly yelled the host, wildly gesticulating with both hands, "how stunned I was, and even yet I see them, Quickstep running so clear that there seemed no other horse in the race. So far in the lead that—"

Deklink could stand it no longer. Rising from his chair, trembling with excitement, he cried to the astonished host, "Darn the race, come now, carve—those—ducks."

Old Quilliamham was so surprised that he did not know whether to laugh or get angry. Duff was convulsed with laughter and the wretched Deklink sank back in his chair.

Again the awful tapeworm had brought disgrace and mortification upon its victim.

CHARLES ROLLO PETERS.

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THE DEAD CALYPSO

Where be thy witcheries now, woman of wonderful beauty,
Priestess of profligate love, passionless, pallid and cold.
Sweet was the soul-searing cult taught by thy liberal kisses,
Sweeter the chalice of love formed by thy sensuous mouth,
Ripe as the sumptuous grape, rich as the rose in its redness,
But unto them that did drink, fatal as waters of death.
Left unto thee are the dregs, bitter and biting as wormwood,
Freezing the blood in thy veins, leaving thee rigid and still.
Strange that those lewd lava lips, once so alluring and mocking,
Wear such an innocent smile, chaste as a maiden's in sleep;
Nay, but they wither and change, livid they seem unto blueness,
Shrunk in their soft silken skin, as when the tropical sun,
Drinking the life of the grape, leaves it abandoned and shrivelled,
Gibbetted on its own vine, swinging like felon forgot.

Almost again do I hear thy voice and its passionate murmur,
Soft as the musical moan of waves on the slumbering shore,
Luring and leading me on to a haven that shone like a heaven,
Bright with its promise of bliss, fair as a rhapsodist's dream,
Misted with halos of gold, yet but a vanishing mirage
Visioned in exquisite grace over a desert of death.

Season of infinite joy, when the passion-born vow incoherent,
Murmured of love that would live, and living, would laugh at all change;
Season of doubt and distrust, night-time of lethal embraces,
When from thy sepulchred past rose a thousand promiscuous loves,
When to thy lust-leavened lips rose the lees of their spectral caresses,
That artifice could not disguise, nor fraud into feality frame.

* * * * * * * *

Dead is the light in thine eyes, yet recollection beholds them,
Shining like stars that are seen in the depths of a sea that is calm;
Then losing themselves in the wave, when the breath of the gathering tempest
Lashes the slumbering deep till it leaps to the lowering skies;
Thus when deceit was forgot in thy senses' exuberant triumph,
Then have I wondering gazed on the spheres of thy questioning eyes,
Swooning away into white, as when the rays of the morning
Chase the black shadows of night back to their caverns of gloom;
Thus have I seen them revolve, slowly and dreamily turning
Into thy love-laden brain, there passion's secret to find,
Leaving their opaline orbs shining like meaningless mirrors,
Till the long kiss that I gave coaxed the lost irises back.
Now under curtains of wax lustreless crescents of whiteness,
Cold as the frost on the pane, hint of those rapturous hours;
Where is their luminous gleam, which like the treacherous beacons
Lighted by wreckers to lure the mariner on to his doom,
Over life's uncertain sea, shone with a bale and a beauty,
Till the poor credulous bark dashed on the rock of thy heart.

* * * * * * * *

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Pope and the Queen have again been exchanging courtesies. His Holiness having communicated to Her Majesty his congratulations and best wishes that Her Majesty had now reigned for a longer period than any of her predecessors. The Pope and the Queen are very old acquaintances. His Holiness was first presented to Her Majesty in 1843, when, as Monsignor Pecci, he was Papal legate at the Court of the King of the Belgians. They met again three years later, when the future Pope was on a holiday in London.

SCENES IN CYPRESS LAWN

Photos by Tyler

CYPRESS LAWN CEMETERY

A Burial-Ground Where the Grave are Kept Green by Contract.

Ten miles south of San Francisco at the foot of the San Bruno mountains is situated Cypress Lawn cemetery. This beautiful burial ground has none of the grewsome aspects of an ordinary graveyard. As we alight from the cars and walk with reverent steps up the stately avenue that leads through the massive granite gateway we feel that this is indeed God's acre. It seems as though nature herself had selected this consecrated spo. for some holy purpose.

In other cemeteries you will find a wilderness of dilapidated tombstones and disfiguring fences. One burial lot will be the object of loving care and the next one to it, maybe, is entirely neglected. But it is not so at Cypress Lawn. The mausoleum of the millionaire and the poor man's grave receive alike the best of care. And it will be that way always. It is stipulated in the sale of each lot that the purchaser shall pay in addition 33 1-3 per cent of the price of the lot, and in return the company covenants and agrees to keep said lo. in perpetual repair. This 33 1-3 per cent goes into a general fund, and is invested by the trustees in United States bonds or other eminently good securities. The interest on such investments is faithfully expended in keeping the lots in order.

The following named gentlemen have charge of the afore-mentioned investments, and act as trustees of the Association: Charles N. Felton, president; Irving M. Scott, vice-president; Timothy Hopkins, treasurer; Alanson H. Phelps, secretary; Walter E. Dean, George W. McNear, John Taylor, James Scobie and Hamden H. Noble.

Cypress Lawn is the only cemetery on the coast where every lot is sold with a guarantee that it will be cared for forever. Over twenty men are constantly employed about the grounds, and some sixty thousand dollars were expended in improvements during the past year. With an admirable location to begin with, Cypress Lawn is admittedly one of the best planned cemeteries in the country. It is laid out in the fashion of a park, and all fences, copings and artificial irregularities around burial lots are strictly prohibited. The lawn plan is being adopted by all the principal cemeteries in the East. It is preferable to all others, because, first, it does not detract from the natural beauty of the scene, and, second, the lots can be kept in complete repair for less than one-fourth the amount annually required under the old order of things. This great saving allows the lot owner to spend (if he so wishes) a much larger sum in the erection of a more appropriate and permanent monument. All memorials set up in this cemetery must be either of marble, granite or real bronze. These materials are unaffected by the weather, and being otherwise (with good treatment) practically indestructible, the monuments in Cypress Lawn will remain for centuries in their pristine state.

THE ENTRANCE

When the grief-stricken ones come to pay the final tribute of their friendship and affection they are not shocked with ghastly suggestions of death and despair —on the contrary, all the surroundings speak of hope and immortality. The sympathetic handling of sorrow robs it of its most distressing features. The kind and thoughtful management of funerals at Cypress Lawn is worthy of all commendation. As the funeral car glides into the company's private station it is met by trained attendants appropriately uniformed, who take charge of the catafalque and convey it either to the mortuary chapel or else direct to the place of sepulture. The chapel, a handsome brick and stone structure of the Renaissance order of architecture, is free for the use of patrons of the cemetery. A chaplain also is always in attendance, who will officiate at funerals whenever desired. The earth taken from the grave is carefully covered with evergreens and flowers; the receptacle of the coffin is heavily padded, making noiseless the clods thrown in upon it. Seats are provided for the mourners at the grave, and in wet weather matting is spread and a canopy erected over the place of interment. Everything that humanity and experience could suggest to spare the feelings of the bereaved ones is acted upon, and nothing is left undone that the last sad offices for the dead may be performed with due solemnity and honor.

Cypress Lawn is an ideal burial place. It also has the best facilities for cremation. The new crematory (see illustration) from an architectural as well as a scientific standpoint is justly considered the finest in the country. Its companion, the Columbarium, designed to hold the ashes of the cremated dead in perpetuity, is another noble edifice. Seen through the shimmering gray-green leaves of th eucalyptus, this massy structure with its roof of fluted tiles, a veritable tower of silence, seems a type of eternity. In its interior are numerous niches, carved in the solid rock for the reception of incinerated humanity.

Although it has been in existence but comparatively a short time, Cypress Lawn contains the remains of many of San Francisco's most distinguished dead. The cemetery affords exceptional advantages for the display of handsome monuments, and already it is possessed of some splendid examples of mortuary art. The Pope, Hobart and Kohl mausoleums, the Hancock peristyle, the Iona cross erected to the memory of Bishop Kip, the Scobie monument and the Brickwell boulder are especially noteworthy. In the Pope mausoleum is inserted a beautiful reproduction of "the Annunciation," by Bourgereau in art glass. It is a wonderful picture, and undoubtedly the greatest work ever achieved in art glass. On the "gore" will soon be erected a magnificent memorial of the late Senator Hearst. It is to cost an enormous sum, and when completed it will be by far the finest private monuments in America.

The cemetery is managed by nine directors elected by the lot owners, each one from a different religious denomination or faith, as it is the intention to have the cemetery strictly non-sectarian—non-sectarian in the sense that it is not bound by the rules of any particular sect, especially such rules as forbid the burial of different members of a family in the same plot, because of a difference in their faith.

The Southern Pacific company runs three funeral trains a day to Cypress Lawn, and the electric cars pass there every fifteen minutes.

DINNER TIME IN THE KITCHEN OF THE MAISON RICHE

The Riche is one of the famous French restaurants of San Francisco. Chef Giannini is a celebrated cordon bleu, and a graduate of Delmonico's, New York

WHICH IS THE STANDARD?

A Discussion as to Which of the American Railways is Really the Standard Road.

Did the question ever come up in your mind as to what line of railroad was really the standard road of America?

I sat with a group of well informed railroad men one day last week, and heard this subject discussed from an intelligent standpoint.

The discussion I speak of had narrowed down to the merits of the Pennsylvania lines as compared with those of the New York Central. Both are magnificently equipped properties, and both maintain a very high standard. but from the point of view of a disinterested observer, certainly the Pennsylvania man had much the better of the argument, for he was able to match every claim of his adversary and "go him one better."

"The Pennsylvania line," said one of the speakers, 'has undoubtedly been the pioneer in modern equipment. It was the first to introduce the semaphore and block system of signaling. Then the entire length of its most admirable road is divided into blocks, with watchmen stationed along its length within sight of each other. The road-bed is as carefully kept as the favorite walk in a lady's garden. The line is equipped with means of filling its water tanks while trains are moving at a high rate of speed. Its cars are of the best and most modern make."

"The scenery along its lines in the Alleghany mountains is superb," said the agent of a rival road.

"But most of all," added another, "their employes are the most willing and polite in America. You know every man on the Pennsylvania road has the knowledge that his position is absolutely secure so long as good behavior continues, and that promotion is certain as a reward of merit. No political or other kind of pull can remove him or crowd a favorite ahead of him."

"In traveling over the Pennsylvania a year or so ago," said an old gentleman, "I made it my business to ride in the day coaches rather than in the sleeper, simply for the purpose of interrogating passengers boarding the train at way stations. The popularity of the Pennsylvania in the country which it traverses is astounding to a Californian. The whole great machine is so systematized that there is no friction, no clashing. Six hundred trains leave the Philadelphia depot daily just like clock-work."

"With a thorough system and faithful employes, accidents should hardly ever occur," suggested one of the gentlemen.

"You might almost say they never do occur," said another.

"How about speed?" asked the first.

"The run of the Pennsylvania from New York to Philadelphia is one of the astonishing things in American railroading," said a stout man. "The distance is ninety miles, and the run is made in ninety minutes, including three or four stops. Notwithstanding this speed, the road-bed is so carefully looked after, so well ballasted, that the sensation is one of gliding along a polished surface rather than that of rolling along on wheels."

"Within the past year the Pennsylvania road has been engaged in shortening the length of its line between Chicago and New York," said the Pennsylvania man. "One piece of engineering which cut three miles off the length of the road cost the company in the neighborhood of a million dollars. Wherever a curve occurs that may by any possibility be avoided, expense is not taken into consideration, but speed, comfort and safety are alone considered, and the objectionable detour is replaced by a straight track."

So the discussion ran along, to which I could contribute here and there a bit of information. Indeed, the vice-president of one of the lines of railroad running between Chicago and New York confessed to me, in his office in New York one day last June, that the standard road of America was doubtless the Pennsylvania. He said: "We may lay claim to our advantages, but after all, the Pennsylvania leads us."

East of Chicago, you will do well to purchase your ticket over the Pennsylvania, both going and coming, and investigate for yourself. The San Francisco agent of this great system or railroads, Mr. William Bedell, is located at No. 20 Montgomery street. Like all Pennsylvania railroad employes, he is loyal and enthusiastic, and it is worth one's while to drop in upon him, and hear him dilate upon the merits of the road he represents, upon its wonderful system, upon its kindness to employes, upon its carefulness for the comfort and safety of its passengers.

A GREAT INDUSTRY

Some years ago a certain large eastern oyster firm sent to this coast a large consignment of oysters. As many as possible were disposed of in San Francisco and the surrounding counties, but so large did the consignment prove that the firm was threatened with losing the greater part. Then it was that M. B. Moraghan, now the oyster king of California, thought of planting the oysters in the warm waters near Burlingame in order to preserve them for another year. This accident was the means of starting this valuable California industry.

The same perseverance and originality which first started Mr. Moraghan in this enterprise he has kept up, and he has been repaid by the steady growth of his business. Now he stands as the largest and most successful planter in California. His beds at Burlingame have grown to an enormous extent, and the oysters produced there are notably the finest and best flavored and most widely sought after of those produced on the coast. The Palace Hotel Grill Rooms and all the leading oyster parlors are all Mr. Moraghan's customers, and these establishments serve no other oysters.

In another part of the paper is a picture of the stall occupied by Mr. Moraghan in the California Market. This stall is characterized by neatness and cleanliness, and for a first-class plate of oysters, a fine, juicy steak, or a choice broiled chop it cannot be equaled in San Francisco. This stall is also the distributing point for the Moraghan oysters, and families desiring bivalves will go further and fare worse if they try purchasing elsewhere their supply of oysters.

M MORAGHAN'S STALL IN THE CALIFORNIA MARKET

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

There can be no doubt as to the success of the Horse Show, at least from the social standpoint. It is here that the debutantes practically enter the lists, measure swords and carry off the ribbons, blue, white or red, according to their degree of beauty or charm. To be a success at the Horse Show means to bear the laurel throughout the season. Last year, Miss Hannah Williams, now Mrs. Walter Hobart, was proclaimed Queen of Beauty—this time the honors are more evenly divided. There are more claimants for the prize. Each of the maidens has her own following of knights, and the names of Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Helen Hopkins and Miss Helen Wagner have been suggested. The first two are typical Californian beauties—tall, stunning-looking girls, who may be more aptly described as handsome rather than lovely. Miss Wagner, on the contrary, reverts to an old world type. She is petite, piquant and picturesque. To discriminate as to the degree of attractiveness possessed by these maidens is a task too difficult for the writer. 'Twould require more judges than one to arbitrate a question that is really more complex than the Venezuelan boundary line, more perplexing than the points of a thoroughbred. There are certain rules that govern all other matters, but with beauty in woman it most frequently lies in the eyes of the beholder.

However, the debutantes compare very favorably with those of yester-year. These maidens, however, are especially favored of the gods, for many of them have in addition to youth and beauty purse lined with gold doubloons.

I wish I could say as much for the gowning at the Horse Show, but with the exception of the dresses described last week, I saw few which were worthy a second glance. The inexpediency of wearing a light gauzy chiffon to a show of this kind cannot be sufficiently insisted upon. How any woman possessing a sense of the fitness of things can array herself in a material so delicate, trail it over tan bark and crush it against rude boards, is inconceivable. It shows a lack of comprehension of the correct values of things and almost amounts to a breach of etiquette. In New York, the smart set dress richly, it is true, but leave their mulls, chiffons, gauzes and jewels for the balls, operas, etc., where the setting is suitable. We do not plant cabbages in a conservatory or orchids in a corral!

One of the neatest stories of the Horse Show season is the concern of several prominent maidens. Early last week a young man calling himself Thorne rang up some half dozen debutantes by telephone. He said he had just arrived from New York with letters from Miss Ethel Keeney. He wished to join the various dancing classes, asked permission to call, and further stated that he had a box for the Horse Show which he hoped to be allowed to place at the disposal of the young ladies on certain evenings. Some swallowed the bait with avidity; others, more astute, said he might present his letters, but evaded the question of entertainment. All awaited developments, but the man never turned up and the box proved a myth. The more simple maids are deploring their ill-luck, while the more sagacious are wondering the raison d'etre of so purposeless a hoax.

If present indications augur aught for this season's gayety, the debutantes may anticipate a dull time. I was recently looking backward over the events of a year ago and found that, for the week ending December 21st we had no less than four dancing parties, a "Hunt" ball, besides dinners, luncheons and teas innumerable. Then the difficulty lay in discriminating as to which of the events merited chronicling; now, even a minor festivity deserves a paragraph. I regret to see that the fad for giving luncheons down town seems to have fallen into abeyance. Last year the ambition of each bud was to have an entertainment at the 'Varsity Club or the Palace Grill: now, all seem content to swim in oceans of weak tea. The balls also are conspicuous by their absence. No debutante is heralded with the eclat that ushered in Miss Alice Hager or Miss Romietta Wallace. No successor to Mr. Baldwin has been found to give us a "Hunt" ball. Even the Horse Show did not inspire more than a momentary sparkle of enthusiasm. In the boxes which were formerly filled with laughing crowds of men and maids I noted the family regime pre-eminent. Pater and mater-familias, a maiden aunt or two, the daughter of the house and one lonely man. The most conservative element did not parade; it is not considered good form in New York, I believe. However, it is certainly more fun than to sit glued to one's seat for three hours watching the curious lack of skill possessed by the average Park policeman, but then one must pay something to attain that bored expression without which even sixteen quarterings will not warrant social recognition in New York.

The meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly was not so well attended last week, owing partially to the Horse Show, which prevented the older set from putting in an appearance. The cotillion was led by Mr. Douglas McBride and Miss Anna Lawlor. The figures were very simple but pretty, and Miss Lawlor looked charming in a dainty frock of white organdie trimmed with lace. The dancing of the members of this class is especially worthy of attention. They appear as though treading on air and are both graceful and sprightly. Miss Marie Messer is one of the best dancers, and I am told that she is among the most intelligent girls in the class. Miss Charlotte Field is a tall, stylish looking girl, with brown eyes and creamy complexion. She wore an effective costume of Dresden organdie over pink silk. Miss Edna Dickens is one of the prettiest girls in the class, and looked fetching in a pale pink frock. Miss Nettie Black wore black organdie and green ribbons. Miss Crowell, white organdie over green satin. Miss Van Wyck wore a soft white frock, with bright ribbons. Miss Gertrude Palmer looked charming in white organdie over pale blue. Of the older girls the Misses Moody looked handsome in lavendar and pink silk.

In spite of the drawing powers of the Horse Show, may be by reason thereof, the last meeting of the Friday Fortnightly was by far the smartest of the series. It was not a crowded affair, but all the prettiest of the buds were present, and the men were in the majority. The gowning was in excellent taste, and I really noted prettier frocks than were worn at the last Friday Night. The german was led by Mr. Allen Wright, assisted by Mr. Addison Mizner. Mr. Wright deserves much commendation, both on account of the original figures he introduced and the manner in which they were executed. Miss Bernice Drown appeared most popular among the debutantes. She is a jolly girl and thus far is quite unspoiled. Of the dancers, Miss Ethel Cohen takes the palm as the most graceful. Miss Edith Stubbs was gowned in a chic frock of figured organdie, with green sleeves and ribbons. Miss Fanny Baldwin looked sweet in a Dresden silk gown with a green pattern on a white ground. Miss Mae Moody was lovely in pale pink silk. An exceedingly pretty girl is Miss Helen Thomas. She is tall, with leaf brown hair and rosy cheeks. She was gowned in pale blue swiss. After the cotillion Miss Laura Scott invited thirty-five young people to an informal supper at the new Polk-street Restaurant. They had a rarely merry time, regaled themselves upon tamales and kept up the fun till a late hour. All the debutantes were present.

The Thursday Night Assembly Club held its usual meeting last week. It was a jolly affair and numbers of pretty gowns were seen. Among the girls whom I especially noted were Miss May Sullivan in white silk and chiffon, Miss Ortmann, Miss Cousin and Miss Schroth.

Considerable regret has been occasioned by the sad death of Mrs. Annie Donahue, who passed away last Saturday. Mrs. Donahue has been a sufferer for the past six months, and on several occasions her death was believed imminent. Yet the blow was unexpected when it did occur, as the sufferer was deemed better and her doctor assured her of another month of life. She was conversing with her sister, Mrs. Martin, when death came, and the intimation of the sad event was the sudden sinking of the invalid back upon her pillows. The end was without pain. Ever generous in her hospitality, Mrs. Donahue will be much missed by a large circle of friends. She was among San Francisco's earliest entertainers, and with her sister, Mrs. Martin, was perhaps one of the best-known figures at all social functions.

In spite of the constant downpour on Wednesday, St. Mary's Cathedral was packed with crowds who wished to take a last leave of their old friend. The ceremony was singularly impressive. The church looked beautiful in its decoration of palms and flowers. Father Prendergast delivered the eulogy. Mrs. Donahue rests in the vault in Cavalry Cemetery beside her husband and son.

There were sundry dinners before the Friday Night Cotillion, one of the largest being that of Miss Bernice Drown at the 'Varsity Club. It was a pretty affair, and the fact that the girls were all in costume added much to the spectacular value of the scene. Miss Rose Hooper gave a smart little dinner to some half dozen of her friends at the Occidental Hotel. The costumes at the ball were

(Continued on page 23).

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unusually pretty, but further comment will be reserved for next week.

There have been the usual number of teas during the week. Mrs. C. B. Stone gave a large at home on Wednesday to introduce her daughter, Miss Florence, one of the season's debutantes. Miss Stone is a bright, jolly girl and bids fair to be popular. The gowning was light and pretty. The second Thursday of Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon was a smart affair. The rooms were effectively decked with roses and violets. There are two teas announced for this afternoon—at Miss May Palmer's, and Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck's in honor of Miss Churchill Jones. The outlook for next week is rather blank with regard to all entertainments other than family affairs.

Entertainments in honor of Miss Helen Schweitzer continue. Last week she was entertained at luncheon by Mrs. A. Mack, and Miss Agnes Brandenstein gave a large dinner in her honor. The latest fashion in dinners, be they of any magnitude, is to place the guests at two or more tables decorated in divers manners. At the Brandenstein dinner there were three tables, two of which were decked in red, the other in green and white. Nearly all the girls were gowned in light organdies and swisses. Miss Olga Triest and Miss Adelsdorfer were both in pure white. Miss Gerstle was gowned in white chiffon over pale blue, and Miss Greenbaum in pale blue silk veiled in organdie.

Mrs. I. C. Moore and Miss Jennie Moore have issued invitations for a cotillion to take place Christmas night. Major and Mrs. Hooper are to give the usual Christmas party at the Occidental on the evening of the 25th. The San Francisco Sorosis will be addressed on Wednesday next by Professor William Harris of Washington, D. C., United States Commissioner of Education. In the evening of the same day a dinner is to be given in his honor at the 'Varsity Club.

Entertainments for the past week in Oakland have been few and far between. A few luncheons, dinners and the Friday Fortnightly are the only events.

Miss Rossiter of Alameda entertained the "Twenty-one" Club last week. Among those invited were Miss Kittridge, the Misses Moffit, Miss Marguerite Joliffe, Miss Sessions, Miss Crellin, Miss Selby and others. The Fortnightly Club held its usual meeting on Friday evening. It is now one of the most popular dancing classes in Oakland owing to the number of University students that attend. The girls, too, are a jolly crowd and enthusiastic dancers. Mr. Dan Belden and Miss Edith Selby led the cotillion. Among the prettiest of the maidens were Miss Pauline Four, Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Mary Randall and Miss Etta Havens. All the young people are eagerly anticipating the Leap Year party which is to take place on December 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Rugbee gave a dinner in honor of Messrs. McFarlane of Honolulu last week. Christmas was anticipated both in the decorations and the menu. The table was laden with holly berries, and the regulation turkey and plum pudding were en evidence. Among those invited to meet Messrs. McFarlane were Mr. and Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen, Mrs. Florine Brown and Miss Bertha Wilcox.

There is always something unusually jolly about a bachelor's entertainment which adds a fillip to the fine. The dinner given on Sunday evening by Messrs. Will and Charles Hubbard was no exception to the rule. The guests had a most amusing time; the decorations of ferns and roses were prettily arranged, and Messrs. Hubbard won enconiums on their abilities as hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard are wintering in Boston, and in their absence the young people keep bachelor's hall. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bray, Miss Ella Goodall, Misses Bessie and Ella Wall, Mr. Lesley Wright and Mr. Edwards were among those invited.

Among the most popular of entertainers is Mrs. Boone of Berkeley, and her married ladies' luncheon on Wednesday was a very smart affair. The Boone home is admirably adapted for parties of all sorts, and Mrs. Boone is never so happy as when extending hospitality.

A large luncheon was given by the ladies of the Ebell Club at their rooms recently. Mrs. Charles Pierce presided.

A girl' luncheon was given by Mrs. Josephine Chabot last week. The decorations, cards, etc., were in pink. Among those present were the Misses Moffit, Misses Lohse and Miss Alice Stephenson.

A married people's progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. George Mastick last week in honor of her sister, Mrs. Day, who is at present on a visit from New York. The prizes were pretty and in good taste. About twenty young married couples were present.

Miss Eugenie Haley of Berkeley gave a whist party on Thursday evening. The whole house was massed with greens and roses and musical selections were given during the evening. Miss Baxley carried off the first prize and Miss Carries the second.

Miss Josie Eastland has returned from the east and has taken rooms at the Metropole Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Maud Howard left recently for Europe. They intend spending the next few months making a tour of the Mediterranean ports and will visit Egypt. Mr. Karl Howard anticipates returning to Oakland early in January.

A LUXURIOUS DINING-ROOM

New York Has Nothing Better Than the Ladies' Grill-Room.

The ladies' Grill Room of the Palace Hotel is without doubt the most luxurious dining room in the city. Nowhere else will you find linen so white, china so delicate, silver so immaculate, service so excellent nor cuisine so faultless. It was my good pleasure to dine there for—I am ashamed to admit it—the first time a few nights ago, and I sincerely trust it will not be the last.

San Francisco is famed for its cheap restaurants, but if the visiting tourist wishes to see what the city can do in the way of more ambitious catering he should dine at the Ladies' Grill Room between six and seven—or, for the matter of that, breakfast or lunch there.

New York can do no better than this. Underfoot is a thick deadening carpet, before you a daintily spread table lighted by candelabra with twisted silver branches and rose tinted shades. It is eating made easy. Everything suggestive of food in its coarse sense is eliminated. You do not feed here, you do not even eat—you breakfast or lunch or dine, as the case may be. There is no smell of the kitchen, no clashing of dishes, no rattling of silverware, nothing that recalls the restaurant. It is more like the dining room of some particularly exclusive New York club.

The decorations are in the best taste. There are two entrances, one from Market street and another from the court of the hotel itself. Either entrance admits you to an extremity of the Grill Room, so that at one glance you take in the whole scene. The scheme of decoration is rather Byzantine in conception; very solid and substantial, with broad round arches and massive pilasters, the roof grained and crossed with huge beams. An impression of heavens would be conveyed were it not for the fact that the tinting is all in the lightest and most delicate shades, varying from cream and gold to a pale olive green.

The system of lighting is one of the most agreeable features of the Grill Room. There are no garish clusters and sun bursts to dazzle and blind the eye, but rather the light is diffused and moderated, first by rows of small electric bulbs upon the ceiling and second by the individual candles upon the tables. This method of illumination is one of those things you feel the effect of rather than notice particularly, and it is not until your attention is called to the arrangement that you perceive how really admirable it is.

The tables are arranged for couples, for four cornered parties, for families or for theater or supper parties. When all the tables are occupied the Ladies' Grill Room can accommodate between two hundred and fifty and three hundred guests, but if pressed, a larger number could be easily taken care of without the slightest difficulty. It is surprising to note how many people besides those who are guests of the hotel have discovered the Ladies' Grill Room. Hardly an evening passes without two or three and sometimes more theater parties assembling either for the dinner before the performance or the petit souper after, and business men who are kept late at the office often prefer the Grill Room to their own club tables.

One of the most agreeable things about the Grill Room that yet remains to be noted is the fact that from half-past six until half-past eight a very delightful stringed band plays selections from the operas and popular music of the day. The orchestra is not large enough to be offensively loud, and is stationed at the far end of the apartment, so that its strains are somewhat mellowed. Taken altogether, one could hardly pass a more agreeable hour than that spent in dining at the Ladies' Grill Room of the Palace Hotel.

Mr. A. C. Widber, who has but recently been called to fill the office of City and County Treasurer, is one of the youngest incumbents who ever assumed the responsible duties of that important position. Mr. Widber however has given every assurrance that he will discharge the obligations imposed upon him by that office with care, with judgment and with undoubted efficiency. Mr. Widber succeeds his father in the functions of Treasurer of the city and county, and will have the further advantage of Mr. Widber Sr.'s advice and experience to assist him. Mr. Widber Jr. is among the most popular of the Native Sons. He was the regular Republican nominee for Treasurer and was elected to office by a handsome majority.

The good will that goes with good tea is part of the profit — that is why some grocers are glad to sell you Schilling's Best.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Hon. Thos. B. Reed

knows, if any one does, what it means to be a Congressman. In

The Youth's Companion

For 1897 the Speaker of the House of Representatives will write of the responsibility that goes with power and the hard work involved by high position. His article is instructive as well as entertaining, and it gives a clear idea of

The Life of a Congressman

During 1897 also Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge will picture "The Life of a Senator;" Postmaster-General Wilson will tell about "The Early Days of the Post-Office;" Attorney-General Harmon will describe the duties pertaining to his office; and Secretary Herbert will contribute a striking article on "Building a War-Ship."

One of the most beautiful CALENDARS issued this year will be given to each New Subscriber to The Companion.

It is made up of Four Charming Pictures in Color, beautifully executed. Its size is 10 by 24 inches. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than One Dollar.

Subscription Price of The Companion, $1.75 a Year.

12-Color Calendar FREE.

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and $1 75 will receive

FREE The Youth's Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1897.

FREE Christmas, New Year and Easter Double Numbers.

FREE—Our Artistic 4-Page Calendar for 1897, a beautifully colored souvenir. The most costly gift of its kind The Companion has ever offered.

And The Companion 52 Weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1898.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

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Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

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THE GRILL ROOM SERVICE
—OF THE—
PALACE HOTEL

Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as - - - -

"THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

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ESTABLISHED 1856
Tubbs Cordage Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL SIZES OF
Manilla and Sisal Rope, Binder Twine
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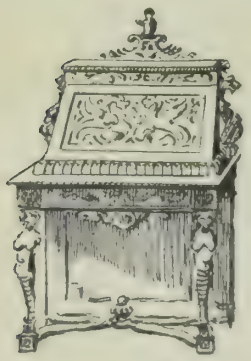


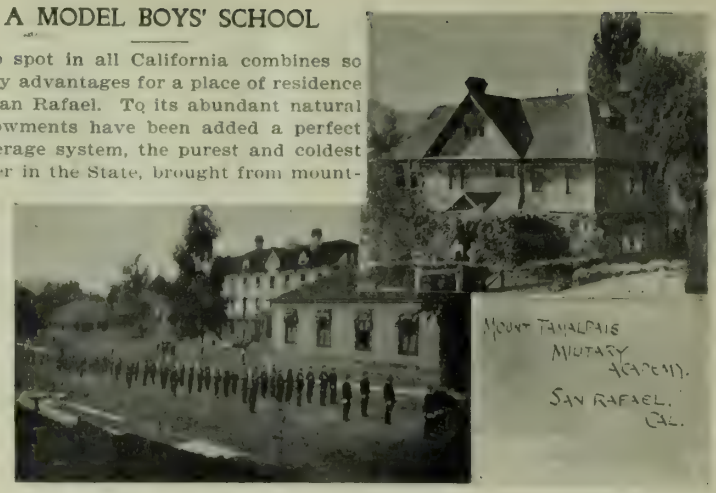
Our Artistic Furniture lasts forever, and it never goes out of style.

The P. Rossi Co.

117 Sutter Street
Between Kearny and Montgomery

Importations from our own factories of Venice and Paris.
Our Holiday Stock just received.

A MODEL BOYS' SCHOOL



No spot in all California combines so many advantages for a place of residence as San Rafael. To its abundant natural endowments have been added a perfect sewerage system, the purest and coldest water in the State, brought from mountain springs, many miles of macadamized roads and concrete sidewalks, electric lights, beautiful homes, churches, schools; two lines of railroad connecting with San Francisco, and refined and cultured society. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the founders of Mount Tamalpais Military Academy selected such a spot as in all respects the best site for a boys' school. For six years the Academy has steadily grown in influence and in fame. Now it stands among the foremost Preparatory Schools of the country.

The three most marked features of the Academy are: First, the broad yet accurate scholarship it imparts. Second, the firm yet reasonable discipline it maintains. Third, the strong emphasis it lays on character, and its consequent success in cultivating a sense of personal responsibility. To these a fourth may be added: the attention paid to the physical well-being of the students. The curriculum covers all the ground necessary for the foundation of a liberal education, while thorough class-room work secures soundness and definiteness in the knowledge acquired. The boys are carefully taught how to study, and trained to use their faculties to the best advantage. The result has been that graduates who have gone to the University have found themselves unusually well equipped for the work there. The school enjoys the confidence of the Professors of the State University, and is of course accredited by that institution. Professor William H. Hudson of Stanford University has had charge of the English department during the past year, adding materially to the enthusiasm and success of the upper classes in their study of Literature.

The good order and manly deportment of the cadets are the natural result of the exercise of great care in receiving pupils and of a strong impartial government. Special credit in this matter is due to the wise administration of the Military Department by First Lieutenant George E. Sage, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who is detailed by the Government to give military instruction, and his influence is very strongly felt throughout the school in favor of discipline, punctuality, and attention to duty. A high moral standard is set before the students, and enforced in every possible way. The principles of Christianity are taught, and the Bible is a regular text-book in every class. A very pronounced public sentiment in favor of truthfulness and personal honor prevails, and this is carefully cherished and strengthened by the authorities in their manner of dealing with the cadets. In regard to material equipment there is certainly little to wish for. The quarters are commodious and comfortable, the school-rooms light and well ventilated, the chemical and physical laboratories large and thoroughly furnished. The gymnasium, the reading-room, the swimming-tank, the billiard-room, the tennis courts, the bowling alleys, the ball-fields and the athletic grounds furnish ample opportunity for exercise and recreation.

The Head-Master of Mount Tamalpais Military Academy is Rev. Arthur Crosby, A. M., who should be addressed for catalogues, etc., etc.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

Fall Styles Neckwear and Hosiery at John W. Carmany's 25 Kearny Street

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

Can you imagine a more appropriate, pleasing, and generally satisfactory gift for a lady than a Cheval Dressing Mirror?

A score of styles are here, ready to be looked at.

Prices are just about one-half what they formerly were—and chevals are as pretty and useful and necessary as ever.

The store is full of gift hints. Come; maybe they'll suggest something you hadn't thought of.

California Furniture Company
N. P. Cole & Co. — Carpets, Rugs
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ONE POUND
FINEST
JAPAN
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Christmas Presents!

? Do you want a
Piano, Mandolin, Guitar
Banjo, Music Box ?

Do you want the HIGHEST GRADE ?
Do you want LOWEST PRICES ?

IF SO YOU MUST GO TO

Kohler & Chase
28 and 30 O'Farrell St.

Largest Store ! Largest Stock !

A GOOD REASON

why some houses are more prosperous than others lies in the fact of their doing a better class of work, prompt service and a thorough knowledge of how to please

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of 23 First Street know how to serve you in their line of printing and bookbinding. If you are in need of work in their line, write them for estimates. "The Wave" is printed in their office

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"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

LITERARY NOTES

Of course, Mrs. Oliphant is a consummate literary workman, and plies her tools with a rare knowledge of effects. There is a sameness in her later efforts which rather detracts from her literary rank and pretension. "The Unjust Steward" (Lippincott Co.) is a well told story, carefully handled and composed, and if it were the work of a younger writer would be a great success. But Mrs. Oliphant has her metier and her public, and perhaps it would be asking too much to demand a new manner from her.

"The Mistress of Brae Farm" (Lippincott & Co.) is Ellison Lee, who is a tall, strong, young person, who has the reputation of being the most contented woman in the neighborhood. There is also a Colonel Trevor, whose wife died some five years before, and who imagines he wants to marry Ellison. She knows better, and the Colonel is wedded to Lorraine, whom he loves with a passionate devotion. As for poor Ellison, she ends the story as an old maid. It is rather hard to say anything that is new about Sarah Orne Jewett. "The Country of the Pointed Firs" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a series of studies of life in Maine very admirably done in the manner that this writer affects. It is really an excellent book of its kind. "An Epistolary Flirt" (Way & Williams, publishers) leaves one wondering over its wherefore and with the impression that it is material misused. The plot does not justify the title, and though the dialogue is rather well done, the subject should not have been handled that way. The writer, I am sure, has the ability to do better. "Out of the Woods" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a story of a month's outing in the woods of northern Michigan, and is a pleasant book of its kind. There is a strike at the Gloria mine, which is happily terminated, of course, together with a courtship and some pleasing passages of description. "A Genuine Girl," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a pleasant story of society life. There is a genial, homely flavor to it, together with lovemaking, football, a number of receptions and, of course, the proper allowance of love affairs. "The World Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting (Roberts Brothers) is a series of advisory essays very sensible and excellent of their kind. Of course, it is difficult to live up to the somewhat exacting rules which Miss Whiting lays down, but then writers of all books of this character are of necessity compelled to take an exalted tone. "Gold," a Dutch-Indian story, by Annie Linden (The Century Co.) is good. It is well handled, has a Javanese background and is notable for the fact that the local color is exceptionally well blended with the story.

Children's books there are in plenty this Christmas, from "Little Men and Maids" and "Little Belles and Beaux," which the Stokes Company brings out, to broader and braver efforts at genuine fiction, like "An Elephant's Tracks" (Harper Brothers), which tell the adventures of a bevy of farmer's children, who go to the circus. They are jolly fine stories, these, and just the kind the youngsters love to read. "Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts" (Macmillan & Co.) is a fanciful tale of birds and rabbits, which is pleasantly and quaintly illustrated. Under the caption of "The Dwarf's Tailor" the Harpers give us a collection of charming fairy stories. The truth is, some are intended for adults as well as for the little ones, but they are none the less clever, and the book is an excellent one to give to a boy or a girl who has good taste and sense. "The Children of To-day" series, under which come "Little Men and Maids" and "Little Belles and Beaux," are illustrated with full-page water color pictures, and with sketches and stories to match. "Sinbad," by Albert Sterns (The Century Co.) makes an excellent yarn in which an up-to-date Sinbad forms a partnership with an American boy, and the two come to various misadventures because that Sinbad fails to appreciate the flight of time and the fact that the things of to-day are not those of ye olden magical times.

Mr. A. G. Plympton gives us a collection of stories entitled "The Black Dog" (Roberts Bros.), the best two of which tell of certain child-dog friendships in a very understanding way. The scene of "The Wonderful Fairies of the Sun" (Roberts Bros.) is laid in Fairyland. Here the elves are given exclusive prominence, and the fairy bands appear in a new field of action portrayed in simple verse of easy meter, but avoiding the conventional jingle.

William O. Stoddard has written a stunning story for boys under the title of "The Windfall" (D. Appleton & Co., publishers). It is a strong tale full of action and adventure, and deals with the life of boys and men in a coal mine. There are accidents and rescues galore, and interest enough to hold the average boy's attention from cover to cover. Mr. Stoddard is already well known as a short story writer for boys, and "The Windfall" will add materially to his reputation. The illustrations are by Clineduist, and are particularly good.

"Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets and Other Tales" (Harper & Brothers), by Ruth McEnery Stuart, are stories of the negro types in and about New Orleans, and abound in the humor and pathos for which this author is so well known. Child life, plantation life and the stirring times of the war are all dealt with in these stories. Among the very best may be noted "Old Eastee," with its strong description of the old woman's home and the unfortunates she supports, and "The Duke's Christmas," the last tale in the book, wherein is touchingly related how an old colored man and his grandson find their "white people" once more through the medium of a Christmas present.

An interesting issue among the array of Christmas books is "Christine's Career" (D. Appleton & Co.), by Pauline King. The scene of the story is laid in a little town of France bordering the Seine, and the plot is prettily interwoven with the manners and customs of the French provincial life. The tale closes with the migration of its principal characters to this country.

"The Traveller" brings out its holiday issue this month, calling the same its Marine and Christmas Number. It contains twenty-eight pages of excellent reading matter, copiously illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs. A noteworthy feature of this number is the set of colored photographs to illustrate the article, "Talafa Samoa," by Charles Green. The coloring is admirably well done, being in fact some of the best work of this kind we have seen among the Pacific Coast publications. Other articles are a "Marine Retrospect," by W. V. Bryan, "The Naval Revolution," by J. M. Scanland, and "The Defenses of San Francisco," by Arthur Inkersley, each article illustrated with from four to ten half-tone reproductions. Printed on heavy coated paper and with great taste and skill in the matter of editing and arranging, "The Traveller" stands very close to the head of San Francisco monthly publications.

Annabel Lee Up to Date.

'Twas Christmas Eve in a brown stone front,
In the gloaming, as it should be,
That a maiden stood, whom you all may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
That wasn't her name, but it's all the same
To any one else but me.

And over her head, as the maiden stood,
In a manner quite negligentlee,
Was a mistletoe branch, not placed there by chance,
But rather by Annabel Lee.
If you knew her as well as I, you could tell
That she did it while waiting for me.

Her parents at that hour were out of the way;
This she said in her innocent glee,
And the place it was free, not only for me,
But also for Annabel Lee.
Which was not a mishap, but really a snap,
As you all will doubtless agree.

Of course, in a case like this, which was
A case of necessitee,
There really was only one thing to do,
And I did it incessantlee;
Thus constantly kissing, and never once missing
The lips of sweet Annabel Lee.

'Twas but the beginning, and all things end
As this did eventuallee.
Her father was wealthy, while I was broke,
Which did not come home to me
Until I was shaken, before being taken,
By the beautiful Annabel Lee.

This happened some time ago, and now,
In her kingdom by the sea,
Sweet Annabel sits, while her lord has fits,
Due to many and many a spree,
And I, all alone on my bachelor throne,
Quite pity sweet Annabel Lee.
—Tom Masson.

Father Christmas.

Perchance you cannot see his face
That beams with such a jolly grace;
Perchance you miss the bursting pack
Of joy and frolic on his back.
But none the less, amid the throng
Old Father Noel walks along;
To hearts and houses drawing near
With Love, the best of Christmas cheer.

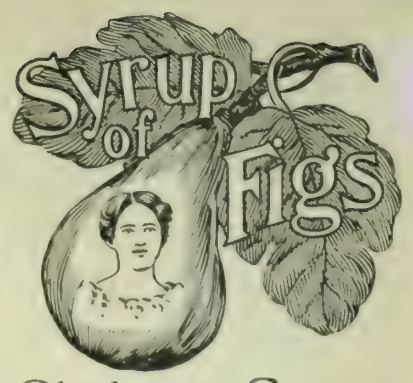
His smile, unseen but always felt,
Makes frozen misery to melt,
For foes he uses such a charm
As sends them homeward arm in arm.
He tells the wayward son that rest
Is surest on a mother's breast,
And brings to all who sojourn here
A sweet conclusion for the year.
—Norman Gale in Windsor Magazine.

A Splendid Array of Artistic Beauty.

One of the daintiest effects shown this year in calendars is that of the California wildflowers in colors. This was brought out exclusively by Cooper & Co., the Market-street stationers, who have made an extra effort this year, and have succeeded in getting together the largest variety of cards and calendars that have ever been shown on the coast. All the leading publishers of the east are well represented, and some very elaborate as well as simple and delicate designs are mingled together, making an array of artistic beauty seldom seen.

Knox hats are swell. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Holiday Gifts

Popular Prices

Most charming collection of Holiday Gifts to be found in San Francisco. Not only the most costly, but thousands of inexpensive articles to suit any purse.

Ivory Figures	Bronzes
Dresden,	Marble and
Delft and	Terra Cotta
Limoges	Statuary,
China,	Oil Paintings,
Cut Crystal,	Etchings,
Bohemian	Engravings,
and	Lamps,
Baccarat	French Desks,
Glassware,	Cabinets,
Ornaments	Tables,
in endless	Sevres,
variety,	Carlsbad and
Fine Clocks,	Cloisonne Vases,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

S. & G. GUMP
113 Geary Street

The Leading Hairdresser

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating; all original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. Bernhardt wavers, to wave hair without burning; Eau Broux, to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

Strozynski's
24 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

A Carnival of Christmas Gifts
...AT...
GRUENHAGEN'S
Fine German Baskets. Dainty French Satin Boxes
Christmas Favors
Fine Candies. Ice Cream Soda
GRUENHAGEN'S, 20 Kearny St.

ROOS BROS.
27-37 KEARNY STREET

Holiday Gifts, House Coats, Gowns, Bath Robes
Traveling Rugs, Neckwear, Boy's Clothing, Overcoats, Ulsters

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite and perfect health are obtained and endured by taking

Peruvian Bitters

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

HENSHAW, BULKLEY & BELCHER

SUCCESSORS TO
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Heating and Ventilating Plants
Electric-Lighting Plants
Engines and Boilers
Gas and Gasoline Engines
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Stationery, Printing, Bookbinding
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THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO.
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AGENTS FOR STORAGE BATTERY

Ask your Blacksmith to shoe your horse with

PHŒNIX HORSE SHOES

GIVE THEM A TRIAL

United States Laundry

Office 1004 Market St.

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San Francisco Carpet Beating and Renovating Works

D. MACKINTOSH & CO., suc. to S. S. Ferguson & Co.
Renovating, Laying and Refitting Carpets a Specialty
Telephone South 36 23 and 25 10th St., S. F.

THE OCCIDENTAL

Success of a Modern Hotel Under a Progressive Management.

A recent visit to the Occidental has proved that the management continues its system of improvement, both with regard to sanitation and comfort.

During the past eighteen months over fifty thousand dollars have been expended in introducing a new and complete system of plumbing throughout the entire building. New bathrooms have been added to most of the suites with hot and cold water, shower, etc., and the toilet appurtenances are now complete in every particular. In the smaller rooms stationery washstands with open plumbing have been provided. The management is now engaged in connecting by telephone each room in the building with the office, with the object of attending to the wants of the guests with as great a rapidity as possible. Instead of being obliged to ring for a boy and await his convenience in answering, the guest now communicates directly with headquarters. The Occidental Hotel is the first in this city to introduce this system. Though a novel idea in California, this arrangement has been in vogue for some little time in the eastern hotels and has met with great success.

Radical changes have been made in the domestic department of the hotel. The management found that this department required more attention than could be given to it by one housekeeper, and in consequence three capable women have been placed in charge under the supervision of a manager, who also attends to the various interior improvements in the hotel.

The individual comfort of each guest is looked after with the care one rarely receives outside of one's own home. Major Hooper sees to it that each and all receive the thousand and one little attentions that make up the luxury of living.

The hotel is in a most prosperous condition; the Australian and colonial trade has made rapid strides in the last year, while the number of permanent guests is steadily increasing. There is no attempt made to draw custom by outward display; the conservative spirit of the management prefers to look for substantial results.

The facilities for entertainment are perfect in every particular. The cuisine and service are excellent, and the parlors and banqueting hall afford ample opportunities for dancing, etc. The lower portion of the building is lighted by both gas and electricity, arranged to suit the convenience of the guests.

The management desires to keep abreast of the times in every particular, and not one of the newly erected hotels has any advantage over the Occidental, with regard to material comforts.

As a family hotel the Occidental is generally conceded to be unsurpassed. The rooms are so constructed that they may be thrown from small suites into numbers of apartments.

Especial provision has been made for the giving of private dinners, luncheons or receptions, and in these latter days when home entertainment is the exception rather than the rule, the management of the Occidental has arranged numberless affairs of a greater or less degree of magnitude. An efficient corps of assistants is employed to attend to the table decoration, catering, etc., and the whole responsibility of the entertainment is taken off the hands of the hostess.

Major Hooper has been seriously ill for the past few months and was unable to attend to business. He is now completely restored to health and anticipates making further improvements next year.

Life at Washington.

The inauguration of a President, the selection of his Cabinet, and the seating of a new Congress, give especial timeliness to the remarkable series of articles on the various phases of the government by Secretary Herbert, Postmaster-General Wilson, Attorney-General Harmon, Senator Lodge and Speaker Reed, to be printed in the "Youth's Companion" during 1897. This series of articles and the many other brilliant features promised for 1897, show that now, on the eve of its seventy-first birthday, the "Companion" is as wide-awake and as progressive as ever. An Illustrated Prospectus may be had free by addressing "The Youth's Companion," 205 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

When you are selecting a wedding or a birthday present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety, just arrived from Europe, from which to select.

Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Munier & Sench, proprietors.

Those who want a fine quality of liquor for medicinal purposes or for home use, will find the Jesse Moore A. A. whiskey superior to any other brand. Sold by all druggists and the principal grocers. Jesse Moore Hunt Co., agents, San Francisco.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street, is the sole agent for Knox Hats.

Go to Byron Hot Springs and get Spring for Winter; sunshine for fogs; zephyrs for rushing, roaring, biting winds; **health** for sickness and disease. What is it? Rheumatism? Neuralgia? Malaria? Dyspepsia? Gout? The "springs" can cure it. Only three hours' ride from San Francisco. Terms $15, $18 and $21 per week, including medical attendance.

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R. H. WARFIELD & CO.
Proprietors.

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Occupies the block bounded by Montgomery, Post and Sutter Streets

IT IS——
——scrupulously clean;
——accessible to all street car lines and places of amusement;
——conveniently situated for business men;
——a quiet, model place for a family to spend the winter;
——moderate in price, yet first-class in every particular.

AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN

K. B. SOULÉ, Manager

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of SanFrancisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Georg F. Planck, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 18, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for the Administrator.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey county, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 8th day of December, 1896, an assessment (No. 110) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the 11th day of January, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of February, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

R. U. COLLINS, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Stock Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment No. 25
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied November 24, 1896
Delinquent in office December 29, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Jan. 18, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"A California Fairy"

is the title of an elegant little brochure relating in charming allegorical language the splendors and delights of

"Sunset Limited"

(EXQUISITELY ILLUSTRATED)

The popular Sunset Route is also the subject of a finely illustrated publication, entitled

"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas"

especially interesting to one contemplating a trip over that great Southern route.

Both books are published by the Southern Pacific Company, and will be sent to any address by T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent, on receipt of 25 cents postage, or 10 cents for the "Fairy" alone.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska 9 a.m. July 3, 13, 18, 28, August 2, 12, 27.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S. S. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th of each month thereafter.
Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.
General Agents
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC S.S. CO. HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA. **6** DAYS TO HONOLULU BY S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1896, at 10 a.m.
S. S. "Zealandia," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, January 7, 1897, at 2 p.m.
Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 80
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied December 14, 1896
Delinquent in office January 19, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Feb. 9, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

Its Purity A Surety Of Its Excellence

Accept No Substitute None So Good None So Pure

Vina Brandy

Vina Distillery Co.

819 Market St., S. F.

RACING RACING

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting 1896-97, Beginning MONDAY, December 14, at OAKLAND RACETRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, rain or shine

Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp

Ferry boats leave S.F. at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 and 2 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at entrance to track; buy your tickets to Berkeley.

Returning, trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.

THOS. H. WILLIAMS JR., Pres.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

BALDWIN THEATRE (AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.)

The grandest extravaganza success ever seen here

Every night, Sunday night, and every night during the next two weeks, with matinees on Wednesdays, Saturdays, Christmas and New Years

C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's Wonderful Production

Palmer Cox's BROWNIES

With its many scenic features, ballets, mechanical effects, etc.

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THE FRAWLEY COMPANY

The most perfect dramatic organization that has ever visited 'Frisco. Our own Home Company in Augustin Daly's Beautiful Comedy

The Railroad of Love

Matinees Christmas and Saturday December 28th: Tandem of Love

The Regular Popular Prices ! !

Orpheum

FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL

Week Commencing Monday, Dec. 21

The latest Parisian success, **Nilsson's Aerial Ballet**, the original Flying Ballet, with beautiful costumes and colored light effects, in conjunction with **Kiralfy's Grand Opera Ballet of 50 Coryphees and 5 Premiers**, under the personal direction of **Arnold Kiralfy.**

Zazalle & Vernon, the famous Comedy Acrobats

Joseph Phoites Pantomine Troupe, the best ever seen in the city, **and 20 Vaudeville Stars**

Reserved seats 25c; balcony 10c; box seats and opera chairs 50c. Special Matinees Christmas Day

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THE BEACH-YAW CONCERT

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw is a unique artist to say the least, inasmuch as her voice as regards compass is the most remarkable known to the musical world. To the credit of the fair Californienne it is said that she would be better pleased if discussion and criticism hinged more upon her art and less upon her vocal compass. Nevertheless, this same compass is the characteristic that distinguishes Miss Yaw from a host of others, despite her dexterity and undoubted musical ability. The not over powerful voice is seemingly best in the (for her) medium high notes—that is, from about C in the staff to the octave or tenth above. The low tones and those in the register known to clarinetists as the chalumeau are not always even in quality. The particularly high ones, invariably taken piano, are, for the most part, musical. Of course Miss Yaw is distinctly a coloratura singer, and as such encounters the disadvantage of not having the best of compositions at her command. On Monday evening Miss Yaw sang with utmost finish three numbers especially written for the display of vocal technic: "Villanelle," Dell Acqua; Theme and variations, Proch; and Swiss Echo Song, Eckert. The delighted audience recalled the singer several times, and upon one occasion was rewarded with "My Old Kentucky Home." Miss Yaw ought to know better.

Mr. Maximilian Dick, violinist, has a fine technic and a pleasing but not large tone. He opened with Vieuxtemps' effective "Ballade et Polonaise," a work too seldom heard of late years. Mr. Dick made a sensible cut, thus doing away with a certain weak portion of the composition and at the same time making it of about the proper length. In the "Ronde de Lutins" (Bazzini) the violinist displayed a mastery of the instrument that only a fiddler can fully appreciate. One may not at all times agree with Mr. Dick's interpretations, but none can say his performances, barring his mannerism his performances—barring his mannerisms—are not enjoyable. Miss Georgiella Lay is a better accompanist than soloist. Of her solos the best played was the Schumann-Liszt "Dedication."

P. C. ALLEN.

THE LURLINE BATHS.

One's memory need not run back to any great length to recall the days when Ralston and Reese, and other of our prominent citizens, walked to North Beach in the morning for the sake of an invigorating salt water plunge. It seems strange that to-day there are, within the reach of men of moderate means, in the very heart of the city, bathing facilities superior to, and less dangerous, than those which Ralston and Reese once made part of their daily round. In no other city in the world, probably, does there exist an institution parallel or similar to the Lurline Baths. It is simply unequalled anywhere. Aside from the novelty of the fact that one may enjoy a plunge in the water of the ocean, in the heart of a great city; aside from this fact, I say, the institution is most elegantly and completely equipped. There is a gymnasium and all the other accessories needed to build up the constitution and to reduce the surplus fat, to the accumulation of which the inhabitant of this climate is most dangerously prone. Cleanliness is the watchword of this institution. The tubs and tanks and everything about are kept scrupulously white, the water pumped fresh from the ocean every day, and one may enjoy it in any shade or degree of temperature. The creation of an institution such as this is really a blessing to the community. No one will regret to learn that from its inception it has proved a profitable investment. The citizen who has not yet become acquainted with it has committed a wrong against himself which he should hasten to repair. There are conveniences and arrangements for ladies, and there are ladies' days, so that womankind need not complain that the conveniences and benefits of this institution inure entirely to the benefit of the male.

The new Consul-General of the Hawaiian Islands, Honorable C. T. Wilder, is a native of Illinois and a man of high education and rare business capacity. All who have come in contact with Mr. Wilder have borne testimony to his innate courtesy and fine address, while the great confidence reposed in him by President Dole of the Hawaiian Provisional Government is sufficient testimony as to his efficiency in diplomatic and government circles even under the most trying and difficult circumstances. Mr. Wilder has in short given every evidence of ability to fill the position to which he is now called. He is a man of honor, of coolness and of sound judgment in sudden crises. It is impossible to foresee what may be the relations between the Hawaiian Islands and the United States or to foretell the difficult situations that officials may be called upon to face in the management of affairs of the Islands. Mr. Wilder, however, we are sure will ever be the right man in the right place, no matter to what extent the diplomatic relations may be strained or even upturned. The new Consul is a man of tact as well as of strength and force of character. He is the man for the situation.

Knox Celebrated Hats. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

Sherwood & Sherwood

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR

E. & T. Burke's Porter, Bass Ale, Irish and Scotch Whiskies
Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale and Soda Water Houtman's Holland Gin
Mackenzie & Co. Oporto Ports and Cadiz Sherries Evans Ale
Rosskam, Gerstley & Co. "Keystone Monogram" and Old Saratoga Whiskies
Heublein's Club Cocktail, and Apple and Honey
Schlitz Milwaukee "Export and "Pale" Beer
Meinhold & Heineman's, New York, Anchor Brand Cider
Crosse & Blackwell, London, Pickles, Oil, Sauces, Jams
Colman's, London, Mustard Epps' and Fry's Cocoas
Curtice Brothers', Rochester, "Blue Label Ketchup," Corn, Preserves, Jams, Meats, and Game
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"The Home Industry House"

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Every Dollar Invested belongs to a ——
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Also specially selected stock of Clarets and White Wines on hand

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A MODERN FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

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COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore

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A Successful Combination

A wholesale cloth merchant makes fine tailoring to order. Everyone should visit the large wholesale cloth house that

CHAS. LYONS, London Tailor

opened Wednesday, September 30th, at 721 Market Street, in the Bancroft Building

In conjunction with his retail stores at 1212 and 1214 Market Street and 302 Kearny Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

San Francisco Savings Union

532 California Street, Corner Webb.

For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two tenths (4.2) per cent on Term deposits and three and five tenths (3.5) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2nd, 1897.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

BOWDLEAR'S

FLOOR WAX

Pulverized. For Dancing Floors. Is not white. Will not ball on feet. Will not soil clothes. All ready. Anybody can use it.

The floor must be clean and free from oil. Sprinkle, and the dancers will do the rest.
Put up in pound packages . . . . . .

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22 Geary Street : First Floor

The Younger Method of Implantation and Regulation of Teeth employed . . . . .

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Books of all kinds, Bibles, Hymnals, etc., at the Montgomery-Street Store.
Leather Goods, Calendars, Xmas Cards.

100 GOOD Cards from Plate 75c.
100 BEST Cards from Plate $1.00

Stores open evenings

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Successors to Dodge Bros.

225 Post St. and 107 Montgomery St.

Useful Christmas Presents

WE SELL GLOVE ORDERS

The Danicheff Fedora Glove Factory

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From $1.50 a pair, any color and any style
C. LIMOUSIN

ITO, SOTOMI & CO.

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Leonard B. Lippert

MASONIC TEMPLE
SHAVING PARLOR

4 Post St., near Montgomery
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Wedding Invitations
are properly engraved
and in correct form, at
ROBERTSON'S

SCOTT & McCORD
HAY AND GRAIN MERCHANTS
OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST.

GAS AS A FUEL

The First Use of Gas in San Francisco in 1854.

The "Annals of San Francisco," published in 1854, chronicles many an interesting fact now forgotten. Turning its pages some days ago, I came across an entry dated February 11, 1854: "The city was first lighted with coal gas on the evening of this day. The occasion was celebrated by several hundred citizens at a banquet given by the trustees of the San Francisco Gas Company, in the Oriental Hotel. Already, about three miles of pipe were laid. . . . At first, only a few principal streets and some of the leading hotels and large mercantile establishments were lighted with gas, but every day the number is increasing. The Metropolitan Theater, a few weeks after this date, adopted the new light. It will, of course, soon become general, and prove a great benefit to the city." En passant I may say the price per thousand feet in that day was $15; coal, $36 to $40 per ton; labor, $6 to $7 per day, and interest 36 per cent per annum.

The chronicler of those days prophesied the general use of the "new light," but he did not dream that the price of gas would ever be reduced by a liberal management to nearly one-tenth the then current price. Nor did he foresee then that the "new light" would also, in this short space of time, furnish a "new heat," if one may be pardoned the expression, and that this same coal gas would become one of the cheapest fuels for heating and cooking purposes. Nowadays, in modern houses, in those apartments consecrated to bric-a-brac and fine furniture, coal is never used for heating purposes. The gas-log grate has supplanted it entirely, and the unavoidable dust, smoke, and dirt of the open grate no longer settle upon the surrounding articles de vertu to be "grimed in" by too industrious housemaids.

The individual who has never inquired into the gas-stove question—I mean now gas-stoves for cooking purposes—little dreams of the improvements which have been made in their manufacture. Ovens, water-back, boilers, everything accompanies the best of them, and everything in the way of cooking may be done upon them; and the secret of their popularity lies in this: The fire is never lit until it is needed, and a match touched to the patent burners produces the requisite heat at once. When the cooking is finished, the expense ceases at once. There is no large fire left there to burn out and waste itself up the chimney. There is absolutely no waste. Now, many people of an economical turn, after adjourning to the sitting-room for the evening, find a fire burning briskly there, with the knowledge that there is another fire going to waste in the kitchen. Adjourning thence to the bed-chamber, there is a chill in the bedroom, a chill in the bathroom, and still all this heat is going to waste below stairs. How different with gas heat! The kitchen fire is turned off when its use has ceased, and transferred to the sitting-room, and from thence to the sleeping or bathroom, long enough to "take the chill off the air." Cleanly comfort has been obtained without a penny of waste, and the problem of cheap, cleanly fuel has been solved.

I suggest that the reader examine into the question. Call at 226 Post street, and look at the large variety of heating and cooking stoves on hand. Don't imagine that you know it all, until you have inquired into the cost; then try the experiment. You will thank The Wave for having directed your attention to what will prove a boon to the housewife and a comfort to the household.

Testimonial.

715 East Brigham Street,
Salt Lake City, Oct. 12, 1896.

Messrs. W. H. Bowdlear & Co.—Dear Sirs: The sample of floor wax sent by you was received promptly. It is certainly a most satisfactory article — far superior to any floor wax I have used. Am glad to know it is kept in our city. Thanking you for the sample, I am, most respectfully,

NAOMI A. CONKLIN.

If you want any article of jewelry or silverware, go to Adolph Hirschman, 10 Post street, under Masonic Temple, and you may rest assured that whatever you get there is first class and the price reasonable.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

THROAT TROUBLES. To allay the irritation that induces coughing, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." A simple and safe remedy.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Sole agency Knox Hats. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

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TO ARRIVE IN LOTS TO SUIT

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GAZOGENE
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If you care for Aerated Water, or use Wine on your table. A simple method of making your own Soda Water. See

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521-523 Market St., San Fran.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in cash - -	$1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1895 - - -	30,727,586 59
Reserve Fund - - - - - - -	750,000 00
Guaranteed Capital - - - - - -	1,200,000 00

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Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST

Deposits June 30, 1896 - $23,657,219
Paid Up Capital and Surplus - 1,594,085

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Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1726

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Surplus to Policy Holders, $8,980,251

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NATHAN & KINGSTON, San Francisco Agents
91 Montgomery Street

Aachen and Munich

Fire Insurance Co.
of Aix La Chapelle, Germany
Capital, $2,250,000.00
Total Assets, $6,854,683.65
United States Department
204 Sansome Street

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

California Title Insurance and Trust Co.

Paid Up Capital, $250,000
Cash Reserve Fund, $25,000

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F. L. LIPMAN . . Assistant Cashier

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New York : H. B. Parsons, Cashier
Salt Lake : : J. E. Dooly, Cashier

LONDON BANKERS

The Union Bank of London, Limited

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At close of business July 31, 1896

ASSETS

Real Estate	$837,621 3[illegible]
Bonds, Stocks and Warrants .	1,318,718 6[illegible]
Furniture and Fixtures . .	22,845 2[illegible]
Loans	7,326,329 6[illegible]
Due from Banks and Bankers .	346,174 3[illegible]
Cash on hand	1,881,581 6[illegible]
Miscellaneous Assets . . .	882 9[illegible]
	$11,534,083 8[illegible]

LIABILITIES

Capital, paid up	$500,000 0[illegible]
Surplus	5,750,000 0[illegible]
Undivided Profits . . .	519,419 9[illegible]
Deposits, Banks and Bankers .	786,332 7[illegible]
Deposits, Individual . . .	3,977,331 2[illegible]
	$11,534,083 8[illegible]

A General Banking Business Transacted

Domestic and Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold

Travelers' and Commercial Credits Issued available in all parts of the world

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THE WAVE

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VOL XV. No. 52 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 26, 1896 PRICE 10 CTS.

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO

However cold it be in the East and North, the glorious climate does full favor to the Christian festival. This is the corner of Kearny and Geary streets, where the flower-sellers congregate.

THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 26, 1896

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WAS IT A TIP OR A BLUNDER?

Who, if anybody from California, will receive the appointment in President McKinley's Cabinet?—is still a subject open to legitimate discussion. The action of our congressional delegation does not estop the State from further consideration of the matter, or limit the scope of California's hopes or the freedom of Mr. McKinley's choice to the abilities or to the solitary personality of Mr. Horace Davis. Upon his own confession Mr. Davis retired from public life and interest in politics ten years ago. The conclusion is irresistible that some old-time, unwise and perhaps over-zealous friends, with more political power than political discretion, have injudiciously boomed Mr. Davis to an extent which, if he take his own measure with accuracy, he must confess to be ambarrassing. Practically, Mr. Davis is held up to the exclusion of all the rest of the State as being the most fit, the most popular and the most available man in the commonwealth for a place in President McKinley's Cabinet. This attitude is calculated to make the gentleman ridiculous.

Against Mr. Davis, his personality, his private life, his public career, it would be difficult to urge serious objection. But if that is the only test by which we must be guided in making such selections, then there are thousands of our citizens who may be urged with equal force upon the same grounds. One might readily name a hundred quiet, unobtrusive, conservative merchants of this city possessing every necessary qualification claimed for Mr. Davis, and the naming of them would probably evoke as much enthusiasm as did his selection by our Congressmen. The mention of his name did not even give birth to a temporary thrill of responsive enthusiasm. In the entire State the journals indorsing his selection may be counted upon the digits of one hand. This means something. Down on 'change and among his personal friends, in university circles, Mr. Davis is generally admired and widely respected, and there has the suggestion of his name met with warm and hearty approval. Our quarrel is not with Mr. Davis or his personality. It is the limitation placed upon the President by the selection of this solitary name. If it were conclusively known the President had determined upon selecting a citizen of this State for—say the Agricultural portfolio or for Postmaster-General—then manifestly, most of the gentlemen named by the press of the State for Cabinet office would be dropped from consideration, and the field left pretty clear for Mr. Davis, who could fill either office with distinct credit and ability. But while it was possible for the President to appoint an Attorney-General, or fill any other Cabinet office from this State which Mr. Davis might be confessedly unable to fill, it would be something more than unwise to limit California's recommendation to this gentleman alone.

Some one has said that the appointment of Horace Davis would put an end to "factional fights" in California. If there is anywhere in this State a "factional fight" that is not purely local, we would like to have it pointed out. There is, it is true, a brawl going on in San Francisco politics among the local bosses. There is a quarrel going on over Supervisors and their patronage, over County Clerks and their deputies, over Coroners and the like. There are professional politicians here to whom party priciples are as airy and inconsequential trifles, among whom the ability to clutch and hold in grimy and dishonest hand the reward of party spoils is the highest character of patriotism and the acme of political virtue. These men have been quarreling among themselves in San Francisco, quarreling like wolves over some freshly slain carcass, but to say they represent "factions" of the Republican party is to degrade the party and dignify their despicable calling. Party factions! Not one of the party bosses on either side of this noisy controversy could command a vote or wield an influence outside of the tough and disreputable districts of this municipality. Party factions, indeed! If the appointment of Mr. Davis would wipe them from the face of the earth the State would demand it, while it would shrink from lifting a finger to aid in increasing their strength or solidifying their interests. To imagine that the appointment of any respectable man to the Cabinet would satisfy or mitigate the cravings or the quarrels of these political gluttons is to do violence to common sense. Can any one imagine Jeremiah Mahoney, Martin Kelly, Phil Crimmins or Charlie Curry made more happy or less obstreperous or more decent by the appointment of any respectable citizen to the Cabinet or to any other position? It is ludiorous. Does any one suppose that Dan Burns and Mr. Spreckles will forego or bury their personal quarrels because of Mr. Davis' appointment? It is not possible, and the whole community understands it.

A position in the Cabinet is not a political office in its narrow and accepted sense. "A cabinet is in politics a select council of a country, so called from the cabinet or apartment in which the ruler assembles his privy council." The selection of a privy council is ex industria denied the people, and the privilege and powers in that behalf are wisely vested in the President himself. His Cabinet constitutes the body of his privy counsellors, his confidential advisors, his closest political intimates, upon whose skill and judgment rests, to a great extent, the fate of his administration. All this, in the very nature of things, presupposes a prior intimate knowledge of the man selected, long acquaintance and perhaps long friendship. Consider a Cabinet appointment from this point of view, and you may gather some idea of the breach of etiquette, nay, breach of decency itself, that was committed by our delegation in urging—if they did so without Mr. McKinley's solicitation—the name of any man for such a place. Such a proceeding strikes us as being in devilish bad taste. It is the custom for State delegations to agree upon appointments for local Federal officers, but to presume that an incoming President has not an acquaintanceship in the whole United States extensive enough to admit of his selecting his own privy counsellors without the intervention of a State delegation is to attribute to him something of incompetency.

A man who would permit his friends to chase over the face of the country seeking indorsements or procuring the "Milpitas Invincibles" to urge upon the President his appointment to the Cabinet is manifestly a cheap man and certainly lacks the fineness of fibre necessary for such an exalted position. Such methods are not only contemptible, but they set the stamp of "unfit" upon the individual who tolerates or permits such an unseemly course in his behalf. Thank God there are in California men eminently fitted for Cabinet positions whose names have been discussed in the public prints, but who are far and away above such cheap and tawdry methods. Unless we entirely mistake the character of Major McKinley, he is a man eminently capable of appreciating such men.

We have one hope of our delegation, and that is (unless their recommendation was inspired by the incoming President himself) that they withdraw it and in its stead recommend (if they must recommend at all) the names of at least a dozen or more of our reputable citizens for the place, and then leave final judgment in the matter to the President himself, where it properly belongs.

It is rumored on the street, among the politicians, that Senator Perkins is to be held responsible for the selection of Mr. Davis, and that an effort will be made to obstruct his re-election to the Senate in consequence. The Wave has no sympathy with such a movement, and the ambitious individual who permits his name to be used in this connection will more than likely live to regret his indiscretion. Senator Perkins went before the people during the last campaign and obtained their indorsement fully and fairly. He made a vigorous campaign and did much to carry this State for the Republican ticket. If any good man cares to be inveigled into political ruin he may do so by attempting to take advantage of the present situation.

The toad that sits on the ledge of the bee hive gulping down the busy insects passing in and out has useful functions to perform, but they deviate from usefulness when their attention is diverted from the predatory pests of insect life to the useful little workers. If some political Natterjack imagines this his oportunity to swallow Mr. Perkins we prophecy for him defeat and political oblivion as well. No prudent man will permit the use of his name in this connection.

WHY NOT MAKE AN EMBASSADOR OF CLEVELAND?

When all the dust of contemporary politics has been blown aside and men have come to judge the outgoing administration on its merits and without partisan prejudice, it will be conceded that President Cleveland has been great in his financial policy and in his foreign policy, and greater in the latter even than in the former. When all other events of this time have become dim and obscure in the popular mind, the masterful handling of the Venezuela matter will stand out as one of the rarest pieces of diplomacy which this or any other nation has seen. Other events of the last four years of national history appear more important regarded in the false light of the present, but when viewed through the perspective of history there will be nothing else so monumental as this victory of peace which our glorious newspapers have treated as of less importance than a prize-fight.

In diplomacy President Cleveland is a man who arrives. He does not jump at conclusions, for his is not the intuitional kind of statesmanship. He is not emotional and refuses to be stirred by sentimentality. When once he has viewed all sides of a problem and has come to a conclusion, he is inexorable, relentless. But he attempts nothing on a bluff. He sees his way before declaring himself. He never antagonizes unnecessarily and fights for an object which is worth fighting for—always the recognition of some principle. It is this view of the man that has impressed itself on Europe, and more particularly on England.

Mr. Cleveland has done the impossible; the English press said it was impossible, the Salisbury government said it was impossible, the people of England joined in the chorus, likewise those of Europe generally—and most of our own people had little faith that the President could do what he has done without recourse to war. The temper of the American people toward England is not of the kindest, and when the President issued his message on the Venezuela trouble, in which he demanded that England arbitrate and recognize the Monroe Doctrine as a part of the law of nations, the applause that came from most of our newspapers was not caused by any sympathy for the principle, nor even in greater part by a desire to see Venezuela treated fairly, but was largely the result of a popular anxiety to have a brush with England. The President's message was misunderstood. He was declared a jingo by such staid Eastern papers as the New York "Post," and even by such sensational sheets as the New York "World." On the other hand the Morgans and Lodges of the Senate thought that after all the President had taken to eating their kind of meat, and determined to join them in shying bricks at all the nations of the earth. By nearly all elements the message was misunderstood, and where it was most applauded its significance was least appreciated. But now the thing has been done. The government of Great Britain has bowed to the supremacy of the United States in the Western hemisphere, and a precedent is established that without doubt will last for many years, possibly for many centuries.

Why not send this premier diplomat to the Court of St. James? Is there any other place in which he could be of equal service to the country? Have we another man who would be as much respected in England? A more graceful act could not be done by President McKinley than to give this first post abroad to the outgoing President. It is one of the unfortunate features of our government that we have provided no way of retaining the services of our Presidents after their terms have expired. The experience they gather is of value to the nation, and yet we see them forced into Wall street, as Grant was, or into chicken raising, as Hayes was, that they may live.

The suggestion that Mr. Cleveland be sent abroad will certainly not meet with approbation from many Democrats who have failed to get office, nor will it be enthusiastically endorsed by the hungry mob or the most partisan Republican politicians. Nevertheless, it would be a graceful thing for Mr. McKinley to do; it would secure the most competent man in the country for the post and would save to our country the useful services of a statesman and an ex-President.

FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS.

There is promise that the next few months will be made lively by the consideration of several foreign questions of more than momentary importance. Immediately upon the reassembling of Congress we may expect an attack on the President from the jingo Senators because of his con-

servative and sensible policy regarding Cuba. That anything will result, other than the further degrading in the American mind of the United States Senate, is not likely. Mr. Cleveland's course in this matter commends itself to every man of thought. There is no independent Cuba to recognize. The stray bands of brave men who have been fighting for freedom of their country are not entitled in the legal sense to be called belligerents. The first test of belligerency is that of authority. There must be a recognized seat of government and a territory over which that government has actual executive, legislative and judicial control, a territory for which laws can be made and in which they can be enforced and the process of their courts recognized. The Cuban patriots have no such government, and while the sympathy of the great mass of the American people is with them in their great contest against the tyranny of Spain, we as a nation are bound by a code of international law. Indeed, we have been the most insistant of all nations in the recognition of that code, and it would ill become us out of sympathy to recognize those as belligerents who in point of law are no more than a body of bushwhackers. There is a point, to be sure, as Mr. Cleveland said in his message, when from the standpoint of our own interests and the interest of humanity we would be justified in interfering in Cuba's internal affairs. The international code recognizes the right of one nation to interfere in the affairs of another, but only when there is supreme necessity growing out of some peculiar condition of the contest. Upon this principle England, Russia and France have repeatedly interfered in Turkish affairs, and it is an extension of that same principle which justifies the United States in its proclamation and enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, which under President Cleveland has become a part of the international code. But under our constitution the conduct of international affairs has been left largely to the President, the Senate having but a veto power upon his acts. Its consent is necessary to the adoption of a treaty just as its consent is necessary to certain of the great appointments. It is the policy of all nations to leave these matters almost to the exclusive control of Cabinet officers, and to the Senate's claim that it has the right now to enforce upon the President a foreign policy opposed to that which he has boldly declared to all nations there is but one answer—that it is a claim never before made by the Senate, for which there is no constitutional justification, and in which the Senate has no popular support. The people of the United States are satisfied that while the control of this matter rests with the President, no injustice will be done to the Cuban patriots, no unnecessary offense will be given to Spain, no war will be brought about which we can with dignity avoid. Whereas, if this matter were left to the Senate—the most radical legislative body that the United States has ever seen—fear would at once seize hold of our people, the main advantage of the recent election would be lost, things would be made insecure and unstable by the consciencenes that we were in danger of being embroiled in an unjustifiable war by a body of men whose only present purpose seems to be to make themselves as personally distasteful to the President as possible.

When some solution of the Cuban problem has been found, we may expect that there will arise a serious agitation for the annexation of the Hawaiian slands. It has been presumed by some that the Republican party is committed to the policy of annexation by the action of President Harrison. Anxious that his administration should close with glory, in the last few weeks, almost in the last few hours of his administration, he took advantage of the revolution in Honolulu to conclude a treaty, which failed because withdrawn on President leveland's incoming and his subsequent antagonism. That President McKinley is in any way committed to the policy of his Republican predecessors does not appear. The condition of affairs in Hawaii is different from that which presented itself to Mr. Harrison. Instead of a people under the protection of the American flag we now have an independent government with which to deal, and there are no more reasons why we should recognize Hawaii, a solid and peaceful republic, than there are reasons why we should take to ourselves the great territory of Mexico. To be sure, we have reason to believe that the white residents of the Hawaiian Islands are anxious that those islands should become an integral part of the United States. But are we to be a place of refuge for every people who feel themselves incapable of self-government, or who realize the benefits of a closer association with us? Are we to take to ourselves territory at a distance which would require the most expensive naval protection because those people extend their arms and beg us? Are we to make United States citizens of a mass of illiterate South Sea Islanders two generations removed from cannibalism, thirty thousand Japanese little better than slaves and an indiscriminate horde of the flotsam and jetsom of the South Sea because sons of missionaries who have gone down to those islands think that their property would be safer, their lives more secure, their interests promoted by such annexation?

The constitution of the United States was not drafted with a view to holding territory except under State government. The territorial laws which we have framed are the outgrowth of our necessity; they do not naturally conform with the body of our federal law, and therefore it is that Congress hastens to turn territories into States as soon as there is a reasonable excuse for such action. The Hawaiian Islands are not in a condition for statehood and will not be for generations to come, and it is not American to hold territory for any considerable length of time in any other way.

"But," say the urgers of annexation, "England will take the islands if we don't." How do we know this? What evidence is there to justify such a statement? What willingness have the people of the Hawaiian Islands ever shown to be absorbed into the British Empire? And if it were so, is it the policy of this government to take all territory anywhere rather than let England or any other government have it? Certainly, there would be no greater advantage to England or disadvantage to us in her possessing those islands than there is now in her possession of British Columbia, where she has a place of refuge and repair for her warships and from which she could flood our territory with troops and send out squadrons to demolish our cities within a few hours.

From all these considerations and the bulk of reason being against annexation, we may expect that the Senate will favor it. But our hope must be in the good sense of Mr. McKinley.

✓ THE MODERN SHORT STORY.

There is one type of of the modern short story that is a sort of great-grandchild of the novel of fifty years ago, but that, finding no abiding place between the broad covers of a printed book, has been adapted and nurtured by the monthly magazine. Originally the short story was but a miniature novel, having all the features of a novel—introduction, plot, complication, development of character and the like—every characteristic in fact but that of length. Balzac introduced this type—the type of the long short story, and it still survives in the present day in the form of the serial of two numbers that appears from time to time in "Harper's" or "Century," or more especially in the "Novelette" of Lippincott's. Among the best examples of this type are Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Amelie Rives' "Quick or the Dead," and Mr. Hope's "Indiscretion of the Duchess." These stories may be read at a single sitting. They are hardly more than condensed novels. The introduction is entirely dispersed with, the action is generally simple, the movement rapid, the range very limited. But the writer, however, still retains the succession of incidents and episodes of the larger forms of fiction, and by means of these evolves a considerable amount of complication. But ever since the introduction of the short story as a form of fiction the tendency has been towards brevity. The short story has been getting shorter and shorter, not so much, I am confident, because of limited space on the part of the reading public as because of limited space on the part of the magazines. The popular magazine must cover in a given and fixed amount of space a great variety of subjects—art, literature, science, travel, biography, history and fiction, to say nothing of the space consumed by illustrations. All matter, fiction or otherwise, must consequently be reduced to the shortest possible length. Editors all over the country are constantly returning "available" matter to the authors with suggestions to condense. The short story is no exception. It has become shorter and shorter from year to year, until from being a shorter form of novel of incidents and episodes, it has been reduced in some cases to the relation of a single incident by itself, concise, pungent, direct as a blow. There have been successful stories written upon an incident so brief that the whole matter can be summed up in a single sentence. For instance, "An English officer's return to his regiment after years of imprisonment in Siberia." There does not seem to be material enough for even a very short story in this statement. Yet Mr. Kipling saw possibilities in it when he conceived the idea of "The Man Who Was." Or again, the impulse of a good-hearted young New Yorker to remove a little girl from the bad influences of stage life and return her to her father, is all that Mr. Davis permits himself to relate in "Her First Appearance," perhaps the best story he ever wrote.

Short stories of this latter description are entirely different from that first type which we have chosen to call the long short story. The first type were merely condensed novels; but stories such as "The Man Who Was" and "Her First Appearance" are, as it were, chapters—the most significant ones—taken from the heart of unwritten novels; all the preceeding chapters, the introduction, etc., are suggested; all those that follow are left to the reader's imagination. It is the custom for critics at this point to expatiate upon the difficulty of writing short stories such as these. It does not necessarily follow that the "very" short story requires any greater amount of cleverness of handling than the longer one. Popular belief to the contrary, I hold that the writing of a novel is by far the most arduous and exacting task within the province of literature. It is true, however, that a really good short story is one of the rarest things an editor meets with. But the difficulty lies not so much in the actual writing, in the condensing and suggesting, etc., as it does in the invention or selection—call it what you like—of the original idea, the motive. Consider the nature of the thing required. The author must devise or discover a single scene, a bit, an episode so full of meaning, so dramatic, so tremendously significant that it suggests to the mind of the reader an entire volume of explanatory matter. The reader must not only read between the lines, but between the very words. And all this must be accomplished within the compass of, at the very most, thirty-five hundred words. I say at the very most. Some of Mr. Kipling's strongest effects have been attained by means of two thousand.

The writing of the short story, whether it be the "long" short story or the "short" short story, has developed in many authors a certain amount of trick work that it is very amusing to note. The word "trickery" as applied to an artistic production may appear to be an ill-chosen term, though this literary "trickery," this legerdemain as used by Kipling, and especially by Davis and Anthony Hope, is no more blameworthy than that of the clever sketch artist who makes a couple of dots do for a line and a couple of lines suggest a mass of shadow.

One of the most fetching "tricks" of the short story writer is his handling of the very last paragraph or sentence of his story. By its very position the last sentence of a tale gathers an enormous emphasis it may possess. The reader will invariably consider the last sentence with great seriousness, weighing every word with the greatest attention and earnestness. Many short story writers who are clever enough to realize this weakness—if it be a weakness—on the part of their public, are also clever enough to take advantage of it, by withholding the real point and meaning of their story until the last sentence or paragraph is reached, then suddenly unfolding it in a few brief words, as one might suddenly unravel an apparently hopeless tangle of skeins with a few deft turns of the wrist. This is trickery of course, but it is very clever trickery, since it discloses the whole purport of the story in a single instant, and the reader receives the accumulated effect of the preceding pages with the suddenness and force of a mild electric shock.

Richard Harding Davis terminates "The Princess Aline" in this fashion, having scrupulously withheld from the reader until that last instant all suspicion of the fact that Aline is in love with Carlton. Mr. Davis is very fond of these little "coups de theatre." His "Unfinished Story" and "The Other Woman" both end in this manner, while Anthony Hope uses the same machinery in almost every one of the "Dolly Dialogues."

What is to be the future of the short story it would be difficult to say. It cannot continue indefinitely to shorten in length. There must inevitably come a time when it will reach its limit, a limit of brevity which if overpassed would bring it into the province of the anecdote. It is probably as short now as it ever will be, and as movements in art go by extremes, it would not be surprising if the short story of the twentieth century goes back to its original type, so that instead of the short long story of to-day, we should again be reading the long short story of Balzac and of Bulwer.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE "EXAMINER" AND "CALL."

We make bold to offer a suggestion to our morning contemporaries, now so busily engaged in wearing the public patience thin with private quarrels and bitter personalities. Our suggestion, if adopted, may result in vast benefits to the State; bring an increased number of subscribers to these journals, and a very chaste and elegant trophy which The Wave will present to the journal making the most vigorous fight for the public improvement in question. Mr. Ed E. Leake some time ago filed with the Governor his report as Commissioner of Public Works. It is pregnant with valuable suggestions and is one of the most important papers ever submitted to a Governor of this State, and yet the daily press of this city has barely given it even meager notice. The report says nothing about the funding bill, neither does it advocate in terms a horizontal reduction of railroad rates, yet in the matter of railroad rates it will cut a very broad swathe in the territory affected by the improvement which it suggests. According to the report, there are no less than 1,700 square miles of the richest land in the world subject to occasional overflow and periodic flooding in the Sacramento Valley. "Over one million acres of land," says the report, "capable of sustaining an empire within itself, whose climate is particularly adapted to the deciduous and citrus fruits," cry out for protection against the floods that come down from the Sierras. It is proposed to accomplish the reclamation of this district by deepening the channel of the Sacramento river by means of a new hydraulic dredger now in use by the Mississippi River Commission. Chief Engineer Price and his assistant, Mr. Nurse, strongly advocate the purchase of such a machine by the State. The engineer states that if he had such a dredger Newton Shoals, now an obstruction to navigation, and a menace to many acres of valuable land, would disappear in thirty to fifty days. "The Horseshoe Bend," says the report, "would become a gentle curving river, deep and self-preserving," and all the advantages claimed for the deepening of the Newtown Shoals would dawn upon the people so suddenly that we would stand in wonderment at the great effect of the work. "The restoration of the river would no longer be a question involving theories of engineers. Combine the power of the flood waters," says the report, "with the energy of the Bate's dredger and the lowering of the flood line of the Sacramento is assured. The San Joaquin river will become a deep tidal waterway, over which ships of heavy tonnage shall pass without difficulty to Stockton. Every creek and branch leading to the bay of San Francisco may be converted into a navigable stream. San Jose, Petaluma, Napa and all the important cities on the tributaries of the bay of San Francisco would be united with the ocean by a deep ship channel Sacramento city will realize the fact that screw propellers can reach her water-front instead of the inadequate stern-wheelers that now ply the waters of the Sacramento river."

Such is the suggestion of our Commissioner of Public Works, and we heartily recommend its advocacy to the daily press. With open waterways such as are outlined in Mr. Leake's report, transportation rates would soon regulate themselves, millions of taxable property would be added to the assessment rolls, and the whole State benefitted to a prodigious extent. Suppose the "Examiner" and "Call" apply their facilities for "booming" a measure to this most important improvement, and let the public judge which is the most influential.

AN INSTRUMENT OF PROVIDENCE

FROM THE FRENCH OF AURILIEN SCHOLL

La Chauseé was in tumult. M. Bourimel had disappeared; M. Bourimel the richest inhabitant of the little town; the municipal officer; the rotund and rubicond merchant whose figure had long been so familiar in the eyes of all La Chauseé. He was gone, he had vanished, had been spirited away from the sight of men. Consternation! For three days his family had sought him in vain. There was talk of ruin, bankruptcy and suicide; but the town notary proved that never had M. Bourimel's affairs been in such flourishing condition.

Quite a different man from M. Bourimel was M. Antenor Dujardin. Antenor was a man of absolute insignificance. He was a dandy, a poser, a wearer of flaming waistcoats and of high hats with almost invisible brims. He was without ambition, without convictions, with no ideas beyond those gained by intermittent reading of the supplement of the "Figaro." Antenor had a little "rente" of eight or nine thousand francs which was just sufficient to permit him a life of idleness. He could be seen every day from noon to four o'clock at the "Café Militaire" calmly playing a game of piquet, his sole diversion, smoking a meerschaum pipe as black as ebony, and never raising his voice except to cry to his dog:

"Down, Rambler!"

A little after the disappearance of M. Bourimel Antenor equipped with his hunting permit was beating up a strip of marshy ground that lay beyond the town when Rambler all at once snuffed the air and made game.

"Come here Rambler," cried Antenor.

But the dog uttered a prolonged howl.

"Diable!" exclaimed Antenor.

Once more Rambler put back his head and howled dolefully.

"Decidedly, there is something up."

And Antenor advanced with great precaution towards a little bunch of willows that grew upon the edge of a ditch hard by. Then it was that he perceived, half submerged in the muddy water, a mutilated corpse, and in spite of the dreadful wound in the head had no difficulty in recognizing the body of the unfortunate Bourimel.

Never before had such a shock disturbed the monotonous existence of Antenor. He fled terror-stricken to the town and arrived out of breath at the house of the "Procureur," to whom he told his extraordinary story.

An hour later the whole town was in commotion. The body was brought back in a hired carriage and an inquest opened at once.

"Monsieur," said the Judge to Antenor, "you will be the first and perhaps the only witness in this affair."

"I know it," answered Antentor in a voice that had already assumed a certain ring of importance.

"The Court counts upon you."

"It's confidence will not be misplaced."

From this moment Antenor became the hero of La Chauseé. He was beseiged with questions as to details.

"How was the body lying?"

"The head was almost underneath water, wasn't it?"

"The clothes in disorder?"

"And evidences of a terrible struggle?"

"Such a good man!"

"And with a family!"

In answer Antenor, night and day, early and late, retold his story.

"I had gone shooting reed birds; arriving on the marsh I followed along the ditch that is called Le Fossé-Renaud, when all at once Rambler came to a point by a clump of willows. I call to him—he does not obey—I advance—ah! imagine my emotion—

"Ah! Monsieur Antenor."

"I see poor M. Bourimel, his legs stiff, his head cut——"

"Horrible!"

"I rushed back to town——"

"That was well done."

"And I hope that we will end by discovering the asassins.

From that memorable day Antenor was only spoken of as "the gentleman who had discovered the corpse of the Fossé-Renaud.

* * * * * *

In time the murderers were discovered—two Portugese sailors, deserters.

They were brought to justice.

The "Journal" of La Chauseé, especially cited Antenor in its account of the trial.

"M. Antenor Dujardin, whose testimony will be so damaging to the accused, is a young man of great distinction."

When Antenor rose in answer to his name, a thrill ran through the court-room. He was dressed entirely in black, and with great dignity related the facts of the case as known to him. At the end of his statement the Judge remarked graciously:

"The Court congratulates you, Monsieur, on the coolness and energy manifested by you upon this trying occasion. But for you and your most providential intervention we would have been obliged to add perhaps another chapter to the history of mysterious crimes. You have rendered a service to society, Monsieur. Society thanks you."

The two sailors were speedily condemned, one to death, the other to the galleys. When the Court adjourned the crowd parted to right and left and made way in respectful silence for Antenor Dujardin.

He was elected Vice-President of the Town Club, and honorary President of the local branch of the Life Saving Society. He became a favorite with women and was sought after and cultivated by mothers with marriageable daughters. One day Maitre Rogonet, the notary, made him aware that he could, without risk of refusal, offer his hand to Madamoiselle Prepotin de Jambenville—three hundred thousand francs dowry — in land, if you please!

Some of the aristocratic families of the neighborhood expressed surprise when it was announced that a Jambenville had consented to become a simple Dujardin; but the curé responded to this objection, raising his eyes to heaven:

"'Twas he who discovered the body of M. Bourimel. Providence has chosen him as her special instrument." And his hearers bowed their heads.

Now that he was rich and the head of a family Du jardin soon became the adjutant of the Mayor, and no school festival, no regatta nor agricultural fair was considered complete unless he was president of the day or at the very least a member of the jury.

At length a certain Prefect came to office who proposed Antenor's name for the Cross. The letter of application ended with these words:

"Dujardin is one of the notables of the department. He enjoys the esteem and consideration of the entire community. He is one of those honorable and illustrious citizens who reflect honor upon the country which has given them birth. In an affair that at one time caused a considerable ebulition of popular excitement he played

LOWERING THE CORNER STONE

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW HALL OF JUSTICE

This building is to be erected on the site of the old City Hall, opposite the Plaza. The ceremony was performed under the auspices of the Masonic Order, Grand Master Lucas officitaing.

an important and highly commendable role. It was he who discovered the corpse of Le Fossé-Renaud."

Each time a stranger passed through La Chauseé he was shown the cathedral, the tower of St. Firmin, the new canal—and Antenor Dujardin.

"You see that man crossing the street?"

"Yes."

"Who do you think it is?"

"Who is it?"

"Eh bien! That's M. Dujardin.

"M. Dujardin?"

"Don't you remember the Bourimel affair—the man who was asassinated by two sailors?"

"Ah, yes, I remember something."

"Well, that's the man who found the corpse."

Antenor carries off his honors with dignity. He knows he is illustrious, but is not puffed up on that account. Madame Dujardin always writes upon her cards "nee de Jambenville."

Antenor's decoration is a great satisfaction to Madame. She adores her husband whom she regards as a hero and invariably treats him with marked consideration and respect. Now and then she goes to Nantes to pass a few days with some rich cousins of hers, or to Bordeaux to see her brother-in-law. Here in the midst of this new public she can be heard to explain, "My husband had gone shooting reed birds. When he arrived on the marsh he followed along the ditch that is called Le Fossé-Renaud, when all at once his dog began to howl. Monsieur Dujardin advanced with resolution and then — his hair bristling, he saw a corpse dreadfully mutilated, the face covered with blood, the legs stiff."

"Ah, madame, what a sight!"

Madame Jambenville is always proud of her little effect.

Antenor is now chevalier of the Legion of Honor and Mayor of La Chausee, esteemed and respected by the entire population of the town and surrounding country.

"Rambler" died long ago upon a bit of straw in a corner of the stable.

However, it was he who discovered the corpse of Le Fosse-Renaud.

THE MAKING OF A BALLET

Instructor Kiralfy Tells How Dancers are Made.

"Catch 'em young and untrained, with fair intelligence, a gift of perseverance and a knowledge of a waltz step and you can make any kind of dancer of them that you like."

Thus Mr. Kiralfy, sitting in the chilly gloom of the front rows of the Orpheum, ever and again shouting criticisms and exhortation to the "second line" of the ballet, twelve girls more or less pretty who were doing their best to pivot about upon the left foot and come down upon the right knee and do it all at the same time.

This does not seem a difficult evolution. You would think that after a few trials twelve girls "with a fair intelligence and a gift of perseverance" could be depended upon to spin around from left to right and sink upon one knee simultaneously. And suppose that one or two were a little out of time, you wouldn't think it made so very much difference after all. That is because you are not familiar with rehearsals. Six, eight, ten, a dozen, I don't know how many times Mr. Kiralfy had his second line repeat the maneuver. He was punctillious and as exacting as a football coach drilling an eleven in a new trick, and he was as merciless. He shouted, he expostulated, he brow-beat and harrangued, he raged and stamped his feet, he gave up in despair and returned suddenly to the charge with a renewed vehemence. One girl bolder than the rest ventured a word of remonstrance to the effect that her neighbor had crowded her. It was the last straw. Mr. Kiralfy clasped his hands, shut tight his eyes, and in a voice of long-suffering pathos and meekness cried out pleadingly:

"Oh, dont argue—don't argue, let me do the arguing."

A little later as he sat in the front row with me and watched the evolution of the entire body, he observed repeatedly:

"And only ten of that forty have ever been upon the stage before!"

I was surprised out of all countenance. In view of that fact, the performance was little short of miraculous. I said as much.

"That's the way I always do. Build up the raw material. The schools, the regular professionals, bah! they're not worth—that. They have their ideas, you can't teach them anything. Give me the raw material to work upon every time."

"What comes first?"

"You advertise for girls first. And there is one thing you don't have to worry about, you can always find plenty that want to dance. I can tell in a minute whether or not the girl will do. Two things I must have. The girl must be intelligent, she must have ginger, dash, go — you know what I mean. Then she must be able to waltz: after that the rest is easy. I put 'em through arm movements first, line 'em up altogether on the stage and teach them what it means to be graceful. Of course, they must be naturally graceful or I can't do much. In this stage of the process—this arm movements, I weed out the awkward ones."

"And then?"

"Then I divide the lot into three lines, the best dancers for the first line, the second for the second, and the poorest in the last. In this present ballet there are twelve in each line. I have divided each line into two parts, six in each part. There is a leader for each part, making two leaders for each line."

"These leaders are taken from the best dancers?"

"Of course, the girls are supposed to watch them and follow them."

M. KIRALFY MARKING TIME

"Then we would assume that the two leaders of the first line were the very best of the lot?"

Mr. Kiralfy assented and pointed out one of the leaders of the first line. A little girl in a short black skirt dress and short brown hair. She was pretty, and she danced very, very gracefully indeed, danced as earnestly as if every seat in the empty auditorium was occupied.

THE FLYING BALLET ON TERRA FIRMA

"There's a sample of the raw material," Mr. Kiralfy said. She's never danced before until now. I found her. She's a daisy. I suppose a man in my position has a better chance of discovering hidden talent than any other theatrical official in the business. In fact I have discovered and brought out thousands of 'em. When I found 'em they were glad to get ten dollars a week, now plenty are drawing a hundred. I found Pauline Hall in the second line of a chorus.

"Is it hard work to teach them—get them to take your ideas?"

"No," says he. "It's hard only when you try to handle 'em singly. Get 'em in a crowd and it's easy enough work. That's strange, isn't it? I would rather teach ten girls than one, rather a hundred than ten, rather a thousand than a hundred. The bigger the crowd the easier they are influenced."

There is considerable philosophy in this if you consider this from the right point of view.

And then Mr. Kiralfy volunteered a remark that I have heard upon the lips of every theatrical man I ever met:

"The best girls," he said with conviction, "the best girls for theatrical work are the California girls. They are prettier, they are more graceful, they take to the work more naturally, they have more talent than the girls of every other State in the Union.

Then, as I always do at this point, I said:

"Now, why should this thing be," and like all the others to whom I had addressed the question Mr. Kiralfy said:

"I don't know."

The attention of specialists is being directed to the alarming increase of insanity in Paris. Statistics for last year show that the number of persons treated for insanity at the public asylums of the department of the Seine has increased 335 over the total of 1894 and 708 over that of 1893. At the time of the completion of the report the number of inmates of the asylums in the department was 13,153, without taking account of those cared for in private establishments. In several cases the increase has been so great that the asylums have had to enlarge their quarters.

There is a popular idea that June is the favorite month for weddings, and that the young woman who loves romance and wishes fortune to smile upon her nuptials in every way must choose this of all months. Cold and unromantic fact, however, shows that the three most popular marriage months are October, November and December. Fifty years' records show this to be true, and also demonstrate the fact that the most unpopular months for marriage are January, February and March.

A BALLET REHEARSAL AT THE ORPHEUM

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The prettiest political yarn of the season has Quarantine Officer Chalmers for hero. It seems the United States Inspector has of late manifested great solicitude about the health of incoming passengers, and it has developed that he is under direct instructions from Washington to counteract the carelessness of the local service. The story goes that Chalmers, who is an appointee of the Budd Board of Health, has an objection to boarding incoming vessels out of banking hours. The irregularity of steamer arrivals has proved a source of great inconvenience to him, and having a practice of his own he naturally resents the necessity that drags him out on the bay in the cold dark hours of early morning or the dark and misty moments around midnight merely because some ocean liner chose to put in an appearance. However, connections were made safely enough, though often late, until the Peking put in about six o'clock of a foggy morning and the quarantine officer was sought in vain. They looked high for him and low, but he came not. Nothing loath, and determined to save the situation, the commander of the quarantine tug sallied out into the stream and duly boarded the steamer. To intensify complication, it was a time of great uneasiness in the service, inasmuch as disease raged in Hong Kong and it behooved that Dr. Chalmers' investigation be as strict as possible. Up the ladder bounded the captain with a fine professional air, confident that having seen his superior's performance of the investigation ceremony, that he could do as well and better. He examined every passenger, officer and sailor with the greatest deliberation and gravity and finally giving the Peking a clear bill on the strength of which she docked. All this happened before the eyes of the United States Inspector, who having already ascertained the health of the vessel, could look on and laugh with a clear conscience. The affair was reported to Washington at once, and in that way the story came out. The infliction is rather severe on the Board of Health, which in other quarters is going to such length to exhibit its zeal.

***

The story of the discovery of the Fortuna mine is better than most of the romances we read in Christmas numbers. There, no matter how skillful the narrator plays on one's feelings, the mind inevitably discounts as fictitious conclusions though they be logical and inevitable. In the former instance, however, the joyful termination may be authenticated with a bank book and real estate. The heroism of this tale is divided between C. D. Lane of the Utica mine and an agent of his, Charles Strauss. When a man has developed into a millionaire by the extraction of gold from quartz he has generally conceived a proper

THE LATE ALEXANDER SALVINI

Photo by Thors

estimate of the relation of mining to money making. Now, Mr. Lane knows that his income from the Utica, diverted into new channels, may find new Uticas, and he has agents throughout the Sierras with eyes peeled for new treasures. One of them was Strauss, an expert miner and a prospector possessed with judgment as well as instinct.

In quest of properties he had wandered to Yuma and there, entering into discussion with the County Recorder, was told of a location just made by two Dutchmen who had exhibited in proof of their find specimens of great value. The geography of the claim was noted by the prospector, who in the course of his journeyings came across the mine.

"What have you got there, boys?" inquired Strauss, familiarly, to the two men who were laboring steadfastly—being down some twenty feet.

"A mine," was the reply.

"What kind of a mine?" he pursued.

"Vat you tink," inquired one of the Dutchmen, flinging a spadeful of specimens up to him.

Strauss examined the stone curiously and cautiously. "How much are you asking for your hole?" he asked.

"Von hundred tousand dollars."

Strauss laughed. "That's a good deal of money isn't it?" he replied.

"No, it's dirt cheap," was the answer.

"Come up here and let me go down there," he demanded.

Strauss descended and examined the lay of the land. The rock was rich, undoubtedly, but how deep the vein went, who could say.

"Maybe it is worth what you ask," he said on returning to the surface, "but you cannot prove it. There is no hundred thousand in sight, but I'll bond the hole, and if my people can find gold you'll have the money."

The necessary documents were made out and Strauss departing traveled to Angel's Camp and sought out his principals.

"You want to spend my money on another mine, Charley." said Mr. Lane in his patriarchal way. "You want to use up some of my dollars on a new hole in the ground, eh?"

"That's it, Mr. Lane."

"Well, Charley, you are a good boy and deserve encouragement. I'll think of it." He turned away and at the sight of his back Strauss' hopes vanished.

"In the mean time, Charley"—Lane had turned round again—"Go back there to Yuma and—and—draw on me for all the money you need to develop your hole."

Strauss lost no time, but returned with the proper equipments and in a very few weeks laid bare such a showing of ore as justified dubbing the mine "La Fortuna." Now the mill turns out $90,000 in gold every month in which Mr. Strauss has a third interest, the rest going to the Lane-Hayward combination. The Recorder at Yuma has had no reason to regret his advice as out of his first earnings the happy discoverer presented him with a check for $5000.

***

Certain disquieting rumors about the financial result of the late Horse Show have been set at rest by the balance sheets. Instead of there being a loss it is a profit that the directors are enabled to show. That is after paying the expenses incident to the display at the Pavilion there remains a surplus which in connection with other sources of income will meet the office expenses of the organization and its salaries, still leaving a small amount to the good. As for the rumor that the '96 show is the final one it is stamped as nonsense. The association has a purpose—to encourage the breeding of fine horses in California—and it will continue its meets until electricity finally supercedes the equine race, when horses will be in menageries rather than betwen traces. As for the show itself, it has proved the superiority of individual effort even over the resources of a long purse. Though Walter Hobart had horses in all the classes, he won but six out of the sixteen cups offered, as against his record of last season, when he was awarded fifteen out of the sixteen cups—if I remember aright. However, the lion's share of the cash prizes came to him—more indeed than the combined winnings of his competitors. Henry Crocker got four cups, and several other important victories were scored over the venturesome young millionaire. The vanquishing of such a strong and ardent exhibitor in any one class is a conquest to crow over and it proves what may be done by brains and intelligence executed in a particular direction.

***

Patriotism is a capital characteristic when properly directed. Doubtless the editor of the "Rural Press" was inspired to come to the assistance of the California Horse by the most honorable and praiseworthy motives, but ere he attacked the Horse Show on the ground of Anglomania he should have made sure of his facts. The manner in which Henry Crocker made hay of his arguments was most diverting. It is well known that the men composing the directorate of the association are all staunch Californians—several of them Native Sons—and I think are imbued with more local pride and patriotism than even Editor Holman dare aspire to possess.

***

Family quarrels are sad affairs even when the belligerents refrain from having recourse to the law. When there enters the controversy the elements of long cherished spite and social difference then there is no length or depth to which the combatants will not go. Character standing, position, the proprieties and even the probabilities avail not to save a man against the anger of disgruntled or disappointed relatives. I was sorry to observe the name of Josiah Ames in connection with an embezzlement charge the other day. Mr. Ames has occupied many positions of honor and responsibility, both public and private, and he is certainly a man of integrity and principle. That he would rob his sister as she charges is inconceivable and on its face unreasonable. There is doubtless some family disturbance at the back of the affair as the accuser, who is quite an old lady, recently left the house of her brother, which had been her home for many years and domiciled herself with another branch of the family.

***

"A Tuscan tongue in a Roman mouth" was the proverb with which his compatriots characterized the richness and sweetness of the late Alexander Salvini's voice. Singularly enough it was the peculiar mellowness of his intonation that first suggested a stage career to the young man at a time when he was, according to his father's wishes, studying for the profession of civil engineer. With Alexander Salivni dies the last representative of the romantic school of acting, so much in evidence during the life and stage career of Fetcher. Salvini was a close observer and student of Fetcher's methods, and in time acted most of his roles, Ruy Blas, D'Artagnan, Claude Melnotte, Don Cesar de Bazan, etc. He had all the dash and verve of Fetcher, inheriting it from the great Tomaso, his father, but in the subtle and finer intellectual distinctions he was often lacking. Salvini did not, however, strictly confine himself to the romantic sword-and-cloak drama of the beginning of the century, but made undoubted successes of such totally different roles as Borgfeldt in Bucahnan's "Partners," and Baron Hatzfeld in "Jim the Penman." Salvini was well known and popular in San Francisco, where he was last seen in 1894 as Surrion in the "Cavaleria Rusticanna." He was to have returned hitder this season, and deceived by assurances of his convalescence, Mr. Wilkinson, his manager, had made all the arrangements to that effect.

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Let those who hunger for literary sensation prepare for the advent among us of another astonishing periodical. This time it is "Phyllida, or the Milkmaid," a bi-weekly review, which, if novelty be a recommendation, will satisfy the most exacting. Not content with that startling creation, the "Lark," Mr. Gelett Burgess, in connection with Mr. Porter Garnett, threatens this new onslaught upon literary browsers and others. In the matter of "get up" they have foraged the field of archaic typography and revived the long ess, and they also adopt the quaint spelling of the period of the "Tatler" and "Spectator." This impending publication will be devoted, in part at least, to the light essay, together with the discussion of "Literary Topicks and Reflections upon the doings of the Town and Country by several Ladies and Gentlemen of Quality and Parts." Beside contributions by Les Jeunes of "Lark" fame, there will be some thoughtful contributions from such writers as Professor Gayley of Berkeley and Professor Jordan of Stanford. We look for noble results and startling.

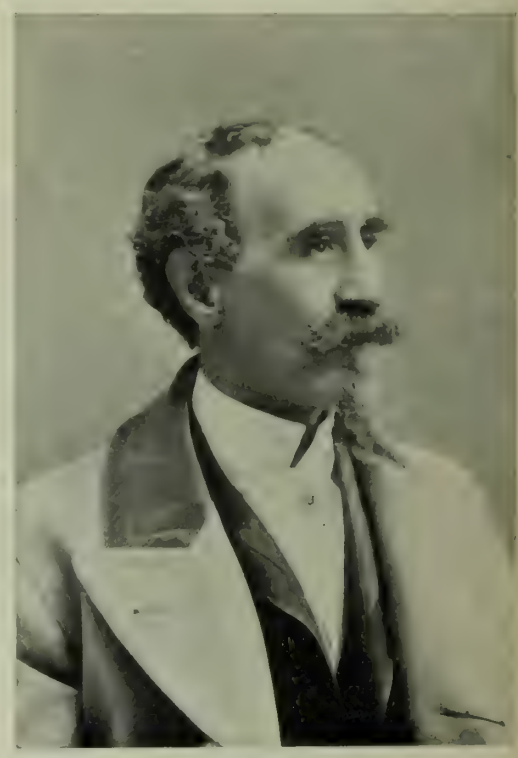
HERRMANN AND HOUDIN

The Late Magician and His Predecessors—His Curious Characteristics.

It is said that the great Herrmann, the king of the "art diabolique," made his first bow to the world at the court of Spain where he was called upon to perform before Queen Isabella II. Herrmann was but fifteen years old at the time, but lost none of his sangfroid in the presence of royalty and went through his list of tricks and sleight of hand performances with as much apparent coolness and dexterity as he manifested in after life in almost every civilized city of the world. Herrmann was fifty-two years of age at the time of his taking off, and his experience with royal "Personages" has not been limited to his juvenile performance before Queen Isabella. He frequently met with and received honors from European monarchs, and often was summoned to give performances at the private theatres of kings and rulers.

One of the best characteristics of Herrmann was that he never pretended to any occult power, earnestly disclaiming any supernatural agency in the accomplishment of his truly wonderful performances, preferring to rest upon his motto, "My hands are quicker than your eyes."

Next to Houdin, Herrmann was probably the greatest sleight of hand performer of the world. Houdin was not the traveler that Herrmann was, though in his more contracted sphere was the recipient of greater honors. Houdin was a prime favorite of Louis Napoleon, through whose good offices he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and at one time was actually sent upon a diplo-



THE LATE HERRMANN

Who had for his motto "My hands are quicker than your eyes."

Photo by Thors

matic errand to Algiers in order to confound the Arab magicians, who by their necromancy and juggling were seriously undermining the authority of the French in Northern Africa.

Other professional sleight of hand performers have held the stage for a time, but none ever succeeded in attaining the popularity that Herrmann enjoyed nearly all his life. We have seen some of these other magicians in San Francisco, Signor Blitz for instance (who was famous some fifty years ago on the Pacific Coast), Jacobs, who came here from Australia, and Hiller, who was as clever as a magician as he was as a sleight of hand performer. None of these, however, could compare with Herrmann. He alone had that neat, clean-cut and tactful manner upon the platform that is as necessary for successful legerdemain as are elaborate cabinets and concealed springs. After the large sums of money Herrmann is said to have realized by his professional exertions, it is rather surprising to find a report current that he died nearly penniless, and that his widow, his assistant at all his performances, would have but little to show for the work of a lifetime by his side in every quarter of the globe. But Herrmann spent as easily as he earned, and his money seems to have been of the "disappearing coin" variety with which he was so familiar on the stage. He had a strong leaning toward "electrical" chateuax, yachts, country homes with retinues of servants, fine horses and fashionable carriages, and in general seems to have believed in the old saying of "dum vivimus, vivamus."

S. H. FRIEDLANDER.

The Wenzel Ideal
In her most idyllic mood.
Copyright R. H. Russell & Son.

A QUESTION OF IDEALS

The American Girl of 1896 as Seen by Wenzel and by Gibson.

During the last year two men of exceptional talent have have been hard at work making pictures of the American girl in all the variety of her moods and tenses, and now in this holiday season the collected results have been put before the public in the shape of two picture books, to-wit, "Pictures of People," by C. D. Gibson, and "Vanity Fair," by Albert Wenzel (R. H. Russell & Son, publishers), and it is very interesting to note how these two artists from their separate points of view have regarded and treated the same individual. For despite the mystifying titles it is the American girl who plays the leading role in "Vanity Fair," and who heads the line in "Pictures of People."

I think that at a very impressionable and formative age—probably a very early one—Mr. Wenzel fell in love with a very stylish girl who was short and blonde, with dark eyes and a rather heavy jaw and broad chin. This girl must have been particularly graceful, given to wearing black lace over rose-colored silk and must have had a habit of sitting turned about half way from you while her elbow rested along the back of the chair and her hand supported her chin—her broad chin. She was a very pretty girl, by the way, and she went to operas and horse shows and sat in boxes with highly ornamented hangings and pillars in the background. At any rate, this is Mr. Wenzel's ideal, and he is very faithful to her and rarely allows her to escape from a picture. I feel that I know her thoroughly by now and should recognize her at once if I should meet her—at the opera in a highly decorated box for instance. Mr. Wenzel is fond of her oftenest in evening dress, with her hair done high and a comb stuck in it Spanish fashion, and he likes to have her sitting down—rarely do you see her at full length—in the fore front of a great crowd, from which you will notice she does not detach herself, but forms a part of it, being made conspicuous only by virtue of her position. Also, this girl is vivacious, as you would expect of a short girl, and smiles very easily, as you would expect of a vivacious one.

But I am rather afraid she is a little superficial. However, she is the leading figure in "Vanity Fair." Never, never does she feel any real depths of passion; never is her sweet high-piled hair disarranged, nor her picture dress—black lace over colored silk—in disorder. She is always serene and smiling and happy, and passes her life finding great amusement over trifles.

The Gibson girl as a bride.
Copyright R. H. Russell & Son.

But I know another girl who is very beautiful and stylish and all that who smiles just as readily but who is capable of the graver, sterner note as well. She is Mr. Gibson's American girl. She has lived an eventful life. When I first knew her she was (very gently) repudiating foreign noblemen: then she passed through a period of great distress in her love affairs: her love would die, or her husband's love, when once it had gone, was hard to get back again, or she realized her mistake when it was too late, or her husband persisted in dying and leaving her to weep on a beautiful broad divan covered with cushions and letters and things. Of late she has been going about in the costume of a general, or a diplomat, or a minister of the gospel, or a Lord High Chancellor, just as charming and as irrestible as ever in spite of—or perhaps because of—her change of raiment.

Unlike Mr. Wenzel's girl she is very tall and a little slim, and her dignity and imposing carriage are her great characteristics. She is rather grave, doesn't smile often, and then mostly with the eyes. Nor is she so entirely given over to society as the girl of the broad chin and high-piled hair. You see her in states of mind rather than in places, in conditions rather than in circumstances.

As I say, she is tall enough to look down on most men, does so, in fact, very often with her head titled back and her eyes half closed—not at all the kind of girl you would choose to quarrel with. On the whole, I prefer her to the one of the broad chin. She is more serious, perhaps, and you must keep keyed pretty high to enjoy her society. But somehow you feel that she is a "man's woman" and would stand by a fellow and back him up if things should happen. I do not think Mr. Wenzel's girl would. I would like to put her to the test—if I were the man.

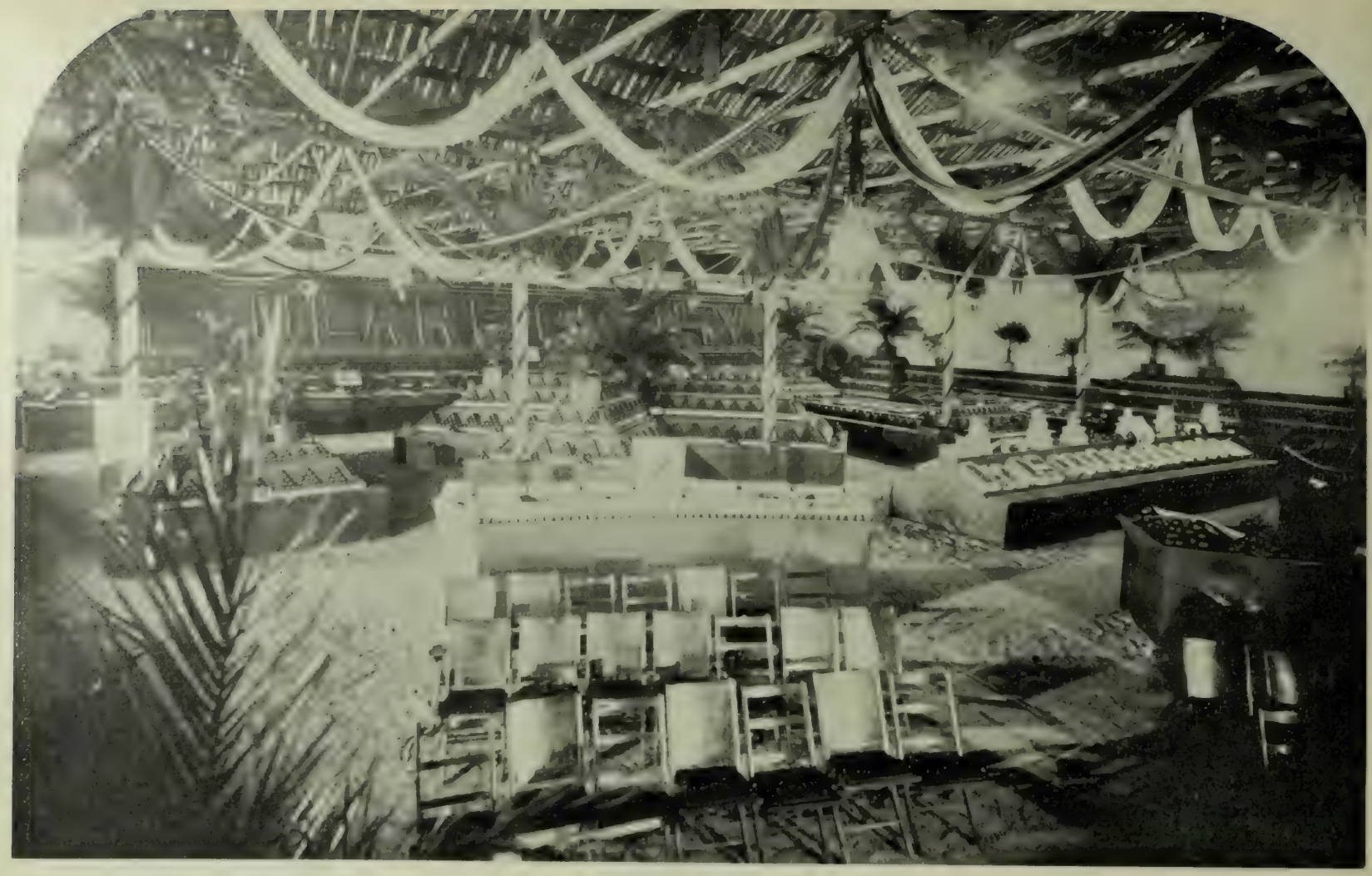
F. N.

"Not at all the girl one would choose to quarrel with."
Copyright R. H. Russell & Son.

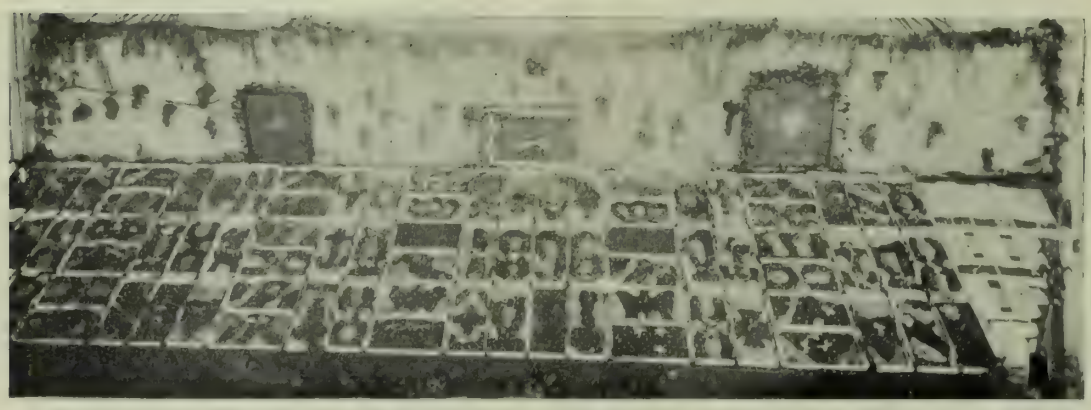
"She would stand by a fellow and back him up if things should happen."
Copyright R. H. Russell & Son.

A visitor to a lunatic asylum in Scotland was watching the men at work on some repairs about the building. One of the inmates who was assisting, by repeatedly rolling his barrow upside down when returning from the building to the stones, attracted the visitor's attention. At length, as the patient passed him for the sixth time with he barrow inverted, the visitor called to him: "Why, man! you're wheeling that barrow upside down. Why do you do it?" "Oh," said the lunatic, "that's the best way." The visitor took the barrow, and, turning it right side up, said: "This is the proper way." "That's a' you ken," said the inmate; "I tried it that way, but they filled it fu' o' bricks. '

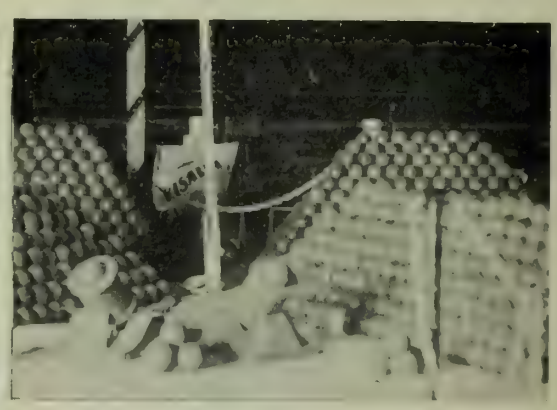
"These beauties are awlays serene and happy, and love operas and Horse Shows."
Copyright R. H. Russell & Son



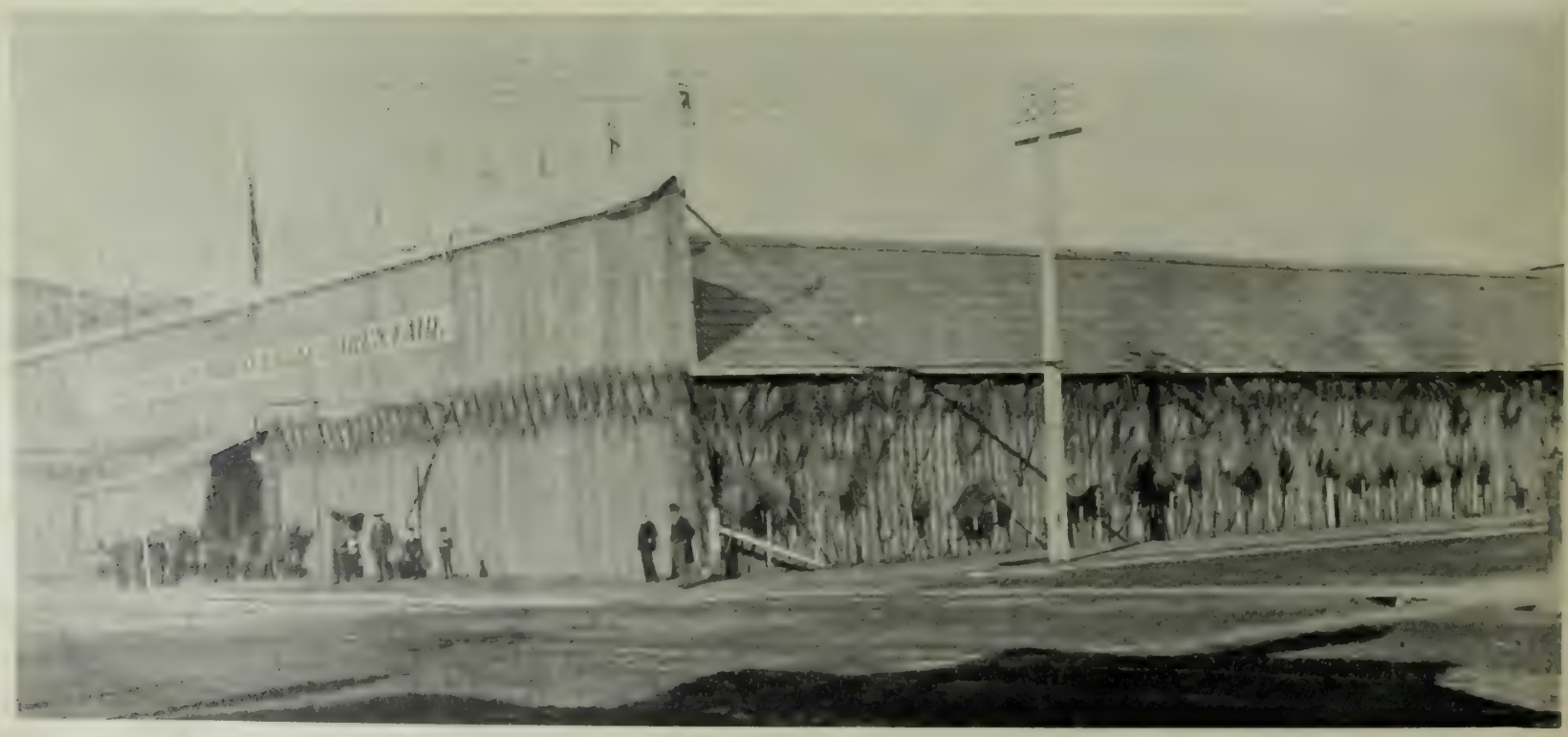
Interior of the Pavilion



An Exhibit of Raisins



A Barricade of Oranges



Exterior of the Pavilion

THE CITRUS FAIR AT FRESNO

Photos by Alexander, Fresno

PROFESSOR VS. MINISTER

Orthodoxy and the Higher Criticism at Outs Over Miracles.

It was my good fortune last Monday to listen to the exposition of views on the fundamental principles of Christianity by Dr. Harris, National Commissioner of Education, and Professor Howison of the State University. The two metaphysicians presented a curious and interesting contrast. Harris was bland, vague and ornamental. Howison was direct, downright and pugnacious. Harris talked all over creation. Howison hewed clean to the line. Harris was involved and difficult. Howison was lucid and simple. Harris implied that Howison charged him with insincerity in not fully explaining his beliefs. Howison denied that he had imputed insincerity. It was only that Dr. Harris was vague. The brethren were pleased with Dr. Harris. They came away believing that Professor Howison is a wicked disturber of religious peace.

Yet Professor Howison averred that his religious beliefs concerning miracles and vicarious atonement are the same as those of Dr. Harris so far as he knew, and they are old-time friends and fellow students. One hardly knew whether this was a reproach that his old comrade had left the professor to face the angry storm alone. One may hardly decide this point, because Dr. Howison has an eminent stomach for a fight, and perhaps had just as soon swallow the whole of the hot broth as share it with a friend.

The professor made the brethren gasp and stare when he dismissed in that offhand, cocksure way the whole doctrine of vicarious atonement as contrary to the first principles of good morals.

"When a man comes and tells me for instance," said Mr. Howison, in his calm, superior way, "that Christ died on the cross for my sins; that He offered up a sacrifice for my sins, and that by virtue of this alone God imputes to me the righteousness of Jesus, if I exercise a mystic sentiment of faith, as it is called, I want to know how literally I am to take that; for if I am to take it literally, then I, as a philosophical thinker, have to say point blank, 'It is not true.'"

Note the little sidewinder, perhaps unconscious, in "the mystic sentiment of faith." Curiously enough this emphatic declaration which cuts at the root of everything that Luther taught did not provoke discussion, and only elicited a sorrowful protest from Dr. Minton of the San Anselmo Theological Seminary. It was Professor Howison's declaration that the belief in miracles is irrational and that they are in no sense evidences of Christianity, that raised the storm. On that line they were ready to fight it out if it took all winter. Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians united in one threatening phalanx to assail the militant professor. He protested that he was doing it all for their own good and that their conclusions were identical with his, although reached by a different way. They would not have it that way. The old road was good enough for them. Dr. Minton came at him with the point that if the belief in miracles is irrational, yet he must admit that rational beings have believed in them, and the audience smiled, for they thought his was a hard one. But the professor is as quick as a cat and he has claws of his own. He came smiling to the scratch: "Let me answer the doctor's points. I see the audience took them by the smile that went around the room when he said what he did. He says that rational beings have believed in miracles. I say, dear doctor, excuse me. Not the rationality of the rational beings ever believed it, but their contingent ignorance."

One does not care to be flippant in relation to a debate of this sort, and yet the whole performance irresistibly impressed me with the idea that the professor was only amusing himself by poking up the animals with a long pole, setting his quick wits against the lumbering intelligence of the brethren. They are good men and well meaning, but their forte is not moral philosophy. One by one their champions went up against the slippery professor and one by one they sat down, sorry they had spoken. They really made things worse. Professor Lloyd of the Oakland Congregational Seminary appeared to be accepted as their most doughty champion to do battle for orthodoxy, but one is fain to confess that Mr. Lloyd rather shirked the duel. He has often met Howison before, and has a wholesome fear of the professor's claws. After they had one and all declared themselves believers in miracles, it was discouraging at the end of a three hours' discussion to hear Dr. Howison, with a cheerful air of patronage define the belief in miracles as mental fumble. He might as well have said they saw things through a holy smoke.

It may appear presumptuous to say so, but the weak point in Howison's armor was plain enough. In reply to a question assuming, as he admitted, that miracles are possible—Why should they not be accepted as evidence? he said:

"That is shifting the ground of proof. I admit that a misconception and erroneous belief about natural science may be in Divine Providence the means by which a certain mind comes to entertain a proposition. But that don't prove that the miracle or the misconception about miracles is a reality—not in the least. It simply proves that there is a Divine ordinance in the world for spiritual culture, and that God makes use of the very ignorance and misconceptions of men to get them into a state where they can receive spiritual truth. But that does not rest the case of the proof of those truths on those things at all. I may go and hear a very ignorant man, and I may see what his ignorant misconceptions are. I want to get him to have a true conception. I go down and talk in the language of his misconception until I get him into the thread of his consciousness so that he can be lifted out of the ignorance into the other view. Now, are you going to say that when I have shown him that true view, the truth of it rests on his ignorance? Not a bit of it. That is exactly what the old position about the evidences of Christianity by miracle is. I don't object to it because I object to Christianity. I object to miraculism because I believe in Christianity, and because I say you can never defend it on that ground."

That admits the whole case unless we assume Providence furnishes bogus miracles for one class of minds and leaves others to go without. If you are an intellectual fumbler the Lord will permit you for your own good to glorify Him for something that He knows to be an imposture. That is Professor Howison's theory.

Dr. Howison had been explaining the results of the higher criticism on the history of the life of Christ, and it may be remarked that he spoke of the Messiah in a fine patronizing sort of way. He distinctly approved of Him. The higher criticism was not popular. Commissioner Harris understood that very clearly. In his closing address he remarked that he had no use at all for the higher criticism. It destroyed the spiritual symbolism of things and left nothing but bare bones to gnaw The sentiment was applauded. Of course the position is logically untenable. That criticism must be either met and refuted or accepted as true. It cannot be sneered down the wind on the wings of a sentimental metaphor. Dr. Howison looked visibly disgusted. I imagine it was his first experience of the mixture of politics and metaphysics.

BOSWELL JR.

FRESNO'S CITRUS FAIR

A Show of Oranges and Lemons Grown in San Joaquin Valley.

The commencement of the culture of oranges for the market in Fresno county was due not to the individual efforts of any one grower or combination of growers, but was the outcome of the orange and lemon groves planted by the Mission Fathers near their churches in the early days. Some fifteen years ago an intelligent orchardist began experimenting and found that oranges and lemons could be cultivated in the San Joaquin Valley upon a basis of financial profit. His investigation showed that the soil was admirably adapted to that purpose, being full of iron or potash and of that reddish hue so much preferred by growers. The climate was dry and even and the land well sheltered and protected from the winds. Under these favorable circumstances it is not extraordinary that the Fresno orange ripens fully two weeks earlier than the orange of other citrus localities of the State. Earlier than the Oroville orange, for instance, or the Bidwell orange.

Even after ten or fifteen years of cultivation the citrus industry of Fresno county is, comparatively, but in its infancy, and it cannot yet be determined what the possibilities are in the way of its further development, the attention of most growers being hitherto concentrated upon the raisin industry. Two thousand acres of citrus fruit are now under cultivation throughout the county, but this area—especially now that the new ditches have been built—can, and no doubt will, be enormously enlarged. It is safe to assume that in the near future the orange will be grown in this locality in as large quantities as the raisin is now. From this district only twenty-seven carloads of oranges went east last year, but this number will no doubt be doubled in a couple more seasons. The great Citrus Fair, which has been the event of the month at Fresno, will do much toward furthering the orange interests of the county as well as attracting attention to Fresno's products in general. The fair building, especially constructed for this occasion, contained a floor space of twenty-two thousand four hundred feet, and handsomely and elaborately festooned and decorated as it was, presented a very attractive sight. The Fresno county exhibit of fruits, etc., occupied over a fourth of the entire space and was without doubt the most attractive exhibit of the fair. The culture of the raisin is just now the most extensive and profitable industry of the county. As a raisin locality Fresno county is unexcelled perhaps throughout the whole United States. Not only is the soil exceptionally favorable for grape culture, but the dryness and evenness of the temperature leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of curing the grapes. Some idea of the high order of the quality of the Fresno raisin can be gained from the fact that the leading growers of the county are now shipping to Austria, Belgium, Denmark and elsewhere on the continent of Europe where they compete directly with the Spanish, French and Italian raisin. The Fresno raisin output is enormous. Last year it amounted to two thousand carloads of eastern shipments alone.

The Citrus Fair was opened and conducted under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce and the Hundred Thousand Club of Fresno. It proved a success from a financial point of view and will go far towards inducing and encouraging a more extended cultivation of citrus fruits in the near future.

One of the features of California life which is not often noticed in print is the large decrease of the Chinese laboring population of the State. San Francisco's Chinatown has fallen off almost one-half during the last three years. The State Labor Commissioner has finished his investigation of the Chinese in California, and he finds that the decrease is most marked in the factories. The overall factories a few years ago employed nearly 5,000 Coolies. Now they have only 1,050. In shoe factories, where formerly from 100 to 300 Chinese were employed, not one-fifth of the number are engaged. This great falling off is due partly to the exodus of Coolies to China, and partly to their preference for engaging in business for themselves, such as laundry work, vegetable growing and fruit raising.

One would have thought that the "true facts" about the Armenian atrocities had been ascertained by this time. Nevertheless, serious and responsible Englishmen, in no way Philo-Turk, who have returned to London after having witnessed the whole street slaughter in Constantinople at the end of August, declare that "the Turks treated the Armenians a great deal too leniently; that if the Turks hadn't killed the Armenians, the latter would have wiped out thousands of Jews, Greeks and foreign Christians before September 1st; that the hundreds of explosive bombs seized and exhibited by the Turks were bought by the Armenians out of the Relief Funds subscribed in London; that the British public is simply being "duped" by the Constantinople correspondents of two London papers, etc!"

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Governor Flower of New York is one of the men who have gained prestige in the recent political upheaval. His zeal in the sound money cause attracted the admiration of McKinley.

Aubrey Beardsley, whose health is still precarious, has decided to reside permanently at his home on the South Coast. He is busily engaged upon his new fantastic novel, in addition to his regular artistic labors.

Sir Henry Irving is said to be, after Gladstone, the most interesting personage in England. After the successful revival of "The Bells," the "Times" pronounced him the greatest English actor after David Garrick.

Pederewski is at Evian les Bains taking the waters for a stomach complaint, but otherwise is in perfect health, mentally and physically. His physician has ordered absolute rest and quiet, and not even his letters are forwarded to him.

The heads of the Standard Oil Company have lunch in a plain dining room on the top floor of their New York office. The service is plain, the menu is simple, and total abstinence prevails. The heads of the company are all Prohibitionists. The treasurer, W. B. Wardwell, is a prominent member of that party.

The famous singing teacher, Mme. Marchesi, regards the attitude assumed in cycling as injurious to the chest and lungs, and the rapid progression through the air as detrimental to the vocal cords. Mme. Marchesi forbids her pupils to cycle. Nevertheless, Mme. Melba, Mme. Nordica and M. Jean de Reszke are devotees of the wheel.

Du Maurier's estate, while larger than that of any other "Punch" artist, hardly equals public expectation, being about $250,000. It represents the phenomenal success of "Trilby" and the advance payments for "The Martian." Mr. Du Maurier's favorite jest during the closing years of his life was that he was "bored and paralyzed with prosperity."

Queen Victoria has made a new will bequeathing a fortune of one hundred million dollars to her descendants. The source of this vast estate is the civil list of $600,000 per annum, Prince Albert's investments in London property, representing twenty-five million, and bequests of ten million. The bulk of this sum will go to Her Majesty's favorite daughter, Princess Beatrice.

Edgar Saltus has made a sensational story out of the elopement of Princess de Chimay, nee Clara Ward, and the Hungarian violinist. He describes her as a festival of beauty, "eyes bluer than the sea, features chiselled to the brow, lips that said 'drink me,' and the face of a saint." He alleges that Prince Badouin, nephew of the King of Belgium was shot by Prince de Chimay because of his attentions to her.

William E. Lewis declares it is Cleveland's plan, should Spain make trouble, to send an army of colored men to Cuba. Negroes will be freely enlisted as being racially able to laugh yellow fever to scorn. Somebody with an inquisitive bent asked "Fighting Bob" Evans of the navy what would be the result of a collision with Spain. "Within six weeks," said Evans, thoughtfully, "after such collision, there would be nothing but Spanish spoken in hell."

After the second of S. R. Crockett's public lectures a heavy, solemn-faced Scot came round behind the platform and shook him by the hand in a melancholy manner. "I hae read a' your buiks," he said; and, after a pause, he added, "up to this." Mr. Crockett expressed his thanks. The man was silent awhile, and tried again. "You dinna do this for a livelihood?" he asked, referring to the recent lecture. "No," replied Mr. Crockett, meekly. "I was thinking that," said Mr. Crockett's critic, with still deeper solemnity.

The visits of Royalty in England are really visitations. The Prince is given to writing his own menus and absolutely deranging households. The Princess, though an exceedingly good woman, is about as interesting as a hausfrau. It is said His Royal Highness invited himself to the Marlboroughs. The story goes that to the crowds of reporters and to the townsmen generally the Duke of Marlborough made himself extremely unpopular. He refused to see reporters, but allowed his agent, who reflects the Dukes airs in a still more offensive way, to see two or three representatives of the press, who were requested, while they were in the park during the Prince's visit, to wear high silk hats and frock coats.

When Ambassador Bayard came to London some three and a half years ago he dedicated himself to the mission of bringing England and America into relations of close affection. His sincere and guileless endeavors in this direction have certainly won for him a larger measure of personal affection among the English people than has ever been enjoyed by an American envoy in England. Even the most cynical have abandoned their first impression that Mr. Bayard was animated by some ulterior motive. He is everywhere accepted for what he is, a man who seeks to crown his public career by a great effort for the unification of the Anglo-Saxon race. As such he is honored even by those who believe that, under existing conditions, he has attempted the impossible.

Will Visscher, the Chicago poet, is thus handed down to fame by a writer in the "Journal": "Among other personal attributes he is distinguished by the most gorgeous and ornate nose that ever showed the way through the vale of sorrow. A rare ripe tomato affords but a futile parallel to the piece de resistance of Visscher's face. It is an egg plant for size, and gaudier than the scarlet tanager of Visscher's native woods. Visscher is a poet. None of your hand-made, bottle-raised products of the effete East, but a natural born singer of the wide and liberal West, with a soul as big as a six-foot boiler, and the capacity for verse equal to the working power of a thrashing machine. To be fair and candid, some of his poetry reads like the action of the useful invention mentioned where a thoughtless band cutter permits his knife to go with the sheaf. This may be said of only such productions of the Visscherean muse as are worked off under pressure. Usually they go like a hand-car down grade."

IN SOCIETY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Christmas is again here with all its magic and merriment. Sorrow loses its sting at its approach; mourning is turned to rejoicing. Of festivals Christmas may be well consdered the most catholic. In the Christian climes under every ruler the masses rejoice equally with the classes. Socially speaking, Christmas here in San Francisco gives me little to record. It is essentially the family festival. Few parties are given, fewer invitations extended than at any other period in the year.

There can be no uncertainty as to the success of the Leap Year Cotillion. It was easily the prettiest as well as the most enjoyable affair of this season. The decoration of the hall was in excellent taste, the arrangement of Japanese umbrellas covered with smilax particularly effective; Mr. Greenway was at his best, and indeed everything was in first-rate form. The gowning was much more elaborate than is usual at fancy-dress balls. More originality was noticeable both in the conception and design of the costumes. Simplicity rested for the nonce upon its laurels. Miss Alice Hager led the cotillion assisted by Miss Sallie Maynard and Miss Gwin. Her gown was exceedingly handsome, though not particularly becoming. It was of pink brocaded silk cut in the Dresden sheperdess fashion, with large paniers and watteau back. Her hat was really beautiful, being of white straw trimmed with ribbons and flowers. I fancy Miss Helen Hopkins was the most gorgeously dressed among the maidens. She wore a Louis Seize gown, a combination of pale blue, white and pink. The petticoat was of pale pink satin, with overdress of blue and white striped silk. It was high necked, with collar of black velvet studded in jewels.

Perhaps the most effective gown was that of Miss Mamie Stubbs, who as "Incroyable" looked bewitching. Her skirt was of white satin covered with accordion pleated rainbow tulle. The bodice of turquois velvet was turned back round the neck with revers that stood out and were edged with passementerie. Her hair was arranged in quaint curls framing her face, and her hat was of blue velvet cut in "Marionette" fashion. Miss Marybelle Gwin looked stunning in a pale pink silk gown of the Louis Seize period. There were graduated bands of figured ruby velvet with yellow and pink roses on the skirt edged with a narrow pink fringe. The coat had revers and sleeves of the velvet.

Miss Gertrude Buckley, one of this year's debutnate's, made a pleasing picture in a Directoire gown of pale blue satin, with white hat trimmed with blue ribbons and waving white plumes.

Miss Emilie Hager looked extremely well as "Lady Teazle" in a pompadour gown of white, with pink roses and a great white hat with pink flowers and plumes. Miss Alice Hoffman made a very lovely "Romola." Her costume was a reproduction of one worn by Julia Marlowe when she produced that play here. It was of pink and white satin. She wore her hair low. Miss Helen Wagner made a picturesque little "Columbine" in a yellow and black frock ornamented with bells. Miss Florence Stone as "Night" was dressed in gray gauze with silver stars, her hair powdered. Miss Rose Hooper wore a Louis Seize gown of pompadour pink figured silk with blue petticoat. Her hair was arranged in pompadour fashion, powdered and hung in ringlets over her shoulders.

Much of the pictorial effect was lost owing to the sombre appearance of the men, none of whom appeared in costume. Even the light waistcoat and the "club colors" were tabooed. Mr. Joe Tobin alone wore a pink coat. This seems a great pity, but the San Francisco male is keenly sensitive to ridicule, and jokes made at the expense of his personal appearance are of greater moment than any criticism on his age or mental abilities.

I wonder when the girls will learn that powdered hair is very unbecoming. After the first dance it sifts through, giving the hair a sort of streaked appearance that is undeniably ugly. It destroys the effect of the most charming costume, robs the face of its youth and adds a hardness to the features. The wigs, on the other hand, are distinctly pretty and soft looking and more in keeping with the fancy dress.

Considerable interest has been evinced over the engagement of Miss Julia Crocker and Mr. Samuel M. Buckbee. Their friendship has been of long standing and out of it blossomed a mutual attraction, which is to end in matrimony. The betrothal was announced last Thursday immediately upon the return of Miss Crocker, who has been touring in Europe for several months. Mrs. Crocker, finding the family mansion on Sutter street too large for her needs, has taken the Hyde cottage on Pacific avenue and has had it charmingly fitted up. The new designs in wall paper brought from the East for Mrs. Crocker are particularly effective. The drawing-room is in white and pink with a dado some twelve inches wide on which garlands of roses are printed. The dining-room is in white. The library, one of the most beautiful rooms in the house, is decorated in gobelin blue starred paper with panels of gold in the corners, giving the effect of tapestry. The windows are all draped in goblin blue plush. The hall has a wide old-fashioned open fireplace arranged in Dutch fashion with white tiles, on which are raised figures collected in Norway by Mrs. Crocker. Over the door are arranged Norwegian panels. Altogether the house is exceedingly pretty and the scheme of decoration entirely new in San Francisco.

The Saturday Deux Temps Club gave its usual cotillion at Lunt's Hall last week. The attendance was rather larger than it has been and the young people appeared to have a jolly time. The german was led by Mr. Donald Smith, assisted by Mr. Howard Adams. Some of the girls looked extremely well. Miss Margaret Cole in pale pink corded silk was among the prettiest of the maids. Miss Marie Messer looked very attractive in red. Miss Reid Hutchins wore a pretty white frock. Miss Bruce was gowned in pale blue.

A very large tea was given on Saturday last by Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck to introduce her cousin, Miss Churchill Jones of St. Louis, who is to spend the winter here. It was a very pleasant affair and nearly all the girls were dressed in light chiffons. Miss Van Wyck wore a sweet little white frock. Miss Jones, who is a tall, rather stately looking maiden, with dark eyes and creamy complexion, wore a pale corn flower gown, which was most effective. Miss Mamie Scott looked piquant in a light yellow satin. There were any number of men present, which added much to the success of the affair.

Miss May Palmer also gave an "At Home" on Saturday afternoon to a number of her girl friends. Miss Palmer was assisted in receiving by Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Ednah Robinson, Miss Dean, Miss Colburn, Mrs. Duke Baxter and Mrs. Stone.

Dr. and Mrs. Younger have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Bessie Younger, and Mr. Burns MacDonald at Grace Church on Thursday, December 31st, at 12 o'clock noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis anticipate installing themselves in their new home in Bakersfield directly after the holidays. The house is splendidly spacious and most

MISS ROSE FECHEIMER

WHO IS TO BE MARRIED DECEMBER 29TH TO MR. ALFRED LILIENFELD

Thors, photo

richly furnished. Mr. and Mrs. Tevis are to give a large house party early in January. Dr. Harry Tevis is also to settle in Bakersfield, where he expects to divide his time between the practice of his profession and assisting his brother to take care of the Tevis interests in the environment.

The Blandings are having their house on Franklin street completely decorated and refitted. While the improvements are going on they are staying at the Palace. It is highly probable that the renovated mansion will be the scene of a ball early in January. Mrs. Blanding announces that she will be at home on Fridays.

January has superceded all other months as the season for making and returning calls, and Dame Fashion has decreed that of days Friday is the one to be "at home." The Barnes, Webster Jones, Rudolph Spreckels and sundry others have sent out cards to this effect. The Smedbergs announce Wednesdays in January for their days "at home." Mrs. Webster Jones is back in her old home on Gough street.

This has been a red letter week in engagements, no less than a quartette of these interesting announcements having been proclaimed. One of the most noteworthy is that of Miss Alice Ames, daughter of Mr. Pelham Ames, and Mr. Toby Allen. Miss Ames is an exceedingly handsome girl—tall, fair and very picturesque looking. She is moreover most capable and intelligent and has the distinction of being the best lady violinist on the Pacific Coast. For several years she played first violin in the Young Ladies' Orchestra. She has recently returned from Germany, where she studied under the great masters with success. Mr. Toby Allen is a graduate of the University of California '92 and is one of the most popular members of the 'Varsity Club. He is with the firm of Cohen & Co.

The second on the list is that of Miss Anna Hobbs and Lieutenant Ferris. Miss Hobbs is a daughter of Mr. Hiram Hobbs and a sister of Mrs. Webster Jones. She is a tall, stylish-looking girl of most agreeable personality. Lieutenant Ferris is a New York man, but has spent considerable time on the Pacific Coast. He was stationed for several years at Angel Island and is now at Benicia under Colonel Shafter.

The engagement is also announced of Miss Lou Crocker and Mr. De Witt Gray, the editor of "Josh."

Mrs. Major Darling has a house party at Madrone Villa, Napa county, for the holidays. Among her guests are the Misses Zane, Miss Loughborough and Mrs. Lily Jerome. Mrs. Darling expects to go to Honolulu early in the New Year, and talks of giving prior to her departure a big reception at the Occidental Hotel.

The Friday Fortnightly gave its Christmas Cotillion on Thursday evening. Miss Genevieve Goad, assisted by Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Robbie Eyre and Mr. Milton Latham, led. The figures were pretty, and Lunt's Hall in its new greens and berries looked very festive. The Christmas tree figure was introduced. The next cotillion is too take place on January 15th and is to be a military affair led by Lieutenants Nolan and Dana Kilburn. They are to introduce certain new figures that have recently been originated at West Point.

Several theatre parties have been given during the week. On Saturday last Mrs. Barnard gave a jolly affair in honor of Miss Effie Bayhouse of Boise City, Idaho, who is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Clement Bennett. Afterwards all adjourned to the 'Varsity Club for supper. Miss Mary Kip also gave a theatre party on Monday evening to Miss Kate Salisbury.

The friends of Miss Mattie Ehrman and Mr. Albert Frank were very much surprised last week to hear the announcement of their engagement. Miss Ehrman, whose home is in Mission San Jose, is one of this season's debutantes, and has been a great favorite among the younger set. Mr. Frank is connected with the firm of S. H. Frank & Co. and is a prominent member if both the San Francisco Verein and Concordia Club. I hear that they are to be married in a very short time, and that a trip to Guatamala is spoken of by way of a honeymoon.

Miss Olga Triest entertained Miss Helen Schweitzer last Monday evening at a small dance. Two dinners were also given in honor of this popular maiden—one by Dr. M. Hertzstein and the other by Mrs. Joseph Ehrman. Miss Schweitzer will be married at noon on January 5th at the home of her parents on Leavenworth and Post streets. There are to be four bridesmaids—Miss Belle Gerstle, Miss Alice Greenebaum, Miss Cora Miller and Miss Agnes Brandenstain. Miss Clara Joseph will be the maid-of-honor, and Mr. Joe Silverberg of New York is to be best man.

The ball given by Mrs. Louis Schwabacher to introduce her daughter, Miss Minnie Sshwabacher, and Miss Wagenheim, was a very brilliant affair. Dancing was kept up into the small hours in the large ballroom, which was elaborately decorated with palms and ferns. During the evening Mr. Sam Fleishman gave several selections on the piano, and Miss Estelle Schwabacher, who has a very pretty voice, sang a number of songs. Mrs. Schwabacher stood in the spacious drawing-room, which was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, to receive her guests. Miss Minnie Schwabacher, looking charming in green catin veiled in white tulle, assisted her mother. I noticed that the debutantes were well represented. Miss Rose Neustadter was tastefully attired in a white silk skirt and pink chiffon waist, Miss Jeannie Moore looked very pretty in green satin, and Miss Mattie Ehrman wore a beautiful gown of cerese mousselaine, trimmed with white velvet.

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In Oakland, where the greater number of the smart set are connected by marriage, the Christmas festival becomes an important social function. It resembles an old-fashioned gathering of the clans for all the junior members with their families and off-shoots return to the paternal roof free to hold high revelry. Perhaps the largest connection is that of the Miller family, who, with the Mhoons, Herricks, McNears, Tuckers and younger Millers, all spend Christmas at the Albert Miller domicile. There is a tree for the young people and a very elaborate dinner. Some forty relatives gathered on Christmas Day and had a jolly time.

The Hush girls spend Christmas in a truly Christian fashion. For several months they have been training the poor children in the neighborhood to sing Christmas carols, and early in the morning these youngsters paraded the Oakland streets and greeted the people with their swee t music. All then went to the Hush home, where they had breakfast and a Christmas tree. Each child received some gift.

There is quite a catalogue of dinners and luncheons during the week to record, some informal affairs, others ceremonious gatherings. Chiefest among them was Miss Catherine Harrub's luncheon on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Edwin Witches (nee Miss Gertrude Allen). The table was prettily decked with violets. Among the guests were: Mrs. Shelby Martin, Mrs. Harry Thomas, Miss Libbie Moffitt, Miss Middleton, Miss Robinson and Miss McDonald. Another large affair was the luncheon given by Miss Hazel Curtis to the girls of Mills College. The table was very prettily arranged and decked in the college colors.

Of the dinners a big affair was given by Captain Minor Goodall in honor of his father, Captain Edwin Goodall, senior. Only relatives were invited, but as there are several families of Goodalls the assemblage was a large one. A stag dinner was given in Berkeley on Monday last by Professor Gayley in honor of Doctor Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education. Among those bidden to meet him were: Bishop Nichols, Mr. Horace Davis, Mr. J. A. Wright, Mr. David Loring, Professor Hilgard, Professor Badley, Professor Jones, Professor Merrill and Professor Bailey.

The sad news of the death of Professor Richardson has cast quite a shadow over Berkeley. Professor Richardson was quite a favorite with the faculty of the University and had many friends in Berkeley and San Francisco. His death came as a shock, and thus far no accurate details are known. It is believed that he contracted typhoid fever, which is very prevalent in Athens.

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Vibella Martin and Mr. James Shepherd Jenks of San Francisco. Miss Martin is a daughter of Mr. J. C. Martin, the well-known attorney. She is a tall, stylish-looking maiden with lovely auburn hair. She is the only daughter of Mr. Martin and considered quite an heiress. She has never gone into society very much, owing to the continued ill health of her mother, who died about eighteen months ago. Since then she has been in mourning. Mr. Jenks is tall, fair and very good looking.

Preparations for the Leap Year Cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly go on apace. Miss Jean Hush is to lead the german and promises some new figures. The invitation list is very small owing to the limitations of the hall, and the young people are desirous of avoiding a crowd, which militates considerably against their enjoyment.

The Deux Temps Cotillion took place on Tuesday last and was a very jolly affair. Several of the debutantes were present, some very handsomely gowned. Miss Idabelle Palmer and Mr. Brockaway Metcalf led the german. Among the prettiest of the maidens I noted Miss Sarah Dunn, Miss Belle Mhoon and Miss Selby.

One of the most effective looking gowns worn at the Deux Temps was that of Miss Emma Mahoney. It was of green flowered organdie over a pink silk slip, cut low, with elbow sleeves. She carried a bouquet of violets.

Miss Florine Starr gave a "Christmas Breakfast" on Saturday last to about a dozen girls. The table was covered with holly. Among those present were: Miss Louise Simmons, Miss Mary Banker, Miss Ethel Kittredge, Miss Grace Holt, Misses Mona and Laura Crellin and Miss Lillian Strong.

Quite the affair of the week was the juvenile dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moffitt in honor of their son's tenth birthday. The table decorations were in red carnations, and the boys partook of a lavish supply of good things. Young Mr. Moffitt received some very handsome gifts. The favors were big "Brownie" boxes filled with candy. Among those invited were: Masters Dick Foote, Jack Glascock, Percy Drew and W. S. Dargie Jr. Carriages took the lads to and from their homes.

An informal dance was given on Friday evening by Mrs. A. A. Moore in honor of Mr. Ben Marx of Honolulu. About twenty young people participated.

A jolly little musicale was given by Mrs. Templeton in Fruitvale last Saturday. Among those invited were the Cohens, Hushs, Magees, Brays and Wetherbees.

The P. Rossi Co., antique furniture dealers, located at 117 Sutter street, have factories both in Venice and Paris. They carry the finest line of bric-a-brac, carvings, etc., to be found on the Pacific Coast. They also make wood carvings to order, and furnish up residences in an artistic manner.

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The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

BALLETS AND BROWNIES

With Which are Mingled Free-Hand Comments on the Frawleys.

The Frawleys are here again, improved, pleasing and immensely pleased with themselves. Blanche Bates has acquired even more of that intermittent English accent—is Honolulu responsible, I wonder, or can it be Los Angeles—also much becoming flesh and some repose of manner. The only other noticeable change is in George Leslie, whose ideal is changed from a flustered pink baby to something in the ossified line.

In "The Railroad of Love" the rest of the company are posed much as usual: little Hope Ross as something very nice and fluffy, Worthing as something fascinating, Clark as something freakish and Frawley as something foolish, but awfully honest, you know." It was about nine years ago, I think, that the Dalys produced this piece, with Ada Rehan as Cousin Val" and John Drew as the young lieutenant of the incoherent ideas. I will never forget how captivating they made the scene in Cousin Val's morning-room, or how intently the house listened, how delightedly it laughed—with, but not at them as it did at Blanche Bates and Worthing. It was very excellent fooling. One of Ada Rehan's greatest gifts is the ability she has to make you feel she is in love—"ten thousand fathoms deep in love" that emanated from her body, her eyes her voice, as she stood half-hidden by the door. The very air was vibrant with that excitement which fills a young and ardent woman when she bears a man's image in her heart and bears it "sweetly and secretly hidden." It was a very pretty, tender little scene and merry withal.

I have forgotten exactly how they managed the dose of embroidery, the "one, two, three—cross," but it all seemed very natural and charming, though personally I have never regarded embroidery as a sedative. It is an impossible incident I'll admit, but it can be made to seem less impossible than it has at the Columbia. As for the hair-brush tableau, several things were too obvious and the door was too wide open: as there had already been an opportunity to display the pretty negligee—wherefore? Certainly no woman in the world would have opened the door so wide unless she intended to emerge entirely. But if the third act was lacking the first two were much better done and the performance taken as a whole, amusing "Dont" says Cousin Val to an osculating pair; "don't, it's like seeing other people eat"—"oh no," she continued, on being offered a share of the kisses. "No, no; I've had my dinner." She (B. B.) was decidedly charming just here.

It pains me to again criticise Miss Bates' apparel, but I am impelled by some over punctilious spirit to ask why she wore a ball dress to receive her afternoon and six o'clock callers. Of course it may be thought that she was dressed for dinner, but there was not a word about feeding said to her hungry (I'm sure he was hungry) sweetheart, and Miss McAllister wore a bonnet. It's a mere trifle, but as we were given the benefit of her newly acquired pounds in the ball-room scene we could have put up with a house-dress or a tea-gown in the third. I also suggest that it would be wise if "Cousin Val" got a new maid. Any girl who looks at masculine callers as Cherry (Alice Pixley) does at Worthing would be apt to indulge in a little surreptitious inveigling of them.

However, these are small matters and I for one welcome the Frawleys. They seem, in the present wilderness of ballets, beanstalks, brownies and bores, like a nice cup of skim-milk in a sea of seltzer. There is doubtless less than usual to complain of this Christmas. The Tivoli show is unusually good from the king and queen of shreds and patches (she wears charming red shoes and stockings) to "Johanna," the cow who only ceases to be amusing after her disintegration. It is impossible to understand why the fore and aft of her were ever permitted to come upon the stage in their own persons unless it was to introduce the now apparently necessary savor of a variety show. The idea of making the old fairy story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" the central theme of an extravaganza is a very taking one and produces a hotch-potch which is full of touches which delight the children and make the rest of us dream of the time when to sit in the firelight and hear some courageous "grown-up" chant "fee, fo, fi, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman, dead or alive I shall have some" was the most delightfully terrifying of episodes. Yes it is worth seeing if only to bring back a whiff of the pleasure which filled your diminutive body when your childish prayer of "please, please tell me a story' was granted. The dances are pretty too and there is a little stream of humor trickling through the rest of the show which makes up for its deficiencies. It is right here that it is ahead of the much more fanciful performance at the Baldwin; it is humorous where the "Brownies" are grotesque.

Everybody knows how it feels when one fails to stop his high-footing with the stairs and fatuously walks up a step which is not there, but if any one didn't he could easily experience the same sensation of emptiness, injury and surprise by going to see these much advertised little men of Palmer Cox's. "The Brownies" seems written, one-fourth for little children, one-fourth for big children and the rest for nothing at all. Still it is not a poor show. Little Gertie Carlisle is always worth seeing, the mandolin players are good, the stage settings pretty and the whole somewhat differently flavored somewhat out of the usual groove. It is disappointing; perhaps because the words "flying ballet" and "Palmer Cox's brownies" promise so much. It is a promise unfulfilled: there seems such a field for the humorous and grotesque in the Brownie idea and yet little is made of it except some brown tights stuffed, and stuffed mostly in the wrong place. The scene where the Brownies reach the enchanted island and find much to mystify them is clever. Their fantastic gestures and the luminous mandolins are strangely effective in the half light—it rouses the imagination. The flying ballet (or Christmas stockings as some one has said) or both the Baldwin and the Orpheum struggle along bravely under a misnomer. It should be called the dangling dolls or in fact almost anything except what it is, for there is no more ballet about it than about a prize-fight. The girls who pirouette below are much more satisfactory, particularly at the Orpheum. Kiralfy's ballet is at times really enchanting; the oriental dance, though not oriental, is the most graceful of them all. Two of the women danced in it with almost intoxicating verve and abandon.

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DRAMATIC NOTES

Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" will be the attraction to follow "The Brownies" at the Baldwin Theater.

Al Hayman & Co. have arranged with Modjeska for a tour of four weeks' duration, all of which time will be spent in California.

Lillian Nordica has signed a contract with Al Hayman for a series of forty concerts in this country. The singer will be surrounded by a very fine organization and will be in San Francisco next month.

The reception accorded to the Frawley Company on the occasion of their return to San Francisco has been flattering to management and players alike. "His Wife's Father," "The Great Unknown" and "Men and Women" are to be the plays for the "farewell week" commencing next Monday.

The Aerial Ballet and Kiralfy's Grand Opera Ballet at the Orpheum are thought by many to be the strongest attractions that have been put on at that house this season. Together they form some very pretty pictures. The vaudeville bill is a good one, and with the addition of Abachi and Masand, two clever acrobats, the programme for next week should be even more attractive.

The Christmas Festival of the children of the kindergarten schools supported by the Pioneer Society, occurred last Saturday afternoon. Three hundred little ones from three to six years old took part in the exercises and were rewarded by gifts from a beautiful Xmas tree. The three schools are doing splendid and increasing work, but the society needs assistance from those who have supported it in the past and those who should become interested.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

Mr. William Greer Harrison has written a new play entitled "A Fixed Idea." The plot is founded upon hypnotic suggestion. The author believes that all evil enters from without, that sin is by suggestion, and he has used the hypnotic influence as a covering to this idea. He also holds that no person can be subjected to hypnotic influence in the direction of evil who does not inherit tendencies of that nature. He therefore makes the native virtue of his heroine rise superior to evil influences and carry her safely through very trying situations. Enith Leonard, the leading character, is a fascinating young widow, brilliant and intellectual but of an exceedingly nervous temperament. The play should prove interesting. The scenes are strongly dramatic.

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ESSAYS OF REVOLT

Zangwill Protests Against Grammarians, but Defends Gambling.

The intellectual essayist is the man on the fence who joins to the advantage of his position a wide-open intellectual eye. It is this quality and point of view which makes Zangwill's bundle of papers which he has gathered under the suggestive title, "Without Prejudice" (The Century Co.) such pleasant and nourishing reading. Mr. Zangwill may be allowed to explain his own attitude. He says:

"To be unprejudiced does not mean to have no convictions. The superficial confuse definiteness with prejudice, forgetting that definite opinions may be the result of careful judgment. Post-prejudiced I trust I am, if not pre-judiced? Heaven forfend! Why, 'tis because I do not wish to bind myself to anything that I may say in them that I mark these personal communications 'Without Prejudice!' For I do not at all mind contradicting myself. If it were some one of reverend years or superior talents I might hesitate, but between equals—! Contradiction is the privilege of camaraderie and the essence of causerie. We agree to differ—I and myself. I am none of your dogmatic fellows with pigeon-holes for minds, and whatever I say I do not stick to. And I will tell you why. There is hardly a pretty woman of my acquaintance who has not asked for my hand. Owing to this passion for palmistry in polite circles, I have discovered that I possess as many characters as there are palmists. Do you wonder, therefore, if, with such a posse of personalities to pick from, I am never alike two days running? With so varied a psychological wardrobe at command, it would be mere self-denial to be faithful to one's self."

Who is there among us that has not at times revolted from the tyranny of the grammarian and the word policeman? Mr. Zangwill is in full sympathy with this periodic revolt. He likes to realize that he lives in a free country, and so he says:

Also at the outset let it be distinctly understod that I write without any prejudice in favour of grammar. The fear of the critics is the beginning of pedantry. I detest your scholiast whose footnotes would take Thackeray to task for his "and whiches," and your professor who disdains the voice of the people, which is the voice of the god of grammar. I know all the scholiast has to say, and indeed I owe all my own notions of diction to a work on "Style" written by him. It was from the style of this work that I learnt what to avoid. The book reminded me of my old schoolmaster, who grew very angry with me for using the word "ain't," and vociferated "Ain't! How often am I to tell you ain't ain't a word?" I suppose one may take it for granted that the greater the writer the worse the grammar. "Fools follow rules. Wise men [illegible]." (Query: This being a quotation from myself, was I bound to put the inverted commas?) Shakespeare has violated every rule of the schoolroom, and the more self-conscious stylist of our day—Stevenson—would be caned for composition. I find him writing "They are not us," which is almost as blasphemous as "It's me." His reputation has closed the critics' eyes to such sentences as these in his essay on "Some Portraits by Raeburn": "Each of his portraits are not only a piece of history . . ."; "Neither of the portraits of Sir Walter Scott were very agreeable to look upon." Stevenson is a master, but not a scholmaster, of English. Of course, bad grammar does not make a genius, any more than bad morals. (Note how much this sentence would lose in crispness if I made it grammatical by tacking on "do.") My

If one may judge from the current magazines and newspapers no art is so little understood as that of illustration. The pictures that we see do not in fact illustrate the text. They add nothing to it. Mr. Zangwill threatens to dispense altogether with pictures:

Finally it will be remarked that by dispensing with illustrations I preserve intact my egoism and the dignity of a rival art. Nothing can be more absurd than the conventional illustration which merely attempts to picture over again what the writer has already pictured in words. Not only is the effort superfluous, a waste of force, but the artist's picture is too often in flat contradiction of the text. Whom are you to believe, the author or the artist? the man who tells you that the heroine is ethereal, or the man who plainly demonstrates that she is podgy? How often, too, do the people dress differently in the words and in the picture, not to speak of the shifting backgrounds! Dickens had so much difficulty with his illustrations because he saw his characters so much more clearly than any other novelist; the sight of his inner eye was so good. And one can understand, too, how Cruikshank came to fancy he had created Oliver Twist, much as an actor imagines he "creates" a character. The true collaboration between author and artist requires that the work should be divided between them, not reduplicated. Those parts of the story which need the intervention of words should be allotted to the writer, while to the artist should be entrusted the parts better told by pencil. Neither need trench on the other's province. Description—which so many readers skip already—would be abolished. Even incidents—such as murder—could be caught by the artist in the act. And after the artist had killed a character, the author could preach over his corpse. Thus there would be an agreeable reversion to picture-language, the earliest way of writing, and the latest. The ends of the ages would meet in a romance written on these lines:—

"Sick at heart we watched till the grey dawn stole in through the diamond-paned casements of the Grange, and then, at last, when we had given up all hope, we saw coming up the gravel pathway——"

(Illustration.)

After which the author proceeds: "Fascinated by the blood that dripped from the edges of the eight umbrellas, we stood silent; then, throwing off our coats, we——

(Illustration.)

"So that was how I won the sweetest little bride I ever wedded. But if I live to wed a hundred, I shall never forget that terrible night in Grewsome Grange.

"THE END."

My friend the artist once collaborated with me in an experiment of this sort, but we did not pursue it, discovering how feeble an advance ours would be after all; for there were points at which both of us felt we ought to give way to the tone-poet. When the emotions became too intangible for intellectual expression I asked my friend the musician to insert paragraphs in a minor key. The love-scenes I was particularly anxious to have written in musical phrases. But he shrank from so unconventional a form, not being sure he was a genius. I was also disheartened by the disappointing behavious of the diverse scents with which I had expressed myself on certain blank pages. They would not remain in their places.

Mr. Zangwill's whimsical scheme for a novel is built on a substratum of truth which the artist might perpend but will not, for in sooth they are an arrogant generation, pig-headed, mulish and generally of the lower animals. They are in fact mechanics. The only artist who ever illustrated books in my memory was Thackeray. He could not draw a bit, but the little sketches invariably added a new idea to the text, while Richard Doyle's fine drawings in "The Newcomes," for instance, have the weariness of banality and might have been made with a jig saw. Mr. Zangwill pleasantly satirizes the attitude which his countrymen held towards their great men in literature, and it is possible that his words may touch us more nearly than we know on this side of the great deeps:

But this is not what I set out to say. There was a moral to the tale of my friend the absentee Apostle who was so cocksure about the crisis. This moral is that he has Continental blood in his veins. To these foreign corpuscles he owes the floridness of his outlook, his conception of the excited Englishman. The Englishman takes his authors placidly; he is never in a ferment or a frenzy about anything save politics, religion, or sport; these are the poles and the axis of his life's pivot; he is not an artistic person. Art has never yet taken the centre of the stage in his consciousness; it has never even been accepted as a serious factor of life. All the pother about plays, poems and pictures is made by small circles. Our art has never been national art: I cannot imagine our making the fuss about a great writer that is made about a second-rate journalist in Paris. It is Grace the cricketer for whom the hundred thousand subscribe their shilling: fancy a writer thus rewarded, even after scoring his century of popular novels. The winning of the Derby gives a new fillip to the monarchy itself. A Victor Hugo in London is a thought a faire rire. A Goethe at the court of Victoria, or directing Drury Lane Theatre, is of a comic-opera incongruity. Our neighbours across the border have a national celebration of Burns' birthday—they think as much of him as of the Battle of Bannockburn. We English, who have produced the man whom the whole world acknowledges its greatest poet, have not even a Shakespeare Day. Surely Shakespeare Sunday would do as much good to the nation as Hospital Saturday or Shrove Tuesday! Charles Lamb wanted to say grace before reading Shakespeare, but the Puritans who make England so great and so dull are only thankful for stomachic mercies.

The contrast between the real and the ideal Bohemian is a theme on which Zangwill loves to muse:

Poe was doubtless occasionally drunk; but think of the years of sober labour, of stooping over desks, that must have gone to make those wonderful tales! Which is the true Poe, the hard drinker or the hard worker? That the artist must get drunk is, indeed, the belief of certain schools of young men even to-day; but is it not based on the old eternal false-logic, that because some artists have got drunk, therefore to get drunk is to be artistic? It was Murger who invented the Bohemian artist, poor and gay and of an easy morality. "Musette and Mimi!" says Sarcey. "The image of those ideal beings shone on every man who was twenty-one about 1848. 'La Vie de Boheme' was youth's breviary—fifty years ago." The great dramatic goes on to complain of the onslaught made upon him because he wrote against this "idleness of disposition, this heedlessness for the morrow, this inclination to look for the day's tobacco and the quarter's rent from loans and debts rather than from honest work, this witty contempt for current morality." But this is scarcely the teach-of the ever delightful book, which catches the spirit of youth and gaiety and irresponsibility wedded to artistic ardour as no other book has done before or since, and for which one might put in the plea that Charles Lamb made for the dramatists of the Restoration. Its world is only a pleasing fiction, and the ordinary rules of morality do not carry over into it. It is the East of Suez of literature, "where there ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man may raise a thirst." The real Bohemia, as Jules Valdes showed in "Refractaires," is a world of misery and discontent. Still more sordid is the English Bohemia expounded by Mr. Gissing in "New Grub Street." Mr. Robert Buchanan indeed writes as if there had been a Murgerian Bohemia in England in his young days. "Et ego fui in Bohemia. There were inky fellows and bouncing girls, then; now there are only fine ladies, and respectable God-fearing men of letters." Really! Surely there are plenty of bouncing girls and inky fellows still, just as there were respectable God-fearing men of letters and fine ladies even in the roaring forties. I doubt if Bohemia was ever so amusing as Mr. Buchanan imagines now, and I suspect the bouncing girls were "gey ill to live with."

Zangwill loves a paradox, and in his defense of gambling he does not draw the rein:

Without gambling life would lose its salt in many a humble household. The humdrum, deadening routine of monotonous daily toil finds relief by this creation of an outside interest; to have a shilling on the favourite enlarges and colours existence, gives it a wider and vaguer horizon. Imagine the dilicious anguish of suspense, the excitement of hearing the result, the exultation of winning. And the beauty of gambling is that you cannot lose. Gambling is really a disguised system of purchase. One buys excitement, a most valuable emotion, for which even the members of the Anti-Gambling League are prepared to pay heavily in other forms! And the advantage of gambling over all these other forms is the possibility that you may not be called upon to pay for your purchase after all—nay, that you may even be paid instead! You get not only excitement, but a possible bonus. Is there any earthly transaction that offers such advantages? Why, 'tis always "heads I win, tails you lose." Who speaks of losing at cards? As well speak of losing at play-going or novel-reading; what is called loss is simply payment for excitement. You cannot lose at cards, though you may win; unless it be in games where skill preponderates, and then loss means penalty for lack of skill. The mere transfer of money from hand to hand leaves the wealth of the world what it was before. 'Tis redistribution, not destruction. It is scarcely relevant to look for the evils of gambling in its effects—to point to ruined reputations and ruined homes. Everything is capable of abuse, from love to religion. The evil of gambling lies in the fact that it is an unworthy form of excitement—that it is possible to colour life more intellectually. The Anti-Gambling League, for all its recent prospectus, will not put down gambling among the poorer classes, except by widening their outlook otherwise, by creating other interests outside of the dull daily groove. For the well-to-do classes there is less excuse. With all the arts and amenities of life at their command, it is degrading to use up time and nervous energy in so brainless a pursuit. The gambling that is inherent in the constitution of modern civilization is another affair: that is pursued for the sake of gain; or for a livelihood. The Stock Exchange is an unhappy consequence of the joint-stock company; credit in business is an equally inevitable outcome of the ramified mechanism of exchange. We are all gamblers to-day, insomuch as there is no stable relation between work and reward, and the failure of a bank in Calcutta may impoverish a shopkeeper in Camden Town. Our investments may rise or fall in value through the obscure machinations of unknown millionaires. And even the Anti-Gambling League has no word to say against those great gambling concerns, Life and Fire Assurance Societies, which bet that you will not die or be burnt out within a certain number of years, or those journals which offer you large odds that you won't be smashed up while reading them. The prudential considerations behind these forms of gambling seem quite to moralise them: indeed, to refuse to accept the bet of the Life Assurance Companies is now considered immoral; a man is expected to amend on his marriage at the very latest.

A delightful book, surely, and full of suggestive stuff from cover to cover.

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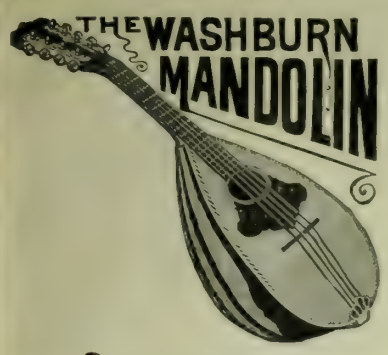

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KIPLING'S NEW POEMS

Stories of Patriotism and Passion from "The Seven Seas."

Surely no more versatile writer than Rudyard Kipling ever put pen to paper. So versatile is he in fact that it is well nigh impossible to determine just what branch of literature is his especial forte. When reading "Plain Tales" or "Many Inventions" one is convinced that the short story is his particular excellence; but that he is equally good as a novelist is proven by "The Light That Failed." Run through his last volume of verse under the title of "The Seven Seas" (D. Appleton & Co.), of which three examples are here given, and it is not hard to believe that Mr. Kipling is of the kind of poets who are born. It is remarkable upon the face of it that a writer of Mr. Kipling's character—virile, cynical and bitterly opposed to sentiment of every description—should elect to express his thoughts in rhyme. His poems, however, are "singing poems," giving one the impression of having been transcribed by a listener outside of barrack rooms or camps or the fo' castles of cargo boats, written down in great haste, dashed off with all their force and life still hot in them. Their originality is surprising, hardly one of them that does not voice some new idea, or that has not been conceived in an entirely new light.

The Ladies.

I've taken my fun where I've found it;
  I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earts,
  An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was an' 'arf-caste widow,
  One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a jemadar-sais.
  An' one is a girl at 'ome.

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
  For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em,
  An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,
  There's times when you'll know that you might;
But the things you will learn from the Yellow an' Brown,
  They'll 'elp you an 'eap with the White!

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
  Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
  An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first un—
  More like a mother she were—
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
  An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was ordered to Burma,
  Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I got me a tidy live 'eathen
  Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful—
  Doll in a teacup she were,
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,
  An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then we shifted to Neemuch
  (Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
  The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' bolee;
  Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she was white,
  An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I come 'ome in the trooper,
  'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
  The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
  She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,
  But—I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
  An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
  The less will you settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
  An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
  An' learn about women from me!

What did the colonel's lady think?
  Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the sergeant's wife,
  An' she told 'em true.
When you get to a man in the case,
  They're like as a row of pins—
Are sisters under their skins!
For the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady

The Liner She's a Lady.

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks for 'ards;
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'husband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!

Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard,
All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard;
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old—
Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

The Liner she's a lady by the paint upon 'er face;
An' if she meets an accident they call it sore disgrace;
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e's always 'andy by,
But, oh, the little cargo-boats! they've got to load or die.

The Liner she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried;
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps beside;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats that 'aven't any man!
They've got to do their business first, and make the most they can.

The Liner she's a lady, and if a war should come,
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e'd bid 'er stay at home;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats that fill with every tide!
'E'd 'ave to up an' fight for them, for they are England's pride.

The Liner she's a lady, but if she wasn't made,
There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome an' foreign trade.
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, but if we wasn't 'ere,
'E wouldn't have to fight at all for 'ome an' friends so dear.

'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard,
All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard;
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old—
'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

VICTOR HUGO'S LETTERS

Epistolary Talent Not a Characteristic of the Great Poet.

"The Letters of Victor Hugo" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are disappointing. One looks in vain for the poetry that set a world by the ears, for the romance that made the same world weep. There is not a glimpse of that fine humor which illumined the pages of "The Hunchback"—humor which curiously enough did not survive in the later Hugo. That may be forgiven, in view of the vital humor, interest and sympathy which made the sorrows of Jean Valjean the common property of mankind. It is not easy to forgive in a man who should be a hero, the bold and sordid banalities of these letters, the fishing for compliments and the petty speculation about profit and loss. It is not agreeable that a great man's own hand should be used to strip him naked and expose his paltry little deformities, his intellectual sores that the world would much rather leave under a decent cover. So he writes of "Marion."

"Up to the present 'Marion' has been clothed in common shop paper. The book looks as if it had come from the grocer's. It is true it is bound to return there."

This sort of thing in a letter to a lady of course invites a slobber of compliment. It is not worth printing, and when printed only serves to make the judicious grieve. The letters, of course, have a certain historic value, if the history of men who write is ever worth record, a very doubtful matter. It is amusing to find that even so great a man as Hugo was acutely vulnerable to the little stabs of the critics. Thus of Jules Janin and Latouche:

"Those wretches Janin and Latouche are posted in every newspaper and from this vantage pour out their envy, their rage and their hatred. They caused a fatal defection from our ranks at the critical moment. The old school which was almost extinct has resumed the offensive. A terrible storm is gathering over my head, and the hatred of these low journalists has reached such a point that they no longer give me credit for anything."

How Sainte-Beuve must have laughed when he received that letter over the picture of Hugo, worried by a pack of curs. Possibly it was Hugo's splendid egotism that made him see such things out of proportion. Their yelping was not only wrong, but blasphemous.

"Sons and Fathers" is a story of mystery and was awarded the first prize, $10,000, in the Chicago "Record's" great $30,000 literary competition. Of incident and action it is full from cover to cover, and it is also alive with excitement and obscure with mysteriousness. Altogether a lively and entertaining book and one that it is quite impossible to leave without perusing to the final chapter.

Fashion and Table Waters.

There is a decided change to be noted in the demand for certain table waters, which may be due either to anglomaniac tendencies or real merit. The fact remains that at the clubs and fashionable New York Hotels, such as the Waldorf, Holland, Savoy, etc., former favorites have been supplanted on the menus by newcomers. For instance, at any of these hotels Johannis is very much in evidence. High officials connected with the British court are said to be shareholders in the company, and Scotch and Johannis has the call. It is claimed for Johannis that it blends admirably with wines and spirits.—Hotel Gazette.

Those who want a fine quality of liquor for medicinal purposes or for home use, will find the Jesse Moore A. A. whiskey superior to any other brand. Sold by all druggists and the principal grocers. Jesse Moore Hunt Co., agents, San Francisco.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

Knox hats are swell. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor

BOWDLEAR'S ...
FLOOR WAX

Pulverized. For Dancing Floors. Is not white. Will not ball on feet. Will not soil clothes. All ready. Anybody can use it.
The floor must be clean and free from oil. Sprinkle, and the dancers will do the rest. Put up in pound packages . . . . . .
FOR SALE BY
MACK & CO.
9 and 11 Front St. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. G. A. Danziger
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The Younger Method of Implantation and Regulation of Teeth employed . . . . .

The Leading Hairdresser
Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating; all original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. Bernhardt wavers, to wave hair without burning; Eau Broux, to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.
Strozynski's
24 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

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Successors to
JAPAN CURIO TRADING CO.
Japanese .·. Art .·. Goods
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SAN FRANCISCO

Useful Christmas Presents
WE SELL GLOVE ORDERS
The Danicheff Fedora Glove Factory
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From $1.50 a pair, any color and any style
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ORDER YOUR CARRIAGES AND COUPES OF THE
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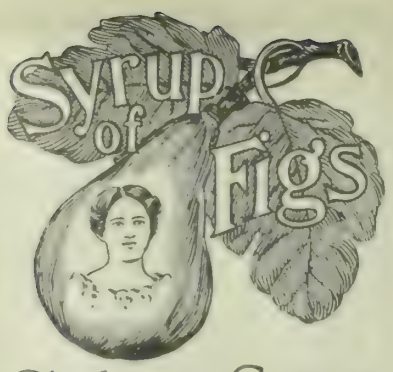

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

. . ALSO . .

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by **Mount Vernon Company Baltimore**

Murphy, Grant & Co. . . Pacific Coast Sole Agents

A Successful Combination

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CHAS. LYONS, London Tailor

opened Wednesday, September 30th, at

721 Market Street, in the Bancroft Building

In conjunction with his retail stores at 1212 and 1214 Market Street and 302 Kearny Street.

YOU KNOW OUR BUSINESS
X X SO DO WE!

Stationery, Printing, Bookbinding

ANYTHING IN THAT LINE

THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO.
22 CLAY STREET, S. F.

SCOTT & McCORD
HAY AND GRAIN MERCHANTS
OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST.

NEW CLOTHES

The Latest Ideas About Sleeves and Shirt Waists.

You are still hovering, dearest Betty, betwixt womanliness and femininity, and until you obtain a foothold I suppose I shall have to suffer my soul in patience. I wonder if you have yet conceived where the lines diverge and in what direction you are tending. From your recent letters I fancy femininity is getting the upper hand. You are furious in your demands upon my knowledge as to "the latest thing in sleeves," and as to "whether 'tis true that silk waists seek oblivion with the advent of spring," and whether or not skirts are to be trimmed, and if odious draperies return with the swallow.

Now as to the question of sleeves. I think I may safely aver that since the coming of the big sleeve there has been little variety. We have simply swung between the balloon and the bishop, the ruffle and the puff. With the tight sleeves, however, come divers new and bewitching modes of draping the arms. Tucks, tiny ruffles and graceful drapes succeed the unwieldly puff—as quality supercedes quantity. A pretty arrangement for a tight sleeve is as follows: Tucks are laid up and down and sewed tight to the lining save at the top, where they escape, to form the necessary fullness. The sleeve is slashed on the outside and edged with a narrow velvet ruffle, which ends under a bow placed at the head of the slashing. Another odd sleeve has rows of circular cording from shoulder to wrist arranged closely together. A small full cape falls over the shoulder.

Chiffon sleeves gathered the entire length and finished with puffs or a bow of satin at the top are a distinctive point in fashion just now. They are used in velvet and cloth gowns as well as in silk. Three small puffs around the top are also a stylish finish for the up-to-date sleeve.

The silk waist I fancy reached the zenith of its popularity last summer, and is already on the wane. I believe the boleros and figaro jackets are to some degree responsible, as are the high belts without which no bodice is now considered complete. For my own part I shall rejoice at the disappearance of the silk waist. It gives most women a sort of cut-in-two or semi-divided appearance that to me is horribly inharmonious. The figaro jackets are the most fantastic feature of dress just now and come out in all kinds and shapes, with divers decoration. The latest novelty is of kid, all embroidered with silk and imitation jewels on a leather foundation. Braiding in various elaborate patterns is a fashionable trimming for the bolero. They are also covered with lace, embroidered in fancy colors and trimmed with fur.

The skirt shows the most interesting development in fashion just at present. There seems to be a decided tendency in the direction of trimming ,and now the silk skirt is either ruffled from waist to hem or is appliqued with lace. A very recent skirt is made of silk without any lining. It is cut in the bell fashion and is trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon from the hem to the knee. Bias bands of velvet and satin with a space between are also used for skirt trimmings. A pretty fashion is to place a series of small tucks down the edge of each gore, the first one overlapping the seam. A skirt decoration that is rather pretty consists of two deep flounces of velvet on a cloth gown arranged with very little fullness in the front.

The rapidity with which the business of Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading hair-dresser of San Francisco, has grown is entirely due to the businesslike manner of the proprietor. Mr. Strozynski is really the master of his profession. He learned it from the leading Parisian artists and keeps thoroughly in touch with them by annual trips to Paris. On returning from these trips Mr. Strozynski brings home with him the latest ideas in hair dressing as practiced in the establishments of the greatest French artists. His establishment on Geary street is thorough in every detail. The most competent assistants are employed and under no circumstances are apprentices allowed to dress the hair. Mr. Strozynski's style has real originality and his touch may be seen on all the artistically dressed heads of society women. At the fancy-dress cotillion last Friday evening the young ladies who had their hair dressed by him could be picked out on account of the becoming and artistic way in which their chevelures were arranged. It should be remembered that Mr. Strozynski's new store at 24 Geary street is thoroughly equipped with the latest appliances for washing and drying hair.

William Wolff & Co., the well-known liquor merchants of this city, have recently secured the Pacific Coast agency for the Moet & Chandon Champagne. This wine is one that enjoys the highest estimation of connoiseurs. Its later vintages are being purchased by the clubs who remember the excellent wines of '89 and '84, which have risen to quite a fabulous value.

When you are selecting a wedding or a birthday present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety, just arrived from Europe, from which to select.

J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street, carries correct furnishings for Holiday Presents. A special line of smoking jackets and neckwear.

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PACIFIC COAST JOCKEY CLUB

(INGLESIDE TRACK)

The Only Perfect Winter Track in America

Racing from Dec. 28 to Jan. 18, inclusive

Five or More Races Daily, Rain or Shine!

First Race at 2 p.m.

Take Southern Pacific Trains at Third and Townsend Street depot, leaving at 1 p. m. Fare for the round trip, including admission to the grounds, **One Dollar.**

Take Mission-Street electric line direct to track.

The G. H. Mumm & Co. Stakes, Saturday, Dec. 5th.
The Palace Hotel Stakes, Saturday, Dec. 12th.

A. B. SPRECKELS, President.
W. S. LEAKE, Secretary.

RACING *RACING*

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting 1896-97, Beginning MONDAY, December 14, at OAKLAND RACETRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, rain or shine

Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp

Ferry boats leave S.F. at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 and 2:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at entrance to track; buy your tickets to Berkeley.

Returning, trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.

THOS. H. WILLIAMS JR., Pres.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

BALDWIN THEATRE AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.

Now in its Last Nights! By all means Do Not Miss It!

C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's Wonderful Production

Palmer Cox's BROWNIES

Only three more Matinees:
Wednesday, New Years Day and Saturday
Last performance Sunday Night January 3d
Monday, January 4th, The Old Homestead

Columbia Theatre.

BAUDI, ANGER, GOTTLOB & CO. LESSEES AND MANAGERS

GOOD BYE UNTIL NEXT SUMMER!

Commencing Monday, December 28th
Two Matinees New Years Day and Saturday, Jan. 2d

THE FRAWLEY CO.

In a great triple bill. By unanimous request
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, **His Wife's Father**
Thursday and Friday Nights and Friday Matinee
The Great Unknown
Saturday Matinee and Night, and Farewell Sunday Night
Men and Women
January 4th, Mr. Joseph Murphy

Orpheum

O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL

Week Commencing Monday, Dec. 28

Abachi & Hasand, Acrobats and Tumblers Supreme
The grandest spectacle ever produced in this city:
Nilsson's Aerial Ballet, in connection with Kiralfy's Grand Opera Ballet! Beautiful costumes and effects!
Zazalle & Vernon, Famous Comedy Acrobats
Cushman & Holcomb, Operatic Stars
The latest London hit: **Joseph Phoites' Pantomine Troupe,** the best Pantomine ever presented here
Last week of the **3 Dunbar Sisters, Clermont's Animals and Galletti's Monkey Comedians**

Reserved seats 25c; balcony 10c; box seats and opera chairs 50c. Special Matinee New Years Day

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SAN FRANCISCO

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey county, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 8th day of December, 1896, an assessment (No. 110) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the 11th day of January, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of February, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

R. U. COLLINS, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Stock Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 80
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied December 14, 1896
Delinquent in office January 19, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Feb. 9, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment No. 25
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied November 24, 1896
Delinquent in office December 29, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Jan. 18, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two tenths (4.2) per cent on term deposits, and three and five tenths (3.5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1896.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK of San Francisco, 33 Post street—For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street—For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter.—For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a divided has been declared at the rate of four and two tenths (4 2.10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one half (3½) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1897.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Sole agency Knox Hats. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

"A California Fairy"

s the title of an elegant little brochure, elating in charming allegorical language the plendors and delights of

"Sunset Limited"

(EXQUISITELY ILLUSTRATED)

The popular Sunset Route is also the subject f a finely illustrated publication, entitled

"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas"

specially interesting to one contemplating a rip over that great Southern route.

Both books are published by the Southern Pacific Company, and will be sent to any address by T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent, on receipt of 25 cents postage, or 10 ents for the "Fairy" alone.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in laska 9 a.m. July 3, 13, 18, 28, August 2, 12, 27.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, July 3, 8, 3, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, S. S. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping at Port Hartford, Santa Barara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, 11 a.m. July 5, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every ourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz' ltata and Guaymas, Mex., S.S. Orizaba, July 3 and 25th f each month thereafter.
Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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14 Montgomery St., S. F.
Telephone 305

OCEANIC S.S. CO. HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA. **6** DAYS TO HONOLULU BY S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, Dec. 29 1896, at 10 a.m.
S. S. "Zealandia," via **Honolulu** and **Auckland**, Thursday, January 7, 1897, at 2 p.m.
Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

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Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

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REMOVAL

Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

W. L. GREENBAUM,

of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

128 POST ST., Bohemian Club Bldg.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

Many Novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to Order a Specialty.

622 Market Street, San Francisco
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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Maurice Thompson, the well-known writer, recently visited his old home in Georgia and was standing outside a grocery store when an old countryman perceived him. "Who is that yonder?" said he to another man who stood by. "That tall fellow?" "Yes." "That's Thompson, Maurice Thompson." "What, the feller that use ter play around here?" "The same." "Yer don't tell me!" "Fact; he is a great man now, one of the most successful writers." "Onpossible." "Fact, I tell you." "Well," said the old man dubiously, "it may be true but it ain't reasonable." "Not reasonable?" "No. Why, he used ter go fishin' with me." the disparity of their ages. "Aweel," he said

An old Scotchman who married a young bride was guyed by some of his friends on the disparity of their ages. "Aweel," he said quietly, "she will be near me to close my een." "It may be," remarked an old neighbor sententiously, "but I've had two wives, and they opened my een."

Sims Reeves tells an amusing anecdote of Mario the singer. Being brought one Thursday night by an eminent composer to sing at a big fashionable party, he found so great a line of carriages in front of his own that it was past midnight ere he arrived at the door. The thought that it was already Friday, and that he was about to sing in a new house, whose hostess he did not even know, had already dismayed the superstitious singer. But when he saw the number on the door was 13, no power on earth and no amount of argument could induce him to enter. "Ah, yes," said the hostess, smiling pleasantly when the composer explained, "a very ingenious excuse, for which Mario ought to be grateful to you. Of course he was intoxicated, and after a long argumentation you at last persuaded him to go home."

The author of "Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage" in his chapter on "King Lear" tells this: During a season when the funds were low and the manager played the part of Lear, one of the actors whose salary was in arrears supported the afflicted king. He held him apparently securely in his arms beyond the footlights, but as he gradually loosened his hold he was whispering in the manager's ear, "Give me your word you will pay me to-night before I go home or I shall let you drop." The actor manager was in a state, alarmed at the threat and the prospect of having the scene ruined. "Don't talk to me now, you villain. Go on with the [illegible] drop you." Lear gave his word and was mad indeed. But the actor was paid in full.

It is commonly asserted that women are more anxious for the political advancement of their husbands than the men themselves. Mrs. John Palmer is an exception. After her husband was nominated for the presidency at Indianapolis he returned to his hotel and Mrs. Palmer came out to meet him. "Well, madam," said the Senator, shaking her warmly by the hand, "what do you think?" "John," she said, "I am sure you haven't had a bite of lunch. Come with me to the dining-room this minute." They marched off to luncheon with no further talk.

Some years ago there lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Aye, it's me," replied Jamie in a tone of complete resignation. "Have you fa'en doon the stair?" was the next question. "Aye, I fell doon; but I was coming doon, whether or no."

"There's a fightin' couple come before me to be divorced," said the rural justice to his local advising attorney. "What's the law on that point?" "Send 'em to a higher court," said the lawyer. "A higher court than this here?" "Of course." The justice was silent a few moments; he was in deep thought. Then he called the bailiff and gave his commands. "Take the man out and string him up," he said, "but spare the woman!"

Hawthorne's reserved character was once expressed by Whittier in rather an epigrammatic manner. "Hawthorne was a strange puzzle," said the poet. "I never felt quite sure whether I knew him or not. He never seemed to be doing anything, and yet he never liked to be disturbed at it."

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